

# VARSITY



## Interview

Will Self discusses the war and drugs but not his childhood on **PAGE 10**

## Music

Superstar DJ, LTJ Bukem impresses and intimidates on **PAGE 24**



The Cambridge student newspaper

16 November 2001

[www.varsity.cam.ac.uk](http://www.varsity.cam.ac.uk)

# DONS DISS UNI'S SEXISM STRATEGY

- Cam at bottom of equality league
- “Positive action” recommended
- Dons reject new equality agenda

### Oliver Duff

Cambridge dons this week objected to “a politically correct culture sweeping through the University”, after a decision to admit more academics from minority groups.

The decision to introduce “positive action” into university recruitment policies was announced last week following a meeting of the heads of university institutions. This follows a recent equality audit, which concluded that employees at the university felt intimidated and alienated by a ‘white macho’ culture.

The survey of the 7,000 staff revealed that 66 per cent of female employees had felt excluded or undervalued at some stage. Only 15 per cent of academics and a shocking six per cent of professors are women.

Similar findings were recorded for disabled staff. Members of ethnic minorities are also seriously under-represented. From over 3,000 responses, only 171 came from non-white employees.

Peter Deer, the University's Director of Personnel, stated, “selection criteria should be based on the needs of the institution concerned, rather than simply a search for excellence. What makes someone the ‘best candidate’ can depend on a number of factors... this may include an assessment of potential as much as a well-established record.”

He also stated that he would be “very guarded” about accepting uncritically the results of an ‘equality league table’, placing Cambridge 69th out of 81 universities.

The implementation of a positive action policy faces stiff opposition, however, with the fiercest criticism this week coming from Lord St John of Fawsley, former Master of Emmanuel College, former Cabinet Minister and now Chairman of the Fine Art Commission. Positive action was “positive discrimination by a different name,” he said, adding: “I don't approve of it. Everyone should have an equal chance and be judged on their merits. It is patronising and discriminatory.”

Lord St John also pointed out the fact that “good women don't tend to come forward in the same numbers.” Mr Deer agreed with this statement: “The reasons for this will be several, but no doubt will include a lack of role models and family or caring commitments.”

Mr Deer met further, perhaps surprising, opposition from Dr Gillian Evans of the History faculty. Despite agreeing that there exists a “dominance of white males in senior common rooms” and attacking “their offensive assumptions,” she stated quite categorically: “He is wrong; positive action will slide into positive discrimination. Family-friendly policies sound like motherhood and

apple pie, but they discriminate against the childless and single.”

She added: “The moves are not towards equality. Equality is achieved when no one notices what sex you are. The present moves are towards social engineering and improving the statistics. That is unfair to men and degrading to women.”

John Casey, a Fellow of Gonville and Caius, added that the move “goes against all my instincts”.

Mr Deer agreed that he had a difficult task ahead. “All I can do is try to convince the various parts of the University that it would be in their interests to change. We need to change the culture of the University, to make it more family-friendly – not through positive discrimination but positive action...by encouraging applications from individuals who might not otherwise apply to Cambridge – similar to activities designed to widen access for students.”

Mr Deer warned against “the danger of arguing ourselves into a box and ending up doing nothing.” He added: “The culture of the University will only change if sufficient members of the University want that to happen. I can offer advice, but I cannot impose change. The encouraging thing about the meeting with institutions was how many of them were saying that some changes were needed.”

• Editorial – page 8



Peter Deer, University Director of Personnel

Photo: Nigel Luckhurst



## News in brief

## Volunteer

Trinity Hall student Humera Khan has been shortlisted in the regional section of the Whitbread Volunteer Action Awards 2001, for her 'outstanding contribution' to the community through Student Community Action. Khan spends up to ten hours a week on volunteer projects, including helping pupils at St. Matthew's School in Cambridge, manning a mental health phone line and supporting Jimmy's Night Shelter. She is also shortlisted for the Regional Health and Social Care Volunteer award, celebrating the marking of 2001 as the UN International Year of Volunteers. The prize would be five hundred pounds for Student Community Action, and an equal amount for Khan, as well as advancement to the shortlist of National Award Winners. Want to volunteer? Pop into the SCA offices - 10 Pembroke Street - and see how you can help.

## Shelter

A new on-line funding initiative has been launched by the charity Shelter, which works to improve the lives of badly housed and homeless people. It will be targeted at university students throughout Britain. The "ihavegiven with ihavemoved" initiative, will encourage students to register their address at the [www.ihavemoved.com/shelter](http://www.ihavemoved.com/shelter) website. The website will provide a free online change-of address service, registering changes automatically with over seven hundred organisations including utility and telecommunication companies and Government agencies such as the DVLA and the Passport Office. According to Francesco Benincasa, the managing director of the dotcom company, use of this service will not only help "to alleviate the stress and strain of changing home," but also trigger a fifty pence donation to Shelter for every change of address registered. If just five percent of students register address changes, £75 000 will be raised for Shelter.

## More river

For all Boaters tired of the endless morning traffic jams and "rowing rage" incidents, a new plan which proposes to build an extra mile of waterway along side the existing river offers a glimmer of hope. The "Camtoo" plan was last week given the support of the Eastern Regional Rowing Council (ERRC), which has decided to incorporate it into the sport's five-year plan. The Combined University Boat Club Committee and the Cambridgeshire Rowing Association have also provided written support for the plan. Mike Mansfield, the chairman of the ERRC, also pointed out that recent flood damage to homes along the river could have been prevented if an extra stretch of waterway had existed. However, making the plan a reality will be a very long process. Last week's decision was simply to set up a Cambridge-based partnership looking into the financing of a feasibility study. The study alone will cost approximately £10,000. The waterway, if the project is eventually undertaken, will cost £5 million.

Katy Long

## Uninvited guests at Kings

Katy Long

Concerns about the security of students' rooms in the town centre have been raised after an unknown man wandered into a student's room off Market Square. The King's College Market Hostel, is located over Barclay's and HSBC banks, and regarded as a regular haunt for the homeless.

On Sunday evening, as Fiona Brenner was working in her room, the door was opened and an unknown man walked in: Brenner's suspicions were immediately aroused, as she told *Varsity*: "I had heard him trying other doors along the corridor too, and so I felt that it was strange when he then claimed to be looking for a friend in a room number which was completely different from mine." Asking him why he had entered Room 8 instead of Room 19, the man, who appeared drunk, gave the name of a fictitious 'girlfriend'. Subsequently, he was persuaded to leave as no such person was resident in the hostel.

The intrusion raises questions as to whether the security systems in place are adequate to protect accommodation in one of the busiest areas of town, especially as it is not an isolated incident. Other reports of unauthorised entry by people unconnected to the college have been confirmed. Emma Yeung, another first-year resident of Market Hostel, reports that three weeks ago she noticed a woman leave a toilet in the hostel, only to go out-

side and get into a sleeping bag on the street. This was not reported to the porters as she felt that "in itself it didn't worry me." However, following the intrusion on Sunday there has been a heightened awareness throughout the student body of the potential threat from outside intruders or opportunistic thieves.

Kings' Market Hostel has a reputation for a strong community spirit, and in

light of this an area of concern has emerged: students often leave their doors unlocked and open when absent. The porters' record of the incident notes that when the intrusion was investigated, three rooms were found to be unlocked, at least one with a laptop in full view from the door.

Nevertheless, the most serious security problems revolve around the ease with

which it is possible to gain access to Market Hostel. On several occasions the door to the hostel has been left propped open and unattended by students and in some cases staff members, and when the door is closed unknown individuals have often been allowed to walk in unquestioned behind residents. Although the incident on Sunday has ensured that, in Yeung's words "I will definitely ask someone wanting to gain access who they are now", they also point to problems with the electronic swipe-card lock, which operates on a time delay, allowing a period in which others can follow an individual in, even once the door has been closed.

When informed by *Varsity* of this problem on Tuesday evening, the Porters claimed they were unaware of this. However, Brenner emphasises that simply increasing student awareness can help to avoid or diffuse the potential threat, saying "I would definitely advise any one in that situation just to ask...the man was easy to get rid of once I questioned his story."

However, the police's advice is that "if you meet a problem your primary aim should be to get away."

The consensus among Market Hostel students is that these incidents have served to remind them that complacency concerning student accommodation security is a potential threat to themselves and their possessions.



Photo: Judith Whiteley

## Capsa-ised



Photo: Sam Dobbins

Meyrem Hussein

The National Audit Office may be called in to investigate Cambridge University's "long-standing accountability problems," and the bungled attempts to implement an on-line accounting system.

The public spending watchdog would be following up the damning findings of a recent report into the implementation of the £9m on-line commitment accounting system (CAPSA).

The report, prepared by University College London's Professor Anthony Finkelstein, and the Institute of Education's Professor Michael Shattock, showed how the costs of implementation spiralled from £4.72 million to £9.19 million - and the system is still not working properly.

Professor Finkelstein said: "CAPSA has cost a lot of money, damaged the integrity of the University's financial processes and soured relationships between academics and administration."

Professor Shattock wrote that it should have been clear from 1996. "The CAPSA story illustrates all the problems of long-term under-investment: the University had failed to invest either in new finan-

cial systems or in sufficient qualified staff in the centre or in the departments."

He concluded that there was "a lack of respect for the professional... in both governance and management."

He warned that without a "significant investment in qualified staff," Cambridge will "not be able to meet its national and international obligations to account for the funds made available to it" and would "fall further and further behind other universities in the adoption of IT driven administrative issues."

In a statement released on 5 November, a spokesperson for vice-chancellor Sir Alec Broers said that the university accepts the "significant recommendations about management responsibility and accountability, and the University's corporate governance."

In order to bring in some specialist expertise the former Director of Finance for Cable and Wireless, Andrew Reid, has been appointed as Director of Finance for Cambridge University.

The new Director of Finance said, "The money has not been wasted; we are significantly ahead of where we were last year when we had no commitment accounting system in place. We are now in a position to recover VAT and research grant overheads."

## NUS RALLY

Sophie Morphet

Tuesday sees the NUS come to town. Students from all over East Anglia will congregate in Cambridge to demand "Higher Education for all!"

The programme for the day starts with a march through Cambridge's town centre, to be followed by a "carnival-like rally" on Parker's Piece. The entertainment will comprise of speakers, such as comedian Mark Thomas, George Young from *The Guardian* and members of the TUC. It is also rumoured that *Big Brother's* Narinder Kaur will be lending her support. In addition there will be a massive gold balloon release.

CUSU have been involved heavily in the organisation of the rally. However, they do not wish to let the fun get in the way of the serious message to be conveyed. As their web site says "our policy is to ensure the return of the grant, the abolition of tuition fees, and the dropping of any proposals for top-up fees."

The rally is part of a series of similar events taking place on a regional level around the country. Nottingham hosted the first one and witnessed members of Nottingham Trent University dressed-up as Robin Hood, to listen to another member of the *Big Brother* clan, Melanie Hill.

The protests come at a crucial time in student politics as a Higher Education Review is in the process of being conducted. The report will be published in January, and it is expected to set the standard for government policy in the foreseeable future.

Pav Akhtar, CUSU President argues "political momentum is here we need to use this opportunity to stand up and

highlight the concerns around student hardship." He added, "the government is looking at student feeling and if we just sit back they'll assume we don't care." He warns of the threat of the implementation of "draconian measures, which have been hinted at through leaked reports from the OFES and the Treasury."

Pav fears that the imposition of a graduate tax will lead to students paying more for longer and hopes that the government can be persuaded to return to the old system of grants where the costs would be paid back through income tax.

He describes this as a "progressive" form of taxation because people, across their lifetime, can pay back their grant in relation to their earnings.

Nevertheless, the government shows no signs of relenting on the issue of imposing some sort of levy for university education. Estelle Morris has told MPs that she will not bring back grants, but introduce a post-graduation payment scheme, or a graduate tax.

This attitude has been acutely criticised by the NUS. Their President, Owain James urged the government "not to waste this opportunity to...make genuine improvements for all students."

Meanwhile, the NUS is attempting to promote student views with the demonstrations, attempting to protect their interests, and highlight their political demands. James concluded "if the government is serious about fulfilling its manifesto pledge to widen access, it must reintroduce new money into the sector at the earliest opportunity."

*The NUS rally starts at 12pm on Parker's Piece on Tuesday 20th November.*

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# BOXING CLEVER Cam on TV



Photo: Tom Woodcock

## Judith Whiteley

Sporting history was made on Wednesday night when Jess Hudson became the first woman to box for the University. The 23-year-old PhD student knocked out her opponent, an officer cadet from Sandhurst, in two rounds.

"Everyone was expecting it to be a girl scrap," Miss Hudson told *Varsity*, "but it was a proper orthodox fight." After an early attack on her opponent's "delicate little nose" Hudson reports that there was "blood all over the

place – and it wasn't mine. She put in some good punches, but at the end of the day I was stronger." Despite this emphatic personal victory, however, the Cambridge team were defeated 7–3 by their military opponents.

Miss Hudson said she would relish the chance of a Varsity match, but that this prospect seemed unlikely at the moment. "We're leagues ahead of Oxford," she said, "They won't even let girls train because it's 'unfeminine.'" Despite being the only female in a club of 30, Miss Hudson assured *Varsity* that it was "no problem at all" and that "the boys are really supportive."

Women have been allowed to box for the University since 1996, but until now have faced stiff opposition from those opposed to women entering the ring. Miss Hudson, however, fought her way through the doubters and went on to fight her official inaugural bout only two months after she first picked up the big red gloves. "I loved it from the minute I tried it," she said.

Concerning Wednesday night's momentous events, Miss Hudson said she was "very pleased to make history," and hoped that she was "paving the way" for other women who wanted to get involved in university boxing.

## Oliver Duff

John's students got to feel important for a few days this week, as the BBC converted parts of the college into a film set.

A production crew of nearly seventy people and a cast of thirty went to work on *The Inspector Lynley Mysteries*, a contemporary murder-mystery series currently being filmed around the UK.

The series is based upon the 'unlikely pairing' of Police Inspector Lynley, who is also an Earl, and Detective Sergeant Havers, who is strongly disliked by her colleagues, and the manner in which they uncover (and presumably solve) "emotionally resonant" stories.

Following two successful 75-minute pilots in the BBC's crime season, the corporation has commissioned a further four 90-minute episodes, set in Cambridge, Lancashire, the Home Counties and Scotland. Producer Ruth Baumgarten summarised the series as "People trying to do the right thing at the wrong time, and the unfolding ramifications of that."

The episode being shot in Cambridge is based on a novel by Elizabeth George, *For the Sake of Elena*. A beautiful, young, deaf Cambridge student, whose father also happens to be a lecturer at the University, is murdered, and her body is found on Crusoe Island by a local artist whilst out sketching. Lynley and Havers are called in to investigate...

Director Richard Laxton stated that the BBC chose to film in John's because it was so "visually striking" and looked so dramatic on film. He highlighted the difficulties in filming in a working environment, alongside the respect needed for the privacy and movement of its inhabitants, and spoke of the "fascistic organisation" required in order to minimise disruption to students, staff and the public. He was also very keen to point out how "incredibly generous and supportive" Domestic Bursar John Harris and the rest of the college had been.

It is as yet unknown when the series will reach our TVs, but it should be worth watching – even if just to look out for your cheeky mates who got paid forty quid for two hours work as extras.



# The crafty CompScis

## Helen McKenna

Two Cambridge students have discovered a major flaw in the security systems used by banks to protect customers' PIN numbers. The flaw could be exploited to extract vast sums of money from hundreds of thousands of accounts.

Richard Clayton and Michael Bond, two PhD students who are conducting research at the computer laboratory, are hoping that their findings will warn banks of the need to modernise their

security software.

The data you type into a cash machine (ATM) is scrambled using devices called cryptoprocessors so that it cannot be intercepted by hackers. The design of these cryptoprocessors was thought to be completely inaccessible because of the vast number of possible combinations (72,000,000,000,000,000 to be precise).

Clayton's original software was designed to try all the combinations, yet despite checking 33 million keys a second it would still have taken 70 years to

crack an encryption key. However, the pair identified weaknesses in the IBM 4578 cryptoprocessor which enabled them to reduce the time taken to one day.

Although the cryptoprocessor in the IBM 4578 is only one of many, it is used by banks and governments throughout America and Europe.

In order to exploit the flaws in the system you would have to be a bank employee with access to highly protected information about security networks, usually only limited to three or four

people within a bank. This may make the likelihood of fraud of this type seem very slim, yet a recent survey carried out by Ernst and Young revealed that 82% of fraud last year was committed by companies' own employees.

If fraud of this nature were to be successfully carried out, banks would have to reissue new cards to the many customers affected – a very costly procedure. However, to upgrade their security systems would also cost banks hundreds of thousands of pounds.

The IBM's CCA team were warned of the possibility of such an attack almost a year ago, but despite the risks they appear not to have taken any measures to correct the problem. A spokesperson for IBM showed little concern about the findings: "In the real world there are too many physical safeguards and authority protections for such an attack to be successful."

Such confidence may well be ill founded, for the Cambridge pair have posted their findings on the internet, providing potential hackers with a step-by-step guide to carrying out an attack, as well as giving details of the required equipment. They hope that the availability of the information on the web will encourage banks to deal with the problem. It would appear, however, that the greatest threat to banks is posed by Clayton and Bond themselves, who have requested that "if anyone has access to an IBM 4578 in a real world application we'd be delighted to have the opportunity to run our attack for real."

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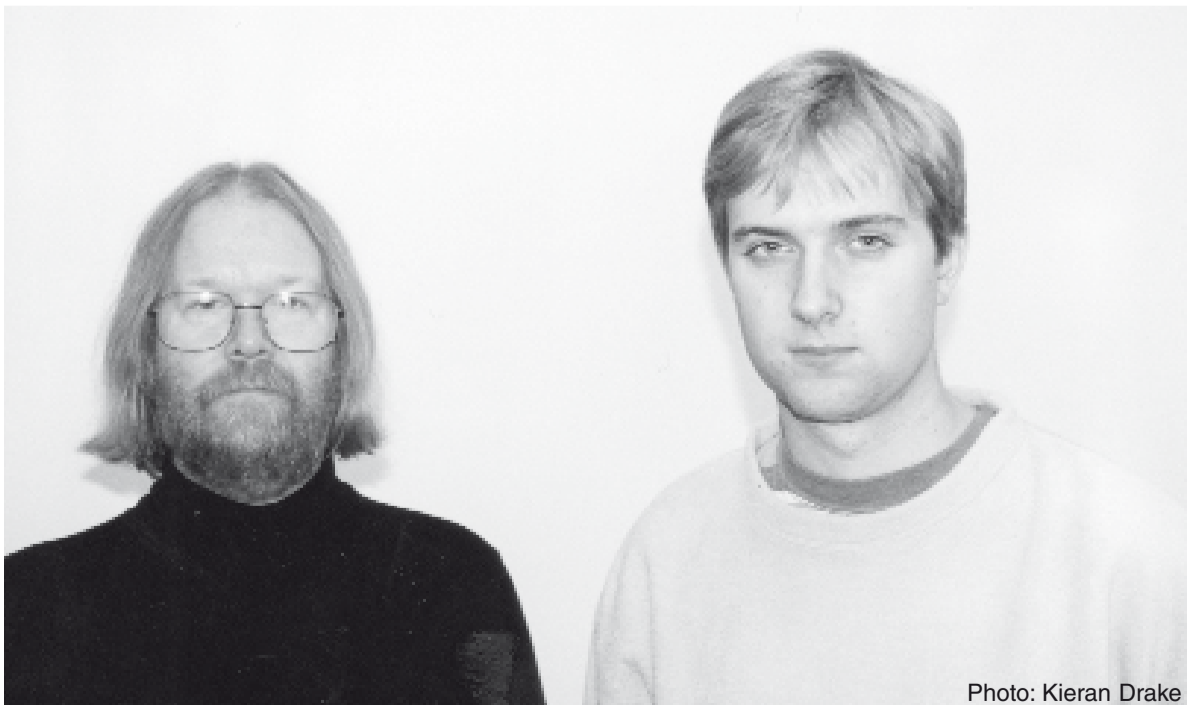


Photo: Kieran Drake

# APPLY

There has been a steep rise in the number of students applying to Oxbridge this year. Applications to Cambridge have increased by 17.5%, from 10,352 to 12,167. Applications to Oxford rose by 18.2%, from 9,336 to 11,031. This is in marked contrast to last year, when the number of Oxford applications increased by just 2.2% and the number applying to Cambridge fell by 7.4%.

The official figures released by UCAS were welcomed by the universities as evidence that initiatives to encourage more applications and attract students from working class backgrounds are starting to bite.

However, CUSU Access Officer Rachel Tripp warned, "Until we know who exactly these higher numbers of applicants are I would be very wary of celebrating over these numbers. The level of participation in Cambridge from the lowest income backgrounds and socio-economic backgrounds is currently lamentably low and it is extremely unlikely that one year's worth of rising application levels would solve this problem."

This development is a reflection of national trends. Ali Hewison, a second year SPS student at Jesus, pointed out, "More people are being encouraged to go to university anyway and this might lead to increased confidence in applying to Oxbridge." Sue Stobbs, the University's Director of Admissions, declined to comment. Presumably she was too busy sorting through those piles of application forms.

Anna Rogers

# The hidden Cambridge underclass

Michael Phillips examines the poverty and social inequality within the University and Cambridge itself

It snowed the other day. Just a bit, but enough to stick. For me, this meant that Girton looked pretty, with a dusting of white on the trees and lawns, a nice photo to show people at home. For the homeless, it meant that there was more chance of dying that night. Cambridge, both the town itself and the student population, is both beautiful and harsh.

Some would argue that wealth abounds amongst students here, and every night hundreds of pounds worth of food and wine are consumed. For all the dining clubs that exist here, this simply is not true. The bursary system is a blessing, because here more than at any other university, students with financial difficulties can seek help. But the very existence of this system highlights the need for more action to help those less well off. The university has a paradoxical attitude to student life as a whole. Here we are encouraged to partake in sport, music, drama, almost anything which is seen to create a 'more well-rounded' person. Yet the time taken up by these activities is not supposed to detract from academic work, which we are told is the primary reason for our being at Cambridge. So why are we not permitted to take part-time work which takes up less time than say, editing a section of *Varsity*? A job would make a vital contribution to the finances of someone who otherwise might not be able to attend university. In the long run academic standards would increase, in that those who need to work would not have to spend every hour available toiling in full

time work during the holidays, and thus would be able to devote more of the vacation time to their studies.

Cambridge is a town of extremes, where the lifestyle of the average student is not sustainable for someone of limited means. Pubs and restaurants pitch prices at tourist-trap levels, and despite the existence of ents and formal halls, eating out, drinking and clubbing remain the primary leisure activities of students. Whether you pace yourself, or have one binge night a week, going out here is an expensive pastime. There is a constant pressure to belong and therefore to keep up. As silly as it may sound at the age of nineteen, peer pressure exists, and here it

can be very expensive. In this town of opposites, the wealth of some eclipses the poverty of others, which is not a concern for the majority. The bursary system, and the wealth which the colleges control, offer an infrastructure to make this a truly egalitarian institution, but until it is fully accepted that both financial poles are present here, this will not be possible.

Cast your eyes down from the dreaming spires for a moment, and it is clear that Cambridge is a town which highlights the divide in modern British society. Government statistics compiled by Shelter show that roughly 260 people were registered as homeless in Cambridge last year, a figure above the national aver-

age. Our society strives to be wealthy, is physically drawn to money, and thus the perceived abundance of rich kids here brings people from other areas, in the hope that more support and a better living will be available to them. There is one night shelter for the homeless in Cambridge, with 33 beds. What the tourists see, and the reality for those living on the streets, continue to be worlds apart; this gap between perception and reality is representative of the growing gap between rich and poor existing in society today. We are presented with the image of a country which continues to grow richer, with increased consumer spending being used to indicate a high level of wealth. But

this hides the reality that spending is underpinned by borrowing at an unprecedentedly high level, with many taking on crippling debts that they will never be able to pay back, in order to remain a correctly functioning part of our materialistic society. Those most in debt are the people least able to pay money back, thus widening the gap between rich and poor and adding to an ever growing social underclass.

Sitting on the wall outside King's, Cambridge can seem like a different world. But walk past Kelsey Kerridge and it is like stepping through the looking glass, back into a real town. Beyond Parkers Piece, Cambridge metamorphoses back into what it really is: a medium sized British town of social inequality and a growing number of people living close to the poverty line. Employment here is high, because of the numbers employed by the colleges and the thriving retail trade. But these jobs are mainly low paid, with little security, benefits or possibility of advancement. The University keeps the town in stasis, at a bearable level of existence, but with no chance of progression. Both inside and outside of the quadrangles, more must be done to fight against the financial stagnation the University creates. Universities should be a tool for building a more meritocratic society, and Cambridge has the potential to be an important part of this process. Currently however, it is bolstering a situation where those who have and those who don't will never be able to look each other in the eye.



Photo: Michael Phillips

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So why is the subject of students on the town a good news story? Are the activities of students something that the public is ignorant of? Hardly. The public knows that students drink. Every town with a university has the cleaning bill to prove it. The reason for this interest is the fact that it was Cambridge students doing these things, and while the public by and large knows about students, it generally doesn't know about Cambridge. The Oxbridge universities exist in the public mind as ivory towers, bastions of education for the wealthy. Both universities have gone to great lengths to combat this image, but the public vision is still one of privilege.

This privilege is the key to understanding the interest. No one is particularly interested if a man who runs a chip shop is having an affair with his sister-in-law, but if a soap star or a pop singer gets caught, it is front page news. In the same way, what is viewed as youthful high-jinx in Manchester and Leeds is squalid debauchery in Cambridge. Every article contains the words "double-standard". There can be no clearer indication of this than the fact that these articles focused on the drinking habits of young women in Cambridge. The Alley Catz were presented as the height of privileged excess. Cambridge is rammed with men's drinking societies, run by rugby teams, football teams, rowers and people who just like a drink. They were largely ignored, while the women were practically chased by reporters. The subject of women, particularly young women, drinking is still something of a taboo, and its lurid connotations couldn't help but attract attention. Make the women privileged Cambridge students, tack on a few fictions (such as The Fez Club having an atmosphere of pure marijuana), and you've got yourself a story.

The media, then, and the public at large, has an image of Cambridge. Right or wrong, Cambridge is thought of as a place crammed with the wealthy, the super-intelligent and the arrogant. What they forget, and what the media certainly never take into consideration, is that Cambridge students are human. They are young men and women thrown together, often away from their parents for the first time. Drinking and excess are an almost inevitable product.

It is interesting that, despite the media attention the University has been receiving over the last few weeks, some stories go almost unnoticed. Where were the double-page spreads covering allegations of sexual harassment at Corpus? This was a serious issue: a public institution in which a quarter of the female population felt intimidated or had experienced sexual harassment. This however, seemed a little too serious. It lacked the air of scandal in the ivory towers, containing truly loathsome elements, rather than simple excess.

It is precisely this sense of perspective that the media lacks when examining the University. When serious flaws are exposed, the image of Cambridge as a world apart is merely confirmed. But sometimes they discover that Cambridge students are the same as other people, fond of a drink and with a desire to go out and enjoy themselves. They are amazed, and try to justify their amazement by producing the outlandish stories we've all been reading.

Hugh Collins

## JOHN'S TAKES THE PISS

Rob Jenrick of St John's looks at the recent media scandal surrounding the college

It all began rather unceremoniously, when a neat, officious and unprepossessing notice was pinned up in the porters' lodge of St John's, naming seven students 'Deaned' for "excessive revelry" a few nights before. Within a day or two, a minor media circus had ensued, national papers were writing vitriolic articles, journalists were skulking in the cloisters and college was in a spin.

A week on since *Varsity* broke the story, one is left wondering why all this ever had to happen. Rebecca West once wrote that "Journalism was the ability to meet the challenge of filling the space", and in a period of rather dour news, predictable tales of student antics provided a much needed tonic. These events, though hardly *Brideshead*, played neatly upon popular perceptions of life at one of England's most elitist Universities, and since the first law of journalism has always been to confirm existing prejudice rather than attempt to contradict it, such tales of privileged woe were easy prey for the right-wing press.

Far more important is to question why so much needless upset amongst those involved was caused in the first place. That the Dean of St John's, Dr MacIntosh did not foresee that his actions would provoke national media interest and intrusion almost beggars belief. It does not, one would assume, take the media nous of Rupert Murdoch to realise that a few days after the troubles at Catz, such actions were tempting fate. Naïve they may

have been, but naïve with severe consequences for those involved is far less easy to forgive.

The tabloid style 'name and shame' policy seen at St John's is thoroughly unacceptable, and symptomatic of the often arcane systems of discipline in Cambridge colleges. No students, and certainly not for charges such as these, deserve to be ritually humiliated in public, and no college has the right to risk such information reaching the national media. Whilst the Dean has become the toast of the right-wing press, those involved have suffered a horrifying trial by media and had their reputations unfairly jeopardised. Equally the incident has tarnished the name of a college, something which all its students have a claim to. Just because they are the college authorities does not give them any right to bring it into disrepute.

Raymond Chandler once wrote that a "newspaper editor should have a pimp for a brother so that he would have someone to look up to", and John's students this week, perusing the sanctimonious and bitter attacks in the press on their fellow undergraduates, have cause to think much the same. As the hyperbole flowed in the *Mail's* editorial, students were accused of "puking and emptying their bladders on the floors of their taxpayer-funded ivory towers", whilst claiming that "people will not pay for an elite which treats them with such scorn". Indeed they should not, but quite how their inaccurate and sensationalist coverage

could claim for them the moral high-ground is even harder to justify. Equally, lording the arcane and equally uncivilised policy of 'naming and shaming' is absurd.

The lessons to be drawn from the week's melodrama are striking, and go further than the rather exaggerated incidents themselves. Cambridge colleges, such as St John's, Corpus and Catz must realise that their national profile gives them a serious responsibility to act with tact and with a sense of proportion, and when their students are dragged into the national spotlight, their responsibility is to protect and defend them, rather than basking in their newly found status as pin-ups of the right-wing press. Colleges must also come to terms with the fact that

discipline systems based on the idea of discretionary judgements in kangaroo-courts may have at times a sort of 'Tom Brown's School-days' appeal, but are not acceptable today, when they can have such devastating consequences for individuals. Finally, colleges should at times like these, following mistakes and errors of judgement, not take themselves so seriously and be ready to apologise freely and sincerely for the grief they cause.

St John's Dean, speaking in *Cambridge Evening News* wrote that he thought what had happened was "monstrous and irresponsible". He was right. Yet it was of his own making.

Rob Jenrick is JCR Academic Affairs Officer at St John's College



Photo: Michael Philips

## All aboard for elitist access

Alex Lee

In my innocent naïveté, I had always believed that when a member of parliament was appointed to a ministerial position, ability counted for more than gender. When, however, I put this to the education minister Margaret Hodge last Thursday, asking for an assurance that she had been promoted for her talents rather than her feminine charms, I was slapped down: this view, apparently, is indicative of the "elitist bigotry" that she believes pervades the Union. I suppose I really should be incredibly grateful to her for pointing out the error of my ways: it really doesn't bear thinking about how awkward life would be in future if I went around judging people on merit!

Merit, and the issue of access and accusations of elitism are commonplace in the media's approach to Oxbridge in general: cases such as those of Laura Spence are now becoming all too familiar staples of the public's newspaper diet. Yet in addressing these issues, Cambridge has come out not as a champion of its own position as a bastion of academic excellence, not with a defence of its selection of the best and most promising candidates, but by adopting the opinions held by Ms Hodge and her colleagues in Labour Government.

Cambridge is one of the very few institutions in Britain which exists to nurture and hone the minds of the brightest and most versatile in each generation. While our colleges are still

filled by students of the very highest calibre, and I wouldn't dare to suggest that anyone doesn't deserve to be here, it seems to be a matter of shame for us as individuals and our university as an institution to admit this when faced with criticism.

Accused of elitism we should respond that we are one of the elite



among British Universities. The representatives of the University and colleges should be proud to say that we only take the very best people, and that we have a right to expect excellence from our applicants as a matter of course. Contrary to the opinion of many New Labour ministers, it is not the university's function to open itself

up to just anyone: we cannot accept people on the basis of quotas or guidelines set down by an external body. Each individual accepted should really feel as if they have earned their place through ability, rather than given it through charity.

In many respects, it seems as if access is actually an issue that has been mis-

image of Cambridge as a university simply beyond the reach of many, simply on the grounds that they "aren't clever enough", is not to dumb ourselves down, but to stress the meritocratic nature of our system, unfettered by any enquiry into the background of the applicants.

Of course, to speak so clearly against one of the principles underlying access as it is presented, especially by CUSU, is not an opinion that is heard often. Indeed, it seems as if it is almost taboo to acknowledge that we are all at the best university in Britain, and one of the best in the world. It is as though to admit to academic excellence in public, as individuals and as an institution, is somehow distasteful and unpleasant. We are afraid of being perceived as a university which picks only the best. Excellence is not a quality that is pleasing to the politically correct.

The time has come to reverse the trend and steer clear of the social tyranny of PC. For too long it has been misused: from a means of ensuring social justice and fair treatment, it has become a means of opposing anything that stands out, anything that seeks to be different for its own sake, anything that is original and out of the ordinary. But Cambridge exists to further these principles: the University exists to pursue intellectual excellence, to forge the minds of the future and to foster thoughts that will one day change the world. It is time to stop being ashamed, to cease blushing at the word 'elite' and to stand up against 'access'.

understood: it should not be about getting the "right" proportion of people from a certain background into the university, but about ensuring that everyone who truly deserves to get in can. Although there should be an effort to make sure that the realities of student life are known far and wide, it seems that the way to overcome the

# Scholarly sexism survives

Sophie Morphet sees the recent spate of harassment cases at Corpus as endemic of a wider trend in Cambridge

If you heard about the recent allegations in the national press over the weekend regarding cases of sexual harassment, you probably found them shocking. The fact that the story was largely ignored by the newspapers, in favour of St. John's students getting their kit off and losing control of their bodily functions, was perhaps the more disgusting side of the recent negative coverage of Cambridge. It certainly proves that the double standard that exists between the sexes is a nationwide phenomenon, as opposed to a trend concentrated in Cambridge. It also confirms that there is a problem, rearing its ugly head on a localised scale, that needs to be tackled.

As an entrenched feature of modern life, sexism is hard for women to escape. This showed itself in Corpus in terms of male members of the college taking advantage of drunken girls "in and around the bar", and in the John's and Catz's cases, with the national press taking an unhealthy interest in girls getting plastered. In the aftermath the double standard persisted; the Muff Divers proud of the attention they have received are reported to have made t-shirts bearing their name and "As featured in..." (insert national newspaper name here), while the girls involved are not talking to their parents. Boys will be boys, eh?

Corpus' reaction – closing the bar for a week – shows the college and JCR are firmly against students perpetrating sexual discrimination combined with uncontrolled and unacceptable behaviour. According to JCR President Adrian Ellis, student support has been "extremely encouraging." But what else could they do? The situation is too serious to ignore, due to the large scale and nature of the problem. Few of us have any idea what to do about sexual belligerence except report it. However, no incidents have been formally reported in Corpus, for the simple reason that the girls are scared. If a girl accuses a man of sexual harassment it will not only tarnish his university career, but hers too. The reputation gained from being seen to be unable to accept disparagement will follow her through her life, marking her out as some sort of spoilsport.

Sexism in the colleges is not confined to the bureaucracy, but can be found amongst our peers. Snide little comments to demoralise or depreciate girls and their achievements are rife – and of course we fight back as far as we can. The notion is rife among the Hawk's Club, the male Blues club, that girls are not deserving of a full blue for some sports, such as cricket and rugby, which the men get without any question. The problem with this theory is not whether girls deserve the blue or not, but whether they are

being given the opportunity to reach a standard where they are deemed to be worthy of it. When was the last time you heard of a female rugby player or rower being offered a place at Cambridge on the basis of her sporting prowess, as commonly (although not exclusively) occurs amongst our male Blues players?

Unfortunately, this is an accepted form of discrimination. Thankfully,

this is no longer the case with sexual harassment: physical or verbal. The much reviled Senior Tutor of Corpus, Chris Kelly has been commended by his JCR in helping to handle the crisis, giving them his full backing. Sadly for Corpus, it has taken the intimidation of a quarter of the college's female population (and so a considerable percentage of its potential exam marks) to allow Dr Kelly to show himself as a

true 21st century man. But why should women have to wait until someone is physically assaulted for the university to wake up and smell the stench of sexual inequality that pervades the air around its dreaming spires?

The allegations come in the wake of a major University Equality Audit, which surveyed 7,000 employees and found that 66 percent of women felt excluded or undervalued, and highlighted that only 15 percent of academics and a shocking 6 percent of professors were women, putting Cambridge at 69th in an equality league table of universities out of a total of 81. This does not seem to trouble the University, if the comments of a certain Fellow of Emmanuel College are to be believed. Lord St John of Fawley, has deemed positive action to instigate change as "positive discrimination by a different name."

Although it was good to see an immediate clampdown by the authorities of Corpus in response to their problems, what does the university propose to do about it on a wider scale? Cambridge cannot blame the male tradition for its appalling double standards for much longer. Mixed colleges have been around for over thirty years, and the university either needs to get its act together or think up a new excuse.



Photo: Sam Dobbin

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Will  
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# Self-obsession at Will

Rob Sharp has a go at surrealism, drug culture and the avant-garde with notorious journalist and novelist Will Self

Old northern men in comfy arm-chairs living in pebble-dashed terraces often comment about things not being made like they used to be. It's a multi-purpose expression, often used by people who are forced into obsolescence by the dynamism of their surroundings.

It's therefore interesting that this is the maxim primarily supported by author and journalist Will Self, who sits opposite me sporting leather jacket, belt buckle and boots whilst puffing on a filterless cigarette. I'm in "extra-parliamentary left" Marlboro Country now. An inverted packet saying Oribloldbastard, that's of novelty interest to students.

The formalities. "I stopped using drugs a couple of years ago", comments the defendant as I watch him with distinct

**He jumps forward to scare me. I raise a quixotic eyebrow in response.**

disinterest shifting affectedly about in his chair. "I think in an enlightened society the law responds to what the people want [regarding cannabis]." Right on. "There are certain drugs that I think should definitely remain illegal. Certain compounds like opium should be allowed without legalising conventional heroin." I nod enthusiastically.

Self is well known, alongside his admiration for Martin Amis, as a lover of Burroughs and Ballard, who provoked his heavily-hackneyed form of creative surrealism. So has he used narcotics as an inspirational catalyst? "It's not really been a major influence on my creativity, no. I've worked despite the drugs instead of because of it, like any addict. I think the imagina-

tion in my work would have been there despite my drug use. I mean look at Ballard." But does he deny a certain gonzo whimsy in the work he produces? "I think gonzo journalism pervades all of our media. People mix their personality with their journalism, it's in the nature of what we observe all around us. Even John Humphreys in the *Today* programme is guilty of it in a certain respect. But to be fair I've done some of that getting fucked on drugs and then writing about it."

An hour earlier I had observed Will reading aloud from his new book, lurching histrionically up and down the Union chamber to the sound of sporadic laughter. Before the reading the audience was handed the index of the aforementioned *Feeding Frenzy*. Many thought it to be some kind of abstruse form of conceptual art. In fact, the reality was far, far worse. People were told to pick out random words that Will could comment on, and I tried hard to be impressed as he reeled off anecdotes about Wittgenstein and the rise of the importance of the goatee beard in the Western World.

Talking of conceptualism, why the YBA covers? "I think *The physical impossibility of death in the mind of someone living* is an immensely powerful piece. Damien Hirst is pretty good. I chose all of the covers myself. Damien is good, Sarah Lucas is good. Tracey Emin is a bad artist." Do you

think that what you stand for could be accused of media-conscious shock-tactics? "I think shock isn't particularly use-

**I want to talk about your childhood. "Why, do you know a lot about it?"**

ful, it's a meaningless truism. It depends what you use it for." He jumps forward to scare me. I raise a quixotic eyebrow in response.

And the reactionaries? "Childish certainly has something, you know, one of those artists who live

in that avant-garde milieu. Unfortunately the present day avant-garde are increasingly ghettoised like

communists or extreme political affiliates. They're constantly fighting against the people right next to them, which is one of the reasons that they're reaching redundancy. I don't really think there is an avant-garde anymore." What about the satirists, then, I mean you were quite outspoken about... "I think the establishment find Chris Morris distinctly unsettling. Many satirists in our over-ironised society have given up and thrown their hands in the air. He stands alone. I, like him, am not interested in celebrity culture. It's the reduction of people to a series of soundbitten images, and is something I like anyone am subject to. I don't take any of it remotely seriously."

Self Politics. What are they? "I've never been part of a party." The Tory leadership campaign (given his 'media involvement' with Major's election drive)? "I couldn't give a fuck." Are you political then? "I'm very political." Then the war then, what do you think about the war? "The war has made me realise that I'm a pacifist. The old argument about what you would have done about the Nazis doesn't apply because if everyone had been a pacifist in 1914 then they never would have come to power. This conflict's basically about making sure that there's a Starbucks in downtown Kabul."

So Americanism is the root of all evil, then. "My hunch is that the Americans have alienated themselves from the rest of the

world, creating a legion of 'Al-Qaedas' by their Middle Eastern actions. My hunch is that nothing will be solved by the war. If they wanted to retain the moral high ground they should have shown more restraint alongside stepping up their domestic security." Do you get a warm feeling inside when you think of Bush? "The British have always been enthralled by Americans, and our collective security depended post-Cold War on falling in line with what they were doing. Blair doesn't realise the alternatives to falling in line with the Americans."

I want to talk about your childhood. "Why, do you know a lot about it?" No. "Well I can tell you I was there." Ho ho. Fuck you.

The future. "I'm pretty pessimistic about the evolution of our culture. I think there are a lot of negative things going on in terms of the long-term

**"This conflict's basically about making sure that there's a Starbucks in downtown Kabul"**

environmental trends that have been set in motion. I'm not a member of the Green Party as such, but I tend to contribute to their cause in my work as a writer and a journalist. I may find myself in the future coming out of the closet and occupying a political platform."

The fifteen minutes of pop-psychology allotted to me by his PA are over. He's soon up and away, disappearing in a puff of logic, off to another book launch until such time as his publishers decide it's a valid time to recycle him into a solvent-based, marketable glue. I'm in the process of coming up with a jingle.



Photo: Natasha Grayson



# A time and a place to go out

Anushka Asthana asks *Time Out* Editor Laura Lee-Davis about London life

“*Time Out* is the only place that you can really get under the skin of London.” As the Editor of the magazine that many Londoners use as their weekly timetable, Laura Lee-Davis knows England’s capital better than the Pope knows his scriptures.

Walking into *Time Out* was a bit like walking into a hair and fashion magazine designed especially for art students. Every hair cut is preened to perfection into this year’s – no make that next year’s – perfect style. Well so they should be. I mean, these are the people on whom we rely to tell us where we should go this week, so they should definitely look the part.

When trying to get an idea of a typical day in Laura’s life I realise just how much she has to fit in. Aside from keeping her “finger on the pulse” of Britain’s largest and busiest city she also has

to look after her 14-month old son, who kindly wakes her up early every morning, not to mention attending a variety of celebrity events. She casually drops into the conversation that she managed a lie-in until 7.45 this morning because she just had to attend the Gala opening of the London Film Festival last night.

Laura admits that as Editor she does miss those things she used to have more time for. Nowadays her day is so full with co-ordinating other people, attending meetings and following things up that she even has less time to party. When she was Music Editor, she confesses that living it up was an important part of the job “especially when you interview a band on tour. Even if we’re not the *NME* there is still a

certain amount of, you know, draining the mini bar dry.” Sounds perfect to me; you stumble in with a hangover, feeling like shit on a Monday morning and it signifies to your boss that you care enough about your job to keep working through the weekend.

So how on earth is it possible to keep up with what is going on in a city like London? “*Time Out* was the original, it’s always had a reputation so people come to us with the information, we don’t need to go out and actually find it.”

Having just met Laura I now want her job. I want my friends to come to me when they need to find the perfect restaurant for a special occasion. I want to burn

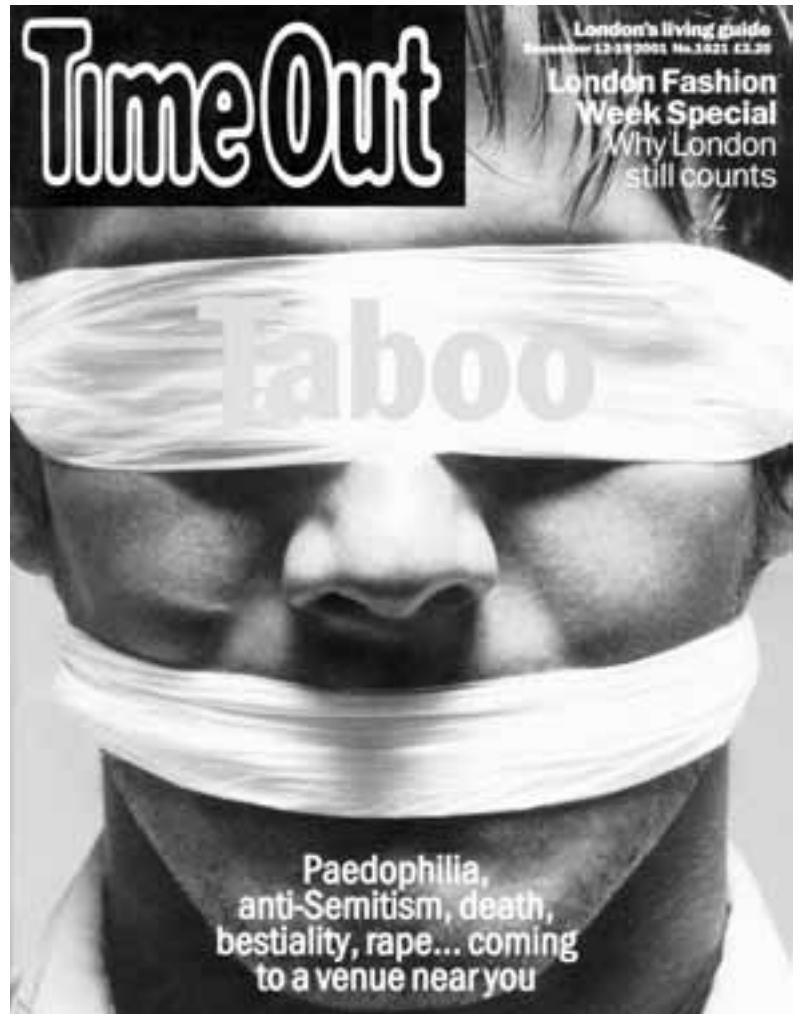
But what about a Cambridge student, who isn’t on a media course? For news journalism Laura says that “getting onto a local paper is essential” but it is different for arts journalism, which is becoming increasingly popular. The first thing you need to do is “start trying to write those reviews for your student paper... but also just get involved”. The good news is, being a student is an advantage. We are free in the summers when most staff choose to take their holidays and Laura is keen to stress that “finding students who are good at it, has been really valuable to us”. So you need to be good at it, but you mustn’t be arrogant. If you get work experience and “in the first couple of days, someone gives

you a load of boring filing to do then do it well and efficiently... because if someone is not even going to bother doing that, you are not going to waste your time trying to train them up.”

So what does the person who knows most about London think of it? Well obviously she adores it. She has to really, her job requires it. I tried to get her to criticise London, I really did. What about the Millennium disasters? The wall of fire that never set alight, the Millennium Bridge that shook, the Dome... she even manages to say something positive about that: “I think the dome as a structure is great,” but even Laura admits “they didn’t fill it with anything remarkable. It’s just a cross between Alton Towers and the Science Museum.” As for her advice on the best London has to offer, Greenwich market and a cosy restaurant called Floriens in Crouch End seem to be top of the agenda.

**Sounds perfect to me; you stumble in with a hangover, and it signifies to your boss that you care enough about your job**

the candle at both ends in order to ensure I get the right information to people and, of course, I want to be on the guest list of every bar, nightclub and premiere in London. So how did she do it? Well, she did an English and Media course in Manchester during which she “had a pirate radio station...and helped out on the production desk of *Citylife*” (Manchester’s answer to *Time Out*). She got a part time job at *Time Out*, partly because she had some experience but also because she didn’t expect to “walk in and write a cover feature.” Every time she considered leaving she got a promotion and now here she is, Laura Lee-Davis: editing the magazine she always hoped she would.



I wanted to dislike Laura, I wanted her to be pretentious, live up to my stereotype of a London darling, but she wasn’t, she was really very nice and well...very practical. The one thing she would do to improve London if she got the chance is to

put “more staff on the tube...it would improve everyone’s quality of life...it really is the veins of London.” Laura lives and breathes London. I’m also pleased to say that like any true Londoner she does of course support Manchester United.

1		2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9						10		
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The Varsity crossword is sponsored by Joti and Debbie, graduate advisors at NatWest. To win a £10 music/book voucher return either completed puzzle with your details to the Varsity offices by 12 noon Wednesday.

Cryptic by Jove, quick by Nuturna NatWest

**Answers to last week’s crossword:**

**Cryptic Crossword – Across:** 4. Angora 7. Minimalist 8. Exeunt 9. Acquitted 11. Bookworm 15. Rasher 17. Kuo 18. Thorn 19. Arc 20. Dynamo 21. Schedule 23. Reinstate 25. Secret 27. Organising 28. Napalm **Down:** 1. Disc jockey 2. Impi 3. Ulster 4. Ate 5. Greensward 6. Antler 10. Branch 12. Kookaburra 13. Option 14. Moons 16. Escalating 20. Damson 22. Climax 24. Sail 26. Tom

**Quick Crossword – Across:** 4. Artery 7. Insulation 8. Trowel 9. Upper case 11. Crotchet 15. Shadow 17. Gum 18. Zebra 19. Ore 20. Snorer 21. Obdurate 23. Postmarks 25. Nursed 27. Undulating 28. Obeyed **Down:** 1. Snapdragon 2. Blur 3. Ethane 4. Ant 5. Troubadour 6. Yellow 10. Island 12. Timorously 13. Hazard 14. Taboo 16. Overtaking 20. Shinto 22. Bisque 24. Mead 26. Dud

Last week’s winner was Nick Long (Downing) – your voucher is at NatWest Benet Street.

**Cryptic Crossword**

- Across**  
 1. Bone fluid peppered with no end of explosives (7)  
 5. Pinpoint score all the way around (4,3)  
 9. Hurried myself inside and had a look (5)  
 10. Vessel follows bin (5)  
 11. Wave of ugliest cat contests? The beginning of the end!! (11)  
 14. The land where bigger and better rainbows can be found (7)  
 16. The leader – a fruit (7)  
 18. Even the kitchen sink will fit in (7)  
 21. Swearing by the church – we stand by an evil force (7)  
 24. Someone told me this is what lipreaders read (4,2,5)  
 28. Endless control produces liquid (5)  
 29. In going OTT there’s a possible source of wealth (5)  
 30. Points out column (7)  
 31. Pampers promise an empty lake (7)
- Down**  
 1. Group around the original urns. Starting price is dodgy. (7)

**Quick Crossword**

- Across**  
 1) Mouth infection (7)  
 5) Needle (7)  
 9) Scottish band (5)  
 10) Poetic device (5)  
 11) Casual unconcern (11)  
 14) Makes you go hairy and fat (7)  
 16) Summary (7)  
 18) Pissed (7)  
 21) Aristocratic widow (7)  
 24) Artistic period (11)  
 28) Spice (5)  
 29) Athletic competitions (5)  
 30) Wailer (7)  
 31) Tutors (7)
- Down**  
 1) Horns (7)  
 2) Germanic invader (5)  
 3) German city (5)

2. Supplementing a drug leader perhaps? (5)  
 3. A natural group (5)  
 4. This store man cannot be human (7)  
 5. A smell that irritates, deceives (7)  
 6. Where you might find a bald dog perhaps? (5)  
 7. Land variety (5)  
 8. It’s the end for an incomplete raving loony (7)  
 12. Make a bad decision right after casualty (3)  
 13. Child portion (3)  
 15. Surprise rescuers carrying gas (3)  
 17. He’s a bit careless (3)  
 18. Bumpkins without kings? By a seat of learning in addition. It’ll create problems (7)  
 19. Two bailiffs ask people this (3)  
 21. Current British Empire, initially caught in a backward city has somewhere to rest (4,3)  
 22. Took an exam (3)  
 23. Girl set awry without direction, rises and circles (7)  
 24. 1D – centre-back is a god!! (5)  
 25. Country right next to a mountain (5)  
 26. Single youths start being one (5)  
 27. City politician (5)

- 4) Wrapped (7)  
 5) Astral (7)  
 6) Queen’s period (5)  
 7) Used for hanging (5)  
 8) Heavenly (7)  
 12) Boating equipment (3)  
 13) Victim of 20D (3)  
 15) Symbol of Athena (3)  
 17) Fresh (3)  
 18) Friend of Mowgli (4,3)  
 19) Gaming tool (3)  
 20) Killer of 13D (7)  
 21) Confer (7)  
 22) Drawn with compasses (3)  
 23) Changes (7)  
 24) Ancient empire (7)  
 25) Penultimate digit (5)  
 26) Female sprite (5)  
 27) Nursery rhyme refrain (1.1.1.1)

**NEXT WEEK**

**Politics, intrigue, sex and corruption: Varsity meets Neil and Christine Hamilton for an EXCLUSIVE interview**

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# Cash cock-up

Are ATM machines really as safe as we think?

Most people regard going to the ATM as a relatively safe affair provided that you don't lose your card or reveal your Personal Identification Number (PIN). The assumption is that banking systems are secure. However, two PhD students from Cambridge's Computer Laboratory have just dramatically revealed a major weakness in the security systems behind many financial transactions, including those governing cash machines.

All the information which is transmitted through banking networks (such as credit card numbers) is encrypted using complex keys to prevent eavesdroppers accessing it. The encryption keys are stored on devices called cryptoprocessors, which are pieces of hardware that are designed to destroy the keys if they should ever be physically attacked.

Although no such physical assault is known to have succeeded, Michael

Bond and Richard Clayton mounted a successful software based strike using a device built for under \$1,000 from off-the-shelf components and some specially developed software.

This means that should criminals intercept communications between an ATM and its bank, they could collect credit card details along with the PIN and bank account numbers of thousands of customers – the ATM could even be told to dispense cash! As Richard Clayton has said recently, “Any crooked bank manager could duplicate our work on a Monday and be off to Bermuda by Wednesday afternoon.”

Will you ever feel safe standing at your ‘hole in the wall’ again? Perhaps the banks should rethink their strategies to keep our money where it belongs.

Tim Jarrett



w  
web  
w

<http://www.cl.cam.ac.uk/~rnc1/descrack/>

# The power of prayer?

Hannah Fuller on a scientific study about the healing power of prayer

Prayer is nothing new. For centuries, people have been turning to prayer in times of sickness, grief and trauma. More recently however, it has been the subject of scientific debate. Does prayer actually have a medical benefit to people who are ill?

It has often been observed that people who are religious seem to heal more quickly, or are able to cope with illness more effectively than the non-devout. The scientific basis of this phenomenon was first questioned by Francis Galton in 1872. Scientists have been investigating whether the prayers of others can aid the recovery of the sick more recently too. In an experiment by Harris et al, prayer groups were given the names of patients in St. Luke's Hospital, Kansas City and asked to pray for their “speedy recovery with no complications”. The patients had no knowledge of this and their recovery was compared to that of control patients. Harris found that the group receiving prayers fared 11% better than patients in the group that didn't.

There have been many criticisms of the study, such as the method of determining the success of recovery, which is highly subjective and open to a lot of bias. However, most people would agree that the results raise some remarkable issues, which cannot be explained by science at this time.

Our society has an insatiable desire to explain what we don't understand

and to only truly believe in something if there is hard scientific evidence to support it. However, does the scientific basis of prayer really need to be questioned? It is a fact that the psychological effects of prayer can help to alleviate or prevent despair and

depression, and it has long been known that the state of mind of a patient can dramatically affect the rate of recovery. Perhaps questioning something that provides so much comfort to so many would do more harm than good.



Photo: Sam Dobbin

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## FRIDAY 16

### FILM

• **ARTS:** 12.00, 3.00, 6.00, 9.00: Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG). 1.30: *Little Otik* (15). 3.50, 6.10, 8.30: *Ghost World* (15). 10.50: *Croupier* (15). 12.45, 3.15, 8.15: *The Piano Teacher* (18). 5.45: *Don't Look Back* (15).

### MISC

• **Baha'i Society:** Prayers for world peace and unity. *Friends Meeting House, Jesus Lane.* 7:30pm.  
• **CU Jewish Society:** 'Friday Night Experience' – meal + entertainment, followed by Culanu Oneg. *The Student Centre, 3 Thompsons Lane.* 7:30pm.  
• **Queens' Ents:** Es Paradis. Ibiza Anthems and Club Classics. *Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall.* 9pm. £4.  
• **Salsa Classes with Nelson Batista:** www.cambridgesalsa.com Abs beg/imp: 6–7.30pm. Int/adv: 7.30–9pm. *St Columba's Hall, 4 Downing Place (opp Crowne Plaza).* 6pm. £5 (£4 students).

### MUSIC

• **Britten@25:** New Cambridge Opera Group: Britten's *The Turn of the Screw.* *Church of St Edward King & Martyr.* 7:30pm. £8 full view; £5 restricted view; £5 student standby.  
• **Cambridge University Symphony Orchestra:** Programme: Beethoven's *Fidelio* Overture, Brahms' *Haydn Variations* and *Symphony No. 2.* *Trinity College, Chapel.* 8pm. £7.50, (£4).  
• **Kettle's Yard Music:** Lunchtime recital by students. *Kettle's Yard.*

1:10pm.

• **SJCMS Term Concert:** Fauré *Requiem*, Poulenc *Organ Concerto*, Grieg *Holberg Suite.* *St John's College, Chapel.* 8pm. £4/£2.  
• **The Junction:** 70s and 80s Disco extravaganza and karaoke bar. *The Junction, 10–2.* 10pm. £3.50 b4 11.

### TALK

• **Teape Lectures:** "Travelling through Britain: India's road to post colonialism". *Divinity Faculty.* 5pm.

### THEATRE

• **Addenbrooke's Staff and Students:** Annual Charity Pantomime raising money for new cots for babies. *Mumford Theatre, Anglia.* 7:30pm. From £4.50 to £6.50.  
• **CADS:** *The Eve of Retirement.* *Christ's College, New Court Theatre.* 7:15pm. £5/£4.  
• **Shadwell:** William Shakespeare's *'The Tempest'* – magic, music, monsters, marvellousness and dancing girls. *Caius College, Bateman Auditorium.* 7:45pm. £4.  
• **The Junction CDC:** *The People Show: Second.* Unfeigned love, barbarism and marriage. *The Cambridge Drama Centre, Covent Garden, Mill Road.* 8pm. £5.50 disc.

## SATURDAY 17

### FILM

• **ARTS:** 12.00, 3.00, 6.00, 9.00: Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG). 11.00am: *Bugsy Malone (U)* (*Kids Club*). 1.30: *Little Otik* (15). 3.50, 6.10, 8.30: *Ghost World* (15).

10.50: *Croupier* (15). 12.45, 3.15, 8.15: *The Piano Teacher* (18). 5.45: *Little Otik* (15). 10.45: *Don't Look Back* (15).

### MISC

• **CU Ballet Club:** Pointe Class [30 mins] for 'intermediate' & 'advanced' level dancers. *Kelsey Kerridge.* 4pm. 50p.  
• **CU Ballet Club:** Advanced. Lasts 1.5hours. www.cam.ac.uk/societies/ballet. *Kelsey Kerridge, add £2.25 entrance to KK.* 4:30pm. £1.  
• **CU Ballet Club:** Intermediate. (Approx. grades 4–6 RAD.) Lasts 1.5hrs. www.cam.ac.uk/societies/ballet. *Kelsey Kerridge, add £2.25 entrance to KK.* 2:30pm. £1.  
• **CU Judo Club:** Senior graded session. *Fenner's Gym.* 6pm.  
• **Queens' Ents:** Gold! The radical sound of the 80s. *Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall.* 9pm. £4.

### MUSIC

• **Britten@25:** New Cambridge Opera Group: Britten's *The Turn of the Screw.* *Church of St Edward King & Martyr.* 7:30pm. £8 full view; £5 restricted view; £5 student standby.

### THEATRE

• **Addenbrooke's Staff and Students:** Annual Charity Pantomime raising money for new cots for babies. *Mumford Theatre, Anglia.* 7:30pm. From £4.50 to £6.50.  
• **CADS:** *The Eve of Retirement.* *Christ's College, New Court Theatre.* 7:15pm. £5/£4.  
• **Shadwell:** William Shakespeare's *'The Tempest'* – magic, music, monsters, marvellousness and dancing girls. *Caius College, Bateman Auditorium.* 7:45pm. £4.

## SUNDAY 18

### FILM

• **ARTS:** 12.00, 3.00, 6.00, 9.00: Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG). 12.30: *Little Otik* (15). 3.50, 6.10, 8.30: *Ghost World* (15). 12.00: *Jewish Film Festival Special Event: Trembling Before G-D* (18). 3.00: *Carmen Jones* (U). 8.15: *The Piano Teacher* (18). 5.45: *Little Otik* (15).  
• **St John's Films:** *The Parole Officer* (12). *St John's College, Fisher Building.* 7:30pm and 10pm. £1.80.  
• **Trinity Film:** *Lawrence Of Arabia.* David Lean's desert-shot masterpiece *Trinity College, Winstanley Theatre.* 9pm. £2.

### MISC

• **Cambridge University Family Society:** Pushchair-friendly ramble. See: www.wolfson.cam.ac.uk/JuniorMembers/Family/social for further details. *Gog Magog Hills (meet by the noticeboard in the car park), 10 mins south of Cambridge on the A1307.* 11am.  
• **CU Kickboxing:** suitable for any standard – beginners welcome. *Parkside Community College, same side of Parkers Piece as police station.* 7pm. £2.50.  
• **Samatha Meditation:** Meditation classes in traditional buddhist meditation. No charge. *Darwin College, Old Library.* 8pm.

### MUSIC

• **Salsa Dance Night:** Pre-Club dance class for all levels 7–8pm. Club till midnight. www.cambridgesalsa.com. *Sophbeck Sessions, 14 Tredgold Lane, off Napier St., (next to Grafton Centre).* 7pm. £Class + Club: £4.

### TALK

• **MethSoc:** "Christian Students in Kenya". David and Elizabeth Dunn-Wilson. *Wesley Church, near Christ's Pieces.* 12am.

## MONDAY 19

### FILM

• **ARTS:** 12.00, 3.00, 6.00, 9.00: Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG). 2.30: *Little Otik* (15). 4.50, 7.10, 9.30: *Ghost World* (15). 1.45, 4.15, 9.15: *The Piano Teacher* (18). 6.45: *Little Otik* (15).  
• **Trinity Film:** *Lawrence Of Arabia.* *Trinity College, Winstanley Theatre.* 9pm. £2.

### MISC

• **Belly Dance:** Belly dance for absolute beginners. Fun and good for stress. *King's College, Chetwynd Room.* 7:30pm. £Concs.  
• **Belly Dance:** Belly Dance for regulars. Powerful form of self-expression. *King's College, Chetwynd Room.* 6pm and 7.30pm. £Concs.  
• **Cambridge University Strathspey and Reel Club:** Scottish country dancing: all welcome including complete beginners. *St John's College, Palmerston Room.* 7:30pm. £2.  
• **CU Meditation & Buddhism Society:** Introduction to meditation, for relaxation and development. *Sidney Sussex, Knox-Shaw Room.* 7:15pm.  
• **cu yoga society:** Iyengar Yoga with Philippe. *Lucy Cavendish College, Oldham Student Bar.* 5:15pm. £3.50, or termcard for 4 sessions for £10.  
• **CUTAZZ:** Intermediate/Advanced tap classes. *Robinson College, Games Room.* 7pm. £2.50.



### 'Cuckoos'

By GIUSEPPO MANFRIDI & TRANSLATED BY COLIN TEEVAN  
20–24 November at 11 pm  
IN FITZPATRICK HALL, QUEENS'  
TICKETS: £4 / £3  
Please contact BATS  
(bats-ctte@qns.cam.ac.uk) for details



### 'Our Country's Good/Three Birds Alighting On A Field'

A DOUBLE-BILL  
20–24 November at 7 pm  
IN FITZPATRICK HALL, QUEENS'  
TICKETS: £5 / £4  
Please contact BATS  
(bats-ctte@qns.cam.ac.uk) for details

The Amateur Dramatic Club invites APPLICATIONS for the following production positions for their 2001 Lent Term Musical, **Copacabana**

Assistant Musical Director	Sound Designer
Lighting Designer	Assistant Sound Designer
Assistant Lighting Designer	Technical Director
Set Designer	Stage Manager
Costumes/Makeup	Floor Manager
	Publicity Manager

Please contact Ollie (ow202, 07855 364251) Deadline: Wednesday 21st November @ 6pm

## Christ's Films

Sunday 18th November  
8pm & 10.30pm  
**CAPTAIN CORELLI'S MANDOLIN**  
Thursday 22nd November – 10pm  
**WHEN HARRY MET SALLY**  
New Court Theatre, Christ's  
£2 inc. raffle for wine  
www.christs.cam.ac.uk/cfilms/

## THEFT presents

### KIDS

Sun 18th Nov  
**THE PRINCESS BRIDE**  
Sun 25TH Nov  
7:30pm Trinity Hall  
Lecture Theatre £2

# Oi You! Yes You!!

Want to do something useful with your time??  
See opposite page for further details, or email:  
**business@varsity.cam.ac.uk**

Chutzpah Theatre Company announces

## AUDITIONS For MEIN KAMPF

WEEK 2 LATE SHOW  
Sunday 18th November, 1.30 – 6pm  
ADC Dressing Room 2  
Contact Jon (j1308)



## The Company of Wolves

"Little Red Riding Hood goes gothic"  
Wed 21st + Thu 22nd Nov  
7:30pm for 8pm start  
Howard Building, Downing College  
Tickets £5 (£4concs)  
Available on the door or from Arts Theatre or from Emma Wilson – 07787 940777

HOW CAN THEY RECONCILE THEIR PASSIONATE LOVE OF JUDAISM AND THE DIVINE WITH THE DRASTIC BIBLICAL PROHIBITIONS THAT FORBID HOMOSEXUALITY?



## SHOWING AT THE CAMBRIDGE ARTS CINEMA, SUNDAY 18TH NOVEMBER, 12 noon

Director Sandi Simcha DuBowski will be speaking after the screening with Steve Greenberg, a gay orthodox Rabbi, at the Culanu Centre 33 Bridge Street 2pm.

"Trembling Before G-d is an un-precedented feature documentary that shatters assumptions about faith, sexuality, and religious fundamentalism."





# MAKE YOUR MAN MORE FAITHFUL

Liz Willcocks discovers how gene therapy on male rodents could help us make their human counterparts less frisky



Ever wondered how to make your partner more faithful? Well, American scientists may now have the answer. Led by Larry Young, at Emory University, Georgia, they have developed a viral gene therapy technique that makes male voles more faithful to their partners and also friendlier to other male voles. The work, which is the first successful use of gene therapy in altering complex behaviour, also has other implications, particularly in the understanding of conditions like autism.

Young's team used a virus to deliver a gene directly into the voles' ventral pallidum (see box), the part of the brain responsible for reinforcing pleasurable experiences and producing senses of reward and addiction. By increasing the number of receptors in this region, the gene made the animals' brains more receptive to the hormone vasopressin.

The effect of the gene therapy was tested by placing the male voles in a cage with one female for 17 hours, and then transferring them to a cage with the same female and one other. The treated voles preferred the known female, but voles that had not undergone the gene therapy made no distinction. "Something about having more vasopressin receptors makes interacting with another individual more rewarding", says Young.

The primary role of vasopressin in the human body is actually in the kidney, where it helps to maintain fluid levels, but when it stimulates receptors in the ventral pallidum of the brain it gives the

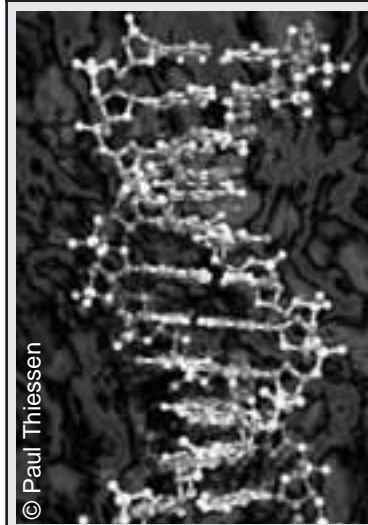
animal a sense of reward. Young suggests that the vasopressin released into the male vole's brain when he mates with a female gives him a sense of reward, which he then associates with that female. Increasing the sensitivity of a vole's ventral pallidum to vasopressin could enhance this feeling, leading to the development of a bond between the pair.

Young also believes that the work might aid the understanding of autism. People with this condition have difficulty forming social bonds with others. He believes

that a possible cause of autism might be a lack of vasopressin receptors in the ventral pallidum, leading to a suppression of the sense of reward experienced when interacting with another individual.

The behaviour of the voles after the gene therapy can be compared to two people in love. In fact, human brain imaging has implied the ventral pallidum in romantic love and also in drug addiction. By making this one region extra sensitive, the voles become, as the age-old cliché goes, addicted to love.

## WHAT IS GENE THERAPY?



© Paul Thiesen

Gene therapy is a novel approach to curing and preventing diseases by altering a person's genetic make-up. The idea is to insert a gene obtained from outside the body into human DNA in the cell. This gene is then expressed along with all the other genes in the cell and prevents or cures the disease. To get the gene into the cell a 'vector' is needed and a virus makes an ideal candidate for this role. A virus is basically a piece of DNA enclosed within a protein coat. The viral DNA can be manipulated to include the gene of interest. When injected into the body it will attach itself to a cell and inject its DNA, taking with it the therapeutic gene.

LW

# MAY ANTHOLOGIES 2002

EDITED BY ANDREW MOTION + NICK CAVE

## MICHAELMAS LAUNCH



Photos courtesy of Joe Ford

Join us in Borders Coffee Shop for our Michaelmas Launch

Featuring information about submitting work, literary readings and talks from some very special guests

Borders Coffee Shop  
Market Square  
28th November

7-10pm

See future Varsities for further details



# Most Eligible and the winner is...

PULL  
OUT

Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the greatest of them all? According to our voters, the sexiest, most eligible man at Cambridge University for 2001 is Mr Balls, also known as Tim Hall. Following his victory (though by a narrow margin with Mr Muscle coming in close behind him), we met up, reassessed and grilled him in depth to see just what kind of man you've all voted for...

First, the easiest of questions for any man, can you tell us who your ideal celebrity woman is?

Anna Kornikova, "because she's such a good tennis player." (hmm...)



And your ideal woman for day to day? "slightly short sighted, good sense of humour..." (refused to comment further for fear of jeopardising his chances with the bachelorettes).

And your ideal date?

Brown's restaurant, followed by F2 3rd court, St. John's for cheese toasties (stalkers - feel free to take notes).

Your cheesiest chat up line?

"Hi, I'm Cambridge's most eligible bachelor."

Could you have all the other batchelors in a fight? "Yes, if they came at me one at a time" Jackie Chan style.

We're sure you've all been eagerly filling in the Annual Survey (purely out of enthusiasm we know, not for a potential free ski trip). Here's how Tim shapes up...

How many hours a week do you spend working?  
10-20.

How many lectures do you attend a week?  
2 ("is my DoS going to see this?").

How many lectures should you attend a week?  
12.

Do you wish you had gone to another university?  
No.

Do you have confidence in CUSU?  
No.

How do you rate CUSU?

Average.

What do you think of the Cambridge Union?

A good forum for debate.

How much do you smoke?

Never.

How much do you spend on alcohol per week?

£10-20.

How often do you get drunk? Fortnightly

Are you a member of a drinking society?

Yes.

Which one(s)?

Eagles/Swans (not a Muff Diver).

Have you ever had sex under the influence of alcohol?

Yes.

...And regretted it?

Yes.

The best night club in Cambridge is: Life

And the worst:

Toxic8.

How much exercise do you do per week?

20+ hrs.

If you could blow up one thing in Cambridge what would it be?

The UL "it's so oppressive."

Which is the ugliest college?

Churchill.

Which has the ugliest people in it?

Trinity.

Finally Tim has been:

Sick in his room, drunk in a supervision,

and in love with a beautiful woman.



Photos: Rachael Marsh

1999... The Cambridge Student  
1992 Cambridge Student News  
1989-90 Cambridge Weekly Review  
1968-72 The One Shilling Paper  
1963-64 New Cambridge  
1948 - **VARSAITY: 549 issues young**

**WHO SAYS YOU HAVE TO ACT YOUR AGE?**

Deadline for section editor applications: **TODAY**

NEEDED: Section editors, production managers, online editors, photo editors, chief sub-editors  
Forms available from [www.varsity.cam.ac.uk](http://www.varsity.cam.ac.uk) or from the Varsity offices, 11-12 Trumpington Street

**VARSAITY**  
The Cambridge Student Newspaper



# ...AND THE LITTLE MISSES

We've established a champion amongst the men, now comes your chance to elect a winner amongst the ladies. They've all got style, charisma, and are all truly exceptional in their fields, but, as these things always go, there can only be one winner. Choose your favourite candidate from our girls below, and vote them *Varsity's* most eligible bachelorette for 2001. Not only that, but with your vote send them on a date with our Mr Eligible, Tim Hall at Brown's restaurant. After the meal, they'll dish the dirt Blind Date-style on each other to *Varsity*. Simply consider the profiles and choose your favourite girl by voting online at [www.varsity.cam.ac.uk](http://www.varsity.cam.ac.uk), poll closes 9am on Monday, so get your votes in soon!

Rachael Marsh and Anita Moss

**BROWNS**  
RESTAURANT & BAR

## Little Miss Girl Power



**Name:** Alison Ismail  
**Age:** 22  
**Subject:** Did do Classics  
**Three words to describe yourself:** warm, principled, motivated  
**What do you see yourself doing in 10 years time?** Working for a campaigning organisation  
**Which famous person inspires you?** Diane Abbot and Harold Pinter  
**Credentials:** CUSU Women's officer, ex-Emmanuel JCR President, ex-Emmanuel women's officer,  
**One thing you can't live without:** friends  
**One thing you can't live with:** misogyny  
**Which cocktail is typically you?** sea breeze  
**Our Verdict:** more approachable than you would expect for a CUSU officer. Still in there with the CUSU clique, but a regular at Life on a Wednesday.

## Little Miss Honey



**Name:** Claire Goodeve  
**Age:** 19  
**Subject:** NatSci, 2nd yr  
**Three words to describe yourself:** playful, caring, small  
**What do you see yourself doing in 10 years time?** being happy with lots of lovely people around me and lots of money.  
**Which famous person inspires you?** Nicola Horlick, and my mum  
**Credentials:** College Lacrosse captain, College drinking society, junior international diving.  
**One thing you can't live without:** mascara  
**One thing you can't live with:** no mobile  
**Which cocktail is typically you?** anything with Baileys in it.  
**Our Verdict:** self-effacing and sweet. Not your average NatSci: she is attractive and sociable.

## Little Miss Fashionista



**Name:** Emily Haworth-Booth  
**Age:** 21  
**Subject:** English, 3rd yr  
**Three words to describe yourself:** creative, messy, mini-skirt wearing  
**What do you see yourself doing in 10 years time?** being the next Barbara Cartland  
**Which famous person inspires you?** Tallulah Bankhead  
**Credentials:** *Varsity* fashion co-editor, May Anthologies committee, Clare lesbian rep, Editor of Clare literary magazine  
**One thing you can't live without:** writing about it.  
**One thing you can't live with:** my degree  
**Which cocktail is typically you?** pink flamingo  
**Our Verdict:** maybe she's cutting edge, or maybe she's eccentric, but she is definitely interesting.

## Little Miss Singalong



**Name:** Hilary Nelson Parker  
**Age:** 18  
**Subject:** Music, 1st yr  
**Three words to describe yourself:** ambitious, outgoing, intriguing  
**What do you see yourself doing in 10 years time?** in a successful singing career with a happy marriage and plenty of children  
**Which famous person inspires you?** my big sister  
**Credentials:** College secretary for the Union, choral scholar, Homerton chamber orchestra  
**One thing you can't live without:** my dog  
**One thing you can't live with:** rude people  
**Which cocktail is typically you?** Blue Lagoon  
**Our Verdict:** Statuesque, the only fresher in the pole. Has an edge which makes her stand out from the norm.

## Little Miss Drama



**Name:** Jess Dawes  
**Age:** 21  
**Subject:** drama with education, 3rd yr  
**Three words to describe yourself:** bubbly, disorganised, enthusiastic  
**What do you see yourself doing in 10 years time?** out of work actress  
**Which famous person inspires you?** Judy Garland  
**Credentials:** acting, singing, dancing Directed *Company* at the ADC, main part in *42nd street*  
**One thing you can't live without:** gin  
**One thing you can't live with:** tidiness  
**Which cocktail is typically you?** sex on the beach  
**Our Verdict:** enthusiastic about the theatre that she does, and with a considerable dose of thesp, not something everyone can stomach, despite the spoonful of sugar.

## Little Miss Feisty



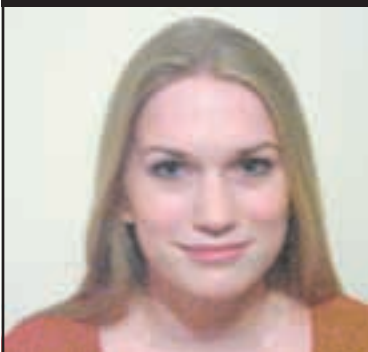
**Name:** Jess Hudson  
**Age:** 23  
**Subject:** PhD social psychology  
**Three words to describe yourself:** sporty, enthusiastic, energetic  
**What do you see yourself doing in 10 years time?** retiring from boxing, with a family and a post doc.  
**Which famous person inspires you?** my Grandpa  
**Credentials:** Boxing blue, University Rugby Captain, sings with university jazz orchestra  
**One thing you can't live without:** music  
**One thing you can't live with:** Posh Spice  
**Which cocktail is typically you?** Guinness  
**Our Verdict:** One of those people who does everything well, looks good, and you should really hate her guts, but you just can't. Don't believe the rumours about women rugby players.

## Little Miss Sporty



**Name:** Katherine Helm  
**Age:** 20  
**Subject:** SPS, 2nd yr  
**Three words to describe yourself:** dappy, energetic, considerate  
**What do you see yourself doing in 10 years time?** Like to be in Perth  
**Which famous person inspires you?** Sir Ranulph Fiennes  
**Credentials:** Vice-Captain, Lady Margaret Boat Club, ex-Great Britain rower, May Ball committee  
**One thing you can't live without:** sunshine  
**One thing you can't live with:** the people upstairs  
**Which cocktail is typically you?** Long Island Iced Tea  
**Our Verdict:** seemed lovely, in fact very modest in the interview. Quite giggly and a really pleasant personality.

## Little Miss Money



**Name:** Laura Border  
**Age:** 21  
**Subject:** Physics, 4th yr  
**Three words to describe yourself:** ambitious, sociable, confident  
**What do you see yourself doing in 10 years time?** hopefully in London, married with kids and very rich  
**Which famous person inspires you?** Nicola Horlick  
**Credentials:** Chair of CUIS  
**One thing you can't live without:** my laptop  
**One thing you can't live with:** pedestrians and tourists  
**Which cocktail is typically you?** Between the sheets  
**Our Verdict:** The dress is sharp, and we're guessing the mind behind it is too. Seems assured, though friendly with it.

## Little Miss Polo



**Name:** Rachel Bryant  
**Age:** 21  
**Subject:** Vet, 5th yr  
**Three words to describe yourself:** bossy, fun, naughty  
**What do you see yourself doing in 10 years time?** titled would be quite nice  
**Which famous person inspires you?** Jilly Cooper  
**Credentials:** polo blue, ex-rugby blue, ex-May Ball president, ex-Angels president  
**One thing you can't live without:** my mobile  
**One thing you can't live with:** football  
**Which cocktail is typically you?** something with Bellini  
**Our Verdict:** Unmistakably posh, and unashamedly so. A good time girl, but it wouldn't be a surprise if she's a regular at the Pitt club.

## Little Miss Charitable



**Name:** Trin Laing  
**Age:** 21  
**Subject:** theology, 3rd yr  
**Three words to describe yourself:** focused, happy, enthusiastic  
**What do you see yourself doing in 10 years time?** involved in international politics, conflict prevention  
**Which famous person inspires you?** Mother Theresa  
**Credentials:** Jesus JCR President, Rugby blue, Producing *Retail Rock* at ADC, university music  
**One thing you can't live without:** friends  
**One thing you can't live with:** apathy  
**Which cocktail is typically you?** pina colada  
**Our Verdict:** She seems to do everything, and do it well. Still believes she can save the world. Pretty idealistic, perhaps, but someone's got to.

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# Kitsch: the denial of shit

Well, it's just shit spelt backwards with a 'k', says Katharine Hibbert. And a 'c'. And, like, not backwards, actually.

Ladies' toilets, Lecture Block, Sidgwick Site. Someone goes into the cubicle next to yours. You hear the loud sound of crapping. Does it make you wrinkle up your nose a little bit?

It's a classic rock 'n' roll peccadillo to lie under a glass table and watch booty-licious babes shit on it. Do I hear you saying yuck?

The Monroe Exchange is a sexual practice that involves connecting the participants' arseholes with a tube. One then defecates into the other's anus. Are you still reading?

Some aspects of the world are pretty disgusting. You are brutally confronted with it at the age of about 13. Suddenly you are faced with blood, sweat and sex. You can sanitise yourself with deodorant, tampons, antiseptic, plucking and

shaving but you are essentially filthy and animal, and you have to find some way of coming to terms with it. One way is to pretend it's not happening. In *The Unbearable Lightness Of Being*, Milan Kundera defines kitsch as the denial of shit, and he's pretty close to the mark. Kitsch is a desperate attempt to pretend that the world is less real than it is. If you can concentrate on how nice your blue nails, "Hello Kitty" backpack and pink bracelets are, then perhaps you can ignore the fact that everything else is pretty grim. It's an attempt to recapture how easy everything seemed when you were a child. You didn't have to worry about exam results while you were jumping in puddles wearing pink welly boots aged five, so perhaps if you carry on wearing them, then the exams will go

away. Maybe if you carry on eating your lunch out of a "My Little Pony" lunch box, you won't need to worry about the fact that you hate your body. It's about taking comfort in little things - mopping up your tears using leopard-print tissues, and using Barbie plasters on your cuts.

Marc Jacobs got everyone kitsched up this summer in rainbow belts with apple buckles. Moschino and Antoni and Alison are always doing the kitsch thing. Paul Frank sells piles of t-shirts with cute animals on. Kitsch never really goes out of fashion. When you go to indie gigs, they are always full of kids dripping pink beads, glittery belts and sparkly eye shadow, and have been for years. The more sequins per square inch the better as far as Belle and Sebastian audiences

are concerned. And that's fine. Hundreds of skinny fists raised to heaven with smartie-coloured fingernails and wrists full of bracelets are a great thing to see. But there does come a time when you need to grow out of it. It just doesn't look right beyond a certain age. 28-year-old Lolitas look silly and undignified. That doesn't mean that you have to be completely serious. Wear some colourful, sparkly things to make you and everyone else smile. But you don't have to make yourself into a walking sweet shop. Concentrating on niceness may mean that you can deny the shit that surrounds you, but it also means that you will end up missing all the things that are beautiful. King's Chapel is not nice. Sunset is not nice. Sex is not nice. Shit happens. Deal with it.



Photos: Emily Haworth-Booth

## On the trail of Cambridge kitsch

It was a cold and gloomy Sunday afternoon, and I needed some relief. I linked arms with my trusty companion and went off to do battle with the day. We were looking for the pink, the fluffy,

the tasteless, the floral and the utterly gratuitous. We were on the trail of Cambridge kitsch...

Market Square seemed a good place to start. Unfortunately the utterly kitsch blink-and-you'll-miss-it Women's Institute stall with its hand-knitted tea cosies and home-baked cakes is only there on Thursday mornings, but the bright pink sweet stall, selling everything from candy canes to flying saucers, is no bad replacement. I couldn't help pausing at the stall with enormous pink nighties, lacy thermal vests and rainbow-coloured stripy socks for £2, and the one opposite selling Cambridge University merch-

andise. But there was nothing there as exciting as what I found around the corner in Giles & Co. at 4 Trinity Street: a pink and white t-shirt emblazoned with the name of the university in a swirly 1950's font for £12.99. I tracked back to Paperchase in Market Square for a quick glimpse at their miniature pink sparkly reindeer, and then continued along Trinity Street, past the Contemporary Art Centre where the aesthetically-challenged can pick up a matching jug-and-painting in neutral shades of grey and navy blue, and into the notorious Laura Ashley. Walking inside is rather like walking into a stranger's sitting-room, and you can spend at least half an hour reclining on the gold damask sofas and tasseled cushions pretending to be the stranger in question. We soon realised that we needed props and strolled along to Frederick Tranter, the tobacconist on the corner of Bridge Street and Trinity Street, where you can buy all manner of historical smoking paraphernalia including cigarette holders and cases to distract yourself from your cancerous

future. More props were available at The Magic Joke Shop, further along Bridge Street, offering a range of masks, full body costumes and the ubiquitous 'poo-in-a-can', allowing you to fake it in any form. We just made it to The Bookshop before tea-time, where we found all sorts of cute old books that would, I suspect, be of more use as fashion accessories than literary sustenance.

To rest our weary kitsch-seeking souls, my companion and I hankered after a place where we could lock the doors against the outside world and settle down at a lacy tablecloth with a pot of Earl Gray to the sound of some crooning old dears. First we investigated The Little Tea Room, hidden in a nook behind the old Theology faculty on Trinity Street. Full of fake flowers, Laura Ashley style chintz, stenciling and blue-and-white china, it even has a display cabinet of miniature pink teapots on the way to the toilet. But we found our spiritual home in Auntie's Tea Room on Market Square, where the waitresses dress like golden age Dutch

nurses, and the sloping floor, claustrophobic arrangement of tables, lace doilies, green wallpaper and carpet, made me feel slightly sea-sick in a gloriously *Alice in Wonderland* sort of way.

If after some refreshment you're still hungry for kitsch, walk down Bene't Street, marvelling at the bizarre, the frilly and the downright Jackie Collins-esque underwear in the window of Le Réve, then mourn the passing of old ladies' hairdresser extraordinaire, Dorothy H, next to the Corn Exchange. Take a trip down Trumpington Street, past a few weird china shops and into the Fitzwilliam Museum, where they have an awesome collection of hideous porcelain ornaments and some lovely Chinese fans, which I assume were a useful acne-cover up in the days before Max Factor. End the evening with a few fake French cocktails at The Dome, and a Bette Davis film at The Arts Picture House, then go home and try to explain to your friends what on earth you've been doing all day...

Emily Haworth-Booth



Photo: Katharine Hibbert



# The Varsity annual survey

**WIN!**  
A free ski trip to Val d'Isere  
**LAST CHANCE**

Do the activities of the Muff Divers or the Alley Catz shock you, or do you get up to much worse in your spare time? Have more of you been sick in your room than been to the Careers Centre? Is the Cambridge scene alcohol or drug dominated? Now is the time to let us know. The Varsity ski trip is now completely sold out and we have the last opportunity to get those elusive tickets. Fill out the questionnaire and you could win a free holiday with travel, accommodation and ski pass all included. 1,300 Oxbridge students are going on the trip, which is the largest ever! You could be one of those lucky people who soaks up the sun and snow of Val d'Isere this Christmas. "What do I need to do?" I hear you ask. Well, fill in the survey either on our award winning website [www.varsity.cam.ac.uk](http://www.varsity.cam.ac.uk) or UMS it to Varsity, 11-12 Trumpington St. CB2 1QA. All entries must be completed by 20th November.

## Background

Year

Gender

Subject

College (optional)

E-mail address (or you can't win)

## Work stuff

How many hours a week do you spend working?

Less than 5  5-10  10-20

20-35  35-50  50+

How many lectures do you attend a week?

How many lectures *should* you attend a week?

Do you wish you had gone to another University?

Yes  No

If so, which one?

## Politics

Do you have confidence in CUSU?

Yes  No

How do you rate CUSU?

Very good  Good  Average

Poor  Very poor  Don't care

What do you think of the Cambridge Union?

Arrogant and elitist

A good forum for debate

Who did you vote for in the last General Election?

Labour  Conservative  Lib Dems

Green  Didn't vote

Other

Should tuition fees be scrapped?

Yes  No

Are Labour doing a good job?

Yes  No

## Sex

How many sexual partners have you had?

Were you a virgin when you came to Cambridge?

Yes  No

Which of the following have you tried?

Three (or more) in a bed

Bondage (anything from scarves to handcuffs)

Dressing up in a, like, kinky way

Sex with an authority figure (lecturer, tutor)

Sex in a public place (please specify)

Have you ever been unfaithful?

Yes  No

Are you:

Heterosexual

Homosexual

Bisexual

Asexual

Other (please specify)

## Drugs

Which illegal substances have you taken and how often?

	Never	Daily	Weekly	Monthly	Rarely
Cannabis	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Speed	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Ecstasy	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
LSD	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Cocaine	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Other	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

(please specify)

Should cannabis be legalised?

Yes  No

## Booze & Fags

How much do you smoke?

Never  Socially  <10 a day

10-20 a day  >20 a day

How much do you spend on alcohol per week?

Nothing  less than £10  £10-20

£20-40  £40-75  £75+

How often do you get drunk?

Never  Monthly  Fortnightly

Weekly  Twice/week  Daily

Are you a member of a drinking society?

Yes  No

Which one?

Have you ever had sex under the influence of alcohol...

Yes  No

...And regretted it?

Yes  No

## Lifestyle

How would you rate the following clubs?

	Very good	good	mediocre	poor	Never been
Cindy's	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Fez	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Junction	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Life	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Po-na-na	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Toxic-8	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Other	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

(please specify)

How much exercise do you do (hours per week)?

None  1-2  2-5

5-10  10-20  20+

## Random stuff

If you could blow up one thing in Cambridge, what would it be?

What is the ugliest college?

Have you ever been:

	Yes	No
to India?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
to Girton?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
to CUSU Council?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
to The Careers Centre?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
on a demonstration?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
sick in your room?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
drunk in a supervision?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
in love with a beautiful woman?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

If Skiworld was able to offer an all-inclusive self-catering price of less than £600 for 7 nights snow sports holiday in the USA would you book it?

Yes  No

Fill out your survey right now on [www.varsity.cam.ac.uk](http://www.varsity.cam.ac.uk) or UMS to the Varsity offices (address above)

## The Prize

Basic Varsity Trip holiday for 2 people for either 8-15, 15-22 or 22-29 December. Prize includes return travel as available at time of booking and subject to agreement with Skiworld, shared self-catering accommodation, 6 or 13 day lift ticket and insurance. It does not include damage deposits, equipment hire, lessons or any other in-resort elements as organised by the Varsity Trip Committee. No cash alternatives or alternate dates. This competition is closed to employees of Skiworld or their families, and any member of the Varsity Trip Committee. Prizewinners agree to be bound by Skiworld's standard terms and booking conditions.

Entries must reach Varsity by 20th November.



## THE LARGEST INDEPENDENT SKI OPERATOR IN THE UK

Skiworld are delighted to be associated with this prestigious and long-established event. As the UK's premiere snowsports event tour operator, we are sure that all participants will enjoy a well organised and efficient in-resort service, and that the skill of the organising committee will ensure a GREAT event in the world's best-known resort of Val d'Isere. Good luck to all participants, and may the best blue win!

[www.varsitytrip.co.uk](http://www.varsitytrip.co.uk)



• **Trinity Singers Concert:** The TCMS chorus perform Vaughan Williams and a newly-commissioned work by Robert Waters. *Trinity Chapel*. 8pm. £4, £2 & £1 (members).

### TALK

• **Baha'i Society:** American Red Cross speaker Wendy Mathis on "Spiritual Parenting". *Borders Bookstore, Market Street*. 8pm.

## THURSDAY 22

### FILM

• **ARTS:** 12.00, 3.00, 6.00, 9.00: Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG). 2.30: *Little Otik* (15). 4.50, 7.10, 9.30: *Ghost World* (15). 12.45, 9.15: *The Piano Teacher* (18). 3.00: *Chinatown* (15). 6.45: *Little Otik* (15)  
• **St John's Films:** Tillsammans (Together) (15). *St John's College, Fisher Building*. 9pm. £1.80.

### MISC

• **CU Ballet Club:** 'Beginners' Ballet Class. *Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall*. 7pm. £1.50.  
• **CU Ballet Club:** Beginners Classes. (Both at the same level.) Classes last one hour. *Queens' College, Bowett Room*. 6pm. £1.50.  
• **CU Judo Club:** Beginners session. First session free. Please wear strong long-sleeved top. *Fenner's Gym*. 8pm.

• **CU Jewish Society:** 'Lunch and Learn' – free bagel lunch and great discussion. *King's College, Chetwynd Room*. More info: jmr53. 1pm.

• **cu yoga society:** Ivengar Yoga with Yvonne. *Trinity Burrell's Field, Butler House Party Room*. 6pm. £3.50, or termcard (4 sessions) for £10.

• **Greek Dance Classes:** Come have fun by learning to Greek dance! *Darwin College, Common Room*. 5pm. £15/term or £2/class.

### MUSIC

• **Britten@25:** Britten Sinfonia, James Gilchrist and Guy Johnston perform Britten, Shostakovich. *King's College, Chapel*. 8pm. £5-£25; £3 student standby.  
• **Kettle's Yard Music:** Subscription Concert: chamber music in the beautiful setting of Kettle's Yard House. *Kettle's Yard*. 8pm. £8.50 per term, £20 per year.

### TALK

• **Culture Shock:** Seminars in Contemporary Culture: Drew Milne & John Tranter, poets: "Information, Technology and the future of Poetry". *Trinity Hall, The Master's Lodge*. 5:30pm.  
• **Kettle's Yard:** Lunchtime talk about the current exhibition or a work of art in the house. *Kettle's Yard*. 1:10pm.

## FRIDAY 23

### MISC

• **CU Jewish Society:** 'Friday Night Experience' – meal + entertainment, followed by Culanu Oneg. *The Student Centre, 3 Thompsons Lane*. 7:30pm.  
• **Salsa Classes with Nelson Batista:** Abs beg/imp: 6-7.30pm. Int/adv: 7.30-9pm. *St Columba's Hall, 4 Downing Place*. £4 students

### MUSIC

• **Britten@25:** Britten Sinfonia Soloists play Britten's chamber music masterpieces. *Jesus Chapel*. 8pm. £10; £3 student standby.  
• **Cafe Studio:** Sue Gilmurray – singer and songwriter. *Emmanuel URC, Trumpington Street* 7:30pm. £5 (£3 concessions).  
• **Downing College Music Society:** Downing orchestra & choir – Beethoven, Mozart, Britten. *Downing College, Chapel*. 8pm. £2.  
• **Kettle's Yard Music:** Lunchtime recital by students. *Kettle's Yard*. 1:10pm.  
• **The Junction:** 70s and 80s Disco extravaganza and karaoke bar. *The Junction, 10-2*. 10pm. £3.50 b4 11.

### TALK

• **Cambridge Bird Club:** "Richard Meinertzhagen" a talk by Mark Cocker *Milton Country Park Visitor Centre, A10/A14 junction*. 7:30pm. £1 n.m.

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www.kettlesyard.cam.ac.uk/students

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Contemporary art exhibitions, talks, music, 20th century art and objects.  
Come up for air, headspace and daylight.

**Want to hitch to Morocco for charity?**

At Easter 2002 students from all over the UK will be taking part in a sponsored hitch to Morocco to raise funds for the educational charity Link Community Development. Why not join them?

TO FIND OUT MORE COME TO OUR MEETING:  
WEDNESDAY 21<sup>ST</sup> NOVEMBER, 7 PM  
@ ST.JOHN'S COLLEGE, FISHER BUILDING

## CAST

invite APPLICATIONS

to direct the 2002 *Tour Of America*

Contact: AH323 or GCP27 for information

APPLICATION DEADLINE:  
Friday 23rd November

## STUDENTS' STORAGE PROBLEMS SOLVED



Special rates to bona fide students (please bring proof) of £7.50 per week plus VAT for the storage of 6/8 boxes

Goods have to be boxed and clearly labelled with name and address/college  
Collection/delivery to or from a Cambridge address can be arranged

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Cambridge Storage – 01223 365245

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**Amateur Dramatic Club**  
The Amateur Dramatic Club announces AUDITIONS for their Lent ClubShows

**The White Devil**  
2nd Week ADC MainShow  
Saturday 17th November, 11-6pm  
Dressing Room 1, ADC Theatre  
Sunday 18th November, 11-5pm  
Chadwick Room, Selwyn College  
Contact Jonathan Higgs (jgh2, 01751 756 302)

**Coming Into Land**  
4th Week MainShow  
Saturday 17th November, 10-4pm  
Sunday 18th November, 2-5pm  
Trinity Hall Lecture Theatre  
Contact Jonathan (jas97) or Simon (sig63)

**Copacabana**  
8th-9th Week Lent Term Musical  
Saturday 17th & Sunday 18th November, 11-5pm  
ADC Theatre Bar  
Audition will consist of singing, acting and dancing although not all parts require dancing  
Please bring a song of your choice or contact Jon (J308) for a list of possible ones

STJOHNSFILMS  
http://come.to/johnsfilms

Sunday 18th November  
**The Parole Officer**  
7:30pm and 10pm

Thursday 22nd November  
**Tillsammans (Together)**  
9pm

In association with the Cambridge University Scandinavian Society

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citigroup corporate investment bank

Fisher Building, St John's £1.80

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"Wonderful" – Customer's letter

# CHECKING LISTINGS? CHECK ONLINE

www.varsity.cam.ac.uk

# LISTINGS

ARE FREE & SHOULD BE SUBMITTED BY 3PM MONDAYS,

VIA OUR WEBSITE ([www.varsity.cam.ac.uk](http://www.varsity.cam.ac.uk))

FOR EVENTS ONLY. WE DO NOT GUARANTEE THAT ALL LISTINGS WILL APPEAR

# BOX ADS

COST FROM £20.00, DEADLINE 3PM MONDAYS.

TO BOOK, COME TO THE VARSITY BUSINESS OFFICE AT 11-12 TRUMPINGTON STREET

PAYMENT (BY CHEQUE OR CASH) SHOULD BE MADE WITH BOOKING



• **Queens' Art Society:** Life drawing class. Everybody welcome. (Materials provided.) *Queens' College, Erasmus Room.* 7:30pm. £2.  
• **Raja Yoga Society:** Stressed? remaining free from worry helps your study. Empowering tips. *Inner Space, 6 King's Parade, Cambridge.* Tel: 464616. 8pm.

**MUSIC**

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

**TUESDAY 20**

**FILM**

• **ARTS:** 12.00, 3.00, 6.00, 9.00: Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG). 1.30: *Shakespeare In Love* (15). 4.15, 6.45: *The Piano Teacher* (18). 9.30: *Ghost World* (15). 2.30: *Little Otik* (15). 4.40: *Ghost World* (15). 8.45: *Kuch Kuch Hota Hai* (PG).  
• **Corpus Christi College Pictures:** *Vanishing Point.* *McCrum Theatre, Benet Street.* 8pm. £2.

**MISC**

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

• **CU Ballet Club:** Improvers Class (for those who have danced before). Class lasts 1 hour. *Queens' College, this week only: Bowett Room (not Fitzpatrick as previously advertised).* 6pm. £1.50.

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

• **cu yoga society:** Ivengar Yoga with Pavara. *Pembroke College, New Cellars.* 7pm. £3.50 or termcard (4 sessions) for £10.

• **cu yoga society:** Ivengar Yoga with Yvonne. *Pembroke College, New Cellars.* 5:15pm. £3.50 or termcard (4 sessions) for £10.

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

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

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

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

**MUSIC**

• **Britten@25:** Maggini String Quartet play Britten, Bridge and Schubert. *Great St Mary's Church.* 8pm. £9; £3 student standby.

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

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

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

**TALK**

• **Geoffrey Coombe and friends present Jazz record listening sessions:** Jazz Brass (tpt and trombone). *Lecture Room 3, Music Faculty.* 7:30pm. £5 (£4 conc).

All listings must be submitted online:  
www.varsity.cam.ac.uk

**WEDNESDAY 21**

**FILM**

• **ARTS:** 12.00, 3.00, 6.00, 9.00: Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone (PG). 2.30: *Little Otik* (15). 4.50, 9.30: *Ghost World* (15). 7.00: Jewish Film Festival Special Event: *One Of The Hollywood Ten* (15). 1.45. 4.15, 9.15: *The Piano Teacher* (18). 6.45: *Little Otik* (15).  
• **Churchill MCR Film Soc:** Captain Corelli's Mandolin (also late show at 11pm). *Churchill College, Wolfson Hall.* 8pm and 11pm. £2.  
• **St John's Films:** You Can Count On Me (15). *St John's College, Fisher Building.* 9pm. £1.80.

AUDITIONS FOR  
*City of Angels*  
a jazzy 40s musical

CUMTS week 4 lent term musical  
**Actors and Singers, plus Dancers required**  
(please bring something to sing if you like)

Friday 23rd and Saturday 24th  
November 2-5pm ADC stage  
Contact Louise: lcl20@cam.ac.uk

**MISC**

• **cu yoga society:** Ivengar Yoga with Nancy. *Corpus Christi College, Party Room.* 5.15pm and 7pm. £3.50 or termcard for 4 sessions for £10.

**MUSIC**

• **Britten@25:** A Boy Was Born: English Voices sing seasonal Britten works. *St John's College, Chapel.* 8:15pm. £9; £3 student standby.  
• **Trinity Players Concert:** The TCMS orchestra play Dvorak 8th, Berlioz Marche au Supplice and Grieg's Peer Gynt. *Trinity College, College Chapel.* 8pm. £4, £2 & £1 (members).



**European Theatre Group**  
announces  
**AUDITIONS**  
For its Lent Term ADC Mainshow  
**FLIGHT**  
by Mikhail Bulgakov  
Sat. 17 Nov. 11-1.30, 2.30-5, ADC Dr2  
Sun. 18 Nov. 11-1.30, ADC Dr2  
Large mixed cast  
Further info: Tony Boswell (Director)  
tb195@mercury.anglia.ac.uk

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**The Chaplain's Players**  
with the support of DDS

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**AUDITIONS**  
for  
**'What The Butler Saw'**  
by Joe Orton

ADC MAIN SHOW, WEEK 1, LENT  
Auditions in Wilkins Room R Staircase, Downing College  
Saturday 17th, 10 am - 5 pm  
Sunday 18th, 11 am - 4 pm

Contact:  
itf20 for further details

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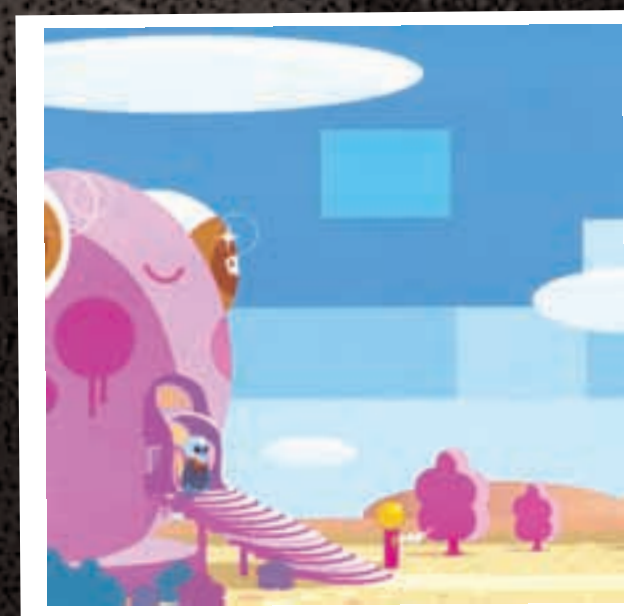
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Asahi





Music no longer seems to stand alone as an art form, suddenly uneasy in its own company. Especially within popular culture, music now comes as a package; the images that accompany the sound often more resonant and vital than the music itself. Maybe this reflects a paranoia - a fear that there is nothing intrinsic about the sound to hold people's attention. We need, and demand more. The visual possibilities are endless, thanks to computer technology and record company funding that allows bands to indulge their design whims. A CD in a plastic case is wholly unsatisfactory. Consider instead Radiohead's *Amnesia*, the special edition came as a red hard back book, with a library stamp inside the sleeve and a book of artwork by the band's 'in house' designers. Spiritualised released a version of *Ladies and Gentleman* that had to be popped open like a pill packet, containing the instructions 'for aural administration only'. The images are an accessory, something to explore in relation to the sound; another layer of meaning. The same now applies at gigs - projections, TV screens, and images that move in time with every beat. This is of course nothing new, but we've moved on a long way since the days of Pink Floyd.



If you wanted to be cynical, this artwork could be seen as a marketing ploy, yet another way to encourage buyers, moving further and further away from the product itself. But in another sense, there is something exciting about combining visual art and music - music is after all, about interpretation, and pictures can do this sometimes far more accurately than words. The two perfectly complement each other. The music industry is an extremely arrogant arena, and the boldness and brashness of these new artistic projects merely reflect the egotism that lies at its heart. As I listen to the new release from A Silver Mt Zion, complete with its sturdy cardboard sleeve, tissue paper booklet and various other pull-out novelties, I can't help but be seduced by it all. [LT]



Photos: Tom Catchesides



# Violent Femme

Director: Michael Haneke  
Starring: Isabelle Huppert, Annie Girardot, Benoit Magimel  
Certificate: 18  
Running time: 130 minutes  
Austria/ France 2001 (French with subtitles)  
Showing at the Arts Picture House

Daniel Lambert takes lessons with *The Piano Teacher*

It is almost twenty years since Elfriede Jelinek's novel *Die Klavierspielerin* was published. Reproduced faithfully by writer-director Michael Haneke, *The Piano Teacher* recently won the Grand Prix and Best Actress and Actor awards at Cannes. The protagonist, Erica Kohut (Isabelle Huppert), is a professor at a prestigious Vienna conservatory and a specialist in Schubert and Schumann. Too old to become a concert pianist she lives, unmarried, with her frustrated and neurotic mother (Annie Girardot). During breaks from her music lessons and her oppressive home environment, Kohut cruises Vienna's sex shops and spies on couples in drive-in cinemas. When a student, Walter Klemmer (Benoit Magimel), falls in love with her, he fails to break through her cold, detached exterior and succeeds only in being dragged into her lonely world of self-torture and sadness.

Haneke builds up a darkly foreboding mood impressively early in the film by confining the action to a few key locations, and investing time in the subtlety of his lead actress. Huppert's performance is extraordinarily subtle, and her screen presence is terrifying. Featured in virtually every frame of the film, she gives a convincing portrait of a repressed and emotionally twisted middle-aged woman on the road to self-destruction. The early scenes with 'Mother' worked particularly well. Confined to their apartment, the mother-daughter relationship is stifling and ambiguous, shifting between

love and violence, banality and sexual desire. These key themes are explored later in the other central relationship of the film – that of Kohut and her pupil Walter Klemmer.

If Haneke blows the film, it is by hurrying the shift in the roles of Kohut and Klemmer. The transformation of Klemmer's enthusiastic admirer into a woman beater and rapist is too fast to be totally convincing. Aside from a few misogynistic comments earlier in the film, there is little to explain how the reasonably sympathetic character of Klemmer is driven to the extremes of violence he shows in later scenes of the film. Indeed, we are left uncertain as to where to pin the blame for this explosion of rage. After Kohut gives Klemmer a letter outlining her masochistic terms for a relationship, he leaves in disgust. The next time we see him, his disgust has transformed wildly into a violent hatred of the piano teacher. It would have been more convincing if Haneke had more fully explored the myriad themes involved in their relationship earlier in the film, before charting its decline into violence. Like Kohut, Klemmer has failed to achieve recognition of his talents, and in an earlier scene, Kohut winces as a colleague points out that Klemmer is "too old to become a concert pianist". But this incisive scene isn't followed up: it's merely left as an episode from which we must draw our own conclusions about the characters.

This is a shame, because the other relationship that mirror's Kohut's situ-

ation – that of the star pupil, Anna, and her mother – is very interestingly conceived. From the outset, Anna's character helps bind the key themes of the film together. Kohut's paranoia of a younger pianist entering her "domain" of Schubert allows us to observe the reasons behind her later acts of violence. As Anna learns to play Kohut's specialist Schubert works the camera lingers on the piano teacher's face, and Huppert repays the investment. Tiny movements of the mouth and a nervous twitch of the eye hint at the fear and emotion that might lie beneath. A later scene, where Kohut maims her star pupil's right hand by leaving crushed glass in her coat pocket, is convincing: by following the act of violence from its inception we gain an insight into Kohut's psychology. This theme is then followed further: the introduction of Anna's pushy mother offering an excellent foil for the piano teacher's own 'Mother'.

*The Piano Teacher* has been criticised for aiming to shock with gratuitous violence. As in Jelinek's work – and especially reminiscent of the novel *American Psycho* – banal, bourgeois settings are described obsessively by Haneke, before becoming locations of intense violence. However, the impact of these acts of extreme violence and sex is often surprising as much as shocking, precisely because of the way they are concealed within the tranquil milieu of bourgeois Vienna. The violence itself is not gratuitous, but its meaning differs from that of the



novel. Jelinek's Kohut can be seen as a victim of sexual and cultural oppression, driven to acts of self-torture and mindless violence by the fascist culture she lives in. This is not true of Haneke's piano teacher, and it almost spoils the film when he tries to portray her in such a way. We see Kohut waiting to go into a sex booth, men laughing at her; we see her trying to impress Klemmer with her masochistic sex toys; but what emerges is more a portrait of a woman out of place, lonely, than a specific attack on Jorg Haider's Austria.

Given that in this Vienna the people speak French, it would seem pretentious to imbue this film with such

politicised meanings, anyway. *The Piano Teacher* is a complex and brave work in other ways. As a study of loneliness and artistic failure, and the failure of an individual to reconcile themselves with such themes, Haneke's film works well. Although some work better than others, the relationships and events are explored with a level of detail that demands that they linger in the mind long after the film has ended. The performances of the cast and crew are worthy of their awards, and imbue *The Piano Teacher* with a depth of meaning and poignancy that refutes criticisms of gratuitousness and absurdity – just as Jelinek's work did 18 years ago.

# The day that changed cinema

Two months on, Chris Turtle looks into the impact of September 11th on the American film industry

The question "Where were you when the World Trade Center came down?" rarely elicits an interesting answer. Instead, try asking people what movie it made them think of. Some found the images of people charging down panic-filled streets, pursued by a giant dust cloud, reminiscent of *Independence Day* while pictures of the explosions and their aftermath may remind one of *The Siege* or *Die Hard with a Vengeance*, both of which feature terrorist attacks on New York. A friend of mine, native of New York but absent at the time of the attacks, felt like *Starship Troopers'* Johnny Rico as he

helplessly watches the smoking ruins of his own hometown on television. The whole affair felt like a movie to pretty much everyone and unsurprisingly, it has prompted an increased interest in certain films: video sales and rentals of action movies have soared since September 11th, especially when they feature acts of terrorism.

However, don't expect to see any new films along these lines in the immediate future. Wont to be accused of tastelessness in this time of crisis, studios have been reconsidering several upcoming releases. *Collateral Damage* and *The Last Castle* were postponed immediately fol-

lowing the disaster; the former because it's about a terrorist attack and the latter because it says bad things about America (the poster shows the Stars and Stripes flying upside down). Also facing an uncertain future are *Buffalo Soldiers* (featuring soldiers taking drugs) and *We Were Soldiers* (featuring Vietnam) while *Nosebleed*, a proposed Jackie Chan vehicle about a World Trade Center window cleaner uncovering a plot to blow up the Statue of Liberty, is unlikely ever to see the light of day.

Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, recently claimed that Hollywood has misjudged the country's mood since September 11th and that there is no need to get so puritanical about the content of forthcoming films. He may well be right: the aforementioned surge in popularity of terrorist-themed fare testifies to the fact that movies like *Collateral Damage* may be exactly what people want.

But whatever they want, it looks as though the Bush regime may have a good deal to say as to the content of America's multiplexes over the coming year.

Last Sunday, a number of Hollywood execs were invited to a conference with George Bush's special advisor Karl Rove, to discuss how the movie industry can help swing the American people, as well as the rest of the world, behind the war in Afghanistan. The



Photo: Mike Filer

exact upshot of the meeting is unknown, but it seems unlikely that films featuring subversive messages about patriotism and the wanton destruction of New York landmarks will be figuring in anyone's 2002 line-up.

To fill the vacuum, more suitable movies have been polished off in a hurry such as *Black Hawk Down* and *Behind Enemy Lines*, both originally scheduled for 2002 releases. Action-packed enough to pull in the punters and yet grappling ham-fistedly with issues of honour and patriotism, they are probably just what George Bush and his cronies are looking for. After all, why let your actions speak for them-

selves when you can brainwash people into supporting them with what amounts to propaganda?

The world is a twisted place where bad things happen but generally, the United States film industry is happy to ignore them and carry on making stupid movies; that it should suddenly change its tune now just because one of those bad things hit home seems somewhat hypocritical. As for the propaganda side of things, we've been putting up with American patriotic nonsense for years. Let's just hope that it can stay in the realm of harmless entertainment without manipulating people's opinions.





This week at the  
Arts Picture HouseReviews by Anthony Layton  
Thomas, Kate McNaughton  
and Bradley Stephens

## Bugsy Malone

Sat 17, 11 am

A witty homage/send-up of the gangster movie genre, where a cast of 12-year-olds enact an Al Capone-style tale of prohibition and gang warfare. The machine-guns fire cream tarts, creating one of the most spectacular shoot-out scenes in cinema history. And of course, the film introduced a certain Jodie Foster to the cinematic world – the rest is history.

KM

Shakespeare  
in Love

Tues 20, 1.30 pm

This colourful, quirky little film hangs together well. Tom Stoppard's talent glimmers through the script, and Joseph Fiennes is splendid, if untaxed, as the blocked master-playwright. Inspiration returns in the form of a cross-dressing Gwyneth Paltrow, who, although a simpering idiot most of the time, is surprisingly butch on occasion. Colin Firth drags out the D'Arcy dress again and wears it well, and watch out for a sardonic Rupert Everett in a taciturn cameo as Christopher Marlowe. Historically gibberish, this film would be let down by its hollow centre if it weren't so damned chocolatey.

ALT

## Chinatown

Thurs 22, 3pm

Roman Polanski's finest work is a morbid revivification of film noir. Jack Nicholson skulks and smokes his way through murky LA streets as a lowlife PI who finds he is being force-fed more than he can chew by a machinating millionaire. What starts off as a run-of-the-mill adultery case rapidly becomes something darker and deeper, and detective Jake Gittes somehow finds himself in the middle of an irrigation conspiracy as his nostrils are torn open. An exceptionally dark film, mired in tangled identities, blink-and-miss revelations, and troubled morality. Unfathomable. Unforgettable. Unmissable.

ALT



The Graduate

## HIT ME BABY ONE MORE TIME

Tom Armitage examines cinema's fascination with the hitman

Our love of cinema stems from the delight we find in the unreal. We love to imagine. We love to be part of something new for two magic hours in the picture house. This is visible in the films we love - how else can you explain the genre of the crime movie? As decent citizens, we choose to watch lowlifes and criminals, all more morally vacant and shockingly violent than ourselves. And when our two hours are up, we feel satisfied. One particular genre has a unique mystical, subtle charm: the tale of the professional assassin, the hitman.

The hitman carries out a peculiar function. He is the instrument of murder rather than the murderer himself. He thus takes on a curious half-guilt: he is saddled with the weight of the crime, but never gains the satisfaction or advantage the death is intended to produce. When asked whether he's ever killed anyone in *Grosse Pointe Blank*, Martin Blank neatly evades the question: "Only bad people". Is the hitman doing society a service by killing off its worse members, or is he as bad as the men he works for? If the latter, why is an audience so fascinated by such a character?

The answer lies partly in the innate tragedy of the profession. As Jim Jarmusch's *Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai* reminds us in its quotation from the Hagakure, "the way of the samurai is found in death". After the assassin's first killing, every further death only makes things worse; atonement seems further and further off. John Chow remarks in *The Killer* on picking up a gun: "so easy to pick up, so hard to put down". The only closure the assassin can reach is in death.

The crucial turning point in the hitman's journey through a film occurs when he realises that all that remains is his inevitable end.

This in itself is interesting, yet there is something more to this morally dubious character doomed to die, something admirable. For example, Leon's protection, as a father, of Mathilda, *Ghost Dog's* fealty to Louie, John Chow's commitment to Jenny. In their world of skewed moral standards, these killers still know what is important in life. This could be because of their mode of living. In amongst the hustle and bustle of urban life, they achieve a state of tranquillity. We envy them their zen-like simplicity.

And this simplicity extends to their profession, their art. As the American subtitle of Leon indicates, these men are professionals. It is the single bullet, the single drop of poison that carries out their task; not the explosion or hail of gunfire favoured by the action movie. Even in death, they have an innate grace; dare one suggest, stylishness? These men, even in the act of murder, have an effortless cool about them; unshaken, always focused, and suitably dressed.

But, despite their sophistication and skill, these killers are anachronisms. In a world of mass murder at the touch of a button, the idea of the honourable crook seems silly. *Ghost Dog's* morals and beliefs belong to another age. Leon is almost chivalrous. The hitman either faces his time coming too soon, or time merely catching up with him. He is damned either way.

The assassin is the perfect hero for the modern filmmaker. He is tragic, doomed

to die. He is stylish, urbane, sophisticated: ripe for the production designer to get his or her teeth into. He is an antihero, asking as many questions as he answers with his bullets. And somewhere at the bottom of this is a kind of tranquillity, grace, and chivalry we aspire to. Solitary yet complex, he mirrors the complexity of our age, and ironically becomes a twisted kind of role model for the audience. We cannot help but watch as he progresses down that path towards death.



## Mise en Scene

## Who?

Roman Polanski.

## Where and when?

Poland, England, France in the 1960s, US in the '70s, then back to Europe.

## Classics of the genre?

*Knife in the Water*, *Rosemary's Baby*, *Chinatown*.

## What's it all about?

It is almost impossible to mention Polanski's name without conjuring up a multitude of dark and disturbing images, both from his films and from his own traumatic life. Born in Paris to Polish parents in 1933, he moved to Poland at the age of 3. His parents were sent to a concentration camp, where his mother eventually died, when he was still a child. He studied film in Poland, and got noticed on the international scene with his first film *Knife in the Water*. His first big commercial success, however, came in 1968 with the horror film *Rosemary's Baby*. Since then the film has acquired sinister connotations as Polanski's wife, Sharon Tate, who was 8 months pregnant at the time, was murdered by cult leader Charles Manson and his followers a year later; the event was linked by some to Polanski's supposedly Satanist activities, of which the film was seen as a signal. Unsurprisingly, Polanski went on to direct more dark and disturbing films, including an extremely violent screen version of *Macbeth*. Since 1977, Polanski has been fleeing bail in the U.S. after having been charged with the statutory rape of a thirteen-year-old girl; he has since been continuing his career as a director in Europe. Aside from the limelight which

his personal history has brought on him, however, he remains a fascinating, if uneven, director in his own right, perching somewhat uneasily between a straightforward, commercially successful style of filming and 'art house' originality. Perhaps the main lesson to take away from Polanski's filming is the inadequacy of these categories.

## How to find out more?

*Chinatown* is showing at the Arts Picture House on 22 November at 3pm. Seen by many as Polanski's finest film, it is worth going to if only for Jack Nicholson's masterful performance.



## Theft

Were it not for the majestic images the ancient colleges cast against dramatic sunsets, college film societies would be the best thing about studying at Cambridge. THEFT, the Trinity Hall film society, is being triumphantly relaunched this weekend, promising to bring timeless aesthetic gloriousness into your Sunday night without you having to sit in the cold.

Do not fret. THEFT is not like other college film societies. It proposes to show the best in contemporary art house, classics of the past century, lost masterpieces and the choicest cuts of foreign-language fare. St. John's, Christ's, Queens' and their ilk are unquestionably adorable, but coming along to Trinity Hall at 7.30 on a Sunday night will allow you to see once more those distant favourites of yours that you thought would never be seen again. Like *The Wizard of Oz*, scheduled for next term. Or you'll delight at being able to watch the films that you've always wanted to see, but never seemed to be on apart from once-off at the NFT. Like *Breathless (A Bout de Souffle)*. It's not about being weird or obscure, just giving the beautiful people what will make them happy.

There'll even be showings of short student-made films, and an inspiring range of new shorts from across Britain, before the main feature. Where else do you get that? If you don't believe in my fervour, then cast your mind over the two films scheduled for the end of this term: the controversial-but-provocative *Kids* (starring Chloe Sevigny) on the 18th and the classic fairy tale *The Princess Bride* on the 25th. How could you pass on letting this magic into your life?

Charlie Phillips

## College Films

## The Graduate

Tues 20, 9pm, The Union

Mike Nichols may have lost some of his touch as of late, but back in 1967 the man who would give us the successful *Working Girl* and *Postcards From The Edge* made his name as one of the more intelligent directors in Tinseltown.

Rounded performances from Dustin Hoffman, Katharine Ross and Anne Bancroft, as a certain Mrs. Robinson. Be warned however: you may never look at your girlfriend's mother in the same way again...

BS

## The Deer Hunter

Fri 16, 8.30, Caius

A 'Nam film set in Pennsylvania'. This is not a film you watch for fun. Stretching over three hours, Michael Cimino's intensely psychological exploration is hard but rewarding work. Three hunting buddies from the North-East are given a scrupulous before-and-after treatment by a writer and director with a startlingly meticulous perception. Robert De Niro gives his most understated performance as Michael, and a young Christopher Walken supports him brilliantly in his most manic mode as his colleague Nicanor. They and their friend Steven escape a gruelling imprisonment by the Vietcong, where each is forced to play Russian roulette for his life, the psychological results of which are played out to the extreme in the film's final hour.

ALT

Lawrence  
of Arabia

Wed 18/Thu 19, 9pm, Trinity

If sweeping narratives and majestic cinematography are your thing, then look no further. No one does epics better than David Lean. Sandwiched between his classic *The Bridge on the River Kwai* and the later *Dr. Zhivago* comes yet further proof of Lean's absolute mastery of this genre and his impressive draw at the box office. This film has all the breathtaking shots and infectious melodies you could hope for, as well as a career-best turn from Peter O'Toole as the eponymous hero.

Watch out for appearances from Omar Sharif and Alec Guinness, who threaten to steal the whole thing for themselves, although key sequences leave you in no doubt that the real star lies behind the camera.

BS



# Translating the new China

Yen-pei Chen writes a 'Letter Across the Boundless Sea: To Mr Ha Jin' about *The Bridegroom*

Dear Sir: Please accept my heartfelt admiration for your new collection of short stories, *The Bridegroom*. It was a triumph, a personal triumph, for me.

When I got the book, my eyes went to the summary on the back cover: "In *The Bridegroom*, the twelve stories capture a China in transition, moving from Maoism towards a more open society." Immediately I felt squeamish. To a Taiwanese, you know, the combination of "China", "Maoism" and "a more open society" does not produce the most comfortable impressions. I opened the book in distrust and fear. "Just read it like any English story," I told myself. I put my English Analysis Cap on. But I must admit that, by the time I was a couple of pages in, I had forgotten that I was reading in English. My mind had reached back home, and it welcomed your stories in its mother tongue as one welcomes a compatriot.

How have you done it? Your voice sounded so Chinese. And yet I have spent three hours burrowing into the book from cover to cover in search of a Chinese statement with little success, except for a few proverbs like "combat poison with poison" and some others you yourself put in quotation marks to separate them from your easy flowing English. The stories took place in a little city so far from Beijing and with a name that sounded so funny it seemed imaginary: Muji, like the Japanese brand.

Could it just be all that delicious food I saw your characters eating and cooking – braised cucumber and pork, fish stew, wonton, dumplings, tree-ear soup – which never fails to make one nostalgic?



Or maybe it's all that real life. The father-in-law of a gay man, the dissatisfied employees at a fast-food chain, the distinguished worker who goes mad in an earthquake. Their stories are like those we'd tell to each other over the dinner table at home, shrug our shoulders and sometimes laugh at, shrug to hide a nervousness because we know they're real, laugh to cover up fear because what's real is so illogical.

course the politics are there, and has to be. The politics are a context, part of that portrait of 'real life'. Yet it's people who occupy the centre stage, people whose everyday concerns I suspect are – if I dare say so – universal.

you yourself seem to be sat on your own hearth all the way along. Your English neither struggled to assert its foreignness nor strained to recreate a native English voice. It simply told straight out what your Chinese mind and heart had to say. Some writers have to write every bush in order to make it theirs; you simply transferred a willow tree from China and planted it in your new yard.

How will the willow tree look to your Western readers? Will they clap and say, "I have a willow tree at home, too"? Will they study it through a glass case and treasure it as a rare genuine specimen from the other side of the world? Will they think they're looking at a set for a new Chinese absurdist drama? Or will they make a face before walking away: "What on earth is that?" Unfortunately, I'm not in a position to say. Perhaps I should not have been the one to review *The Bridegroom* in the first place. I could only say that I had a beautiful sensation of communing with one across a boundless ocean, which has moved me to write this personal letter in place of a traditional review. The test rests with the Western readers out there. If they can sympathise with your realistic stories – or even find, like the critic from *People Magazine*, that "some of them are likely to break your heart" – it is indeed a cause to rejoice. May a million things be to your will! Respectfully yours, Yen-pei Chen

These people in *The Bridegroom* are so real, they seem totally unaware that they're being translated and observed by the other side of the world. They talked frankly as if they were sure I was one of them. Maybe that was why I had to put aside my English Analysis Cap and acknowledge them in their native tongue. This is another marvel, Mr Ha Jin: while you use a language originating thousands of miles from your home,

of Leeds, and has come to Soho for only twenty-four hours with the aim of finding his errant girlfriend. Alex declares at the end of the novel that he has "lived more life in the past twenty-four hours than in the last year". By the end of the

novel he has been seduced and befriended and has witnessed three deaths, one fire and one mugging. But perhaps the real thrill for Alex and for us, the readers, is not the incidents he witnesses but the rich cross-section of Soho society that he meets along the way. Christine, one 'woman' he meets, removes her masquerade in a scene reminiscent of

Corinna in Swift's *A Beautiful Young Nymph Going to Bed* and becomes Christopher. Then there's Hugo Bell, a screenwriter who is proud of his W1 address, even though it's the size of a cloakroom, an ageing film actress, and a recently-fired TV presenter. Singer meets those who are, or want to be, at crossroads.

Alex also discovers Old Jackie, a recently deceased newspaper seller whose remains are being taken on a final tour of his old haunts. In many ways his death symbolises the death of the old Soho, and Waterhouse's novel becomes an elegy of a world that is fading.

*Soho* mixes anecdotes and quirky one-liners, and is a fast-paced comedy of the slow demise of one world and the emergence of a new one. It can be impulsive and disjointed, mirroring the theme and topic of the novel well. The result is a vibrant, and often tragic, portrayal of past meeting present.



## Win! Win!

Two free tickets for a contemporary poetry night

Have you ever wondered what slam poetry is? Interested in performance art or the British contemporary poetry scene? Or just wishing to prove your cool factor by being seen at the Junction? If the answer is yes to any of these questions, then enter our competition to win two free tickets to an exciting contemporary poetry event. (And even if you don't win, head down there anyway next Friday night.)

The Junction/Cambridge Drama Centre enterprise presents *Apples and Snakes*, a night of spoken word combining storytelling, poetry and performance. The performers are: Lemn Sissay, a recording artist (he's appeared on Leftfield albums), poet,

and the editor of black writing anthology *The Firepeople*; Pomme Clayton, a storyteller and writer who has had her plays presented on Radio Four and published several collections of stories; Zena Edwards, who combines Black British, Asian, African and American cultures; and Khan Singh Kumar, who has been published in *New Writing 10*, *Stand* and *Poetry Review*.

Tickets are £5, and available from the Junction on 01223-511-511.

Or win tickets from *Varsity*, by sending an answer to literature@varsity.cam.ac.uk to the following:

Who is the current Poet Laureate? (Hint: He's the *May Anthologies* guest editor this year...)



*Apples and Snakes* is on at The Junction on Friday 23rd November at 8pm



Photo: Sarah Savitt

## Literature on the bedside table

This week Sarah Savitt interviewed Dr Ian Patterson, professional poet and Cambridge English professor.

## Touring in Soho

Fionnuala Woods tags along by reading Keith Waterhouse's new novel

"Soho is less a location than a state of mind" explains Len Gates in Keith Waterhouse's latest, *Soho, A Novel*. One is required to adopt this state of mind during this rollercoaster journey through the ragged square mile of Soho.

The Soho in Waterhouse's *Jeffrey Bernard is Unwell* focuses on the stereotype which many hold of Soho: pimps, prostitutes and sleazy bars. The Soho depicted in Waterhouse's latest novel focuses on this old stereotype which has now been hidden beneath wine bars, mobile phones and advertising agencies. As soon as we realise this, Len Gates' comment begins to display a cool logic – the Soho we visit has less to do with the actual streets than with the image of Soho with which we have come to the novel.

Alex Singer, the protagonist, arrives in Soho with the traditional image of the area in mind. Singer is a media studies student, who, like the author, is a native

novel he has been seduced and befriended and has witnessed three deaths, one fire and one mugging. But perhaps the real thrill for Alex and for us, the readers, is not the incidents he witnesses but the rich cross-section of Soho society that he meets along the way. Christine, one 'woman' he meets, removes her masquerade in a scene reminiscent of

stories, myths, Frances Hodgson Burnett. I would have read Oscar Wilde's fairy stories but my father marched the book back to the library; I grew up in a pretty traditional household. Also things like bird books and classification books. I grew up in a rural suburban area, plenty of woodland and seashore and ponds within reach, which is difficult for my own children to imagine. **Meaning To Read:** Philosophy, I need to read that more carefully; I need to read Kant more carefully. But that's the thing with ageing, you realise you've managed most of your life without [reading it]. **Last Word:** What I mostly read is people's essays.



# Just not disturbing enough

Felicity Poulter, fresh from her sadistic adventures, finds herself unimpressed with brotherly love



It would be easy to succumb to the usual expectation of the *Varsity* review of the Freshers' Play and be especially scathing. But, if I'm honest, this production of Anouilh's *Antigone* is a pretty confident handling of a play whose overtly existentialist angst hasn't worn as well with time as the plays of Beckett or Ionesco.

Anouilh's *Antigone* is based on the original Greek story of Oedipus' headstrong daughter who defies authority and goes to her death in order that her brother's body might receive a proper burial. In this version, Creon is not quite so tyrannical; he gives her the choice to live, but she prefers suicide, deeming life and 'happiness' not good enough to wait for. These massive philosophical questions are discussed openly in the dialogue in a manner neither entirely natural nor, by the same token, wholly alienating. This makes it very easy to slip into melodrama, a trap which the first half of this production (with its slow pace and frequent affected pauses) falls into.

When the safety curtain fell at the end of the first half I couldn't help thinking that there should have been more of a sense of the play rushing towards its terrible conclusion, or at least being under the pressure of time. Surely that's what the constant presence of Eurydice and the effective but under-used clock was implying?

Normally I would complain about the ADC's insistence upon an interval in a play like this, but actually when Creon (James Purdon) entered in the second half, he brought an entirely new energy and the whole pace picked up. The problematic lines suddenly weren't so affected and he spoke them with a confidence and ease that had been lacking in the previous act. His performance was one of the highlights of the piece.

Joe Bulman's performance of Jonas was also commendable. He drew all the comedy from his lines, and was quite clearly just an ordinary man doing his job. Maybe he was even too comical: in the scene before Antigone's death, his lack of interest in her questions about death and pain, and his part in the composition of her letter to her fiancée Haemon, made hilarious what perhaps should have been a moment of sadness. Maybe this was the point, but I couldn't help thinking that perhaps this was because the emphasis of the scene wasn't quite right.

I understand that this play was not the straightforward cathartic tragedy of Sophocles, but I left with a sense that maybe I could have been a little more disturbed. But I think this is possibly because I didn't really like Anouilh's text and not because of the production.



*Antigone* is on at the ADC until Saturday at 7:45pm

## If this ain't love...

Luke Pagarani's heart is aflutter, as he asks if this is *The Real Thing*

One comes to a Tom Stoppard play with certain expectations. Indeed, it would have been a huge shock if it had not been highly intelligent, frothily witty stuff. No critic can dispute Stoppard's intellect or his capacity for dazzling wordplay. In this regard at least, *The Real Thing* is no exception. In it, Stoppard shifts back and forth between play-within-a-play scenes and 'reality,' throwing around different ideas about life and art, exploring the complexity and simplicity of love.

Stoppard is not stingy with the word and uses it freely and bravely. Fortunately there is no attempt to define some sort of ideal 'true love' as the title could suggest. The focus is on the passionate relationship between a brilliant playwright, Henry, and an actress, Annie. They form a plausible couple, the chemistry between them very convincing and natural.

Henry, played by Neil Pearson of *Drop the Dead Donkey* and *Bridget Jones' Diary*, is very comfortable with his lines, and we are able to believe that Stoppard's witticisms are Henry's own. Pearson avoids the danger of Henry sounding too much like a mouthpiece for Stoppard's voice and has very good comic timing. Geraldine Alexander gives the character of Annie a vibrant zest and Jonie Broom is perfect as Billy: one could feel the presence of sex in the air, and he makes for a welcome relief from the too-articulate Henry. The

brief exchanges between him and Annie have a youthful, charged, inevitable quality, and it is easy to appreciate the feelings that lead Annie towards possible infidelity with a younger man. However, I felt rather too young watching this play, with its exploration of infidelity and ageing relationships. Annie contrasts well with Henry's first wife, the older, dryer Charlotte, played by Marsha Fitzalan. The only problem with Fitzalan is that her quick retorts do not sound as natural. As she herself says "that's the difference between plays and real life - thinking time." Charlotte sounds too similar in 'real life' and in the theatre scenes.

The use of the play-within-a-play device throws up some interesting questions about whether the irony that artificially saturates plays actually has a parallel in reality, and whether theatre can truly capture how someone would react to uncovering infidelity. The impressive sets, perfectly constructed islands in the middle of the stage, are whipped on and off between scenes, adding to the dilemma by positively advertising the fact that the characters are on a stage and not really in their living room. The sixties pop gems that link the scenes seem out of place at first, but they leech significance from the play's events and

towards the end nostalgically remind the audience of the play's turning points. In a way, the title is a question. As an answer of sorts, real life, high art and low art are all thrown together Stoppardian fashion for our delectation.

The slick execution of each scene, slick scene changes and slick writing all give the play a general feeling of slickness, which makes the production a treat to watch but also creates a bit of distance between the emotions of the characters and the audience. Indeed, the sobbing moments when raw emotion is displayed without a clever phrase cannot help but seem slightly out of place.

Stoppard is always a step or twenty ahead of the critics, and many of the criticisms he has received about being too clever are levelled at Henry and are rebutted convincingly in Stoppard's writing about writing. *The Real Thing* is very ambitious, more so than *Arcadia*, in that it aspires not just to entertain and provoke thought but also to be a wholly honest dissection of love. It is a great achievement for Stoppard to be passionate and engaging as well as scintillating. Any criticisms of this production are minor ones and I thoroughly recommend it, though you probably can't get tickets anyway.



*The Real Thing* is on at The Arts Theatre until Saturday at 7.30pm

## THROBBING

Not time to stop playing *F\*\*king Games* yet

"It's just not realistic to expect one person to remain faithful to another. I mean it just doesn't work, does it?"

*F\*\*king Games* is Grae Cleugh's first play. It is a black comedy which takes place in the chic living room of a house in Chelsea where two gay couples get together for a "civilised drinks" party. Terrence and Jonah are in their 30s and 40s and quite wealthy, they own their own restaurants and a private members' club. Jude is

29 and is a struggling young actor. His new boyfriend Danny is a complete outsider, a 21-year-old DJ from Scotland. The evening begins quite formally as a sort of meet-the-parents affair, but strange relationship dynamics soon arise. The social masks begin to slip, painful words are exchanged and the mood starts to turn dark.

One of the play's main issues is conformity. Danny is searching for something real in an enclosed world where so much is fake. "Most of what I've

caught on the gay scene has been a bunch of narcissistic, tacky, cock-obsessed sad fuck-ups who happen to share a common sexuality." Cleugh also implies that gay sex has dwindled from a symbol of liberation into a mix of power-tool and fashion accessory, embodied by the demonic, manipulative character of Terrence.

This play exudes a raw, nervous energy. Performed in the Jerwood Theatre upstairs of the Royal Court, a theatre no larger than your average

lecture hall, you almost feel as though you are in the living room conversing with the characters themselves; the tension-filled atmosphere is inescapable. I can't promote this play enough, it is a must-see. Student tickets cost £9 and £5 if purchased on the day of performance.

Call the Box Office on 020 7565 5000 or book online at [www.royal-courttheatre.com](http://www.royal-courttheatre.com) The nearest tube is Sloane Square on District and Circle lines.

Sarah Mathews



*F\*\*king Games* is on at The Royal Court Theatre, London, until 8th December



## Energy &amp; Wit

## Moon and Levinson – Claire Bodger

With my pigeon hole overflowing with invitations to attend hi-tech presentations given by investment banks and management consultants, life after Cambridge seems to be heading straight for the city. Information or indeed inspiration about an alternative route is resolutely elusive and my (now muttered) response to the proverbial question about my future career: “something creative” is beginning to sound increasingly hollow. That is why it was so refreshing to visit Kettle’s Yard and view its current exhibition of the work of two Cambridge alumni

Jeremy Moon and John Levinson.

Having graduated in law at Christ’s and architecture at King’s respectively, both artists did indeed head to the city, where they devoted themselves wholeheartedly to art as students. Within a few years, Moon was exhibiting his work alongside the likes of Phillip King and Bridget Riley. Levinson embarked on what was to be an extensive portfolio of watercolour, gouache vignettes, and

demands a simplistic response, but when we see the apparently solid blocks of colour revealing a bleeding of pigment under the masked edges, the regularity disintegrates and our response is made difficult. His canvasses are at once static and mobile, his aesthetic subtle and glaringly obvious, now intense and now lucid. My favourite painting is entitled ‘Hoop-la’ and as the name suggests, Moon depicts a series of juggling balls arching in a movement of effortless grace over the top of the canvas. Sitting resolutely on the surface, the balls look like holes cut out from the red surface when in fact they are painted over the red ground, Moon as ever reverses the rationale of visual perception.

Painting offers very different possibilities to John Levinson. Unlike Moon’s larger-than-life compositions, Levinson’s work is characterised by a delicacy of execution where apparently transparent illustrations mask hidden depths and opacity. We see a menagerie of mythical animals such as lions and phoenixes stalk across the page, now on this earth and then plummeted into the outer world of space. With an application of paint often so simple as to suggest the felt-tip drawings of a child, Levinson plays with a fairy-tale vision of the world, grounded however in the concrete reality of banality. He traces the outline of ‘Small frying pan for Biskra’, or of the advertisement slogans that he encounters on his travels. Indeed the landscape of foreign parts frequently colours his landscapes. Levinson exercises an inexhaustible versatility as he moves from the chocolate-box view of a cow-filled field in Wales, to the richly warm hues of a sun-drenched African garden.

## Metal Twiglet

## Stella Pe-Win on Steven Gontarski

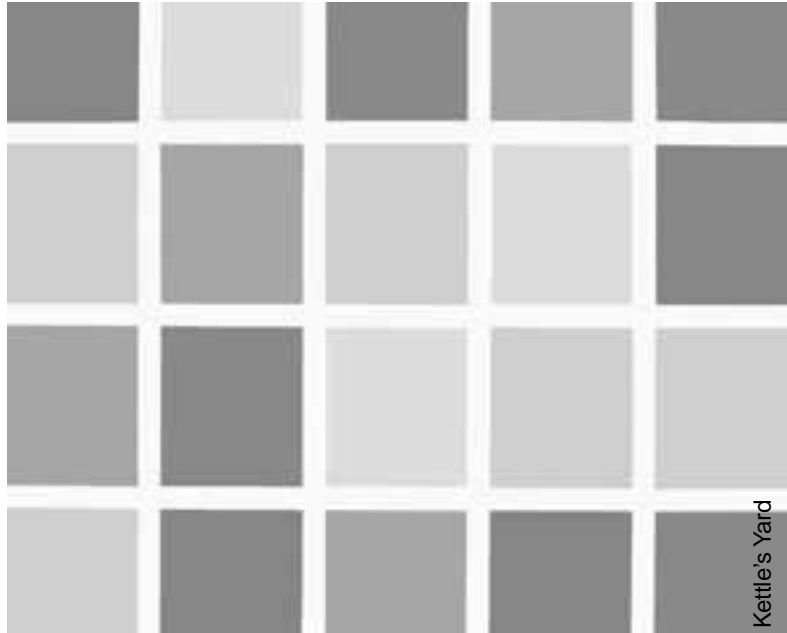
Last Thursday in Jesus Upper Hall, as ever, the Visual Arts Society hosted a talk by an artist. This time the sculptor Steven Gontarski did the honours. Described as presenting “featureless, partial bodies, headless torsos, truncated and extruding limbs that seemed to meld together and apart in various convoluted sexual positions”. The fluid grace and the seal-smooth texture of his sculpture seemed to be embarrassed by the perverse names Gontarski gives his creations.

Some of the titles he refused to contextualise, like ‘She was One Hot Sister Who Really Cooked’ – with a sly smile, he’d move on to the next piece and leave you wondering. Gontarski made it clear that he was concerned with issues of youth, the body, and fear. Youth and the body come together in his sculptures, and suddenly the pure, shiny curves of whatever piece of his was being slide-projected became sensually charged. Using the words “charged clues” to explain why ‘Bee-stung lips

Seeing this after coming from the leafy suburbs, it suddenly made me feel as if I was in a dirty place. I still have that reaction when I see graffiti, that it’s dirty and dangerous. Just that gut way you react to images. It’s a very charged clue for me.”

Gontarski, born in Philadelphia in 1972, studied at Brown University before making the journey to London to attend Goldsmiths College, where he graduated in 1997. Always in search of youth subcultures to analyse and celebrate, he says that the decision to come over here was easy: “there were Teddy Boys, Punks and Mods, Street tribes; the breeding ground for my work”. He received critical acclaim for the sculptures he presented at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in 1998 as part of the exhibition *Die Young Stay Pretty*, and held his first solo exhibition at White Cube in early 2000. He’s achieved much extremely quickly, despite the fact that he appears to have packed in an incredible amount of time clubbing. I felt jealous, but then, he can legitimately say it’s inspiration for his work. Subcultures, their clubs, for him it’s “like going into another realm, the scariness. I like that. Projecting excitement and a sense of glamour into the night. It’s being something or someone else, in a totally different setting. It’s a charged space, where everything’s a different colour. Sometimes I get a scared feeling – so I just sit back and be a voyeur. That’s why I like nightclubs a lot.” Try to appreciate this philosophy when you’re queuing for the Fez or Cindy’s next.

The form that his sculpture takes is intensely craft-based and labour-intensive. Polyester wadding is layered out



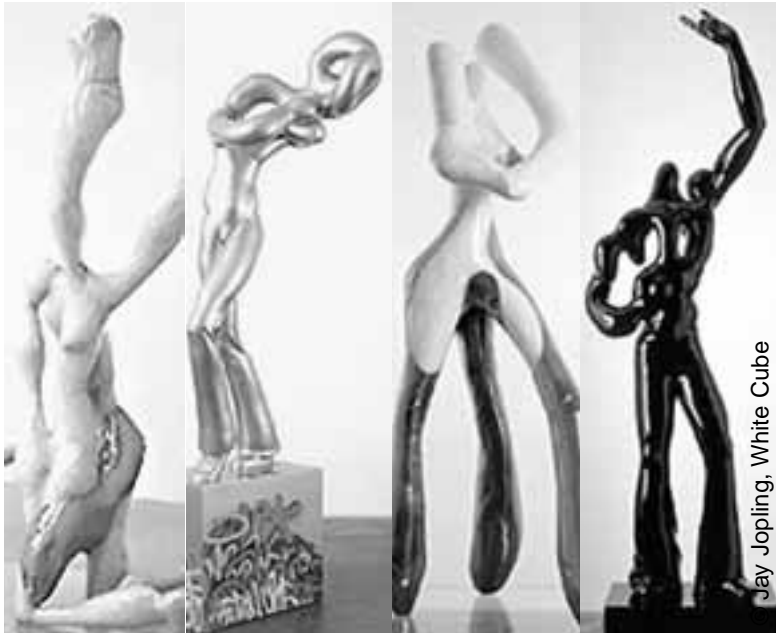
Kettle's Yard

soul-searching and often painfully witty poetry and prose. Despite being shown alongside each other at the Kettle’s Yard gallery, the artists couldn’t be more different. Both are testimony to the possibility of developing and fulfilling an artistic drive so often brushed under the carpet during the hectic whirlwind of student life and academia at Cambridge.

Fascinated by formalistic constructions of rigorously geometric precision, Moon covers his vast canvasses with expanses of undifferentiated colour sharply intersected by a trellis of parallel lines or carefully positioned and crisply outlined shapes. At first sight, the unmodulating use of rich poster-paint colour and the formal vocabulary of his often austere designs recall the optimistic language of early British Pop art. Yet Moon reveals a mischievous streak that allows him to undermine the sheer formality of this abstract lexis. Standing in front of a canvas such as ‘Caravan’, the viewer can’t help but feel a sense of instability. Moon’s work ostensibly

Both Moon and Levinson are unique in their witty and playful attitude to art and their insatiable exploration of the boundaries of convention and formal construction. The Kettle’s Yard exhibition is more than a mere retrospective for two artists who lost their lives tragically young (Levinson committed suicide and Moon was killed in a motorcycle accident), it is testimony to the enduring force of their profound but humorous, intense but joyfully exuberant aesthetic. Before the youthful and fresh work selected for this exhibition, we are hit by an overpowering sense of the possibility of both Jeremy Moon and John Levinson freewheeling back into the world of art just as suddenly as they sadly left it. Even if they don’t, their work must surely provide inspiration for all the aspiring artists studying at Cambridge today.

*Jeremy Moon and John Levinson at Kettle's Yard, November 10 2001 – January 6 2002*



Jay Jopling, White Cube

and a young tongue’ acquired a profanely-perched sock, hung onto one of its sleek angles, he referred to a photograph he’d seen of the Red Hot Chili Peppers, where they’d dunked their genitalia into socks: “That was such a charged, sexual, playful thing to do. Typical Californian post-punk, it was a fuck-off teenage way of being that I found very powerful”. Another kind of “charged clue” that he’d introduced into his sculpture was graffiti. Life-size figures of skaters and snowboarders, with all the glinting fluidity that is the signature of his work, acquire plinths, as Gontarski plays with Classical tradition. Figures with vaguely discernible flares tower above these plinths, which are then disfigured with the graffiti “done by my friend Butch. He’s more into the whole skater culture thing than I am. Graffiti has an incredible guts feeling to it. When I was small, in the 70s, we’d go into Philadelphia all the time. The commuter trains, the electricity boxes, were completely bombed!

until he’s happy with the shape, then he skins it over with clear vinyl padding, or something metallic and stretchy if he feels like it. The methods produce the most incredibly pure shapes, and when he introduces the element of fear into his sculpture, this is where he is strongest. Despite this somewhat Ann Summers approach to sculpture of his, when he pads over shapes with black vinyl, the effect is eerie. In ‘LAX’, he depicts a towering black angel, his right shoulder torn and voided, making the piece seem even more nightmarish and insubstantial. This is no playful meditation on the dark glamour of youth, but another sidestreet of his work; an interest in contemporary depictions of evil. An admirer of the way Marilyn Manson attempts to translate the concept of evil for an MTV audience, he’s attempted his own personification. In his case, successfully. If you missed the talk, you missed out on more talent, odd anecdote and weirdness than Manson could conjure up in a lifetime.

## LISTINGS

**Illuminating the Law: Medieval Law Books from Cambridge Collections, the Fitzwilliam Museum, until 16th December 2001**

Illuminated legal texts rank highly among the most splendidly decorated medieval manuscripts. The collections of The Fitzwilliam Museum and four Cambridge Colleges – Corpus Christi, Gonville & Caius, St John’s and Sidney Sussex – provide ample material for an exciting interpretation of the verbal and visual contents of law texts. Through displaying a variety of most splendid manuscripts, replete with aesthetically pleasing and thought-provoking imagery, this exhibition revives a centuries-long tradition practised by masters and students, by scribes and artists the tradition of illuminating the law.

**Katharina Fritsch at Tate Modern until 5 December**

Fritsch pays attention to the surfaces of her sculptures, and their colour, scale, and the space in which they are presented creates a strange tension between the familiar and the uncanny. A life-size elephant is anatomically exact down to the last fold of skin, but painted an unearthly blue-green. A man, tucked up in bed, is confronted by a giant black mouse that squats on his chest. The effect of giving solid reality to the visionary and fantastic is unsettling. It is a relationship that Fritsch is keen to explore: “I find the play between reality and apparition very interesting”, she says, “I think my work moves back and forth between these two poles.”

**Exposed: The Victorian Nude at Tate Britain until 27 January 2002**

The exposure of the body through images of the nude was one of the most controversial issues in Victorian art. Nudes were presented not only in painting and sculpture, but also popular illustration, photography and film, fuelling intense debates about the relationship between art and public morals. This exhibition charts the precarious development of subject matter, which was both prestigious and dangerous, highlighting concerns about sexuality, desire and censorship that are still relevant today.

**Kitaj: In the aura of Cézanne and other masters, The National Gallery until 10 February 2002**

For nearly forty years the American-born painter Kitaj played a central role in British art. At the beginning of his career he became associated with artists like David Hockney, Peter Blake and others of the so-called Pop generation, but he also formed lasting friendships with fellow Jewish artists such as Frank Auerbach and Lucian Freud. Kitaj’s Jewish identity in a post-Holocaust world is of central importance to his life and is a theme he has often explored in his work. In 1997 however, three years after the tragic and unexpected death of his wife Sandra Fisher at the age of 47, Kitaj returned to live in the United States and London lost one of its most colourful and influential personalities. This exhibition is the first showing of the work of Kitaj in London since his controversial retrospective at the Tate Gallery in 1994

Vanessa Hodgkinson



# Making Waves

Jonathan Styles is swayed by Shadwell's take on *The Tempest*

Enigma and allusion permeate *The Tempest*, Shakespeare's final play. Observing the Classical Unities, the plot unfolds in almost real time and much of the action therefore takes place behind the scenes. Characters are at their most opaque here: some say hardly anything whilst others never even appear on stage but stay hidden amidst *The Tempest's* torrential vagueness. The more dominant players are often paradoxical and our sympathies lie with them only uneasily. Shakespeare invites us to empathize with the Noble Savage at one moment, then feel repulsion toward him. Prospero's magic appears to provide him with power, but in reality it is the root of a more real impotence. These thematic "subtleties of the isle" are never really explored in Davie Chaplin's production of the play, performed at Caius. It is nonetheless an enjoyable one, exhibiting a good deal of new and promising talent.

The eponymous opening storm is intended to be a chaotic affair; Shakespeare goes for realism here, even instructing that the "Mariners enter wet." However, Tuesday night's preview still felt somewhat hurried and difficult to follow. The pace did settle down once initial nerves were

calmed, though some of the more expressive moments could benefit from yet more leisurely delivery. To their great credit, and despite the minimal use of stage décor and special effects, there wasn't a moment when the audience's attention wasn't engaged.

Rather than detracting from it, some of the production's strongest features were made possible by limiting its resources. Ariel's appearance as a

emphasised, but this maybe added a little interest to what is a slightly two-dimensional part. Helen Bould, playing Prospero, could do with bringing out more of the volatile nature of the character. These are relatively minor quibbles, however, and overall the cast judged their parts pretty well.

Comedy was another strength of the production. The part of Caliban has a good deal of humorous potential, which wasn't wasted by the nappy wearing, awry-haired Joseph Lindsay. Stephano and Trinculo (Kevin Joyner and Jonathan Pearson) made the most of

the slapstick element of their part. It was good to see Shakespearean comedy executed so effectively without the unnecessary and often inappropriate additions so often observed in contemporary productions.

If you're an Arden Edition zealot, then this production probably won't satisfy you. However, anybody in search of a more playful and essentially entertaining version of this most interpretively flexible of plays will not be disappointed.

**The part of Caliban has a good deal of humorous potential, which wasn't wasted by the nappy wearing, awry-haired Joseph Lindsay**

harpie was ingeniously suggested without actually using a costume, whilst the single on-stage harp, played by Fiona Treamor, added tremendous atmosphere to the performance, particularly during Prospero's speech "Ye elves of hills."

The dancing that accompanied the Masque scene was effective, but was not really as chaste as the text would suggest. Similarly, Miranda (Melissa Baugh) was slightly too coquettish for somebody whose virtue is persistently



*The Tempest* is on at the Bateman Auditorium, Caius, Fri 16th, Sat 17th, & Tues 20th at 7.45pm

# PREVIEWS

Friday 16 and Saturday 17 November

The Spanish Tragedy by Thomas Kydd – Queen's Building, Emmanuel 7.30pm • Cinderella and the Seven Dwarves, Mumford Theatre, East Road 7.30pm – the annual Addenbrookes fundraising panto – "a classic tale of star crossed lovers and cross-dressing stars." • Alcoholic Remorse – Trinity Hall Lecture Theatre 8pm "Over the course of 24 hours the lives and relationships of a group of eight friends are completely upturned in a deluge of desire, regret, confessions, and alcohol. A mature and considered reflection on the subject of shagging." • BLUE HEART by Caryl Churchill – Newnham College Old Labs, 8pm Two related short plays, Heart's Desire and Blue Kettle, dealing with the tumultuous relationship between parents and children.

Next week

Oleanna by David Mamet – Trinity Hall Theatre Nov 20th–24th 7.45pm "a University professor; a female student; three meetings. What starts out as innocuous dialogue quickly turns into the inquisition for the 21st century" • Cuckoos by Giuseppe Manfredi – Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens, Nov 20th–24th 11pm ecko, the company responsible for the critically acclaimed "Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf" presents anal sex, a parachute and decaying skeletons in cupboards in Manfredi's self proclaimed "Theatre of the Excess" • The Company of Wolves – Howard building, Downing, Nov 21st–22nd 8pm • Phaedra's Love by Sarah Kane – Pembroke New Cellars, Nov 20th–24th 8.30pm A fresh take on the Greek tragedy of Phaedra and Hippolytus. "Warning: May contain scenes of an adult nature" • The Scarlet Pimpernel – ADC, Nov 20th–Dec 1st 7.45pm Footlights' side-splitting, bodice-ripping panto extravaganza • Lady in the Dark, a musical by Weill and Gershwin – Robinson College Auditorium, Nov 20th–24th: 7.30pm • Not My Cup of Tea – ADC, Nov 21st–24th, 11pm "A showcase of female comic talent – a refreshing, altogether more curvaceous alternative to the Cambridge comedy mainstream" • Apples and Snakes – CDC Junction Nov 23rd 8pm "A night of uproarious spoken word from five masters of the art form, juggling words to create a whirling blend of fantasy, humour and gritty reality" • Our Country's Good (Nov 20th, 24th) and Three Birds Alighting on a Field (Nov 21st, 23rd) by Timberlake Wertenbaker – Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens' College, 7.30pm – REDS and BATS present double bill of plays in rep using the same company of actors, both exploring the real function and value of art.

If you would like to review any of next week's plays, come along to our section meeting at 5pm, Friday, in Bar HaHa on Trinity Street or email [theatre@varsity.cam.ac.uk](mailto:theatre@varsity.cam.ac.uk)

# Dahling you weren't half bad

Veteran thesp Jack Thorne surveys the first year talent at the ADC

Berkoff threatened to kill Nic de Jongh, a critic who claimed his production of Hamlet was 'fatally miscast'. So it's perhaps with a hint of sixth week fatalism that I would suggest that Berkoff shouldn't grant licenses to perform his work so readily. The ADC shouldn't have selected this play and Berkoff shouldn't have allowed them to do so.

Set in a fashionable West End café, *Dahling You Were Marvellous* parodies the London luvvie scene in all its bitchy, glamorous, introverted, self-obsessed absurdity. However the success of a parody relies on an audience with an intimate understanding of the original, and the script assumed a level of familiarity with figures such as the designer Gordon Craig as well as the back-catalogue Peter Brook ("Lesley Ponce"). Unfortunately this audience wasn't in the know, and it is debatable whether or not the cast was either. To mitigate this, the production attempted to bring the parody closer to home, to the industry of the Cambridge drama scene, a brilliant idea.

But the directors should have made a clearer and cleaner decision as to whether they were aiming for a faithful reproduction of Berkoff or a reinterpretation. Some scenes were Berkoff, some scenes weren't, some scenes seemed almost as if they were aiming for realism, some seemed a happy pantomime. They weren't sure what they were giving us and so we became confused as to what we were getting.

The set designers could see the physical of the scene, the directors



didn't and couldn't. This is why the red walls and silver foil of the staged-ADC bar were the highlight of the show and the acting wasn't. There is much to parody in Cambridge theatre. If the directors weren't fresh on the scene and had been with us a few years

they could have deliciously reshaped play characters to suit the Cambridge reality. Those in the know would have found a parody of a low-voiced pontificating Khalid Abdalla very funny. Indeed even Khalid might have laughed.



*Dahling You Were Marvellous* is on at the ADC until Saturday at 11pm

Hannah Barry offers a fresher perspective

Casually ambling into the ADC at eleven, I attempted to appear suitably louche for the light jazz that serenaded the audience as they arrived for the late performance of Berkoff's *Dahling You Were Marvellous*. Given the overt amendment of affectionate address in the title I anticipated a light hearted romp through the London theatre scene. This was duly delivered, and by a large and varied cast of characters covering all the imaginable stereotypes that lurk in the smoky climes of the Thespian world. Light hearted indeed it was.

Unfortunately the ADC was rather misguided in its suggestion that the play serves to expose the "dark underbelly of the London theatre scene." Ominous. To be honest, it didn't really serve to expose anything at all, just reminded us of the smug amusement of observing people with little substance of their own, just an assortment of acquired and perhaps, required affectations. For example the token revolutionary, Sid, complete with unlaced military boots, who rages against the undesired privileges of a leather clad Sloane but subsequently reveals himself as just another pathetic member of the bourgeoisie, appalled by the Poll Tax Anarchists outside the café who have burnt his grey Volvo.

Originally written for the television, the play had been admirably adapted for theatrical performance. The stage is split into assorted sections and subsequently inhabited by groups of chattering characters, with light falling upon the necessary group. The audience is guided around the café, assuming the

position of an eavesdropper, listening in on the thesp banter and outrageous backstabbing. Given that the cast had experienced Cambridge's theatre scene for a mere seven weeks, they seemed remarkably adept at this, with much over-emphatic congratulation of any new character deigning to join a table, followed swiftly by rolled eyes and exaggerated looks of disgust.

The arrangement of the characters on stage also deserves some praise, for its interesting symbolic touches; the juxtaposition of revolutionary and Sloane, and East End lad and aristocrat served to throw their differences of type into even sharper relief. Notably Terry (Duncan Harte), who launches into an obligatory tirade with regard to his father being a bus conductor contrasts nicely with Brian Perkins as Sir Michael Wally in his delightful admission that public school repression has lent him his strained vocal tones. The real stars, though, are the sublimely affected Linda (Michelle D'Arcy) and Steve (Chris Kowalski), two mature actors who prop up the bar and the show. Through a dense haze of smoke, Linda made an admirable display of flirtation for flirtation's sake, while Steve captured perfectly the desperate has-been refusing to relinquish his place in the spotlight. Even when bathed in shadow, one was inclined to observe the interaction between the two, whether clutching a bottle of Gordon's Dry in mock acceptance of a long-lost Oscar, or simply faffing around with oversized filofaxes. I almost wished I could join them for a Margarita or two.



# BOYS IN THE PARK

Dave Thorley talks nonsense at a bloke who's cooler than him – never try to impress a superstar DJ



LTJ Bukem loves cricket and so do I. He quite likes drum 'n' bass too, which is the second thing we have in common. He's tall, bespectacled and has a consummate air of kooky schoolboy cool. I'm short, clear-sighted and kooky. He's a superstar DJ...and I'm a freeloading undergraduate.

I suppose the point is this: it is automatically accepted that some people are great and that the rest of us Tommys just aren't. Some people get to burn, from gig to gig, around the country in fast cars at 2am, spin a few tunes and go home a hero. And the

and about how he was received and what he thought the point of the exercise was. "It rained for half of it but the sound was excellent and the vibe was good, even though it was raining, but that's cricket isn't it?" Suppose I'll move on, then.

So, drum 'n' bass. It's probably dead, isn't it? Everything's dead these days. "Not necessarily, I think with all music you have to get it to that live stage eventually, just to be heard." That's not really what I asked him but it sounded more enigmatic like that. The question he was really answering was about live music being the natural

## He's not going to step into the bigger-than-Jesus puddle

rest of us just gawp at them, shimmy around like keep fit, skiing fanatics and go home unable to speak in sentences.

And then, when we finally do come into contact with them we ask stupid fucking pointless questions. But then I'm just one of the regular Tommys. I want to know about cricket but – this being an interview by extended email – he isn't terribly forthcoming. I want to know how the twin worlds – inaccessibly cool and inaccessibly dull – crossover. I want to reconcile my dual images of the young LTJ growing up in 70's Watford and bowling fast at a dustbin in the street and the current LTJ dressing up in whites and a baggy felt cap of a Sunday and sitting down for Battenburg at tea. But I just end up asking about the time he played (records, not cricket) at Old Trafford

habitat of drum 'n' bass but it wasn't very interesting. I was trying too hard to be cool.

I try and impress him with my geeky knowledge of the taxonomy of dance music. Does he hate the tag 'intelligent drum 'n' bass'? Disappointingly, he does. I was hoping for sweeping arrogance and reckless claims to be making more intelligent music than Wagner. But like I say, he's tall, bespectacled and has a consummate air of kooky schoolboy cool. He's practised this in the bedroom before and he's not going to step into the bigger-than-Jesus puddle. If DJs are the new rock stars, they're very sensible ones with exceedingly good legal advice. But he's cooler than me. "Very silly – what's unintelligent drum and bass?" he retorts. I email back, promising to send him some.



# AS SAFE AS HOUSE IS

If you can't stand the heat, get out of the garage. Ed Carroll compares violence in house and garage clubs



Having spent years building up the credibility it so cherishes, UK garage seems to be applying the same resolve to shaking itself apart. Ever since the scene appeared from the underground of London it has become widespread, lucrative and plagued by violence. Whilst house, trance, drum 'n' bass and techno have been unaffected by this particular wave of crime, garage seems to have become the music of choice of every discerning criminal.

This has affected the Cypriot resort of Ayia Napa, garage's answer to Ibiza, whose future now seems uncertain after a summer marred with trouble. Clubbers feel unwelcome and unsafe in the clubs, leading many to turn away from garage music,

and even DJs and MCs are becoming reluctant to play new venues for fear of their lives. A fear apparently not entirely unfounded, with Master Stepz only recently performing again after being stabbed in the liver outside South London's Legends club. Neutrino, half of disowned garage duo Oxide and Neutrino, insists that the violence is unrelated to the music despite having had a bullet removed from his leg earlier this year. "Any club you go to that plays garage, there's always fighting, there's always a shooting. But that happens at any club." A view almost entirely at odds with the statistics. With a domestic background like this, coupled with America's rejection of 2-step, one is forced to won-

der if we may be witnessing the death of a genre.

Meanwhile other forms of music have escaped the attitude so prominent in garage venues, hard house for example, which has managed to achieve a near legendary reputation for its friendly and welcoming crowd. This atmosphere derives from the sense of companionship felt between members of this relatively small community, and is actually very little to do with the running of the clubs. This companionship, however, has neatly sidestepped the garage world because sadly, that sense of community cannot exist. UK garage is probably the easiest to listen to of all 'credible' (dance) music, and attracts many people looking to profit from the

kudos associated with liking such a form of music, and not actually after the music itself. So patrons of the garage world feel the need to prove their affiliation to the music, leading to hostile undercurrents and high tensions within the crowds. Ironically it is the likeable quality of UK garage that has seen it rise very quickly into popular demand, and may be the quality that shakes it apart.

Sadly the links between garage artists and crime do nothing to help this volatile social structure. Giving young listeners role models for whom time in prison is a CV point has left it to the likes of MJ Cole and Wookie to lend an air of respectability to their scene. Bushkin of The Heartless Crew garage collective claims, "The vio-

lence is nothing to do with the DJs and MCs. We won't accept responsibility because we don't promote any violence." The truth of this is disputed by Lee Majors, engineer for the Dreem Teem, who claims "Some of the blame has to be put with DJs and MCs. There are some places where all the MCs want to chat about is violence." Of course assigning blame at this stage is an exercise in futility, the only question remaining is that of who is in the best position to solve the problem. Bushkin may be disappointed to hear that this responsibility falls to him and to his peers. What they will do remains to be seen, but they should probably act before their record deals 2-step out of the EMI offices and back underground.





George Orwell once claimed that the worst advertisement for socialism is its adherents. This is equally true of Belle and Sebastian, a band for the disaffected, they are 'blessed' with a scarily obsessive hardcore of fans suffering from the collective delusion that they are seven years old.

Thankfully they've come up trumps and completely belied this twee tag, with 'I'm waking up to us'. Possessing a swagger and confidence largely missing from their last album, it's an utterly infectious single. Sounding like a lost Phil Spector masterpiece, this is classic Belle and Sebastian, layers of intricately constructed string and brass arrangements swelling into an epic finale.

Carry on releasing singles as immediate and as glorious as this and Belle and Sebastian might be in grave danger of finally shaking off 'cult band' status: A case of 'fold your hands child you walk like a pop star?'

Belle and Sebastian  
*I'm Waking Up to Us* (Jeepster)  
Out 26 November  
JIM HINKS



...and relax. Proving to have a longevity beyond their baggy contemporaries, Burgess and the boys are back with a new reinvention, a self-revolution.

This new single is a paradox of maturity and freshness; it is clearly the work of a band who have been there, yet it shines with vitality of brand new talent.

Taken from their new album, *Wonderland*, it is a piece of summer dazed rock, which asks you to simply sit back, listen, and be seduced.

Never trying too hard, Burgess is brilliant. Wisping over liquid piano and an aching steel guitar, he teases the high notes with perfectly mocked strain. A trembling falsetto. This is uncharacteristically sexy.

His voice is like the hand that strokes your hair as you float in and out of a waking state. Beautifully sleepy, it has a dream-like fluidity. The man that needs to be told is no doubt listening now.

The Charlatans  
*A Man Needs To Be Told* (Universal)  
Out 19 November  
MARTHA HOUSDEN



A beautifully packaged 3-tracker, artwork resembling a fruit-machine, even a coin slot on the back and cherries on the inside – sexy! Had I hit the jackpot? Oh no. This talentless indie outfit offers less entertainment than the UL – they are successful only in achieving a marvel of juxtaposition rather like a space age public toilet – stunning on the outside, shit on the inside. The first track, 'Fan' is a mindless ditty which miraculously gives its 4-minute duration the impression of lasting as many hours. 'Abrasive' offers some hope with some more melodic guitar chords, hope which is swiftly dashed when the whining Albarn-wannabe comes in with 'I want to be unhappy and abrasive'. Finally we have a song reminiscent of REM's seminal work, yet somehow even more banal. This final flourish is entitled 'You're forgiven'. Sadly these Chippenham chappies are not. Let's just hope they're referring to their musical career in the line 'we're all on the brink of a major rethink'.

Countermine  
*Countermine EP* (Hit and Run)  
Out Now  
ED MAXWELL



Robbie has done somethin' stupid. Very stupid. In this duet with Nicole Kidman of the 1967 Sinatra classic, he has traded his rock-queen leathers for woolly jumper pop. Tea-cosy nostalgia.

In a smooth blend of Spanish guitar and string accompaniment, Robbie and Nicole invite us to join them round the fireplace and rejoice in their tale of love.

Their vocal talents are clear as they swoon though harmonised lyrics, a quality matched by flawless production. This is old-school romantic, a song for ageing lovers. Yet it lacks soul. The charm of the original is missing, sounding more like Cliff Richard than Frank Sinatra.

Ultimately, Robbie seems to have committed the cardinal sin of pop: he has betrayed his fans. With his back turned on the screaming girls with loose knickers, it seems he has asked Auntie Ethel out to a tea-dance instead. Lets just hope she forgets her hearing aid.

Robbie Williams/Nicole Kidman  
*Somethin' Stupid* (Chrysalis)  
Out 3 December  
MARTHA HOUSDEN



This is one of those songs you can listen to and spend an unhealthy amount of time going through the record collection in your head, trying to figure out how you might have heard it before. Eventually you come to the frustrating conclusion that it rings bells simply because it sounds like so many other things that have come before. Regardless, I like it.

The title keeps hope alive for something a bit more profound than what seems at first to be just another love song, and it is undeniably more upbeat than your average ballad.

The vocals are easy to get on with and there are some interesting sounds alongside. And in the end, that feeling that you already know it, is quite satisfying. It will settle nicely into your record collection without offending any of its neighbours.

Electric Soft Parade  
*There's A Silence*  
Out Now  
PETE LOCKLEY

# LEARNING TO LOVE TO HATE

Hilary Tacey takes a long deep breath and vents some pent up anger.

I know there's someone who you really hate. C'mon, admit it, even the most tolerant and open-minded of us know at least one individual who just makes our blood boil. Maybe it's the guy who humiliated your best friend without a second thought, the bitchiest girl in school who made your life hell, the arrogant wanker who gives all the girls he meets marks out of 10. We all know these people, and the right-minded amongst us want nothing less than to see them slip in dog-shit in front of as large an audience as possible.

Imagine then, that one day you're walking past this person's open window, you see them in a record shop or club. What you see appalls and dismays you more than you'd have thought possible. Horror of horrors, they're listening to your favourite song, even singing along! How could such a travesty have occurred? And why are you so traumatized? Its just music, after all...

This, as is probably quite blatantly obvious, happened to me recently. Having always believed that music has no inherent meaning or value, that it's all in the individual experience, I was a bit taken aback at how annoyed I was. It seemed odd, because I've never had a problem (well not much of one) with friends liking music I hate...but the reverse, someone I just can't bear enjoying music I love - it made my skin crawl.

Given a bit of consideration, the reasons for this are pretty obvious. Music you hate rarely arouses the same level of emotion as that which you adore; it tends to be a matter of indifference rather than abject disgust. It's nigh on impossible to build up

the same level of emotional reaction to a song which inspires you to flip the radio's off-switch as is produced by the old friend in the cracked CD case which jumps and skips from over-playing. Combine this with the fact that friendships have a very healthy tendency to be built on something a bit more longlasting than musical preference, and it means that disagreements over judgements or tastes aren't really a problem where they are concerned. In fact, they're often a good thing, whether in terms of encouraging you to listen to stuff you never thought you'd like, or just by providing opportunities for good natured pissetakes of the 'What in God's name possessed you to shell out good money on a Linkin Park CD?!' variety.

There are one or two songs, however, that send shivers down my spine, that are so closely entwined with personal memories and associations that it can sometimes seem quite weird to hear even the closest of friends talking about or listening to them. It is this highly personal quality that certain songs gain after soundtracking life's seminal moments that makes any connection to someone you know as an insensitive cow, or superficial bastard, seem like such a complete violation.

One of the beauties of music is the way in which it can overcome boundaries and create communal experiences which transcend the individual, but the uniqueness of personal encounters is just as precious. Sometimes it's not only OK but absolutely essential to put on your headphones, block out the rest of the world, and believe that the song is just for you, 3 minutes at least.



Photo: Emily Haworth-Booth

## PREVIEWS

Bored of instant gratification? Tired of passing fads? Shocked by the lack of discipline you see around you? You're just not going to be satisfied by a cheeky pint or ten in Life, are you? What you need is something to grab your attention and hold it all fucking day long. Yes, *Varsity* has decided to abandon the fickle world of pop in favour of something a bit more...substantial.

And you don't get much more substantial than Cambridge Philharmonic's Beethoven: Symphonic Marathon in One Day at the Emmanuel United Reformed Church on Thursday. Yes, they really are going to play all nine Beethoven symphonies in one day. An inspiration to us all.

For those who aren't quite prepared to abandon youth culture in its entirety but still seek to transcend the soundbite culture, *Meanwhile, Back in Communist Russia* offer plenty of post-rock meat to back up their impressive name and gratuitous comma. They play at the Portland Arms on Thursday, with support from Cambridge locals Pretty, who I'm sure would be worth mentioning even if they didn't feature a *Varsity* music editor in their line-up.

And then tonight if you really want to go for that karate-kid-trying-vainly-to-dance kind of groove, then there's *Boogie Wonderland*: 70's and 80's disco extravaganza at the Junction on Friday. But don't feel obliged.

Long Tall Catchesides



# Just Jools

May Glover-Gunn stretches her boogie muscles

Jools Holland has discovered technology since I last saw him live. For all us short people of the world, he has installed a large TV screen above the stage so now everyone can see him tinkling the ivories. He hasn't gone so far as to allow live photographers, though – maybe he thinks each picture will steal a little bit of his boogie soul.

The large screen does mean you can see how fast his hands really do move, though. At times they're just a blur, yet he always seems perfectly in control; his improvisation, although not as developed or introspective as other jazz pianists', is always spot on. His confi-

dent grin at the audience as his hands flit up and down the keyboard says it all – he's good at what he does, and he knows it.

And then there are the special guests. Holland's long-time collaborator Sam Brown, whose undoubtedly impressive voice at times descends into a shriek as she gets carried away with it all, is pleasing enough. But the real applause is reserved for Holland's ex-partner in crime from *Squeeze*, Chris Difford. We're treated to a ska version of their late '70s hit (no, really, it got to number two) and milk anthem *Cool for Cats*, complete with flute solo. The audience bop around with an endearing lack of irony.

**His confident grin as his hands flit up and down the keyboard says it all – he's good at what he does, and he knows it.**

The eclecticism doesn't stop there. Holland swaps the piano for the harpsichord at one point and storms through something which, according to *Varsity's* would-be photographer, "sounds like the Addams Family theme tune". And there's even audience participation during *I'm in a dancing mood* – we're split into three sections and given harmonies to sing. It's all good clean family fun.

The common element through the whole concert, though, is the audience: they obviously love the music and it's not hard to see why. It may not be at the cutting edge of today's music scene, but it's fun, and there's nothing wrong with that.

What he does is not entirely jazz; but it's not entirely rock 'n' roll either, although there are large elements of both in the music. A lot of the material is straightforward boogie-woogie of the Albert Ammons or Pete Johnson variety, often just Holland on the piano supported by drums and electric bass. There's also Duke Ellington-style big band numbers, punctuated by bursts from the ever-expanding horn section (tonight with four trombones, and multiple saxes and trumpets). Fifties rhythm

# Brand new opera

Cambridge hosts the UK premiere of 1929 opera *Maschinist Hopkins*

This Sunday, Churchill College is host to an unprecedented event, the preview for the UK stage premiere of Max Brand's 1929 opera, *Maschinist Hopkins*. One of the many works curtailed by the rise of the Third Reich, it lay virtually unperformed for over forty years, and despite a series of European revivals in the '80s and '90s, it has never been staged in the United Kingdom.

Now, as part of an international effort to reclaim music and arts suppressed by the Nazis, *Maschinist Hopkins* is to be revived in a collaboration between The Bakers Opera, Cambridge University

Symphony Orchestra, Cambridge University Opera Society and the Faculty of Music. The South Bank, London, will mount the British premiere a week after its Cambridge preview at the Queen Elizabeth Hall when it hosts a day of events entitled *Thwarted Voices*, a celebration of music suppressed by the Nazis.

Brand's opera is concerned with society and its changing relationship with technology – a common preoccupation of its era as witnessed by Fritz Lang's film, *Metropolis*. The opera was an incredible success in its day, being performed by twenty-five different compa-

nies in forty-one opera houses between 1929 and 1932. Drawing heavily on American popular idioms, the music is accessible and diverse, but is also influenced by many contemporary operatic masters, from Puccini to Berg. Brand was a leading inter-war composer in Austria and Germany and, like many, fled to the US before the start of the Second World War.

*Maschinist Hopkins* is directed by Katja Lahmann and conducted by Peter Tregear, and will be previewed at Churchill College Dining Hall, Sunday 18th November at 8pm. Tickets £8-£15.

## INSPIRED BY BRITTEN



As Britten never ceased to do, this year's special Britten Festival looks forward by celebrating the achievements of younger musicians. In particular, Cambridge student composers are featured, eight of whom have written a specially composed tribute to Britten's work, to be premiered by the top-class professionals appearing in each of the eight concerts which constitute the festival. This diverse collection of works will reflect the very different views of Britten's place in present-day music world.

The eight student composers are, from left to right: Tom Poster, Joseph Finlay, James Olsen, James Lark, Martin Suckling, Daniel James, Steven Rajam and Naomi Waltham-Smith.

## PREVIEWS

Friday 16 November

Romantic Music for an Autumn Evening in the Mong Building, Sidney Sussex College, 9pm, free – Richard Carr (piano) and Tamas Madarasz (cello) playing Beethoven, Dvorak and Brahms

Saturday 17 November

CUMS Chorus and Orchestra, Kings Chapel 8pm, £8-£18 – Poulenc's *Gloria*, Duruflé's *Requiem* and Saint-Saëns' *3rd Symphony for Organ* conducted by Stephen Cleobury with Dan Hyde (organ)

Wednesday 21 November

The Polish State Opera Krakow, Corn Exchange 7.30pm, £22-£30 – Bizet's *Carmen*

## Britten@25

Tuesday – The Maggini String Quartet plays Britten's 1st and 3rd Quartets, plus work by Bridge and Schubert, 8pm, Great St. Mary's Church

Wednesday – Britten's *A Boy Was Born* performed alongside Schubert's Quartet in A minor, 8.15pm, St. John's Chapel

Thursday – Britten Birthday Concert including Guy Johnston (cello), James Gilchrist (tenor) and the Britten Sinfonia under Nicholas Cleobury

# Figaro easily forgotten

David Warren is at the ENO again, but this time it's Mozart and he's less than impressed

As anyone who has been reading my reviews in this term's editions of *Varsity* will know, ENO has recently been putting on a number of remarkably strong productions – *Bohème*, *Traviata*, *War and Peace*. While the vocal talents of the ENO ensemble may not be truly exceptional, through impressive, orthodox staging, thoroughly enjoyable evenings have been provided. Perceptive and traditional directing seems to lie at the heart of this success: sadly though, with this new production of *The Marriage of Figaro* the English National Opera have decided that there can be too much of a good thing and the result was predictable in its mediocrity.

Why the director, Steven Stead, felt that he had to set the action in the ramshackle quarters of the servants, Figaro, Susanna and Cherubino, as opposed to the dignified rooms of the Count and Countess is something of a mystery. Either Stead wanted to degrade the natural authority of these two aristocrats by reducing them to low plotting "below stairs" – a pointless exercise as surely their low plotting debases them anyway – or he wanted to modernise the production by reducing the class difference between superior and subordinate, an attempt made a mockery of by their respective dress: Figaro, a grotty vest, the Count, a well-cut suit. Neither could I make much sense of the Star Trek-type flashing objects that kept cropping up. Perhaps it was the direc-

tor's intention to make his set look like a third-rate toyshop, and a notably squalid one at that, if so, his allusions are certainly beyond me.

The production then left a lot to be desired and it was up to the music to save the day. It almost did. In particular the conductor, Jane Clover, offered a seductively crisp account of the score and her subtle exposition of Mozart's skilfully fashioned phrasing was impressive. The orchestra ensured that she had much to work with, and the tension in the climax to Act Two was sustained exceptionally well by the string section.

The individual performances were also of a high standard. Orla Boylan was outstanding as the Countess: her lush soprano was especially poignant in the upper registers. The Count, Leigh Melrose, had a pleasingly malicious touch to his baritone, while the young soprano, Victoria Simmonds, excelled as the immature Cherubino. Unfortunately though, Figaro, Christopher Maltman, was a rather jaded hero: he seemed to concentrate too much on achieving an understated lyricism at the expenses of the flamboyant coloratura that the cheeky manservant should have in abundance.

Almost saving the day, however, is not really enough. And unless one is a devoted fan of the splendid music in Mozart's masterpiece, on this occasion one might be advised to think twice before making the trip to the Coliseum.



Photo: Bill Rafferty



## BIKERS GEARED UP

### Cycling

#### Rob Driver

This term's club races have sparked great enthusiasm and some notable performances. The Intro 10 time trial saw former CUCC member and national champion Mike Hutchinson make a guest appearance, to put in a new record time for the course. New members John Barry and Tom Edwards-Moss, both putting in good 25-minute rides on the undulating Barton course, demonstrated fine potential for next year.

The club has also had an eighteen-strong contingent travelling up to the Peak District, in search of some real hills. Whilst Tim Melville, Mark Scott and Tristan Davenne represented the club in the BUSA hill climb, others enjoyed some superb long rides both on- and off-road. On the Sunday, training took a slightly flatter course, as members had the chance to ride the boards at Manchester Velodrome. The exhilaration of screaming around the wooden track, inclined at 43°, made this a great session, especially for the many newcomers to indoor riding. The BUSA track championships may, it is hoped, bring more success to CUCC, to add to the triumphs on the road this year in the Varsity Match and BUSA 10.

After being postponed from last year because of the foot and mouth outbreak, the 2000/01 cross-country Mountain Biking Varsity Match finally took place. The five-lap course proved surprisingly technical with several steep climbs and tight singletrack descents. From the start Cambridge demonstrated their superiority, with Mark Smith and Andy Cockburn seizing the initiative. For the rest of the race Cockburn continued to extend his lead, finishing in a time of 48 minutes 38 seconds shortly followed by Smith in 2nd and Tim Short in 4th. Oxford were soundly beaten.



# FA Cup of joy for ladies

### Women's Football

4 Cambridge  
0 Stafford Rangers

#### Nico Hines

Long lie-in, big fry up, quick stroll, roast beef, few pints, back home, feet up, spark joint, log on fire...doze...off: this Sunday afternoon was no more difficult. Cambridge coasted the match. They might have had fifteen, but hey humiliation is always uncalled for. Evidently Stafford were jolted out of bed by forgotten alarm clocks and by the time they jogged out onto Fenner's they were too grumpy to play football. Their captain, Andi Fowett, in particular, had the rage. Within twenty minutes a goal down, squabbling and still tied down in their own half, there was no way back for Rangers.

Cambridge have yet to face any serious challenge in this FA Cup run, and they will be looking forward to continuing their charge to the final after this second round 4-0 mauling. Mandy Wainwright scored all four; in truth she should have had twice as many, the Blues should have had three times as many, it's a familiar story. Their domination of matches must be made to count with more clinical finishing, but enough of that: at times Cambridge were superb.

On 19 minutes, Mandy Wainwright broke devastatingly down the right

flank, made a fool of the left-back and slotted past the advancing keeper; it was a beautifully crafted opener. Stafford Rangers struggled to win possession throughout the first half, and wasted it whenever allowed a sniff of the ball. They couldn't believe it was only 1-0 at the half time break, and came out refreshed and eager to take advantage of their fortune. For five minutes they bossed the midfield and created chance after chance. In the next five minutes they began to fade but were still the better side. Then, ten minutes into the second half Cambridge conjured a goal that would have killed off any side. Susan Rea won the ball at the back yet again, played it to the feet of Sarah Ambrose who skillfully twisted beyond her

marker before playing a perfectly weighted ball into the channel for Atchinson. Two touches and she rolled the ball into the path of Wainwright who dropped a shoulder and waltzed around the sprawling goalkeeper to knock the ball into the empty net. At two nil, Rangers virtually gave up altogether, much to the chagrin of their now apoplectic captain.

This game, like so many others, was won in midfield. Alongside Sarah Ambrose, Christina Atchinson also deserves mention. She orchestrated the moves which allowed Wainwright to beat the keeper one-on-one for the third time in the match, and then to make it 4-0 with a little help from the goalkeeper who fumbled in her 84th minute cross.



Photo: Jet Photographic

# Bedford put to sleep by Blues

### Rugby Union

30 Cambridge  
15 Bedford

#### Hilary Weale

The impetus that could perhaps have been produced by captain Mark Chapman-Smith's try after just four minutes was unfortunately not forthcoming in the first half. Thereafter Bedford pinned Cambridge into their own territory for much of the remainder of the forty minutes and although Cambridge's defence must be highly commended for dealing with the bar-

rage without conceding points for a considerable length of time, their inability to clear to touch fed the visitors with counter-attacking ball, lost them possession and constituted self-imposed pressure. This situation naturally led to numerous penalties for infringements but they were only punished once, on eighteen minutes, with three points from a kick at goal.

Players and spectators were alike frustrated by the fact that when the Blues did get hold of the ball it was rarely long till it was turned over. Bedford finally breached Cambridge's line with five minutes of the half left, a cross-field kick ran over the line and winger James

Hinkins won the race to the ball to touch it down. A Bedford knock-on provided a fitting conclusion to a half characterised by turnovers, but the visitors had provided some dangerous-looking attacks and deserved their 10-5 lead.

Cambridge went further behind, seven minutes after the break when trying to run their way out of their own twenty-two. A Bedford forward was fortunate to be in the right place to intercept and pass the ball on to right wing Chris Bajak to score. At last Cambridge were stung into action and within ten minutes had reduced Bedford's lead to four points, the result of fresh urgency in


their game combined with patient recycling and driving play up the middle. They had not entirely erased their propensity to allow turnover ball in promising positions, and there were certain questionable aspects of their decision making.

However, the sight of hooker Chris Derksen ripping apart the Bedford defence was more than heartening, and although the try it deserved was initially thwarted by a last-gasp tackle, advantage gave them a penalty lineup. At last the Blues' pack steamrollered over for lock Martin Purdy to score. Dan McGrath's conversion put the Blues 18-15 ahead. Bedford were not to score again, this

despite their having made a number of replacements at half time, which once again testifies to the Blues' fitness. As backs and forwards hit top gear, blind-side James Johnson split open the Bedford line, Marco Rivaro cut back, and beneficiary Derksen's tantalising juggling of the ball played its part in the most entertaining try of the match. A final try for wing James Baker perhaps put an unfair gloss on the score. This was not a very impressive Blues performance, but to win all the same is important. One should expect them to field their strongest side for the Samoans' visit to Grange Road on Saturday.



Photo: Catharine Harrison



**CURUFC**

**CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY**

v

**SAMOA**

Grange Road

Saturday 17th November

Kick-off 3pm

Student tickets: £2





# HOT-SPURS STRIKE



Photo: Rowan Huppert

## Football

0 Cambridge  
2 Tottenham Hotspur U21's

Nick King

The Blues always knew that their recent fixture was going to be a tough tie and so it proved on a bitterly cold afternoon this Wednesday. Right from the off, the cohesive nature of the Spurs youth players was all too obvious, and the clever touches and link play that put much pressure on the Blues goal were a joy to watch. In particular the left-flank was utilised time and time again and Cambridge's right-back, Steve Smith, found himself having to deal with the constant threat of the winger swinging dangerous-looking balls into the box. He dealt with the threat well, as did the Cambridge defence for the most part. Considering the advantages that the Spurs team have with their training and coaching programmes, their domination

was not as decisive as it perhaps might have been.

Nevertheless, they took an early enough lead when a ball was carved through the Cambridge back four in the seventeenth minute. John Sutton (younger brother of Celtic and ex-England striker Chris) was left in a one-on-one situation with the Blues' keeper, Duncan Heath, and duly converted with a delicate touch of his left foot into the side of the goal.

A second goal followed not long after as Spurs again penetrated the back line. It was almost certain that the ball would be put into the goal by the Tottenham striker, but he was taken out, along with the ball, by Mark Walsh. Although a certain goal was temporarily avoided, the ensuing penalty was enough to give Spurs and Sutton the second goal to act as a cushion. At this point though, it didn't really seem as if a cushion would be needed, for Cambridge had seen little of the ball and didn't look as though they were capable of producing much even when they were in possession.

As half-time neared, their play became more fluid and they began to create chances where there had been none before. Tim Hall produced a beautifully hanging ball into the centre but Glamocak was unable to steer his header on target. Minutes later Glamocak found himself in a good position again but was ruled offside. Shortly before half-time, vice-captain Dave Harding attempted a long-range shot but it sailed up and over the crossbar and with it flew the hopes of getting back into the game prior to the break.

In the second half, the Blues saw a great deal more of the ball. With increased possession and territory it might have been hoped that an answer to Spurs' lead could have been produced, but unfortunately not. Skipper Dimmock played a captain's role and always looked solid on the ball, but there was little that could be done from the midfield such was the efficiency and skill of the Spurs defence. Although the changes made by the Tottenham management at half time gave the Blues that

bit more time when looking to pass, the strikers were never given an opportunity to run at the defence and this may well have been the crucial difference between the two sides.

One or two chances were forthcoming however, including a period of Cambridge offence leading to a ricocheted ball, giving Hall a chance to try his acrobatic scissors kick. Though he would have scored highly for gymnastic ability, the scoresheet remained blank. Perhaps the best Blues chance of the half fell to 'mad-dog' Smith who was given time to pick his spot but was only able to drill a well-struck shot low to the goalkeeper's right.

The eventual score-line was 2-0 but this was not necessarily a fair reflection of the events of the match. Although the Blues never looked hopelessly outclassed (far from it), it would be impossible to deny that Spurs looked the stronger and more threatening side both sides of the break. They also put the ball in the back of the net twice in the second half but in both cases it was ruled offside.

Blues' captain Paul Dimmock was suitably upbeat after the match reasoning that the University weren't ever really going to be able to offer much opposition to a class act like this Spurs team. He commented: "This game made us all realise how much more fluent the play is when you play full-time teams. Their players gel together and that is something that only comes when you train as a team day in, day out." The fitness of the Cambridge team was also an issue late on, but again this is probably only to be expected when playing against those who are at least semi-pro footballers, especially when only three of their initial 11 played the whole game.

Although the Blues were never really in with a shout in this game, it certainly serves a purpose in their plans and provides a welcome change from the humdrum that is the BUSA Second Division. The opportunity to play teams with members of the calibre of Sutton Jr has to be welcomed, and the longer this Spurs tie remains an annual fixture, the better.