Franc Meechan, the Homerton Bar Manager, was acquitted yesterday of assaulting a student at the Homerton May Ball last June. However, concerns have been raised about the way in which the prosecution of the case was conducted.

Meechan stood accused of assaulting Colette Wright, a Homerton student and May Ball Committee member, during an incident also involving CUSU President Pav Akhtar, who was last year’s May Ball President.

The use of mobile phones by bar staff during the Ball had been restricted due to fears over gatecrashers. On the night of the Ball, at about 3am, Akhtar saw a female staff member using a personal mobile phone. This was confiscated, and she then appealed to Meechan to intervene on her behalf.

A confrontation between Akhtar and Meechan followed, in which Meechan admitted becoming angry, telling Akhtar: “I’m going to knock your fucking block off.” It was then alleged that a second confrontation had occurred, in which Ms Wright had been grabbed and flung to the floor by Meechan. Defence witnesses claimed that Wright had not been present throughout the incident. During the trial the defence counsel also cited a number of minor criminal convictions that Akhtar had picked up during his teens, in an attempt to undermine his evidence.

In acquitting Meechan, the Magistrates commented that it was “hard to believe that the Prosecution’s evidence refers to the same incident as that of the Defence”, arguing that the entire case had “cost the taxpayer a lot of money” and could have been avoided by mediation.

However, Akhtar and Wright have raised questions about the handling of the case by the prosecution service.

No objective evidence of the assault occurring was admitted by the prosecution. This was in spite of the existence of photographs of bruising to Ms Wright’s body taken two days after the event. These photos had been handed to the police. In a statement from Cambridgeshire County Police last… continued on Page 4
HOLocaust

David Benson

Last Sunday marked National Holocaust Memorial Day. This was only the second ever Holocaust Memorial Day, but it now looks set to become a permanent fixture in the British calendar.

The concept behind Holocaust Memorial Day is as you would expect: to ensure the crimes against humanity committed during the Holocaust are never forgotten, and never repeated. The day aims to provide a national mark of respect for Holocaust victims, and explain what relevance the Holocaust has to each new generation. It also seeks to improve awareness of recent atroci- ties that raise similar issues to the Holocaust.

Events took place all over the country last Sunday, not least here in Cambridge. Mrs Saltz, a Holocaust sur- vivor, gave a moving account of her ex- perience of the Holocaust in the Freshpark Hall at Quorns. The talk was organised by CUSU, and supported by Joc. Per Atehr, who chaired the talk, told Hirsty. “It’s crucial that we understand the Holocaust in order to under- stand why we need to oppose racism, anti-semitism, bigotry and prejudice, in whatever form it manifests itself.”

Mrs Saltz displayed immense sto- icism and resolve by recounting every detail of the persecution she suffered at the hands of the Nazis. She was just 12 when the war started, and was the only member of her immediate family who survived. When asked if her story became more or more the more she told it, she replied, “No. It gets harder every time”. The fact that the Cambridge events were primarily organised by CUSU, and only supported by Joc, emphasises the message that Holocaust Memorial Day is equally important for non-Jews and Jews alike. John Lenson, the President of Joc, told Hirsty, “National Holocaust Day is of extreme significance for the whole country. It is the responsi- bility of every individual to ensure that tragedies like the Holocaust do not hap- pen again in the future, and to strive to build a more tolerant society.”

Making the Grade

Luke Layfield

Examination boards were the fo- cus of further criticism this week as it transpired that marking errors had cost a comprehensive school pupil his place at Cambridge for this year.

Joe Swarbrick, who attended Peers School, Oxford, received a condition al AAB offer to read English at Pembroke. He learnt in August that his results gave him only three Bs for English, History and French.

Peers School appealed against Mr Swarbrick’s English and History grades. However, the AQA and OCR exami- nations boards failed to reach a verdict in time for the start of this academic year, forcing Mr Swarbrick into an unplanned gap year.

The Admissions Tutor at Pembroke, Susan Stobbs told Hirsty. “We try very hard not to disadvantage students whose grades are subsequently changed by a re-mark. However, we did not learn of the change in Joe’s grades un- til the beginning of November and it was then clearly not possible for him to join us so late.”

Mr Swarbrick, who is spending his year out working in a sandwich shop, will be the first pupil from Peers to at- tend Oxbridge for eight years. He said: “I have ended up having a year out, but didn’t have any plans, which is an-

HOLOcaust in the UK

Molly Birch

Monday saw the launch of a Cambridge student Anti- Capitalist Action Society. The launch took place at King’s, and was attended by around 15 stu- dents.

The society was founded by two King’s first years, Matthew MacDonald and Dan Meyer. Mr MacDonald reviewed the society as the Eton boy turned anti-capitalist who attacked a McDonalds restaur- ant with a chair in the 2000 May Day riots. MacDonald told Varsity that the group is planning to meet once a week for “educative purpos- es”, to discuss political ideas. They will also have “tactical” meetings, presumably to plan hide best to de- stroy global capitalism. Meyer and MacDonald have run a mailing list since the beginning of the academic year, used to circulate news from worldwide anti-capitalist organisations to interested students.

Although no definite plans have been made for action in Cambridge, members are looking to Anti- Starbuck’s Week for their first major publicity campaign. Proposed action includes encouraging a student boy- cott of Starbucks, and offering free fair trade coffee outside. To justify this action, they cited Starbucks’ plans to open 40 outlets simultane- ously in Venice this summer. Anti-Capitalist Action (ACA) also wants to set up a Social Centre as its HQ. They plan to obviate the prob- lems of funding this centre by ex- ploring the squatting laws. As long as ACA can find an empty building, and guarantee that 15-20 people will be present in it at any one time, they assert that they will have a legal right to be there.

The primary aim of the group is, in MacDonald’s words, “to increase the level of direct action against capi- talism in Cambridge, and to edu- cate ourselves specifically about those corporations we take action against.”

Speakers’ Corner

This week Labour take on the Conservatives

Anne Campbell, MP for Cambridge

Should we keep section 28? No. Should there be fiscal incentives for couples to stay married? No. Should Steven Byers resign? No. Is it fair that Jo Moore still has her job? Yes. Is there an issue that the University or the state should address? Both. Is it legitimate for America to now attack any of the following coun- tries: Iraq, Somalia, Yemen, Sudan? No, not at the moment. Can state schools ever be as good as private schools? Yes. Has New Labour’s stewardship of the economy since ’97 been success- ful or unsuccessful? A brilliant success.

Does the Tory Party have anything to learn from New Labour on pub- lic relations? They could learn something from our mistakes over the past few weeks. Is Rich Burgon cabinet material? Most definitely. Are threesomes sexually immoral? It’s not appropriate for politi- cians to comment on people’s sexual morality.
Come to Arnold & Porter’s trainee solicitor recruitment presentation

Date: 7th February 2002

Time: 7.00pm

Place: Old Music Room
St Johns College
Cambridge

You are invited to attend this informal presentation to learn about Arnold & Porter, meet some of the partners and associates from the firm and enjoy a drink in with us at St Johns College.

We should be grateful if you could indicate whether you will attend this presentation by e-mailing: graduates@aporter.com.
For more information about Arnold & Porter, visit our web-site at www.arnoldporter.com.

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New Labour aims higher on Access

The universities that have the greatest problems with students leaving tend to be the newer ones. Cambridge has a relatively low drop out rate. However, this difference might be explained by students’ economic backgrounds. Newer universities attract more working-class applicants, whilst older universities have more applicants from the middle classes. It is possible that students from better-off backgrounds to think more seriously about access to university. Application processes. It is possible that students from working-class backgrounds may be less likely to apply to university. The non-financial barriers that deter working-class students from applying to university include the cost of living, the lack of access to resources, and the lack of support from family and friends. It is also possible that students from working-class backgrounds may be less likely to apply to university. The non-financial barriers that deter working-class students from applying to university include the cost of living, the lack of access to resources, and the lack of support from family and friends.
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To find out more about Equities Trading at UBS, please join us at the event below:

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<td>Date</td>
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<td>Venue</td>
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<td>Time</td>
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Aimed at penultimate year and first year undergraduates, this trading game will give you an insight into the pace of the trading environment, whilst educating you on some of the products we work with. The reception afterwards will give you the opportunity to talk one on one to traders from Equities. For more details and to sign up for this event, please see the Events Calendar on our website: www.ubswarburg.com. Please note that places are limited.

To learn more about the unlimited summer opportunities at UBS, please visit the graduate careers section on our websites:

www.ubswarburg.com   www.ubs.com/graduates

The closing date for summer internship applications is 15 February 2002.

UBS will only achieve its global business objectives if we respect and promote differences in background, perspectives and expertise. This in turn will promote creativity and innovation, and create business opportunities. Building diversity at work is critical to the success of the business.

UBS Financial Services Group
Old Memories, New Memorials: What does the new Holocaust Memorial Day show about the way young British Jews feel about the Holocaust today?

Sunday marked the second annual Holocaust Memorial Day in Britain. This is nothing new to Jewish people around the world, however – they have been commemorating the Holocaust since the end of World War Two. Yom HaShoah is the Jewish and Israeli version of the event and was instituted shortly after Israel declared its independence in 1948. Yom HaShoah translates fully as “The National Holocaust Heroes’ and Martyrs’ Day.” The naming and timing of the day reflect the way that the Jewish people tended to view the Holocaust in the immediate aftermath of the war. Essentially, they were ashamed of what had happened – they felt that the Jews of Europe should have stood up for themselves more, and not have let themselves be led to the gas chambers “as lambs to the slaughter.”

In the early years of Israeli independence, people were embarrassed to admit that they were Holocaust survivors. When the Holocaust was commemorated in the 1950s and 1960s, people wanted to remember the heroes of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising and the creation of the state of Israel, the powerful new weapon the Jews had created to ensure that the Holocaust would be the massacre to end all massacres in Jewish history. As time went on, however, attitudes towards the Holocaust changed. It became clearer that Jews were no longer at immediate risk of another mass genocide. But it certainly didn’t seem to change the fact that mass murder was still going on all over the world. Slowly, the message of the Holocaust changed: from one of strengthening one’s own defenses to one of showing compassion to every human being in the world. “The voice of your brother’s blood cries out to me” (Genesis 4:10) became the rallying cry for people who gathered together to commemorate the Holocaust.

The importance of the new Holocaust Memorial Day is its universality. It makes no distinction between Jew and non-Jew, hero or martyr. It is a day on which every man and woman in the country must reflect on the strange capacity for doing evil which bubbles quietly and ominously within the human psyche, a day on which we make a commitment to ensuring that individual ethics subsume that evil completely.

Shahpur Kabraji

“Occupied Kashmir has the largest troop-to-civilian ratio in the world”

was a Hindu with a Muslim majority population. In the turmoil of partition, fearing for his life, the Maharaja submitted to pressure from the Indian government and signed the Instrument of Accession in favour of India. India and Pakistan fought the first of their three wars over Kashmir in 1947; a war that was halted by the promise of UN action. A Security Council resolution on 21 April 1948 stated: “Both India and Pakistan desire that the question of the accession of Jammu and Kashmir to India or Pakistan should be decided through the democratic method of a free and impartial plebiscite.” This plebiscite has yet to be held. 1947 saw a second conflict break out over Kashmir, resulting in the Tashkent Declaration as confirmation that Indian and Pakistani leaders intended to solve the Kashmir question peacefully. Violence in Kashmir has continued as an “unfinished” conflict, with Indian security forces in their part of Kashmir, considering the Indians an army of occupation. These groups have based their training camps and main supply areas in what Pakistan calls ‘Azad’ (free) Kashmir. With 600,000 troops in “occupied” Kashmir, India has the largest troop-to-civilian ratio in the world. Kashmir was relatively quiet till 1989, when violence and cross-border attacks resumed with unprecedented ferocity. It is no coincidence that this was also when the Soviets withdrew from Afghanistan, leaving many Mujahideen heavily armed, with the help of Pakistan’s ISI and the CIA, but no “cause” to fight for. Kashmir seemed the obvious choice. With these fighters supporting the Kashmiri cause, the situation entered an altogether more dangerous phase. "Occupied Kashmir has the largest troop-to-civilian ratio in the world"

Tony Blair’s visit has been little more than cosmetic, and no real headway will be made unless the Prime Minister offers more than words of calm to both sides. They are simply not enough. President Musharraf’s recent words condemning terrorism have been well received but they are, after all, just words. He has done much to rein in groups like Lashkar-e-Taiba and Jaish-e-Mohammed, but much to rein in groups like Lashkar-e-Taiba and Jaish-e-Mohammed, but even more needs to be done. On the Indian side, Foreign Minister Jaswant Singh and Defense Minister George Fernandes et al must realise that they are not in the same position as Israel is with Palestine or the US with Afghanistan. Military misadventures across the border will come at a terrifyingly high price which neither he nor his government should be willing to pay.

Winter in Kashmir is usually a quiet time of year. As the temperature falls, the people of the valley make preparations for a long cold season, stockpiling plenty of food and heating material. Even the two armies that are engaged in a constant duel at points all along the ‘Line of Control’ (LoC – the unofficial border separating the Indian and Pakistani portions of Kashmir) bundle up for the duration of the bitter cold. Not this year. After the attacks on the Indian parliament on December 13, Kashmir has once again been granted the international spotlight. The story of this beautiful but tragically war-torn province is one that is complex, and little known in the outside world.

When the Indian subcontinent was partitioned in August 1947, every Princely State was granted the right to join either India or Pakistan. Kashmir was a particularly contentious issue, as it was considered the spiritual homeland for many Hindus, and had a Muslim majority population. By the terms of the Partition agreement, Princely States were to join either of the two countries depending on whether they had a Muslim or Hindu majority population. However, in the case of Kashmir, the Maharaja, Hari Singh, was a Hindu with a Muslim majority population. In the turmoil of partition, fearing for his life, the Maharaja submitted to pressure from the Indian government and signed the Instrument of Accession in favour of India. India and Pakistan fought the first of their three wars over Kashmir in 1947; a war that was halted by the promise of UN action. A Security Council resolution on 21 April 1948 stated: “Both India and Pakistan desire that the question of the accession of Jammu and Kashmir to India or Pakistan should be decided through the democratic method of a free and impartial plebiscite.” This plebiscite has yet to be held. 1947 saw a second conflict break out over Kashmir, resulting in the Tashkent Declaration as confirmation that Indian and Pakistani leaders intended to solve the Kashmir question peacefully. Violence in Kashmir has continued as an “unfinished” conflict, with Indian security forces in their part of Kashmir, considering the Indians an army of occupation. These groups have based their training camps and main supply areas in what Pakistan calls ‘Azad’ (free) Kashmir. With 600,000 troops in ‘occupied’ Kashmir, India has the largest troop-to-civilian ratio in the world. Kashmir was relatively quiet till 1989, when violence and cross-border attacks resumed with unprecedented ferocity. It is no coincidence that this was also when the Soviets withdrew from Afghanistan, leaving many Mujahideen heavily armed, with the help of Pakistan’s ISI and the CIA, but no ‘cause’ to fight for. Kashmir seemed the obvious choice. With these fighters supporting the Kashmiri cause, the situation entered an altogether more dangerous phase. Indian unwillingness to accept Kashmir as an issue worth discussing has frequently forced Pakistan to resort to other means for attracting international attention to the Kashmir plight. While Pakistan insists that it only provides “diplomatic and moral” support to their fellow Muslims, the Indians understandably find that difficult to believe. Pakistani and Indian troops have been exchanging fire across the LoC, with mounting casualties, for over 50 years now, and there seems to be no end in sight. However, there have been moments of optimism, and never more so than after the Agra summit last summer. Pakistan’s President Musharraf and India’s Prime Minister Atal Behari Vajpayee met under the shadow of the Taj Mahal to try once again to bring peace to Kashmir. Yet the talks, like so many others, broke down in the final stages. Both camps insist it was the recalcitrance of the other that caused this. Sources in Pakistan say that Musharraf, with no-one really ready to answer, was willing to make bold, decisive steps in Kashmir, and that Vajpayee was held back by Indian bureaucrats who pulled the plug on the negotiations at the final hour.

Nehru’s special religious bond to Kashmir has always been key to India’s value of the province. To Pakistan, the idea of a Muslim majority population struggling against ‘Hindu’ oppression has always been worth dying for. The cold reality is that, 55 years on, the matter has become one of national pride, more than anything else. In a land where symbolism is everything, neither side can be seen to give in to the other. It is now a part of Pakistani Army leg end that in 1965, the Indian Generals were prevented from making good on their boast of drinking Scotch at the Lahore Gymkhana by the week end. The Indians too have their stories, and the war of words continues.

Tony Blair’s visit has been little more than cosmetic, and no real headway will be made unless the Prime Minister offers more than words of calm to both sides. They are simply not enough. President Musharraf’s recent words condemning terrorism have been well received but they are, after all, just words. He has done much to rein in groups like Lashkar-e-Taiba and Jaish-e-Mohammed, but much to rein in groups like Lashkar-e-Taiba and Jaish-e-Mohammed, but even more needs to be done. On the Indian side, Foreign Minister Jaswant Singh and Defense Minister George Fernandes et al must realise that they are not in the same position as Israel is with Palestine or the US with Afghanistan. Military misadventures across the border will come at a terrifyingly high price which neither he nor his government should be willing to pay.

1947
Partition of subcontinent. Muslim state of Pakistan and largely Hindu state of India created.

1947-48
First Indo-Pakistani war after armed uprisings from North-West Pakistan invade Kashmir.

1965
Second Indo-Pakistani war. UN brokers ceasefires and, in January 1966, both sides sign declaration committing themselves to exclusively peaceful means.

1971
Civil war erupts between East and West Pakistan. India invades East Pakistan in support of East Pakistani people, taking 90,000 Pakistani troops prisoner. East Pakistan becomes Bangladesh in December 1971.

1999
Armed resistance to Indian rule begins in Kashmir. Pakistan lends “moral and political” support, but India accuses them of supporting “cross-border terrorism.”

1999
Indian air strikes on Pakistani forces in Kashmir (whose presence was denied by Pakistan) lead to a third war.

2000
In December, an attack is launched on the Indian parliament, killing thirteen people. Indians blame Pakistani-backed Kashmiri forces and tension mounts.

"In a land where symbolism is everything, neither side can be seen to give in to the other." 

The fear is that, as we saw over the New Year, this could become more than just a war of words. The Armed Forces of both nations are at the border with weapons primed, waiting for the other to make a false move. As both are nuclear powers, this is a terrifying prospect. The border at Wagah, near Lahore, is no more than a white line across tarmac, and strategies have envisioned many night-mare scenarios involving a misfired shot that could trigger a full-scale war.

Gabbie Bradfield
Careers Service

JOURNALISM, BROADCASTING, FILM, MEDIA MANAGEMENT, PUBLISHING....

WORKING IN THE MEDIA

Wednesday 6 February 2002
6.00 - 9.00pm (doors open 5.30pm)
Exam Halls, New Museums Site (Bene’t Street entrance)

TALKS PROGRAMME

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<td>6.30</td>
<td>Print journalism – becoming a reporter</td>
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<td>7.00</td>
<td>‘Who needs publishers? – it’s all on the web’ – the publishing industry in the 21st century</td>
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<tr>
<td>7.30</td>
<td>How to become a published author – the role of the literary agent</td>
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<td>Making it in magazine journalism and publishing</td>
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MEET THESE ORGANISATIONS AND GRADUATES

adhoc Publishing Ltd, internet publishing company
Basi Akpabio, BBC, creative director
Lydia Adetunji, Financial Times, trainee journalist
Catherine Blyth, 4th Estate Publishing, editor
Peter Bradshaw, Evening Standard, Guardian, journalist, novelist
Alexandra Buxton, freelance journalist
Cambridge Evening News
The Cambridge Student
Cambridge University Press
Cambridge University Radio (CUR)
Tanita Casci, Nature (Macmillan), editor
CFTV, student television society
City University, postgraduate media courses
Sam Coates, The Times, reporter
Paul Copeland, Mentorn (independent TV production company), assistant producer
Martin Cullingford, Financial Times, trainee journalist
CUTE, student TV society
Louise Dow, BBC Cambridge, bi-media broadcast journalist
Egmont Children’s Books
Robin Forrestier-Walker, BBC Parliament, broadcast assistant/researcher
HarperCollins UK, major UK publishing group, part of News International
Kunbi Jegede, BBC, reporter
Faisal Islam, The Observer, economics correspondent
Kerry McKibbin, independent TV, radio, journalism, freelance producer, director
The National Film and Television School
Olwang, law firm with media specialism

Oxford Brookes University, postgraduate publishing courses
Pearson Education, international educational publishing firm
Pearson Publishing Group, Cambridge educational publishing group
Amy Philip, Headline Fiction, editorial assistant
Pinsent Curtis Biddle, law firm with media specialism
Kathryn Phillpotts, Journal of Experimental Biology, News & Views editor & writer
PMA Training, postgraduate media courses
Matt Potter, Bizarre magazine, managing editor, freelance journalist
Princess Productions, independent TV production company
Stephen Pritchard, The Observer, assistant editor, producer of ‘Escape’
Proquest, Academic & reference electronic publishing firm
Nicola Rogers, Cambridge University Press Office, web editor
Georgina Ruffhead, David Higham Associates, literary agent (film, TV, radio & stage rights)
Brian Skeet, film director and screenwriter
Skillsmedia, media training & advice organisation
Trafficlink, news & traffic provider for regional & local radio stations
Simon Trewin, Peters, Fraser & Dunlop, literary agent
TVYP (Television and Young People), part of the Guardian Edinburgh International Television Festival
Varsity
Imogen Wall, BBC World Service
James Weeks, Sky News, producer
West Herts College, postgraduate media courses
David Wise, freelance TV director
Angela Young, freelance print & radio journalism

More information on www.careers.cam.ac.uk

Event sponsored by media law firms:
The students at this institution are regularly force-fed the notion that CUSU is some kind of lunatic ‘quango’. Our representatives, we are told, are arrogant, incompetent and unrepresentative.

But I like CUSU. This isn’t some rose tinted view born out of a bored cynicism; the facts are there in black and white.

I was able to get hold of the CUSU audits for the last two years – and they make interesting reading.

Last year, the student union’s turnover was £560,000. However, despite the gleeful reporting of CUSU’s financial inadequacy at losing £25,000 on the Creation venture, its deficit at the end of June 2001 was only £9,606. The issue is put in perspective when one considers the ambitious nature of Creation and the fact that without it, CUSU would have had a surplus of approximately £15,000. Indeed, last year’s services officer Martin Lucas-Smith wrote in his audit report that “…CUSU ends the year in a reasonably strong financial position…” His suggestion that internal management processes need to be reformed has been taken up with zeal by his successor, Stewart Morris, and his colleagues, who have produced a coherent management guidance manual which is still in its draft phase.

In the wake of Creation, it is easy to forget that CUSU has had many profitable ventures. Which largely explains where on earth a turnover of £560,000 comes from, because it certainly doesn’t come from college subscriptions. Indeed, subscriptions last year added up to a total of £85,457. Even Trinity, which pays more than any other college, parted company with a mere £5,125. Which means, essentially, that for all the services that CUSU provides – including free internal mail and funding for The Cambridge Student – each of the 17,000 students at this university pays £5. A fiver.

Those most vocal in their denunciation of CUSU have been the leaders of the disaffiliation rumblings. I spoke recently to former Union Society president Jeremy Brier, a known proponent of disaffiliation. He said that those in favour of severing ties with CUSU believed that it was not “value for money…” and that its campaign issues did not represent the majority view. This line of argument sits uneasily with the seeming reality presented by CUSU’s accounts. Not only is CUSU extremely good value for money, it also has an admirable campaigning record. In its two key issues of access and higher education funding, CUSU is widely supported. Delegates elected by students to the student union council overwhelmingly back its stance year after year. In any case, last year CUSU spent a mere 1.33% of its budget on campaigning. It is hardly surprising that the students of Magdalene and Christ’s rejected disaffiliation resoundingly when it came to a vote.

A culture has emerged where people are told that CUSU is a laughing stock, and their claims are simply accepted. Equally, the apathy of most JCRs towards CUSU attempts to organise university wide activities is key to the failure of certain campaigns to ever get off the ground (e.g. central university students’ building). Even when I investigated this article, I had hoped that CUSU would be a joke of an institution – but an honest investigation reveals such a preconception to be woefully inaccurate.

On a day when you’re groped by a don, and get help from the academic welfare staff, think of CUSU. Or even if you just buy a bagel with a student discount, send a letter to a friend at Girton, go to a society meeting that you found out about at freshers’ fair, read TCS, or go to Life at a discount price, think about where that all came from and then think about disaffiliation.
Why is Holocaust Memorial Day important?

Anna Gunn

The Holocaust is one of the defining tragedies of human history. The monumental evil of Auschwitz and all that it stands for still casts its shadow today. Although it is hard to believe that anyone would deny its occurrence, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that some do, and that extremist Right parties across Europe are once again gaining strength.

It was 57 years ago last Sunday that the Red Army liberated Auschwitz. For the second year running, people in Britain will commemorate this date with Holocaust Memorial Day, aimed at remembering the victims of the Shoah, creating future generations and preventing anything similar from happening again.

The Holocaust remains highly relevant, if only because there are still Holocaust victims – and Nazi perpetrators – with us. It is easy to forget the uncomfortable fact that the Shoah occurred in the very recent past, and within an industrialised Western nation, but we need to open our eyes to the real possibility of a repeat occurrence. The Holocaust is the most extreme example of xenophobia, anti-Semitism and the hatred of homosexuals and political dissidents, all problems that still confront people today.

The vital question is: what does the memory of the Holocaust mean for us today? German reactions to the Stunde Null of 1945 are interesting: “We didn’t know”; “Orders are orders”. A denial, in other words, of public responsibility for the slaughter of millions of innocent people.

Holocaust Memorial Day teaches us two things: that tolerance is imperative, and that individuals must assume near-personal responsibility for the actions of their governments. We have to be critical and vigilant of anything that could threaten democracy. Be it political or religious fanaticism, or indeed the anti-democratic tendencies of big businesses and the corporate media, they must be taken seriously, not least when we witness abuses of human rights, whether in Kabul or Baghdad or Guantanamo Bay, it is our duty to speak out against them.

Holocaust Memorial Day is important because it reminds us of the duty that comes with democracy, and the vital need for tolerance and understanding between people. Above all else, it forces us to think about what it means to say “never again”.

Different perspectives: why we must never be complacent about modern racism

Simon Eder
Culrain Centre

The Holocaust is the blackest period in Jewish collective memory. Jews had previously faced inquisitions and pogroms, but in the Holocaust they faced to face with the possibility of extinction. As a Jew living after Auschwitz, I cannot help feeling that I would not have been here today if not for an accident of history. The Holocaust was not only a Jewish tragedy. The Foles, the gypsies, the homosexuals and the handicapped who, in Primo Levi’s words, also faced death “because of a yes or a no” should not be forgotten. The Holocaust was more than a catastrophe to any particular group because, above all, it was a human tragedy.

What Holocaust Memorial Day gives us is the chance to reflect on the late Rabbi Hugo Gryn’s question: “Where was man at Auschwitz?” For previous generations the memory of this brutal past was too great a burden to bear. Yet today we must realize that, as Archbishop Tutu puts it, “true reconciliation cannot be achieved by denying the past”. As the descendants of survivors, perpetrators or bystanders, we must confront this black hole in our history. Today, the need to remember is possibly greater than at any time since the liberation of the camps 57 years ago.

We inhabit a world in which deniers of the Holocaust or assassination of memory are on the increase. The human arena is still beset by genocide and ethnic cleansing. Most worryingly, September 11th seems to have heralded what the historian Samuel Huntington had predicted: “the clash of civilizations”.

What the Holocaust must teach us is that in a world of many faiths, cultures, races and creeds, we must acknowledge that we are all created in the image of God.

M Butt
Muslim Chaplain

The slogan we hear more than any during remembrance of the Holocaust is “never again”. Muslims echo this slogan. For if in the Holocaust they came face to face with the possibility of extinction, in modern society they are suffering at the hands of the far right parties that were to be perpetrated again in Europe, there are ominous signs that Muslims might be a likely target.

Indeed, in the wake of the ethnic cleansing in Bosnia during the early nineties, the British Chief Rabbi commented that the horror of the Holocaust was already being repeated. “Can we stand,” he asked, “a bare half-century after the Holocaust, in a Europe that has replaced the word Judeenrecht with the equally repellant phrase ethnic cleansing, and not ask whether we were wrong to say never again?” There are too many parallels between the mood of Europe now and the mood 100 years ago, and we have too much knowledge to ignore the line that leads from hatred to Holocaust.

Nothing can be sure that the same will not happen again. In Austria, the Freedom Party is openly mistrustful of the Muslim presence. The dust is still settling after September 11th. Following the horrific events of that day, there is no telling whether Islamophobia, as a new manifestation of anti-Semitism, is on the increase or on the wane. Persistent depredation by the media of a marginal, extremist, violent form of Islam is, however, decreasing.

Since September 11th, the media appears to have become more aware of the dangers of depicting Islam in this demonic light. Articles frequently reveal great efforts to show that violent, extremist behaviour is not typical of Islam itself. Hopefully, this trend will be consolidated in the future. We will then be closer to realising the aim of Holocaust Memorial Day: never again.
Editorial

Homerton

Hence today you Pev Aklitar. Too often have you come under fire as a union scapegoat, and so far have reacted to circumstances with the decorum we would expect from an intelligent representative. Last term you were refused service by a bar manager who has admitted under oath to threatening you with physical violence. We know how hard you work on behalf of this university. We know you have come under fire as a union representative, are a no-go area, and therefore in consistencies cannot be accounted for. A coup for transparency.

Admissions

Last week the Press Complaints Commission ruled that an article published in The Daily Telegraph regarding Euan Blair’s admittance to Trinity College, Oxford was an infringement of his privacy. One would have thought that the admission was of interest to the public given the widely publicised friendship between Cherie Blair and the college’s President, Michael J Beddoe QC, as it calls into question bodily debated issues on Oxbridge entry. According to the PCC, children of the rich and famous, including the children of politicians, are a no-go area, and therefore inconsistencies cannot be accounted for. A coup for transparency.

Media

When I got to Cambridge I tried to meet lots of people, and was concerned about who I was being talked to, sacrificing all my good friends to make myself upwardly mobile. I joined every society, and now my CV is brimming with things that warm my soul. I’m looking forward to a future of smiling manely with glazed eyes, talking to people I don’t like. We’ll come together again one day, slumpered by emaciated bodies, with rapidly deteriorating nasal septa. Here’s to the future of English.

Crossword

Across
1 Straight man and good-time girl at the theatre next to top celebrity [14]
8 Girl before showers [5]
9 Letter next to railroad raises eyebrows [7]
11 Greek heroine to choose client [4]
12 Fowl in Blake’s trellis [7]
13 Flexible article after half life [5]
15 Soaked soldier starts lecture at strange city [9]
17 Rotate stand for record player [9]
20 Tender job has no direction [5]
21 Comprehensive uniform [5]
23 Deviant spirit in hard work causes problems [7]
24 Force little tail-spin inside [8]
26 Low nanosecond reveals bottom [5]
27 The way the underdog wins (7, 3, 4)

Letters to the Editor

Cusu

Anna Gunn last week demanded a statement from Cusu Council regarding its decision not to ratify the anti-war motion. While no individual is entitled to give such a statement on behalf of Council, the democratic argument perhaps boils down to simple arithmetic.

The Open Meeting had just over 100 people in attendance. Half of whom left after the anti-war motion was carried. By comparison, if the 50 JCR/MCR Executive Committees represented on Council had discussed this motion only among themselves, over 500 people would have been involved in the consultation process. If the motion was taken to College Open Meetings as well, this figure may have been close to 1000. As such, those who label Cusu Council “anti-democratic” are being disingenuous. Council, like any other parliament, is a representative democracy (compared to the “direct democracy” of Open Meetings), and no JCR/MCR representative should feel any shame about not having to justify, having voted in accordance with the wishes of their constituents.

Stewart Morris

Cusu: Where’s the Anger?

I must thank The Independent for its decision to distribute free copies of its weekly colour supplement to the students of Cambridge. There were however, a number of errors in last week’s edition. There are, for example, well over forty-four different ways of spelling “Pav Ahktar” (much like Willy Shagspur), and not just two as you suggested in your editorial. However, to give some indication as to who or what is the subject of an interview (Arts, front page) is of course a shuts on post-modernism, and I applaud your decision to retain a shroud of mystery over the whole affair. Finally, the substitution of the word “boots” for the original “latrines” in the words “you’ll be cleaning XXXX” all you can’t taste the difference between shit and French fries” was a masterpiece of subversion (review, “Black Hawk Down”). Anyway, who needs shit or French fries where you can have tabbouleh?

Henry V saturates

SMUG

In Analysis last week “save the pound lose your job” was said by Simon Radford and not Richard Burgon. Hence wishes to apologise for any confusion this may have caused.

Apoloogise

The winner of the letter of the week receives two free tickets to the Arts Picture House.
LIVING

FASHION 12
“I think he can see beauty in everyone.” Varsity meets Mario Testino.

SCIENCE 14
Why should we care about the Rio Earth Summit?

TRAVEL 14
St Petersburg – gangsters and white nights.

HUMOUR 18
Justify your face.

INTERVIEW 19
John Hurt on rabbit animation and Richard III.

FOOD AND DRINK 20
Secrets handed from mother to daughter.
The adventures of Mario

Clemency Burton-Hill meets Mario Testino on the eve of his acclaimed retrospective show

Picture the scene: It’s London, early ’80s, in the helluva-ized halls of Vogue House. A dashing young South American strides into the fashion office and suddenly there’s a flurry, as various fashion editors rush to hide themselves behind piles of clothes and underneath desks. “I’ll… me… when… he’s… gone!” one of them hisses to a colleague. It seems that for months, this fellow has been bugging the girls at Vogue to let him take fashion photographs, and they’re just not having any of it.

Cut to London, early 2002. A flurry of quite different nature is happening just off the Charing Cross Road, only a mile or so from Vogue House in Hanover Square. This time the hussing is one of “Mario! Mario! Over here!” as hundreds of press photographers swarm like wasps around the hissing is one of “Mario! Mario! Over here!” as hundreds of press photographers swarm like wasps around the same gallery and dream of the future.

A penniless twenty-something Testino, perhaps on his way home from having been shooed out of the Vogue office, used to wander into the same gallery and dream of the future. Now, as the most wanted man in fashion, the Peruvian is both a few steps and a million miles away from his first doorstep. This is the man who changed the way the world saw Princess Diana, who Madonna begged to have photograph her, who Kate Moss and Gwyneth Paltrow consider a best friend, who discovered Gisele and this is the man who has every fashion editor in the world salivating and clamouring for his work. To say his photographs are like gold dust is an understatement extraordinary: in fashion terms, they are solid gold.

The new exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery, sponsored by Burberry and Dom Perignon, in association with Vogue, brings this into sharp focus. Charles Saumarez-Smith, the Director of the gallery, sums up the Testino effect when he admits: “I wish we did exhibitions like this all the time… It’s not often we have sponsors like these falling over themselves to be part of something.” All I can say is, who wouldn’t want to be part of Mario Testino’s world? A world in which, as British Vogue editor Alexandra Shulman said, “everyone is beautiful and life is always fun.”

It’s hard to put into words quite how extraordinary his photographs are in a gallery. We’re used to seeing them screaming out from magazine covers, books, billboards and albums all over the world – and we know they’re fabulous. Yet the ubiquity of his images does not prepare one for the physical shock of seeing them for real.

The first room of the exhibition is a kind of introduction, entitled ‘Out of Fashion’ as a means of forging a link between Testino’s fashion work and his development into portraiture. With two wall-size black-and-white images of Christy Turlington and Naomi Campbell presiding over a feast of smaller colour offerings, including Gisele Bündchen and Linda Evangelista, we see the photographer’s increasing fascination with capturing the essence of a person’s character, as well as their surface beauty. Nowhere is that underlined more clearly than in the ‘Kate Moss’ room.

She is Mario’s favourite model, “for a variety of reasons”. As well as finding her incredibly beautiful, Testino says she’s “full of style and humour”, and he holds her opinion in very high esteem. Her room represents his idea that portraiture is “all about knowing someone”. Rather than just one photograph, which might catch the substance of the moment beautifully, but nothing more, Kate’s room brings together 13 pictures taken over ten years, in which her development as a person and her “changing mind” are as perfectly expressed as her physical changes.

For Testino, the idea of reflecting a person is infinitely more important than merely documenting what he calls “plastic beauty”. His models play roles, and with his guidance, they play them well. Diana, as he says, was born into a rôle; Madonna has created rôle alter rôle for herself; and Gwyneth is an interpreter of rôles other people bestow on her. He works effortlessly around them. A heightened sense of theatricality is a reflection of the side of him which will always remain a traditionalist, no matter how much of a rebel he might seem. Testino’s early way of working was almost primitive: like the photographers of the Nineteenth Century, he used only daylight, and maintained a highly formal dramatic element to his work.

His major influence is Cecil Beaton, whose NGP exhibition in the 1960s was a seminal moment in the history of fashion, photography, and art. In the Nineteenth Century, photography was seen as a magical medium, capable of anything, and so powerful that many feared it would replace painting. In the Twentieth Century, at least until the influence of Beaton, photography’s reputation was challenged as painting regained superiority as an art form. Testino, then, stands at an interesting moment in the history of photography. With all the mind-boggling developments in digital photography of the last decade, he nevertheless hands-touches every print, and goes about his work in a meticulous, old-fashioned, craftsman-like way. The only concession made to technology in this circumstance was a digital blowing up of the prints, so that it is possible to have the huge wall-size images of Christy, Naomi, Kate, Madonna, Diana, Gwyneth, David Ginola and Catherine Zeta-Jones, both perfectly sharp and utterly mind-blowing. They are worth it.

Testino admits to an obsession with a certain sort of female beauty, which he attributes to the role model of his mother, with her immaculate elegance in language and appearance. Even with Gisele’s cleavage foregrounded in glorious Technicolor, or Naomi’s breasts dangling provocatively over a naked Puff Daddy, at no point is there a suspicion of sex for the sake of it. His pictures are agonisingly sexy and sometimes erotic, but they manage to be so in a humorous, laid-back way. In his most highly charged pictures the subjects are often fully clothed (my personal favourite: Kate Moss in a neck-high...
The billion-dollar question is how on earth Mario Testino manages to get as much as he does out of the people he photographs, given that they are essentially at their most vulnerable in front of the camera. He claims his biggest privilege is the ability to be informal with his subjects, which is the basis of the Diana studies. Having at first decided it would be much more interesting and effective to photograph her as a proper Princess, tiara and all, he then scrapped that idea, made her kick off her heels (literally), and decided to photograph her as if she was a close friend. When asked the ways in which he makes his subjects relax, he giggles cheekily and proclaims: “I’m just me!” Later, he adds: “I have a little angel who helps me get it 80 percent of the time”.

According to his close friend and collaborator, Patrick Kinmouth, it is a well-known fashion fact that in a Mario sitting, he will know more about his model within five minutes than most people get to know in five years. And it’s easy to see why people relax in his company: he has a certain sparkle which is immediately endearing, and a bewitching modesty. He says, for example, about the sea of press faces hanging on his every word: “This is quite nerve-wracking. I’m so touched that you’re all interested!” He also stresses that it has not been easy; it’s taken him a long time to get from the dreaming Peruvian boy who had to share his cornflakes with his cat, to the National Portrait Gallery, and everything in between. In this, however, there is no trace of a conventional jaded celebrity edge; and maybe it’s his heart-warming Peruvian accent or just his sheer honesty which prevents his guide to life from being a sickly cliché: “If you want something in life, you just gotta go and get it, because no-one’s gonna give it to you.”

One senses there’s an awful lot of Mario Testino in both his photographs and the exhibition as a whole. Kinmouth says he decided to paint the walls in bright, bright colours and cram images together on the walls in a reflection of the way Mario hangs his own art collection at home. There is no understated minimalism here; it’s high-octane, high-gloss fashion and passion all the way, and it’s quite brilliant.

Mario Testino: Portraits is at the National Portrait Gallery from 1 February – 4 June 2002. For more information call 020 7312 2463.

“I always feel when I look at his pictures, that I’m sort of being let in on something.”
— Gwyneth Paltrow


Robbie Williams, British Vogue, 1999, London
Another Earth Summit – who cares?

Helen Hendry addresses apathy on Rio+10

Ten years on from the Rio Earth Summit, world leaders will meet once again to discuss the global environmental crisis. This time with Johannesburg as the host city. But why should we, apathetic and cynical Cambridge students, care? Does the state of the environment really affect our everyday lives? How about we look at the Rio Earth Summit.

The United Nations Conference on Environment and Development was held in June 1992 in Rio de Janeiro. World leaders gathered to tackle environmental problems and, for the first time, brought global attention to the idea that environmental protection must be integrated with issues such as poverty and under-development. Success or failure?

Several major conventions came out of Rio, which aim to defend the natural world through new conservation and sustainable development programmes that aim to meet economic and environmental goals simultaneously. However, legal and political wrangling about who should do what and who should pay has hindered efforts to make significant progress.

What does Rio+10 hope to accomplish?

Decisions will be made on how future efforts should be directed. However, part of the purpose is also retrospective. This will involve assessing progress since 1992 and establishing what lessons have been learnt.

Are things better now?

All the environmental catastrophes that existed in 1992 have either persisted or worsened and new ones have arisen. Environmental problems are not restricted to developing countries which we treat as ‘out of sight, out of mind’. Scientists are currently investigating how changes in climate may already be leading to the breakdown of the Atlantic Gulf Stream, without which the British Isles could turn into the snow-covered tundra that exists at similar latitudes elsewhere on Earth.

If Rio was a disappointment, what hope is there for Rio+10?

Rio+10 could mark the success or failure of world leaders to take ultimate responsibility for the global environment. Renowned conservation scientist, Dr Norman Myers, recently asserted: “September 11th may have broken the old mould of looking at the world as 200 little independent management packages.” It will be revealing to see how the United States, one of the world’s greatest environmental offenders, behaves, given their historical lack of commitment to environmental protection.

So?

“Think globally; act locally” was a major theme that emerged from Rio, encapsulating the need for each one of us to do our bit, no matter how small. It is likely that having an ‘eco-conscience’ will soon become more of a necessity than simply a fashion accessory.

Sustainable Engineers

Cambridge University Engineering Department (CUED) has announced the launch of a new MPhil course in Environmental Engineering and Sustainable Development. Starting in October 2002, the course will be taught in conjunction with MIT in the United States under the auspices of the Cambridge-MIT Institute. Modules will range from specific engineering issues to more general topics, such as examining how concepts of sustainability can be introduced into companies.

Sustainable development is becoming an increasingly important business consideration as governments around the world implement regulations on emissions, recycling, water quality, etc. The onus is on the next generation of engineers to have a holistic view so that efforts to improve the lives of those here today are not at the cost of degrading it for future generations.

The new course is part of a bigger drive within CUED towards greater understanding of the environmental impact of engineering. To this end, the department has launched a Centre for Sustainable Development, headed by Professor Peter Gutfine. The aim of the Centre is to act as a focus for research and teaching both within the university and industry at large.

www.g-eng.cam.ac.uk/ssude
www.cm-i.cam.ac.uk

Tim Jarratt

From Russia with love

Sarah Growcott flies Aeroflot

St Petersburg is a fabulous city. While becoming an increasingly modern metropolis, it also continues to retain its cultural history. Known as the Northern Venice, it is built on a network of canals, being introduced into companies.

The following lucky people will have won copies of the Lonely Planet Guide to Europe on a Shoestring. Congratulations.

• Join us in the mile-high club by having sex with a loved one during a flight.
• Never wear your ‘keep it in all day’ metal-plated Ann Summers vibrator when
• It’s never the best time to visit Wales.
• How do you get complimentary champagne on a plane? Go first class, you tight
• www.cheapflights.com is our favourite website and, unless you are heavily into

Winners!

The following lucky people have won excursions to get lost on a trip to Europe. Everyone else will just have to buy a compass.

Jack Nichols
Gemma Easter
Kitty Chan
Elizabeth James
Esther Yu

They have all won copies of the Lonely Planet Guide to Europe on a Shoestring.

Travel Tips

• www.cheapflights.com is our favourite website and, unless you are heavily into porn, it should be yours too.
• How do you get complimentary champagne on a plane? Go first class, you tight bastard!
• Always arrive for check-in half an hour before the plane leaves. After all, why should you be the one to wait in a queue with all the crying babies?
• It’s never the best time to visit Wales.
• Don’t travel around Cambridge on a bike. It’s annoying and sad.
• Don’t skateboard. Unless you’re seven.
• Never wear your ‘keep it in all day’ metal-plated Ann Summers vibrator when flying. They’re very good but they set off the metal detectors.
• Join us in the mile-high club by having sex with a loved one during a flight.

Russia is not a place to go to unprepared. Learn a few Russian phrases as most Russians speak little English. Be aware of the dual pricing system. Well pronounced Russian phrases can lead to fantastic bargains – £1.50 to see Swan Lake at the Alexandrinsky, for instance.

Inside the city, the only transport worth using is the excellent Planet Guide to Europe on a Shoestring.
The New Writing Festival for the theatre are holding
AUDITIONS
on the weekend of the 2nd +3rd Feb
2–6pm
in i6
Corpus Christi College
For info contact: haw@ or ejkl2

LISTINGS
A SERIES OF SIX OUTSTANDING ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

ARTS AND CULTURE

FANCY WRITING FOR A UNIVERSITY-WIDE PUBLICATION

Gender Agenda, the CUSU Women’s Union Magazine

PROVE THEY WERE WRONG WHEN THEY DIDN’T AWAR You THE WHIRTBREAD PRIZE!

Email Chris Holly (cb44) to write for the Lent term issue

ADMISSIONS FOR A PRODUCTION OF TOM STOPPARD’S
“Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead”
TO BE HELD IN THE DOWING COLLEGE PARTY ROOM
SATURDAY 2ND & SUNDAY 3RD FEBRUARY
10AM UNTIL 3PM

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS: MUSICIANS, BANDS AND DJs
INTERESTED IN PLAYING AT THE PEBBOME COLLEGE MAY BALL
PLEASE CONTACT: HENRY BOWEN AT HAB33@CAM.AC.UK OR CN: 07765 467313

A SERIES OF SIX OUTSTANDING ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

CHRIST’S COLLEGE, NEW COURT THEATRE.
8pm.
ROBINSON COLLEGE:
7pm.
ROBINSON COLLEGE:
7pm.

Sunday

Christ’s Films: MIKE BASSETT: ENGLAND MANAGER

English: Nick Frost and Tom Parker-Bowles

CHURCHILL COLLEGE: WINDSOR CASTLE


The best sandwiches in Cambridge and if you love coffee, then you’ll love O’Brien’s

Irish Sandwich Bars

43 Regent St. 6 St. Edward’s Passage Cambridge Arts Theatre
Saturday
Acoustic Routes:
Acoustic music concert. See www.acousticroutes.co.uk.
CB2, Norfolk Street,
8.30pm. £3.

Cambridge University Music Club:
Bartok, Schumann, Mozart pro concerto, R. Tiscioli, Kreisler-Manfred Ewenz
8pm. £5/£3. CUMC members free.
ecealectia (8:30pm - 1:00am):
3 rooms of music (100% cheer, 100% dance, chillout room).
University Centre (granta place, mill lane), No entry after 10:30pm.
8.30pm. £5.

Queens’ Ents:
DAMAGE - a night of dark funky drum’n’bass.
Queens’ College, Fitzpatrick Hall.
9pm.

The Junction CDC:
Good Times: House Music 10-3am.
The Junction
10pm. £6/£9.

The Saraband Consort (on period instruments):
Madrigals of Love and War: music of Monteverdi, Strozzi, Luzzaschi.
Benedict Burd direct. Jesus College, Chapel.
8pm. £10.66 (concs), £4 (students)
from www.sarabandconsort.com or on the door.

Trinity College:
The award winning London Adventist Chorale present another gospel concert:
Trinity College, Trinity College Chapel.
7pm.

Monday
Binoculars:
Live, original music performed by a singer and guitarist.
Trinity College, Bar.
8:30pm.

Cambridge University
Troubadours:
Rehearsals of vocal and instrumental medieval music.
Jesus College, Octagon Room.
7:30pm.

Clare College Music Society:
Francesca Thompson on recorders and Nick Rimmer on piano.
Clare College, Chapel.
1:15pm.

Tuesday
Jewish Society:
Minims Choir - songs ranging from modern day hits to Jewish classics.
Everyone welcome.
The CULanu Centre, 33 Bridge Street (between Oxfam and the Galleria).
6.30pm.

The Junction CDC:
The Junction
8pm. £9.98.

Thursday
Kettle’s Yard:
SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT
Kungshaka Piano Trio.
King’s College
8pm. £50 for five concerts.
The Junction CDC:
Kenda Bengo Man: Irresistible shemmer Zairean dance.
The Junction, £8.

Talk
Friday
CICCU:
LIFE: who needs it? Talk.
Free talks from 7:30pm.
St Andrew the Great, Opposite Christ’s.
8pm.

Saturday
CICCU:
LIFE: Who needs it? Talk.
Free talks from 7:30pm.
St Andrew the Great, Opposite Christ’s.
8pm.

Sunday
CICCU:
LIFE: Who needs it? Talk.
Free talks from 7:30pm.
St Andrew the Great, Opposite Christ’s.
8pm.

Monday
CU Italian Society:
Conservation evening of Savino’s
8pm.

The Cambridge Union:
The Union:
7pm.

Tuesday
CU Student Pugwash Society:
General Sir Hugh Beach: Terrorism and Intervention (Former Director, Council for Arms Control).
St. John’s College, Palmerston Room, Fisher Building.
5:30pm.

Inter-Disciplinary Group, Faculty of Divinity:
Rec Dr Malcolm Govt and Miss Alexandra Wronr on “Poetry and Transfiguration”.
Faculty of Divinity, Lightfoot Room.
4:30pm.

The Cambridge Union:
Talk by Lord Wakeham, Chairman of the Press Complaints Commission
The Union
8pm.

Wednesday
My Mother Said I Never Should:
A play about mothers, daughters, childhood and adulthood. Is there a generation gap?
The Playroom
7:15pm.

My Mother Said I Never Should:
A play about mothers, daughters, childhood and adulthood. Is there a generation gap?
The Playroom
7:15pm.

The Playroom
7:15pm.

Kettle’s Yard:
LUNCHTIME HOUSE TALK. by Michael Harrison.
Kettle’s Yard
11:00pm.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL
Solve your accommodation problems by calling Carole Smith/Anne Goring on 01620 810620
email address: festflats@aol.com
or write to
Festival Flats, 3 Linkylea Cottages, Gifford, East Lothian, EH41 4PE

ARE BUSINESS ETHICS IRRELEVANT TO THE REAL WORLD?
WEDNESDAY 6TH FEBRUARY, 8PM
THE CULANU CENTRE
33 BRIDGE ST.
(BETWEEN OXFAM AND THE GALLERIA)
SIR STANLEY KALMS (CHAIRMAN OF DIXONS)
DR MICHAEL NICKL
RABBI JULIAN SINCLAIR

VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTION: £2

KETTLE’S YARD
EXHIBITION
FLIGHTS OF REALITY
until 3 March
Charles Avey, Matthew Ritchie, Keith Tyson, Grace Weir and Keith Wilson
‘seductive contemporary work creating competing visions of an alternative universe’ The Guardian

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES URGENTLY REQUIRED FOR A BRAND NEW MURDER MYSTERY.

DEATH BY MIRRORS
To be performed 6th-8th March
Hoxton Building
Dowling College
Contact Helen (habs32) for details

AUCTIONS FOR "HAROUN AND THE SEA OF STORIES"
Homerton College
(Paston Brown Room)
FRIDAY 1ST FEB 2-6
SATURDAY 2ND FEB 2-6
Week 8 Production Producer, crew etc also needed
CONTACT: TIM WILSON T7939

VARiety
www.variety.com.ac.uk

17 February 2002 | LISTINGS |
Bin Laden, Bin Job Searchin’

Osama applies for the post of newspaper reader at CNN’s London office.

Interviewer: Good afternoon. How was your journey here?
Osama: Not good. The Underground is a nightmare – I was stuck down there for days.

I: You’re here now though. Give an example of a time when you proved yourself to be an innovator.
O: I once came up with a plan to send a dump truck into the top of the World Trade Centre. But how would you get it up there without a plane?
O: The plane wasn’t a problem, but you know what? We forgot the bloody dump truck.
I: That’s a shame. Give an example of a time when you showed leadership.
O: I organized a benefit concert for Saddam Hussein. We called it ‘Sheikh, Rattle and Roll’.
I: Was the event a success?
O: Yeah, everyone got lashed.

I: Oh good. But can you face up to potential setbacks?
O: Certainly – I’m not one to hide my head in the sand. Or in a cave.
I: And where do you see yourself in ten years’ time?
O: Head of the IRA.
I: So you’d describe yourself as ambitious?
O: Oh, certainly – but I don’t see myself as limited to terrorism. I want to push my network more into the business of butchery.
I: How so?
O: By selling meat. I hope to start a chain of butchers called Halal Qeda. Marvellous. Now, give an example of a time when you overcame difficult obstacles to achieve a goal.
O: I used to have problems with alcoholism but now I’m down to the occasional half of cider.
I: Any favourite brands?
O: No I make my own; I’m hooked on the idea of crushing big apples.
I: Understandably. Give an example of a time when you were in a position of responsibility.
O: Well, the FA contracted me to demolish Wembley stadium.
I: But it’s still standing, isn’t it?
O: Unfortunately I got the wrong twin towers. I always said it would end in tiers.
I: Not to worry. Give an example of a time when you worked in a team.
O: The other day me and the nine other guys on the FBI ten most wanted list got together and organised a car pool; we just don’t feel safe flying any more.
I: Yes, there’s a lot of deep-vein thrombosis going around. Anyway, what would your friends say if I asked them about you?
O: They’d probably tell you about my nickname – ‘Gillette’.
I: Oh, is that because of your fine beard?
O: No, it’s because I’m the best Oman can get.

I: Excellent. One minor point, though – on your CV there isn’t a contact address.
O: I’m in the book.
I: What book?
O: Anything by Tom Clancy.
I: Finally, do you have any questions for us?
O: Yes, what floor are we on?

Jesus Webchat

J: It’s fine, so long as both men are consenting adults and one of them is a woman.
Q: Who do you think will win Pop Idol?
J: No matter what Pete Waterman says, I still think I have a chance.
Q: Is the Pope Catholic?
J: Well, do bears shit in the woods?

I: So you’d describe yourself as ambitious?
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O: They’d probably tell you about my nickname – ‘Gillette’.
I: Oh, is that because of your fine beard?
O: No, it’s because I’m the best Oman can get.

I: Excellent. One minor point, though – on your CV there isn’t a contact address.
O: I’m in the book.
I: What book?
O: Anything by Tom Clancy.
I: Finally, do you have any questions for us?
O: Yes, what floor are we on?

Diary of a Diary

“I find it a bit much, but it’s a good idea to plan in advance.”

March 1st: Day out in Cambridge.

Hats Off To...

Kate Moss, who this week abandoned the fitness regime that she took up Anachronised Swimming. She admitted: “I tried it for a while but was late for every practice”.

Piss Off To...

The actor Dominic Smallman, who stunned audiences at the National Theatre by introducing brutality to the London stage. The incident involved the back end of a pantomime horse.

Dead Pets’ Society

At times like this, you wish you’d acted upon your anti-Oedipal complex — though the male bonding with Daddy wouldn’t have been too much fun, you’d gladly have your mother bonding with Daddy wouldn’t have been too much fun, you’d gladly have your mother

However, contrary to your expectations, you are genuinely touched by the death of an animal was as unlikely a phenomenon as a mechanic exhaling as he gives you a quote. Yet, on this occasion at the pet cemetery, a couple of tears were making their way down your face. Admittedly, this has probably got much to do with Mrs Piddleston’s onion

You feel as if you’ve stumbled across some sort of rite of passage by accident and decide to adopt it upon instant. After work, you’re going home and find out if there is more to your relationship with the inflatable sheep than first meets the eye. You never know – you might also bond with each other on a platonic level. It’s your task now to get home as soon as possible, feign a headache and see what happens.
Sharp shooting as Editor Rob writes a Dear John

John Hurt. British actor, classified “odd-ball” by Halliwell’s Film Guide. Star of Love and Death On Long Island, A Man For All Seasons, 10 Rillington Place, The Naked Civil Servant (TV), Lord of the Rings (animation), Crime and Punishment (TV), Scandal, The Field and Jim Heron’s The Storyteller (TV). Helped make the careers of Ridley Scott (Alien), Oliver Stone (Midnight Express) and David Lynch (The Elephant Man). Double Academy Award nominee. Ameliorated United Artists with the biggest flop of all time, Heaven’s Gate.

I’m about to start interviewing Ian McKellen, and he looks like John Hurt. The likeness astounds me as I slump down next to one of the greatest actors of a generation, slunk into a leather armchair, as he stares at me oblivious from behind crazy specs. Maybe I think this because all British actors of a certain age end up looking like John Hurt. But the alternative, and more parsimonious, explanation suggests that I’ve sucked up somehow and am actually sat talking to John Hurt. I start helping myself to his fags and make a couple of minor changes to my notes. Everything will be fine.

Harry Potter, John. Expliquez-moi. “I think Rowling’s a good writer and captured the imagination of a generation and got people reading again. Both my agent and my children would never have forgiven me if I’d have passed on it.” He starts talking enthusiastically about his son, and how much of a voracious reader he is. I make soothing, affirming noises in response. “He remembers everything about that system, you know. He has my father’s memory.”

Mmm. But let’s move on to Destination Interest, John. Let’s talk rabbit animation.

“Watership Down was quite advanced in terms of animation, Martin Rosen was very talented. I also did the television version which I wish I hadn’t done, I did it for Martin. I think he did it for the money, and it was grossly inferior to the film version as they put in extra scenes. When I saw the animation it was much more Diana, I hated it. But I really enjoyed working with the likes of Madden and, of course, Ridley.”

I snigger and raise my eyes to the ceiling. Yeah, excuse me for being rude John, but I’d just like to steer you back to Watership Down for a moment. He ignores me, hilariously pretending to have ignored my request, and starts talking about production values.

“When a film is adapted it’s not just the director’s vision but it’s also the production company’s. If they’re in co-productions with the studio you haven’t got much chance.”

I remember something. “Didn’t you do Crime and Punishment for the BBC?” He starts coughing up a lung, and I take the opportunity to steal another Camel Light. “Yeah, I played Raskolnikov.” Nice.

A lithe female Union steward saunters past and offers to get us drinks. John orders a coffee and I get a milk with straw. Soon we’re both sipping happily from our respective drinking vessels.

You worked with Lynch, John. What’s your motivation behind doing television work? “Don’t think about the director’s vision but it’s also the production company’s. If they’re in co-productions with the studio you haven’t got much chance.”

I move on to theatre, and hope to win the chance of a job with John by demonstrating my encyclopaedic knowledge of the stage.


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Recipes of the week

Secrets handed down from mother to daughter

**Winter Bruschetta with Mushrooms & Chicory:** (4 people)

Quando Cambridge fa molto freddo, try this winter take on a summer classic.

First, slice 2 large heads of chicory or trevisio (red chicory) crosswise and Blanch (boil briefly, in cooke's jargon) for four minutes in boiling salted water with the juice of half a lemon. Drain and squeeze dry.

Slice 3 cloves of garlic and fry them in 4 tablespoons of olive oil until lightly browned. Add the chicory and fry for approximately 5 minutes until the chicory colours. The garlic should not be allowed to burn. Add 4-5 sliced portobello mushrooms (or around 250g chestnut or field mushrooms), salt and pepper, and cook over medium heat until all the mushrooms' water has evaporated.

Meanwhile, toast 4 thick slices of ciabatta bread (or 4 diagonal slices of baguette), rub gently with a clove of raw garlic and drizzle with a little olive oil.

Add a squeeze of lemon and some chopped flat leaf parsley to the pan, and poon the contents over the toast.

Finish by adding 4 sliced sun dried tomatoes or 4 slices of prosciutto crudo (Parma ham) on top of your Winter Bruschetta. No 1 belle, but it tastes delicious!! A little crushed chilli will compliment this dish beautifully.

**Add 3 quarters of a pint of double cream, 150g of grated parmesan, salt and pepper to taste, and then stir in the yolks of 4 eggs. A lazy Italian studying in Cambridge, missing his wife's skill at separating of the yolk from the white, should use 3 whole eggs instead.**

Boil 400g of tagliatelle (spaghetti or tagliolini) will also do the trick in salted water until al dente (still firm). Drain the pasta well, return to the pan and stir in the sauce immediately. The eggs will cook with the heat of the pasta. Facile, facile! Chopped parsley can also be added to the sauce, and Jacob Kennedy (chef at Moro, Maquis (London) and Boulevard (San Francisco)) also recommends adding some baby cougettes, thinly sliced and sauteed briefly over high heat with a little chopped garlic.

**Recommended white wine for this meal:** Cono Sur. £5.99 at Wine Racks

Tip of the week

“Never cook tuna steaks right through. Always sear the tuna, leaving it raw and pink in the middle. If you’ve got ethical objections to eating raw fish, save your money and buy canned tuna.”

**Eating Out**

La Mimosa

Rose Crescent is not a Tuscan main street and the traditional hubbub of the via is sadly lacking from Cambridge’s centre. However, the face of La Mimosa is surprisingly pleasing. Aside from the Italian standards, they pull off some delightfully ambitious meat and fish dishes. La Mima, she would be proud! Although a little pricey, La Mimosa does make a good meal, and the desserts are particularly tempting. The lunch set menus are also recommended, and much more affordable. The restaurant is especially suitable for large groups where they offer a set menu, excellent music and the chance to dance the night away. La Mimosa is at its best in summer when you can lounge outside, but don’t wait until then to sample the experience!

**Shopping**

Il Sainsbury’s

Once again, an obvious favourite. Thanks to Jamie Oliver’s influence, it stocks a wide range of quality Italian ingredients.

**The Market**

For fresh vegetables and spices, the market is often better value than Sainsbury’s. (Ni-i-ice olive stand…)

Cambridge Cheese Company

Great, but only recommended if you have expensive tastes.

Budrito, Nr. Bologna

Great, but only recommended if you have a personal Learjet.

**Music to cook to**

Paolo Conté, The Best of Paolo Conté ***** £11.99 (Amazon)

The Best of album of this “sophisticated primitive” touches the Italian spirit within us all. As you listen, you can feel your hair grease up and your charm quadruple, and you know that le belle bambine would fall at your feet if only you could get away from that jazzy rhythm and finish cooking that pasta… With a wide variety of songs and a seductive depth, this is recommended especially to those who enjoy smoky jazz clubs and nurture hidden romantic ideals.

**Book of the week**

Gray and Rogers, The River Café Cook Book, **** £14.00 paperback (Amazon)

Originating from the River Café restaurant in London, this cookbook provides the reader with a guide to rustic, uncomplicated Italian cooking (cucina rustica). Referred to by some as one of the culinary bibles of the 20th Century, it certainly provides excellent and simple recipes. The book covers a wide breadth of dishes, from the slightly complicated looking Ligurian Fish Stew to the simple but delicious Calamari a Ferri con Peperoncini (Grilled Squid with Chilies). Special mention goes to the Bistecca di manzo con Rucola (Steak with Rocket), which makes use of raw steak. Their vegetable section is particularly huge with some classic recipes like Vignole (Marinated Grilled Vegetables).

Overall, highly recommended for anyone wanting to entertain alf Italian.
The people who are best at being famous have a certain poise, a certain verve, a certain “if you say anything to me I’ll stab you with my scissor hands” diffidence. These famous people are unbreakable. Born with mirror attachments to deflect the flashes of a hungry paparazzo, they were hewn from the reddest, rarest mahogany. They’ve got muscles of marble; titanium skeletons. My current favourite one of these is Henry Rollins.

Henry Rollins doesn’t like me. He’s never met me but he thinks I’m “stupid.” He said so. He won’t speak to me. He won’t engage in fourth-hand email discourse. Henry’s giving me the silent treatment – and the electronically simulated silent treatment at that. And it hurts.

When I say that Henry Rollins said I was stupid, I mean, of course, that sources close to Henry Rollins said that he said I was stupid. And when I say that sources close to Henry Rollins said that he said my questions were stupid. But, as a famous person once said, “you insult my questions, you insult my whole family”. And when I say “as a famous person once said…” “Fuck it. Sue me.”

Meanwhile, back at the interview, Henry’s laid down the law. Myself a small bloke, I had been wondering what it’s like being a big bloke. Word arrives from Rollins Towers that he’d prefer “more serious questions,” “not chatting about his muscles,” something “more adult”. The incredible hulk wants me to talk porn. And, my research suggests that he positively revels in filthy talk. In 1997, the NME assailed him with an air raid of muck. “Presumably you jerk off a lot then?” they demanded. And matter-of-factly, “So you’re ruled by your dick?” And then, a mortal stroke: “Did you rebuild your puny childhood body to compensate for having, ahem, a tiny penis?”

Checkmate. “The last comment I heard about my dick was a girl who said ‘God was nice to you honey,'” enthused the Noble Rollins, not chatting about his muscles.

And The Rollins Band’s appearance at the Junction this week was none too remarkable – when you’ve heard a marine swallow a dinosaur once, you’ve heard the lot, really. Rollins appeared (embarrassingly, minus trousers) to delirious tweeting and woofing from his fourscore minions. From thence, the whole affair was strangely like one of William Hague’s provincial visits: big entrance, rapturous reception and then better ways to spend the evening. And, like Mrs Thatcher, Henry likes to surround himself with good eggs. His press people willingly lie to protect the great untouchable from sullying himself in the student media. When I do grow up, I want to be just like him.
Gosford Park: a period drama set in a country mansion, during its owner's annual pleasant shoot. Far from being a tedious costume drama, Gosford Park provides an entertaining, fascinating insight into the seedy underbelly of aristocratic life. And Helena Bonham Carter and Emma Thompson are nowhere to be seen.

However, you’d be excused for having further reservations upon noting the film’s similarities to director Altman’s earlier Priti-a-Porter: it takes an all-star cast, puts them all in a particular building and then weaves various sub-plots around them. In Priti-a-Porter’s case, a witless script and charming characters ensured it flopped, but thankfully, with its understated humour and perfectly crafted cast of characters, Gosford Park avoids such pitfalls.

To return to the plot: in 1930, an assortment of upper-class types comes to the home of Sir William McCordle (Michael Gambon), ostensibly to kill birds. However, it soon becomes clear that secret pasts and old scores are lurking in the background, especially where the servants are concerned. In fact, as the film progresses, we realise that the staff – and not the lords of the manor – are the focus of the action and the source of much of the suspense. Why do the housekeeper (Helen Mirren) and the cook (Eileen Atkins) not get on?

By removing the flashforwards/backs of the novel, the justification for the line “men will say I gave birth to the Twentieth Century” is removed. Instead of metaphysical transience, the Moore Ripper is reduced to dribbling insanity. The basic elements of conspiracy and ritual in the plot are maintained but become secondary to the ‘thrill’. The characters are no longer real, and the plot is no longer paramount. This has been filmed as a modern serial-killer film in the style of The Cell, and so feels anachronistic in the same way that A Knight’s Tale does. The Ripper’s name has been used to make it ‘cool’, but like so much Hollywood British history, it has to please the palates of Ig-norant bastard movie audiences.

This is by no means the only victim of film adaptation, however. There has been a long tradition of comic conversions, with detective comics particularly abused. Burton’s first Batman was a masterpiece. A moody setting and psychotic schizophrenic Batman captured Frank Miller’s Dark Knight almost perfectly. Miller’s (whose output also features the neo-noir Six City) creation was less well served by the second sequel, which took the dark edge off in favour of stars and special effects. Real Girls followed, and now Preacher and Hellblazer are being discussed – the latter changing the trench-coated English occultist into American Nick Cage and giving him a female cop partner as they battle demons in New York. DC’s Vertigo subsection is being sorely abused.

Why is Lord Stockbridge’s valet (Clive Owen) so secretive about his past? And why has Ryan Philippe been cast in the role of a Scotman?

Not that the toffs aren’t given the chance to shine as well. The eccentric characters – the adored Countess of Trentham (Maggie Smith), cantankerous Sir William, and his sexually frusted wife (Kristin Scott Thomas) – might easily have made this forces and Wosters: The Movie, but strong, subtle performances and a comfortable balance between the actors ensures that the action never descends into farce.

Altman’s directorial skills take no small part of the credit: many scenes get their charm from carefully orchestrated goings-on in the background juxtaposed with the main action. In fact, it is in the blurry periphery of the screen that recent Cambridge graduate Trent Ford shines. While I never quite gathered what relationship his character, Jeremy Blond, bore to the McCordle household, the presence of this uncultivated drone is felt constantly, and the ridiculous side of the dramas which unfold is emphasised by his apparent obliviousness of them.

For all of its wit and charm, it is Gosford Park’s transcendence of the costume drama genre that really sets it apart. Through its complex network of plots and sub-plots, this film cleverly examines the co-dependency between rich and poor, in a way as relevant today as it was seventy years ago.

**College Films**

**Ring + Requiem For A Dream**

Go on, scare yourself

Quesas (5) 8:40-10:30pm

**Other Films**

(this week reviewed by the United States Conference of Catholic Bishops)

**Heat**

Excessive violence, restrained bedroom scenes and much rough language.

Chris (7) 7/9pm

**Rocky**

The bloody brutality of the prize fight game is abundantly evident.

Cawel/5/9 15pm

**Shine**

Domestic violence, a fleeting bedroom scene and brief nudity.

Cawel/6/9 3:30pm

**Ghost World**

Impeded sexual encounter, brief violence, a few crude references and frequent profanity and rough language.

John (5) 7/9pm

**What Women Want**

A sexual encounter, fleeting recreational drug use and sexist remarks.

Churchill/6/9 10:10pm

**Clerks**

Extensive graphic descriptions of oral sex, positive view of teenage sexual relationships, off-screen necrophilia, brief drug abuse and constant rough language.

Corpus/6/9pm

THEY’VE SLEEPY HOLLOW-ED FROM HELL

Mike Drew details the problems of adapting Graphic Novels

Beautiful boiling skies and blue-drenched London night; but no longer the disturbing stark images of the original. Masonic geometry replaced by romantic city images. Johnny Depp’s intriguing accent – sort of Depp does John Sessions doing Caine. This film is not good. Abberline has been totally reinvented as a floppy haired psychic who has drug-inspired dreams. The violence is sanitized, and the corpses are drained of reality along with their blood.
Last month, the Lincoln Center in New York hosted an evening devoted to Wes Anderson’s work, Wesworld. The event was almost exclusively attended by adoring fanboys decked out like their hero: all vintage cowboy shirts, swept-back hair and thick round clear-framed glasses.

It’s a level of devotion that might seem excessive for a filmmaker who has only just released his third feature, but there is something particularly rare and alluring about the juxtaposition of comedy and melancholy in Anderson’s film. When his second feature Rushmore was first released in the cinema, I went to see it five times. There was something about its weirdness that I wanted to absorb so something in its intense yearning and world weariness I wanted to feel and over and again.

What makes Anderson’s films so special is the individuality of his characters. He presents them with the meticulous care of a collector arranging his most prized items in a glass case, shooting them alone in the middle of his wide, carefully composed frames as if they were sitting for a painting. The method is formal and precise, and yet the moment captured is always impossibly precarious – a matter of mood, posture, and a half-cracked smile. It is always the briefest gesture, the smallest detail, or a seemingly throwaway half line that imparts a crucial element of their emotional lives. He never lingers over the causes of his characters’ sadness, but zooms in on the nuances of its effects. There’s no room in his world for long-winded expositions of tortured childhoods, because every space is taken up with some forgotten records, forgotten childhood board games and other tokens of time and loss.

“The event was almost exclusively attended by adoring fanboys decked out like their hero; all vintage cowboy shirts, swept-back hair and thick round clear-framed glasses.”

The pathos of Anderson’s characters is stored in a world of the handmade and the make-believe in simple things like old shirts worn backwards in painting classes, a world of private revenge, and secret diaries kept by torch-light. He harbours protective ness towards his characters, never being condescending or going for a cheap laugh at their expense, but maintaining their delicacy and beauty. We’re engaged in the rhythm of their lives, even while we laugh at their excesses, and as such I never know when the sadness ends and the comedy begins.

Anderson’s latest film, The Royal Tenenbaums, is manifestly his grandest project to date, with a budget nearing $25 million, a New York setting, Beatles songs on the soundtrack and three Oscar winners in the cast. Anderson’s concerns, however, remain the same as before: loyalty, forgiveness, and the reconstitution of the ephemeral family after two decades of failure, betrayal, and disaster. The three children of the long separated Royal Tenenbaum and his wife Etheline, only prodigies, are now, in their late 20s, like exiled royalty, yearning for a lost grandeur that never really existed. These are Anderson’s best characters yet: the sullen Margot, a former playwrite now unable even to leave her house, who spends all day hiding in the bathroom, watching television; former business whiz Chas, who, following the death of his wife in an accident, has been left so paranoid about the safety of his sons that he wakes them up in the middle of the night to practice fire drills, and former tennis ace Richie, who salts round the world on a battleship having cracked up on court in the middle of a championship final.

Perhaps most importantly, the film manages to reach the same tragic comic peaks as in its two predecessors, and it is Richie, permanently hidden behind his shaggy Bjorn Borg hair and beard and sporting a symbolic head- band from start to finish who is the focus of these. In one scene the camera watches through Richie’s eyes as the unattainable Margot, protected by her fur coat and striped tennis dress, eyes shrouded in mascara, hair pushed back with a clip like a twelve year old, slights from a bus. As she begins to walk towards him, looking at once stricken and hopeful, the film swoons into slow-motion and goes silent for a moment, until Nico’s re- gret-soaked ‘These Days’ sweeps in. In another we watch him ride alone on a graffiti-ravaged bus, staring out of the window as Nick Drake’s plains gent ode ‘Fly’ soars in the background. There is no other director working today who brings us moments quite like these.
The Lost Boys @ Clare Cellars, Monday 28th January 2002

Having missed last week’s grand re-opening, this was my first time in the newly refurbished Clare Cellars. Leaving aside the night itself, descending the steps into the bar, I realised that the same evil organisation currently ripping apart every dark dingy oyster pub in Cambridge and replacing them with identical bright soulless wine bars had attacked Clare too: they’d fitted the chill out room – replaced with frosty pieces of graffitied chipboard that lined the slightly-tacky-but-still-quite-cool atmosphere remained intact. Air-conditioning so that hot, sweaty clubbers could sweat it out over a much improved sound system. I held my breath as I saw what was going on, and gone were the schlocking atmosphere of the Cambridge Ents tree. The Lost Boys popped out hard-raving-drum and bass over a much improved sound system. To my delight, there’s still no air-conditioning so that hot, sweaty Clare Cellars atmosphere remained intact. This and the equally popular old school DJ’s in room two made smiling faces everywhere. Clare has survived the attack of the Society for the Proliferation of Soulless Wine Bars and still has that vibe that keeps it at the top of the Cambridge Ents tree.

P-P-Pop Idols

Jack Thorne reports

Fatpoppadaddy’s @ Fez Club, Monday 28th January 2002

Hailing form as far afield as St Edmund’s College and Anglia Polytechnic, Daz, Brandon, Christian and Pete are the Fatpoppadaddy DJs. Staggering around the draped and dingy Fez club on Monday night, I tracked down these four denizens of the dark. Why ‘Fatpoppadaddy’? I asked. “Cos we’re all fat” quipped the very tall and very thin Daz. “Well, let us judge him on his DJ-ing and not his wit, my flame-haired companion suggested.” And the music? “We wanna challenge people by introducing them to new sounds,” was Brandon’s reply, as Jurassic 5 played on the background. “We’re united by a common belief in the quest for Cher’s ‘Shoop Shoop Song’ was swiftly dispatched by Christian: “It’s not genetically within our boundaries,” he boomed in a quasi-legal manner. And the future? I asked, now desperate to swing my pants to something other than the girls onstage, or on the CCTV screen, depending on where they’re sitting. One of them goes up afterwards to ask for autographs. Writing this must be a bit like being an extra in a David Lynch film. If anyone ever thought the Cambridge rock scene lacked variety, I assure you from sorority experience that this is emphatically not the case.

The Official Canine Top 40

1. Collie Minogue 23. The Red House Pointers
2. Great Dane Bowers 24. Led Seterlin
4. Territervision 26. Shampoodle
5. Shirley Bassethound 27. Shih-Tsue and the Bankshes
6. The Beagles 28. Sheepdog Mac
7. Scottie Dog Walker 29. Linkin Bark
8. Husky Dú 30. Lhasa Apo Salad Crew
10. Mustuff Attack 32. Air-dale Terrier
11. Spaniel Bedingfield 33. Samantha Foxhound
12. Black Boxer Recorder 34. Alsatian Dub Foundation
14. Corgi’s Zygotic Mycics 36. Eurostar
15. Mochrinihahua 37. Goldie Retriever
16. Retriever Nelson 38. Great Dane-i Minogue
17. Michael Dachshund 39. DJ Pied Piper de Pastor
18. Ian Van Dahlmitan 40. Dogbreed You Jack
20. Kid Rockweiler 25. Fatpoppadaddy's
22. Dingo Star 27. Shih-Tzusie and the
24. Led Setterlin 29. Fez and Po Na Na
25. Really Tony (like he cared about podgy Zoe)
26. Formerly Appeared to be an idol. I am not going to be对我来说
27. Maverick 28. The Manic Street Preachers
28. The Clash 29. The Clash
30. The Clash 31. The Clash
31. The Clash 32. The Clash
32. The Clash 33. The Clash
33. The Clash 34. The Clash
34. The Clash 35. The Clash
35. The Clash 36. The Clash
36. The Clash 37. The Clash
37. The Clash 38. The Clash
38. The Clash 39. The Clash
39. The Clash 40. The Clash

The Cambridge reporter

Mark Shilton

In the first of our reports on local bands, meet Miss Black America, who, since the release of The Adrenalin Junkie: From A Mentalist EP last year, has been attracting a flurry of national attention.

Name: Miss Black America
Class: Subclass scam

1. Explain yourselves please.
We’re doing what no one else is doing. We invented Miss Black America because we thought the world needed us.

2. Your biggest achievement so far?
We haven’t achieved anything yet. We’re not on the cover of the NME or the Sun. (Furiously you had two tracks in John Peel’s festive 50!) Yeah, we’ve been on John Peel, but we’re still nobody’s hero.

3. Who have you been compared to? Are you pleased?
The Manic Street Preachers and the Clash. We’re pleased with both comparisons, although we don’t agree with the first.

4. What’s the best thing to come out of Cambridge?
The occasional dead student...

5. What gigs have you been to recently?
Not many – can’t afford them. Last ones were Bring out the Freaks in Dudley, Russian Empire and Dawn Parade in London.

6. Where can we see you next?
Cambridge Boatrace, this Saturday 2nd February, headlining the Anti-Nazi League night.
In October 2001, somewhere in the Cambridge undergound a bargaining mass of lube young bodies had a dream - tired of sitting on fellow students' floors eating economy digestives, they decided to tired of sitting on fellow students' floors eating economy digestives, they decided to...

We caught up with the founder members of the self-styled Booty crew, keen to find out where this mass of lithe young bodies had a dream -

The Booty-ful People

**Chemical Brothers**
**Come With Us**

Out Now

**Black Rebel Motorcycle Club**
**B.R.M.C.**

Out Now

**HammondStreet**
**Acid Jazz Compilation**

Out Now

**Drowning Pool**
**Sinner**

4th February 2002

Techno siblings Tom and Ed are trying to move on. Whereas once they were amongst the frontier men of all things blockheadin’, they are now desperately playing catch up, hanging on to the finely tailored suit-tail of others. Firstly, the Duff-Punk by numbers of ‘My Elastic Eye’... Then the Buiza type euphonic nonsense of ‘Pioneer Skins’... and then the Detroit disco funk of ‘Denmark’. The songs are good, but have been done better elsewhere. Even the added vocal contributions of Beth Orton and Richard Ashcroft seem flat in comparison with the singers’ previous collaborative outings. The Chemis are most successful when sticking to what they know, as the thunderous opening trio of ‘Come With Us, It Began In Afrika’ demonstrates. “Did I pass?” asks Ashcroft on ‘The Test’. “Could do better,” would be the report card reply. Martin Hemming

Ah, so here’s another American band following that old rock’n’roll template, signed to a major, and peddling “ether-real rock” and “burning white noise” to the masses under the guise of cult heroes. Get back to America, BRMC, we know your type! Named after a biker gang in a 1950’s Marlon Brando film? We’ve got your number, young upstarts! But what? The opener, Love Burns has finally kickstarted, and is stomping uncontrollably around the room – it must be an exception! No? Whatever Happened to my Rock’n’Roll has taken over, playing havoc with my hi-fi’s bass capabilities and sounding faintly like an American Gay Dad... except that THIS IS WICKED! No, there is no explaining it: massive, retro-sounding, feedback lathered rock’n’roll should no longer be relevant, should no longer work for the modern, discerning British listener. But if you buy this album, you’ll see that, against all the odds, it does. Jonny Anstead

‘Everybody loves the sound of a Hammond Organ’. So proclaims Sir Tristan Longworth on the in-sleeve. On hearing the title track, I’ve come to say I’m right there with him. Transported back to those days of brown corduroy and cars which you can only get into through the window, the first 15 minutes of this album are pure nostalgic bliss. Unfortunately, the bliss quickly turns to boredom as you begin to realise that there will be no end to this Hammond widdling. I’m about to re-template harri kari when relief finally comes in the form of Reuben Wilson. They say the old ones are the best, and this compilation definitely takes a turn for the better when it wheels out the true ’70s masters. We are only treated to one other old-school track before being plunged back into the world of widdle with a cover of... (wait for it) Smells Like Teen Spirit. Expect to see elevators curving up to buy this one the second it comes out. Justin Read

In October 2001, somewhere in the Cambridge undergound a bargaining mass of lube young bodies had a dream - tired of sitting on fellow students' floors eating economy digestives, they decided to put the hip back into the hop and start throwing some serious parties. Ladies and gentlemen, the booty bounce has arrived.

So how’s the ‘movement’ progressing? Already there is an intercollegiate, 40 strong, self styled ‘Booty Crew’ that operates in Cambridge. This term they announce their first event, Miami Booty Party at Queens’ on Saturday 16th of February.

Kid friendly debut by ugly young Texan metal clones. See them try to look and sound like loads of bands they like, from the Deltones to Coal Chamber, and fail to seem really scary or depressed. Those tattoos look like they’ve been drawn on biro. Producer Jay Baumgardner (Papa Roach, Orgy) is a one-trick pony, and metal fans will find nothing new. The press release says that single ‘Bodies’ has been used as the theme to the WWF Summer Slam 2001. It’s hard to see how this could increase their street-cred. The whole thing is a collage of nicked, slickly-executed metal ideas, squeezing yet this could increase their street-cred. The whole thing is a collage of nicked, slickly-executed metal ideas, squeezing yet...
Director Jonathan Higgs describes The White Devil as a “volatile kaleidoscope of different modes of performance” and he does not shy away from this in his production. Whilst easy to notice these experienced cast and crew deserve much praise for the sheer detail of this production. The Playroom is an unforgiving space, and, despite some minor technical problems, this first night was smooth and seamless. There was a confidence about every aspect of the production, which was required, given that the first scene turns the audience itself into the boys in indiscreet schoolmasters. Telling the audience of his introduction to “the British public school spirit” is effortlessly excellent and, without wanting to spoil that particular anecdote, lets just say the words “pilgrim” and “spunk” feature highly.

The detail and timing of his performance is matched by that of Tom Noad as the ancient and deliciously perverted Herbert Brookshaw. Noad’s gift for capturing the moustache twitching eccentricities of older characters is on full display, as is his peculiar talent for enunciating clearly with a pipe in his mouth. He commands the space with such efficiency and effectiveness as his fellow cast member, perfectly timing the growing hilarity caused by his “Chartham House System” explanation speech, and capturing a lonely sadness in the play’s final scene. The energy and verve displayed by both actors makes this well worth seeing before one even considers Fry’s wonderfully black script. If the evening has a fault, it’s the nature of the piece as a series of virtuoso turns for the gifted performers. One would have loved to have seen Noad and Farrellly together for some of the comedy, rather than their joint scenes mainly providing plot exposition. That said, this is a treat of a performance, two perfectly cast actors uniting with Fry’s barbed wire dialogue to bring down the educational establishment. Activated Image is a company that is clearly getting better and better, conquering Edinburgh and now re-launching Cambridge’s most exciting venue, the next question is simply, whether now? 

The White Devil is on at the ADC today and tomorrow at 7:45pm.
The Playroom's gala reopening show Making Space is rather fun, and not the reliable warhorse that might be expected. It comprises four adaptations: a short story by Raymond Carver; a short story by Federico Garcia Lorca; part of a novel by Percy Wyndham-Lewis; and a tale by children's comic artist, Edmund Gorey. If there is a discernible thread it could be the examinations of manipulative relationships and ideas of confinement which can be seen in each play – perhaps, as one wag commented, a reflection on recent wrangling over the Playroom licensing.

In What We Talk About When We Talk About Love, Mel, a heart surgeon, (Will Lowe) sits around with his wife of 4 years and two newly-wed friends, their conversation swinging between talk of love and talk of death. The moribund humour of the excellently adapted script is well staged under the feline direction of Anna Jones, who brings a sparseness and wit to the building tension of the story.

Adrian Ellis’ collection of Lorca poems under the title Dawn in New York sees a pair of unnamed figures (Tamsin Anthury and Richard McKeay) beautifully lit against a series of striking photographs of Manhattan. There are many beautiful moments as the actors speak over each other, over their own pre-recorded voices or simply over the odd lyric, where of the two prologues with which they share the stage.

By contrast, The Bloom is Gone is immediately more scabrous and excoriating. Zagerus, a viscous, elderly homosexual in the manner of Quentin Crisp, has sent his ‘prostitute’ Dan Boleyn to the studio of Melanie Blackwell, a faux-bohemian painteress, to see first hand the affections and wiles of one of what he calls the ‘Apes of God’. Wyndham-Lewis’ cynical, raffish gaze upon the meaningless fripperies of a decadent inter-war art scene, realised with bardic enjoyment by director Ed Lake, still feels oddly relevant even if some of the specific references may lose the viewer.

The last piece, the Epiclectic Bicycle, is perhaps the most ambitious and strange of the evening’s quartet. It retains much of the visual humour of the original children’s story and transfers well from the page to a kind of physical theatre exercise that is both simple and imaginative. Four Edwardian urchins act out the story, told by a sadistic narrator who delights in the discomforts of his action, of the ridiculous bicycle that spits two hapless children away on a long adventure. The assurance and panache with which the task is conducted is a credit to cast and director.

What is exciting about this disparate collection of pieces is not only the variety, but also the unusual sources of that variety. By adapting these writers – not canonical and not usually associated with theatre – the Fletcher Players confirm a real desire to carry on unearthing interesting work rather than opting for easy, safe, established money-spinners. As a result, Making Space, besides being fascinating entertainment, is cause for optimism for the future of the Playroom – an experiment which deserves our continued full support.

**Playroom renaissance**

Red and white wine. Orange juice. Sparkling water. The opening of the recently refurbished Corpus Christi College Playroom was a lavish affair, with the cream of Cambridge theatre toasting the renewed success of the best-known studio theatre in the city.

After its closure just over a year ago for health and safety reasons, the future of the Playroom was in grave doubt – until a deal was struck with the Arts Theatre whereby two full-time health and safety officers would be provided in return for the use of the theatre out of term. This use promises to have the emphasis on “youth drama, new writing, and non-mainstream performance that complements the Arts Theatre’s existing special-needs strand.”

Carry on Kampfing

**Preview by Fiona Kelcher**

It’s hard to pull off the line, “Hitler, why don’t you sit down?” but this is what Mein Kampf, timed to coincide with National Holocaust Day, struggles to do. George Tahar’s script explores the lesser-known side of Adolf Hitler – a young, arrogant artist living in an academy run by Viennese Jews.

The set was created by two stepladders and coiling barbed wire. Think minimalism, trenches, and a Viennese academy in one dark space.

Mein Kampf’s cast was talented and fine. So fine in fact, that booming Shakespearean voices boomed off in Act I, and boomed continually, until I began to feel I would have been better placed in the ADC carpark. These powerful performances were succeeded at times, but the sustained loudness swiftly lost impact and swallowed the script’s more subtle comic potential. Acting comedy to an empty auditorium is always difficult, and it may be that an audience’s presence will allow this clear-talented cast to better exploit the play’s unsentimental comic potential.

High praise must be reserved for the costume department. When Hitler comes onstage, you won’t have problem recognising him.

**Marlowe Script Lab**

Leading new writing director John Tiffany (from theatre company Paines Plough) arrives for a workshop and to discuss Cambridge scripts. This is the first of its kind in a term of professionally led Sundays. This week the script is Dave Minto’s Jonny Marco. Cambridge script writing isn’t very good; one of the main reasons for this programme is last year’s failure of the Other Prize (a Marlowe new-writing competition, the winner gets £750) to find a play good enough to award to. Nicholas Hytner claims this is because we don’t spend enough time discussing drama and spend too much doing it. Free entrance. Free wine. All are ridiculously welcome.

McCrone Lecture Theatre, by the Eagle.

www.varsity.cam.ac.uk
"The stars can wait, boy – that's all they ever do." But human lives are never still, and in this striking debut novel the events of a few months in winter will change a family forever.

Set in occupied Poland in 1940, this is the tale of one boy’s fascination with the stars and the histories that are written in them; and of his relationship with his older brother, a sibling to whom he is linked by a mysterious and ultimately tragic bond. It examines the fundamental problem of maintaining life and dignity in wartime.

The Stars Can Wait is twenty-four-year-old Basu’s first book and demonstrates an admirable lack of the navel-gazing which plagues so many young writers’ prose. In fact, Basu’s deftness of touch and assured style is more in keeping with that of an established author. Whilst his Cambridge background is bound to lend itself to comparisons with Zadie Smith (Basu graduated in 1999 after studying English at King’s, and, like his contemporary, made his literary debut in the prestigious May Anthology), Basu’s style is distinctly his own, consistently spare and precise.

However, the novel is not without its flaws. Occasional turns of phrase seem awkward: the snow-covered Polish landscape is described as "virginal", and we are told of the “heaving chest” and “burning throat” of a running boy. Equally, the fragmentary narrative at the beginning of the book risks inducing frustration rather than the intended suspense. However, it is a sign of Basu’s skill as a writer that these lapses do not detract from the whole. The economy of detail with which he unfolds his tale leaves the reader wanting more. This is nowhere used to greater effect than in the pages following the terrible climax of events, when the discarded clothes of a dead woman, seen for the briefest of moments, suddenly assume a new and haunting significance: “...the image entered his mind and lingered: a dress draped over a chairback in an empty room, two small shoes below it, both pointing a little sideways, as if to soon begin a journey of their own.”

Peter Seaman

Published by Viking
£10.00
Babyloian incinerator?
Liz Mallett examines the local paragon of hotchpotch

Even those who have never been desperate or curious enough to visit the University Library cannot fail to notice that imposing brick tower which seems more industrial elevator shaft than dreaming Cambridge spire.
E.M. Forster’s scornful description of this “Babylonian incinerator” shows the UL was not everyone’s favourite addition to the Cambridge skyline when it was built in the early 1930s. But perhaps it is a little too easy to criticise the UL’s rather brutal external appearance. At best, it has an austere and functional nobility, at worst, it deserves the comparisons with Stalinist and Nazi architecture which it often receives.
The UL manages simultaneously to evoke the feeling of an East London factory and the state headquarters of a 1930s dictator. Moreover, you don’t have to be a ravishing Freudian to notice something rather phallic about the University Library; if size alone mattered, the UL would have nothing to worry about.

Once inside, the UL feels like a strange mixture of decaying art deco – grandeur and industrial severity furnished with heavy gilded doors and badly worn seventies carpets. The entrance foyer, with its flagged stone floor, dripping chandeliers and paintings of various royal or eminent people seems to promise something imposing. The underground locker room into which you are then directed, before the ritualistic swiping of the UL card under the slightly suspicious gazes of the librarians, is anti-climactic.

IN THE DEVIL’S PLAYGROUND
Prent-à-porter Lindon style

Fashion is not art, as any fashion designer from Giorgio Armani to Issey Miyake with the slightest instinct for self-preservation will tell you. But that doesn’t mean that they don’t wish that it was. Designers have all spent too long suffering that exquisitely painful sense left by the shrivelling instincts they leave behind by the shrivelling instincts they leave behind.

The all-seeing I
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These together with Lucy and Albert Museum’s upcoming exhibition Min in Skirt and the recently closed Radical Fashion, bringing to together the work of designers from Westwood to Gaultier and testifying to the prevalent trend in marrying the two art forms. At the V&A, Helmut Lang chose not to exhibit any clothes at all, producing instead a film installation to play continually in a specially-constructed minimal box, as if it were on the Turner shortlist.

These designers are pushing at an open door. Fashion is the perfect cultural form for the severely limited attention spans of our times and it is expanding to fill a vacuum left by the shrivelling interest in older art forms. Fashion suits our restrictive tastes. Pushing fashion into the cultural landscape has become part of the business strategies of the conglomerates, which are continually strengthening their grip on the fashion industry. It makes clothes appear to matter.

There is now nothing minor about the “minor art” of fashion, which mainlines on sex, status, and celebrity. And it is this combination that has turned fashion from a craft into a major industry, conferring a huge amount of clout, both financial and cultural, on those who control it. Fashion has the ability to press all the attention spans of our times and it is ex-

Have we not all promised a varied experience for casual observer and connoisseur alike.

Most importantly perhaps, the pieces all vehemently remonstrated against the widespread assumption that Cambridge students are somewhat self-absorbed, and unaware of a world outside the rather odd atmosphere that defines University life. Not only did they achieve this via their innovative use of materials, which thankfully spelled anti-garde, but also in their stubborn observations of the beautiful and the ugly, the existing and the mundane. This was a varied and optimistic show with a pleasant sprinkling of voyeurism. Bringing such a show to the capital, and not confining Cambridge work to Cambridge climes, serves both to dispute elitism and to encourage connoisseurship. Great work should be shown in the best places and, indeed, where people truly appreciate what they see. Why not, then, in the most appropriate place of all, London – burying the core of Europe, and perfect location for a dose of intellectual theatre. An impressive, and indeed – I refuse to employ that overworked Huxleyan utterance edgy – innovative event.

New talent: retrospective review

Amongst some of the most prestigious lairs of fine art dealers, in deepest W1, James Lindon secured the basement gallery of Aire’s Dover Street space to show some of Cambridge’s most interesting student artwork.

Olle Cooke, Lucy Moore et al demonstrated a distinctly eclectic, non-conformist and determined outlook. Cooke particularly impressed with his Auerbachian three-dimensional approach to painting, as did Erin Tsair, who addressed the problems of a literal translation of the 3D in photography. These together with Lucy Moore’s endearingly personal assemblage photography such as My Favourite Things, all promised a varied experience for casual observer and connoisseur alike.

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This division is still up for grabs, with the final relegation spot will be decided by Magdalene, who may as well start preparing themselves for Second Division rugby next year. The final relegation spot will be decided between Catz and Fitz, though after victory in their recent and crucial clash it is Fitz who now have better chance of survival. Still, it would take a brave man to bet against Catz going down with several fixtures still left to play.

**Division Two**

Trinity Hall’s meteoric rise from Third Division obscurity to the top of the second looks set to continue after their recent victory over Queens. They are now surely favourites to gain the title and the first of two available promotion places. Big brother Trinity are best placed to join them, only one point behind Queens and with a game in hand. Peterhouse–Selwyn narrowly lead the chasing pack of three, of whom Girton managed a creditable 28’s victory over Churchill. A brace each from Nick Jenner and Jon McIntosh ensured that the visitors were unable to establish daylight at the foot of the table between themselves and bottom-placed Pembroke. These two sides seem too far behind Christ’s to be able to escape relegation, despite having several fixtures in lieu.

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**Boat Race Build-Up**

For Cambridge rowing, the period just before Easter means one thing – boat races. After months of training and abstinence from life’s pleasures, the Cambridge crews will be unleashed on Oxford. The lightweights race this year in Henley on Sunday 24th March, while the men’s Blue Boat and Goldie compete six days later. In this first of three previews, we look at CUWBC.

The squad started the campaign well. Many rowers returned from last year’s crews and there was also a large influx of keen talent. Sadly, several of the Blues have had to withdraw, but the coaching team, lead by George Maitre, has formed a close knit unit. Three women’s boats will compete: the women’s Blue Boat, Blonde and the lightweight crew. Selection for the latter is complete, and an announcement on the two heavyweight crews is expected soon. Two members of CUWBC also have their sights set higher. Sarah Cottell and Ruth de las Casas are aiming to be picked for the GB U23 team and to date their chances look good. Impressive performances at the national long distance trials and at the indoor rowing championships have caught the eye. Provisional heavyweight A and B crews, along with the lightweight crews were entered into the Head to Head held last Saturday on the Cam. This was the first racing of term and although the boats outclassed the opposition of some mediocre college crews, none of them handled the conditions well, which is a concern given the fickle nature of the Henley reach. However, there was plenty of power and that, harnessed with more precision, should see improvements in the coming weeks.
From All Black to True Blue

Francis Booth talks to the new Blues Rugby captain

At a university where preconceptions about sportsmen abound, it was both refreshing and reassuring to meet up with the recently appointed Blues Rugby captain, Duncan MacMillan. It seems, if you will pardon me and my moral high horse, an hour in the company of an arrogant Blue or beer-swilling bore, I was relieved to chat with someone extremely articulate and down-to-earth.

Duncan James Oke Blaikie grew up far away from the Fens in the land of the Silver Fern. He was born in Hamilton, New Zealand, where he learnt his rugby at Otago Boys’ High. There he made his debut for the school 1st XV as a fifth-former, and recalls with enduring candour how the nerves of the occasion got to him.

Some ten years later, he would run out onto the hallowed turf of Twickenham in a similar state of anticipation. Having watched the Varsity Match as a child back in New Zealand, where the Boat Race was also broadcast, he was keenly aware of the enormous tradition surrounding the event, and aside from the obvious disappointment of the result, immensely enjoyed being a part of it.

The great legacy of Cambridge rugby is something of which the Light Blues’ most recent son is perennially conscious. In whatever capacity he may appear as captain, he is anxious not to tread on the toes of over a hundred years of tradition, though perhaps few would begurk a back-row forward of his pedigree doing so. In 1993, Blaikie made his debut for New Zealand Schools, before going on the following year to represent a National U19 side which included, amongst others, Carlos Spencer, Isitolo Maka, and current All Black captain Anton Oliver. Spending several years with the New Zealand academy, he also appeared for Otago in the NPC throughout the period 1995 – 2001, and played Super 12 Rugby for Waikato Chiefs and Otago Highlanders, where only injury and the presence of one Josh Knodfeld prevented him from playing more regularly. Not a bad CV, you might say.

Despite this wealth of experience, the Hughes-Hall student, currently reading for an M.Phil in Medical Science, is finding the job of captaincy far more challenging than he had at first anticipated. As a relative newcomer to Cambridge, he is indebted to the previous captain, Mike Count, for guiding him through the first few weeks of his duties. Given that both Count and his predecessor, Mike Haslett, had come up through the ranks as undergraduates, did he feel at all out of touch as a graduate who had been here only one term?

‘This potentially thorny issue was handled with great honesty; while still confident of what he could bring to the side, Blaikie confessed that he had much to learn in a role which bears arguably more responsibility off the pitch than it does on it. It is, however, most definitely on the pitch where, pardon the cliché, he likes to do his talking. While not entirely averse to handing out a verbal rebuke, he is a firm believer in leading a team by example.’

How well he succeeds will matter most in just under a year’s time, though the fact that that one game will effectively determine how his tenure as captain is remembered is something which the New Zealander reflects upon ambivalently. Sharing the disappointment of 50,000 in a drab 2001 Varsity Match, Blaikie would dearly love to provide a spectacle, but feels the pressure to end a series of three defeats above all else. When questioned as to the style of play he prefers, he is forced to concede that it is the one that wins matches.

‘The great legacy of Cambridge rugby is something of which the Light Blues’ most recent son is perennially conscious.’

For the moment though, his thoughts can remain focused on the development and nurture of a promising side. It will be against a strong Army XV on February 6th that Blaikie will next represent a proud rugby tradition; a challenge he will relish then, for the rest of this season, and beyond to Twickenham.

Fellowship of the Rink

Richard Dunn

The start of 2002 saw the Cambridge University Ice Hockey Team complete a successful tour of the Engadine valley, near St. Moritz, Switzerland. The Light Blues returned to Zuzo, home of the Lyceum Alpinum School and hub of Swiss hockey, for a character building week of tough training, and gruelling matches. Under the very capable supervision of the former Austrian National Team coach, Franke, and team coach Harris, the squad were drilled hard in the optimum conditions provided by the Alps.

The first game was played against the Lyceum squad, a team of young, fast Europeans. After a somewhat shaky and nervous start, the Blues eventually found their legs, and began to dominate the play as enforcers Hugh and Milat put in some crushing checks. The team cruised to an 8–1 victory with first-line forwards Konduri, Murawsky and Ashcroft slotting a punishing seven goals.

Having acclimatised to the altitude and freezing temperatures, the side next took to the ice to face the La Plav juniors, a team assembled from the top young players of the valley. This promised to be a spectacle, and the match had an almost carnival atmosphere thanks to the screams of the hundreds of spectators. Second line centre Guibert, with the help of winger Peppin, proved to be the difference in the match. With the help of winger Peppin, Cambridge’s first line took advantage of La Plav’s exhaustion and bucked their way to a 12–5 win. Not all news was as sweet however, as the smell of victory however, as six-foot-seven defenceman Sean Wall “Galbraith” putting on a puck-check from behind.

The Blues came out sluggish, managing only a single goal, at the end of the first period, they found themselves four down.

However, inspired by the words of Captain Andrew Ashcroft, Cambridge began the second period with renewed vigour. Improved offence was complemented by a stand up performance by veteran defencemen John Rutter and Curt Schmitt, with goaltender Paul “The Wall” Galbraith putting on a puck-stopping clinic between the pipes. However, despite a well fought third, the short bench of the Cambridge team began to show in their play, and the game ended with the Blues succumbing 4–8 to the hard shooting Swiss.

This year’s tour of Switzerland builds on a tradition of more than 75 years and will prove to be priceless for the team as they strive to retain the Putton Cup for a second year running in the up coming Varsity match. The team travels to Prague in February to take part in the Clubs World Ice Hockey Tournament, where we wish them the best of luck.
Paul Dimmock's team were never really troubled by a physical Nottingham Trent side in a game they should have easily won by more. Trent could not match the Blues' fast-paced passing style and barely created any chances. The Blues' goals came from Angus at the start of the game, and Harding late on. The only worry for Dimmock's men is that they were unable to create chances from long periods of possession. The game the day before against the Southern Olympic League representative side was a completely different kettle of fish. A severely weakened team was outclassed by much more experienced opposition, eventually losing 2-0.

Midfielder Tim Hall during the Blues victory.

Against Nottingham Trent, Cambridge made their intentions very clear early on. Andy Angus, a lone figure up front in the absence of injured striker, Goran Glocjak, opened the scoring just two minutes into the match. Angus intercepted a short back pass from the left back before rounding the Cambridge keeper on the edge of the area, cooly slotting the ball into the net.

Despite their recent four-hour minibus journey, it was not Cardiff, but the Cambridge men who failed to get off the bus in the first fixture of the weekend. Cardiff raced into the lead, leaving Cambridge captain Russ Fuller to pick up the pieces with a hat-trick. Tennis Blue Harris scored an outrageous long range bounce shot straight out of the LTA manual to grab a consolation goal, but it was not enough, and a fairly violent affair finished 7-4 to Cardiff, the Welsh having shown more aggression and desire through-out the game.

At the end of last year, some anonymous club officials had confidently expressed the opinion that the ladies' team would get hammered this season, due to the loss of some of their best players. On the evidence of the first ladies' game, those pessimists should currently be eating their words. Having raced into an early lead, after strong play and two lovely goals from club president McFarlane, the Cambridge defence held firm, but were unable to consistently repel the relentless Welsh assaults. Cambridge keeper Wilkinson was often called upon, saving many efforts on goal and setting up lovely counter-attacks for captain Ashe and Maltese import Vincenti to net. Despite heroic defence, Cambridge were down by two goals with the end of the match approaching.

End of story? Not on your life.

With a never-say-die attitude that Han Solo would have been proud of, Cambridge clawed their way back into the game, a shattered Gemma Hindson swimming clear in the dying seconds to ram the winning goal past the goalie and claim a thoroughly deserved hat-trick. Cambridge 7-6 Cardiff.

Continued page 31