

VARSITY

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A look at the life and works of Wes Anderson

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A round-up of collegiate Rugby: results and tables

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There is no understated minimalism here; it's high-octane, high-gloss fashion and passion all the way and it's quite brilliant – Page 12

HOMERTON ON TRIAL



Rob Sharp

Katy Long

Roving reporter Katy Long infiltrates Homerton Bar

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

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

The use of mobile phones by bar staff during the Ball had been restricted due to fears over gatecrashers. On the night of the Ball, at about 3am, Akhtar saw a female staff member using a per-

sonal mobile phone. This was confiscated, and she then appealed to Meechan to intervene on her behalf.

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

In acquitting Meechan, the

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

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

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

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HOLOCAUST

David Benson

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

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

Events took place all over the country last Sunday, not least here in Cambridge. Mrs. Saltz, a Holocaust survivor, gave a moving account of her experience of the Holocaust in the Fitzpatrick Hall at Queens'. The talk was organised by CUSU, and supported by Jsoc. Pav Akthar, who chaired the talk, told *Varsity*, "It's crucial that we understand the Holocaust in order to understand why we need to oppose racism, anti-semitism, bigotry and prejudice, in whatever form it manifests itself."

Mrs. Saltz displayed immense stoicism and resolve by recounting every detail of the persecution she suffered



Mrs Saltz talks at Queens'

at the hands of the Nazis. She was just 12 when the war started, and was the only member of her immediate family who survived. When asked if her story became easier the more she told it, she replied, "No. It gets harder every time".

The fact that the Cambridge events were primarily organised by CUSU, and only supported by Jsoc, emphasises the message that Holocaust Memorial Day is equally important for non-Jews and Jews alike. John Lenson, the President of Jsoc, told *Varsity*, 'National Holocaust Day is of extreme significance for the whole country. It is the responsibility of every individual to ensure that tragedies like the Holocaust do not happen again in the future, and to strive to build a more tolerant society.'

Turn to Perspective – Page 9

Making the Grade

Luke Layfield

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

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

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

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

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

noying. If I'd have known earlier, I could have gone off round the world."

"I can't see how the boards could have got it so wrong. In English, I picked up 24 extra points in the re-mark. I wonder whether enough training is given to people marking papers."

Linda Baynham, Sixth-form Coordinator at Peers told *Varsity*: "I wonder how many out there who haven't got parental and school support to push for a re-mark would have suffered even more".

OCR maintained that no request was received until 7th September, and that the paper was remarked within seven days. Peers school, however, informed *Varsity* that although this is true, it was not until the 21st that the grade change was officially confirmed. A spokesman commented: "We are desperately sorry for the lad, but these things happen."

AQA received a request for photocopies of the exam scripts on results day but failed to comply. It then took them eight weeks to correct Mr Swarbrick's English grade. A spokesman said: "If we have fallen short of what was expected of us, we can only apologise."

These events follow the revelations that another exam board, Edexcel, lost 20 candidates' coursework and set an unsolvable Maths question in a written exam, prompting the government to send a senior advisor to oversee the board's administration.

Anarchy in the UK

Molly Birch

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

The society was founded by two King's first years, Matthew MacDonald and Dan Meyer. MacDonald achieved notoriety as the Eton boy turned anti-capitalist who attacked a McDonalds restaurant with a chair in the 2000 May Day riots. MacDonald told *Varsity* that the group is planning to meet once a week for "educative purposes", to discuss political ideas. They will also have "tactical" meetings, presumably to plan how best to destroy global capitalism.

Meyer and MacDonald have run a mailing list since the beginning of the academic year, used to circulate news from worldwide anti-capitalist organisations to interested students.

Although no definite plans have been made for action in Cambridge, members are looking to Anti-Starbucks Week for their first major publicity campaign. Proposed action includes encouraging a student boycott of Starbucks, and offering free fair-trade coffee outside. To justify this action, they cited Starbucks'



Starbucks under threat

plans to open 40 outlets simultaneously in Venice this summer.

Anti-Capitalist Action (ACA) also wants to set up a Social Centre as its HQ. They plan to obviate the problems of funding this centre by exploiting the squatting laws. As long as ACA can find an empty building, and guarantee that 15-20 people will be present in it at any one time, they assert that they will have a legal right to be there.

The primary aim of the group is, in MacDonald's words, "to increase the level of direct action against capitalism in Cambridge, and to educate ourselves specifically about those corporations we take action against."

Speakers' Corner

This week Labour take on the Conservatives



Labour
Anne Campbell,
MP for Cambridge

Should we keep section 28? **No.**
Should there be fiscal incentives for couples to stay married? **No.**
Should Steven Byers resign? **No.**
Is it fair that Jo Moore still has her job? **Yes.**

Is access an issue that the University or the state should address? **Both.**

Is it legitimate for America to now attack any of the following countries: Iraq, Somalia, Yemen, Sudan? **No, not at the moment.**

Can state schools ever be as good as private schools? **Yes.**

Has New Labour's stewardship of the economy since '97 been successful or unsuccessful? **A brilliant success.**

Does the Tory Party have anything to learn from New Labour on public relations? **They could learn something from our mistakes over the past few weeks.**

Is Rich Burgon cabinet material? **Most definitely.**

Are threesomes sexually immoral? **I think it depends on what happens during the threesome.**



Tory
Oliver Letwin,
Shadow Home Sec

Should we keep section 28? **Yes.**
Should there be fiscal incentives for couples to stay married? **Yes.**
Should Steven Byers resign? **Yes.**
Is it fair that Jo Moore still has her job? **No.**

Is access an issue that the University or the state should address? **The University.**

Is it legitimate for America to now attack any of the following countries: Iraq, Somalia, Yemen, Sudan? **It depends.**

Can state schools ever be as good as private schools? **Yes.**

Has New Labour's stewardship of the economy since '97 been successful or unsuccessful? **A mixture of the two.**

Does the Tory Party have anything to learn from New Labour on public relations? **Yes, lots.**

Is Will Gallagher cabinet material? **Absolutely. There is no doubt in my mind.**

Are threesomes sexually immoral? **It's not appropriate for politicians to comment on people's sexual morality.**

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EVERYONE'S ON ECSTASY

Oliver Duff

A report covered by the national papers last week claimed that as many as two million Ecstasy pills are consumed in Britain each week. These findings have re-ignited the debate on drugs laws, with many groups arguing that the status quo is untenable in the light of the huge popularity of Ecstasy.

Ecstasy use in Cambridge is very limited. According to a recent *Varsity* survey, only 13 percent of Cambridge students have ever tried Ecstasy. As few as 2 percent said they take it on a regular basis. Students' apprehension over Ecstasy is provoked by the perceived health risks of the drug.

Doctors warn though that using Ecstasy could be storing up a "time bomb of mental illness" as 'Generation E' gets older. Ecstasy works by stimulating serotonin production in the brain, allowing greater depth of emotion, but in so doing damages the ability of the brain to produce serotonin in the future. People with low serotonin levels are likely to suffer from long-term, incurable depression.

Despite the uncertainty over the damage Ecstasy can do to your health, many groups argue the current government stance on Ecstasy is too prohibitionist. Local Green Party press



Cambridge students rave it up at Creation

officer and harm reduction activist Derek Williams suggested that Ecstasy's ongoing illegality presented the greatest risk to users' health: "Pills can also be contaminated or even outright fakes. If they weren't illegal, they could be made under proper conditions in real factories. No matter how dangerous MDMA is, the situation now caused by its failed prohibition is far more dangerous and destructive than it need be."

Though MDMA can have unpleasant side effects such as nausea, anxiety, insomnia and dehydration, it is not in itself considered very dangerous in the short-term. The risks are multiplied though when it is cut with far more dangerous substances such

as Ketamine, a powerful horse anaesthetic, described by an online dance magazine as "a drug which cooks you from the inside out and boils your brain like an egg...a certain death-pill for clubbers."

It is just one such 'rogue-pill' that is thought to have caused the death of Lorna Spinks, a Sociology student from APU, after a night out at The Junction nightclub last May.

Mark Phippen, Head of the University Counselling Service said: "I am sometimes surprised that people who are wary about taking prescription medication such as anti-depressants can be so laid back about taking 'street' drugs, bearing in mind that the former have necessarily been

rigorously tested and quality controlled, while the latter could contain anything."

Whilst Phippen does have some cause for concern, the attitude of most Cambridge students towards Ecstasy is far from 'laid-back'. Paul Lewis, KCSU Ents Officer, said: "I personally don't think the use of drugs for recreational purposes is as widespread in Cambridge as it is in other universities."

"King's Ents certainly do not endorse or encourage Ecstasy use. That isn't to say, however, that we aren't aware that some people attending our events may use Ecstasy. At our larger events, and in recognition of the likelihood that this could happen, we are prepared to deal with situations which occasionally –although rarely– arise from Ecstasy use."

For the moment, the legal penalties for Ecstasy use will remain unchanged. Despite the willingness of millions of Britons to use the drug, the doubts over its safety are such that none of the major political parties will commit to legalisation. Professor John Henry, a clinical toxicologist at St. Mary's Hospital, London, warned that it is still too early to dismiss the long-term problems that ecstasy usage may bring. He concludes: "We shouldn't decriminalise it or encourage wide use until we really know it is safe."

New Labour aims higher on Access

Helen McKenna

The government launched a campaign last week to attract more students into Higher Education.

The campaign, 'AimHigher', will use magazines, road shows, radio stations and the internet to emphasise the benefits of further education for school children aged 13–18 as well as providing them with practical advice on the university application process. It is targeted particularly at those young people from families without a tradition of going on to higher education.

Celebrities such as supermodel Naomi Campbell and Liverpool footballer Steven Gerrard will front the campaign. This has provoked criticism concerning the relevance of these figures to education. Will Gallagher, President of CUCA, described the AimHigher website as "patronising and gimmicky".

There has been further criticism of the government's higher education policy over drop out rates. Education Secretary Estelle Morris revealed last week that drop-out rates have risen from 13 percent in 1983 to 17 percent in 1998. This highlights the fact that access to Higher Education is not only a matter of getting into university; it is also a matter of staying there.

The universities that have the greatest problems with students leaving tend

to be the newer ones. Cambridge has a relatively low drop out rate. However, this difference might be explained by students' economic backgrounds. Newer universities attract more working-class applicants, whilst older universities have more applicants from the middle-classes. Minister for Higher Education, Margaret Hodge, criticised elite universities like Cambridge:

"Our top universities must also take a long hard look at their student intake. Over 85 percent of those who go to our top universities come from the top three income groups. That means that less than 15 percent of their students come from half the population. Background, not potential, is having an undue influence on people's life chances. In America, the Ivy League universities invest in finding the most talented young people. Universities here must hunt out bright young people from disadvantaged areas."

Despite the criticism it receives, Cambridge is trying hard to increase applications from those students who have not traditionally applied in the past. Organisations such as Target Schools and GEEMA send students and representatives to schools throughout the UK in order to attract interest from under-represented groups. CUSU Target Officer, Ellen Weaver, is pleased with the new AimHigher campaign. In an interview with *Varsity* she said:

"Any campaign that encourages those from underprivileged backgrounds to think more seriously about Higher Education is a good thing."

It has been suggested that universities are not solely to blame for problems with access and the fall in retention figures. The replacement of grants with student loans has discouraged students from poorer backgrounds from applying. It's also caused students to

drop out of courses because of financial difficulties and debt problems.

For potential candidates uncertain about applying for reasons concerning their background, the message from Cambridge University continues to be an encouraging one. Director of Admissions, Susan Stobbs, told *Varsity* that: "The statistics show that students from all school backgrounds do equally well here at Tripos."

Homerton: Continued from front page...

night, *Varsity* was told only that "with regards to this case, all the available and relevant evidence was presented to the court".

The Principal of Homerton College, who had met with Akhtar and Wright three days after the Ball to discuss possible action, was not called to give evidence. Those witnesses who were called by the Prosecution had no opportunity to meet the barrister until minutes before the trial. A statement from Pav Akhtar, Colette Wright and Donna MacAleese, the other prosecution witness, was received last night by *Varsity*: "On the evidence presented in court, we accept that the case could not be proved beyond reasonable doubt. It was clear that the Prosecutor had not been acquainted with enough details about the incident...We are very disappointed with the result." Colette Wright

also told *Varsity*: "I'm particularly disappointed that I have been portrayed as having made up the complaint. I'm worried that this may deter others from taking a stance in the future."

Homerton College has remained silent on the case: nobody was available for comment late last night, while on Monday evening Dr Kate Pretty, Homerton Principal, was unwilling to make any comment to *Varsity*. An internal inquiry was halted due to the decision to take legal action. Meechan has continued to work at the bar throughout the incident. Michael Shuter, a Cambridge student present throughout the trial, stated last night: "Despite the not guilty verdict, I feel that the threats of violence admitted by Franc under oath are not acceptable behaviour by a staff member of a college towards a student."

NEWS IN BRIEF

Fred Hodder memorial service

A Memorial Service is will be held in Pembroke Chapel at 2.30pm on Saturday 9th February.

Ukrainian opposition leader escapes 'assassination' attempt

Yulia Tymoshenko, the leader of the main opposition party 'Fatherland', and reputedly the richest woman in the former Soviet Union, narrowly survived a car crash on Tuesday. Prime Minister Leonid Kuchma sacked her as his Deputy last year after she organised opposition rallies to topple him, alleging his involvement in the murder of a journalist. He claims she is corrupt and that the crash was an accident. Yet as Oleksandr Tuchinov, her Deputy, said: "There are too many coincidences in Ukraine."

Mugabe given respite

Jack Straw's attempts to suspend Zimbabwe from the Commonwealth failed this week after African and Asian members of the Commonwealth Ministerial Action Group voted against suspension. Britain also wants to impose synchronised EU sanctions on Zimbabwe if Mugabe fails to allow EU electoral observers into the country for the presidential elections on 9th March. The intensification comes weeks after Mugabe drafted legislation that would prevent foreign correspondents living in Zimbabwe, and in effect ban criticism of the government in the press.

Thatcher still alive, aged 76

It was discovered that Margaret Thatcher was still alive this week, despite having suffered a stroke whilst holidaying in Madeira. Sir Denis raised the alarm when he discovered she was slurring her speech and suffering co-ordination problems. Friends said: "You would not know anything had been wrong."

Robert M Nozick dies, aged 63

Most famous for *Anarchy, State & Utopia* in 1974, Nozick helped define the position of the American Right against the liberalism of John Rawls. The respected American political philosopher and Harvard University Professor died on Wednesday 23rd from complications due to stomach cancer.

New buildings for English and Criminology

Cambridge City Council's Planning Committee this week gave the go-ahead for building work to commence at Sidgwick on the sites of the Institute of Criminology and the Department of English. The new buildings, to be completed in 2004, will solve current problems concerning lack of space and inadequate facilities.

Fact of the week: Pepsi's upcoming commercial to be screened during the Superbowl will cost the company \$63,000 per second.

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Time	6.30pm

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WAR AT ANY PRICE?



Shahpur Kabraji

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

When the Indian subcontinent was partitioned in August 1947, every Princely State was granted the right to join either India or Pakistan. Kashmir was a particularly contentious issue, as it was considered the spiritual homeland for many Hindus, and had a Muslim majority population. By the terms of the Partition agreement, Princely States were to join either of the two countries depending on whether they had a Muslim or Hindu majority population. However, in the case of Kashmir, the Maharajah, Hari Singh,

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

was a Hindu with a Muslim majority population. In the turmoil of partition, fearing for his life, the Maharajah submitted to pressure from the Indian government and signed the Instrument of Accession in favour of India. India and Pakistan fought the first of their three wars over Kashmir in 1948; a war that was halted by the promise of UN action. A Security Council resolution on 21 April 1948 stated: “Both India and Pakistan desire that the question of the accession of Jammu and Kashmir to India or Pakistan should be decided through the democratic method of a free and impartial plebiscite”. This plebiscite has yet to be held.

1965 saw a second conflict break out over Kashmir, resulting in the Tashkent Declaration as confirmation that Indian and Pakistani leaders intended to solve the Kashmir question peacefully. Violence in Kashmir has continued as Kashmiris attack Indian security forces in their part of Kashmir, considering the Indians an army of occupation. These groups have based their training camps and main supply areas in what Pakistan calls 'Azad' (free) Kashmir. With



600,000 troops in 'occupied' Kashmir, India has the largest troop-to-civilian ratio in the world. Kashmir was relatively quiet till 1989, when violence and cross-border attacks resumed with unprecedented ferocity. It is no coincidence that this was also when the Soviets withdrew from Afghanistan, leaving many Mujahideen heavily armed, with the help of Pakistan's ISI and the CIA, but no 'cause' to fight for. Kashmir seemed the obvious choice. With these fighters supporting the Kashmiri cause, the situation entered an altogether more dangerous phase.

Indian unwillingness to accept Kashmir as an issue worth discussing has frequently forced Pakistan to resort to other means for attracting international attention to the Kashmiri plight. While Pakistan insists that it only provides “diplomatic and moral” support to their fellow Muslims, the Indians understandably find that difficult to believe. Pakistani and Indian troops have been exchanging fire across the LoC, with mounting casualties, for over 50 years now, and there seems to be no end in sight. However, there have been moments of optimism, and never more so than at the Agra summit last summer. Pakistan's President Musharraf and India's Prime Minister Atal Behari Vajpayee met under the shadow of the Taj Mahal to try once again to bring peace to Kashmir. Yet the talks, like so many others, broke down in the final stages. Both camps insist it

was the recalcitrance of the other that caused this. Sources in Pakistan say that Musharraf, with no one really to answer to, was willing to make bold, decisive steps in Kashmir, and that Vajpayee was held back by Indian bureaucrats who pulled the plug on the negotiations at the final hour.

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

“Tony Blair's visit has been little more than cosmetic”

The fear is that, as we saw over the New Year, this could become more than just a war of words. The Armed Forces of both nations are at the border with weapons primed, waiting for

the other to make a false move. As both are nuclear powers, this is a terrifying prospect. The border at Wagah, near Lahore, is no more than a white line across tarmac, and strategists have envisioned many nightmare scenarios involving a misfired shot that could trigger a full-scale war.

“In a land where symbolism is everything, neither side can be seen to give into the other”

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

1947

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

1947-48

First Indo-Pakistani war after armed tribesmen from North West Pakistan invade Kashmir.

1965

Second Indo-Pakistani war. UN brokers ceasefire and, in January 1966, both sides sign declaration commit-

ting themselves to exclusively peaceful means.

1971

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

1989

Armed resistance to Indian rule begins in Kashmir. Pakistan lends "moral

and political" support, but India accuse them of supporting "cross-border terrorism."

1999

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

2001

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

Holocaust



Gabbie Bradfield

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

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

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

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

JOURNALISM, BROADCASTING,
FILM, MEDIA MANAGEMENT,
PUBLISHING

WORKING IN THE MEDIA

Wednesday 6 February 2002

6.00 - 9.00pm (doors open 5.30pm)

Exam Halls, New Museums Site (Bene't Street entrance)

TALKS PROGRAMME

Law and the media Olswang & Pinsent Curtis Biddle	6.30	Print journalism – becoming a reporter
Film training at the National Film and Television School (NFTS)	7.00	'Who needs publishers? – it's all on the web' – the publishing industry in the 21st century
The TV industry – jobs, training and getting in	7.30	How to become a published author – the role of the literary agent
'Drowning or waving?' the need for multi-skilling in broadcasting	8.00	Making it in magazine journalism and publishing

MEET THESE ORGANISATIONS AND GRADUATES

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

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

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AN INTERESTING ARTICLE ON CUSU

John West

The students at this institution are regularly force-fed the notion that CUSU is some kind of lunatic 'quango'. Our representatives, we are told, are arrogant, incompetent and unrepresentative.

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

I was able to get hold of the CUSU audits for the last two years – and they make interesting reading. Last year, the student union's turnover was £560,000. However, despite the gleeful reporting of CUSU's financial inadequacy at losing £25,000 on the Creation venture, its deficit at the end of June 2001 was only £9,606. The issue is put in perspective when one considers the ambitious nature of Creation and the fact that without it, CUSU would have had a surplus of approximately £15,000. Indeed, last year's services officer Martin Lucas-Smith wrote in his audit report that "...CUSU



Hugh Collins

ends the year in a reasonably strong financial position..." His suggestion that internal management processes need to be reformed has been taken up with zeal by his successor, Stewart Morris, and his colleagues, who have produced a coherent management guidance manual which is still in its draft phase.

In the wake of Creation, it is easy to forget that CUSU has had many

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

Those most vocal in their denunciation of CUSU have been the leaders of the disaffiliation rumblings. I

spoke recently to former Union Society president Jeremy Brier, a known proponent of disaffiliation. He said that those in favour of severing ties with CUSU believed that it was not "value for money..." and that its campaign issues did not represent the majority view. This line of argument sits uneasily with the seeming reality presented by CUSU's accounts. Not only is CUSU extremely good value for money; it also has an admirable campaigning record. In its two key issues of access and higher education funding, CUSU is widely supported. Delegates elected by students to the student union council overwhelmingly back its stance year after year. In any case, last year CUSU spent a mere 1.33%

"A culture has emerged where people are told that CUSU is a laughing stock"

of its budget on campaigning. It is hardly surprising that the students of Magdalene and Christ's rejected disaffiliation resoundingly when it came to a vote.



Neil Ramsorran

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

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

For a fiver, you can have CUSU services or...

- 2 pints
- A taxi ride to Girton
- A trip to the cinema for one
- Ten condoms at Robinson bar
- 23 cigarettes
- Half a pay-per-view football match
- Formal hall ticket
- BK large double Whopper meal
- A pair of M&S Y-fronts
- Fifty text messages

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Why is Holocaust Memorial Day important?

Anna Gunn

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

It was 57 years ago last Sunday that the Red Army liberated Auschwitz. For the second year running, people in Britain will commemorate this date with Holocaust

Memorial Day, aimed at remembering the victims of the Shoah, educating future generations and preventing anything similar from happening again.

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

homosexuals and political dissidents; all problems that still confront people today.

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

Holocaust Memorial Day teaches us two things: that tolerance is imperative, and that individuals must assume near-personal responsibility for the actions of their governments. We have to be critical and vigilant of

anything that could threaten democracy. Be it political or religious fanaticism, or indeed the anti-democratic tendencies of big businesses and the corporate media, they all must be taken seriously. Similarly, when we witness abuses of human rights, whether in Kabul or Baghdad or Guantanamo Bay, it is our duty to speak out against them.

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

Jewish

Simon Eder
CUlanu Centre

The Holocaust is the blackest period in Jewish collective memory. Jews had previously faced inquisitions and pogroms, but in the Holocaust they came face to face with the possibility of extinction. As a Jew living after Auschwitz, I cannot help feeling that I would not have been here today if not for an accident of history.

The Holocaust was not only a Jewish tragedy. The Poles, the gypsies, the homosexuals and the handicapped who, in Primo Levi’s words, also faced death “because of a yes or a no” should not be forgotten. The Holocaust was more than a catastrophe to any particular group because, above all, it was a human tragedy.

What Holocaust Memorial Day gives us is the chance to reflect on the late Rabbi Hugo Gryn’s question: “Where was man at Auschwitz?” For previous generations the memory of this brutal past was too great a burden to bear.

Yet today we must realize that, as Archbishop Tutu puts it, “true reconciliation cannot be achieved by denying the past”. As the descendants of survivors, perpetrators or bystanders, we must confront this black hole in our history.

Today, the need to remember is possibly greater than at any time since the liberation of the camps 57 years ago. We inhabit a world in which deniers of the Holocaust or assassins of memory are on the increase. The human arena is still beset by genocide and ethnic cleansing. Most worryingly, September 11th seems to have heralded what the historian Samuel Huntington had predicted: “the clash of civilizations”.

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



Ministry of Sound postcard

J M Butt
Muslim Chaplain

Muslim

The slogan we hear more than any during remembrance of the Holocaust is “never again”. Muslims echo this slogan. For if such atrocities were to be perpetrated again in Europe, there are ominous signs that Muslims might be a likely target.

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

Neither can we be sure that the same will not happen again. In Austria, the Freedom Party is openly mistrustful of the Muslim presence.

The dust is still settling after September 11th. Following the horrific events of that day, there is no telling whether Islamophobia, as this new manifestation of anti-Semitism is known, is on the increase or on the wane. Persistent depiction by the media of a marginal, extremist, violent form of Islam is, however, decreasing.

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

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

“Listening to the harrowing story of Mrs Saltz, the Holocaust survivor who spoke in Cambridge last Sunday and whose only remaining connection with her family is two photographs, I wondered how such evil could ever have happened. What is it that makes humans want to murder others on the basis of such superficial factors as race or religious beliefs?”

Mrs Saltz was asked if she thought this kind of mass genocide could happen again. Her response was “Yes.” My thought was that history had already repeated itself – take Bosnia and Rwanda, who have suffered genocide in the past decade. Despite the fact that over six million Jews, Slavs, Roma, Sinti, blacks and disabled people were mercilessly and systematically exterminated under the Nazis, still we have not learnt. Holocaust Memorial Day is of great significance precisely because of this.

It is of the highest importance that this time is

used to remember everyone who has been murdered on the basis of their race, religion, sexuality or physical/mental state. Two of the Government’s objectives for Holocaust Memorial Day are to “assert a continuing commitment to oppose racism, anti-Semitism, victimisation and genocide” and to “promote a democratic society which respects and celebrates diversity.”

Racial and religious hatred continue to permeate this society. Holocaust Memorial Day is part of the continuing effort to stamp out this hatred and intolerance. However, the government should not just pay lip service, because actions speak louder than words. It cannot pledge anti-racism whilst introducing racist immigration policies.

Even if just one person was made to think differently on this day, Holocaust Memorial Day is achieving its aims.

Lola Adesioye, CUSU Anti Racism Officer

“Holocaust Memorial Day is important for many reasons, not least the fact that Nazism still exists in Britain today. This takes a variety of forms, most unsophisticated of which is the group Combat 18, which has close links to football hooliganism.”

Nazism may be more serious in its subtle forms. Its influence in Britain’s political ranks recently gained media prominence when it emerged that Edgar Griffin, one of Duncan Smith’s campaign workers for the Conservative Party, had been expelled for answering a hotline for the far right British Nationalist Party (BNP). Nazism’s reach also seems to be spreading – last November the BNP obtained 20 percent of election votes in various councils in Burnley.

Under its new leader, Nick Griffin, the BNP is attempting to redefine itself as a “respectable” party, having formally broken links with Combat

18. However, it continues to hire Combat 18 to provide “security” for events, and it is clear that the BNP still lies firmly within the Nazi tradition. In 1997, Nick Griffin described the party as a “strong, disciplined organisation, with the ability to back up its slogan ‘Defend Rights for Whites’ with well directed boots and fists”. Many prominent members of the BNP and the National Front (NF), Britain’s other far right party, have criminal convictions for offences ranging from bomb building to defacement of the Stephen Lawrence memorial.

Sean Hartnoll

Next week’s issue:
Monarchy: should HM Queen Elizabeth II abdicate?

If you would like to contribute email:
perspective@varsity.cam.ac.uk

Editorial

Homerton

Varsity salutes you Pav Akhtar. Too often have you come under fire as a union scapegoat, and so far have reacted to circumstances with the decorum we would expect from an intelligent representative. Last term you were refused service by a bar manager who has admitted under oath to threatening you with physical violence. We know how hard you work on behalf of this university. *Varsity* calls on Cambridge students to boycott Homerton bar, until Franc Meechan makes a formal apology for his words or is removed from employment. Beechan's behaviour is completely unacceptable.

Admissions

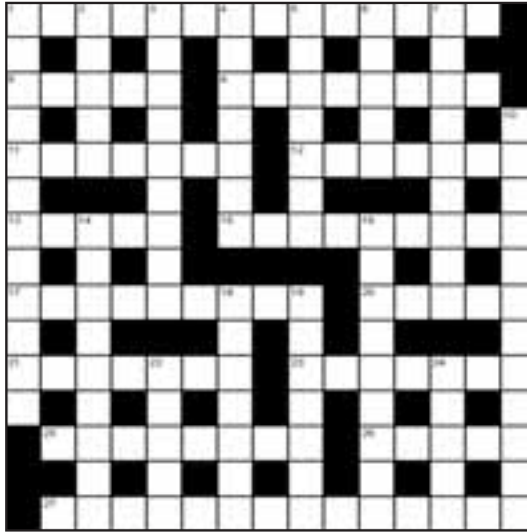
Last week the Press Complaints Commission ruled that an article published in *The Daily Telegraph* regarding Euan Blair's admittance to Trinity College, Oxford was an infringement of his privacy. One would have thought

that the admission was of interest to the public given the widely publicised friendship between Cherie Blair and the college's President, Michael J Beloff QC, as it calls into question hotly debated issues on Oxbridge entry. According to the PCC, children of the rich and famous, including the children of politicians, are a no-go area, and therefore inconsistencies cannot be accounted for. A coup for transparency.

Media

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

Crossword



Answers in next week's issue.



Across

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

touches every one of the freaks (7,3,4)

Down

- 1 Punishment of standard girl (one in mass) (12)
- 2 Treat strange runes (5)
- 3 Plot allocation (9)
- 4 Enclosed snake for embrace (7)
- 5 Philosophising sculpture? (7)
- 6 After house of masters (5)
- 7 Chief insignia for celebrity (9)
- 10 Choose half a cake sister! It'll cure you (12)
- 14 Aiming to ruin sports-car - ingrate (9)
- 16 Odd charming man is tearful (9)
- 18 Throw a penny to second songs (7)
- 19 Disease returns in addition to the ends of the scale (7)
- 22 Excuse I bail out (5)
- 24 Elliptical or circular space (5)

Letters to the Editor

CUSU

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

The Open Meeting had just over 100 people in attendance (half of whom left after the anti-war motion was carried). By comparison, if the 56 JCR/MCR Executive Committees represented on Council had discussed this motion only among themselves, over 500 people would have been involved in the consultation process. If the motion was taken to college Open Meetings as well, this figure may have been close to 1000. As such, those who label CUSU Council 'anti-dem-

ocratic' are being disingenuous. Council, like any other parliament, is a representative democracy (compared to the 'direct democracy' of Open Meetings), and no JCR/MCR representative should feel any shame about, nor have to justify, having voted in accordance with the wishes of their constituents.

Stewart Morris
CUSU Services Officer

SMUG

I must thank *The Independent* for its decision to distribute free copies of its weekly colour supplement to the students of Cambridge. There were, however, a number of errors in last week's edition. There are, for example, well over forty-four different ways of spelling "Pav Akhtar" (much like Willy Shagspur), and not just two

as you suggested in your editorial. However, to give some indication as to who or what is the subject of an interview (Arts, front page) is of course a slur on post-modernism, and I applaud your decision to retain a shroud of mystery over the whole affair. Finally, the substitution of the word "boots" for the original "latrines" in the words "you'll be cleaning XXXX 'til you can't taste the difference between shit and French fries" was a masterstroke of subversion (review, "Black Hawk Down"). Anyway, who needs shit or French fries when you can have tabbouleh?

Henry Volans
Peterhouse

APOLOGIES

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



Letter of the week

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

I could not believe it when I saw the abysmally named 'Cornelius Cunning's Adult Entertainment Review' in this week's *Varsity*. To include, without a shred of either irony or conscience, a column giving background information on pornographic films is absolutely outrageous. As anyone who has read my college magazine, *Pump-action Cock Dynamism**, will know, I am not exactly an advocate of rigorous censorship. However I feel that this article crossed the line. 'Adult entertainment' is exploitative and sick and to see it written about with such obvious glee in a supposedly high-brow publication, as though it were a valid form of entertainment comparable to music or theatre, is just tasteless. As far as I can tell this article served no

purpose except to make its author feel like the world's biggest pimp when in fact he (or she) is a pathetic, talentless nobody with nothing better to do than watch other people have sex over and over and over again.

Do you have any kind of quality control policy at all?

Varsity has the potential to be a genuinely good newspaper. Because of articles like this it is worse than *Pump-action Cock Dynamism* which has zero budget and a writing team of about 4 people.

Yours faithfully
James Bench-Capon
Editor, *Pump-action Cock Dynamism*

*The name of this publication has been changed for advertising reasons.

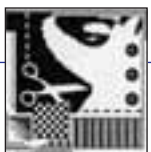
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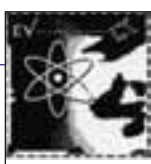


LIVING



FASHION 12

"I think he can see beauty in everyone." *Varsity* meets Mario Testino.



SCIENCE 14

Why should we care about the Rio Earth Summit?



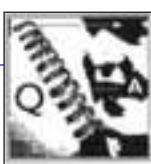
TRAVEL 14

St Petersburg – gangsters and white nights.



HUMOUR 18

Justify your face.



INTERVIEW 19

John Hurt on rabbit animation and *Richard III*.

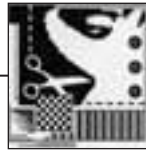


FOOD AND DRINK 20

Secrets handed from mother to daughter.

The adventures of Mario

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



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

Cut to London, early 2002. A flurry of a quite different nature is happening just off the Charing Cross Road, only a mile or so from Vogue House in Hanover Square. This time the hissing is one of "Mario! Mario! Over here!" as hundreds of press photographers swarm like wasps around that same South American and his entourage of A-list Hollywood super-

stars, supermodels, popstars, designers and editors. The scene of this mania is the National Portrait Gallery on the eve of a huge retrospective of Mario Testino's portraits.

"He sees me sexier than other people...I think he can see beauty in everyone."

Kate Moss

A penniless twenty-something Testino, perhaps on his way home from having been shooed out of the *Vogue* office, used to wander into the same gallery and dream of the future. Now, as the most wanted man in fash-

ion, the Peruvian is both a few steps and a million miles away from his first doorstep. This is the man who changed the way the world saw Princess Diana, who Madonna begged to have photograph her, who Kate Moss and Gwyneth Paltrow consider a best friend, who discovered Gisele and this is the man who has every fashion editor in the world salivating and clamouring for his work. To say his photographs are like gold dust is an understatement extraordinary: in fashion terms, they are solid gold.

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

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

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



Meg Ryan, *Vanity Fair*, 2000, Los Angeles



Diana Princess of Wales, *Vanity Fair*, 1997, London



Kate Moss, *The Face*, 1996, Paris

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

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

His major influence is Cecil Beaton, whose NPG exhibition in the 1960s was a seminal moment in the history of fashion, photography, and art. In the Nineteenth Century, photogra-

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

Testino admits to an obsession with a certain sort of female beauty, which he attributes to the role model of his mother, with her immaculate elegance in language and appearance. Even with Gisele's cleavage foregrounded in glorious Technicolor, or Naomi's breasts dangling provocatively over a naked Puff Daddy, at no point is there a suspicion of sex for the sake of it. His pictures are agonisingly sexy and sometimes erotic, but they manage to be so in a humorous, laid-back way. In his most highly charged pictures the subjects are often fully clothed (my personal favourite: Kate Moss in a neck-high



Elizabeth Hurley, *British Vogue*, 1999, London

Burberry mackintosh and not so much as a flash of skin).

The billion-dollar question is how on earth Mario Testino manages to get as much as he does out of the people he photographs, given that they are essentially at their most vulnerable in front of the camera. He claims his biggest privilege is the ability to be informal with his subjects, which is the basis of the Diana

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

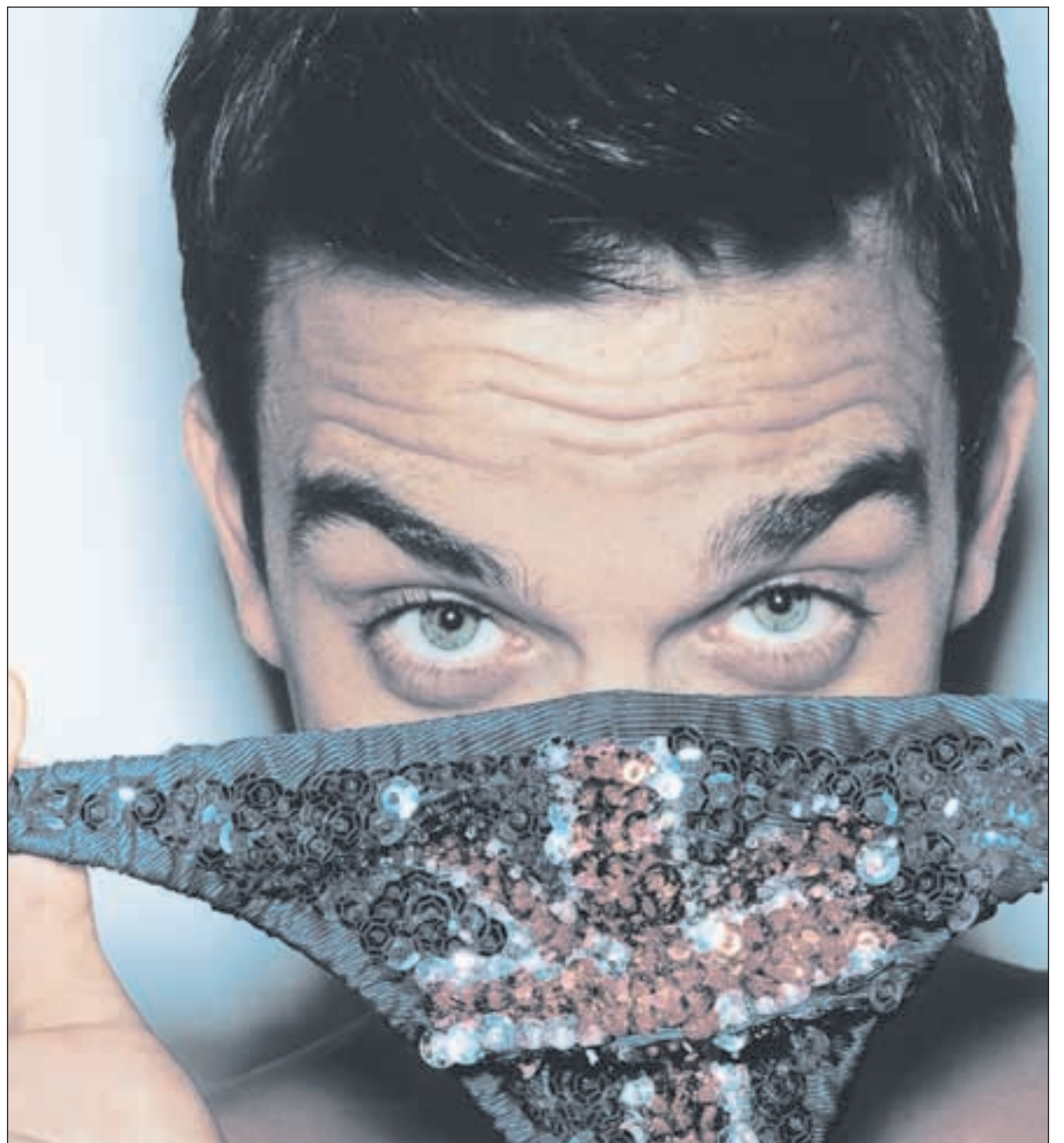
Gwyneth Paltrow

studies. Having at first decided it would be much more interesting and effective to photograph her as a proper Princess, tiara and all, he then scrapped that idea, made her kick off her heels (literally), and decided to photograph her as if she was a close friend. When asked the ways in which he makes his subjects relax, he giggles cheekily and proclaims: “I’m just me!” Later, he adds: “I have a little angel who helps me get it 80 percent of the time”. According to his close friend and collaborator, Patrick Kinmouth, it is a well-known fashion fact that in a Mario sitting, he will know more about his model within five minutes

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

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

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



Robbie Williams, *British Vogue*, 1999, London

Sustainable Engineers

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

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

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

www-g.eng.cam.ac.uk/sustdev
www.cmi.cam.ac.uk

Tim Jarratt

Another Earth Summit – who cares?

Helen Hendry addresses apathy on Rio+10

Ten years on from the Rio Earth Summit, world leaders will meet once again to discuss the global environment, this time with Johannesburg as the host city. But why should we, apathetic and cynical Cambridge students, care? Does the state of the environment really affect our everyday lives? Here is a short guide, so you can make up your own mind.

What was the Rio Earth Summit?

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

Success or failure?

Several major conventions came out of Rio, which aim to defend the natural world through new conservation and sustainable development programmes



Tim Jarratt

that aim to meet economic and environmental goals simultaneously. However, legal and political wrangling about who should do what and who should pay has hindered efforts to make significant progress.

What does Rio+10 hope to accomplish?

Decisions will be made on how future efforts should be directed. However, part of the purpose is also retrospective. This will involve assessing progress since '92 and establishing what lessons have been learnt.

Are things better now?

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

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

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

So?

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



Tim Jarratt

From Russia with love

Sarah Growcott flies Aeroflot

St Petersburg is a fabulous city. While becoming an increasingly modern metropolis, it also continues to retain its cultural history. Known as the 'Northern Venice', being built on a network of canals, St Petersburg is home to the Winter Palace, the Hermitage Art Gallery and the magnificent Byzantine 'Church of Spilled Blood'.

The difference between the tourist and traveller couldn't be more pronounced. Crowds of Americans in tour groups are led round by the nose and charged extortionate prices. By being in the know you can save a lot of money and get a much better impression of the country. The best way to experience the real Russia is with The Host Family Association (russianstay@yahoo.com). For \$20 a night, I stayed with a lovely couple, experienced genuine hospitality and was able to listen to memories of Russia's turbulent past. HOFA will also pick you up from the airport. This is worth knowing, as there is no public transport into the city and taxi charge over \$100 for a ten-minute trip.

Living with a family in St Petersburg meant a generous supply

of vodka and a taste of genuine Russian cuisine – borsch, blinis, caviar and more. It also ensured that I didn't miss out any worthwhile sightseeing – allow a whole day to explore the Russian Museum, which charts Russia's artistic history from orthodox icons to socialist realism. Also worth a visit are the extravagant palace and gardens of Peterhof, known as the 'Russian Versailles'. Take the ever reliable *Rough Guide*, plus a decent map.



Sarah Growcott

Take a trip out to Novgorod

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

Inside the city, the only transport worth using is the excellent metro system. It's clean, efficient, the stations look like small palaces and, at only 5p a trip, it's very cheap. For journeys out of the city, take a taxi (avoid Russian buses at all costs) and have lots of American dollars handy to pay the driver. Always keep your documents on you in case of spot checks by the corrupt police – I even met someone who bribed their way out of custody for the price of a Big Mac and Fries.

And there was so much more. I could go on – seeing a communist protest, getting stranded in Novgorod (I told you not to take the bus!), eating beetroot soup and actually liking it. Love it or hate it, Russia guarantees to be one hell of an experience.

Winners!

The following lucky people will have no excuse to get lost on a trip to Europe. Everyone else will just have to buy a compass.

Jack Nichols
Gemma Easter
Kitty Chan
Elizabeth James
Esther Yu

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



Travel Tips

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

Christ's Films
 Sunday 3rd Feb
 8pm & 10:30pm
MIKE BASSETT: ENGLAND MANAGER
 Thursday 7th Feb Earlier Start 9pm
HEAT
 New Court Theatre, Christ's
 £2 inc. raffle for wine
 www.christs.cam.ac.uk/cfilms

**Gonville and Caius
 May Ball
 2002**
**Auditions for
 Entertainment**
 E-mail Lucy (lmd 29)

Smørgåsbord
 - 2002 -
 The New Writing Festival for
 the theatre are holding
AUDITIONS
 on the weekend of the 2nd +3rd Feb
 2-6pm
 in i6
 Corpus Christi College
 For info contact: hsw21 or ejkl2

AUDITIONS
 FOR A PRODUCTION OF
TOM STOPPARD'S
**"Rosencratz and
 Guildenstern are dead"**
 TO BE HELD IN THE
 DOWNING COLLEGE PARTY ROOM
**SATURDAY 2ND &
 SUNDAY 3RD FEBRUARY,**
 10AM UNTIL 3PM

**Churchill
 GODS** invites
 applications to
**1. Direct in the Wolfson
 Theatre, Churchill College,
 Early Lent term**
**2. Co-funding for an
 Edinburgh Production 2002**
Deadline: Friday 8th February
**Queries/Applications to: Ewan
 Scott, ebs24, Churchill**

**ENTERTAINERS
 MUSICIANS
 BANDS AND DJs**
 INTERESTED IN PLAYING AT THE
**PEMBROKE COLLEGE
 MAY BALL**
 PLEASE CONTACT HENRY BOWEN
 AT **HAB33@CAM.AC.UK** OR ON
07765 467313

**FANCY WRITING FOR
 A UNIVERSITY-WIDE
 PUBLICATION?**
Gender Agenda, the CUSU
 Women's Union Magazine
**PROVE THEY WERE WRONG WHEN
 THEY DIDN'T AWARD YOU THE
 WHITBREAD PRIZE!**
 Email Chris Holly (cah44) to
 write for the Lent term issue



**THE CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL
 CONCERT SERIES 2001-2002**
A SERIES OF SIX OUTSTANDING ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS
 MONDAY 4TH FEBRUARY 2002 7.30PM SUNDAY 21ST APRIL 2002 7.30PM

<p>NETHERLANDS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR Jaap van Zweden SOLOIST Melvyn Tan (piano) RESPIGHI <i>The Birds</i> CHOPIN <i>Piano Concerto No 1 in E minor</i> BRAHMS <i>Symphony No 4 in E minor</i> FRIDAY 8TH MARCH 2002 7.30PM</p>	<p>CITY OF BIRMINGHAM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR Sakari Oramo SOLOIST Tabea Zimmermann (viola) SCHUBERT <i>Symphony No 8 in B minor, 'Unfinished'</i> KURTAG VIOLA <i>Concerto</i> SMETANA <i>Four symphonic poems from Ma Vlast</i> TUESDAY 7TH MAY 2002 7.30PM</p>
<p>BOURNEMOUTH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR Yakov Kreizberg SOLOIST Alberto Tomba MOZART <i>Piano Concerto in C major, K503</i> BRUCKNER <i>Symphony No 4 in E flat, 'Romantic'</i></p>	<p>ST PETERSBURG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR Alexander Dmitriev SOLOIST Igor Tchetuev TCHAIKOVSKY <i>Fantasy overture: Romeo and Juliet</i> PROKOFIEV <i>Piano Concerto No 3 in C</i> KHACHATURIAN <i>Ballet suite: Spartacus</i> TCHAIKOVSKY <i>Symphonic fantasia: Francesca da Rimini</i></p>

STUDENT DISCOUNT
HALF PRICE
 TICKETS ON THE DAY
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 *RESTRICTED VIEW

ALL CONCERT TICKETS
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Listings

Film

Arts Picture House
GOSFORD PARK (15) 137mins
 Fri 1st - Sun 3rd Feb: 12.00, 2.45, 5.30, 8.15
 Mon 4th - Thurs 7th Feb: 12.30, 3.15, 6.00, 8.45
A MA SOEUR! (18) 86mins
 Fri 1st - Sun 3rd Feb: 1.10, 5.50
 Mon 4th - Thurs 7th Feb: 2.10 (not Tues), 6.50
LAST ORDERS (15) 109mins
 Fri 1st - Sun 3rd: 2.20 (Sun only), 3.20 (not Sun), 8.00
 Mon 4th - Thurs 7th: 1.30 (Mon only), 4.20, 9.00
MONSOON WEDDING (15) 119 mins
 Fri 1st - Sat 2nd: 2.30, 7.30, 10.00pm
 Sun 3rd: 4.30, 9.00
 Mon 4th: 3.50, 6.20, 8.50
 Tues 5th: 2.00, 4.30
 Weds 6th: 2.00, 4.30, 8.50
 Thurs 7th: 12.20, 8.50
ENIGMA (15)
 Sunday 3rd Feb: 12.10
 Fri 1st and Sat 2nd: 10.40pm
SOME VOICES (15)
 Tues 5th Feb: 1.30
THE WICKED LADY (PG)
 Tuesday 5th Feb: 9.15
NOWHERE TO HIDE (18)
 Fri 1st and Sat 2nd: 10.50pm
MONSOON WEDDING (15)
 Fri 1st and Sat 2nd: 10.00pm
SHAKESPEARE ON FILM: A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (PG)
 Sun 3rd Feb: 3.00
RICHARD III (15)
 Thurs 7th Feb: 3.00
THE EYE OF VICHY (PG)
 Fri 1st Feb: 5.00
WEAPONS OF THE SPIRIT (PG)
 Sat 2nd Feb: 5.00
BLANCHE ET MARIE (15)
 Sunday 3rd Feb: 7.00
TERRORISTS IN RETIREMENT (PG)
 Weds 6th Feb: 7.00
LIBERA ME (12)
 Thurs 7th Feb: 7.00

Friday
The Cambridge Union:
'Wall Street', Michael Douglas corrupts young broker Charlie Sheen
The Blue Room.
 8pm.

Sunday
Christ's Films MIKE BASSETT: ENGLAND MANAGER:
Ricky Tomlinson (The Royle Family, Cracker) 'He Knows FA About Football' Comedy hit.
Christ's College, New Court Theatre.
 10:30pm. £2.
Christ's Films MIKE BASSETT: ENGLAND MANAGER:
Ricky Tomlinson (The Royle Family, Cracker) 'He Knows FA About Football' Comedy hit.

Christ's College, New Court Theatre.
 8pm. £2.
Robinson Films:
A Knight's Tale.
Robinson College
 10pm. £2
Robinson Films:
A Knight's Tale.
Robinson College
 7pm. £2
St John's Films:
Moulin Rouge! (12). 7pm and 10pm.
<http://come.to/johnsfilms>.
St. John's College, Fisher Building.
 7pm. £2.00.
THEFT presents Bread and Roses:
A film by Ken Loach. http://go.to/theft.
Trinity Hall, Lecture Theatre.
 7:30pm. £2
TRINITY FILM:
THE FRENCH CONNECTION
Classic police thriller starring Gene Hackman.
Trinity College, Winstanley Theatre.
 9pm. £ 2.00.

Monday
TRINITY FILM:
THE FRENCH CONNECTION
Classic police thriller starring Gene Hackman.
Trinity College, Winstanley Theatre
 9pm. £ 2.00.

Tuesday
CCCP:
Clerks.
McCrum Theatre, Benet Street, Next to Eagle pub.
 8pm. £2.

Wednesday
Churchill MCR Film Soc:
WHAT WOMEN WANT (also late show 11pm)
Churchill College, Wolfson Hall.
 8pm. £2.00

Thursday
Central European Film Club:
Paris, Texas (1984) by Wim Wenders
Caius College, Bateman Auditorium.
 8pm.

Christ's Films HEAT:
Pacino & De Niro head to head - best movie shootout of all time.
Christ's College, New Court Theatre.
 9pm. £2.
Robinson Films:
Schindler's List.
Robinson College
 9:30pm. £2
St John's Films:
Ghost World (15). http://come.to/johns-films
St. John's College, Fisher Building.
 9pm. £2.00.

LesBiGay

Monday
CUSU LesBiGay:
Mixed Weekly LesBiGay social.
Grad Pad
 9pm
Tuesday
Phoneline:
Confidential LesBiGay phoneline.
(7)40777
 8-10pm.

Wednesday
King's LBG Night:
Popular mixed social with cheese music. Undergrads and postgrads welcome.
King's College, Cellar Bar.
 9:30pm.

Misc

Friday
Queens' Ents:
Jingles! Once you bop, you just can't stop.
Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall.
 9pm. £5.

Saturday
Cambridge University Judo Club:
Open to all men and women.
Fenner's Gym, Gresham Road.
 6pm.
The Cambridge Union:
Borders Pub Quiz, win £100 of CDs. Members only
In the Bar.
 8:30pm.

The Pembroke College Winnie-The-Pooh Society:
Elevenes Meeting - including a little smackeral of something (http://www.tu.pem.cam.ac.uk/pooh/).
Pembroke College, Room M1.
 4:30pm.

Wintercomfort for the Homeless:
Annual Street Collection - volunteers needed urgently.
Trinity Hall,
 10am.

Sunday
Samatha Meditation:
Meditation classes for everyone. No charge.
Darwin College, Old Library.
 8pm.
Soraya's 8-week Beg. Oriental Belly Dance Course:
Learn how this beautiful ancient dance can get you in shape and be fun!
Cambridge YMCA, Pye Room,
info:sorayasun@yahoo.com.
 6pm. £36Students, £40non-students.

Monday
Ballroom and Latin Dancing Absolute Beginners Class:
£10 to join; £1.20 per class.
St Alban's School Hall, behind the Catholic Church, Lensfield Road.
 7:30pm.

Barbara Harding Yoga:
Beginners class - all welcome.
Newnham Old Labs,
 4pm. £3.50 for a term pass, £5 drop in.

Belly dance:
Belly dance for intermediates. Powerful art form. Improvisation and choreography.
King's College, Chetwynd room.
 6pm. £conc

Belly Dance:
Belly dance for absolute beginners. Relaxing and fun.
King's College, Chetwynd room.
 7:30pm. £conc.

CUYoga Society:
Iyengar yoga with Philippe.
Lucy Cavendish College, Oldham Student Bar.
 5:15pm. £3.50 or termcard - 4 sessions for 10.

The University Centre
(Granite Place, Mill Lane)
8:30pm - 1am DOORS CLOSE AT 10:30 PM
100% cheese + 100% dance
2 dancefloors + chill-out room
eclexia
Saturday 2nd February 2002
DJs: Paulie C, Rick Davids, Boets ES
Timmy Paulson, Judd
http://www.eclexia.com
STUDENT ID REQUIRED

adc theatre
PARK STREET • CAMBRIDGE

The ADC Theatre invites applications for productions for the Summer 2002 season (slots from April to July).

We would like to receive applications from individuals or drama groups. Previous experience is not necessary.

Both Mainshow and Lateshow slots are available.

Further information and application forms from
Rebecca Shurz,
Theatre Manager
rebecca@adc-theatre.cam.ac.uk

Deadline: 6 pm
Friday 8 February

LIVE AS A TUDOR!

Be a Tudor: June 23rd to July 14th: portray everyday Tudor life in 24th renovated re-creation at historic walled manor house. Bring Tudor-type skills or learn some. Stimulating time for lively volunteers of all ages. Stay a week or more. Families welcome. See large S&A for info.
KENTWELL HALL • LONG MELFORD • SUFFOLK COUWRA

The Amateur Dramatic Club
invites
**APPLICATIONS to
DIRECT/PRODUCE
in Camfest, Edinburgh
or on a Summer tour**

Application Guidelines and Forms available from the
'Club Applications' pigeonhole in the ADC Clubroom.

**DEADLINE:
FRIDAY 8th February 6pm**

Questions to Alex Clay
(director@cuadc.org, 07946 351 051)

canoe cycle kite
relax sail walk
windsurf
on the beautiful
north Norfolk coast

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www.deepdalefarm.co.uk

MAKE A DIFFERENCE

We invite you to join our team of volunteers, to run an exciting, energetic, child-centred programme (son-rise) for our 7 year-old, mildly autistic daughter. We would like to ask you to volunteer 3 - 4 hours per week.

No experience is needed - travelling expenses reimbursed.

Make the call - Make a difference
Telephone: 248622



MONDAY 11 FEBRUARY



Ocean Colour Scene

STUDENT OFFER! HALF PRICE TICKETS AVAILABLE ON THE DAY!

7.30 PM TICKETS £18.50 + 50p credit /debit cards

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UNION
Cambridge Union Society

**This House believes that
Free market capitalism is responsible for
continuing global poverty**

THURSDAY, 7th February at 8pm in the Chamber

O'Brien's
Irish Sandwich Bars

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

43 Regent St. 6 St. Edward's Passage
Cambridge Arts Theatre

Listings

Misc (contd)

CUTAZZ:

Beginners tap.

Robinson College, Games room.

6pm. £2.50.

CUTAZZ:

Intermediate/advanced tap.

Robinson College, Games room.

7pm. £2.50.

Jewish Society:

Studies with buddies - Classes ranging from talmud and philosophy to hebrew poetry.

The CULanu Centre, 33 Bridge Street

(between Oxfam and The Galleria).

7pm.

Latin Dancing

Absolute Beginners Class:

St Paul's School Hall, Coronation

Street.

7pm. £10 to join; £1.20 per class.

Tuesday

Ballroom and Latin Dancing

Absolute Beginners Class:

£10 to join; £1.20 per class.

St Columba's Church Hall, Downing

Place.

7:30pm.

Barbara Harding Yoga:

Beginners class - all welcome.

Newnham Old Labs

7:45pm. £3.50 term pass, £5 drop in.

Cambridge University Judo Club:

Open to all Men and Women.

Fenner's Gym, Gresham Road.

8pm.

CUYoga Society:

Iyengar yoga with Yvonne.

Pembroke College, New Cellars.

5:30pm. £3.50 or 10 for termcard (4 sessions).

CUYoga:

Iyengar yoga with Pavara.

Pembroke College, New Cellars.

7:15pm. £3.50 or 10 for termcard (4 sessions).

CUTAZZ:

Advanced Jazz.

United Emmanuel Reform Church,

Church hall.

8pm. £2.50.

CUTAZZ:

Beginners Jazz.

United Emmanuel Reform Church,

Church hall

7pm. £2.50.

Jewish Society:

Spirituality Slam.

The CULanu Centre, 33 Bridge Street

(between Oxfam and The Galleria).

8pm.

Queens Art Society:

Life drawing class Everyone welcome (materials provided).

Queens' College, Erasmus Room.

7pm.

Quiz Society:

Fun pub quiz. Free entry. All welcome. Brain optional.

Newnham College, Bar.

8pm.

The Globe Cafe:

for international students, relaxed and informal chat with Pancakes.

9 Victoria Street, Just off Christs Pieces.

7pm.

Wednesday

Amnesty International:

Letter Writing Meeting.

Trinity College, Junior Parlour.

7pm.

CUYoga Society:

8 week course with Shuddassara (formerly Nancy).

Newnham College, Old Labs.

7:15pm. £20

CUYoga Society:

Yoga with Shuddassara.

Newnham College, Old Labs.

5:30pm. £3.50 or 10 for termcard (4 sessions).

CUSU Council:

Decision-making body of CUSU, everyone can have their say.

Corpus Christi College, McCrum lecture theatre.

8pm.

Quiz Society:

Intercollegiate Championship:

Catz/Trinity, Caius/Corpus,

Peterhouse/Selwyn, Christ's/Darwin.

Christs College, Lloyd Room.

7:15pm.

Thursday

Cambridge University Judo Club:

Open to both men and women.

Fenner's Gym, Gresham Road.

8pm.

CUYoga Society:

Iyengar Yoga with Yvonne.

Girton College, Wolfson Court.

6pm. £3.50 or termcard for 10 (4 sessions).

Greek Dancing Club:

Come have fun by learning to Greek dance! Beginners welcome

Darwin College, Common Room.

5pm. £2 / class or 15 / term.

Salsa Dancing - Absolute Beginners Class:

£10 to join; £1.20 per class.

St Paul's School Hall, Coronation

Street.

7pm.

Salsa Dancing - Absolute Beginners Class:

£10 to join; £1.20 per class.

St Paul's School Hall, Coronation

Street.

8pm.

Music

Friday

CUSH:

Darwin ents collaborate to support Cambridge homeless - music, great atmosphere.

Darwin College

9pm. £2.

Kettles Yard:

LUNCHTIME CONCERT. Free concerts programmed by students.

Kettle's Yard,

1:10pm.

The Junction CDC:

Boogie Wonderland: 70s and 80s Disco Extravaganza 10 - 2am.

The Junction

10pm. £3.50/5.50adv and after 11.

Saturday

Acoustic Routes:

Acoustic music concert. See www.acousticroutes.co.uk.

CB2, Norfolk Street,
8:30pm. £3.

Cambridge University Music Club:

Bartok, Schumann, Mozart pno concerto, R. Ticcianti. Kreisler-Manfred Ensemble. Conductors - Matilda Hofman/Dominic Grier.

Newnham College, Clough Hall.
8pm. £5/£3, CUMC members free.

eclexia (8:30pm - 1:00am):

3 rooms of music (100% cheese, 100% dance, chillout room).

University Centre (granta place, mill lane), No entry after 10:30pm.

8:30pm. £5.

Queens' Ents:

DAMAGE - a night of dark funky drum'n'bass.

Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall.
9pm.

The Junction CDC:

Good Times: House Music 10-3am.

The Junction
10pm. £8/9.

The Saraband Consort (on period instruments):

Madrigals of Love and War: music of Monteverdi, Strozzi, Luzzaschi. Benjamin Bayl directs.

Jesus College, Chapel.

8pm. £10, £6 (concs), £4 (students) from www.sarabandconsort.com or on the door.

Trinity College:

The award winning London Adventist Chorale present another gospel concert!

Trinity College, Trinity College Chapel.
7pm.

Monday

Binoculars:

Live, original music performed by a singer and guitarist.

Trinity College, Bar.
8:30pm.

Cambridge University Troubadours:

Rehearsals of vocal and instrumental medieval music.

Jesus College, Octagon Room.
7:30pm.

Clare College Music Society:

Francesca Thompson on recorders and Nick Rimmer on piano.

Clare College, Chapel.
1:15pm.

Tuesday

Jewish Society:

Minims Choir - songs ranging from modern day hits to jewish classics. Everyone welcome.

The CULanu Centre, 33 Bridge Street (between Oxfam and the Galleria).
6:30pm.

Wednesday

The Junction CDC:

The Hives: Swedish punk rock - Your New Favourite Band, allegedly.

The Junction
8pm. £9/8.

Thursday

Kettle's Yard:

SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT. Kungsbacka Piano Trio.

King's College
8pm. £8.50 for five concerts.

The Junction CDC:

Kanda Bongo Man: Irresistible shimmering Zairean dance.

The Junction, . 8pm. £8/9.

Talk

Friday

CICCU:

'LIFE- who needs it?' talk. Free cakes from 7.30pm.

St Andrew the Great, Opposite Christ's.
8pm.

Saturday

CICCU:

'LIFE- Who needs it?' talk. Free cakes from 7.30pm.

St Andrew the Great, Opposite Christ's.
8pm.

Sunday

CICCU:

'LIFE - Who needs it?' talk. Free cakes from 7.30pm.

St Andrew the Great, Opposite Christ's.
8pm.

Monday

CU Italian Society:

Conversation evening

Savino's
8pm.

The Cambridge Union:

Talk by Lord Wakeham, Chairman of the Press Complaints Commission

The Union
8pm

Tuesday

CU Student Pugwash Society:

General Sir Hugh Beach: Terrorism and Intervention (Former Director, Council for Arms Control).

St. John's College, Palmerston Room, Fisher Building.
8:30pm.

Inter-Disciplinary Group, Faculty of Divinity:

Rev Dr Malcolm Guite and Miss Alexandra Woern on "Poetry and Transfiguration".

Faculty of Divinity, Lightfoot Room.
4:30pm.

The Cambridge Union:

Talk by the remarkable Seamus Heaney, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature

In the Chamber.
1:30pm.

Thursday

CamFed/African Studies Centre:

International Series on 'Education & Development'.

Trinity College, Winstanley Lecture Hall.
5pm

Jewish Society:

Lunch and Learn - Take time out for a free bagel & interesting discussion.

King's College, The Chetwynd Room.
1pm.

Kettle's Yard:

LUNCHTIME HOUSE TALK. by Michael Harrison.

Kettle's Yard
1:10pm

Theatre

Friday

C.U. Gilbert & Sullivan Society: "Iolanthe",

The 2002 Freshers' Show.

Christ's College, New Court Theatre.
7:45pm. £3/£4.

Fletcher Players:

A quartet of new adaptations from the writings of gorey, carver, lorca and lewis.

Corpus Christi College Playroom
7:15pm. £5/4.

The Junction CDC:

Een Hond Begraven/Burying the dog: Nazis, dogs and flags.

The Cambridge Drama Centre, Covent Garden, off Mill Road.
8pm. £10/8.

Saturday

C.U. Gilbert & Sullivan Society:

"Iolanthe", The 2002 Freshers' Show.

Christ's College, New Court Theatre.
7:45pm. £3/£4.

English Faculty: John Barton (RSC)

Acting workshops on Shakespeare. Morning and afternoon.

ADC Theatre
10:30am. £10.00.

Fletcher Players:

A quartet of new adaptations from the writings of gorey, carver, lorca and lewis.

Corpus Christi College Playroom
7:15pm. £5/4.

Stephen Fry's Latin! :

A play in two unnatural acts. Impossibly, outrageously hilarious.

The Playroom, Box Office: 01223 503333.
2pm. £4

Sunday

The cast of City of Angels present: an evening of intimate jazz and musical cabaret.

ADC Theatre Bar
7:45pm. £3.

Tuesday

My Mother Said I Never Should:

A play about mothers, daughters, childhood and adulthood. Is there a generation gap?

The Playroom
7:15pm. £4.

Wednesday

My Mother Said I Never Should:

A play about mothers, daughters, childhood and adulthood. Is there a generation gap?

The Playroom
7:15pm. £4.

Thursday

My Mother Said I Never Should:

A play about mothers, daughters, childhood and adulthood. Is there a generation gap?

The Playroom
7:15pm. £4.

STJOHNSFILMS

Sunday 3rd February

Moulin Rouge!

7pm and 10pm

Thursday 7th February

Ghost World

9pm

Full listings, film information, reviews:
<http://come.to/johnsfilms>

Sponsored by

citigroup corporate & investment bank

Fisher Building, St John's £2.00

AUDITIONS FOR "HAROUN AND THE SEA OF STORIES"

Homerton College (Paston Brown Room)

FRIDAY 1ST FEB 2-6
SATURDAY 2ND FEB 2-6

Week 8 Production

Producer, crew etc also needed

CONTACT: TIM WILSON TJW39

BATS

invites applications for their **Mayweek Production**

Application Deadline 17 February

Please P'hole Application to Katie Green at Queens' or Email keg28 for details

ARE BUSINESS ETHICS IRRELEVANT TO THE REAL WORLD?

WEDNESDAY 6TH FEBRUARY, 8PM

THE CULANU CENTRE
33 BRIDGE ST.
(BETWEEN OXFAM AND THE GALLERIA)

SIR STANLEY KALMS (CHAIRMAN OF DIXONS)

DR MICHAEL SINCLAIR

RABBI JULIAN SINCLAIR

VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTION: £2

Actors and Actresses Urgently Required for a Brand New Murder Mystery:

DEATH BY MIRRORS

To be performed 6th-8th March

Howard Building
Downing College

Contact Helen (hab32) for details

KETTLE'S YARD

EXHIBITION

FLIGHTS OF REALITY

until 3 March

Charles Avery, Matthew Ritchie, Keith Tyson, Grace Weir and Keith Wilson

'seductive contemporary work creating competing visions of an alternative universe' The Guardian

Gallery open Tues-Sun 11.30-17.00, free

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

Solve your accommodation problems by calling Carole Smith/Anne Goring on 01620 810620

email address: festflats@aol.com

or write to

Festival Flats, 3 Linkylea Cottages, Gifford, East Lothian, EH41 4PE

Candid Tortoise

“Things are more like they are now than they ever have been before.”

By Joseph Craig and Ali Smart; Artwork by Christine Haseldine



Bin Laden, Bin Job Searchin'

Osama applies for the post of news-reader at CNN's London office.

Interviewer: Good afternoon. How was your journey here?

Osama: Not good. The Underground is a nightmare – I was stuck down there for days.

I: You're here now though. Give an example of a time when you proved yourself to be an innovator.

O: I once came up with a plan to send a dump truck into the top of the World Trade Centre.

I: But how would you get it up there without a plane?

O: The plane wasn't a problem, but you know what? We forgot the bloody dump truck.

I: That's a shame. Give an example of a time when you showed leadership.

O: I organised a benefit concert for Saddam Hussein. We called it 'Sheikh, Rattle and Roll'.

I: Was the event a success?

O: Yeah, everyone got lashed.

I: Oh good. But can you face up to potential setbacks?

O: Certainly – I'm not one to hide my head in the sand. Or in a cave.

I: And where do you see yourself in ten years' time?

O: Head of the IRA.

I: So you'd describe yourself as ambitious?

O: Oh, certainly – but I don't see myself as limited to terrorism. I want to push my network more in the direction of butchery.

I: How so?

O: By selling meat. I hope to start a chain of butchers called Halal Qaeda.

I: Marvellous. Now, give an ex-

ample of a time when you overcame difficult obstacles to achieve a goal.

O: I used to have problems with alcoholism but now I'm down to the occasional half of cider.

I: Any favourite brands?

O: No I make my own; I'm hooked on the idea of crushing big apples.

I: Understandably. Give an example of a time when you were in a position of responsibility.

O: Well, the FA contracted me to demolish Wembley stadium.

I: But it's still standing, isn't it?

O: Unfortunately I got the wrong twin towers. I always said it would end in tiers.

I: Not to worry. Give an example of a time when you worked in a team.

O: The other day me and the nine other guys on the FBI ten most wanted list got together and organised a car-pool; we just don't feel safe flying any more.

I: Yes, there's a lot of deep-vein thrombosis going around.

Anyway, what would your friends say if I asked them about you?

O: They'd probably tell you about my nickname – 'Gillette'.

I: Oh, is that because of your fine beard?

O: No, it's because I'm the best Oman can get.

I: Excellent. One minor point, though – on your CV there isn't a contact address.

O: I'm in the book.

I: What book?

O: Anything by Tom Clancy.

I: Finally, do you have any questions for us?

O: Yes, what floor are we on?

Dead Pets' Society



At times like this, you wish you'd acted upon your anti-Oedipal complex – though the male bonding with Daddy wouldn't have been too much fun, you'd gladly have your mother dead right now. After all, it's thanks to her that you've been landed with an infernal holiday job at the local vet's surgery.

You've ended up working with Alan, a pleasant yet insipid fellow, whose con-

versations are as short as a *Hello* magazine spread on the house of a *Big Issue* seller. Every afternoon, you two share the responsibility of loading the carcasses onto the van and transporting them to the pet cemetery. Today, however, Alan's left work early, presumably to indulge in some tantric masturbation – tantric not so much in the sense that it's steeped in Buddhism as that he's been doing it non-stop since he was sixteen. So, while Alan swans off to help make future ophthalmologists rich, you are lumbered with the stars from the scenes of *Pet Rescue* that the editors had to cut.

Upon arrival at the cemetery, you notice poor old Mrs Piddleston, paying respects to her erstwhile guide-dog, who

After last week's interview *The Messiah* went online at www.varsity.co.uk/secondcoming to answer your questions.

Q: Hi, I'm a real fan. Are you planning on releasing another album any time soon?

J: I'm going into the studio sometime next month to start work on a project

with Britney. I'm calling it *The Even Newer Testament*.

Q: Hi there Jesus, good to see you back on the circuit. What do you think will be the fashions for this Spring?

J: Sandals. Definitely sandals. Not sure about socks though.

Q: Hello Jesus, what do you think about homosexuality?

J: It's fine, so long as both men are consenting adults and one of them is a woman.

Q: Who do you think will win Pop Idol?

J: No matter what Pete Waterman says, I still think I have a chance.

Q: Is the Pope Catholic?

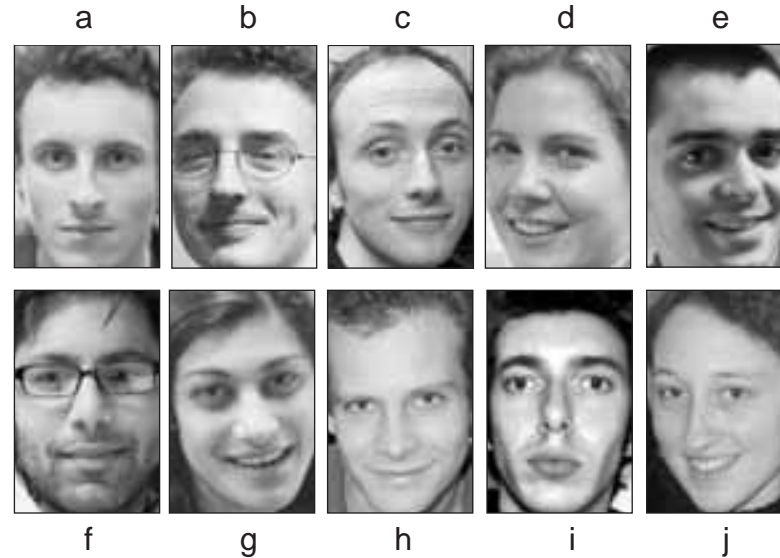
J: Well, do bears shit in the woods?

Jesus Webchat

Justify Your Face

Match the faces with the responses: who said what when asked "Justify your face"?

Email your answers to satire@varsity.cam.ac.uk – first set of correct answers wins a date with the face of your choice.



1. "I'm a Scientologist."
2. "I'm allergic to sanitation."
3. "The night before I was born, my father broke his nose. I inherited it."
4. "You should see my sister."
5. "I'm his sister."
6. "This morning I stepped on my dog."
7. "You'd look like this too if you survived on a diet of second hand phlegm."
8. "I'm actually 73."
9. "I think I'm Jo Brand."
10. "I'm trying to capture the zeitgeist of a generation by filing my tonsils."

Diary of a Diary



"Feb 1st: Day out in Cambridge."

HATS OFF TO...

Kate Moss, who this week abandoned the fitness regime that saw her take up *Anachronised Swimming*. She admitted: "I tried it for a while but was late for every practice".

PISS OFF TO...

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

The Missing File



HAVE YOU SEEN THIS FILE?
LAST SEEN ON HIS WAY HOME TO THE CABINET.

had to be put down after losing a contact lens and mistaking his owner's wooden leg for a tree to be urinated against. The aged lady was never fated to have any luck with animals, ever since the time her homing-pigeon went to the baker's for a loaf of bread one morning twenty-five years ago and never returned.

Thankfully, you are wearing a nametag and a fluorescent, pink shell-suit, so she doesn't recognise who you are. After all, you can't think of anything worse than having to console a mourning old woman, especially in this instance when you're faced with the ungodly sight of Mrs Piddleston pulling her facial hair in grief and stooping over to beat her breasts at knee-height.

However, contrary to your expectations, you are genuinely touched by the scene. You'd previously always felt that your being moved by the death of an animal was as unlikely a phenomenon as a mechanic exhaling as he gives you a quote. Yet, on this occasion at the pet cemetery, a couple of tears are making their way down your face. Admittedly, this has probably got much to do with Mrs Piddleston's onion breath, but you sense something greater is also at work.

You feel a different person from the one you were an hour ago, who would gladly have thrown a drowning man both ends of the rope. Indeed, as you witness the lady's lamentation, you sense a gnawing at your heart and even won-

der what it would have been like in childhood, had your parents not refused to spend some of your mother's immoral earnings on a pet. It seems clear that, in spite of your previous cynicism, there is a loving bond that exists between humans and animals, which perhaps not even you can resist.

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

YOU HURT ME

Sharp shooting as Editor Rob writes a Dear John



Rob Sharp

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

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

Harry Potter, John. *Expliquez-moi*. "I think Rowling's a good writer and captured the imagination of a generation and got people reading again. Both my agent and my children would never have forgiven me if I'd have passed on it." He starts talking enthusiastically about his son, and how much of a voracious read-



er he is. I make soothing, affirming noises in response. "He remembers everything about the films, you know. He has my father's memory."

Mmmm. But let's move on to Destination Interest, John. Let's talk rabbit animation.

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

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

"When a film is adapted it's not just the director's vision but it's also the production company's. If they're in cahoots with the studio you haven't got much chance."

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

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

What's your motivation behind doing television work?, I ask. "Well, I have done a lot of TV, but it was vibrant when I did it in the sixties and seventies. The BBC alone was doing 600 hours of one-off television per annum, that's an enormous amount..."

John pauses and a Union hack coughs and politely asks me to stop blowing bubbles through my straw. I gratefully oblige.

"Sorry, yes, that's 12 hours a week. We had writers of David Mercer's quality." Yeah John, I hate the way the BBC has dumbed down recently. Dyke's a fat fuck. People around me cheer and applaud, raising their fists in the air. Someone dressed in Soho media streetwear starts waving a red flag on the end of a six-foot pole.

"Everything went on tape then, it wasn't filmed, it was like a stage-play but it wasn't a stage-play, almost a film." Yeah, and now it's as though they've become film producers, John.

"TV channels have almost become film producers. Not completely but they will often find the last two hundred and fifty to five hundred thousand pounds, which enables the film to be made."

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

Weren't you in *Richard III*? What did you think of the Scottish Play, huh?

I look about myself and raise one eyebrow in a fell swoop of facial dynamism. Union hacks fall about laughing at my funny, ha ha.

"Well, I like to value my TV work as highly. It's all gone in a different direction, as now TV has become almost unwatchable, except for watching old films. FilmFour still has some good stuff, I've just done something for ITV, a film called *Bait*...blah, blah, blah, alienblah, filmblah, di-

John orders a coffee and I get a milk with straw. Soon we're both sipping happily from our respective drinking vessels.

rectorblah, agentblah, blah, blah, blah... and that's an off-putter. Unless they blow it up to 35mm and show it in the cinema."

Are you some kind of arsehole, when deciding what films to do, John?

"If I felt that a film was too skint to make the film that was really there, I might pass on it 'cos it won't work. Also if they say you've got to make it in six weeks and it's clearly a nine week movie then I would also pass. If there isn't the time, you'll finish with a series of close-ups. Like the last one I did with Nick Renton, he was a good master of the developing

shot, had to make it in four weeks, a ninety minute movie, lots of developing shots without cover, and that takes a lot of courage. Either you do close-ups or you do developing shots. If you're good with the camera you can just about get away with doing it for that length of time."

You worked with Lynch, John. Wanker?

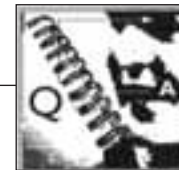
"I loved Mulholland Drive, I don't think there's any question about what Lynch is trying to do with that. I think that I much prefer working with film people, whose passion is film, and I prefer the people who manage to do both, like in *American Beauty*."

And do you see yourself behind of the camera any time soon? "I'd rather head an independent production company. Essentially I'm an actor, it's different manipulating actors and I like making characters. I like being absolutely involved in a film. It's the director's vision, directing is not my talent nor is it something I'm particularly interested in doing."

Do you have loads of houses with a pile of bitches in each? "I have one in Ireland and a couple of houses that have been given away to ex-wives."

Where would you see your home? "Ireland will be home until I die." I look sideways and think about edging slowly towards the door. What advice would you give to those going into acting? "Don't think about being an actor, be an actor. If you have a passion for it, you have to follow it. If you want to do it for fame and fortune then don't ask me because I have no interest. I would say I have no interest in you, either."

"I'm having a meeting tomorrow in terms of exactly where we're going to take certain issues. I feel using my position to do good is not at odds with what I believe. Everyone



has qualities, if you're very good-looking and very talented there's no reason that you shouldn't use it."

The minute John ceases speaking a siren sounds and a large metal cage falls down from the ceiling and cuts him off from the outside world. As I plan who I will interview next to further my journalistic career, he escapes Cambridge, back to reality, via a sneakily concealed secret passage.

A John Hurt season should include (and he's *A Man For All Seasons*)

(i) *Love and Death on Long Island*. Love Hurts, there's no death, and he shouldn't have gone to Long Island: in fact he should have stayed at home and cut out pictures of Jason Priestley.

(ii) *Heaven's Gate*. John Hurt stars in a epic Western that sent United Artists to the wall. There was no gate.

(iii) *Alien*. John bravely sacrifices himself to the greatest movie debut of all time. An alien, growing inside him, smashes through his ribs. Sensational. Scandal.

(iv) Jim Henson's *The Storyteller*. John Hurt spent two years on Channel 4 starring opposite a prosthetic dog.

(v) *The Elephant Man*. Hurt plays the Hunchback of Notre Dame. He wants to sleep like a man (with Esmerelda or Anthony Hopkins presumably) and so he dies.

(vi) *Harry Potter*. Wand salesman. Not very interesting.



Hot lesbo action in John's tip for best picture, *Mulholland Drive*

Leg 2 – Italy

Johan Duramy & Charlie Rahtz

Bologna, 13th July. The Frenchman and I find ourselves in the midst of a teeming market on a scorching Italian Tuesday. The wafting smells of fresh basil, formaggio, rosmarino and roasting chickens leave me salivating like a Pavlovian dog. A fountain sparkles, with a cluster of small boys lounging beside it, looking almost as diffident and suave as their adolescent older brothers. We stroll cheerfully between the stalls but soon become embroiled in a fight between two vendors eager for our custom...

“Si, certo! I sell you these pomodori for to make the sauce ragu molto delizioso, capisce? E molto importante to have ingredienti the most, how you say, fresci, si?”

“Hey! You! English! Venite! Come here! I can to you sell tomatoes for price much more cheaply, eh?!”

“Eh! Mario! Va Napoli, bastardo! Now, look, English, la Mama mia has growed these tomatoes like her own children, si?! Now see, Mario, his tomatoes, they are...eh...dirty, you know?”

“HEY! Like your Mama, Salvatore! Now, here – French, come, come! You want to make the sauce ragu, no? My brother, he is a butcher famous. Hey! Francesca! Go take these English to see Bruno... and put away *i tui seni*, uh? Come on!”

The noise and commotion continue and we eventually escape to a café in the square where the terse owner and his haughty wife bring us *penne al pesto*, a rustic red Chianti and some fantastic *gelati* to finish. We lean back in our chairs and turn our faces to the sunshine, smiling. *La vita è bella.*



Christine Haseldine

The Vineyard Café



Eating Out La Mimosa ***

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

Recipes of the week

Secrets handed down from mother to daughter



Navin Sivanandam

Winter Bruschetta with Mushrooms & Chicory: (4 people)
Quando Cambridge fa molto freddo, try this winter take on a summer classic.

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

Slice 3 cloves of garlic and fry them in 4 tablespoons of olive oil until lightly browned. Add the chicory and fry for approximately 5 minutes until the chicory colours. The garlic should not be allowed to burn.

Add 4–5 sliced portabello mushrooms (or around 250g chestnut or field mushrooms), salt and pepper,

and cook over medium heat until all the mushrooms' water has evaporated.

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

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

Finish by adding 4 sliced sun dried tomatoes or 4 slices of prosciutto crudo (Parma ham) on top of your Winter Bruschetta. *Non è bella*, but it tastes delicious!! A little crushed chilli will compliment this dish beautifully.



Navin Sivanandam

Tagliatelle Carbonara: (4 people)
After a hard day working down at the Versace Emporium, a good portion of Tagliatelle Carbonara will fill your hungry stomach to immense satisfaction.

Firstly fry 400g or so of finely chopped pancetta (or bacon) in 2–3 tablespoons of olive oil until crispy, stirring constantly. Place into a bowl with all the fat.

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

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

Originating from the River Café restaurant in London, this cookbook provides the reader with a guide to rustic, uncomplicated Italian cooking (cucina rustica). Referred to by some as one of the culinary bibles of the 20th Century, it certainly provides excellent and simple recipes.

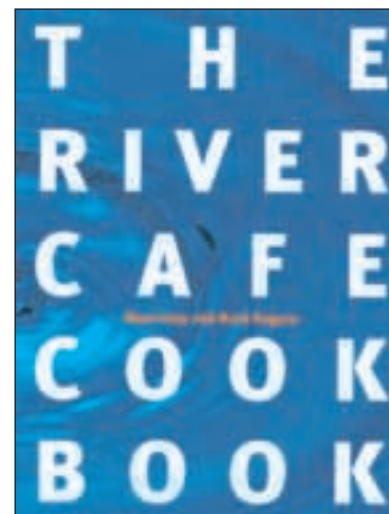
The book covers a wide breadth of dishes, from the slightly complicated-looking Ligurian Fish Stew to the simple but delicious *Calamari ai Ferri con Peperoncini* (Grilled Squid with Chilies). Special mention goes to the *Bistecca di manzo con Rucola* (Steak with Rocket), which makes use of raw steak. Their vegetable section is particularly huge with some classic recipes like *Vignole* (Marinated Grilled Vegetables).

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

Boil 400g of tagliatelle (spaghetti or tagliolini will also do the trick) in salted water until *al dente* (still firm). Drain the pasta well, return to the pan and stir in the sauce immediately. The eggs will cook with the heat of the pasta. *Facile, facile!*

Chopped parsley can also be added to the sauce, and Jacob Kennedy (chef at Moro, Maquis (London) and Boulevard (San Francisco)) also recommends adding some baby courgettes, thinly sliced and sautéed briefly over high heat with a little chopped garlic.

Overall, highly recommended for anyone wanting to entertain *al Italiano*.



Shopping

Il Sainsburio's

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

The Market

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

Cambridge Cheese Company

Great, but only recommended if you have expensive tastes.

Budrio, Nr. Bologna

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

Music to cook to

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

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



Tip of the week

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



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22/3



CLASSICAL

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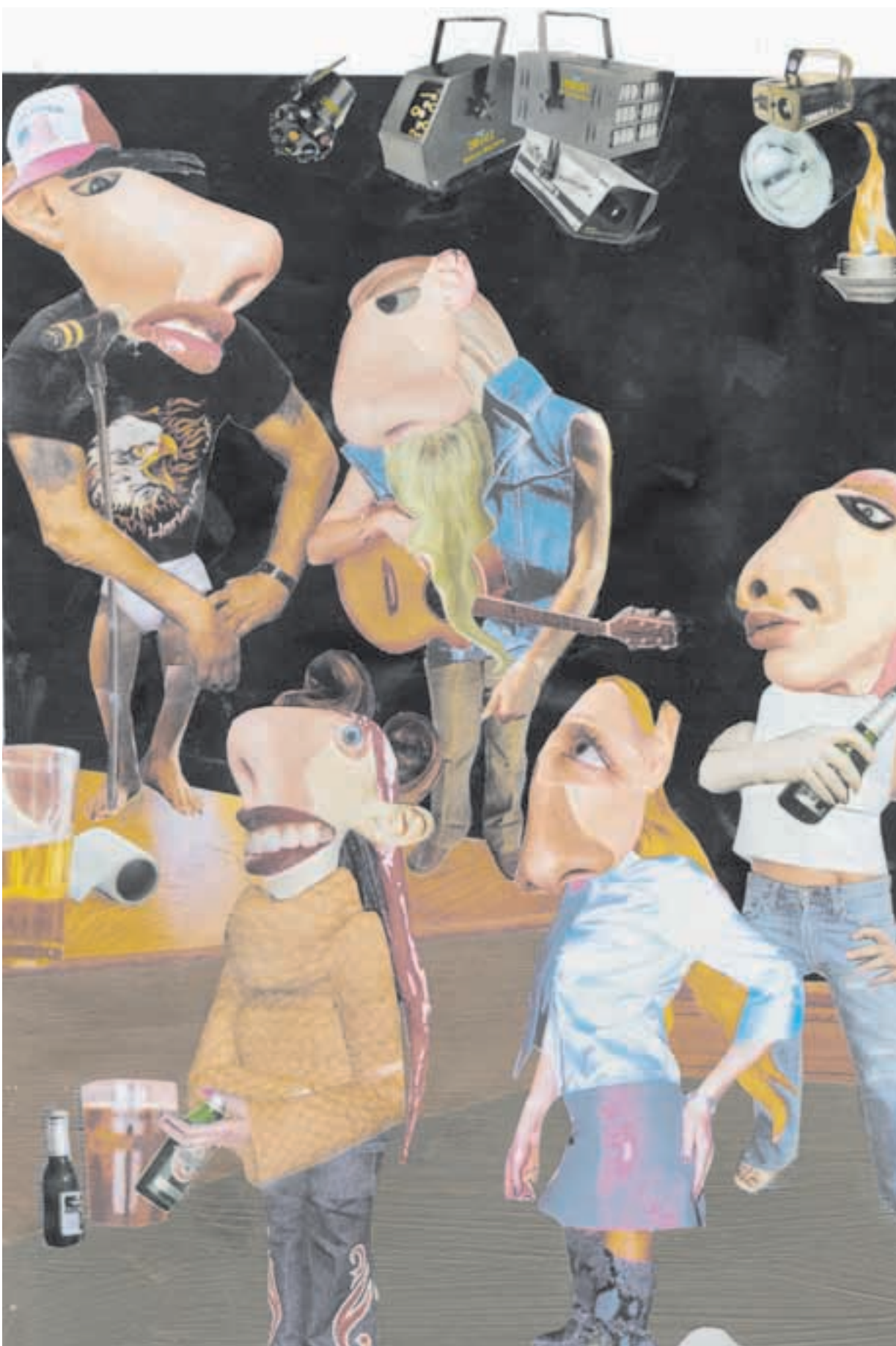
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Text: Dave Thorley; Artwork: Shelley Keight

TOUGH AND UNTOUCHABLE

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

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

When I say that Henry Rollins said I was stupid, I mean, of course, that sources close to Henry Rollins said that he said I was stupid. And when I say *that*, I really mean that sources close to Henry Rollins said that he said that my *questions* were stu-

pid. But, as a famous person once said, "you insult my questions, you insult my whole family". And when I say "as a famous person once said..." Fuck it. Sue me.

Meanwhile, back at the interview, Henry's laid down the law. Myself a small bloke, I had been wondering what it's like being a big bloke. Word arrives from Rollins Towers that he'd prefer "more serious questions," "not chatting about his muscles," something "more adult". The incredible hulk wants me to talk porn.

And, my research suggests that he positively revels in filthy talk. In 1997, the NME assailed him with an air raid of muck. "Presumably you jerk off a lot then?" they demanded. And matter-of-factly, "So you're ruled by your dick?" And then, a mortal stroke: "Did you rebuild your puny childhood body to compensate for having, ahem, a tiny penis?" Checkmate. "The last comment I heard about my dick was a girl who said 'God

was nice to you honey,'" enthused the Noble Rollins, not chatting about his muscles.

And The Rollins Band's appearance at the Junction this week was none too remarkable – when you've heard a marine swallow a dinosaur once, you've heard the lot, really. Rollins appeared (embarrassingly, minus trousers) to delirious tweeting and woofing from his fourscore minions. From thence, the whole affair was strangely like one of William Hague's provincial visits: big entrance, rapturous reception and then better ways to spend the evening. And, like Mrs Thatcher, Henry likes to surround himself with good eggs. His press people willingly lie to protect the great untouchable from sullyng himself in the student media. When I do grow up, I want to be just like him.

ARTS



GOSFORD PARK

Chris Turtle reviews Altman's latest



Gosford Park: a period drama set in a country mansion, during its owner's annual pheasant shoot. Far from being a tedious costume drama, Gosford Park provides an entertaining, fascinating insight into the seedy underbelly of aristocratic life. And Helena Bonham Carter and Emma Thompson are nowhere to be seen.

However, you'd be excused for having further reservations upon noting the film's similarities to director Altman's earlier *Prêt-à-Porter*: it takes an all-star cast, puts them all in a particular building and then weaves various sub-plots around them. In *Prêt-à-Porter's* case, a

witless script and charmless characters ensured it flopped, but thankfully, with its understated humour and perfectly crafted cast of characters, *Gosford Park* avoids such pitfalls.

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

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

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

Altman's directorial skills take no small part of the credit: many scenes get their charm from carefully orchestrated goings-on in the background juxta-

posed with the main action. In fact, it is in the blurry periphery of the screen that recent Cambridge graduate Trent Ford shines. While I never quite gathered what relationship his character, Jeremy Blond, bore to the McCordle household, the presence of this unctuous drone is felt constantly, and the ridiculous side of the dramas which unfold is emphasised by his apparent obliviousness of them.

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

College Films

Ring + Requiem For A Dream
Go on, scare yourself
Queens' 3rd/8-10.30pm

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

Heat
Excessive violence, restrained bedroom scenes and much rough language.
Christ's 7th/9pm

Rocky
The bloody brutality of the prize fight game is abundantly evident.
Caius 1st/9.15pm

Shine
Domestic violence, a fleeting bedroom scene and brief nudity.
Caius 6th/8.30pm

Ghost World
Implied sexual encounter, brief violence, a few crude references and frequent profanity and rough language.
John's 7th/9pm

What Women Want
A sexual encounter, fleeting recreational drug use and sexist remarks.
Churchill 6th/8-11pm

Clerks
Extensive graphic descriptions of oral sex, positive view of teenage sexual relationships, off-screen necrophilia, brief drug abuse and constant rough language.
Corpus 5th/8pm

THEY'VE SLEEPY HOLLOW-ED FROM HELL

Mike Drew details the problems of adapting Graphic Novels



Joe Harris

Beautiful boiling skies and blue-drenched London night; but no longer the disturbing stark images of the original. Masonic geometry replaced by romantic city images. Johnny Depp's intriguing accent – sort of Depp does John Sessions doing Caine. This film is not good. Abberline has been totally reinvented as a floppy haired psychic who has drug-inspired dreams. The violence is sanitised, and the corpses are drained of reality along with their blood.

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

This is by no means the only victim of film adaptation, however. There has been a long tradition of comic conversions, with detective comics particularly abused. Burton's first *Batman* was a masterpiece. A

moody setting and psychotic schizophrenic *Batman* captured Frank Miller's *Dark Knight* almost perfectly. Miller's (whose output also features the neo-noir *Sin City*) creation was less



Abberline

well served by the third sequel, which took the dark edge off in favour of stars and special effects. *Tank Girl* followed, and now *Preacher* and *Hellblazer* are being discussed – the latter chang-

ing the trench-coated English occultist into American Nick Cage and giving him a female cop partner as they battle demons in New York. DC's *Vertigo* subsection is being sorely abused.



Johnny Depp

Thankfully Terry Gilliam has refused to make Moore's *Watchmen*, unless he's given six hours.

Monumental cockbuster *Judge Dredd* destroyed John Wagner's orig-

inal ideas. They took the names and lost the concept. The ABC warrior was a nice robot, but it had no personality or identity, which was the whole point of the ABC warriors. Dredd took his mask off, thus ruining the point of Dredd. Who he was was not as important as what he represented, like Moore's *V for Vendetta*. After the symbol, any mere man could only be small. Stallone wanted to be seen and known; his star status sat poorly with Dredd. It did not look like the comics.

The big problem that *X-Men* revealed was that you can't look like the comic, but if you don't, people complain. By adapting an existing world, the filmmaker enters into an agreement to put that world on the screen. If an adaptation cannot be true to the original because it would look wrong or stupid on the screen, it should not be made pretending to be a new film. It should not be made at all.

WES ANDERSON

Nick Forgacs gushes like a fanboy

Last month, the Lincoln Center in New York hosted an evening devoted to Wes Anderson's work, *Wesworld*. The event was almost exclusively attended by adoring fanboys decked out like their hero: all vintage cowboy shirts, swept-back hair and thick round clear-framed glasses.

It's a level of devotion that might seem excessive for a filmmaker who has only just released his third feature, but there is something particularly rare and alluring about the juxtaposition of comedy and melancholy in Anderson's film. When his second

feature *Rushmore* was first released in the cinema, I went to see it five times. There was something about its wistfulness that I wanted to absorb so something in its intense yearning and world-weariness I wanted to feel over and over again.

What makes Anderson's films so special is the individuality of his characters. He presents them with the meticulous care of a collector arranging his most prized items in a glass case, shooting them alone in the middle of his wide, carefully composed frames as if they were sitting for a painting. The method is formal and precise, and yet the moment captured is always impossibly precarious

— a matter of mood, posture, and a half-cracked smile. It is always the briefest gesture, the smallest detail, or a seemingly throwaway half-line that imparts a crucial element of their emotional lives. He never lingers over the causes of his characters' sadness, but zooms in on the nuances of its effects. There's no room in his world for long-winded expositions of tortured childhoods, because every space is taken up with scratched old records, forgotten childhood board games and other tokens of time and loss.

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

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

know when the sadness ends and the comedy begins.

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

Perhaps most importantly, the film manages to reach the same tragicomic peaks as its two predecessors, and it is Richie, permanently hidden behind his shaggy Björn Borg hair and beard and sporting a symbolic head-



band from start to finish who is the focus of these. In one scene the camera watches through Richie's eyes as the unattainable Margot, protected by her fur coat and striped tennis dress, eyes shrouded in mascara, hair pushed back with a clip like a twelve year-old, alights from a bus. As she begins to walk towards him, looking at once stricken and hopeful, the film swoons into slow-motion and goes silent for a moment, until Nico's regret-soaked 'These Days' sweeps in. In another we watch him ride alone on a graffiti-ravaged bus, staring out of the window as Nick Drake's plangent ode 'Fly' soars in the background. There is no other director working today who brings us moments quite like these.



ISIS twice as nice

King's struts its stuff

Sunday 27th January was Cambridge's much-hyped 'piano day'. ISIS presented a showcase of the best of Twentieth Century concert-writing, and King's Music Society demonstrated to us just how many pianos they can hire with their budget.

King's, from whence hail many of the University's finest pianists, delivered no less than it promised: superb individual performances and well-balanced, thoughtful ensemble-playing.

However, ISIS's *Twentieth Century in Black and White* provided just as much, if not more, riotous pianistic entertainment. ISIS's performance of Ravel's *G Major concerto* was Sadaharu Muramatsu's Cambridge conducting debut. He tackled the unenviable task of coordinating the fiendish orchestral writing and the florid solo with panache and skill. The concerto was full of beautiful moments, particularly in the second movement. The outer movements had an energy which carried orchestra

and audience through some slightly hairy moments. A lesser orchestra under another conductor could easily have come unstuck, but ISIS clearly enjoyed the piece so much that any little slips just tripped past. Tau Wey's solo was inspiring. A relaxed yet precise performer, Tau was a joy to hear, and his playing brought alive sections that are often glossed over on recordings.

The second half of the concert was even more impressive. Steven Rajam's conducting was precise and the orchestra well-controlled at all times, as was the playing in Poulenc's *Concerto for Two Pianos*. The two soloists, Mat Trustram and Matthew Pritchard, had an excellent rapport with each other and the orchestra, and played with considerable vitality. It was clear that every player was heartily enjoying the comedic charm and beauty of Poulenc's masterpiece.

The Concerto for Piano and Trumpet is a riotous example of Shostakovich's natural, fresh exuberance. Tom Stothart (piano) and David Gange (trumpet), familiar to regulars at the Radegund, had just the right touch to bring out the irreverence of the piece, along with the technique to carry off the trickier sections with style. The crazy finale was justifiably well received by a packed house.

After such a successful concert, ISIS has proved itself to be a formidable player on the Cambridge orchestral scene, defying sceptics who had last term given it an undeservedly lukewarm reception. Togetherness and control were balanced perfectly with sensitivity and musicality. This success is a tribute to the vision and hard work of its players, committee, and musical director.



LISTINGS

Friday 1 February

New Court Theatre, Christ's, 7.45pm. Gilbert and Sullivan Society Freshers' Show: *Iolanthe*. Second performance on Saturday.

Saturday 2 February

Bateman Auditorium, Gonville & Caius, 1.15pm. Oboe Recital: Joanne Kirkbride. Admission free.

St. John's College Chapel, 1.15pm. Organ Recital: Christopher Whitton. Admission Free.

Jesus College Chapel, 8.00pm. *Madrigals of Love and War*. Works by Monteverdi, Luzzaschi and Strozzi. Saraband Consort (Ben Bayl). Tickets: £10/£6/£4.

Clough Hall, Newnham, 8.00pm. CUMC Chamber Concert. Works by Mozart, Bartok and Schumann. Kreisler-Manfred Ensemble. Robin Ticcianti (piano), Mathilda Hoffman and Dominic Grier (conductors). Tickets: £5/£3.

Sunday 3 February

Selwyn College Hall, 8.00pm. Friends of the University Library Concert. Works by Purcell and Corelli. Selwyn College Chapel Choir, instrumental award holders. Tickets: £6/£4.

Old Library, Pembroke College, 9.00pm. Cello Recital: Jenny Hodgson
Recital Room, Churchill College, 9.00pm. Piano recital: Ben Arnold. Works by Brahms, Debussy, Ravel and Messiaen.

Wednesday 6 February

Clare College Chapel, 10.00pm. Carissimi: *Jephte*. Clare College Chapel Choir (Tim Brown). Admission free, donations invited.

Thursday 7 February

Robinson College Chapel, 7.30pm. Concert by Instrumental Award-Holders. Works by Schubert, Ligeti and Ravel. Tickets: £5.

P-P-POP IDOLS

Jack Thorne reports

Pete Waterman left school unable to read or write. He named his eldest daughter Toni Tuesday because he was only able to see her mother on Tuesdays. Simon Cowell refused to sign Take That because "the lead singer is too fat", he has become known as 'Mr Nasty', but thinks it's nice to be honest. Nicky Chapman is faintly annoying. Dr Fox is generally ignored. Ant and Dec are reasonably funny. All the remaining three contestants in Pop Idol can sing - very, very well. One is posh and has a large chin. One comes from the Glasgow hood and says stupid things and seems to have no personality, only ambition. One, he of the stuttering stammer (it doesn't seem very consistent), fake tears (like he cared about podgy Zoe) and fake foster brothers is going to win Pop Idol. These are facts.

I love Pop Idol. Not as a wannabe ironic student, but as a student wannabe. It satisfies my reality TV hit, and yet is a talent show. I've always wanted talent, I've always want-

ed to be an idol. I am not going to be one. People from Cambridge either become theatre directors or city bankers. Bugger. The reason why we don't produce idols has nothing to do with intelligence - of the remaining three finalists, two went to very good universities, Edinburgh and Exeter. We don't produce idols because we are too good at artificial humility. Perhaps you all got the shit beaten out of you at school. I didn't, but I seem to be taking the same artificial humility drug. Perhaps that's why no-one is watching this series. You should be.

Mathew Parris said something very cool about the very first Big Brother. He said it was like an Eden, which we got to control. Obviously other people liked his phrase as much as I did, because there's a new reality show on Channel 4 called Eden. It's shit. Pop Idol isn't. Pop Idol is producing the right winners. As someone that has always supported losers (most recently Richard on Survivor, I was certain he was going to win, and Bubble on Big Brother 2, I was certain he was going to beat Paul), I am looking forward to celebrating Gareth's triumph with him.

The Official Canine Top 40

1. Collie Minogue
2. Great Dane Bowers
3. Stereolabrador
4. Terriervision
5. Shirley Bassethound
6. The Beagles
7. Scottie Dog Walker
8. Hüsky Dü
9. Jarvis Cocker Spaniel
10. Mastiff Attack
11. Spaniel Bedingfield
12. Black Boxer Recorder
13. Brittany Spaniel Spears
14. Corgi's Zygotic Myncci
15. Morchihuahuaba
16. Retriever Nelson
17. Michael Dachshund
18. Ian Van Dahlmatian
19. Doberman
20. Kid Rockweiler
21. Saint Bernard Butler
22. Dingo Star
23. The Red House Pointers
24. Led Setterlin
25. Macy Greyhound
26. Shampoodle
27. Shih-Tzusie and the Banshees
28. Sheepdog Mac
29. Linkin Bark
30. Lhasa Apso Solid Crew
31. The Afghan Hound Whigs
32. Air-dale Terrier
33. Samantha Foxhound
34. Alsatian Dub Foundation
35. Jon Bone Jovi
36. Eurasier
37. Goldie Retriever
38. Great Dane-i Minogue
39. DJ Pied Piperro de Pastor Mallorquin
40. Dogbreed You Jack Russell Emperro

Cambridge reporter



Miss Black America

In the first of our reports on local bands, meet Miss Black America, who, since the release of *The Adrenaline Junkie Class-A Mentalist* EP last year, have been attracting a flurry of national attention.

Name: Miss Black America

Class: Subclass scum

1. Explain yourselves please.

We're doing what no one else is doing. We invented Miss Black America because we thought the world needed us.

2. Your biggest achievement so far?

We haven't achieved anything yet. We're not on the cover of the *NME* or the *Sun*. (*Varsity*: you had two tracks in John Peel's festive 50!) Yeah, we've been on John Peel, but we're still nobodies really.

3. Who have you been compared to? Are you pleased?

The Manic Street Preachers and the Clash. We're pleased with both comparisons, although we don't agree with the first.

4. What's the best thing to come out of Cambridge?

The occasional dead student...

5. What gigs have you been to recently?

Not many - can't afford them. Last ones were Bring out the Freaks in Dudley, Blue Ghandi and Dawn Parade in London.

6. Where can we see you next?

Cambridge Boatrace, this Saturday 2nd February, headlining the Anti-Nazi League night.

The Lost Boys @ Clare Cellars, Monday 28th January 2002

Having missed last week's grand re-opening, this was my first time in the newly refurbished Clare Cellars. Leaving aside the night itself, descending the steps into the bar, I realised that the same evil organisation currently ripping apart every dark dingy cosy old pub in Cambridge and replacing them with identical bright soulless wine bars had attacked Clare too: they'd fitted lights in the bar so you could actually

see what was going on, and gone were the slightly-tacky-but-still-quiete-cool pieces of graffitied chipboard that lined the chill out room - replaced with frosted glass and questionable turquoise colour scheme. I held my breath as I entered the main room, but luckily these evildoers had been refused entry and all I found was a few hundred people dancing their socks off to The Lost Boys ripping out hard-rave-tinged drum

and bass over a much improved sound system. To my delight, there's still no air-conditioning so that hot, sweaty Clare Cellars atmosphere remained intact. This and the equally popular old skool DJs in room two ensured smiling faces everywhere. Clare has survived the attack of the Society for the Proliferation of Soulless Wine Bars and still has that vibe that keeps it at the top of the Cambridge Ents tree.

Mark Shilton

Pretty Vacant @ CC's, Monday 28th January 2002

Out in the sticks beyond the Grafton Centre, nestled among the two-up-two-downs, you'll find Citizen Cane's Café-Bar, or CC's for short. Tonight, the band in question are called Pretty Vacant: three young ladies and a young gentleman who, despite the name's connotations, apparently believe in the power of soft rock to heal the world. Their set is divided roughly into two.

There are the original songs - "every band has a love song. For Guns 'n' Roses, it's 'November Rain'; I guess this one's ours" - and then a presumably ironic covers set, ending with a kazoo solo on a rendition of Tina Turner's anthem 'Simply The Best'. The folk in the café, a demographic of rockers in their late thirties who last washed back in '86, are very appreciative, ogling with glee

at the girls onstage, or on the CCTV screen, depending on where they're sitting. One of them goes up afterwards to ask for autographs. Watching this must be a bit like being an extra in a David Lynch film. If anyone ever thought the Cambridge rock scene lacked variety, I assure you from sorry experience that this is emphatically not the case.

David Nowell-Smith

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

Hailing from as far afield as St Edmund's College and Anglia Polytechnic, Daz, Brandon, Christian and Pete are the Fat poppadaddy DJs. Staggering around the draped and dingy Fez club on Monday night, I tracked down these four denizens of the dark. Why 'Fatpoppadaddy's'? I mused. "Cos we're all fat" quipped the very tall

and very thin Daz. "Well, let us judge him on his DJ-ing and not his wit, my flame-haired companion suggested." And the music? "We wanna challenge people by introducing them to new sounds, man," was Brandon's reply, as Jurassic 5 played on in the background. "We're united by a common belief in music and in each other." Deep, man,

I thought as I stared at my empty bottle of Heineken, prompting one of the quartet to get me yet another. As the brews flowed and many a delighted fresher danced past, the sounds varied seamlessly from funk and soul to indie and rock and roll. My fair lady's request for Cher's 'Shoop Shoop Song' was swiftly despatched by Christian: "It's not generically within our boundaries," he boomed in a quasi-legal manner. And the future? I asked, now desperate to swing my pants to something within their musical canon. "To see Fatpoppadaddy's nights up and down the country." Well, with residencies at Fez and Po Na Na and aspirations to take the Ball scene by the horns this summer, these chaps might just succeed... as long as Daz takes it easy on the gags, that is.

Ed Maxwell



Daz, Christian, Pete and Brandon; thin and funny.

REVIEWS



Chemical Brothers

Come With Us

Out Now

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



Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

B.R.M.C.

Out Now

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



HammondStreet

Acid Jazz Compilation

Out Now

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



Drowning Pool

Sinner

4th February 2002

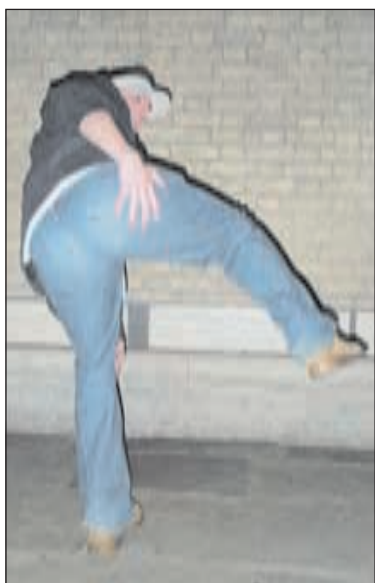
Kid-friendly debut by ugly young Texan metal clones. See them try to look and sound like loads of bands they like, from the Deftones to Coal Chamber, and fail to seem really scary or depressed. Those tattoos look like they've been drawn on in biro. Producer Jay Baumgardner (Papa Roach, Orgy) is a one-trick pony, and metal fans will find nothing new. The press release says that single 'Bodies' has been used as the theme to the WWF Summer Slam 2001. It's hard to see how this could increase their street-cred. The whole thing is a collage of nicked, slickly-executed metal ideas, squeezing yet more milk out of the metal cash cow. There's a depressing lack of subtlety about this kind of band, doing the very minimum to convince fans that they are offering something new to the world. The Starsailor of metal. **Nathan Oxley**

The Booty-ful People

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

We caught up with the founder members of the self-styled Booty crew, keen to find out where this fresh scene was headed.

Yo peeps - what is the booty



bounce?

The booty bounce, or booty bouncing, is the most scandalous form of dancing there is. You see people shaking their asses, rolling their hips or hopping round with one leg cocked. And the best thing about it is that you can do it together. Booty bouncing is all about bending your partner over, it is about spreading the love.

What's so cool about it?

It's just the ultimate style of dancing: it brings people together, it draws friends closer than they would ever have imagined.

So how's the 'movement' progressing?

Already there is an intercollegiate, 40 strong, self styled 'Booty Crew' that operates in Cambridge. This term they announce their first event, Miami Booty Party at Queens' on Saturday 16th of February.

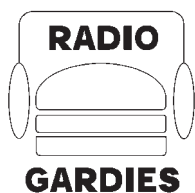


So what's fly on the booty-clothing tip?

Ladies wear your shortest booty shorts, fellas wear your big pimpin clothes and sport your doo rags.

Well, here at Varsity we say "Oochie walla walla, oochie bang bang..." don yo doo-rags, y'al, and get yo asses down to the Miami

Booty Party. And for those ladies that reckon they've already got the dope moves, you can get your freak on and audition as podium dancers. Bounce down to the Bowett Room, Queens' College between 5.30 and 7.30 on 5th Feb. Sorry fellas, male dancers are already cast and practising the one leg cock as we speak no doubt, and we-out.



Hear the music editors' best tracks featured at Gardenias on Friday and Saturday nights from 11pm. And there's more... win a kebab by completing this song lyric: 'I wanna know what love is....'(e-mail your answers to music@varsity.cam.ac.uk. Remember, the first five correct answers pulled out of a hat will win a Gardi's kebab!)

PREVIEWS

Dees week iz many tasty treats for night time time in Cambridge. Read hon and find ow wot I's reccomen'.

On **Tonight** why no czech out **Inglis** Band wot is playing in **Newnham Bar** - free entry so you save money for Kebab later, innit!

Saturday I go to **Boat race pub** for pack of pork scratchings and catch Bury good band **Miss Black America** - they crazy guys, no!

Sunday iz day of Lord, right, but after Church and homework - you boyz and gelz poppadom down to **Portland arms** - **Ezio** is plays dere - mmm - da sound of Rock-Pop iss wot we like!

Each **Monday** night, my fav'riot customer, they always go to **Fez club** for **Fat Poppadaddy**. And hafterwards - kebab a my place, no?!

Wednesday - big nite for al of you indie kids wot has photo on my walls - iss Hives at Junction of coss!

Thursday? Hmm - you party peeps is pretty pooped, no? Don' worry - I'm a survivor - is my destiny, of coss. So I go **Junction** for **Kanda Bongo Man** - iss African Soukous music with hypnotic intensity. Ahh week is over... mus' be Kebab time - and remember - extra chilli sauce is no extra price!

Vas is the proprietor and managing director of Gardenia's Restaurant, Rose Crescent.



“The gravest crimes a boy can commit: armed robbery, genocide...and masturbation!”

Welcome to Chartham House Preparatory School. Halycon hall of learning, foul den of sin, and the setting for Stephen Fry’s shocking and uproarious one act play, *Latin!*. The brand spanking new Playroom certainly looks the part, and on this dark January eve, having been simply baffled by the Corpus Master’s speech at the launch reception, it was a welcoming haven.

We had gathered to watch Activated Image (Fringe First Nominees in Edinburgh with the fantastic *Amy Evans’ Strike*) perform Fry’s first play, a dark, highly theatrical two-hander exposing the vice and hypocrisy at the centre of the English public school system.

Adam Barnard and the highly-experienced cast and crew deserve much praise for the sheer detail of this production. The Playroom is an unforgiving space, and, despite some minor technical problems, this first night was smooth and seamless. There was a confidence about every aspect of the production, which was required, given that the first scene turns the audience itself into the boys in indiscreet schoolmaster Dominic Clarke (Mark Farrelly)’s Latin lesson. It was a pleasure to watch the collective embarrassment of the Corpus hierarchy as their books were thrown back at them and their homework insulted, and even more delightful to realise that Madison, the boy who scored only 4% on his final exam, was represented by none other than Corpus Playroom alumnus Hugh Bonneville.

Arse poetica

Ben Power reviews *Latin!*

Farrelly handles these moments expertly. Skipping around the tiny performance space like a predatory Charles Hawtrey, his unexpected brand of clean-cut-camp grows increasingly hilarious. The darker moments in the piece’s second ‘unnatural’ act are equally well handled, as the moral vacuum at the play’s centre becomes obvious. Neither Fry nor the production attempts to back away from the monstrosity of the theme, choosing instead to confront it head on, taking the plot so far into the comically ridiculous that it feels hard to get outraged about anything. The eternally-boyish Farrelly, lining up his toys as he tells the audience of his introduction to “the British public school spirit” is effortlessly excellent and, without wanting to spoil that particular anecdote,

lets just say the words ‘phlegm’ and ‘spunk’ feature highly.

The detail and timing of his performance is matched by that of Tom Noad as the ancient and deliciously perverted Herbert Brookshaw. Noad’s gift for capturing the moustache-twitching eccentricities of older characters is on full display, as is his peculiar talent for enunciating clearly with a pipe in his mouth. He commands the space with as much efficiency and effectiveness as his fellow cast-member, perfectly timing the growing hilarity caused by his ‘Chartham House System’ explanation speech, and capturing a lonely sadness in the play’s final scene.

The energy and verve displayed by both actors makes this well worth seeing before one even considers Fry’s

wonderfully black script. If the evening has a fault, it’s the nature of the piece as a series of virtuoso turns for the gifted performers. One would have loved to have seen Noad and Farrelly together for some of the comedy, rather than their joint scenes mainly providing plot exposition. That said, this is a treat of a performance, two perfectly cast actors uniting with Fry’s barbed-wire dialogue to bring down the educational establishment. Activated Image is a company which is clearly getting better and better, conquering Edinburgh and now re-launching Cambridge’s most exciting venue; the next question is simply, whither now?

Latin! is on at the CCC Playroom today at 9:45pm and tomorrow at 2pm and 9:45pm.



Dee Miller

Dark satanic thrills

George Sandison is of the Devil’s party

Director Jonathan Higgs describes *The White Devil* as a “volatile kaleidoscope of different modes of performance” and he does not shy away from this in his production. Whilst easy to notice these traits and then ignore them in favour of an easier job, Higgs has provided a bold and interesting play.

Contemporised by the costumes, fairly anonymous variations on leather, shirts and waistcoats, and one of the best (and more unlikely) soundtracks, we are also drawn back by the overshadowing arches framing the stage. Technically, this is an interesting and stylised production, if not al-

ways successful. Sequences such as the conjurer’s vision were handled well; however in smaller incidental traits such as the music, the actors were drowned out, and lighting sometimes seemed inane given the action on stage.

Major parts and sequences were very well handled, to the detriment of the lesser parts. From the outset there were some very strong actors, noticeably a nicely sullen and childish Duke Bracciano (James Purdon) countered by the excellent Francisco (Dan McSherry). Purdon plays a snappish and forceful Bracciano with the sense of contempt required to play against the unfaltering Francisco. Supported by the bitter Vittoria

(Delwyth Jones), the passionate carnal nature of the play is realised, and the sight of her adultery with the Duke leaves you physically uncomfortable. The well-handled gender inversion of Lodovica (Tiffany Sherrington) brings a fresh vehemence to the closing revenge. Monticelso (Antony Leyton-Thomas) was powerful when speaking, but possibly uncomfortable with being idle on stage. Flamineo, (Ollie Rickman) provides the most dynamic of the performances and whilst this fits the first half very well, in the second half it becomes invasive and incongruous with the shift in tone that has occurred through the play. However, the central core of characters, are let down by others, some

seemingly cast purely for physical appearance. Whilst some juggled their various roles proficiently most seemed to falter providing little impact for any of their characters.

Although this production starts very well, the second half begins to lose pace. Noticeably, after Francisco leaves, the final minutes seem confused and melodramatic in comparison to the intensity and control of earlier scenes. Despite minor technical flaws, and a few weaker performances and design choices, this is a brave production which promises much.

The White Devil is on at the ADC today and tomorrow at 7:45pm.

Trumpington resurrection



The affair of the Playroom has attracted much attention over the last year. Corpus Christi College authorities, in the shape of Senior Tutor Chris Kelly, have made the affair a classic tale of a super-villain attempting to sell the theatre for use as a shop – resisted only by the plucky but weakened heroes, the Fletcher

Players. Kelly is resplendent in his role as the ultimate villain; in the era of ‘nasty’ Nigel Lythgoe and Simon Cowell appealing to the lowest common denominator, Kelly is perfect. Absurdly posh, opinionated, arrogant and unaccommodating, he is fully complicit in his own demonisation. The ending, however, is brilliantly engineered; those of us who were expecting the drama to live up to the formula of its genre, where the villain is utterly undone, were disappointed. Kelly himself was able to claim credit for rescuing the Playroom from its ‘plight’, and attended Tuesday night’s opening preening like a peacock. By failing to destroy the villain completely, the door is certainly left open for a sequel.

Preview

Iolanthe

Gilbert and Sullivan Freshers’ Show
Christ’s, 1st – 2nd @ 7:45

Faustus

Clowning and the Devil in this modern re-work
Homerton, 4th @ 8

Sexual Perversity in Chicago

Pembroke, 5th – 9th @ 8

Black Comedy, Peter Schaffer

Sixties farce
ETG Homeshow
ADC, 5th-9th @ 7:45
Due to unforeseen circumstances, this replaces *Flight*

My Mother Said I Never Should,

Charlotte Keatley
Twentieth Century women
CCC Playroom, 5th-9th @ 7:15

Spoonface Steinberg, Lee Hall

All proceeds to East Anglia Children’s Hospice and the National Autistic Society
ADC, 6th-12th @ 11, (Saturday matinee @ 2:30)

Fighting the Tide

History and theatre magic, rooted in the tale of an Arctic trawlerman.
Mumford Theatre, 8th @ 7:30
Tel: 01223 352932

Playing around

Andrew Haydon sees the Playroom re-open

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

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

Adrian Ellis' collection of Lorca poems under the title *Dawn in New York* sees a pair of unnamed figures (Tamsin Astbury and Richard McKinley) beautifully lit against a series of striking photographs of Manhattan. There are many beautiful moments as the actors speak over one another, over their own pre-recorded voices or simply over the oddly poetic whirr of the two projectors with which they share the stage.

By contrast, *The Bloom is Gone* is immediately more scabrous and excoriating. Zagreus, a vicious, elderly homosexual in the manner of Quentin Crisp, has sent his 'protégé' Dan Boleyn to the studio of Melanie Blackwell, a faux-bohemian paintress, to see first hand the affectations and wiles of one of what he calls the 'Apes of God'. Wyndham-Lewis' cynical, rageful gaze

upon the meaningless fripperies of a decadent inter-war art scene, realised with sardonic enjoyment by director Ed Lake, still feels oddly relevant even if some of the specific references may lose the unwary.

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

the task is conducted is a credit to cast and director.

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

Making Space is on at the Playroom at 7:15pm until Saturday 2nd.



Carry on Kampfing

Preview by Fiona Kelcher



Alon Zieve

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

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

Mein Kampf's cast was talented and fine. So fine in fact, that booming Shakespearean voices boomed off in Act 1, and boomed continually, until I

began to feel I would have been better placed in the ADC carpark. These powerful performances were succeeded at times, but the sustained loudness swiftly lost impact and swallowed the script's more subtle comic potential. Acting comedy to an empty auditorium is always difficult, and it may be that an audience's presence will allow this clearly talented cast to better exploit the play's unsettling comic potential.

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

Mein Kampf is on at the ADC at 11pm until Saturday (except on Friday).

Marlowe Script Lab

Leading new writing director John Tiffany (from the theatre company Paines Plough) arrives for a workshop and to discuss Cambridge scripts. This is the first of its kind in a term of professionally led Sundays. This week the script is Dave Minto's *Jonny Marco*.

Cambridge script-writing isn't very good; one of the main reasons for

this programme is last year's failure of the Other Prize (a Marlowe new-writing competition, the winner gets staged and £750) to find a play good enough to award to. Nicholas Hytner claims this is because we don't spend enough time discussing drama and spend too much doing it. Free entrance. Free wine. All are ridiculously welcome.

McCrum Lecture Theatre, by the Eagle.

Playroom renaissance

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

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

There will be an executive committee – consisting of one student from the Fletcher Players, two Corpus fellows, and three Arts Theatre representatives – that decides the program, but, as Corpus fellow Chris Tilmouth insists, "there is no sense of censorship."

It may be thought fitting that the theatre's new acronym – CCCP – should carry with it such historical and revolutionary weight, given the myriad stories of valiant theatrical freedom fighters struggling against Tsarist college authorities, but whatever the true story behind its renaissance, the war (*pace* Dr Trumpington) seems to be over. The first two offerings augur well, and it only rests to see whether Cambridge theatre can live up to the space.



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“The stars can wait, boy – that’s all they ever do.” But human lives are never still, and in this striking debut novel the events of a few months in winter will change a family forever.

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

The Stars Can Wait is twenty-four year old Basu’s first book and demonstrates an admirable lack of the navel-

gazing which plagues so many young writers’ prose. In fact, Basu’s deftness of touch and assured style is more in keeping with that of an established author. Whilst his Cambridge background is bound to lend itself to comparisons with Zadie Smith (Basu graduated in 1999 after studying English at King’s, and, like his contemporary, made his literary debut in the prestigious *May Anthologies*), Basu’s style is distinctly his own, consistently spare and precise.

However, the novel is not without its flaws. Occasional turns of phrase seem awkward: the snow-covered Polish landscape is described as “virginal”, and we are told of the “heaving chest” and “burning throat” of a running boy. Equally, the fragmented narrative at the beginning of the book risks inducing frustration rather than the intended suspense.

However, it is a sign of Basu’s skill

as a writer that these lapses do not detract from the whole. The economy of detail with which he unfolds his tale leaves the reader wanting more. This is nowhere used to greater effect than in the pages following the terrible climax of events, when the discarded clothes of a dead woman, seen for the

briefest of moments, suddenly assume a new and haunting significance: “...the image entered his mind and lingered: a dress draped over a chairback in an empty room, two small shoes below it, both pointing a little sideways, as if soon to begin a journey of their own.”



PREVIEW

Tuesday 5 February

Top biographer Georgina Ferry and John Sulston, part of the human genome project, are speaking at Heffers Bookshop this Tuesday. They will talk about their new book *The Common Thread*. Are science and ethics incompatible?

In the opening pages of the book the protagonist, Gracian, is kept from further observation of the stars by his brother’s fears. Shut up indoors, away from the skies, he feels that “something too large to see whole had come to an end, before he was ready.” This could be a metaphor for this short novel, as Basu’s talents are hinted at rather than fully displayed – but with work on a second book well underway, expect to hear a lot more of this particular rising star.

The Stars Can Wait by Jay Basu
Jonathan Cape
£10.00

KILLING CRIME TIME

Lucy Yates rates a thriller

When I arrived at the pub at five o’clock Val McDermid, famous crime writer, was already sitting at a table by the window, drinking a pint. Emboldened by this appearance of student-like behaviour, I leapt straight into a related topic – universities. I asked how she felt about the way crime fiction can often be viewed with contempt by academia.

In a voice with a hint of her Scottish origins, she replied, “I was very conscious at Oxford that crime fiction was something the dons read in their spare time. The problem is really with literary criticism, where crime novels are still shunted off into a little corner of the reviews page.”

Val is a writer whose experience in journalism has taught her to look on writing as a craft. Unencumbered by false modesty, she doesn’t suffer from any of the other problems which beset authors.

“I’ve never had writer’s block., Even if your lover’s just left you, the cat’s died and you’ve crashed the car, you can still write 1500 words. This is the most important thing I learnt from journalism. I regard writing as a job.”

I switched back to more general territory. Why does she write? “I think it’s a form of mental illness. I wrote for years before I was published. I’ve told myself stories ever since I was conscious of what a story was.” When I asked her what her

response would be to people who accuse crime fiction of being easy escapism, she positively bristled, “I would ask them if they had read any contemporary crime fiction. There’s a lot more to it than that. Crime writing is important; with people like Ian Rankin and Stella Duffy, it has developed into a form which reflects the way in which we live. “It doesn’t necessarily have to be a happy ending; if you look at Hamlet it ends brutally but there is a sense of resolution. One reason why we go to literature is to try and make some sense of the world we live in.”

So, with that, Val put on her coat and said good-bye. She disappeared out into the misty, dark night, just like a character in a crime novel; or maybe this is exactly the sort of lazy cliché that she is trying to move crime writing away from.



Amongst the gargantuan collection of Martin Amis novels in Borders, a stray copy of Will Self’s *Feeding Frenzy* was neatly propped up. Sadly for Self, this bookstore penetration has never quite translated into the literary dominance he so obviously craves.

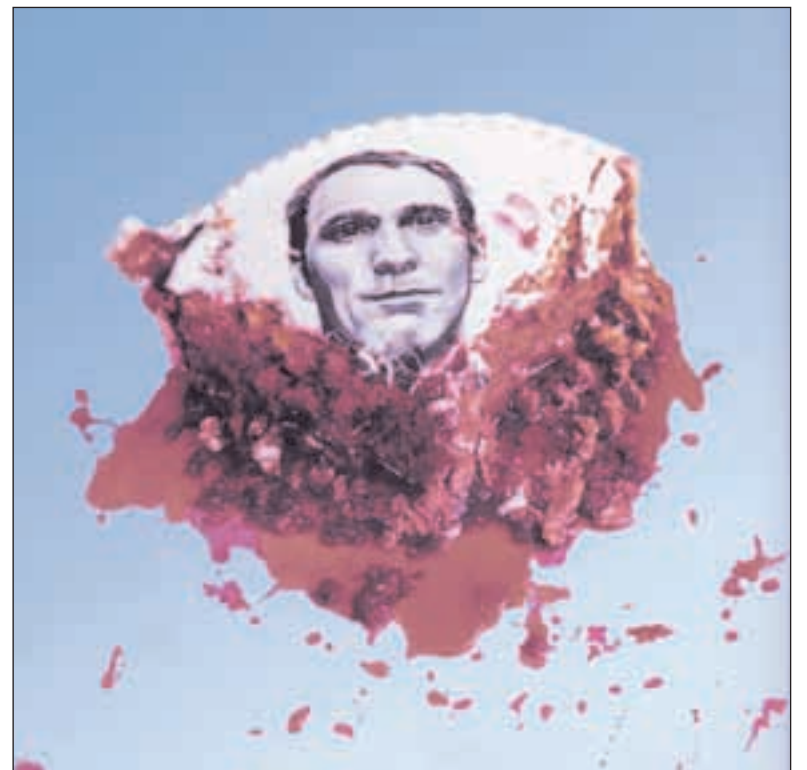
Feeding Frenzy brings together Self’s journalistic work over the past six years which includes opinion pieces for the *Observer* and *the Independent*, his architectural musings in *Building Design* and, most famously, his acerbic restaurant reviews. The title of this collection is also a reference to the media frenzy which ensued after Self was caught injecting heroin on John Major’s plane during the 1997 election. He uses his platform to settle a few scores with his former editor Alan Rusbridger whom he accuses of indulging in a “broad-sheet tabloid story”.

Self doesn’t want his life to be a soap opera. After reading this obese volume the overwhelming impression is of a man deeply insecure about his own ‘literary’ status.

Perhaps this is why, although Self describes this volume as “obese”, it seems curiously slight. He even includes the 200-word pieces he sometimes does for the *Today* programme. Whilst these can be witty in the moment, Self is scraping the bottom of a shallow barrel by reprinting them. Having said that, Self certainly has an eye for the absurd in public life and some of his best pieces are his exco-

Not clever enough

Sameer Rahim finds Will Self too hard to digest



riating attacks on Tony Blair and the New Labour Project.

Familiar surrealistic riffs make a welcome appearance: Self and his wife doing acid in a restaurant, Self contemplating the end of the world as a traffic jam turns into a hellish ordeal. But there are too few of these genuinely funny and original pieces. As you read these pieces they have the feeling of being over-wrought.

The tiresome use of linguistic archaisms, the convoluted prose, the self-conscious attempt to be so bloody clever becomes infuriating, here’s Self critically reading Roger Scruton or

praising Wittgenstein. He turns himself into a celebrity intellectual, peddling clever prose to assuage the guilt of middle-class readers who feel smart by reading him.

If he made his writing more clear, more effortless, he would become a better writer. Sadly this collection shows that Will Self is clever, but not clever enough.

Feeding Frenzy by Will Self
Published by Viking
£16.99



Even those who have never been desperate or curious enough to visit the University Library cannot fail to notice that imposing brick tower which seems more industrial elevator shaft than dreaming Cambridge spire.

E.M. Forster's scornful description of this "Babylonian incinerator" shows the UL was not everyone's favourite addition to the Cambridge skyline when it was built in the early 1930s. But perhaps it is a little too easy to criticise the UL's rather brutal external

Babylonian incinerator?

Liz Mallett examines the local paragon of hotchpotch



Hannah Barry

appearance. At best, it has an austere and functional nobility, at worst, it deserves the comparisons with Stalinist and Nazi architecture which it often receives.

The UL manages simultaneously to evoke the feeling of an East London factory and the state headquarters of a 1930s dictator. Moreover, you don't have to be a rav-

ing Freudian to notice something rather phallic about the University Library; if size alone mattered, the UL would have nothing to worry about.

Once inside, the UL feels like a strange mixture of decaying art deco - grandeur and industrial severity furnished with heavy gilded doors and badly worn seventies carpets. The

entrance foyer, with its flagged stone floor, dripping chandeliers and paintings of various royal or eminent people seems to promise something imposing. The underground locker room into which you are then directed, before the ritualistic swiping of the UL card under the slightly suspicious gazes of the librarians, is anticlimactic.

To be fair, the Reading Room is certainly an impressive space, with its elegant windows and painted roof, yet moving into the West Room is like passing from an Anglo-Saxon banquetting chamber to a Cold War bunker. Similarly, if you stray from the well-lit central corridors with their suitably archaic wooden bookshelves and cast bronze portals to find yourself lost in the gloomy recesses of the South Wing, you'll notice the contrast between the areas which are meant to be seen, and those which are merely functional.

Metaphorically, a visit to the UL has been compared to a stroll around the world mind. If we apply this metaphor to what the UL actually looks like, it seems that this wonderful world mind does not have a very consistent personality.

The all-seeing I

Prêt-à-porter Lindon style



Joe Harris

Fashion is not art, as any fashion designer from Giorgio Armani to Issey Miyake with the slightest instinct

for self-preservation will tell you. But that doesn't mean that they don't wish that it was.

Designers have all spent too long suffering that exquisitely painful sense of inferiority that comes from being patronised by people who make less money than they do not to relish the prospect of taking over the cultural high ground. Fashion is parasitic. It depends on other art forms for its imagery and its identity. And it's been so successful at it that it has begun to replace them.

There has never been a time when fashion has done more to suggest that it might be art. Last year Armani, preparing for a stock market float, awarded himself the privilege of a retrospective that took over the great spiral at the NY Guggenheim, a space once better known for its collection of radical art from the early 20th Century than for displays of frocks. Gucci has put up the money needed to take Richard Serra's giant, rusting steel spirals to the Venice Biennale, presumably in the hope that some of Serra's heavy-duty cred-

ibility would rub off on Tom Ford's own collections. This week Mario Testino is coupled with the Victoria and Albert Museum's upcoming exhibition *Men in Skirts* and the recently closed *Radical Fashion*, bringing together the work of designers from Westwood to Gaultier and testifying to the prevalent trend in marrying the two art forms. At the V&A, Helmut Lang chose not to exhibit any clothes at all, producing instead a film installation to play continually in a specially-constructed minimal box, as if he were on the Turner shortlist.

These designers are pushing at an open door. Fashion is the perfect cultural form for the severely limited attention spans of our times and it is expanding to fill a vacuum left by the shrivelling interest in older art forms. Fashion suits our restricted tastes. Pushing fashion into the cultural landscape has become part of the business

strategies of the conglomerates, which are continually strengthening their grip on the fashion industry. It makes clothes appear to matter.

There is now nothing minor about the 'minor art' of fashion, which mainlines on sex, status, and celebrity. And it is this combination that has turned fashion from a craft into a major industry, conferring a huge amount of clout, both financial and cultural, on those who control it. Fashion has the ability to press all the buttons of contemporary life. And it is this convergence between high culture and popular art that gives fashion its power.

IN THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND



Devika Singh

Nan Goldin photographs have often been described as scandalous or tasteless. Yet there is no need to praise the pictures of one of America's leading photographers. Goldin seeks to uncover the truths of human relations, life and death, by recording the artistic underground of London, New York, Berlin and Paris.

At the Whitechapel Gallery, we enter her visual diary. The show marks her first European retrospective, and in-

cludes a large body of work produced especially for *Devil's Playground*. Coherent, and yet never opaque, these 200 photographs range from the *Boston Years*, a black and white sequence of early photographs taken between 1969 and 1974, when Goldin shared a flat with two transvestites, to the new *Devil's Playground* series of still lifes, landscapes and surreal images. Goldin takes us from the lost glamour of Hollywood to the images of Misty and Jimmy reinventing themselves through poses or heavy make-up.

"My desire is to preserve the sense of people's lives, to endow them with the strength and beauty I see in them.



I want the people in my pictures to stare back", says Goldin. In her self-portrait, after being beaten up, Goldin looks straight into the camera, her red left eye echoing her deep red lipstick. No shame, and so pity on the part of the viewer. Nothing grotesque or staged, her work is the record of friendships and human relationships. Goldin's affirmative photography is never gloomy. On the contrary, there is a very emotional and human side to her pictures.

Face to face with sections such as *First Love* and *Fever*, the visitor is overwhelmed by the extreme poetic sensuality of Goldin's emotionally charged photographs. Shot mostly in interior spaces, the intensity of her images is emphasized by close-ups and croppings and the use of saturated hues and artificial lighting; a style that has deeply influenced contemporary photography.

Devil's Playground is sensual, provocative and controlled at the same time.

New talent: retrospective review

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

Ollie Cooke, Lucy Moore *et al* demonstrated a distinctly eclectic, non-conformist and determined outlook. Cooke particularly impressed with his Auerbachian three-dimensional approach to painting, as did Erin Tsafir, who addressed the problems of a literal translation of the 3D in photography. These together with Lucy

Moore's endearingly personal assemblage photography such as *My Favourite Things*, all promised a varied experience for casual observer and connoisseur alike.

Most importantly perhaps, the pieces all vehemently remonstrated against the widespread assumption that Cambridge students are somewhat self-absorbed, and unaware of a world outside the rather odd atmosphere that defines University life. Not only did they achieve this via their innovative use of materials, which thankfully spelled anti-craft, but also in their stubborn observations: of the beautiful and the ugly, the exciting and the mundane. This

was a varied and optimistic show with a pleasant sprinkling of voyeurism.

Bringing such a show to the capital, and not confining Cambridge work to Cambridge climes, serves both to dispute elitism and to encourage connoisseurship. Great work should be shown in the best places and, indeed, where people truly appreciate what they see. Why not, then, in the most appropriate place of all, London - burgeoning arts capital of Europe, and perfect location for a dose of intellectual theatre. An impressive, and indeed - I refuse to employ that overworked Hoxtonite utterance *edgy* - innovative event.

RUGBY SPECIAL

A round-up of college rugby from the *Varsity* Sports Team

DIVISION ONE

This division is still up for grabs, with the competition between **St John's** and **Downing** looking ever more interesting as the season draws to a close. The recent defeat for **Downing** at the hands of an improving **Emma** side means that the present title-holders are no longer favorites to win the league this year. **John's** did their chances no harm by defeating arch-rivals **Jesus** on Tuesday, and a victory in their final league game would be enough to see them first past the finishing-post. Should they lose, **Downing** must win their final two fixtures to snatch the title. The final stages of the season will see **Jesus**, **Robinson** and **Emma**, all three seemingly safe from relegation, battling for positions behind the top two. The final standings will depend to large extent on the differing fortunes in Cuppers, which has started this week, and the first round of which is sched-

uled to be concluded by 12th February. Rooted to the foot of the table are **Magdalene**, who may as well start preparing themselves for Second Division rugby next year. The final relegation spot will be decided between **Catz** and **Fitz**, though after victory in their recent and crucial clash it is **Fitz** who now have better chance of survival. Still, it would take a brave man to bet against **Catz** going down with several fixtures still left to play.

DIVISION TWO

Trinity Hall's meteoric rise from Third Division obscurity to the top of the second looks set to continue after their recent victory over **Queens'**. They are now surely favourites to gain the title and the first of two available promotion places. Big brother **Trinity** are best placed to join them, only one point behind **Queens'** and with a game in hand. **Peterhouse-Selwyn** narrow-

ly lead the chasing pack of three, of whom **Girton** managed a creditable 28-5 victory over **Churchill**. A brace each from Nick Jenner and Jon McIntosh ensured that the visitors were unable to establish daylight at

the foot of the table between themselves and bottom-placed **Pembroke**. These two sides seem too far behind **Christ's** to be able to escape relegation, despite having several fixtures in lieu.



Rovan Huppert

Will Lowe of Jesus sizes up John's centre Huw Lewis-Jones

Sidney sit proudly on top of the table and an impressive points tally of 340. They have the honour of being the only undefeated side in the three divisions, a record which they will endeavour to defend against a strong **Caius** side next Tuesday in a match which will effectively determine the final destination of the title. Despite their current position in second place, **Clare** now appear out of the race after going down to **Sidney** 34-0 last week, but should hold off the challenge of **Kings** to hang on to mid-table respectability. The wooden spoon seems like it could well be decided on whichever side concedes the greatest number of walk-overs, as both **Anglia** and **Corpus** are yet to notch up a victory. This is despite the Polytechnic side possessing a dangerous half-back pairing, an asset which may well see them push **Corpus** into bottom place.

League Tables, Results & Fixtures

BOAT RACE BUILD-UP

Tim Jarratt

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

The squad started the campaign well. Many rowers returned from last year's crews and there was also a large influx of keen talent. Sadly, several of the Blues have had to withdraw, but the coaching team, lead by George Maitre, has formed a close knit unit.

Three women's boats will compete: the women's Blue Boat, Blondie and the lightweights. Selection for the latter is complete, and an announcement on the two heavyweight crews is expected soon. Two members of CUWBC also have their sights set higher. Sarah Cottell and Ruth de las Casas are aiming to be picked for the GB U23 team and to date their chances look good. Impressive performances at the national long distance trials and at the indoor rowing championships have caught the eye.

Provisional heavyweight A and B crews, along with the lightweights were entered into the Head to Head held last Saturday on the Cam. This was the first racing of term and although the boats outclassed the opposition of some mediocre college crews, none of them handled the conditions well, which is a concern given the fickle nature of the Henley reach. However, there was plenty of power and that, harnessed with more precision, should see improvements in the coming weeks.

Men's Rugby

Division 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
St John's	13	11	0	2	370	64	46
Downing	12	9	0	3	287	83	39
Robinson	12	7	0	5	210	195	33
Emmanuel	12	7	0	5	291	203	31
Jesus	11	6	0	5	142	167	29
St Catharine's	12	4	0	8	175	275	23
Fitzwilliam	11	4	0	6	146	189	21
Magdalene	13	0	0	13	63	505	11

Division 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Trinity Hall	11	9	0	2	173	125	38
Queens'	12	6	0	6	145	129	30
Trinity	10	6	1	3	207	105	29
P'house-Selwyn	11	5	2	4	185	104	28
Girton	10	5	0	5	140	104	25
Christ's	9	5	0	4	144	151	24
Churchill	7	1	1	5	57	132	11
Pembroke	8	1	0	7	26	227	10

Division 3

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Sidney Sussex	7	7	0	0	340	42	28
Clare	6	4	0	2	169	109	18
Caius	5	4	0	1	141	66	17
King's	5	2	0	3	72	180	11
Corpus Christi	6	0	0	6	56	303	5
Anglia	3	0	0	3	22	100	2

Courtesy of Ben Poynter

Blues Rugby

Fixture

BLUES V ARMY
Wed 6th Feb (1900)
Grange Road

Men's Football

Division 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
St John's	4	3	1	0	8	0	10
Jesus	4	3	0	1	14	2	9
Fitzwilliam	3	2	1	0	6	1	7
Queens'	5	2	1	2	10	6	7
Pembroke	5	1	2	2	1	10	5
Girton	3	1	1	1	2	5	4
Trinity	3	1	0	2	8	4	3
St Catharine's	1	0	0	1	0	2	0
APU	3	0	0	3	1	18	0
Long Road*	1	0	0	1	0	2	-1

*deducted 1pt

Division 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Homerton	4	4	0	0	17	4	12
Downing	5	3	1	1	14	7	10
Emmanuel	6	3	1	2	9	12	10
Darwin	3	3	0	0	17	2	9
Magdalene	3	2	1	0	4	0	7
Churchill	3	1	2	2	9	8	5
Clare	3	1	1	2	3	8	4
Robinson	4	1	0	3	9	16	3
Caius	4	1	0	3	6	13	3
Fitzwilliam II	5	0	0	5	2	17	0

Division 3

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Selwyn	5	4	1	0	22	4	13
King's	5	4	1	0	22	8	13
Corpus Christi	6	3	1	2	14	11	10
APU II	5	2	0	3	12	12	6
Sidney Sussex	4	2	0	2	10	11	6
Long Road II*	4	2	0	2	9	11	5
Queens' II	3	1	1	1	5	4	4
St John's II	5	1	1	3	10	14	4
Trinity Hall	5	1	1	3	9	20	4
Christ's	6	1	0	5	5	23	3

Courtesy of:
Pete Edwards, Stuart Seldon & Alex Bennett

Men's Hockey

Division 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Emmanuel	7	5	1	1	19	4	11
Pembroke*	6	4	1	1	21	7	8
Caius	5	3	2	0	17	6	8
St John's	6	4	0	2	16	8	8
Christ's	6	4	0	2	10	5	8
Cambridge City	5	3	1	1	13	13	7
Robinson*	6	2	2	2	25	18	5
Jesus	5	2	1	2	10	6	5
St Catharine's	5	1	1	3	3	9	3
Queens'	4	0	1	3	2	12	1
Fitzwilliam*	6	0	0	6	1	23	-1
APU*	5	0	0	5	1	27	-1

Division 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Trinity	6	4	1	1	23	14	9
Downing	6	4	1	1	14	6	9
Trinity Hall	5	4	1	0	7	1	8
Sidney Sussex	4	4	0	0	12	7	8
Clare	6	2	2	2	14	9	6
Corpus Christi	5	2	1	2	12	7	6
Magdalene	4	2	1	1	17	3	5
Selwyn	5	2	0	3	6	19	4
Peterhouse	5	1	1	3	6	10	3
St John's II	6	0	2	4	6	15	2
Girton	7	1	1	5	9	21	2
Churchill	5	0	0	5	7	21	0

Division 3

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Jesus II	5	5	0	0	16	0	10
Caius II	4	3	0	1	10	3	6
Queens' II	5	2	1	2	8	9	5
Pembroke II	3	2	0	1	5	3	4
St Catharine's II	4	1	1	2	3	6	3
Emmanuel II	2	1	0	1	3	2	2
King's	2	1	0	1	3	4	2
Girton II	7	0	0	7	0	21	0

Courtesy of Dave Emery

Water Polo

Results

ST JOHN'S	2	CHURCHILL	3
ST JOHN'S	7	CHRIST'S	0
CHRIST'S	0	CHURCHILL	9
ST CATS	1	ST JOHN'S	9
ST CATS	7	CHRIST'S	5

Division 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Churchill	6	4	1	1	28	10	13
St John's	7	4	0	3	38	30	12
Addies	4	4	0	0	26	13	12
Leys U19	4	3	1	0	35	10	10
St Catharine's	5	2	1	2	21	15	7
Christ's	6	2	0	4	17	39	6
Selwyn	5	1	2	2	11	18	5
Caius	5	1	1	3	14	17	4
CULWPC	6	0	2	4	13	32	2
Robinson	2	0	0	2	5	10	0

Division 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Trinity Hall	4	4	0	0	26	2	12
Trinity	2	2	0	0	21	3	6
Queens'	2	1	0	1	7	9	3
Peterhouse	2	1	0	1	6	6	3
Emmanuel	1	1	0	0	4	3	3
Leys U16	2	0	0	2	6	13	0
King's	2	0	0	2	0	10	0
Sidney Sussex	3	0	0	3	1	28	0

Courtesy of Jon Smyth

Any league secretary wishing to have league tables published in *Varsity Sport* should contact: sport@varsity.cam.ac.uk

From All Black to True Blue

Francis Booth talks to the new Blues Rugby captain

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

Duncan James Oke Blaikie grew up far away from the Fens in the land of the Silver Fern. He was born in Hamilton, New Zealand, where he learnt his rugby at Otago Boys' High. There he made his debut for the school 1st XV as a fifth-former, and recalls with endearing candour how the nerves of the occasion got to him. Some ten years later, he would run out onto the hallowed turf of Twickenham in a similar state of anticipation. Having watched the Varsity Match as a child back in New Zealand, where the Boat Race was also broadcast, he was keenly aware of the enormous tradition surrounding the event, and aside from the obvious disappointment of the result, immensely enjoyed being a part of it.

The great legacy of Cambridge rugby is something of which the Light Blues' most recent son is perennially



Rowan Huppert

conscious. In whatever capacity he may appear as captain, he is anxious not to tread on the toes of over a hundred years of tradition, though perhaps few would begrudge a back-row forward of his pedigree doing so. In 1993, Blaikie made his debut for New Zealand Schools, before going on the following year to represent a National U19 side which included, amongst others, Carlos Spencer, Isitolo Maka, and current All Black captain Anton Oliver. Spending several years with the New Zealand academy, he also ap-

peared for Otago in the NPC throughout the period 1995 – 2001, and played Super 12 Rugby for Waikato Chiefs and Otago Highlanders, where only injury and the presence of one Josh Kronfeld prevented him from playing more regularly. Not a bad CV, you might say.

Despite this wealth of experience, the Hughes Hall student, currently reading for an M.Phil in Medical Science, is finding the job of captaincy far more challenging than he had at first anticipated. As a relative newcomer to Cambridge, he is indebted to the previous captain, Mike Count, for guiding him through the first few weeks of his duties. Given that both Count and his predecessor, Mike Haslett, had come up through the ranks as undergraduates, did he feel at all out of touch as a graduate who had been here only one term? This potentially thorny issue was handled with great honesty; while still confident of what he could bring to the side, Blaikie confessed that he had much to learn in a role which bears arguably more responsibility off the pitch than it does on it. It is, however, most definitely on the pitch where, pardon the cliché, he likes to do his talking. While not entirely averse to handing out the occasional verbal rebuke, he is a firm believer in leading a team by example.

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

“The great legacy of Cambridge rugby is something of which the Light Blues' most recent son is perennially conscious.”

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

WATER POLO

Continued from back page...

Such drama is hard on the nerves and a few calming ales were required that night. Alas, the calming influence of alcohol never makes itself felt with Sangría; the tale of Saturday night, however, is beyond the scope of this article and, to be quite honest, is best left untold.

With more than a couple of players totally missing in action (Tadpoles' president Gomersall leading from the front as usual) and most others suffering the after-effects of a beer or two, the Sunday matches were not expected to provide much of a spectacle. However, this time it was the Cambridge men, keen to demonstrate the ability of their livers to cope with alcoholic hardship, who were out of the traps first, bagging three early goals off some wonderfully destructive smash-and-grab counter-attacking play. The BUSA champions, stung and determined to finish the weekend on top, raised their game and fought back. After an extended period of parity, a long weekend of training and matches took its toll on the Cambridge team as they left their battered Texan keeper Miller unprotected on too many occasions, thus allowing Cardiff to claim a series win.

An unmemorable ladies' match ended in similar fashion, allowing Cardiff to level the two-match series.

Fellowship of the Rink

MEN'S ICE HOCKEY

Richard Dunn

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

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

Having acclimatised to the altitude and freezing temperatures, the side next took to the ice to face the La Plaiv juniors, a team assembled from the top young players of the valley. This promised to be a spectacle, and the match had an almost carnival atmosphere thanks to the screams of the hundreds of spectators. Second-line centre Guilbert, with the help of winger Peppin, proved to be the difference in the contest, and the Swiss side soon wearied from the physical play.

Cambridge's first line took advantage of La Plaiv's exhaustion and bucketed a plethora of beautiful goals to lift the Blues to a massive 12-5 win. Not all news was as sweet as the smell of victory however, as six-foot-seven defenceman Sean Cashin suffered a fractured kneecap after a malicious and vicious illegal check from behind.

The tour culminated in an epic match played against the La Plaiv senior team of the Swiss National League. The semi-professional team came into the game with a daunting unbeaten record and had not been held to single figures on the scoreboard all season. Perhaps recalling their strongly-contested losing battle a year earlier to the same squad,



Let's get ready to rumble: the Blues face-off against their Swiss opposition

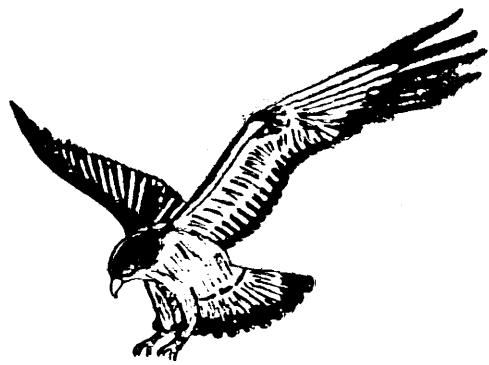
John Rutter

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

However, inspired by the words of Captain Andrew Ashcroft, Cambridge began the second period with renewed vigour. Improved offence was complemented by a stand-up performance by veteran de-

fencemen John Rutter and Curt Schmitt, with goaltender Paul "The Wall" Galbraith putting on a puck-stopping clinic between the pipes. However, despite a well-fought third, the short bench of the Cambridge team began to show in their play, and the game ended with the Blues succumbing 4-8 to the hard shooting Swiss.

This year's tour of Switzerland builds on a tradition of more than 75 years and will prove to be priceless for the team as they strive to retain the Patton Cup for a second year running in the up coming Varsity match. The team travels to Prague in February to take part in the Clubs World Ice Hockey Tournament, where we wish them the best of luck.



UNIVERSITY Sport



TRENT ALL NOTTED UP

MEN'S FOOTBALL

Ben Speight & Luke Layfield

BLUES 2
Angus (pen), Harding

NOTTINGHAM TRENT 0

Paul Dimmock's team were never really troubled by a physical Nottingham Trent side in a game they should have easily won by more. Trent could not match the Blues' fast-paced passing style and barely created any chances. The Blues' goals came from Angus at the start of the game, and Harding late on. The only worry for Dimmock's men is that they were unable to create chances from long periods of possession. The game the day before against the Southern Olympic League representative side was a completely different kettle of fish. A severely weakened team was outclassed by much more experienced opposition, eventually losing 2-0.



Midfielder Tim Hall during the Blues victory.

Against Nottingham Trent, Cambridge made their intentions very clear early on. Andy Angus, a lone figure up front in the absence of injured striker, Goran Glamacok, opened the

scoring just two minutes into the match. Angus intercepted a short back-pass from the left back before rounding the keeper on the edge of the area, coolly slotting the ball into the net.

Rowan Huppert

Employing a strong 4-5-1 formation, the Blues were always going to win the midfield battle, and Trent were limited to resorting to a series of aimless balls over the top for their strikers to chase. For the duration of the first half, the Nottingham team could only offer a deflected shot and a speculative drive from distance. The Blues were dominant, with Paul Dimmock seemed to be everywhere, dictating the play. Despite holding the majority of the half's possession, the incisive ball seemed was evidently lacking in the final third. It seemed at one point that the set pieces Paul Dimmock delivered might provide another opportunity to extend the Blues lead, such was the havoc they caused in the Trent penalty area. However any chances that came the Blues' way were not converted.

After the break the opposition were more threatening, finding space down the right and putting a number of dangerous balls in behind the Cambridge rearguard. After 67 minutes played, the Blues were almost made to rue not making their first-half-chances count. Trent's

big number nine found space in the box and forced a good save from Heath. However, the Blues defence, marshalled by Mike Brett in the centre, was too well-organised for the Nottingham pressure to tell. Chances fell to Walsh and Harding but again the net didn't bulge. Eventually though, Angus, whose hard work stood out, squeezed in a cross, which left Dave Harding to fire the ball into the roof of the net from close range and kill the game.

The previous day, the Blues were nowhere near as dominant or impressive. It would be very easy to be overly critical of their performance, though. The side had no recognised first team players and were overrun by the Amateur League representative team. The opposition had numerous chances to score but they were somewhat inexplicably squandered. It was a penalty awarded fifteen minutes from time that made all their possession count. Once the spot kick was knocked in by Steve Hurd, they completed victory with a brilliantly taken goal from their impressively creative midfielder, Peter Eguae.

WARNING: SHEEP IN WATER

WATER POLO

CAMBRIDGE V CARDIFF

Buzz Hendricks

Last weekend saw Cardiff University's water polo squads hand over their crooks and leave their flocks to make their way, cross-country, to the plains and steppes of East Anglia to take on their Blues counterparts for a double-headed fixture. With all four squads (mens' and ladies' from both universities) facing stiff competition in the quarter-finals of BUSA this weekend, this was to be no picnic, but a good chance to get themselves into a seriously competitive frame of mind. Cambridge were up against it, as both Cardiff squads are current BUSA defending champions.

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

At the end of last year, some anonymous club officials had confidently expressed the opinion that the ladies' team would get hammered this season, due to the loss of some of their best players. On the evidence of the first ladies' game, those pessimists should currently be eating their words. Having raced

into an early lead, after strong play and two lovely goals from club president McFarlane, the Cambridge defence held firm, but were unable to consistently repel the relentless Welsh assaults. Cambridge keeper Wilkinson was often called upon, saving many efforts on goal and setting up lovely counter-attacks for captain Ashe and Maltese import Vincenti to net. Despite heroic defence, Cambridge were down by two goals with the end of the match approaching. End of story? Not on your life.

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

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Rowan Huppert