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Anger at PM's visit

Elizabeth Day
Ben Sheriff

The Cambridge University Malaysian Society is embroiled in controversy this week over its decision to invite the Malaysian Prime Minister to speak at a forum, in spite of Malaysia's recent human rights record.

The conference, 'Malaysia in the New Millennium', will be held tomorrow. According to CUMAS President, Tan Khoo Tee, its sole aim is to bring together "key Malaysian policy-makers to discuss current Malaysian issues". Yet the Cambridge Coalition for a Free Malaysia has written to the University Chancellor Prince Philip protesting against the invitation extended to Dr Mahathir Mohamad and claiming the support of a Cambridge Nobel Prize winner for their protest. They accuse the Malaysian Premier of using restrictive legislation such as the Internal Security Act to curb freedom of expression and association.

The allegations surround Deputy Prime Minister Anwar Ibrahim, who was dismissed from his post in September 1998 by Dr Mohamad, arrested and severely beaten in custody. At his trial, witnesses reversed their previous testimony and Anwar's lawyer was jailed, leading to near-universal condemnation of the Malaysian regime by human rights groups worldwide.

Amnesty International is staging a peaceful protest outside the conference venue, Lady Mitchell Hall, on Saturday. Clare Hinkley Smith, Cambridge University Amnesty President, plans to be there "to give voice to the concerns of Malaysian students unable to express themselves freely". Almost all Malaysian students at Cambridge are government funded scholars and therefore unable to protest openly.

Amidst this growing furor, several economists and academics from Cambridge University are allegedly boycotting the conference, citing previous commitments and withdrawing their participation. In spite of an invitation, and CUMAS' initial insistence that he would be participating, University Vice-Chancellor Professor Sir Alec Broers will not be attending,

"due to a longstanding prior engagement," although it was understood until quite recently that he would be there. He will instead be sending his deputy, Mrs Anne Lonsdale. The Vice-Chancellor said, "Malaysia sends more students to Cambridge today than any other Commonwealth country and its students are highly motivated with an impressive record of achievement. They are also forward-looking, as illustrated by their organisation of the 'Malaysia in the New Millennium' conference, the importance of which is indicated by the attendance of the Prime Minister."

Professor Amartya Sen, Master of Trinity College and a former Nobel Prize winner was also unable to attend "owing to previous engagements". Speculation from some sources has linked Professor Sen with the Coalition for a Free Malaysia's claim of support from a Nobel Prize Winner.

Mr Michael Kitson of St Catharine's College, who will be speaking at the conference, refused to comment on the Malaysian regime's human rights record. The reluctance at the highest levels of the university to give the CUMAS forum an official stamp of approval has not dampened Tan Khoo Tee's enthusiasm for the conference. The CUMAS President said, "The very fact that the Malaysian Prime Minister has agreed to attend proves that he is willing to answer any allegations."

Further defending the forum from an onslaught of criticism, Tan Khoo Tee said this week that the Prime Minister's opponents "have the right to express an opinion but the way in which they express it needs due consideration. Quite a lot of the opposition is motivated by personal sentiment or loyalty to someone."

Jenny Kleeman, a third year SPS student who earlier this year participated in a peaceful demonstration against the visit of the Chinese Prime Minister to Cambridge, responded that "no matter how prestigious the politician, a dismal human rights record cannot be ignored and the only way to make this heard is through direct action."

History faculty bikes back: feathers are ruffled as bike racks scandal casts scandal over Sidgewick site (see Page 2 for story)



Photos: Emma Woolerton

Banks slash student services

Jennifer Watson

Barclays Bank, infamous over the summer for its unpopular charges on cash machines, could again be at the centre of outrage as it leads a move towards reducing student banking perks. The bank of Cambridge University and a high profile sponsor of the NUS, Barclays has created serious unease amongst overseas students whom it appears to see as untrustworthy. High street banks have been indispensable allies to students since the paring down of government funding, but now seem to be following a less charitable path in their attitude towards needy customers.

Graduate representatives from Clare Hall and Wolfson, amongst others, have written to the Graduate Union and CUSU President Mat Coakley to

express their shock at the treatment of overseas students by banks which currently give British student generous benefits. Last year, HSBC did not allow Wolfson students from Middle Eastern countries to open accounts although they had healthy balances in old accounts. Another student could not open an account in Cambridge despite having an existing account with an HSBC branch in their home country. Students were advised to avoid banking with HSBC but now find that Barclays Bank has also introduced prohibitive penalties for international students.

Barclays has introduced a standard account for international students which does not offer loans or credit card facilities, and which requires a minimum deposit balance of £2,000 at all times, charging a pound for every transaction conducted below this line. Such

a figure is felt to be a major constraint and is particularly resented by those students situated near Addenbrooke's, where Barclays is the only banking facility. The main impetus for this change in policy seems to be based on a distrust of foreign student customers. In a letter to a Bangladeshi PhD student Barclays refused to grant a debit card facility claiming that the customer was from a "high risk group", though he had sound personal finances. Arnie Valdiva-Machuca, graduate representative of Clare Hall, described this comment as "not only...offensive but honestly xenophobic" and suggested such matters should be "not about personalities but about individuals."

When the former Graduate Union President Anne Thidemann visited Barclays for an explanation, the bank told her of its concerns about the

tendencies of language and international students to take off without paying their overdraft.

A Barclays spokesman told Varsity that international students are not eligible for the usual UK student account, and there is a £2,000 balance level for the Student Solutions account. He said that other overseas customers would usually pay £10 a month for the service, adding that "Market research has shown that this is the package overseas students find most useful."

Lloyds Bank has similar anxieties regarding foreign students. However, when asked about the bank's treatment of these students, a representative explained that though they did not offer overdraft facilities to overseas students, they did offer a standard high street current

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Banks Slash Services

Continued from front page

account with an Electron card. Once they had built up a relationship with the bank over several months, Lloyds would be prepared to review overseas students' accounts. Surprisingly, given students' experiences, HSBC told Varsity that they looked at student accounts only in relation to individual funding, that they were an international company dealing in eighty-four countries and that if international students were accepted at the bank it was on an "all or nothing" basis.

Worryingly for students everywhere who depend on the goodwill of bank managers and the flexibility of interest-free overdrafts, the tightening up of international students' accounts at Barclays might just be the start of a general trend. The Women's Officer of the Oxford Brookes Student Union, surprised by the tepidity of high street banks' responses when offered a stall at the freshers' fair, was told by a local representative of Barclays student services that most banks would wel-

come the opportunity to extricate themselves from lenient student banking. The traditional attitude that student accounts win loyalty for life is being undermined by the shop-around lifestyle of today's consumers, as instant returns become more appealing. In the pipeline is the closure of Barclays' specialist student branches and less discretion for branches to increase overdraft limits. Comments made to Varsity by the student marketing manager of HSBC assuring students that HSBC "is not planning to pull out of the student market at all," contradict Barclays' claim that they are only following the same course as other banks. Mat Coakley has reassured students that "CUSU is currently looking at various banks' policies", and "if certain banks are treating international students as unfair targets for unjustifiable charges then we will be prepared to name and shame them... A boycott is an option."



Ethical Guidelines for University

Angela Grainger

Companies such as arms-exporting GKN could have their ethical records scrutinised before their Cambridge Professorships are established, after a CUSU paper on the issue was passed by University Council last month. A Council committee is to be formed to lay down clear guidelines to judge the suitability of deals on an individual basis.

Applications for the GKN chair in Manufacturing Engineering were invited last Wednesday. The chair was established in August. Its creation was opposed at the time by ethical lobby groups and CUSU.

Pressure group Campaign Against the Arms Trade ranks GKN as one of the country's major arms exporters. Allegations have been made publically that the company's Tacita water cannons were used to spray students with dye in Indonesia in 1996, although evidence is inconclusive.

Advocates of the sponsorship include Engineering Professor Mike Gregory. He argued that the company is the UK's

leading mechanical engineering company, and had attached no conditions to the benefaction. However, a representative of GKN will sit on the Board of Electors for the Professorship. He said that the company has assured him that "No GKN subsidiary has any outstanding contract with Indonesia and none are being sought."

But such debates have led University Council to accept that their framework for decisions like these was unclear. The Council based their decision on the criteria of what was 'lawful and ethical'. Mat Coakley's paper means the group's explicit guidelines will cover external financial arrangements and commercial partnerships, in addition to donations. The group will be nominated by Council and its composition is yet to be decided.

Coakley is optimistic that students will have a voice. He told Varsity, "This is the first time the University has actually admitted it needs to think about ethical policy – and now we know that some people on Council are on our side."

CUSU is not planning further protest over the GKN chair. "We're not pleased

that it went through, but our priority now is establishing future good practice". CUSU will be working with groups like People and Planet and Amnesty International to keep an eye on the wider picture.

Controversy over the GKN chair reflects concerns throughout the academic world that research interests are being compromised by business involvement. Many will be sceptical about the guidelines as industrial funding has become crucial to the University's budget.

Cambridge involvement with industry also includes chairs sponsored by

- BP (Organic Chemistry and Petroleum Science)
- GlaxoWellcome (Molecular Parasitology)
- ICI (Applied Thermodynamics)
- Marks and Spencer (Farm Animal Health)
- PriceWaterhouse (Financial Accounting)
- Unilever (Molecular Science)
- Shell (Chemical Engineering)

The University also houses laboratories belonging to AT&T, Microsoft, Rolls-Royce, and Zeneca.

"Meat hooks" get History faculty hot under the collar

Emma Woolerton

Historians clearly don't have enough work. A storm of controversy has been whipped up on the Sidgwick site after the launch of a petition by the Faculty of History against new bike racks erected as part of the Divinity School building project. The Faculty, adjacent to the offending racks, objects strongly to their construction, and is calling for them to be removed.

Dr D J Reynolds, the Faculty Board Secretary, and Professor C M Andrew, Faculty Chairman, have issued a joint statement about the racks, available for

consultation in the History Faculty. They describe the racks as "meat hooks", and hint that the structures are "like something out of Monty Python". The issue has clearly ruffled historical feathers; they say that the Faculty has been "protesting about them all summer, without success."

The statement questions the cost of the racks, as well as raising the issue of how user-friendly they are likely to be. The hanging hooks are six feet from the ground, causing difficulties for short people who wish to take advantage of the cycle hanging facility.

The Divinity School building scheme is being run by Edward Cullinan Architects,

and has been overseen by the University Estate Management and Building Service (EMBS). The EMBS are responsible for constructing the racks, installed to increase the amount of cycle space on the Sidgwick site. Cycles are hung vertically from hooks, arranged under four parasol-like canopies, with electric lighting.

Students don't seem overly concerned about the matter. Trinity historian Simon Elliston Ball told Varsity, "I didn't even notice the bike racks." A second-year historian said, "They look a bit space-ages; I'm quite excited."

The petition is available to be signed in the Seeley library.

The ten second Varsity

In Varsity

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Not Jesus, Christ's Superstar

Angela Grainger

State school-educated Cambridge students match their private school-educated counterparts grade for grade across Cambridge, according to the Vice-Chancellor's latest official statistics. Firsts were awarded to 20.4% of students from maintained schools compared to 20.1% of students from independent schools in 1999.

A report this week from History don Dr Adam Tooze indicated that in certain subjects, such as English and History, social background is an important factor, but CUSU officers suggest that the problem of relative academic underachievement is more complex.

Louise Capel-Cure, Academic Affairs Officer, disagrees. "There is no significant difference in achievement levels at all in Cambridge, based on school background," she said. "Across the country's top 16 universities, state school students are around 20% more likely to get a first."

Earlier this week Dr Tooze was quoted describing the "massive gap" in achievement between a "comprehensive school-educated daughter of a public service worker" and a "private school-educated son of a top barrister" in History exams. But Capel-Cure believes that despite his findings, female students should not despair.

"Statistics suggest that achievement is very much linked to the subject studied, and women often choose arts subjects," she said. A recent study from the Institute of Public Health shows that one in four science students get firsts, compared to one in seven in the arts. This may account in part for the overall difference between

the proportion of men and women achieving firsts across the university.

According to last year's Tripos results, Christ's students are the cleverest in Cambridge. The college's performance has been consistently high, as the annual Tompkins Table of examination results across colleges shows. According to this year's table, Christ's has achieved the highest average points score over the past twenty years.

The table is based on a percentage of the maximum points awarded if every student in a Cambridge college received a first-class degree. A first scores five points, an upper second scores three, a lower second two points, and a third one point.

The table suggests that a tradition of academic achievement impacts on access as well as future grades, a sensitive issue across the university and in student politics. On the whole the position of the top and bottom colleges is reasonably consistent from year to year. For the second year running, Newnham is at the foot of the tables. Trinity, Clare, Christ's and Caius colleges have never been in the bottom third.

On the surface, the tables would appear to reinforce this week's reports that social background is of importance in determining Cambridge grades. The bottom ten colleges in the table include Newnham, Fitzwilliam, King's, Robinson, Girton, New Hall and Churchill. But CUSU President Mat Coakley said, "There is certainly no 'cause and effect' relationship between school background and Tripos mark".

The policies of some Senior Tutors have indicated that they see a studious atmosphere in their colleges as the key to success,

eventually reflected by the type of student who seeks out an 'academic' college. But despite the unpopular introduction of an academic room ballot and shorter bar opening hours at Corpus Christi, Senior Tutor Chris Kelly's policies have been unable to prevent the college dropping two places and two per cent.

Peter Tompkins believes the tables are "a general pointer to good quality and low

quality." He sees a link between achievement and the ability of applicants: "If some people who are lower in the table put a bit more effort into their admissions, it might have a good effect."

The reasons behind broader trends in the results are complex but the tables indicate the difference between Christ's (67.7%) and Newnham (57.5%) is only a mean average difference of 10.2%.



Tripos tables shows Christ's on top

Photo: Emma Woolerton

Cambridge rowers to relive ancient voyage

Tosin Sulaiman

Cambridge rowers will face their biggest challenge yet in an expedition launched this week which will involve 170 oarsmen and women rowing an ancient Greek warship from Athens to Africa.

Behind this ambitious project is Ian Thorpe, an MPhil student at Darwin College, who hopes to raise £1 million for the charity Pump Aid. The charity aims to improve access to clean drinking water and water from irrigation in some of the poorest areas of Africa. It was set up in 1995 and has so far been supported by two Cambridge expeditions to Zimbabwe and one this year to Mozambique, where a team of twenty, led by Ian Thorpe, carried out research into the expansion of Pump Aid's operations from Zimbabwe to Mozambique. Pump Aid was recently awarded a lottery grant of £75,000 to build water pumps in Zimbabwe.

The ship which will feature in Pump Aid's next fundraising venture is a reconstruction of an ancient Greek 'state of the art' warship, the Trireme Olympias, built as a result of decades of research carried out by Professor John Morrison, an archaeologist and the founder of Wolfson College. The ancient fighting ship, once used in the Persian and Peloponnesian wars, will now be used to combat poverty in cer-

tain parts of Africa. A series of four expeditions are being planned, for which over 500 students will be needed. Money will be raised through sponsorship, including corporate sponsorship. There will be four expeditions, culminating in 2004 during the Athens Olympics, when 170 Cambridge students plan to row and sail the Trireme during the opening ceremony.

The Trireme resides in the Athens Harbour in Piraeus and has been used for a number of sea trials, but not for major voyages. Chris Little, a former rower on one of these trials, said "I'm interested in how you will persuade the Greek Navy to lend you the pride and joy, and primary exhibit, of their national maritime museum."

Last summer, 500 Cambridge University students applied to join the project by sending in their CVs and application forms and fifty were interviewed. Although they did not set out for Africa until 19 July this year, the successful candidates began fundraising and planning last November. Tom Mercer, a student at Selwyn College, said, "Personally, I got a great insight into life in Africa, and particularly Mozambique. It is a country where the people have very little sense of identity. They were under colonial rule for years and then had a civil war for many years, then were hit with the floods earlier this year. There is quite a large 'aid

dependence' culture, and a very restrictive system of government bureaucracy."

He believes Pump Aid's success can be explained by the fact that "it provides something very fundamental (clean water); it places a lot of emphasis on participation with locals; and the pump itself is extremely practical and far more appropriate than a lot of existing pumps."

He believes the Trireme project is "a

chance to do something totally unique and be a part of something really big which will also raise a lot of cash for Pump Aid."

If you would like to find out more about rowing on the Trireme or would like to get involved with the fundraising and publicity for the project, Ian Thorpe will be giving a talk on Friday 6 October from 1.15 to 1.55pm at the Babbage Lecture Theatre



The Trireme Olympias Photo: Ian Thorpe

Freshers' fun at Fair

Sanah Faridi

Many students find freshers' week to be hectic and stressful. With a packed timetable, they have little idea where in Cambridge to find all the exciting things on offer, and on top of it all, CUSU demands they trek miles to some sports hall to be physically harassed in the hope they may sign up to things they are by this time too tired to care about. And if this is an event which can be exhausting for freshers, the poor stallholders' hands and smiles are inhumanly taxed over the two-day ordeal.

This year, however, things went much more smoothly. It has been, as CUSU President Mat Coakley put it, "the first one without major cock-ups." He is especially proud, he says, of all the "cool lights and great sound" emanating from the CUSU stall, from where the DJs created a "veritable clubbing atmosphere" in the room, right down to the high-energy drinks. The effort made was repaid by unprecedented student interest. Queues to get in stretched around the block, with freshers having to queue at times for over an hour and a half to get in. Over the two days, around ten thousand people drifted – or were shoved – in and out of the packed hall. *Varsity*, of course, was swamped by a huge crowd eager to sign up.

As usual, there were a huge variety of societies to choose from, from fan clubs like The Spanish Inquisition, dedicated to Monty Python, to the fringe groups, (Heraldic and Genealogical Society, anyone?), to the societies of every country you can think of, from Mexican to Scottish and Irish, to the too Cambridge to be true – shooting, hare hunting and so on.

Freshers' week itself was also judged

more favourably this year. For once, the whole 'welcome to Cambridge' experience is not packed into just seven days, but has been spread out better over the term. The first years have more space to breathe, and others have more time to help them. Freshers, we finally hail you as human beings.

So to all those poor souls who had to queue for ninety minutes to get in to the fair – perhaps you should have sneaked in through the back. As one clever dick who did this says: "The queue would have been horrendous – had I been in it". The CUSU president gave *Varsity* a soundbite which is probably churned out every year: "The Freshers' Fair is exhausting for those working there and fun for those attending."

For once, it was true.



Photo: Martin Lucas-Smith

Full time Access Officer

Tim Fiskien

A new full time post of Access Officer could herald the "biggest change in CUSU for many years," according to President Mat Coakley.

CUSU Council will vote next Wednesday on whether to call a university-wide referendum, changing the CUSU constitution to introduce the new position, which will replace the current part-time Target Schools post. The council motion points out that this would provide a full-time administrator for the Target Schools scheme, arguing that at the moment Target Schools officers "often put their degrees on the line," due to the amount of work involved. The Target Schools scheme could be expanded to include regional tours of under-represented areas such as Scotland and the North-East. The Access Officer would also be "more pro-active," campaigning for reforms to the admissions procedure and on funding issues like top-up fees or last year's rents rises, which could affect access.

The motion says that the post would be paid for by CUSU, despite speculation in the past that the University might be willing to fund an Access Officer. According to Mat Coakley, the University would not agree to an independent post that would be accountable to students. "If we wanted the Access Officer to be able to criticize the University, we would have to fund it," he says. Despite this, Coakley claims the university is supportive of the proposal, adding that the Access Officer would represent students on the Joint Consultative Committee on Admissions. He is also optimistic that the Access Officer

could become part of the University Admissions Forum, which "is really important in spreading good practice," although Anne Newbould, Head of the Intercollegiate Applications Office, said she had "heard no serious proposal" from CUSU.

CUSU claims it can afford a new post due to efficiency savings, along with increased advertising revenue from "more professional publications" and from *The Cambridge Student*, which it says is set to bring in income this year. CUSU also expects to make more money this year as it now runs student nights at both Fifth Avenue and Life, which would allow it to fund the Access Officer "even when there is an expensive cock-up."

If CUSU council passes the motion, students will be asked to vote to change the constitution. The vote will be held at the same time as the referendum on affiliation to the National Abortion Campaign, and the constitution will be changed only if a sufficiently large number of people (about one thousand five hundred) vote in favour. The last CUSU referendum only attracted enough voters when it was held at the same time as the CUSU elections, but with the high-profile controversy surrounding affiliation to the NAC, Mat Coakley hopes that students will be aware of the referendum. He also wants to persuade people to see this as about more than just CUSU administration. "If people don't know about [the referendum] we've lost a great opportunity to change Cambridge for the future."

Write for *Varsity* News

Section meeting: Mon, 2:30.
Varsity offices.

News In Brief

Deputy PM comes to

Cambridge

John Prescott, the Deputy Prime Minister and head of the Department of the Environment and the Regions, will be in Cambridge today to discuss the city's recent employment boom. Although a spokesman for the DETR refused to confirm the visit, the leader of Cambridge City Council, Councillor David Howarth, told the *Cambridge Evening News* that Mr. Prescott had requested the meeting to discuss the city's future.

Students not fit

Cambridge University students don't find one another that good looking. Figures published on the Red Mole website give Cambridge men 1.36 out of 4, with women rated even worse, at 1.18 out of 4. Students at APU need not worry, however, as their men and women both rank at 2.33 out of 4 on the attractiveness scale. The University of Cambridge came 66th overall, out of 68 institutions surveyed. The figures were compiled from a survey of students at www.redmole.com.

Olympic triumph

The Team GB gold count was boosted by the performances of two former Cambridge students. Kieran West, a Land Economy graduate who has returned to Cambridge to take a PGCE, was part of the victorious Men's Coxed Eight crew. And former rowing Blue, Stephanie Cooke, gave Britain its final gold of the games by clinching the Modern Pentathlon.

Call for volunteers

Volunteers are needed for the various University access initiatives. The call for volunteers follows a summer of successful access schemes, including the Sutton Trust Summer School, which attracted over 200 Year 11 and Year 12 students, and a day visit to the University for Year 10 pupils. If you are interested in volunteering, contact Rosemary Butcher, Access/Schools Liaison Officer, at the Cambridge Intercollegiate Applications Office (e-mail: reb34@cam.ac.uk).

New Wintercomfort

director

Wintercomfort, the Cambridge charity for the homeless, has appointed a new director. Dutch-born Mieke Hincliffe-Wood has previously worked at the Herts and Essex Wildlife trust and the Coucil for the Protection of Rural England. She takes over from Ruth Wyner, one of the 'Cambridge Two', who were imprisoned for allowing the sale of drugs at the Wintercomfort drop-in centre. The two were granted leave to appeal and released on bail in July; their case is due to be heard in early December.

Memorial scholarship

A scholarship has been set up in memory of Chris McMenemy, one of the three postgraduate students who died in the Tuila yacht tragedy this summer. Chris' college, Trinity Hall, has joined with his family to found the scholarship, which will be for postgraduate study in Development or Environmental Studies.

Minds. Wide Open.
www.gs.com/recruiting

Goldman Sachs

Tea at Number Ten

Sarah Brealey

Tony Blair has remarkably little to say for himself. Over lunch, he veers disconcertingly between the polite nothings of small talk and a series of soundbites on the state of the NHS or universities. He laughs a bit too easily, especially when told about the students' union which provided cheap coaches to London to demonstrate against tuition fees, only for half of those on board to decide to go shopping instead. Perhaps he has just realised that he has little to fear from student discontent. We are told that everything he says is off the record, but frankly, if I was allowed to repeat his words you wouldn't be very interested. I went off to talk to Alistair Campbell instead, who is reputed to supply most of the PM's best lines; a thought that doesn't exactly fill me with optimism. In fact, he is remarkably interesting, and has to be regularly reminded by worried press officers that he is on tape, but he insists that it's fine for me to print whatever I want.

"Don't believe what you hear," says Tessa Jowell by way of introduction to him. He comes in clutching tea in a red "Smaller Class Sizes" mug. Later he appears with a "More Jobs for Young People" number in fuchsia pink. He seems disconcertingly on message.

He describes his job as "tough" and "challenging." Asked what has been his most challenging period, he pauses, then says, "Funnily enough, most people forget we were in Opposition. We had some pretty rocky moments in Opposition. You get moments when an issue becomes so big and overwhelming that you don't know when it's going to end. Kosovo was one of those. We were in a war; you knew the military war couldn't be lost but the propaganda war could have been lost.

Northern Ireland also had some quite hairy moments.

"In the fuel thing there was a feeling that there was a really new phenomenon going on which you couldn't quite understand. You got a sense that people felt that there was really something going on and that they were up to it." He has no regrets on the handling of the fuel crisis. "If we had caved in and held an emergency budget and cut fuel tax we would have been slaughtered in hours. We would have lost all credibility as a government. We discovered things we didn't know, like that the relationship between oil companies and their drivers was such that if they didn't want to drive, they didn't drive. As soon as ambulances and the health service started being affected the protests were over. I don't think the protesters set out to bring the country to a halt. I think they were quite shocked.

"Policies aren't the difficult bit. Usually policies are pretty strong, though like the 75p pensions thing, you may have a lot of explaining to do. When Harold Wilson said, 'A week is a long time in politics,' what he meant was, if you've got the same story going on for a whole week, then you know that you've got a real problem.

"You hope that if you sort out the economy, that's what you'll get judged on. Personal stuff like Ron Davies on Clapham Common and the Prime Minister's children – that can be quite difficult. You have to hope that delivery on the big issues will see you through."

Campbell has a difficult, if symbiotic, relationship with the press. He used to be Political Editor of the *Mirror*, and still says that the *Mirror* is the only paper that sup-

ports the Government. "It wasn't very hard to make the switch in roles. I did a lot of politics anyway. I was a *Political* journalist rather than a political *Journalist*. I saw my role as a propagandist.

"On my first day here, when the jour-



nalists came into the briefing I told them that whatever friendships I had had there were gone. I don't have friends."

You can see why he is frequently portrayed as rude, abusive, even downright sinister. But he insists he does not worry about his own image. "Most middle managers at the BBC will tell you I'm a bully who keeps haranguing them on the end of the phone, and I will have never spoken to them. The *World at One* said that, and I've

never spoken to the *World at One*. People who actually know me don't have a problem with me. I would accept that in terms of a public image, insofar as it matters, I don't have a very good one, but I don't think it matters."

He never tires of complaining about the media, especially newspapers. "You can get pretty large barriers between what we perceive to be the reality and what people are being told is the reality. Newspapers don't really see themselves as newspapers any more. They've cut back on marketing budgets and try to get noticed. They get noticed by having a position and trying to make an impact. Newspapers are going to go through a period of being taken less seriously because of what they've become."

On the subject of journalists he is vituperative. "Matthew Parris is just a joke. No one takes him seriously because he's a joke...I don't think John Humphries is very interesting. He just gets into a row. The last thing you want to listen to in the morning is a row." Apparently Campbell rates Peter Riddell, Hugo Young and Don McIntyre.

Campbell is renowned as a master of spin, a major part of the propaganda machine which surrounds Blair and seems to expand constantly. He says impatiently, "All the stuff about spin is just a load of old balls." He was recently the star of a television documentary which gave fly-on-the-wall access to the Downing Street press machine. "I don't regret doing the Cockerill documentary at all. I did it because there was so much in the media about our spin which wasn't at all true. I

think it's sort of tailed off after that programme and that's why we did it. Some days there was more about spin than any other issue. And this thing about us complaining all the time – we very rarely complain. We don't have time to complain all the time."

Campbell does not appear abashed on the opinion polls which showed the Tories with an eight-point lead, for the first time in the Government's term. "Those polls were a referendum on what has been a pretty grim week. The country had virtually come to a halt. From time to time people want to give the Government a whack. I don't think real opinion changes as fast as that.

"The media have a sense that the Opposition is completely useless and that therefore it falls to them to be the Opposition."

On Andrew Rawnsley's book, which went into lengthy detail on the conflicts between Blair and Brown, he is less than sanguine. "Short-term, it wasn't terribly good. A lot of us spoke to him while he was doing the book, because we thought it was going to be a serious book. When we heard that the *Daily Mail* had serial rights we thought, 'Oh dear, maybe it's not that serious.'

Campbell is infamously close to Blair – you could not put a radichio leaf between them, according to the *Daily Telegraph* – and often accused of being an *eminence grise*. He refuses to say whether he wrote Peter Mandelson's letter of resignation, but his answer is suggestive. "I was with Mandelson at the time of his resignation...I don't think we need to get into the entails of this Government.

"I think I'll resign on the day the election is called and go back to the Labour Party whence I came. I'll probably do the same job as in the last election."

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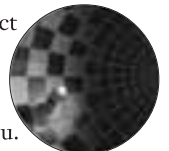


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The Sketch

Forget New Age Masculinity. Forget Athena posters with soft-focus Gillette men and babies. Take yourself back to the era of beer-swilling Skinner and Baddiel. The boys are back in town. Or rather, the Tory Boy is back in town. William Hague is being reincarnated as a lad.

For evidence of his *Miami Vice* machismo, look no further than his iron-cast pledge to rid this country of the scum of token-wielding, house-stealing, pension-under-false-pretences asylum-seekers. Gasp with half-admiration at his ability to neck a massive 14 pints a day (at 98 pints a week, this must surely put William Hague on a level footing with that other laddish boozier, Euan Blair). Nod with leering approval at his own Page 3 totty, Welsh Rarebit Ffion with lovely natural jubbies. Be impressed by his cowboy mentality, as revealed in a recent Channel 4 documentary. William was not going to "get angry". Oh no. He was going to "get even". He dispatches political rivals as "lying charlatans" squinting at the Red Labour Indian in the distance. As the High Noon of local elections approaches, Billy the Kid laughs with the sardonic certainty of a man comfortable with his own penis length. Tory Boy is Tory Man, foraging for the meat of politics and hauling it back to the cave of a hungry electorate.

Or so the Conservative spin doctors would have us believe. Unfortunately for William Hague, this carefully-constructed web of testosterone is fooling no-one. Firstly, we all realise that his Bruce Willis 'Die Hard' haircut is simply a way of disguising premature baldness. Secondly, Tony Blair is more fertile and has the baby to prove it. Thirdly, there is the matter of William's voice. It gravels along like a creaking bit of Yorkshire mining machinery. A faulty lift shaft vibrating with the knowledge of its own ultimate redundancy. He has always spoken like this even when, as a sixteen-year-old, he stood up in front of a hall full of Tories and talked about avoiding the hellish indignity of Callaghan's government. There is definitely something unmanly about an unbroken teenage voice sounding exactly the same as a fully-developed adult larynx.

And then there's the dreadful Ffion, possibly the most sexually-frustrated woman in Britain by the looks of her. In response to Channel 4's query whether it was "love at first sight" when she laid her eyes on the Tory Boy, the ice maiden gave a worryingly Prince Charles-esque answer. "Er...you can't ask that". Well, you can Ffion, you just can't give a truthful answer on prime time television. She carries on, nevertheless, with this sham of attraction for the egghead, giggling with maniacal frequency at jokes that aren't funny. She sips a pint unconvincingly for the camera. She looks worryingly like his mother. She says "Hi!" to everyone in an irritating I-eat-quiche-and-drink-chardonnay kind of way. She seems like someone who has never had any fun because she's scared of embarrassing herself, or smudging her mascara, or accidentally letting slip that she's having some illicit affair with John Prescott.

Unwittingly oblivious to it all, Billy the Kid continues his cowboy quest, shooting down the villainous asylum-seeking Mexicans in town halls all over the country. Swinging open the saloon doors to the House of Commons, he silences the drunken carousers with a single click of his spurs. The Tone Ranger eyes him up with steely blue-grey eyes. This one-horse town isn't big enough for the both of them. But one of the cowboys has no hair and a nasal whinge and the other one a harassed look and a chronic sweat problem. It's time for the Women's Institute to introduce some real outlaws.

Elizabeth Day

Conventional wisdom

Tosin Sulaiman

For four days and four nights this August, Los Angeles was host to the Democratic National Convention, where thousands of delegates from all over America donned their Democratic hats to nominate Al Gore and Joe Lieberman as their presidential and vice-presidential candidates. During those four days, the Staples Centre where the event was held, was besieged by soundbite-hungry journalists, attention-craving protesters and an overzealous Los Angeles Police Department, who made the city look, as a visitor put it, like a third world country that had just completed a military coup.

Against this backdrop, the charismatically-challenged Al Gore needed to sell himself to the American voters watching at home, whilst bringing to an end his Republican rival George W. Bush's significant lead in the polls. The latter task would amount to nothing less than a

political resurrection for the Vice-President because as one commentator remarked, "I don't want to say Al Gore is in trouble, but basically the kid from *Sixth Sense* can see him."

Conventions are essentially live party political broadcasts; rare opportunities for the main parties to gain free media coverage as they present their policies and their most popular personalities. On the convention's opening night, delegates had a chance to say farewell (albeit reluctantly) to Bill Clinton. Such was the intensity of the applause he received before he began his speech that he had to say "Thank you" 14 times to get the audience to keep quiet. The speech, in which he boasted of his accomplishments over the past eight years, seemed to bring about a collective amnesia in members of the audience over his Oval Office exploits. One woman admitted, "tears were rolling down my eyes. I was trying so hard to think of him with Monica, but I just couldn't." Almost all the delegates I spoke to said that if it

weren't for the constitutional term limits, they would vote for Clinton again. "Not over Al Gore though," one quickly added.

Despite the Monica-free emotion greeting Clinton's performance, the general atmosphere inside the Staples Centre was one of unrestrained festivity as delegates and audience members clapped and waved their identical banners to pop songs with a message (*We are Family, Larger than Life, Why Walk when you can Fly*). Bill Clinton was even given a mock-Oscar for his troubles. One journalist summed up the attitude of many people to conventions when he said, "I'm impressed by the spectacle of it all. I'm also impressed by the lack of substance of it all."

On the final day of this "insubstantial" convention, many delegates were clear what they wanted from Al Gore in his acceptance speech - they wanted him to be Bill Clinton. "I'd like to see him get us excited, the way Bill Clinton can" said a supporter. Gore may not have heeded

her words, but the key to his subsequent rise in the polls lay in his achieving the right balance between spelling out his policies in detail and showing a softer side of himself. The spontaneous kiss he gave his wife before his speech also went a long way in showing that this 'cyborg candidate' was human after all. A speechwriter for the Mayor of Washington DC explained, "Gore's never been light on policy, but he's had trouble selling himself, convincing people he believes what he's saying. I think he did a good job of that in this address. And, more than anything else that's what he needed to do: prove to the American people that he really cared." In doing so, he was interrupted by applause 60 times, some of his most popular lines being his acknowledgement that he may not be "the most exciting politician" and his declaration that "the presidency is more than a popularity contest."

Only at a convention could a politician get a standing ovation for admitting he was boring.



Yanks



Tanks



Planks

Photos by Tosin Sulaiman

The future of asylum in Britain

Yasmin Alibhai-Brown, columnist on *The Independent* and author of *After Multiculturalism*, argues that both Labour and the Tories are failing to help the genuinely dispossessed at the risk of undermining cultural diversity.

I think it was a dream. Or maybe it was my head conjuring up images to fit my despair at the way British politicians (who like to be known abroad as fair, tolerant and decent) are using asylum-seekers as cheap bait to hook voters.

I saw a flaming gold chariot carrying a mad-eyed Ann Widdecombe, her intimidating chest covered with armour with a crown blazoned on it, and a huge whip in her hand. Then I woke up to the sound of James Naughtie on the *Today* programme talking about William Hague and his brilliant new wheeze to have internment camps for asylum-seekers, including children. Manacles to the walls near the bed too, surely. They worked a treat with pregnant prisoners. Widdecombe must have other ideas too, seeing as she has discussed prison reform with Charles Murray, the American academic who believes in genetic inferiority.

Huge numbers of us are appalled at the way New Labour ministers have allowed themselves to be driven by the Tories on this issue. The Tory party has a damp and dingy soul where real, overt racial prejudice dwells and festers. They have given the nation Enoch Powell, Norman Tebbit, Winston Churchill junior, Margaret Thatcher, Terry Dicks, Charles Wardle, Michael Howard, and now Ann Widdecombe - all have used their positions to poison the minds of British people.

Enoch foamed in 1968 with his Rivers of Blood speech. In the Seventies, Thatcher made her remark about white Britons feeling "swamped" by aliens and was one of 44 Tories who were actively

opposed to the Race Relations Act. Then we had Tebbit's cricket test, and the calculated assaults on asylum-seekers orchestrated by Michael Howard and Widdecombe herself. The smarmy Tory Andrew Lansley has openly admitted that immigration was "successfully raised" in the 1992 election and "has more potential to hurt". And now Hague - sounding ever more demented

"The Tory party has a damp and dingy soul where real, overt racial prejudice dwells and festers...Labour has vacillated between enlightened policies and the politics of cowardice."

and desperate promises to placate middle England voters by stamping on the heads of asylum-seekers even harder than Jack Straw and Barbara Roche.

So how has Labour responded to this long Tory onslaught on diversity? Since 1964, Labour has vacillated between enlightened policies and the politics of cowardice. Even with their massive majority, New Labour has not the courage or wit to transform the debate on race. They cling to the belief that

they must soften the blow of a new race relations act by creating ever more inhumane immigration laws. As Sarah Spencer of the Institute of Public Policy Research points out: "Once a government decides to appease rather than to assuage public concern, new measures have to be proposed to show that something is being done. Loopholes are identified, rule changes proposed, appeal rights abolished."

So what can Labour do? They can unbuckle themselves from the chariot. They can explain that the reason we are getting so many more asylum-seekers is that there are wars again in Europe and huge inequalities too since the end of communism.

We cannot take all the refugees the world is unleashing because we are a densely populated country. But the British public needs to be told that these are genuinely dispossessed people and that an ageing British population will need immigrants again. The disillusioned can no longer be dismissed as the "forces of conservatism" or old disgruntled reds who refuse to die quietly. I never joined Old Labour, because of the way it marginalised black and Asian people. Things were no better under Kinnock and Hattersley. But, like many others, I was inspired by Brown, Blair and Co, and felt that Britain would at last become a just, open nation, at ease with diversity and committed to international responsibilities. We have emerged from the miserable nightmare of Toryism, only to find that our dreams are now dismissed as insane distractions. That surely cannot be right.

Headline Hoggers

Nigella Lawson

Why? Nigella is fast becoming an icon for women everywhere who have no hope of being as talented as her. Her past-times include being a national columnist (*The Observer*), an effortlessly stylish cook (*Channel 4*), a make-up adviser (*The Times Magazine*) and an authoress (two books - *How to Eat* and *How to be a Domestic Goddess*).

A domestic goddess? Surely slightly presumptuous? It would be for anyone else, but Nigella is indeed a goddess. She even accomplishes being beautiful despite being ex-chancellor Nigel Lawson's daughter. Ah. Family Connections. Dominic Lawson (editor of *The Sunday Telegraph*) and Mark Lawson (Radio 4 stalwart) are her brothers. So yes, it's a well-connected little dynasty. Oh and John Diamond, the columnist, is her husband.

Sickening isn't it? Yes. But maybe spending all her time in sweaty kitchens has given her a body odour problem. We can but hope.

Boxed out of your mind

Elizabeth Day

There was a time, not so long ago, when a vague concept called 'The Internet' was an undiscovered land of immense potential. Stuck back in the computer illiterate early '90s, we were guaranteed the prospect of supreme cyberspatial laziness. We would never leave our armchairs again. Supermarkets were virtual aisles filled with your personal shopping basket of cut-price goodies. Information resources fell neatly at your feet, promising an untold wealth of knowledge. And, if the new Tampax advertisement is to be believed, you could even choose non-applicator at the press of a virtual button.

Then our modems got mixed up, our search engines scrambled and our clunky BBC computers crashed just to prove they could. The Internet was not what it seemed. Non-applicator supermarket fields of knowledge were all very well, but no-one could find what they were looking for. Searching for the needle just ended up with a whole lot of hay. And then came Boxmind.com.

Devised by three recent graduates of Merton College, Oxford, Boxmind enables students to search for reliable academic material on the net at lightning speed. Users can search for topics at several different levels of detail, with the results then being broadened or narrowed by entering the type of information needed (for example, online textbooks or images). The site

provides rapid access to a directory of 17,000 high quality academic resources categorised and cross-referenced by specialists across 27 core subject areas. Boxmind's initial database was comprised of over 120,000 web addresses; only the most useful were included in the final product.

"Searching for the needle just ended up with a whole lot of hay. And then came Boxmind.com"

According to the founders, Richard Halkett, Dave Auckland and Richard Comish, Boxmind therefore avoids the problem of searching hundreds of irrelevant sites.

As well as the core members, Boxmind boasts an editorial team of excellent pedigree. Richard Dawkins, the neo-Darwinian and author of *The Selfish Gene*, Professor Peter Atkins, Fellow and Tutor in Physical Chemistry at Lincoln College, Oxford, and Professor Niall Ferguson, author of *The Pity of War*, are just three of the distinguished academics on board to ensure rigorous review of all information published on the site. In the words of Professor Ferguson, "your chances of getting through the Oxford admissions system will be higher than our acceptance rate of

websites applying for our approval."

All this is rather good news for those of us who have spent many frustrating hours emerging from cyber-land sweaty and empty-handed. Richard Halkett confirms that the site is aimed at undergraduates "although we've also had good feedback from teachers and A-Level students. It's not yet advanced enough for research students, who generally know where research sources are in any case." According to the press release though, Boxmind "is set to become the best academic resource site in the world" and is not content to sit on its laurels. "We appreciate constructive criticism," says Halkett, "because we aim to create a learning community."

Any such community, however, does not make the human contact redundant. Rather, Halkett says, "Boxmind must be used in conjunction with other tutorial facilities."

Despite the growing success of Boxmind, expected to raise millions of pounds in the next two years and backed by the venture capitalist firm Eurovestech, Halkett is a reluctant dot-commer. "I saw *Attachments* [touted as *This Life* with Internet entrepreneurs] and thought it was a load of crap, especially the nerdy techie sitting in the corner. We don't have nerds in our company at all."

All nerdishness aside, the captivating vision of Halkett's "progressive academia" is something students everywhere can be thankful for. The haystack's days are well and truly numbered.



Boxmind founders: Richard Halkett, David Auckland and Richard Comish

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SPANNING THE CAMEL

Cambridge strings together the pieces

Yuriy Humber

In celebration of its 41,500 years of academic and sporting excellence, Cambridge held its first ever Jigsaw Games. Selected students competed with real-life puzzles in a bid to raise awareness of the intelligence of many students around the University. Jim Sdim, of the 'CU Let's Talk', said "We would just like people out there to know the real facts and figures of the situation, because far too often when people are involved it is the lack of actual know-how and information that leads to accidents and back-alley hand-jobs."

There were signs of early success at the Games when a group of students claimed to have completed a jigsaw in just TWO WEEKS. A spokesman for the group, Ivor Dild, spoke in jubilation: "We knew we could do it, but I never expected it to happen so soon. We emptied the pieces on the table, looked at the box: it said 3-6 years. We knew we could do it in under a year, but two weeks, that's

really fantastic; just great."

Smiles were not showing all around the Games, however, as a team of students was caught cheating, and disqualified, after they attempted to solve the baked beans puzzle by emptying an actual tin of beans onto several sheets of cardboard. The plot was discovered when a dog jumped up and started consuming the puzzle with a malicious growl, before muddying the team's waters even further by pissing all over the beans. "The fucking dog; we fucking had it! The bastard!" said a

Yorkshire-born member of the team.

The competition also showed an innovative and daring side to a Cambridge student. Ali-Baba Scrubbles Baba II explains: "Well, due to the popularity of the competition, all the shops had sold out of jigsaws. It was murder trying to get even a 10-piece, and the black market prices were driving your ordinary consumer round a literal corner. We were saved when Olly spotted the Kellogg's rooster." The team are, however, in a spot of trouble at the moment, unable to

locate any red corn flakes. Time is certainly not on their side. "Whereas your normal jigsaw is in perfect order all year round, it seems we have picked out one which has a best before date", explained Ali-Booba Scoopa IV.

It leaves me only to wish these competitors the best of luck. It certainly feels as if the British Olympic spirit started in Sydney has touched even the coastline-less shores of our dear old town of Cambridge.



The diary of a certain **Gustav Moushtaff**; an average English student surviving in the murky university town of Cowpool.

"Quote Me..."



From Kevin Keegan's autobiography:

"They are the second best team in the world, and there's no higher praise than that."

News In Brief

TCS suffers under writer shortage

Desperate times call for desperate measures, and desperation became a key watch-word at *The Cambridge Student* this week. Deprived hacks, suffering from a severe shortage of writing, were forced to borrow words from rival publication *Varsity*. A whole article's worth, all about Men's Tennis ('Cambridge hold on for Varsity success', *Varsity* 29 Sept 2000). Minor tweaks to the content couldn't fool eagle-eyed word-police. "They're clearly the same words," said an eagle-eyed word-policeman last night. "I'd recognise them anywhere, except perhaps a really dark place." A spokesman for innocent theft victim newspaper, *Varsity*, said, "We are very flattered that TCS have recognised our verbal superiority." A spokesman for syllable-stealers TCS couldn't think of anything to say adding, "We are very flattered that TCS have recognised our verbal superiority."

Emma Woolerton

DEAR SALLY



Oh hello there poppets! There's so much tension around, isn't there? Has some dirty scamp wobbled your wick, or some little minx bobbed with your brain? Well me duckies, if you have a problem and no one else can help, e-mail me sally_ouch@hotmail.com and I'll put you straight.

Dear Sally, I'm at my wits' end. My lady friend is a rather nice sort with large breasts. Only problem is she has hairy toes and snores like a hippopotamus. Last weekend this all got on top of me, so while she was asleep I thought I'd take matters into my own hands: trim her feet and probe her nasal cavities for large obstructions, ever

the cause of my woes. Unfortunately, as I was raising my mallet in preparation for the job, she abruptly woke up. She screamed, so I presumed that she was a little startled. And now I feel terribly guilty. Am I a shit? Please help.

Rod Fruit, Pembroke

Relax, Rod. Dialogue is the key to any relationship. Sometimes, instead of going at it hammer and tongs, it is better to approach your lass with sound reasons. Tell her that if she doesn't remove her toe-hair she won't fully feel the benefit of socks on cold days.

Dear Sally, I'm at my wit's end. Last weekend I abruptly woke up in the middle of the night to find my gentleman friend towering over me with a dangerous-looking rod-like object (it could've been a mallet for all I know). I am concerned that I've done something to upset him. Or perhaps he's just insane? Either way Sally, I'm screwed, aren't I?

Francesca la Horse, Trinity

Oh Francesca, think about this rationally. It's quite likely that your boyfriend is a latent zoophilic and he was simply using his mallet as a symbol of the strength and raw power of your relationship. Or maybe you have hairy toes? Mmm.

I'm so sorry

Our favourite 'Corrections and Clarifications' from the nation's press.

"An article by Leanda de Lisle, page 24, May 25, referred to "a hermaphrodite called Lady Colin Campbell, but I understand her manly bit was very small". We accept that the description of Lady Colin Campbell as a hermaphrodite is both untrue and insulting and that, as she has never had a manly bit of any size, the use of such a term was both tasteless and misleading. We apologise to Lady Colin Campbell for the pain, distress and embarrassment this caused."

Taken from the *Guardian*

So you think you're funny?

Varsity Satire meeting Monday at 1pm in the Varsity offices



The thin blue line

Daniel Lambert takes a walk on the wild side

Walking into a video store as a youngster I was confronted by a shelf of videos. Judging by the covers, the height of the artistic ambition of these films (*Maxi Anal Crad* is one of the names that springs to mind) appeared to be how many different and varied objects could be fitted into the back of a woman. This early insight into the juxtaposition of art and pornography is a reason, I am sure, why the thing that most impressed me about the Royal Academy's *Apocalypse* exhibition was not The Chapman's Hell, or Cattelan's La Nona Ora. No, the most lasting impression of the exhibition was the huge queues of people meandering through the gallery. These people were queuing to see Chris Cunningham's work *Flex*. I wondered whether most were there because they wanted to see a challenging and ethereal work of video art, accompanied by a suitably cerebral Aphex Twin soundtrack. Or if they were just waiting to see whether the sex in the film really was as explicit and shocking as the newspapers had said.

The Royal Academy has expressed public annoyance not only with the fact that *Flex* has been given a minimum age for entry – a legal restriction similar to those given to Soho sex cinemas – but also with the amount of cynical press coverage that *Apocalypse* has received because of this. This perhaps belies a private joy at the amount of extra attention the exhibition has received, and the organisers must be counting the ticket stubs with delight.

This seems to be becoming something of a recurring theme in the arts world. We've seen doormen on restricted arts exhibits before. The *Sensation* exhibition lived up to its name, with press coverage guaranteed for months thanks to the Young British Artists' preoccupation with themes such as sex, depravity and death. More recently, Turner Prize winner Chris Ofili has had his work condemned by

deals with issues of culture, or Natacha Merritt's *Digital Diaries*, which employs digital photographic techniques to deliver its images. Because the latter is published by a respected art books publisher, does this make it any more of a profound statement about the intrusion of digital culture into our lives than photographs posted digitally on the Internet? If not, then when authorities speak of censoring certain areas of the Internet they must surely be obliged to restrict Taschen's corresponding range of adult material.

However, the question remains as to

Artists such as Ofili will continue to be criticised by our 'pillars of society'

whether pornography is actually seen as acceptable in society. Although exhibitions such as *Apocalypse* and *Sensation* attract large numbers of visitors, many are drawn merely by the curiosity value of the exhibits. Besides, successful attempts to bring the theme of pornography in art into the mainstream are few and far between. This may well be because many artists work by exploring the fringes of society's sexual behaviour, and one would expect artists such as the Chapman brothers to actively continue working outside the mainstream.

The success of the Internet must surely be due partly to the fact that people can now explore their fantasies with material which was previously difficult to obtain. Now that people are aware of these fantasies, the opportunity is there to explore them to greater depth and quality by using art as a medium. Chris Cunningham's *Flex* explores issues of sex-

tinue to be a rarity in a dirge of dire MTV videos; artists such as Ofili will continue to be criticised by our 'pillars of society'; Plug Me In will be confined to licensed sex shops, thanks to Jack Straw's new Restricted 18 certificate. Indeed, 18-year-olds will also be denied entry to one of the year's truly interesting works of art – *Flex* – as they will continue to be at future exhibitions. And art will stay in the confines of the gallery, while explicit sexual imagery will remain

on the whole underground; part of an industry entwined with the degradation of women, drugs and prostitution. However, perhaps we like it this way. After all, if sexual material is no longer seen as something of a taboo, it may ultimately lose some of its unique appeal.

Images of nudity and intercourse sit alongside intellectual musings

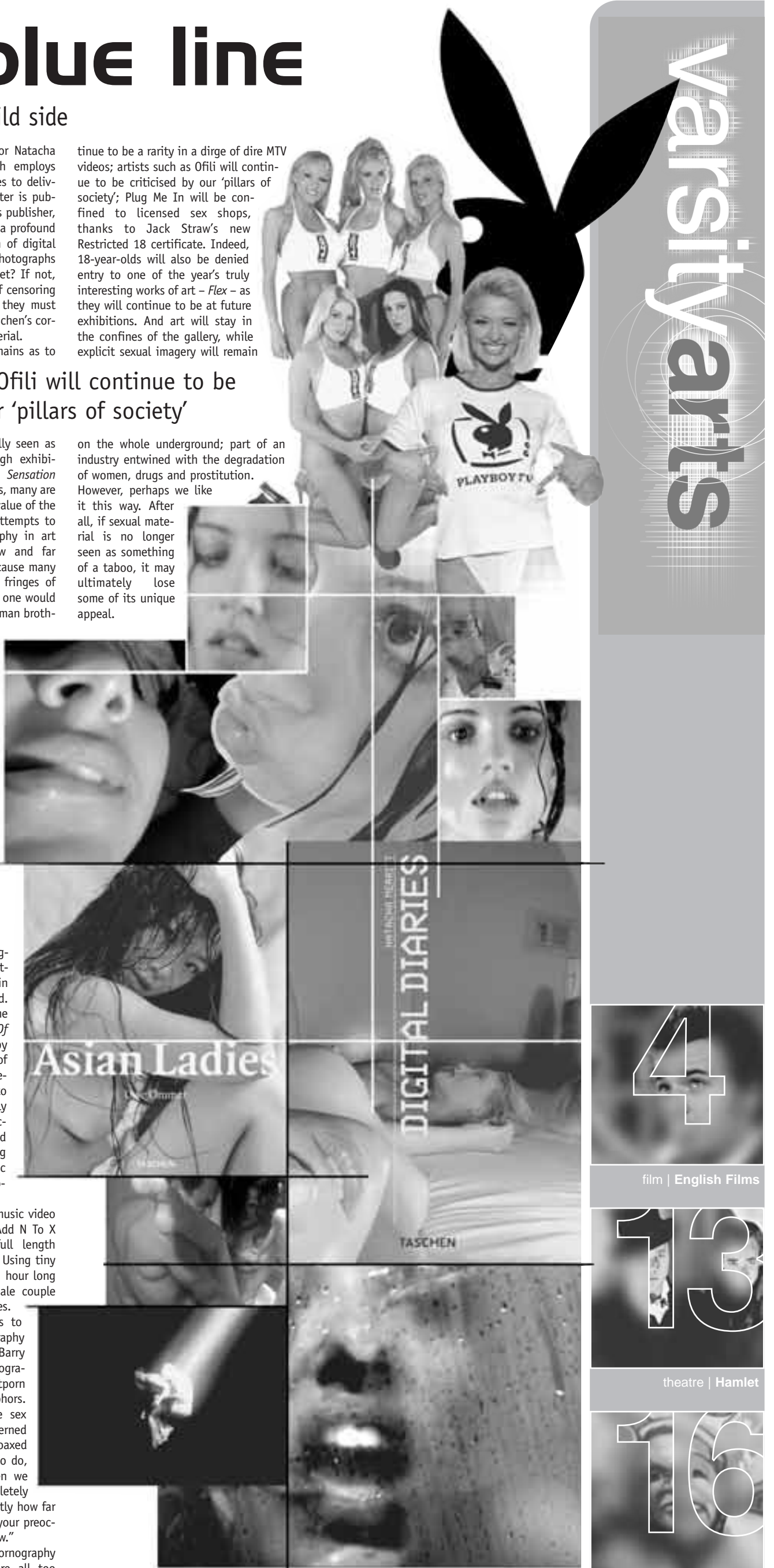
New York mayor Rudolph Giuliani. Giuliani delivered a stinging public critique of works – such as Ofili's *The Holy Virgin Mary*, in which a black Mary is surrounded by images of female genitalia cut out of pornography magazines – which made their way to New York as part of the *Sensation* tour. Thomas Hoving, of the Brooklyn Museum which staged the exhibition, said that Giuliani's comments actually had a positive effect: "It's brought people into the gallery who might never have gone in the first place." If the extra numbers are to be believed then it would seem that the use of pornography in art is consumed happily by the general public. And a new generation of artists appear to be happy to confront our fascination with pornography. By merely looking at their work we become an exhibit ourselves, as the artist scrutinises the reasons why we want to look at pornography. Jake and Dinos Chapman, for example, explore a complex and bizarre world of sexual identity and commercialism with their multi-body-part figures.

Sex is big business – *Playboy* magazine, for example, has a circulation of 4.5 million worldwide. But a greater variety of sex-based publications has led to further blurring between pornography and art. The art books publisher Taschen have launched a range of artistic books classified as 'adults only'. Images of nudity and full blown intercourse sit alongside intellectual musings, all contained within glossy hardback covers, and printed on shiny, expensive paper – a far cry from the damp, torn pages of the magazines that seem to lie around park dustbins, or the gaudy glamour of top shelf literature. For example Uwe Ommer's *Asian Ladies* which

quality by placing its two protagonists into an ambient computerscape and cocooning them in challenging imagery and sound. This theme was explored in the video for Bjork's *All Is Full Of Love*, also filmed by Cunningham. The depiction of two female robots – in the likeness of Bjork – making love to each other, is both artistically compelling and sexually explicit; the use of technology and true artistic vision translating an essentially pornographic concept into an intriguing production.

In a curious spin on the music video approach, avant garde band Add N To X are currently producing a full length pornography film, *Plug Me In*. Using tiny cameras they have directed an hour long feature which involves a female couple exploring each others bodies. The intention in this case is to avoid either art or pornography clichés. Add N To X frontman Barry 7 explains that "hardcore pornography is incredibly boring and artporn is loaded with obvious metaphors. What we wanted was a pure sex film." Barry 7 was also concerned with seeing models being coaxed into things they didn't want to do, and explains that "the women we used loved sex and were completely open about it. They knew exactly how far they were prepared to go and your preoccupations fly out of the window."

However much art and pornography blend, though, the results are all too rarely appreciated widely. Videos such as Cunningham's *All Is Full Of Love* will con-



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Photos: Courtesy of The Adult Channel, Taschen. Chris Cunningham's *Flex* 2000 courtesy of The Anthony D'Offay Gallery.



Toxic crusaders

Toxic 8 | Daily

Get intoxicated

An experiment was conducted recently. Its aim: to re-crystallize the explosive potency of the Cambridge 'underground' in a radio-active-proof shed out in the safety of the hinterlands. Lights were faded, lava lamps were stoked up, bottles of White Lightning were purchased, Abba was played; people got drunk, pretended to get in a fight, vomited, and then passed out. All before *Eastenders* was over. Yet another classic night out in Cambridge. We were ready to go clubbing.

With this benchmark standard for alcohol-fuelled student nocturnal excess in mind, we shimmied on down to the latest addition to Cambridge's club-scene: Toxic 8. This club is attempting to breathe fresh life into Cambridge's shockingly sparse nightlife, promising "a whole new world of club entertainment".

Having spent only one night there it's perhaps too early to say whether it delivers. Certainly it looks the part: big bouncers on the door, a fresh paint job and promises of six differently flavoured nights. Inside, the décor is reminiscent of the spaceship ride at Chessington World of Adventures – the lift is a nice touch, and there are silver robots overseeing the dance floor action. Toxic 8 also boasts four levels, with two bars to escape from the music, and the main dance floor has plenty of room for all. The first floor offers an excellent view of the 'boogie wonderland', and all the wannabe podium people strutting their stuff. There is a subtle security presence throughout the club; and any temptations to pour drinks from the gallery onto the defenceless and unsuspecting innocent dancers below were quickly quashed by a bouncer resembling Rhino from *Gladiators*.

You get the feeling that Toxic 8 is going to have a different atmosphere

for each of its nights. The weekends will be expensive, Friday nights offer 'dance and trance', and Saturdays will have a more nostalgic feel with party music from the '70s, '80s and '90s. Tuesday nights promise garage and r'n'b mixed by ministry resident Nick Bridges, which certainly could be worth checking out if that's your thing. The big night, however, promises to be Wednesday night: 'English Student Night'. We're not certain exactly whether or not this means no 'non-English', or whether or not there will be an accent test on the door, but we have passed on the details to CUSU and the Equal Opportunities in Night-Clubbing Commission. If you are lucky enough to be English, the vital statistics are the £1 entry fee before 10.30pm and the cheap drinks specials. Oh, and the place doesn't smell like vomit: which means certain other local venues might struggle for business.

Toxic 8 is certainly worth checking



out if you enjoy the Cindy's and Chicago experience: it offers more of the same, but a lot better. For the dance music aficionados amongst you, there are veiled promises of a few top

guest DJs: but I suspect that you'll probably still have to jump on the Kings Cross express to satisfy your cravings truly.

Andy Branchflower

Satisfying snap

Red Snapper: Our Aim is To Satisfy Red Snapper | Warp Records | Released 9 Oct

Not quite jiggy enough

Red Snapper are back! I'm sure you missed them. *Our Aim is To Satisfy Red Snapper* is an extremely well produced, atmospheric mix of double bass, electro beats, rhymes, piano, twisted guitars and some delightfully silly noises. There's intelligence and irony here – check out the deliberate references on several tracks to '80s synth pop.

'Shellback' thuds and shudders, slowly. An American female voice (Madonna, maybe?) asks – of a DJ, her backing band, or perhaps Red Snapper themselves – "are you gonna give me, like, eight [presumably musical] bars?" It's all very post-modern – a sample that refers to the creation of music, and the act of sampling itself. Where does the song end/begin? An eerie, repetitive synthesiser loop complements Ms Ciccone's request by aping the riffs of her early songs (think

Everybody or Borderline). In total contrast, 'The Rough And The Quick' is an uptempo disco-house throw down, which includes nonsensical 'let's party' lyrics and funky bass; this is what Basement Jaxx would sound like if they were any good. Later, on 'Belladonna' the band come over all ambient and post-rock.

It's a thoughtful and considered album, even in its funkiest moments. Perhaps it's a little too intellectual, as at no point does this album really rock. On careful listening, *Our Aim* is inventive and original, it incorporates an impressive variety of moods and genres, but sounds neither forced nor eclectic for the sake of it. However, one must ask how this music is supposed to be listened to. Live, I'm sure these songs would be absorbing. But for essay writing, dope smoking or toenail cutting, it's just perfect as arty background music. Where's the passion, guys? Nice title, though.

Nicky Reeves

OUR AIM IS TO SATISFY RED SNAPPER



She will survive

Kylie: Light Years | EMI | On release

Kylie grooves back in next door

Yes, the diminutive diva has returned. Since she first caught the imagination of the British public as *Neighbours'* heartthrob Charlene, Kylie has courted publicity as an A-list celeb, representing the aspirations of two-bit soap actresses everywhere. She has always enjoyed much respect in the looks department and her new image does nothing to disprove this. Very much the gay icon, Kylie's revamp is accompanied by a new album, and one which secures the immediate future of her musical career with 13 polished tracks of formulaic frivolity.

Light Years packs a disco punch like no other. Retro nightclub beats fuse with funk, latino interludes and more modern house rhythms to produce an album of sophisticated Euro-pop. Kylie's vocals glide sweetly over the top of tracks like 'Disco Down' and 'Loveboat'. However, those without a sweet tooth will wince at 'Bittersweet Goodbye': her one attempt at a musical-style ballad cruelly exposing her vocal insipidity. Yet we forgive and forget as hot disco tracks come thick and fast: 'Your Disco Needs You' – a collaboration with Robbie Williams – is guaranteed to be tearing up the dance floors of regional nightclubs everywhere. It is one of several gay anthems-in-waiting, but they manage to avoid blatantly courting the 'pink pound' – Geri Halliwell take note. *Bag It Up* indeed.

Spinning Around, the recent number one, is the best track on an album which suffers a little from disco saturation. This makes *Kids*, a quasi-rock duet with Robbie Williams, sound ridiculously out of place. Lyrics like "So we'll paint by numbers", and "Doin' it for the kids", are either very knowing or as unfortunately self-damning as Steps' *Better Best Forgotten*. However, it's the next single and is a guaranteed commercial smash purely because it features Kylie and Robbie. *On A Night Like*

This and 'Butterfly' (produced by Mark Picchiotti) are promising dance tunes with Ibiza-style potential. 'Koochachoo' – like its ridiculous name – is quintessentially naff. The title track imitates Madonna's style; but we get the Madonna of three years ago. There are a couple of fillers, but far fewer than are normally found on a pop-bit like this.

Light Years marks a remarkable comeback from virtual musical extinction by the 32-year-old singer. After the success of the Stock Aitken Waterman period, her bids for credibility, which involved collaborations with Nick Drake and James Dean Bradfield, fell on deaf ears as far as her fans were concerned. In that sense, it is only fitting that she should return to the top of the charts with the assistance of *Millennium Man*, Williams. What is immediately striking about this album is that it is so deliberately kitsch and camp – even down to the gloriously tacky inlay card. Before

Light Years was released, her record company made much of her "huge gay following", and then launched her back into the limelight with an outrageous set at London's GAY. Kylie was promptly plastered all over the tabloids for days. This was followed up with the requisite saucy videos, and it was as if she'd never gone through her 'indie' phase. Instead, Kylie uses her 'pop' and 'sexpot' aspects to great effect throughout the album. There is a palpable sense of fun; far from being the butt of the joke, Kylie is very much in on it.

It's undeniable that profound lyrics are not abundant and there is little innovation. However, Kylie has balanced the pop equation and produced a funky album full of disco titillation. *Light Years* is a refreshing alternative to the pubescent brat-pack, and proves this girl still has the finest Euro-pop voice in the business...tres bien.

Aisling O'Neil





Feeling frigid

Coldplay | The Junction | Released 2 Oct

Coldplay chill out at The Junction

With a number one album and a pair of hit singles behind them, expectations couldn't be higher for Coldplay's first headline tour. Statistics aside, they've got a lot to live up to after a long period of hype in the music press. They also have their critics to answer to; their debut album, *Parachutes*, has been criticised for its steady, formulaic nature.

Tonight, they bound onto the stage of their first headline gig with infectious glee and set the standard for the rest of the evening with a sublime version of *Spies*. Simplicity is the name of the game, with the emphasis placed firmly upon Chris Martin and his voice. The aching clarity of his voice absorbs the audience, who then find themselves lost in a soaring chorus as understated guitar lines are melted over the top.

There's nothing new here, but Coldplay impress by being so pure about what they do. The basic formula is 'sad

songs that make you happy' and it's carried off with such an utter lack of pretension and self-consciousness that you can't help but love their lack of ego. While other bands may go for the kitchen sink approach to making music, Coldplay strip the structure down to Chris' voice and acoustic strumming wrapped with effects-laden guitar. It's easy to criticise the band for playing a set that is essentially one-paced, but they have a magic that is missing from so many otherwise excellent artists. However, their singer may be touching upon cliché with his inter-song banter. *Shiver* is introduced thus: "This is a hit single, we're the band, you're the audience, we play it brilliantly and you go mental". Despite this, his spontaneity makes it impossible to hate.

Before you realise it, Coldplay have performed most of *Parachutes* and a handful of b-sides. A couple of new songs see them take the soaring guitars of their more stratospheric numbers towards a logical conclusion. They're already inspiring devotion in their fans, whose ranks are



swelling thanks to the massively successful single *Yellow*. Next time they'll be at the Corn Exchange, after that, who knows...

Tom Catchesides

Placebo effect

Placebo: Black Market Music | Hut Recordings | Released 9 Oct

Placebo do what they do best, again

Placebo's third album, after a gap of two years, sounds much the same as *Without You I'm Nothing* and the eponymous *Placebo*. For Placebo fans this is no doubt good news, but the rest of us might as well have bought three copies of their debut album to save on further trips to the local record shop.

Black Market Music contains some pleasing guitar rock; *Taste In Men*, which was released as a single in July, is almost as good as *36 Degrees* at making you want to be a rock star. But the addition of American rapper Justin Warfield shows just why Placebo stick to the same formula: because it gets much worse when they change it - with the band continuing to do their thing in the background while he shouts "fuck".

There are, however, some beautiful ballads when the band let Molko's voice shine through, such as in 'Passive Aggressive' and 'Peeping Tom'. Although Molko is frequently referred to as 'the one with the whiney voice', here it has a haunting quality as he sings about mortality and the rat race. Most of the tracks are very long, except 'Commercial For Levi', which thankfully means that we don't have to sit through the full five minutes of him singing "You'll die, you'll die, don't die". That said, I did find myself listening to it again and again, and liking it more each time.

For fans of the band, this album is clearly long-awaited good news; for the unconverted out there in need of

some classic guitar rock, *Black Market Music* might just be what they are looking for.

Rachel Cohen



Granddaddy reveal age

Granddaddy's Jason tells Roman Townsend all about his youth



As a child, at which moment and to which song was the full and exciting potential of music revealed?

My Mom would vacuum the living room on Saturday morning during cartoons and I couldn't hear the TV while she did it, so instead I would hum along to the sound of the vacuum, creating counter melodies and harmonies. Then, abruptly she would stop and my brain would be immediately re-entranced and held captive by some stupid talking vegetable with leotards on or something. **In your formative years, which music artists had the largest influence upon you?**

The Beatles, the Cars, Jeff Lynne, punk rock.

When you are indoors alone, which LP can be heard most on your turntable?

Rachmaninoff in the morning. Fu Manchu during the day. George Jones at night.

What is the most recent record you bought?

Steve Earle *Transcendental Blues* **Currently, which underrated and unnoticed artists do you think people should be listening to?** Komeda from Sweden. The Handsome family from Chicago, Lowgold from England and the album *Glum* by Giant Sand.

If you could have been present at any

rock & roll moment, what would it have been?

Sitting in the back seat when Jimi Hendrix and Neil Young stole a car together.

It's the mid '70s. Are you into disco or Meatloaf?

I'm riding a banana board with tight shorts and wavy long hair waiting for the new Devo album to come out and despairing of both disco and Beefloaf.

It was said home tape-to-tape recording would be the end of the music industry. It wasn't. Will the Internet fulfil this prophecy?

I couldn't care less. Though I do like the idea of the fat cats in a sweaty panic.

What one piece of advice would you give to those wishing to get ahead in the music industry?

Stick your finger in your mouth, pull it out and put it in the air, feel which way the wind is blowing and go the opposite direction.

What do you think about 2-step garage? Is it, two steps to the CD player and throw it out of the window? Or, are we really living through a dance music revolution?

Is this some sort of do-it-yourself car port construction kit? '2-step garage'? I'm still trying to decide if I like that music they call rock'n'roll.

Radiohead revisited

Radiohead: Kid A | Parlophone | Released 9 Oct

Radiohead fulfil all expectations

Since wiping the floor with 1997's *OK Computer*, Radiohead have had a very conspicuous three year absence of fresh material. As rock icons of the late 1990s and spokesmen for the alternative generation, the pressure to upstage and go beyond their last album has mounted; and the more time that has elapsed, the more music pundits' and fans' expectations have been heightened. Radiohead are clearly anxious about this comeback release and have attempted to play down its importance in interviews, fearing an

anti-climax. Amidst such hype, these five boys from Oxford (one of whom went to Peterhouse) have finally released their fourth studio album, *Kid A*. But can they really recapture those heady days of *The Bends* and *OK Computer*? Are we expecting too much from *Kid A*?

Firstly, it must be made clear that Radiohead have all but erased their old sound and completely reinvented themselves. They have adopted a musical style that matches their new image: low-key, underground and distinctly non-commercial, but at the same time, self-indulgent and pretentious. Long gone are the Pink Floyd glittery psychedelic guitars, and Thom

Yorke's unrestrained falsetto crying is used much more sparingly, to increase the impact of the minimal lyricism.



Instead the essence of this recording is overtly avant-garde and wilfully experimental; the band make frequent, and successful, use of tuneless Captain Beefheart-influenced art-noise samples and Sunra-prompted overlapping instrumental sound clashes. But they simultaneously blend their art-school acid-rock influences with a progressive and electronic probing of techno-noir distortions and Kraftwerk-inspired industrial programming. These fusions come to fruition on the stomping track 'Ideotique'. However, despite this new direction for the band, *Kid A* definitely has the unmistakable Radiohead stamp. Their music retains its distinctive strung-out and poignant, almost

theatrical, air as they weave lonely penetrating soundscapes and dark languorous lyricism. This element was always embedded in their work, but on this album it's more pronounced than ever.

We are seamlessly carried through a 48 minute journey of elusive and intriguing apocalyptic lyrics and bewitching futuristic instrumentation. This rich and innovative album pioneers new avenues of brooding production for Radiohead and delivers an LP which proudly ranks alongside the virtuoso *OK Computer* - and possibly surpasses it.

Roman Townsend



No holds bard

Titus | Arts Picturehouse | Daily

Ancient Rome, but with motor-bikes

Decapitation, rape, human sacrifice, cannibalism? No, it's not *Evil Dead 4* – it's *Titus*, the latest screen adaptation of a Shakespeare play. And about time too: productions of *Titus Andronicus*, a long-time favourite of English Lit students are few and far between but now director Julie Taymor has brought it to the masses. Be warned though: the bard was one sick son-of-a-bitch and this is by far his most blood-thirsty play.

Titus is an old, war-scarred general who returns to Rome victorious after battling the Goths, bringing with him their queen, Tamara, and her sons as prisoners. However, things go sour when he turns down the opportunity to become Emperor and allows the deranged and power-hungry Saturnine to step into the breach. Spurned by Titus' daughter, Saturnine decides to marry Tamara and both vow to avenge the wrongs that Titus and family have done them. Soon, most of the Andronicus clan are quite literally in pieces and Titus, out of favour and luck, begins to lose his marbles. You'd expect plenty of lamentation about fate, life etc, but Shakespeare knew what his audience wanted, delivering dark humour and lashings of insane violence.

Taymor could have opted for a mindless bloodfest to pull in the punters; instead she employs a more surreal and subtle approach and largely succeeds. Ancient Rome is transposed to the 1930s, complete with jazz music, fascist-inspired costumes and beautiful Art Deco buildings and interiors. The Goths, on the other hand, sport biker gear, hang out in bars

and wield shotguns. However, the film still manages to retain something of a Roman atmosphere, largely due to the graphic depiction of orgies of sex and violence.

Every contemporary issue you can think of is addressed, including racism, with Harry Lenix delivering the best performance of the year as Aaron, an evil yet somehow sympathetic black villain. The

movie's exploration of madness and human mental and physical suffering bring this usually derided play onto a par with Hamlet.

All the actors are fantastic: from Anthony Hopkins as the sage-like and deeply demented Titus, to a glorious Alan Cummings as the vindictive emperor Saturnine. Young up-and-comers Matthew Rhys and Jonathan Rhys-Meyers also score highly as Tamara's wonderfully sick and twisted sons. Taymor's direction may not be to everyone's taste sometimes her theatrical use of symbolism is harder to stomach than the carnage but the results are mostly awesome and inspired. The film moves seamlessly from the hallucinatory, with the horrific rape and mutilation of Titus' daughter, to the sickeningly real, as when a hand is casually chopped off.

There are moments where you'll forget to breathe, others where you will laugh out loud, with highlights including a tongue-in-cheek reference to *The Silence of The Lambs*. And that's the point: many contemporary movies have attempted to push back the boundaries of morality, violence, or simply bad taste. But as this proves, it's all been done before. 400 years ago. Forget everything they taught you at school: this is Shakespeare, and Rome, as you've never seen them before.

Sanah Faridi
Christopher Turtle



Land of hype and glory

Charlie Phillips gets brassed off with British films

ter-based and reliant on emotion and beauty rather than violence and grittiness. Essentially, when you compare British films to the rest of the world's output, they're dull and it's ridiculous to support them just because they exist.

I've been convinced of this over the summer, partly due to the release of Guy Ritchie's *Snatch* at the cinema and partly due to lovely Channel 4's continuing showcase of Film Four-made and other British films. Guy Ritchie is not good for cinema. Yes, he's going out with Madonna. No, he isn't talented. British cinema won't progress via the wholesale import of Tarantino's ethically dubious attitudes. As it is, British culture as a whole has an identity crisis. Like all our cack-handed embraces of Americana, Ritchie doesn't shoot his films as cleverly as Tarantino. Instead he co-opts a mood that is irretrievably American and dumps it uncomfortably in a Britain that does not venerate violence, no matter how much Ritchie might want us to.

My attitude has nothing to do with a distaste for a specific genre of film – much of Film Four's successful output demonstrates a horrifically narrow range of film-making. One (the usual) path is that of urban realism – so we get Ken Loach boring us with old men in council estates, or Ewan MacGregor wheeled in to show us that Northern England is full of wrinkled grumpy people played by Brenda Blethyn, brass bands, drug abuse and mediocrity. Though perhaps partially true, this is still a tiny market for a

story. Real melancholy film-making can be stunning – look at *La Haine*, *Il Postino* and of course *It's a Wonderful Life* – but you won't get it by adapting the works of a half-arsed writer like Irvine Welsh.

British comedies, at the other extreme, are rarely funny, and usually cloyingly whimsical, reliant upon either a chirpy Northerner/Cockney (anyone see *Honest?*), animals (*Chicken Run* – funny because chickens talk like Jane Horrocks' silly voices? Yeah, right.), or bumbling aristocrats. The one shining cinematic triumph in Film Four's oeuvre is *Velvet Goldmine*, essentially a study of where dreams and pretence take you. But that's too shockingly abstract for a Britfilm, isn't it? Thus it gets panned by the critics and shoved under the carpet.

I'm not a cultural elitist, supporting only impenetrable avant-garde art films. Neither are foreign films necessarily unmitigated triumphs and a lot of what Hollywood makes is shameful (especially when it involves Jim Carrey and cows). However, consider the films currently showing:

Norwegian Lars Von Trier's revolutionary epic *Dancer in the Dark* (also slated by *Varsity*, but hey), American Harmony Korine's mind-melt *Julien Donkey-boy* and Frenchman Bruno Dumont's *L'Humanité*. They all challenge their audience and provoke a response. British films don't need Dogme 95's chastity to do this – mainstream US films consistently do this better than we do. Look at the darkness in Tim Burton's films; the Coen brothers' endless inventiveness; the tense psychology of *X-Men* (I'm being serious – Wolverine is a man who knows true pain; Rogue can't touch those she loves). Aren't there any British auteurs? There used to be.



Ewan MacGregor blows

film trailers

Mars Attacks | Christ's | Thu 12 | 10pm

This spoof on sci-fi blockbusters thinks it's much cleverer than it really is, though the self-deprecating cameos of Jack Nicholson and other stars are pretty amusing. As fun as *Independence Day*, but without the feel-good factor.

SF

Man On The Moon | Christ's | Sun 8 | 8pm, 10pm

Find out who Andy Kaufman was and whether Jim Carrey can act.

SF

Chicken Run | John's | Sun 8 | 7.30pm, 10pm

This film grossed millions on its release, and it's easy to see why. This is nothing like the *Wallace and Gromit* films but is every bit as entertaining. This is an animated non-stop action flick with a heart. Not just a 'chick-flick', it's 'poultry – in – motion' (sorry).

SF

The Thin Red Line | Peterhouse Theatre | Wed 11 | 8pm

What was Terence Malick thinking? Critics praised this as being in some way deeper and more meaningful than the ass-kicking *Saving Private Ryan*, so that should warn you off. Stunning scenery aside, this is dull, patronising, and overly long. I'm going to spoil the ending for you: nothing happens.

SF

The Beach | Robinson | Sun 8 | 7pm, 10pm | free

Everyone panned this movie because it wasn't like the book; ie it doesn't portray backpacking in Thailand as a life-changing experience. Students go to an island paradise where the drugs are free, but it all turns sour. Take it with a pinch of salt (or anything you fancy) and you'll enjoy it.

SF

Galaxy Quest | Churchill | Wed 11 | 8pm, 11pm

The cast of a sci-fi series are whisked away by aliens who believe that they are the only ones capable of saving them from annihilation. This *Star Trek* parody is spot-on, delivering the goods in terms of action and laughs. Well worth a look.

CT

Once Upon A Time in The West | Corpus Christi | Tue 10 | 8pm

If you only watch one western in your life, make sure it's this one. From the legendary opening sequence, to the chilling and brutal finale, this is crammed with crackling dialogue, classic scenes, solid performances, magnificent wind-swept vistas and a hauntingly beautiful soundtrack. The West never looked so wild.

CT

Sanah Faridi
Chris Turtle

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Eyes

Wide Open?

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CITIBANK 

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Friday | 06.10.00

Film

- **Arts:** 2.30, 4.30, 6.50, 9.00: Billy Elliot (15). 1.30, 6.30: Titus (18). 4.10, 9.30: O Brother, Where Art Thou? (12). 3.00: Faust (PG). 5.45, 8.45: Dancer In The Dark (15).

Misc

- **CU Entrepreneurs:** Launch event for our £50,000 business plan competition. *New Museums Site, Babbage Lecture Theatre.* 7:30pm.

- **Queens' Contemporary:** Meeting with Queens' resident dancer, Kenneth Sharp, about forthcoming classes. *Queens' College, Bowett Room.* 5pm.

- **Queens' Ents:** NAUGHTY! 90s anthems and chart hits. *Queens' College,* 7pm.

- **SALSA DANCE CLASSES WITH NELSON BATISTA:** Absolute beg/improvers: 6-7.30pm All levels: 7.30-9.00pm. Info: 020 8350 6612 or 0958 313 381. *St. Columbas Hall, 4 Downing Place (opp. Crowne Plaza).* 6pm. £5 per class (£4 students).

Music

- **Cambridge Modern Jazz Club:** Monica Vasconcelos' Nois: top Brazilian style jazz out of London. *Sophbeck Sessions, Cobble yard, Napier St, Cambridge.* 8:30pm. £12/£9.

- **Queens' Ents:** NAUGHTY! 90s pop and chart hits. *Queens' College,* 9pm.

- **The Edge Festival 2000:** ICU present JD Chilla & Boney Em with Cutting Edge Drum'n'Bass. *Man On The Moon, Norfolk Street, Cambridge, The Edge Festival 2000 brings Theatre, Music and Dance to Cambridge.* www.theedgefestival.co.uk for further details. 01223-511511 for booking details. 07769518035 for info. 9pm. £2 advance or B4 9.00pm / £3 after Limited Tickets Available.

- **The Peace:** Blues rock, funk and beats with a meat injection. *Selwyn College, The Diamond Room.* 9pm.

- **Trinity Hall Chapel Choir:** Auditions for all voices. 6-8pm. Just turn up. *Trinity Hall Music Room,* 6pm.

Talk

- **Pump Aid - Rowing to Africa:** Join

ST JOHN'S FILMS

<http://come.to/johnsfilms>

Sunday 8th October
7:30pm & 10pm

Chicken Run

Being John Malkovich

9pm

Thursday 12th October
Fisher Building, St John's £1.80

170 CU students sailing/rowing a Trirème from Athens to Africa for Pump Aid. *Venue: Babbage Lecture Theatre, (New Museums Site, Free School Lane).* 1:15pm.

Theatre

- **CU Musical Theatre Society:** Announces AUDITIONS for their freshers show - 'Fascinating Rhythm' - THIS WEEKEND mkp24@cam.ac.uk or 07968364825.

- **Eat Your House Productions:** "HOW TO EAT YOUR HOUSE" - Plot, comedy and stand-up?. *The Playroom,* 11pm. £3.00.

Saturday | 07.10.00

Film

- **Arts:** 11.00: Kids Club - Thomas And The Magic Railroad (U). 2.30, 4.40, 6.50, 9.00: Billy Elliot (15). 1.30, 6.30: Titus (18). 4.10, 9.30: O Brother, Where Art Thou? (12). 2.45, 8.45: Dancer In The Dark (15)

Misc

- **C.U.Hispanic Society:** *SQUASH!* FREE Sangria, Kalimotxo, Mate and Hispanic Music! *Queens' College, Erasmus Room.* 6pm.

- **New Hall and Jesus Ents present FRESH:** house/garage drum'n'bass, hiphop, 70's - featuring Lisa Marie Experience, Maxi Jazz. *New Hall, Huntingdon Road.* 9pm. £7 in advance, £8 on door.

- **Queens' Ents:** ES PARADIS. Relive the Summer through Ibiza anthems! *Queens' College,* 9pm.

Music

- **New Hall and Jesus Ents present FRESH:** house, drum'n'bass, hiphop, garage, seventies - featuring Lisa Marie Experience, Maxi Jazz, Devious D. *New Hall, Huntingdon Road.* 9pm. £7 in advance, £8 on door.

- **Queens' Ents:** Es Paradis. Relive the Summer with Ibiza anthems. *Queens' College,* 9pm.

- **St John's Ents:** HEAT - 2 rooms of commercial & funky house CUSU ID essential. *St. John's College, Fisher Building.* 9pm. £4.

- **Trinity Hall Chapel Choir:** Auditions for all voices. 12-2pm. Just turn up. *Trinity Hall Music Room,* 12am.

Theatre

- **BATS:** Auditions for Howard Barker's JUDITH. *Queens' College, Angevin Room.* 11am.

- **Making Good Theatre:** Actors for new play, 'The Global Millennium' by Rani Drew. 1pm-5pm, New Cellars, Pembroke

- **BATS:** Auditions for SLAG, A play by David Hare for 3 women, contact Jon on [jmic2](mailto:jmic2@cam.ac.uk). *Queens' College, The Stage, Fitzpatrick Hall.* 11am.

- **BATS:** Auditions for The Birthday Party (Harold Pinter). *Queens' College, Erasmus Room.* 00am.

- **Clare Actors:** Auditions for Murder in the Cathedral (T.S Eliot). *Clare College Godwin Room,* 00am.

- **CU Musical Theatre Society:** Announces AUDITIONS for their freshers show - 'Fascinating Rhythm' - THIS WEEKEND mkp24@cam.ac.uk or 07968364825.

- **Dryden Society:** Auditions for 'Twelfth Night', the 2001 Trinity Great Hall show. *Trinity College, Junior Parlour.* 10am.

- **Eat Your House Productions:** "HOW TO EAT YOUR HOUSE" - Plot, comedy and stand-up?. *The Playroom,* 11pm. £3.00.

- **Girton Drama:** Auditions for MacBeth, for a performance in Micaelmas term. *Wolfson Court, Clarkson Road, (off Grange Road).* 12am.

- **Tidal Wave Theatre:** Professional company performs English-language premiere of new Bengali play. *The Playroom,* 7:30pm. £3.50.

Sunday | 08.10.00

Film

- **Christ's Films:** Man on the Moon. *Christ's College, New Court Theatre.* 8pm & 10:30pm. £2.

- **Arts:** 2.30, 4.40, 6.50, 9.00: Billy Elliot (15). 2.00: Earth (15). 4.10, 9.30: O Brother, Where Art Thou? (12). 6.30: Titus (18). 1.00: Umbrellas of Cherbourg (PG). 3.00: Faust (PG). 5.45, 8.45: Dancer In The Dark (15)

- **Robinson Films:** Robinson Films Presents "The Beach" - Admission FREE! 7.00 and 10.00. *Robinson College, Auditorium.*

- **St John's Films:** Chicken Run. 7:30pm and 10pm. *St. John's College, Fisher Building.* 7:30pm. £1.80.

- **Trinity Films on tour...** 'Fight Club'...in Corpus Christi Auditorium at 8pm. £2 only!


Misc

- **Cambridge Labour Students:** Freshers' squash - lots of free wine and Socialism!. *King's College, Chetwynd Room.* 7:30pm.

- **SALSA NIGHT WITH NELSON BATISTA:** Class for absolute beg/imp: 7.00-7.45pm Dancing till 11.00pm Info: 020

Friday 13th October 2000
8:30pm till 1am - last entry 10:30pm
(free UV bodypainting before 9:30 pm)
The University Centre
(granta place, mill lane)
unique
a one off musical trip from pop to dance
tickets £3 on the door
<http://go.oads.bevia>
STUDENT ID REQUIRED

www.kettlesyard.cam.ac.uk/students



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8350 6612 or 0958 313 381. *Sophbeck Club, 14 Tredgold Lane, off Napier Street (next to Grafton Centre).* 7pm. £Class & Club: £4 (£3 students) Club only: £3.

Music

- **The Edge Festival 2000:** The Bridge Jonzi D Rising Son Shiggz Bombjack and more... *Kambar, Wheeler Street, Cambridge, In Association with the Edge Festival 2000. Bringing Theatre, Music and Dance to Cambridge.* www.theedgefestival.co.uk. 6pm. Tickets available on door only.

Theatre

- **BATS:** Auditions for Howard Barker's JUDITH. Contact Sarah on sp268 for details. *Queens', Angevin Rm.* 11am.

- **BATS:** Auditions for SLAG, A play by David Hare for three women. Contact Jon on [jmic2](mailto:jmic2@cam.ac.uk). *Queens' College, The Stage, Fitzpatrick Hall.* 11am.

- **Making Good Theatre:** Actors for new play, 'The Global Millennium' by Rani Drew. 1pm-5pm, New Cellars, Pembroke

- **BATS:** Auditions for The Birthday Party (Harold Pinter). *Queens' College, Erasmus Room.* 00am.

- **Clare Actors:** Auditions for Murder in the Cathedral (T.S Eliot). *Clare College Godwin Room,* 00am.

- **CU Musical Theatre Society:** Announces AUDITIONS for their freshers show - 'Fascinating Rhythm' - THIS WEEKEND mkp24@cam.ac.uk or 07968364825.

- **Dryden Society:** Auditions for 'Twelfth Night', the 2001 Trinity Great Hall show. *Trinity College, Junior Parlour.* 10am.

- **Making Good Theatre:** auditions 1-5pm for new play, 'Global Millennium' by Rani Drew. *Pembroke College, in the New Cellars.* 1pm.

- **Pembroke Players:** Auditions for 'Road' by Jim Cartwright, 12-6.30, contact Jack Thorne [jt251](mailto:jt251@cam.ac.uk). *ADC Theatre, Bar.*

Monday | 09.10.00

Film

- **Arts:** 2.30, 4.40, 6.50, 9.00: Billy Elliot (15). 1.00, 6.30: Titus (18). 4.10, 9.30: O Brother, Where Art Thou? (12). 10.00: Western Approaches (PG). 2.45, 5.45, 8.45: Dancer In The Dark (15)

- **Belly Dance:** Belly dance for absolute beginners starts again at King's again. *King's College, Chetwynd Room.* 7:30pm. concs.

- **Belly Dance:** Belly dance for intermediate/Advanced begins again at King's. All welcome. *King's College, Chetwynd Room.* 9pm. concs.

- **Yoga with Barbara Harding:** Stretch your body, stretch your mind (and breathe!!). *St Marks Community Centre, Barton Road.* 8pm. £3/5 per class.

Music

- **CU Troubadours:** Open rehearsal - sing and play medieval music! Recorder players welcome. *Jesus College, Octagon Room.* 7:30pm.

- **Revelation Rock-Gospel Choir:** First Rehearsal - open to all, come along and sing! *Peterhouse, Music Room.* 7:30pm.

- **Toxic 8 nightclub:** "Adelante", students night, entry from £1.4 floors of music. *promotional drinks £1, 8pm-2am.* 8pm.

- **University of Cambridge Concert Band:** First Rehearsal. No auditions required. *Newnham College, Old labs.* 8pm.

Tuesday | 10.10.00

Film

- **Corpus Christi College Pictures:** ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST, Sergio

MONDAY 30 OCTOBER - SATURDAY 4 NOVEMBER

THE CIRCUS OF HORRORS 'Bloody Good Fun!' TIME OUT



The world famous 'alternative' circus comes to the Corn Exchange. The bizarre world of THE CIRCUS OF HORRORS has to be seen to be believed! Once inside you'll come to face to face with all manner of oddities including FAKIRS and sensational CIRCUS ACTS bringing you an amazing amalgamation of SWORD SWALLOWERS, TRAPEZE ARTISTS, SNAKE CHARMERS, contortingly tying themselves in knots, TATTOOED LADIES squeezing into tiny bottles, VAMPIRES... and the awesome FLYING SKELETONS... all presided over by the Undead Ringmaster, DR HAZE.

STUDENTS, UNWAGED: £10.00!
MONDAY: TWO TICKETS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
MONDAY TO FRIDAY 7.30PM
SATURDAY 6.00PM & 9.00PM
TICKETS £18.00 £15.00 £12.50

Live Music By HAZE vs the X Factor

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new hall and jesus ents present:

FRESH

Sat 7th Oct, 9pm-2am
@ New Hall, Huntingdon Road

HOUSE, GARAGE, DRUM'N'BASS, HIPHOP, 70'S
£7 in advance, £8 on door

from ents officers @ new hall, jesus, clare, emma, caius and christs
www.undergroundtrax.com/fresh

CLARE CELLARS

FRI 6/10: R'N'B: SHORTEE BLITZ
THE ULTIMATE HYBRID OF THE LATEST IN R'N'B' AND HIPHOP
9pm £4

SUNDAY 8/10: CLARE JAZZ presents
THE DAVID GILBERT QUARTET
FROM LONDON'S 'JAZZ ON THE STREETS' FESTIVAL
9pm £4

FOOTLIGHTS

squash

Saturday 7 Oct
4.30-6.30pm
ADC Bar

ALL WELCOME

St John's Ents present

HEAT

Saturday 7th October - Freshers' Week Ent

Main Room: Commercial House



Foyer: Funky House

£4 - 9pm till 1am - Fisher Building - St John's College - CUSU ID essential

Leone's masterpiece. *McCrum Theatre, Benet Street*. 8pm. £2.

- **Arts:** 1.30: A Canterbury Tale (PG). 4.40, 6.50, 9.00: Billy Elliot (15). 1.00: Titus (18). 4.10, 9.30: O Brother, Where Art Thou? (12). 6.30: Dancer In The Dark (15). 2.45: Dancer In The Dark (15). 9.15: Chocolat (15)

Misc

- **C.U. Ninjutsu Club:** Beginners classes in Ninjutsu, a fascinating and practical martial art. *Small Gym at Fenners*. 8pm. £3.00.
- **Samatha Meditation:** Free classes in traditional Buddhist meditation. *Darwin College*. 8pm.
- **Yoga with Barbara Harding:** Stretch your body, stretch your mind! . *St Marks, Barton Road*. 5:45pm. £3/5.

Theatre

- **A Midsummer Night's Dream:** Two Pucks, voyeuristic fairies and a very camp Bottom. *The Playroom*. 7:30pm. £4 students, £5 non-students.
- **Cambridge Footlights :** Smokers - late

nigh experimental, partly improvised comedy experience. *ADC Theatre*. 11pm. £3.50.

- **Footlights:** The highlights of last year's Smokers 11pm. *ADC Theatre*. 11pm. £2.50 (members) £3.50 (others).
- **MND:** 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. *The Playroom*. 8pm. £4.

Wednesday | 11.10.00

Film

- **Churchill MCR Film Soc.:** Galaxy Quest. *Churchill College, Wolfson Hall*. 8pm. £1.80.
- **Arts:** 10.00: Run Lola Run (15). 2.30, 4.40, 6.50, 9.00: Billy Elliot (15). 1.00, 6.30: Titus (18). 4.20, 9.30: O Brother, Where Art Thou? (12). 2.45, 5.45, 8.45: Dancer In The Dark (15)

Misc

- **CU Poker Society:** Squash for friendly,

low stakes poker society. *Trinity Hall, Bar*. 7pm.

- **Yoga with Barbara Harding:** Stretch your body, stretch your mind!. *St Marks, Barton Road*. 5:45pm. £3/5.
- **Music**
- **Clare College Music Society:** Chris Weston (piano) new work by Joseph Finlay Beethoven Moonlight sonata. *Clare College, Bennett Room, Memorial Court*. 8pm. £1.
- **West Cambridge Symphony Orchestra:** Welcomes all instrumentalists, particularly strings, brass and percussion. *Wesley Methodist Church, For details see <http://www.cam.ac.uk/societies/wcso/join.htm>*. 7:25pm.
- **Theatre**
- **A Midsummer Night's Dream:** Two Pucks, voyeuristic fairies and a very camp Bottom... *The Playroom*. 7:30pm. £4 students, £5 non-students.

Thursday | 12.10.00

Film

- **Arts:** 10.00: Great Expectations (U). 2.30, 4.40, 6.50, 9.00: Billy Elliot (15). 1.00, 6.30: Titus (18). 4.20, 9.30: O Brother, Where Art Thou? (12). 3.00: Thorne Of Blood (15). 5.45, 8.45:

BRICKHOUSE THEATRE COMPANY ANNOUNCES AUDITIONS for THE THREEPENNY OPERA


A play with music by Bertolt Brecht

Sunday 8th Oct 12-7pm
Monday 9th Oct 2-9pm
Robinson College Music Room

Feel free to bring something to sing

- **Dancer In The Dark (15)**
- **Christ's Films:** Mars Attacks!. *Christ's College, New Court Theatre*. 10pm. £2.
- **Robinson Films:** Robinson Films Presents: Human Traffic. *Robinson College, Auditorium*. 9:30pm. £2.00.
- **St John's Films:** Being John Malkovich. *St. John's College, Fisher Building*. 9pm. £1.80.

BRICKHOUSE THEATRE COMPANY
INVITES APPLICATIONS
for
**COSTUME DESIGNER
CHOREOGRAPHER**
*For their 7th week production
of Bertolt Brecht's
THE THREEPENNY OPERA*
DEADLINE: THURSDAY 12th OCTOBER
Contact: Lydia Nelson, len21
Tel: 07971 022171
www.brickhousetheatre.co.uk



**Amateur
Dramatic Club**

FRESHERS' SQUASH
Friday 6th October
4-6pm, ADC Theatre Bar
*Come and enjoy a drink on us
and find out how you can soon
be involved with theatre
in Cambridge.*



**AUDITIONS
LOVERS**
by Brian Friel

CADS 7th Week Mainshow
Christ's New Court Gallery
Sat & Sun 10-4
For info. please contact Yael
at ys222 or 0956 501 757

**AUDITIONS FOR
A NEW PLAY**

'THE HOUSE OF FLIES'

Monday 9th October
Tuesday 10th October
1pm - 7pm
**Robinson College
Games Room**

The Fletcher Players announce Auditions for:

- *Old Times* (Harold Pinter) in Week 7: auditions 12-6pm, Saturday 7th October, in the Playroom (contact ahve2).
- *Transplant* (Adam Tuck), a new comedy for Week 7: auditions 12-6pm, Saturday 7th October, Playroom (contact ast25).
- *Bouncers* (John Godber) in Week 8: auditions 12-6pm, Sunday 8th October, in room I6, Corpus Christi College (contact hew23).

The Playroom St. Edward's Passage,
King's Parade, Cambridge

Trinity College Dryden Society
announces **AUDITIONS** for
William Shakespeare's
'TWELFTH NIGHT'
to be performed 14th-16th Jan
in The Great Hall, Trinity College

Sat 7th and Sun 8th October
10-1 and 2-5
Junior Parlour, Trinity College
Queries: sli20@cam.ac.uk

SHADWELL in association with
THE ROYAL COURT
announce
AUDITIONS
for
THE COUNTRY
by Martin Crimp

A WEEK 5 PLAYROOM MAINSHOW

SAT 1-4, SUN 1-4
The Green Room, Caius College

Pembroke Players present
ROAD
by Jim Cartwright

AUDITIONS
Sunday 8th Oct
12 - 6.30 pm
ADC Bar

Contact Jack Thorne jt251

Create something special and original:

- A memento of Cambridge
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Present this ad to qualify for 10% discount.
Valid until 31 December 2000



CU Musical Theatre Society
invites applications for
'Fascinating Rhythm'

MUSICAL DIRECTOR
(must be able to arrange)
and
JAZZ MUSICIANS

Contact mkp24 or 07968 364 825

CU Musical Theatre Society
presents
'Fascinating Rhythm'

**AUDITIONS FOR
FRESHER ACTORS/
SINGERS/DANCERS**
Bring a song if you want

Fri 4-7, Sat 11-5 (Oct 6th & 7th)
Contact mkp24 or 07968 364 825
for location

Preston Society announces:-
AUDITIONS
for
'Tis Pity She's a Whore
by John Ford

Sat/Sun 2 - 6pm
B1 @ Trinity Hall

Contact Kate: kmc29
07747 778104

cadenza

Cadanza, a mixed-voice choir specialising in a cappella arrangements of popular, jazz and musical numbers, is looking for new singers (soprano, alto, tenor and bass)

So come to our informal auditions!
Saturday 7 October, 3.00pm to 6.00pm
Sunday 8 October, 2.00pm to 5.00pm
both in the Old Library, Emmanuel College
Contact Tjarda at tjr29@hermes.cam.ac.uk
or Madeleine at ml226@hermes.cam.ac.uk or tel: 01223 302258

Peppercorns
3 Rose Crescent

Muffin Mania!
**Free Chocolate
topped Muffins**
with any Jumbo
Starts Monday 9th October
While Stocks Last

ARCADIA
**INVITE APPLICATIONS
FOR FUNDING**

for Michaelmas term 2000
DEADLINE: FRIDAY 13TH OCTOBER

Written applications to Katie
McAleese, Sidney Sussex
(Tel: 07980 577937)

MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Join a stimulating, home-based plan, for our 6 year old mildly autistic daughter, based on Sun-rise Programme.

We would like to ask you to volunteer 4 hours per week (for six months) reimbursed travelling expenses

Make the call - Tel: 248622

MAKE A DIFFERENCE



**Fitzbillies is best
For take-away**

Filled baguettes, wraps
and Hot Panini

Free coffee with any
purchase before 10.30

On the corner of Trumpington St. and Pembroke St.

LesBiGay

- **Tight Laced - The Masked Ball:** Techno/Sleazy. Strict dresscode. *The Q Club, 1-3 Station Road, Cambridge* Tel.01223 315466. 9pm. £2 B4 10:30, £3 after.

Talk

- **Kettle's Yard Gallery:** Works by two young British Artists; Jane Dixon: Parallel Objects & Juan Cruz: Santa

Maria 5 O'clock. *Kettle's Yard, Kettle's Yard, Castle Street.* 7pm.

Theatre

- **A Midsummer Night's Dream:** Two Pucks, voyeuristic fairies and a very camp Bottom... *The Playroom.* 7:30pm. £4 students, £5 non-students.

Street (opposite Pembroke). 7:30pm. £5, £3 concessions.

- **TRINITY ENTS:** presenting OveRd0Se2000: DRUM + BASS//BREAKS + BEATS. *Trinity College, WPR.* 9pm. £3.
- **UNIQUE:** A one off musical trip from pop to dance (last entry 10:30pm). *The University Centre, (Granta Place, Mill Lane).* 8:30pm. £3.

Theatre

- **A Midsummer Night's Dream:** Two Pucks, voyeuristic fairies and a very camp Bottom... *The Playroom.* 7:30pm. £4 students, £5 non-students.

Classified

SAX/GUITAR TUITION – jazz, popular, blues, classical, improvisation. Plus live jazz for events, dancing, background 30's–90's moods. www.jazz-ambience.com. Tel: 365276

MODELS REQUIRED for life drawing classes, £9p.h. (Inexperienced models are welcome). contact: Mr. Kourbaj, CATS, 13/14 Round Church Street, CB5 8AD. Email: ikourbaj@yahoo.co.uk

The Marlowe Society

ANNOUNCES AUDITIONS FOR AUGUST

winner of the RSC 'other prize' for new writing

Sat 7th Oct, 12–5

Chetwynd Room, King's College

Contact TGP20

Friday | 13.10.00**Misc**

- **SALSA DANCE CLASSES WITH NELSON BATISTA:** Absolute beg/improvers:6-7.30pm All levels:7.30-9.00pm. Info:020 8350 6612 or 0958 313 381. *St. Columbas Hall, 4 Downing Place (opp. Crowne Plaza).* 6pm. £5 per class (£4 students).
- **Music**
- **Cafe Studio:** Professional singer/song-writer Nancy Sawyer performs spiritual pop. *Emmanuel URC, Trumpington*



The European Theatre Group announces auditions for its **Winter 2000 Tour of Europe** with

Shakespeare's THE TEMPEST Actors, singers and dancers required **Sat 7th and Sun 8th October 2000**

1–6pm, Ramsden Room, St Catharine's

Contact Matt Applewhite (mea26) for more details.

The European Theatre Group invites applications for **3 FRESHER TECHNICIANS** to join its Winter 2000

Tour of Europe (No experience necessary)

Contact Rob Loxley (ral32) for more details

Barbara Harding

will now be teaching **Yoga on**

Mondays 3pm, Darwin,

and

Mondays 8 pm, Tuesdays

5.45 pm and Wednesdays

5.45pm all at St Marks

FOOTLIGHTS

announce auditions for **TREASURE ISLAND**

Sat 7 Oct 12–4

Sun 8 Oct 2–6

Winstanley Lecture Theatre Trinity College (opp. Great Gate)

ACTORS, ACTRESSES, SINGERS, DANCERS, ETC.

FOOTLIGHTS

invite applications for

TOUR MANAGER

2001 National Tour

Contact Alison aec32 07710 488423

Deadline: Midnight, Friday 13th October

ADC 7th Week Late Show HONG KONG STORY**NEEDS DANCERS**

AUDITIONS: 7th and 8th October 2.30pm

No. 13 Park Terrace

Email: bhw20@cam.ac.uk

Trinity Hall Chapel Choir**AUDITIONS**

for all voices

Friday 6th October 6–8pm
Saturday 7th October 12–2pm

Just turn up at Trinity Hall Music Room, or contact James Targett (jbt21: 367897)

3rd-7th Oct, 11pm **How To Eat Your House**

Eat Your House Productions

7th Oct **Night's Sunlight**

7.30pm Ketaki Kushari Dyson

The Playroom St. Edward's Passage, King's Parade, Cambridge

CLARE ACTORS

announces auditions for **Murder In The Cathedral**

by T.S. Eliot

4th Week Playroom Mainshow

Sat 7th Oct 12–5

Sun 8th Oct 12–5

Clare College, Old Court, Godwin Room

Any queries contact ked24

Cambridge University Gilbert and Sullivan Society

ANNOUNCES AUDITIONS FOR ENSEMBLE PARTS

in a

Fifth week ADC Mainshow production of

Sweeney Todd – The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

Pembroke New Music Room

Friday 6th October 6.30–8pm

Saturday 7th October

10am–6pm

Turn up at any time – bring something to sing if you like

Any queries to Paddy Birbeck on 0797 4568853

or Email

paddy.birbeck@dial.pipex.com

AMERICANS! Absentee Ballots/ Voting Information at University Centre on Oct 9, 11.30–4.30, 2nd Fl.

If you are a registered voter or want to register to vote, a Voting Assistance Officer will have Federal Write-In Absentee Ballots and Voter Registration Forms. Can't come?

www.fvap.ncr.gov

WEEK 5 BATS

BLEEDING EDGE THEATRE: A DOUBLE BILL

SLAG

A play by David Hoe for 3 women

The Stage, Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens

12–5pm Sat 7th & Sun 8th Oct

Any questions, contact Jon Croker jmic2 (director)

Or contact producers: Kirsty (kjl34) or Kate (kjb31)

Howard Barker's

JUDITH

A parting from the body **Angevin Room, Queens**

11–4pm Sat 7th & Sun 8th Oct

Any questions, contact Sarah on sp268, 07989 559698

WEEK 7 SHOWS:



Harold Pinter's

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

Erasmus Room, Queens

12–6pm Sat 7th & Sun 8th Oct

Contact crm29

7TH WEEK MAINSHOW BATS

equus by Peter Schaffer

AUDITIONS: OLD KITCHENS, QUEENS

Dancers also required for physically expressive roles of Horses (male or female)

SATURDAY 7/10 11-2, 3-5 Acting

SUNDAY 8/10 11-2 Acting

SUNDAY 8/10 3-5 Dancing

contact nish on n1220 or 0771 3731090

Amateur Dramatic Club

announces AUDITIONS for its Michaelmas ClubShows

Auditions for **THE PORTAGE TO SAN CHRISTOBAL of AH** by Christopher Hampton
4th Week ADC Theatre MainShow
Sat 7 Oct, 11am - 4pm & Sun 8 Oct, 11am - 4pm and 5-8pm
Munby Room, King's
Contact Johann Hari (jeh41)

Auditions for the ADC/Footlights Pantomime 2000 **TREASURE ISLAND**
7/8th Week ADC Theatre MainShow
Actors, singers and dancers wanted
Sat 7 Oct, 11am-4pm & Sun 8 Oct, 2pm-6pm
Winstanley Lecture Theatre, Trinity (opp. Great Gate)
Contact James Morris (jdm47)

Other ClubShows this term are **ELECTRA, BLOOD WEDDING, HAMLET! The Musical, and ONE NIGHT STANDS**

Auditions for **THE TRIAL** by Stephen Berkoff
5th Week Elsewhere Show:
Sat 7 & Sun 8 Oct, 11am - 5pm
Knox-Shaw Room, Sidney Sussex
Contact Alex Mackintosh (agsm2) or Katie McAleese (cm257)

Auditions for the **Freshers' Shows 2000 THE VISIT and THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND**
6th Week ADC Theatre Main and LateShows
Sat 7 Oct, Christ's New Ct Theatre
Sun 8 Oct, ADC Theatre. Both 12-6pm.
Freshers interested in Producing, Directing and Technical or Design roles should attend the ADC Squash to arrange an interview or email: president@cuadc.org

Sam Smiley

Trumpington Street (Opposite Corpus)

New Term

Madness

Tuna & Cucumber

Baguette only £1.00

The place to buy lunch in Cambridge

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WEDNESDAY 11th OCTOBER 2000

AT 18.30

THE UNIVERSITY ARMS HOTEL, CAMBRIDGE

EMPOWERING CHANGE.SM



Greece is the word

Matthew Applewhite, director of *Electra*, introduces a selection of reflections by members of his cast

Next week's homecoming of productions of Sophocles' *Electra* and Lorca's *Blood Wedding* heralds the final chapter in the story of this summer's Amateur Dramatic Club tour of Greece. Here members of the cast describe the highlights of a unique working holiday.

In early July 2000 – after months of planning, a frantic ten-day rehearsal period and successful previews at an open-air Greek theatre in Berkshire – the Amateur Dramatic Club Greece Tour company finally arrived in Athens. We soon adapted to the prospect of performing in temperatures of over 40

degrees, especially after enacting extracts of the plays in the mighty theatre of Epidauros. Acting on this vast stage, looking out over a potential audience of thousands, proved a unique technical and artistic challenge. Literally treading in the footsteps of two millennia of actors before us felt like we were taking theatre back to its roots. As well as getting a good suntan.

Joe Wicks: "Our first official venue was a white marble amphitheatre with a backdrop of sea, sky and sun-kissed mountains in the industrial city and international ferry port of Patras. The first night was pretty tense, especially after discovering that our entire set had gone missing somewhere between the UK and Greece. Apparently, starting the show any less than half an hour late would be considered rude. So, running 45 minutes late, with the lights just set up and a makeshift set assembled, a curious audience wandered in – many of whom spoke no English and whose theatrical etiquette included mobile phone conversations mid-performance."

Lucia Latimer: "Much of our time in the quiet rural town of Amaliada, our next venue, was spent publicising our performances and some of us were even asked for autographs. Most memorably, we distributed flyers at Ancient Olympia, where an American woman sincerely enlightened us: 'This is where the first Olympic Games took place. Isn't that amazing? I guess they only had track and field back then, though.'"

Alex Madden: "By the time we'd finished clambering around the huge

slabs and columns which remained of the 2,500 year old theatre at Elida, it was difficult not to feel fully in awe of the place, as well as an obligation to perform well. In the event, performing *Electra* in such a venue was as magical as it promised to be. Not much suspension of disbelief was needed to provide an atmosphere of desperate tragedy, as we weaved our way around ruins or cried out from behind ancient walls."

Jot Davies: "Our next venue for *Blood Wedding* was somewhat different. There was no escaping the fact that we were performing in a forest, with a canopy hanging above us and pine needles crunching underfoot. And what could have been more fitting? The third act of the play opens in the forest. It acts as both a shadowy refuge for the ill-fated lovers and the moonlit arena of the final death-match. It seemed perfect to be performing this with the hooting of owls and the scrapping of crickets punctuating Lorca's eerie poetry."

Kate Doulton: "Having spent the afternoon on a blistering hot beach, we turned up at our final venue, an atmospheric courtyard on the island of Naxos. As flocks of birds wheeled overhead and the sun started to set, a strange phenomenon began to occur. People, – not figments of a thesp's imagination – hundreds of real people started to stream through the entrance gates. By the time the performance began, every seat was occupied and there were even several people standing. Suddenly, none of us was tired any more and something clicked. The audience were enthralled until the very end and the applause did not stop."



Photo: Andy Prag



Photo: Andy Prag



Photo: James Williams

theatre previews

Night's Sunlight | Playroom | Sat 7 Oct | 8pm

Racial alienation, radical politics and dreams of Bengal come to Cambridge as part of the Arts Council's Millennium Festival tour.

The Best of the Fest | Arts

Theatre | Sun 8 Oct | 7.30pm
Danny Bhoj hosts this showcase of Edinburgh 2000's top comedy acts. Featuring Andrew Maxwell, Julia Morris and Jeff Innocent. John Finnemore is busy.

Electra | ADC | Mon 9, Wed 11 & Fri 13 Oct | 7.45pm

Leaving behind tumbledown ruins of a Greek amphitheatre in favour of a more up-to-date venue, this production of Sophocles' classic revenge tragedy has been described as stunningly visual. For the female protagonist, avenging her father's death means killing her mother.

Blood Wedding | ADC | Tue 10, Thu 12 & Sat 14 Oct | 7.45pm

More tragic goings-on, as the *Electra* cast perform Lorca's exploration of love and loss. Anyone would think there was a compulsory Part II English paper on tragedy.

Sensible Haircut | ADC |

Wed 11 – Sat 14 Oct | 11pm
Footlights' much-lauded Edinburgh Tour Show returns to Cambridge to be lauded a bit more. Expect laughter, surprise, and delight. And that's only when you see the new bar.

A Midsummer Night's Dream |

Playroom | Tue 10 - Sat 14 Oct | 7.30pm
Originally intended as an outdoor May Week show, this long-awaited production of Shakespeare's perennial favourite promises to stand out from the crowd, apparently by featuring two Pucks.

Losing your religion

God Only Knows | Arts Theatre | Mon 2 – Sat 7 | 7.45pm, 2.30pm (Thur & Sat)

Jacobi shines in dramatised theological debate

Hugh Whitmore's latest play, starring Derek Jacobi, is a thought-provoking drama which raises perceptive questions about commonly held religious beliefs, particularly Christian ones, and examines the nature of faith.

Set on the terrace of an isolated farmhouse in present-day Tuscany, the action begins with two holidaying couples, the Mintos and the Cokers, relaxing after an evening meal. The spell of contentment is broken by the sound of a crashing car, and out of the shadows bursts the pyjama clad figure of Humphrey Biddulph (Jacobi).

Amidst furtive glances and panic-stricken stutters, he very reluctantly explains that he is a translator of ancient scriptures, on the run from Italian authorities after making a dis-

covery that could have momentous implications.

During the evening that follows, the couples are drawn by their unexpected guest into a lively discussion of religious belief.

Does it, for instance, enhance our moral and humanitarian aspects or does it "reduce us to abject, non-thinking slugs"? Should we believe in things we can't or even don't want to prove?

Whitmore's well-argued views reveal a vehemently atheist side and are backed by a plethora of biological, biblical and biographical explanations.

The result occasionally feels like a debating forum with the play's momentum sometimes slowing at the expense of making a point. However, it does make a point, and there are times when you feel part of the audience bristling with indignation whilst others are agreeing whole-heartedly.

Some fine comic moments also serve to either lighten the mood or evoke nervous "is it OK to say that?" laughter amongst a largely middle-class audience.

The cast were generally superb, with Jacobi dominating the stage in a part written especially for him. Kate Coker (Margot Leicester) was amusing as a hospitable and diplomatic mother whilst Charles Minto (David Yelland) gave a powerful performance as the challenged representative of a conservative establishment.

John Gunter's intricately designed set was excellent, complemented by some clever lighting effects.

God Only Knows is a play which will no doubt divide audiences and challenge assumptions. If one of the purposes of theatre is to make you think, then this play succeeds with aplomb.

Kaj Rucinski



Game, set and match

The Stars' Tennis Balls | Stephen Fry | Hutchinson | £16.99

Anyone for tennis?

In a radical break with reviewing protocol, you won't have to read to the end of the review to find out about Stephen Fry's fourth novel. If you're in a hurry, then simply take my word for it; *The Stars' Tennis Balls* is brilliant.

It's 1980. Ned Maddstone is eighteen, and his life seems perfect. The charming, floppy-haired schoolboy is captain of the First XI, Head Boy, and is about to sit his Oxford entrance exams. His girlfriend, Portia Fendeman, is drop-dead gorgeous and absolutely besotted with him. Not surprisingly, everybody else hates him. Portia's parents – two kaftan-wearing, CND-marching Hampstead intellectuals – are appalled that their daughter can have fallen for such a pillar of the establishment. Gordon, Portia's cousin, has only met Ned once, but instinctively hated him on sight. Rufus Cade, Ned's lackadaisical, perpetually stoned classmate, thinks Ned is a sanctimonious twat; so square he doesn't even do cannabis. Ashley Barson-Garland, a sordid, snivelling social climber, can't stand the fact that Ned is everything he has ever wanted to be, and everything he never will be.

The tennis balls alluded to in the title come not from Wimbledon but from Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi* – "we are merely the stars' tennis balls, struck and banded which way please them." And Ned is about to be smashed to the back of the court. A dying teacher's last words, and a malicious practical joke played by Cade and Barson-Garland, lead to Ned's arrest and disappearance.

Twenty years pass, and the stars put away their tennis racquets. But the meteoric rise of dot-com entrepreneur Simon Cotter sets the game in motion once more – a game in which there can ultimately be no winners.

Fry's writing is often compared to that of P G Wodehouse, and indeed he makes no secret of his admiration for the Jeeves and Wooster author. It's true that Fry, like Wodehouse, loves language; he's clearly fascinated by the ways that people speak. Portia's parents, fantastically solemn and doctrinaire, are the source of some conversational gems: "E P Thompson is delivering a lecture on Cultural Imperialism to the Fabian Society; we've forty-five minutes to get there." Ned and Portia's love letters likewise contain the sort of cringe-worthy platitudes that we've all used and all instantly regretted.

But Fry's novels are generally much darker than anything by Wodehouse. His first book, *The Liar*, gave us Adrian Healey, an arrogant, mendacious and self-obsessed public schoolboy. Ted Wallace in *The Hippopotamus* was a decrepit, womanis-

ing alcoholic – and those were his good points. It's a far cry from Mike and Psmith, Wodehouse's other comic creations. *The Stars' Tennis Balls* is no different; the themes of arrogance, pomposity and sheer bloody-mindedness bring out Fry's gleeful best. Fry knows all too well how clever he is, but he takes such obvious delight in his writing that it's impossible not to be entranced. His latest novel is deliciously witty, unreservedly opinionated and utterly captivating. If you buy only one book this term, make it this one.

Nick Poyntz



Photo: Arrow Books

Cantab

Rachel Buller colours in Thomas Gray



Thomas Gray was for many years a fellow commoner of Peterhouse, but left in 1756 after becoming the butt of an undergraduate joke. Petrified of fire, he had arranged for a blacksmith to fit an iron railing to the masonry outside his window, so that in the event of a conflagration he could tie his bed sheets to it, climbing to safety. The iron bar is still there today, on the top storey of the neo-classical building next to Little St Mary's. One night, however, a group of undergraduates woke Gray during the small hours with shouts of "Fire! Fire!" Terrified, he stumbled over to his window and climbed out, only to land in a barrel of water placed at the bottom by the pranksters. He was not amused, and left the college in disgust to become a fellow of Pembroke.

This incident reveals much of Gray's personality. Born in London in 1716, the son of a scrivener, Gray's childhood had been classically oedipal. He loathed his bullying father, but adored his mother. In later life he would walk forty miles in a single day to visit her. The only one of twelve children to survive childhood, he commemorated her on her tomb as "the careful tender mother of many children, one of whom had the misfortune to survive her." She sent him to Eton, where Gray was a close friend of, amongst others, Richard West and Horace Walpole. Indeed, after leaving Eton he and Walpole set off on a Grand Tour round Italy and the Alps. But they quarrelled, and Gray angrily flounced back to Cambridge, where he was to spend

most of his life.

Gray always remained prone to the romantic malady, suffering periodic bouts of soul-searching and depression. Shy and bookish, he never taught, and remained something of a recluse; Dr Johnson described him, unkindly, as a "dull fellow". All of this pervades Gray's most famous work, the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*; written perhaps as early as 1742 but kept private until its publication was enforced in 1751. Much to his horror, it was an instant success. The *Elegy* gave new expression to a popular brand of sentimentality that had been previously associated with members of the so-called 'graveyard school', such as Robert Blair. As befitted Gray's social status, the poem's rustic peasants are viewed from a romantic and suitably distorting distance. While Gray dwells sorrowfully on the obscurity of their lives, he assumes that underneath their outward hardships lies an untapped, natural and poetic understanding of truth.

While Gray's agrarian romanticism might now be unfashionable, the *Elegy's* masterful sense of music and cadence alone is enough to justify its status. And there are other sides to Gray too. Later poems, such as *The Fatal Sisters* and *The Descent of Odin* reflect Gray's growing interest in Welsh and Norse mythology and poetical forms. And his *Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat*, written for Walpole in 1747, shows a wittiness and sense of fun that evidently went unnoticed by Dr Johnson.

Poetry in motion

Thalia Ruimteveiller investigates the world of contemporary poetry festivals

"Nine tenths of English poetic literature," wrote Robert Graves, "is the result either of vulgar careerism, or of a poet trying to keep his hand in. Most poets are dead by their late twenties." A quick glance at National Poetry Day, which has just celebrated its seventh anniversary, might tempt you to agree with him. In previous years the event, organised by the Poetry Society in cooperation with the BBC, has been accompanied by a series of high-profile opinion polls. The nation's favourite love poem, it emerges, is Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *How do I love thee?* Rudyard Kipling's *If* also seems to be a perennial favourite. Last year's poll produced perhaps the most publicity of all, with Griff Rhys Jones inviting the British public to vote for their favourite song lyric. The winner was John Lennon's solo 1971 hit, *Imagine*.

This year's National Poetry Day – which took place on Thursday 5 October – initially seemed somewhat tame by comparison. Its biggest event appears to owe more to Jamie Oliver than T S Eliot. Over the course of the

next week, London's Poetry Cafe is playing host to a series of world cuisines. Michael Donaghy, for instance, is sampling the delights of Mexican cooking. The day itself began with Andrew Motion indulging in a 'power breakfast' – just the thing for the high-flying Poet Laureate.

But there's a lot more to the British poetry scene than Motion's culinary adventures. More low-key, but far more influential than public opinion polls, is the National Poetry Competition, organised by the Poetry Society in association with BT. This year's judges are: Lavinia Greenlaw, reader at the South Bank Centre; Ian McMillan, poet in residence at Barnsley Football Club; and Don

Paterson, whose *God's Gift to Women* won the T S Eliot Prize in 1997. The committee is chaired by Germaine Greer. Past winners have included both established and previously unpublished poets, and there is still time to enter – the closing date for submissions is 31 October.

Earlier in the year, the London Festival of Literature laid on a tremendous range of literary events, including talks by such authors as P D James, Colin Dexter and Margaret Atwood. The Festival also featured Bob Geldof's poll to discover the nation's favourite word. The winner was serendipity, although fuck, bollocks, Jesus and money all scored highly. And more is still to come – on Thursday 12

October, Arthur Miller will be in conversation with the theatre and film director Richard Eyre, talking about his work and his new collection of essays, *Down the Corridor*. Later this year, on 3–5 November, the East Suffolk coastal town of Aldeburgh will be hosting its twelfth International Poetry Festival. The Festival is probably the best attended of its kind, and will combine readings from national and foreign poets, workshops, children's events, and public masterclasses. Michael Hoffmann will be talking about Robert Lowell, and there will be appearances from the likes of Patience Agbabi, U A Fanthorpe and Roger McGough.

Most important of all, though, is the work carried out by National Poetry Day behind the scenes. Last year's poll of song lyrics was one way of convincing the British public that there was more to poetry than Shakespearean sonnets; but far more effective are the many events now taking place in Britain's schools and towns. Inner-city poetry workshops rarely hit the headlines, but it's thanks to them that hundreds of children and adults can enjoy contemporary poetry. Plumbing the

great depths of the nation's tastes in literature is all very well, but the real value of National Poetry Day lies in promoting fresh talent; without it, contemporary poetry would lack much of its energy and vibrancy.

literary listings

The Poetry Society:

www.poetrysociety.org.uk
Visit their official website to find out more about what they do, and to find further details of the National Poetry Competition.

The London Festival of Literature:

www.theword.org.uk
For details on Arthur Miller and the Nation's Top Ten Favourite Words.

The Twelfth International Aldeburgh Poetry Festival:

www.liveliterature.net
Or e-mail the Festival Director, at naomi.jaffa@ukonline.co.uk

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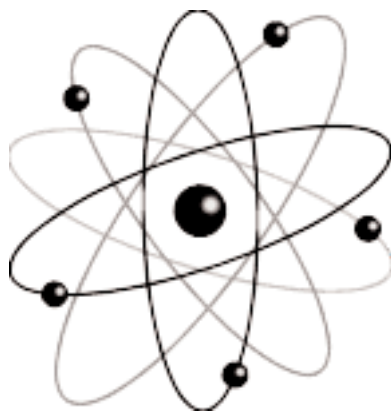
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Inside Tracey's bed

Controversial artist Tracey Emin put down her brush to speak with Mark Lobel

A blank stare. The interview is over, but Tracey Emin's disbelief is not. Her eyes fix on mine. "What fucking planet are you from?" she gapes. I had simply asked for her number, in case I had any further questions.



The Brit-art brat is renowned for her fiery relationship with the media. She assured me that "the press ALWAYS gets things wrong". But after discussing several pieces of her work with her, as we strolled through *Ant Noises 2* at the Saatchi Gallery in London, I began to feel that things weren't really so simple.

We began our tour looking at the Turner-nominated cum-stained 'bed' – littered with her fags, condoms and traces of the morning-after pill – that cost Charles Saatchi £150,000. 'My Bed' is the recreation of five days of deep depression for Emin during which she did not move from it. She claims it's authentic, though various critics have scorned the idea, and Emin certainly admits that several things have been removed. "I just decided that if it was surrounded by tons of stuff, it would just look like some kind of deranged nest." The bed had also been reconstructed several times, on its travels between Japan, New York and the Tate, before Saatchi snatched it up. The different reactions from its global public have been interesting. Apparently the Japanese were "appalled by my slippers". Emin herself says she looks and thinks "Wow! It's really sweet – touching and inoffensive". An art critic I overheard in the gallery concluded rather differently, claiming he "would rather buy one from IKEA."

Labelled, by a journalist who met her recently, as "Britain's most confessional artist", a concern with Emin's life and experiences is key to the appreciation of her exhibit. And the story of the 37 years of her life is quite astounding. Emin has said she "got broke in to" at the age of 13 in Margate. This has been interpreted as rape. The following six months of her life were total misery. But she endured far worse times watching her mother on a life-support machine suffering from a burst appendix. Eight years ago Emin had an abortion, for the second time. Between the two she destroyed all the art she had ever produced.

Heavy drinking plagued her life. A smashed face from falling over at a party last year, and then finding herself on a drip in January are her worst memories. She also wandered away drunk from a television discussion about the Turner Prize, under the impression she was at a friend's house. It got to the stage where her lover – and also her doctor – threatened to desert her if the drinking did not stop. It did. She now focuses all her efforts around shaping her amazing success.

The next exhibit I was led to was 'The Last Thing I Said To You Is Don't Leave Me Here', a hut, a real hut, transported from Whitstable beach. The hut has a long story to tell, beginning with when it was used by Emin and her then boyfriend. "I was completely broke and it was really brilliant, having your own property by the sea." This was Emin's first taste of being 'a woman of property' and she adored the feeling. It, like many of the other exhibits on show here, derives its resonance from the part it played in Emin's life. Saatchi, who met with the artist personally before she finally sold him her much sought after possessions, must have been very taken by her. She is certainly a powerful character. "Lots of people say, 'this isn't art – it's a beach hut'. But they didn't make it, they didn't say it was art. So it's not up to them to decide that. It's up to me. I'm telling you it's art 'cause I say it's art."

Photographs of the artist crouching nude in the corner of the hut accompany the piece. The pictures are certainly more aesthetic than an earlier piece of her work 'Everyone I Have Ever Slept With 1963–95', a tent with the names of her former lovers and bedmates (she included her aborted babies) sewn into the roof. The presence of the photographs resting on the floor in the gallery seem only to represent an attempt to legitimize the presence of a worn out beach hut. Although she does look pretty good. "It's not about me looking good. I don't look good, actually. I've got a saggy tummy and bony ribs." I questioned the purpose of the prints. "The hut is a bare and naked thing.

I thought it made perfect sense if I was. It's also got some kind of weird, religious look in it, like I'm praying or something."

With her fame came a financial boost. I asked whether the money from 'My Bed' changed her life in any way. "You don't understand. I have been earning a lot of money for a long time," she said. But £150,000 for a bed? "I wasn't going to part with the bed for any less anyway, so it doesn't really matter. For me it was a very good piece of art to keep. Every artist should keep back a part of their own work."

Could this be a sudden show of modesty, that sentimental values can sometimes override base economics? I spoke too soon. "No, you don't understand about commerce at all in art. You have no idea whatsoever what I am saying. It is more valuable for me to keep my art than it is to sell it."



far left: Can I put my clothes back on please, Mark? top: 'I've Got It All' column: details from 'The Last Thing I Said To You Is Don't Leave Me Here' and 'My Bed'.

All pictures courtesy of the Saatchi Gallery.

One of her prints 'I've Got It All' shows the artist sitting on the ground alone, with her dress pulled up to her waist, covered in foreign coins and dollar bills. The coins are scattered between her legs as if having flowed out post-orgasm. It represents the ecstasy someone "completely broke for ages and really desperate whose libido has gone down" feels when suddenly receiving lots of cash. "There's also something quite fucking sad about it," Emin says, looking back to the portrait of herself, "I mean, money isn't everything. It's about freedom. Money can't buy you happiness or health. Although, if I am seriously ill I'd much rather have money than not. And if I am unhappy, at least money gives me the options and choices to change my life, which a lot of people don't have."

I managed one final major *faux pas*. As we approached 'I Think It Must Have

"Money isn't everything. It's about freedom. Money can't buy you happiness or health. Although, if I am seriously ill I'd much rather have money as well."

Been Fear' I suggested it resembled a child's quilt. "No it couldn't actually," she exploded, blasting my head off, "Do you think those swastikas and that cunt can be described as childish?" The blanket-based piece represents a traumatic school ski trip to Austria in 1974. Her writing, spread across it, details the misery of the expedition's last days. She continued her onslaught. "You're not looking at it properly. I'm not defending it. Actually, I've got to defend it because it's mine and I made it." I apologised and she described the meaning behind it, and perhaps gave an insight into the philosophy of 'Britain's most confessional artist'. "It's about people trying to fuck you over really badly. And about being indecisive, not doing anything about it and it's about being afraid. The cruelty of the world is for the people that are afraid. For the people that don't stand up."



Society | Autism



Science | Foxing the Fraudsters



Tech | U.G.L.Y. you ain't got no alibi

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In a world of his own

Forget ballroom dancing, do something interesting when you're not in the library. **Katie Holmes** elucidates

Determined to spend as much time as possible away from the SPS library, I began my second year desperately searching the pages of *Varsity* looking for alternative activities. Hidden among the adverts for dodgy night-clubs and special offers at Peppercorns was a notice looking for students interested in becoming therapists for a young autistic boy. Admittedly at that time my knowledge of autism was limited to a rather hazy recollection of Dustin Hoffman in *Rainman* but the advert said no experience necessary so I applied.

Over the course of the next two years



I was to discover what a fascinating disability autism is. Although first identified in 1943, autism still has a certain air of mystery. As children with autism do not look any different on the outside, people have been slow to recognise the symptoms and get information about the disorder to the general public. However, it is estimated that autism affects over 500,000 families throughout the UK.

Autism is a lifelong developmental disability that predominantly affects the way a person relates to the people around them. Freshers' week is tough enough as it is but imagine what a nightmare university life would be if even the simplest social skills eluded you, partly due to the lack of the necessary language but mainly due to the lack of understanding of how social interaction works.

Although that description may seem scarily similar to the person living next door to you, it's more than likely that they are just shy. For people with autism the world just doesn't make sense so they retreat into a world of their own, leading to some of their more well known characteristics like talking incoherently combined with repetitive habits and obsessions.

Their world tends to be one of facts, where everything is either black or white. There are no grey areas and so their appreciation of the complexity of human interaction is limited. Many children with autism also lack imagination, making spontaneous play impossible. How can you play doctors and nurses if you can't understand the concept of being

someone you're not and, as for the idea of using a banana as a telephone, sorry, but who's the one with the disability?

Children with autism also lack the ability to put themselves in someone else's place. They assume that everyone thinks as they do, leading to misunderstandings and frustration for those who try to interact. So eventually people give up and the child shrinks further into their own world making it even more difficult to be reached.

The aim of all therapies for autism is to stop this process and to make sure the child has the skills needed for living in the same world as the rest of us. This may mean helping with language and play or practising tying laces quickly so they don't miss out on a game of chase. As the exact causes of autism are still unknown, there are a range of possible treatment plans and therapeutic approaches. As with all children, each child with autism is unique, not all have the same problems and therefore it is important to choose the treatment program most suitable for each child.

The Lovaas Method is a behavioural intervention programme developed at UCLA (www.lovaas.com); and is the result of 35 years of scientific research and clinical experience. Rather than placing the child in a 'Special School', the programme is based in the home and aims to improve the child's chances of making use of opportunities school presents only when they are ready to attend.

Aidan was five when I became involved with the programme that his

parents were developing. They had made the brave decision to take Aidan out of school and set up a full time Lovaas programme at home. This meant establishing links with the Centre for Autism and Related Disorders in America for help and getting a team of therapists led by Soo, an amazingly energetic and inspiring team leader who came over from the States every three months to suggest new activities and help us to bring the best out of Aidan.

The process was certainly helped by the fact that Aidan is adorable. Communication problems seem to disappear when he asks for a hug or curls up next to you on the sofa for his favourite Thomas the Tank Engine story. That's not to say that the programme doesn't involve a lot of hard work, both for Aidan and the therapists. Each session is about three hours long and requires a lot of focus, patience, persistence and imagination. It involves a large number of tasks which Aidan must show he can complete, not only once but time and time again to prove he really understands. These involve traditional activities such as reading and writing, but also tasks to help him understand the world around him – creative play, learning the names and functions of objects and people he encounters and trying to help him understand emotions and feelings.

Aidan is now ready to attend school a couple of days a week and he is loving it. He relishes the opportunity to be surrounded by other children and it is great to see all our hard work being put to such

good use. And judging by the success we had at teaching to ride his bike we could be on track for another Olympic gold!

Find out more about autism at the National Autistic Society's webpage at www.oneworld.org/autism_uk, and maybe looking through some of the personal accounts of people with autism will encourage you to do something a bit different with your time at university.

If you are interested in getting involved with the team contact Ann Evans at annevans@email.msn.com.



Reggie Kray – An Obituary In Toxic 8

Cockney boy **Tim Gibbs** pays tribute to his heroes

Tony is a big man. A VERY big man. Wide shoulders, neat appearance, massive hands and a cold hard gaze. But don't forget the hands. You used to be able to tell a man's profession from his hands – the roughness or smoothness being an indicator of class and wealth. Everything, just in the hands. So what about Tony? Well, Tony's different, you see, because Tony is a gangster.

Tony, or more precisely Tony Lambrianou, was a Kray enforcer who famously disposed of Jack "The Hat" McVitie's body by locking it in a car boot and having the whole thing crushed into a small metal cube. Despite his age, he is an imposing figure as he makes his way round the club in Shoreditch, East London, shaking hands with equally rough looking people and being chatted up by those eager to have a slice of the Kray legend. Of course, this is too good an opportunity to miss.

"Excuse me, are you Tony Lambrianou?"
 "That's right son."
 "Yeah, well I just wanted to say hello, I mean, I think, you know, with Reggie and that, I mean, how's it all going?"
 "Keep watching the papers son, there's going to be something happening soon."
 "Right right."
 "You alright? No bother?"
 "No, none at all."
 "You need anything in here let me know, you're a good lad, I appreciate you coming up to me. Just say my name at the bar, get yourself a drink."
 "Cheers, thanks."

And that was that. Not much input on my part, despite me trying to look more together than I have ever been in my life. He must have had that conversation hundreds of times, with people who had grown up with the Kray myth without ever having any contact with them at all. The Firm, the twins, honour amongst thieves, Georgie Cornell, The Blind Beggar, The East End. Today they are the stuff of movies by rich mid-

"You're a good lad...just say my name at the bar, get yourself a drink."

dle class "mockneys" like Guy Ritchie and documentaries and books which have earned the Krays and their associates more than all their illegal ventures ever could. But it is the myth, this legend that has kept the Krays behind bars until their deaths. The argument often goes, how could paedophiles, rapists and granny bashers go free after a couple of years, but good old Ron and Reg, who only dealt with their own kind, spend "life" in prison? My meeting with the myth cleared that up for me. The power and image that this man had, and the effect of his presence on all concerned is much more dangerous and intoxicating than the threat of any violence.

I am reminded of Henry Hill in *Goodfellas*, another fantastic example of gangster folklore, when he states;

"Ever since I can remember, I always wanted to be a gangster." Is it that the Krays and gangsters in general represent our darker side, the side of us which needs to be noticed and feared, the side which wants to achieve our every desire regardless of consequences to others or ourselves? Like modern emperors, these men achieve wealth, power, status and deification. Who wouldn't want to be a gangster? Well, funnily enough, Reggie.

Before he died, he wanted to be remembered as an artist and philosopher, the numerous poems by him which are now circulating the newspapers offer an indication of the change in his mood. Unfortunately, his death, only 35 days after his release, stops such aspects of his character from being understood, scoffed at or noticed. Only the legend will remain, cyclically returning to new generations enamoured with the existence of a British Mafia, a mirror to society and ourselves which presents a way of living and acting that looks similar but is somehow not quite right, backward and illegible. By stepping through the looking glass, the Krays offered an alternative to society, a new code of justice, punishment and reward operating on survival of the fittest and the most dangerous. They had to be punished for daring to offer an alternative based on a new set of personal codes and beliefs. The effect of the myth on all levels of society shows how close we all are to stepping through and rewriting the rules, and how society must impose its power on such desires, or crumble under the often overwhelming temptation to act like a god.

Roy Pang isn't fooled by appearances



Having heard so much about the latest club in town, Toxic 8, it was slightly surprising to learn that it also came fully equipped with a modern and professional dining area (perhaps not something one would have associated with Cindy's). 'Dining area' is really the best description for it, since neither my companion nor I could really decide on whether it could be classified as either a restaurant or a bar. On the one hand, it has a bright, 'Bar Coast-esque', almost canteen look to it, but on the other hand, it serves a mature and ambitious menu that most restaurants would not even dare try.

We were definitely impressed by the depth and variety of the menu. For starters, I could not resist the king prawns on skewers, which were described as "grilled to perfection". They were beautifully presented, but I couldn't help feeling somewhat deceived; they were undercooked and didn't really look like king prawns. My companion opted for the homemade coarse chicken liver pâté, which was also nicely presented, accompanied by an impressive garnish with a love-

ly tangy dressing. On the whole it was good, although neither particularly exciting, nor especially coarse.

For our main courses, I plumped for the "award-winning" confit of duck, and my companion chose the Cajun chicken. A few minutes later, however, our waiter rather sheepishly approached us and informed us that the chef could not "catch the duck" – well, at least he had a sense of humour. Instead I went for the safer option of steak and kidney pie with puff pastry (surely their cows wouldn't be so agile). The main courses arrived promptly and were, as usual, very attractively presented. The pie came piping hot, and was mouth-wateringly delicious. The strength and flavour of the sauce complimented our rather large bowl of chips perfectly. Still, it wasn't perfect either; the pastry was hardly 'puff', I failed to find a single mushroom in it and the sauce became a little too thick as the dish cooled. The Cajun chicken was suitably spicy, although not quite as sophisticated as the description suggested.

For dessert, we went for the chocolate fudge cake with vanilla ice cream. The cake was lovely and moist, and went very well with the ice cream which (we were informed) came from a local farm and was therefore "especially creamy".

Overall, service was swift and polite and the bar had a wonderful, oceanic feel to it once the main lights were switched off. On the other hand, the menu was perhaps a little over-ambitious for such a bar setting. Very often the food, whilst decent, flattered to deceive. In many ways this restaurant had a Steve McManaman feel to it: expensive, promising, and not without flair, but never quite delivering.



How to avoid online fraud

Elvezio Montesarchio is the Director of Quality and Security for Seceti, the body that regulates Italy's Popular banks. Rend Shakir goes to Milan to meet the man.

Elvezio Montesarchio is a charming man. Beautiful apartment. Precisely my taste. Expensive. I hardly notice as my jacket is removed. I like that, but it worries me a little. It is too smooth. "Please, have a seat," he motions me over to a chair, making sure that I am comfortable before proceeding to offer me a drink. His manners are immaculate. Stylish and attractive, I am beginning to wonder why he has not got a wife. But I am not here to meet Montesarchio the bachelor. I am here to meet the man in charge of directing and organising, decision making and planning, all aspects of quality and security for Italy's banks. Seceti is the organisation that regulates the Central Institute of Italian Popular Banks. Seceti. Say it gently and it sounds sexy.

I want to understand more about online security. I want to know about the best systems and how they work, and my first stop is this man in Milan whose mission it is to design an implementation of Italy's interbank networks and central applications. You don't even have to say that gently. In terms of social credibility, he's a close second to Bond. Elvezio, can you explain it all to a blonde?

He begins calmly, gently, and slowly to explain. Globally, two percent of credit card transactions involve deceit of some kind. And, he adds, fifty percent of those two percent take place on the Internet. He pauses rather a long time to allow me to absorb the information. How do we avoid such duplicity? In order for fraud to take place in the first place there must be some kind of data misrepresentation or alteration. Otherwise, by definition, the facts are being accurately presented and there is no fraud. So we must consider which facts, when misrepresented would benefit the fraudster? Combining this with which scams are technically practical would give an idea of the types of deception likely to take place.

"Technical practicality is the most important issue for banks. Crimes can only occur if there are vulnerabilities in the system and can only be avoided for certain if these vulnerabilities are fixed." The banks are not prepared to wait for social reform, that point is clear.

Elvezio clears his throat. He is obviously fluent. "There are two main routes for fraud on the Internet. The first concerns the transfer of data from one location to another. The second concerns the open nature of the Internet. The two main questions for the banks are, 'is the subject really the subject?' And 'are the data really the data?' These are potentially the two sources of fraudulent threat. The next question is how the data or subject may be practically altered in order to benefit the imposter? And how could such an alteration be avoided?"

He continues, calmly. "In the banking context - online banking, remote banking, or home banking, the subjects involved are the bank's customer, and the bank's web server application. The data involved are the personal and financial data of the customer."

"Elvezio, can you explain it all to a blonde?"

Fraud may occur where there is a lack of security about the subject's identity. For example, the customer might incorrectly believe him/herself to be in contact with the bank's server application, or the bank may wrongly believe itself to be accessed by the registered user. In both these examples the matter constitutes an 'authentication problem' (where 'authentication' refers to the ability to check in advance the identity of the counterpart) as well as a 'non-repudiation problem' (where 'non-

repudiation' means that in this case neither party can claim to have been involved as the unique possible sender or receiver).

He stops for a moment, giving me some time to take this in. "So that was an example of where the subject is not the subject. Now for where the data are not the data." Fraud may occur where there is a lack of security in end-to-end data integrity. In this case, the received message may not match the message sent. "Only one bit of alteration would be enough to cause an integrity violation" he emphasises. Data fraud may also occur due to a lack of security in data confidentiality. "This may be the result of data being conveyed without an encrypting function or the result of encrypting keys not being used efficiently." In this case, 'efficiency' refers to the effective splitting of encrypting keys into smaller components managed by different security officers.

"What kind of security system would be able to avoid these types of problem we've described, specifically on the Internet?" He wasn't expecting an answer. "The Internet allows subjects to interact with each other without a prior knowledge and verification of their physical existence, consistency, dimension, *ubicazione*." Ubicazione? He doesn't know the word in English but I do catch his drift.

"While closed networks work on the basis of bilateral agreements about security procedures between each couple of members, open networks ideally require an alternative practice."

In closed networks, bilateral agreements between users make the overall geometry of interrelationships 'symmetric' - to ensure data confidentiality partners may exchange a key, referred to as a 'transport key'. This key is used by both the sender to encrypt and the receiver to decrypt.

On the other hand, an open system requires the 'asymmetric' geometry of the 'Public Key Infrastructure' (PKI). Here, using a mathematical function called an 'RSA algo-

rithm' (Rivett, Shamir, Aldeman), two keys are generated, of which one is the 'private key' and the other is the 'public key.' What is encrypted with the 'private' key can only be decrypted using the 'public' key, and vice versa. Furthermore, if the keys are long enough (we commonly here use keys around the size of 1024 bytes) it is practically impossible to work the value of one key out using the value of the other. The holder of the asymmetric keys asks

"So...all you need is a four figure code? A gibbon could crack a four figure code."

a specialised body, operating as a 'certification authority' to issue and publish in a directory the virtual certificate of his public key, an equation in the form of 'Mr Smith = his public key.' Nobody else can be associated with, or share the same key.

Elvezio leans back smugly, pleased with his solution. He goes on to explain that the key is very long, and almost impossible to crack. "That sounds very difficult to remember", I reply, "who types the key in?" The key isn't typed in at all, instead a piece of software is used to activate the key by entering a passcode. "So effectively, the key is the passcode? Was there any need to pay tens of thousands of Lire to the mathematicians that came up with all of those impressive algorithms?"

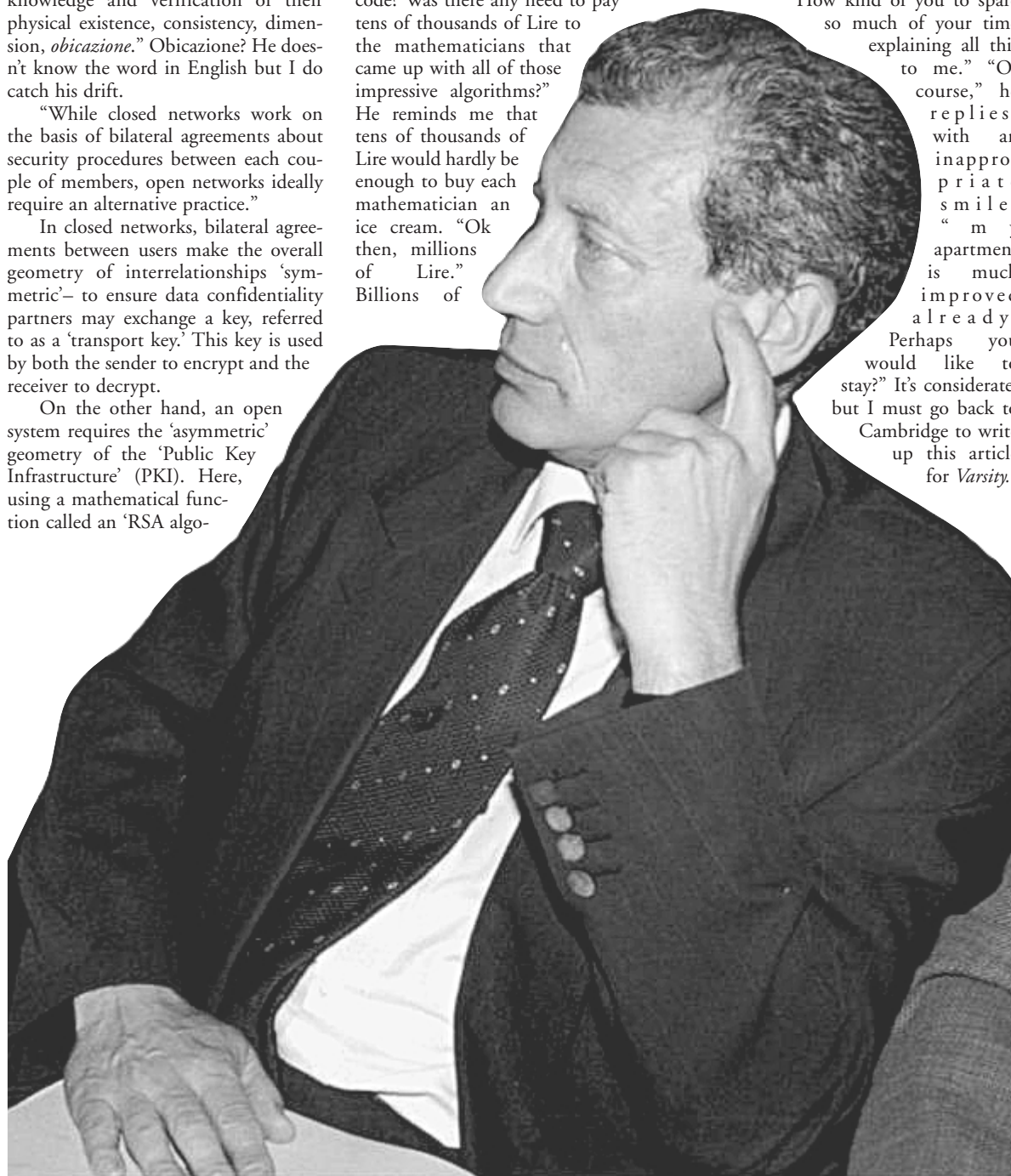
He reminds me that tens of thousands of Lire would hardly be enough to buy each mathematician an ice cream. "Ok then, millions of Lire." Billions of

Lire, he says. More than your country has spent on this, he adds. "So you have spent billions of Lire on the process of creating an uncrackable key when all that you need is a four figure code to activate it? A gibbon could crack a four figure code." He does not understand what a gibbon is but he does catch my drift. "It would simply be impossible" he notes, as the key is written into the chips of the computer. Which means you can only send such messages from one computer?

"Well, we are still working on interoperability." I just had to laugh. "Although we have recently developed a system involving a security card that can activate the key from a different location." Wouldn't that put us back in the situation where all we have is a passcode and a card? And don't we all write our PIN numbers down anyway? He assures me that it is only stupid people who write their PIN numbers down. I ask him to name a security system that had ever failed due to overestimating the stupidity of people. He smiles, "you win on that one."

Leaning forwards he gently softens his eyes. An expert, indeed. I will not fall for it. "Your timing was perfect," he says. "Next weekend I am in Venice. Last weekend, Vienna." How is Vienna? "Beautiful. As always." As always. It has been a while since I have been. I must think of a reason to visit again. Perhaps someone to interview. "Elvezio," I try to maintain a cool professionalism.

"How kind of you to spare so much of your time explaining all this to me." "Of course," he replies, with an inappropriate smile, "my apartment is much improved already. Perhaps you would like to stay?" It's considerate, but I must go back to Cambridge to write up this article for *Varsity*.



WAP's up Doc?

That's it. I've had it with my mobile phone. Assuming that I am not alone, please send me your e-mails and letters. This means war. I cannot get a connection at 4pm, sitting in All Bar One. Can you guess which network? Your nominations are invited to select the worst in Cambridge, and why not write in to let me know if you are not happy with your mobile's customer service?

As an extension of me covering online fraud I'd like to call for hackers' contributions. What can you do? What software do you need? Let me know. All entries, where requested, will be dealt with anonymously.

Finally, I'd love to hear about your Internet romance stories. Have you ever met anyone online before meeting him or her in real life? Have you ever put an advert or picture on the Net? What were the replies like? I'd like to do a special feature on Internet dating, including adverts and their replies.

Von Hagens' controversial exhibition of plastic people presented in Science and Tech last week provoked powerful responses from the religious. This week Tony Richmond sets out his strong objections to religious interference.

If you would like to contribute a story or article, or simply to discuss your views about the section and what you would like to see covered, please come to a section meeting on Mondays at 6pm in the *Varsity* offices.

Rend Shakir

Press: Please send gadgets, mobile phones or accessories, website addresses, software etc., details or samples to:
science@varsity.co.uk
Varsity,
2nd Floor
11-12 Trumpington St,
Cambridge, CB2 1QA.



The Rogues' Gallery

Religion on trial

Tony Richmond discusses the role religion has to play in modern science.



All photos courtesy of: www.uglypeople.com

Historically, science has had to contend with a certain amount of anti-scientific sentiment, particularly from the world's organised religions. Academics pursuing the 'objective' scientific method have in the past been oppressed and branded as sacrilegious by the Church, which has frequently had something to fear from the advances the scientific disciplines have made. Indeed, science and religion have had an extensive history of mutual antagonism. The Renaissance period is famous for the number of scientists burnt at the stake or made accountable in other ruthless ways to the Catholic Church for openly supporting so-called heretical and sacrilegious theories. The Inquisition was not known for its tolerance to and acceptance of new scientific discoveries.

Charles Darwin's theory of evolution, as introduced to the Linnean Society in 1858 and published in the renowned Origin of Species raised religious hackles and, in some circles, continues to do so. As evolution has gained the status of fact in biological science, to reject its validity would imply an ignorance of the facts; an irrational narrow-mindedness in outlook. The role of the Christian God seems to have been falling further and further, to one of almost complete insignificance, in the day to day running of the universe.

Indeed, no Christian can nowadays proclaim that the Bible is literally true without leaving themselves open to well founded attack from scientists. In the light of what science has objectively found to be true, creationism is a patently false explanation for the origin and

development of the universe. The creationist position is that the earth is several thousand years in age, and no more. But the fossil record is replete with fossils that are millions of years old. Comparative genetic studies place our common ancestor with chimpanzees at around seven million years ago (see The Rise and Fall of the Third Chimpanzee, by Jared Diamond). According to Richard Dawkins, Charles Simonyi Professor for the Public Understanding of Science at

The role of the Christian God seems to have been falling further and further...in the day to day running of the universe.

the University of Oxford, belief in the fundamentalist creationist concept "flies in the face of physics (numerous mutually corroborating dating methods), geology, astronomy, archaeology, dendrochronology, as well as massive evidence from all branches of biology" (personal comments, 25/5/00).

Whilst it is important to note that such religious fundamentalism is not representative of the views of all Christians, there is evidence for a resurgence of its

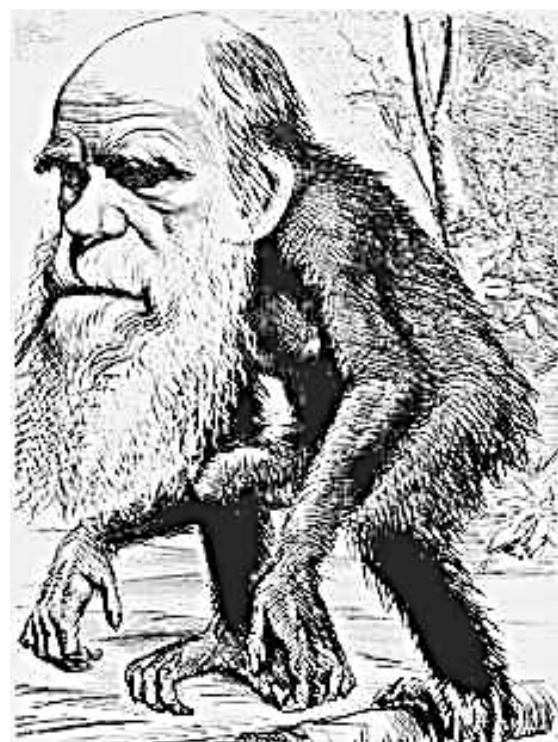
popularity. The rising, irrational creationist movement in the States in recent years has attracted a great many followers. Several states in the so-called 'Bible Belt' require both evolution and creationism to be taught as theories with equal validity. There is, however, some evidence of a reaction to the most extreme anti-science position, as taken by Kansas, for example. There, members of the school board who changed the policy in favour of creationism have lost their seats, following the state being lampooned nationally for its backward stance.

Meanwhile, in Britain, the Catholic Church recently aired its moral qualms on the use of embryonic tissue for research and transplantation. The House of Commons are to have a free vote over the cloning of embryos under 14 days old. Cardinal Thomas Winning, Chairman of the Joint Committee on Bioethical Issues, in his letter (8/8/00) to the Chief Medical Officer at the Department of Health, concluded, "Respect for innocent human life, at every stage, is not negotiable." His dogmatic argument is based on the belief that the Bible is absolutist in its stance on such moral issues as the sanctity of human life, at any stage. Accordingly, he says, "Even if spare part cloning of humans were the only way of getting stem cells for use in transplantation, it would not be justifiable."

However, human life is arguably not an absolute. Its development is in fact on a continuum. Whilst for an orthodox Catholic, Jew or Muslim life starts at the moment of conception, it is in practise difficult to see what special feature goes hand in hand with conception. At this stage the fertilised egg is only a potential life. Most fertilised eggs do not develop into full-term babies in the mother's womb because something goes wrong beforehand. I would argue that some other criterion is required to distinguish when the human foetus is alive; perhaps in the sense of the foetus being conscious, or feeling pain. Surely, when there is some brain activity or a nearly completely functioning nervous system is active, this would be a more suitable arbitrary time to say "life has begun". Lee Silver, a Princeton University biologist, argues in Remaking Eden that what happens in the womb is a continuum, lacking any clear jump from cell cluster to sanctity. "There are no isolated moments along the way where you can point at an embryo or foetus and say that it is substantially different from the way it was a few minutes or even hours earlier."

Whatever literalist religionists might say, it is not disputed that stem cell research could provide massive benefits for humanity. By harvesting stem cells for research and transplantation from embryos medicine is likely to make massive advances in slowing and even reversing degenerative cellular disorders such as Parkinson's disease, Alzheimer's disease and cancer.

My own opinion, partly based on observation, is that religious liberals often have more valid arguments to contribute to a discussion of what science should or should not be allowed to investigate.



Their position is more relativist, and not based on moral absolutes. I hate to sound parochial, but I think this liberal religious attitude is far preferable to unflinching acceptance of doctrine, particularly in a society where moral and ethical judgements can be more grey than simply black or white.

The academic discipline that deals with how we should use scientific discoveries is moral philosophy or applied ethics. This is the realm we are entering when we talk about what science should or should not be allowed to do. The most significant document on embryo research written in this country is the 'Report of the Committee of Inquiry into Human Fertilisation and Embryology', by Dame Mary (now Baroness) Warnock. The committee was set up in 1982 and the Inquiry came out in favour of embryonic research subject to a number of restrictions, and the recent debate has been held within a climate set by the Inquiry. Many members of the British Medical Association ethics board are not doctors at all, but philosophers of ethics. Science does not have a say on morality, and science cannot therefore answer everything. But the point is there is still a rational discipline divorced from religion that does have a say on morality.

The question is, is it dissatisfying to just lie back and accept the red tape that many religions, and some non-theists, would like to wrap around scientific enquiry? For me, this is to spoil the natural awe and wonder of science. If a religion professes to consist of the "truth" or "ultimate truths", then it has nothing to fear from science. Science would inevitably come to the same conclusions. For example, if true, it would affirm people's faith in a theistic cosmology, or in the scope for divine intervention in the daily running of the universe. If false, the religious viewpoint should ideally change or admit defeat.

In Will Hutton's view, "the free vote in the House of Commons will be won...for the same reason that the battles over the pill, abortion, in vitro fertilisation, the human genome and all the rest have been won". Historically, the Church would have had the last word on what science could do. But now, a neutral ethical and moral framework can be devised, free from complete theistic influence and consequently religious objections are not always, despite their good intentions, acted upon.

Ugly is as ugly does

Uglypeople.com means instant fortune, not making money, but feeling good about yourself. Eat your heart out, Vanessa Feltz. There are models on this site who certainly won't make you feel pressured to avoid the next cream bun. You are instantly thin. This kind of weight loss has only two analogies known to me. One is arrival on the moon, where you can immediately drop to one-sixth of your previous weight. A good result on the scales if you can stand on them long enough but if you look in a mirror you're back to square one. More satisfying is analogy number two, arrival in the United States, where you discover that you lie perfectly between two body shapes: matchstick and elephant. That makes you just right. You are perfect. Beautiful. Complete. Regardless of who you are, I can almost guarantee that you will find something uglier on this site.

If you think that uglypeople.com isn't bad enough check out mingers.com. With both there is the possibility of rating and submitting entrants. Maybe you have someone in mind? Cruel? Perhaps. The sites do have their critics. They are accused, by people with little more to do than be offended, of being cruel and unkind. What do these people expect when they visit "uglypeople.com" or "mingers.com"? Here's a letter sent in by a mortally offended complainer, along with a reply from

the staff.

"You realize that the majority of your ugly ladies are fat? Is it fat that makes them ugly? Or is it trying to compete with all the beautiful people? Posing, scantily clad, flashing provocative smiles. Are they (we) being punished for trying to express a sexuality that is deemed accessible only to those whose faces and bodies conform to current ideals of beauty? Don't you think it's hard enough for any of us to maintain a certain self-esteem without the schoolyard antics of a bunch of bored and hostile cranks?"

"Are there no thinking people at your website? Can you imagine, for a minute, how hurtful this could be? I am no political apologist, I'm as critical as the next neurotic, but I have the sense to realize that no good can come from this. Give it a rest, guys. Ugly is as ugly does. Sally."

"Yes, there are thinking people at this web site. We just happen to think that big fat nasty women are ugly."

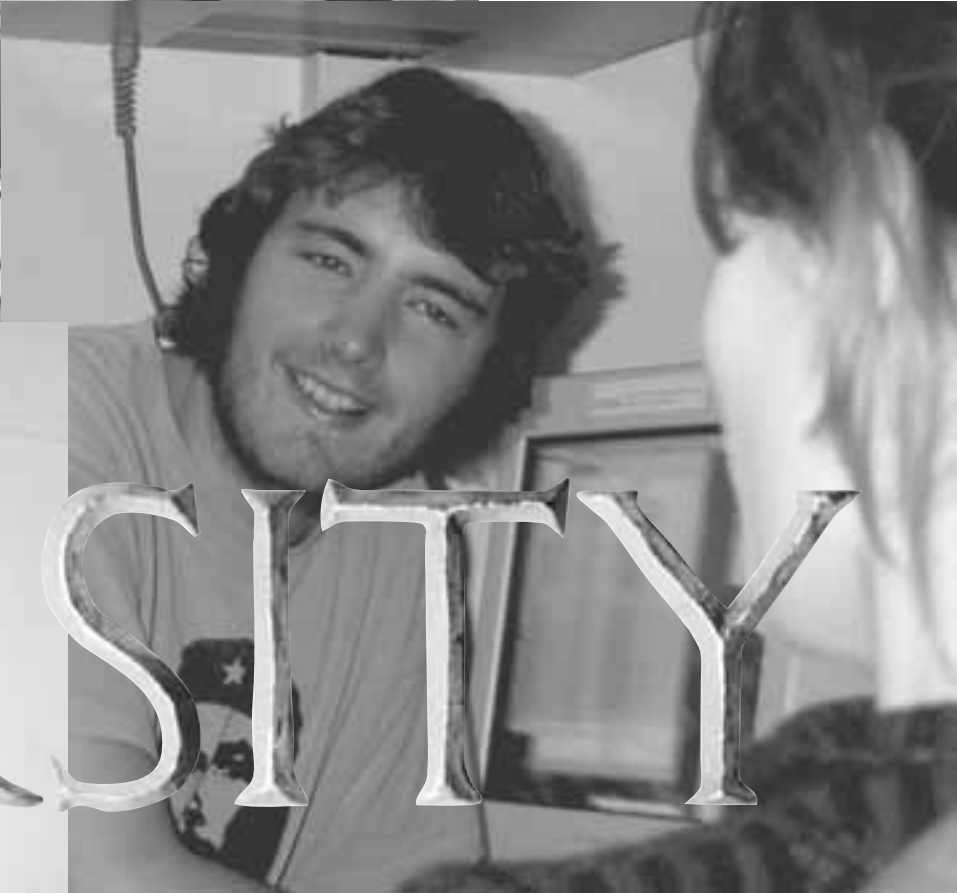
"If you feel the need to express your sexuality, please do so in the privacy of your own home. If you really need to take pictures, please send them to uglypeople.com"

Funny? Freaky? Or foul? You decide. Just don't let anybody hear you laughing.

Rend Shakir



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For**



VAR-SITY



Squash

Ba Ha!Ha!

Opposite Trinity

1-4 pm | 6 October

Imperial leathering



Blues eclipse Imperial

Photos: Tom Catchesides



Innes lifted to victory

Rugby

42 Cambridge
33 Imperial Medics, London

Fraser Whineray

A spirited and often organised Imperial Medics XV proved significant competition for the Cambridge rugby side on Wednesday evening at Grange Road. The Medics' back row attacked with flair on occasion, crossing the Light Blue line four times. The outcome of the game, however, was rarely in doubt as Cambridge's latent talent led them to a nine point victory.

Despite the perfect conditions, a number of handling errors frustrated

both sides, many unfortunately during exciting and promising back-line moves. Both referees (Andy Canning of East Midlands retired injured in the fiftieth minute, to be replaced by a touch judge) were quick to punish any offensive screen behaviour (aka subtle shepherding), as typified by the Australian Wallabies side throughout this year's tri-nations tournament.

At this early stage of the season, where changes to combinations and injuries are frequent, the side resembled an untuned 357 Chevrolet – mis-firing and bumpy yet, on occasion, exploding into life. The squad has been training extremely hard since grouping for the Ireland pre-season tour in early September. This effort will undoubtedly pay dividends leading up to the Varsity Match.

Cambridge's increasingly sophisticated lineout combinations generated a plethora of quality ball, which was typically put to good use, particularly when delivered going forward. A great piece of momentum play was started by number 8 Angus Innes (1999 Blues captain) from the back of a scrum in the twenty fourth minute. Although the eventual midfield maul was collapsed by the Medics, the subsequent penalty was converted by Pete Dunn. Just before half time the Cambridge forwards, numbering just six (as a result of two sin bins) produced a splendid drive from an attacking line-out throw to Ed Mallett from which Pete Dunn slotted a drop goal to push Cambridge ahead 18-14.

Other performances of note included one hundred kilogram fullback Stu

Moffat powering his way to two tries; one, impressively, from the half-way line as the Medics failed to kick the ball clear. Replacement winger Gary Paulin bagged a hat-trick of tries for Cambridge. All were scored in the final 22 minutes through deceptive and deft combination running along the back line. Replacement halfback Mark Chattersmith sneaked the other five-pointer for Cambridge from a 22 yard penalty tap.

The next game at Grange Road is on Wednesday 25 October at 7:15pm against Wasps.

Cambridge Team (from 1): M Tweedie (sub A Mitchell 43m), C Derksen, R Bosch (sub J 'Gas Man' Meredith 43m), M Purdey, E Mallett, C Davies, G Bennett, A Innes* (captain), R Humes (sub M Chattersmith 28m), P Dunn, O Ruttley (sub 49m G Paulin*), M Rivero, D Donaldson, M McSweeney, S Moffat (* denotes blue)

Cambridge Point Scorers: Tries: Paulin (3), Moffat (2), Chattersmith Penalties: Dunn (1), Conversions: Dunn (3), Drop Goals: Dunn (1)

Barcelona 2000

Hockey

Hannah Dent, Verity King

Barcelona was taken by storm only a few weeks ago, as 30 University hockey players left for a fortnight's hockey and sun in the Catalonian capital. The Blues' first training session happened to coincide with the first time that most players had picked up a stick that summer, but with a combination of natural skill and unstoppable enthusiasm, the dormant talent was soon revived. Well oiled by the midday sun, the women had to prepare for their first game against Olympia. Playing in an unfamiliar formation, due to the combination of teams taken on tour, Olympia proved hard work. They were well-drilled and used to the conditions, defeating the Light Blues 3-0.

Three days later, the men tackled Olympia, whose team would probably have even lost to their women. The Blues notched up an impressive 7 goals, but were slightly disappointed not to score more, as, in the dying seconds of the match, goalkeeper Paddy Aldridge, coming up the pitch for an attacking short corner, narrowly missed scoring from a deflection. As it was, he did not touch the ball all game.

The men's next match was held in the same arena as the 1992 Olympics. Their opponents, FC Barcelona's hockey side, even played in those famous football shirts. This proved a tougher match, although the Blues gave a mature performance, winning 3-0. They were

doubtless helped on their way by the melodic alcohol-induced support which the girls gave them. Thierry Gruslin was almost certainly buoyed up by the noise; providing the highlight of the game for the vocal supporters. After calmly collecting the ball on the halfway line, and coolly outsmarting six players on his way to the D, he neatly slotted the ball past the keeper.

Spirits were not dampened by the injuries which seemed to hamper the Blues, as they demonstrated their wide variety of sporting skill and commitment in 'Beach Olympics'. In fact these antics made hockey seem a tame, safe sport, as women's captain Verity King retired, with Elly Pickford, hurt by their efforts on the sands.

CD Terrassa, last season's national champions, provided the next opposition. This women's team were truly awesome, demonstrating skills not witnessed in English domestic leagues. The 4-0 score-line reflected some fantastic defensive play by Cambridge, who rose to the occasion, undoubtedly giving the best performance of the tour. Indeed the intensity of the match added to the injuries already obtained on the beach, as three more succumbed. The club's idyllic surroundings and facilities provided the background for the team's only loss of the tour. Richard Beer scored the first goal, from an excellent short corner routine, giving Cambridge a healthy chance. Andy Edwards so nearly provided an equaliser towards the end, as his shot deflected off the crossbar, but the Blues

ran out of time, leaving them the unfortunate losers, 2-1.

The last matches were against Athletic Terrassa, another club which boasted facilities which would arouse the envy of any Cambridge sportsman. Finally the girls were rewarded with a deserved vic-

tory, as both Rebecca Ridgway and Ashley MacDonald's shots satisfyingly found the back of the goal, leading them to glory 2-1.

Disappointingly the men were not able to continue in the winning vein. They battled against a terribly physical opposi-

tion and both umpires, finding it hard to contain their frustration on the pitch. They managed to maintain their concentration to hold onto a draw, but this proved most unsatisfying since most of the team had graduated and were aiming to bow out with style.



Post match at CD Terrassa

Photo: Hannah Dent

Lose the armbands



Cambridge swim the Channel

Photo: Dan Mikulskis

Swimming

8hr 25min Cambridge
8hr 18min Oxford

Dan Mikulskis

After some six weeks of training at Jesus Green open air pool and 200,000 yards of swimming, the Cambridge Cross Channel Relay Team finally lined up against Oxford at Shakespeare Beach, Dover, in early July. The weather looked surprisingly promising for a Channel crossing; in fact the sun was shining onto the white cliffs from a cloudless sky.

Mike Scott was to lead off the team of six swimmers, three men and three women. He made his way from The Viking Princess, our accompanying boat, to the start line to accompanying cheers. A few seconds later the starting signal was given and he began powering his way out into the calm waters off the coast.

As Mike neared the end of his allotted time, Dover was fading into the background and Anja Slim prepared to take over. Although suffering from seasickness, Anja made a good start, and soon established her natural pace. At this stage the white hull of Vivacity, the Oxford boat, was clearly visible, demonstrating how evenly the teams were matched. Next in was Dan Mikulskis, again suffering the effects

of the rolling boat. By now the sea was slightly rougher and a particularly large wave broke right over Dan's head, taking his hat and goggles with it. As only a few minutes of the leg remained, he carried on without too much trouble to hand over to Katie Kenny. Katie had experienced a few problems with the cold in training but rose to the occasion, soon settling into her natural long stroke, unfazed by ships passing close by.

Despite such courageous swimming from Mike, Anja, Dan and Katie, Oxford's international contingent had made their presence felt. The Vivacity was sighted several hundred metres in front as we neared the halfway stage of the race. Determined to make an impression on the lead Jason Prince showed his appetite for the big occasion by storming his way over the first part of his leg, despite encountering some of the worst conditions of the race. By the time Jason had finished, Lindsey McFarlane having waited some five hours for her swim, was eager to get in the water. Making light work of the worst of the weather, she put in another strong leg for the Light Blues.

Then came the most difficult part of the race, as all six team members had to swim again. This was a tough challenge, as the earlier legs and seasickness had all taken their toll. Mike plunged in, showing his class by maintaining his powerful stroke and speed despite fatigue. Anja had suffered

worse than anyone on the boat during the middle section of the race, but she showed typical grit and determination keeping us within sight of Oxford for the next hour.

The French coast was looming large ahead as Dan got ready to take on the final leg, boat-bound supporters becoming more and more frenzied as he neared the end of the race. The Princess itself stopped about a hundred metres from the shore and Dan was accompanied by a small rowing boat for the final sprint to the beach. By now it was obvious that Oxford had taken a definitive lead and Cambridge's loss was confirmed as their finishing time came crackling over the radio.

Yet Cambridge were able to take consolation in their time, crossing the channel in 8 hours 25 minutes and 37 seconds, with Oxford a mere 7 minutes in front. These times were the fourth and fifth fastest ever recorded by relay teams crossing the channel, testament to the outstanding quality of both teams.

Silencing the critics

Comment

Sam Sheringham

As a nation, we are very quick to write off our sporting capabilities. Indeed, critics were in seventh heaven as what promised to be a terrific summer of sport got off to a less than impressive start. Leaving footballing flops and Wimbledon woes aside, however, a dramatic cricketing triumph and a record-breaking Olympic medal haul seem to have restored the faith in our sportsmen and left one or two people rather red-faced.

It really is not so long ago that our footballers crashed out of Euro 2000 at the first hurdle, and the usual criticisms were being voiced about our incompetence in the international arena. Tactically inept, devoid of flair and with a sieve-like defence, our team was an easy target for critics and satirists all round. Add to this the indifferent performances by Tim Henman and Greg Rusedski in this year's Wimbledon and there was talk of a national crisis by July. Not enough training at grass roots level, the lack of a killer instinct or simply bad coaching were only a few of the explanations given for our perennial underachievement. We had reached rock bottom. It was a crisis and the jury was out on British sport once again.

But how quickly we forget! Pick up any paper last week and you could be

forgiven for thinking that we lived in the greatest sporting nation of this era. The media had a patriotic field day as Olympic mania captured the nation. The remarkable success that the British squad enjoyed in Sydney, coupled with England's incredible victories over the West Indies in the Test series, has suddenly allowed the whole sporting summer to take on a new complexion. Things are not so bad after all, and there is a lot of humble pie to be eaten.

The Olympics, in particular, have gone a long way towards proving that we do have the capacity for success in international sport; and although a large percentage of Britain's medals were won in minority sports like cycling, sailing, and rowing, we have shown that there is no need for us to live in the shadows of our more dominant sporting neighbours.

So, let us hope that our sportsmen can be inspired by the performances of our Olympic medal winners, starting with a win for Kevin Keegan's England against Germany on Saturday. For once, our journalists have given credit where credit is due. Although there is the obvious danger of getting carried away, we now have a platform on which to build. The Olympics provided the perfect example of how important development at grass roots level is. Now is the time for the Government to act and invest accordingly. Our status as a leading sporting nation hangs in the balance. Can we continue the surge?

Beach netball

Netball

Gill Davies Alice Ross

Netball is to Barbados, as football is to England and this netball-crazy island proved a stimulating sporting environment. The easy friendliness of the people and the variety of play and venue, kept us on our toes (as all good netballers should be), throughout.

Just off the beach, shadowed by palm trees, as the sun lowered itself over the encroaching sea, we played our first match. Our game proved fast and largely accurate, as Liz Wroe consistently displayed outstanding form in the oppressive heat, proving one of high-lights of the tour.

Tours seem to produce a different level of play and this one was no exception. A series of matches played in the National Netball Stadium demonstrated our true (blue) colours, as the squad thrived on the challenge offered by such athletic and physical opposition. It was here that we had some of our best wins, playing our own disciplined game. It was an experience which gave each player a chance to learn something new from netballers who approached the game in a creative, entertaining and hugely successful fashion. We were required to adapt our game in ways which will hopefully be of value in the forthcoming season.

Spirits were undampened by our two losses, the most notable to a team which boasted several West Indian internationals. They were a delight to play against, producing a melee of dazzling footwork, exciting ball skills and the inevitable Barbadian grin, which

seemed ever-present in these good-natured teams.

In no way did the squad allow their netball to get in the way of their social arrangements! The girls took to the nightlife as they did to the netball: with commitment. Soon it seemed that everywhere we went, they knew who we were, the Cambridge girls, for a short while at least, became part of the legendary nightlife of Barbados. The clubs spilled open onto the beach, allowing one to dance in the sea, as Santana's *Maria Maria* echoed across the still Caribbean air. We made friends with the local people, danced until our feet ached, with some rugby boys from Durham University providing some casual entertainment (strictly on the side).

Yet perhaps the most memorable occasion took place in the island's mountains. We arrived to find a court in worse repair than those in Cambridge. We sat around in the baking sun, waiting for the opposition to arrive. One by one, they sauntered up, from the houses to the left of the court, until the area was teeming with people. As we warmed up, little children ran alongside us, returning balls to us, and even playing with us. Others sat around and watched, cheering their team on with genuine interest. The passion for sport and the friendliness encountered there will stay with the girls forever. It seems there is indeed a place where netball is (apart from the odd bit of cricket) the only sport. O! The netballer's heaven is surely Barbados.



Netballers in the sun

Photo: Gullivers Sports Travel

Sports shorts

Compiled By:

Alice Ross, Paul Browne, Simon Francis and Roy Pang

Football

Club trials are being held on Saturday, 10am for freshers and 12.30 for seniors (anyone in Cambridge who is not a fresher). The present squad have just finished a week's pre-season training and things are looking promising for the forthcoming season.

AR

Gliding

Over the summer Paul Browne, Stuart Crawshaw, Jon Horne, Debbie Thomas, and David Cann participated in the Inter-University Task week, winning the only day suitable for cross-country flying (bad weather was a problem this summer). The club hope to hold trial flight days on Thursday 12 and Tuesday 17 October. Expeditions are usually organised in conjunction with other university gliding clubs and a team is entered in the Inter-University task week every year. Members also compete at a regional and national level.

PB

Polo

The Cambridge University Polo Club (CUPC) reached record numbers last year with over 30 new members. They are hoping to achieve a similarly high membership this year. As well as training the Varsity team, CUPC focuses heavily on helping beginners. All beginners were playing in matches by the end of the year. The club owns eight ponies and plays on most days throughout the year.

The only condition the club has for newcomers is that they are competent riders. It can, however, arrange riding lessons for novice riders if they are keen to learn to play. If you are interested please contact Simon Francis (sfb25).

SF

Netball

Trials for new squad: Sat 1.30-4.30 Churchill courts.

AR

Volleyball

Trials are being held on Saturday at Kelsey Kerridge.
Women 11am Men 2pm

AR

Squash Rackets

Trials are being held at Christ's courts on Sat 7 at 2pm (men) and Sun 8 at 2pm (women). Contact Rupert Jakes (rj205@medschl.cam.ac.uk) or Sian Lewis (csl26).

RP

Americas Match 2000

Athletics

21 Dartmouth and Brown
16 Oxford and Cambridge

Judith Payne

During the summer, CUAC athletes travelled to Oxford once again, this time to combine with the dark blues in the annual Americas match series, facing this year a joint team from Dartmouth and Brown Universities. The Americans put out a strong team, but when, after six events, they had yet to record a victory, it seemed that an upset might be on the cards and that Cambridge would achieve their first

ever victory over this strong pairing. President Rebecca Wright was a particular star of the CUAC team; she ended her time in charge of CUAC with yet another impressive win at her favoured event, the 400m hurdles, in a new match record time of 62.9 seconds. Robert Harle sprinted to a double victory in 100m and 200m with new personal bests, before being joined by Yasser Baki, Adrian Chapple and Dave Gardiner for an exciting 4x100m relay in which both teams broke the previous match record but the Cambridge boys were just beaten on the line.

As the results began to come in from the field, however, the Americans began to claw their way back. Eventually it was the strength of their women's contingent, and especially sprinter/jumper Lindsay Taylor

which tipped the balance, and Dartmouth and Brown emerged the inaugural winners of the PriceWaterhouseCoopers Millennium Trophy by 21 points to 16. Consolation for Oxford and Cambridge lay in the fact that had the women's and men's teams been scored separately, the British men won eleven events to eight.

Personal bests were also set by Gavin Hodgson (400m hurdles) and Rosie Curling (long jump) and Oxford's Ellen O'Hare contributed a fine 800/1,500m double.

CUAC and OUAC will hope to build on this performance and put up a good fight against Dartmouth and Brown when we visit them next Easter in America, where the Brits will also face teams from Harvard and Yale, and Penn and Cornell.

What a chess success

Chess

James Vigus

Cardigan-clad, shivering in a chilly church hall, the stereotypical chessplayer emerges only in winter, hibernating when the sun comes out. In fact, summer is the time of most major tournaments, and the highlight comes in August – the British Chess Championship. Of the 68 players, top seeded Grandmaster Julian Hodgson finally emerged as clear winner, £10,000 richer.

Despite not taking the grand prize, the Cambridge players challenged strongly. Ben Morgan made a good Championship debut, steadily accumulating five points, while Jack Rudd careered erratically to the same score without drawing a single game. James Vigus nearly toppled Hodgson but lost and subsided to four.

Harriet Hunt played some brilliant chess. She begins her PhD this year, but her studies have not stopped her from piling up an impressive stack of chess titles. A former World Girls U21 Champion, Hunt is both Woman Grandmaster and full International Master, the strongest female player in Britain and the highest rated player in Cambridge (2,454 on the international scale, some 1,000 points above the aver-

age chess club member). As such, she was firm favourite to scoop the British Ladies' title. On 6/9 she was ideally poised, having lost only one game and looking like a contender for one of the main prizes too. But two tough pairings followed. Hunt lost them both and unluckily this allowed the young Indian Humpy Koneru to capitalise on weaker opposition, taking the title. A disappointing end, but there was no doubt that Hunt had played the better games.

The Cambridge star turned out to be Brian Kelly. Irish number two; International Master; mantelpiece crowded with trophies – his talent has been obvious for years. Since graduation this year, his play has become obviously more dynamic. Earlier in the summer Kelly made his first Grandmaster norm, a fantastic achievement for an amateur player. Boosted in confidence and rating, he consistently showed the ability to make something from apparently nothing, drawing solidly against a galaxy of Grandmasters. With 7/11 Kelly won the British U21 Championship, jointly with Pert, setting him in equal seventh place overall, winning £271. The big money is on its way!

All this bodes well for Cambridgeshire's County Championship campaign, captained by Joe Conlon. If headed by Kelly, Hunt and Karl Mah, Cambridgeshire can well expect a repeat of their 1999 triumph.

Fives go travelling

Fives

Paul Thompson

Some had thought that it was mighty ambitious trying to organise an Eton fives tour to Zuoz, Switzerland, for a long weekend. Curt Schmitt's expertise in so many languages, however, and his success in arranging free accommodation, made it all possible in the end.

The first day was disastrous in many ways. Someone was booked for the wrong flight; and there were too many people to fit into the van. To round it off, our best player managed to injure himself in the evening warm-up.

The second day was always going to be tricky. The staff of the school had arranged two other matches for us before we played against them, which meant that without being fully acclimatised to the high altitude and hot weather, some people ended up playing fives almost continuously from 2 till 11.

We lost the first match against St Olaves (a visiting school from England) 3-1, with Steve Block and Adrian Lewis the only triumphant pair. The match against the Swiss school, however, was much easier, Cambridge winning 5-0.

The next game was the much awaited match against the staff of the school, whom we were told had been in training. The Blues eventually lost 2-3, with the first pair, James Birch and the

departing captain Al Taylor narrowly losing the deciding match. They later claimed that their match would have been even closer had they not been so tired from matches earlier in the day.

The only other serious fives of the trip to Zuoz was an Open Tournament with pairs of roughly equal strength. This meant playing with unusual partners, perhaps from St Olaves or maybe from the school. Cambridge did well, with five of our squad in the semi-finals and James Birch and Robin Chatterjee winning the plate competition. Fittingly, in his last serious match as captain, Al won the tournament playing with Paran from St Olaves 14-13 in the final, snatching victory from the jaws of defeat in an exciting climax.



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