

VARSITY

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QUESTION

Should the British Monarchy be abolished?

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Victory is by no means out of reach as Cambridge competitors have the chance to show which is the better university – PAGE 31

AN END TO ALL CREATION

Oliver Duff

CUSU Council voted on Wednesday to bury Creation Ents deep in the dustbin of Cambridge history.

The decision was the result of a lengthy and heated debate amongst the college reps. The controversy surrounding Creation Ents was ignited by the financial debacle surrounding last summer's all-night dance party at Oakington. A series of appalling organisational blunders, including having to buy last-minute provisions of bottled water and failing to take into account in the payment of VAT, led to a final £24,000 deficit.

Added to this were the losses made at the poorly-attended October 2000 Toploader freshers' gig and the November 2001 Ministry of Sound night. CUSU Services Officer Stewart Morris spoke of the "dire financial prospects" of running similar events again, explaining that the 'Creation Ents' label was too "tarnished" to hold any further credibility.

This follows the admission in CUSU's recent 'Ents and Finances' report that, "if Creation 2001 had been cancelled for any reason at a late stage, the total losses to CUSU over the year could have been catastrophic". Morris told college reps not to "pretend that the current system is working", stating that history proves that Creation Ents "are simply not economically viable" – a statement supported by the eventual £34,000 worth of losses that CUSU accumulated through Creation alone last year.

He concluded: "I'm extremely happy that the motion has passed, as it gives the Executive a clear direction on ents for the remainder of the year."

Those opposing the motion highlighted the importance of good en-

tertainment and nightlife to both current and prospective students, pointing out that Cambridge compares unfavourably to many other university towns.

Emma's Seb Hoyle called the document, "a useful way to analyse the good and bad aspects of past activities and to capitalise on that" but also labelled it "blinker", in that it "had not fully explored all the possible avenues for CUSU Ents to be a success in the future."

CUSU admitted: "We recognise that a reduction in the scale and scope of CUSU Ents may not be popular. However, our responsibility is to make a decision based on the long-term financial stability of the union."

In its defence, CUSU can claim to be learning fast from its mistakes. Following Creation last summer, more rigorous financial procedures have been introduced, and despite its losses, the Ministry night in November was far better organised – its low attendance possibly a result of the "tarnished Creation brand name". CUSU can also point to the continuing popularity of its midweek nights at Cindy's and Life, which generated a profit of £32,000 last year.

The decision poses big questions as to whether or not university-wide ents have a future in Cambridge. Morris stated that it would be at least "a few years" before such a venture would be viable, adding that "the only serious way of moving forward would be to have a central union building", allowing CUSU to offer cheap events in a similar manner to most other student unions. Creation events, however, as the 'Ents and Finance' report concluded, had simply become "an unbearable burden for CUSU and...an over-expansion of CUSU's activities beyond the point of sustainability".



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Army gunned down by Blakie's men



Valentine RAG

Clare Bielby

With Valentine's Day approaching, many will be preparing for yet another miserable 14th February. But this coming Tuesday sees RAG Blind Date: an opportunity to secure yourself an eligible partner.

Over two thousand students took part in the event last year, raising over £8,000. It is RAG's most lucrative event and it caters for everybody. Whether you're straight, gay, single, married or in a relationship you can enjoy RAG Blind Date. Louise Shaw, RAG President, told Varsity: "Even if you don't meet the love of your life, it's a great way to have a damn good night."

Forms have been on sale all week and RAG representatives from all

colleges will meet up to match couples together. Though personality is taken into consideration, bribery plays a large role and is the best chance of securing a "hot" date. Shaw informed Varsity: "There's been some bribes that have gone up to £50." Corruption? Yes, but for a good cause.

The full £4 cost of a Blind Date form goes directly to charity. You and your partner are assured free entry to Toxic nightclub, and various pubs and restaurants are supporting the event with special drinks offers.

Paul Wright, Caius' RAG Officer concluded "I don't know of any marriages as yet, but I've heard quite a few stories of couples still being together after a year."



One of these fine specimens could be yours.

One World Week



Will Kirby

On Saturday morning 'One World Week' - a series of events about human rights and environmentalism - was launched outside King's College.

From the eclectic mix of the programme, it seems the organisers hope to temper the fun with the serious, the escapist with the educational. One of the organisers, Phil McCormish, told Varsity that the event was designed to make politics and culture less remote for young people. He said: "One World Week is all about raising awareness and combating apathy: it is about realising that the world goes beyond Girton." He described it as being "a chance for

every student to look beyond the next essay crisis and see what's going on in the wider world".

During the days there's a host of lectures and discussion-based events, all centring broadly around human rights issues. The programme aims to illuminate the potential, and real, western exploitation of the Third World. A major highlight is the alternative careers fair, 'One World Works', taking place in the Examination Halls on the New Museums Site.

The evenings are crammed full of ethnically-based bops, including a Thai party and a Rich/Poor dinner. One World Week is supported by the Cambridge University branch of Oxfam and the Hindu Cultural Society.

www.green.cusu.cam.ac.uk/oww

BAR BRAWL

Katy Long

King's Cellar Bar was forced to close early on Friday night when a member of Wolfson College started a fight, hitting a Peterhouse student who later required medical attention.

Just after midnight, a man emerged from the Cellars with blood streaming from his face. Shocked students alerted the King's porters, telling them there was a fight happening downstairs. Hollie McNish, a King's student who witnessed the incident, said: "I'm not sure whether the man was hit with a bottle or a fist, but the cuts to his face were bleeding." Another bystander added 'it wasn't a fight exactly. The man was drunk and he was hurt as he tried to intervene'.

On arriving, the porters emptied the bar, and having established who had been involved in the incident, removed them from King's College grounds. After the ruffian element had been removed students were allowed back in to carry on enjoying the night.

King's Cellar Bar is extremely popular with students throughout the University. Open every Friday and Saturday, it is one of the few colleges to regularly host nights dedicated to

less mainstream styles of music. It also opens every Wednesday to hold the only LesBiGay night in the University. This diversity in Cellar events means that King's is frequently visited by large groups of students from other colleges. Last term an incident also occurred when non-students tried to enter King's and a porter was assaulted.

Normally, King's is one of the easiest colleges to enter: visitors are rarely asked for ID. Security was noticeably tighter on Saturday night, as entry into college ground was restricted to Kings' members and guest numbers to two per student. At the main college bar, all those buying drinks were asked to provide identification and refused service if unable to prove they were from King's.

As Jo Tate, a first-year Kings' student commented: "It's not any more than many college bars already do, and it is completely understandable. I just hope it doesn't last, because one of the things I love about Kings' is the fact it's so relaxed." Hollie McNish added a further comment: "It was a serious incident, but I'm sure that neither the Cellar Bar nor the college is going to over-react, and it certainly won't be the last time a drunk man takes a swing at someone in a bar."

Speakers' Corner

This week, Varsity pits Socialist against neo-Liberal



Socialist
Mark Seddon
Editor, Tribune

neo-Liberal
Dr Madsen Pirie
Adam Smith Inst.



	Socialist	neo-Liberal
Benn	Tony Benn or Tony Blair?	Blair
Yes	Anything Socialist about New Labour?	Not much
Yes	Capitalism responsible for Third World poverty?	No
Gore	Bush or Gore?	Bush
9	Bush's Presidency on a scale of 1-10?	9
Yes	America's treatment of Cuba unfair?	By now
Yes	Camp X-ray inhumane?	No
Yes	Afghan people better off now Taliban gone?	Yes
No	Enron scandal big enough to topple Bush?	No
Prob.	Glad that America won the Cold War?	Yes
Prob.	Hilary Clinton to stand for President?	Hope not
Yes	A Marxist component to political action today?	Yes
No	China the last hope for Communism?	No
Yes	Blair's Higher Education policy anti-egalitarian?	No
Yes	Grants not fees?	No
Yes	Do you smoke?	Cigars
Yes	Should cannabis be legalised?	Yes
No	Should cocaine be legalised?	Yes
Yes	Should Blair tell Press if Leo had MMR vaccine?	Yes
Brown	Next leader of the Labour party?	Blunkett
70	Labour's majority after the next Election?	Negative
Mirror	Favourite national newspaper?	Telegraph
Nero	Starbucks or Caffe Nero?	Starbucks
Don't care	Will or Gareth?	Gareth
D'n'B	Hip-hop or Drum and Bass?	D'n'B
Varsity	Varsity or T.C.S?	Varsity
No	Lib Dems to the left of Labour?	No
CNN	MTV or CNN?	CNN

CONSERVATIVE FUTURE

David Benson

Will Gallagher, the new, softer face of the Cambridge University Conservative Association, scored a partial success last week. He organised a reception in Westminster that gave CUCA members the chance to meet shadow cabinet ministers in person.

The reception was attended by around 80 students, including representatives from OUCA (CUCA's Oxford equivalent). Peter Lilley, former Shadow Chancellor, described the event as a "nostalgia trip", saying: "I value any opportunity to discuss politics with CUCA members. I'm an old CUCA man myself."

The event is just one example of the supposed transformation taking place in the Conservative party as a whole. Duncan Smith used a speech to A-level students last Tuesday to unveil plans for his party's first dedicated youth spokesman. In an attempt to re-engage with young people, this spokesman will address issues concerning the under-30s from the Tory front bench.

Reaction to this and to other recent Tory initiatives has been sceptical. Critics



Howard and "Mr Eyebrows"

of CUCA's Westminster reception alleged the event was purely "cosmetic", and "not a genuine attempt at dialogue". Either way, the reception suffered from Iain Duncan Smith's failure to turn up. Gallagher, much aggrieved by Duncan Smith's absence, criticised his party leader in his concluding speech: "I'd like to thank all the shadow cabinet members who managed to come along," he said. "At least we know some people care about the future of our party."

Gallagher's final comment is indicative of the feelings of current CUCA members. They are faced with the following dilemma: on the one hand they are young, aspirational political hacks; on the other, the Tories are fast becoming a minority party. CUCA is acutely aware of this. Most of its members backed Portillo in last year's leadership contest. They are desperate for their party to adopt a more moderate, modern tone. This week CUCA launches 'Focus', a student think tank that will re-

flect the modernising mantra of the defeated Portillistas.

CUCA has a long way to go before it completes its journey to the political centre, and even further before it gets the Tory hierarchy to pay attention. Richard Burgon, chair of Cambridge Labour Students, dismissed CUCA's reforms: "No one who understands the appalling social cost of Duncan Smith's ideology being implemented between 1979 and 1997 will be convinced by sudden changes of presentation."

NEWS IN BRIEF

James Hayton

University's animal lab rejected
Plans to build a new animal testing site at 307 Huntingdon Road were dismissed on Wednesday by the South Cambridgeshire District Council's Development Control Committee. The decision is believed to have been due to fears that the site would attract the same kinds of protests that Huntingdon Life Sciences experienced last year.

Man gets someone else's goat
Rail passengers on their way from Hull to Bridlington this week called police on their mobile phones after they witnessed Stephen Hall, aged 23, lasso a goat with his belt in the Paradise Allotments and then have sex with it. A vet who later examined the animal said it seemed "subdued" by the assault. Hall was found guilty under Section 12 (Buggery) of the Sexual Offences Act 1956. He will be sentenced on March 13. Hall commented, "My friends have been giving me a lot of stick."

Bush keeps the score on al-Qaida
The President of the United States admitted this week that he keeps track of the most wanted members of al-Qaida on a scorecard, so that he can cross off their faces as they are killed. "One time early on, I said, 'I'm a baseball fan, I want a scorecard,'" Bush told the Washington Post. "When you're fighting an enemy like al-Qaida, people - including me - don't have a sense of who we're fighting. And I actually have got a chart," Mr Bush said. It's understood the President recently won ten jellybeans off Donald Rumsfeld in the daily White House top-trumps conference with a 100-point 'Fahid El-Hoorie'.

Ex-stripper to be stripped of office
Koleen Brooks, Mayor of Georgetown, Colorado and former stripper at Shotgun Willie's in Denver, may be impeached. The townsfolk have apparently lost patience with her incompetence, repeated breast flashing which allegedly took place at Dexter's Tavern and, she admits, at the Red Dam restaurant. She is also alleged to have ordered a hit on one of the town's two policemen. She claims to be a victim of a gerontocratic mafia (though of course not words of that length). It is not known whether she is considering a run for the CUSU presidency though she would have *Varsity's* full backing.

Boredom: The way forward?
Dr Teresa Belton of the University of East Anglia announced this week the findings of her research into childhood development: "There is a growing trend in middle-class and wealthier families to structure non-stop activities for their children in the belief this is essential to ensure they are one or two steps ahead of others... But parents must realise they have to give their children time to chill out, to relax and even become bored." It is unclear, however, whether there would be enough places at UEA to go around.

Camp Controversy Price of Casual Sex

Eve Woolfson

Controversial pictures published in this week's British press have sparked international debate over the American treatment of Afghan prisoners in Camp X-Ray. This contentious issue has reached us here in Cambridge as professors and student groups alike are debating the morality of US behaviour toward these suspected terrorists.

Camp X-Ray is located in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, one of America's oldest military bases. Post-September 11th, it has been home to over 100 al-Qaeda terrorists suspected of associations with Osama Bin Laden. Last Sunday, several newspapers carried photographs of prisoners at Camp X-Ray kneeling chained and blindfolded behind wire cages, as well as one disturbing image of a wounded Afghan being taken for interrogation on a trolley, under the caption "shackled and sedated". The US Defence Secretary Donald Rumsfeld dismissed these allegations as "ill-informed", claiming that there is no cause for concern over the prisoners' well-being. He said that the prisoners were given shelter from the rain, and fed three "culturally appropriate" meals a day.

Human Rights groups such as Amnesty International this week demanded access to Camp X-Ray to investigate claims that prisoners are under sensory deprivation and made to have their beards cut off. Both of

these practices are in contravention of International Law and Islamic religious principles. Geoffrey Hawthorn, Professor of International Politics at Cambridge University, argues that although the prisoners are being demeaned in "small ways", on the whole they are treated well. "They're being fed and watered and generally cared for, for instance medically, in a reasonable way". CAMSAW disagrees. Spokesperson David Babbs stated that Human Rights are universal and no matter how small, any impingement on these is undermining civil liberty.

The issue of Camp X-ray is proving very divisive. Certain groups argue that given the nature of the crimes al-Qaeda perpetrated against America, some punishment of al-Qaeda members is justified. Cambridge Student Liberal Democrats take a different view. A spokesman said: "Any form of degrading treatment to these people is wrong, and only helps to loose the hard won moral high ground which the anti-terrorist coalition has built up." CAMSAW take a similar line: "Mistreating the prisoners is hardly enhancing America's standing abroad, or helping to improve relations with those countries opposed to the attack on Afghanistan".

Whether America has a legitimate right to treat the terrorists harshly or is simply inviting international condemnation, this emotive debate continues to cause a rift in both world and Cambridge politics.

Oliver Duff

Britain is suffering from a sexually transmitted infections epidemic, with huge numbers of young people often unknowingly "sharing around" potent viruses, claim reports in the media this week.

Diagnoses of almost every STI have risen dramatically during the last five years, in some cases to an astonishing degree. Statisticians report a 74 percent increase in gonorrhoea since 1995, with an even more frightening 211 percent rocket in the incidences of syphilis in men in the past three years.

However, it is the increase in diagnoses of chlamydia - an insidious bacterial infection with few early symptoms but which can cause infertility and ectopic pregnancies in women if left untreated - that is most worrying. It is thought that one person in ten is now unknowingly infected. Of particular concern is the fact that the rise is most virulent among girls aged 16 to 19, some of whom now face a future without children.

These figures are undoubtedly in part due to the public's greater willingness to be checked for venereal disease at sexual health clinics - one journalist recently described the waiting room of a London centre as being "about as quiet as the M25 in rush hour".

Young people are reportedly less likely to use a condom than in the previous decade, and are a generation too late to have absorbed the chilling government AIDS campaign of the 1980s featuring tombstones and icebergs.

The rampant spread of STIs casts a gloomy shadow of uncertainty over the increasingly relaxed sexual climate - infections such as genital herpes are treatable but not curable, and AIDS and hepatitis B are potentially fatal.

CUSU Welfare Officer Helen Evans said: "A frightening complacency has developed, and sexual health in general has been overlooked. For some time CUSU has been very concerned about the rising figures for STIs amongst young people, and takes them very seriously, as is demonstrated by the work we undertake." Amongst other things, CUSU distribute sexual health packs to freshers and this October gave presentations to new students in fifteen colleges.

"I would strongly urge any student who is, has been, or might be sexually active to take an active interest in their own sexual health," emphasises Evans. This is a point echoed by LBG Communications Officer Nick Hughes: "a basic knowledge of what you have to do to avoid such diseases reduces the risk of catching them by a huge amount."

Anyone who is concerned that they may have an STI or who has a sexual health query can visit Clinic 1A at Addenbrookes in complete confidence and anonymity, or contact welfare@cusu.cam.ac.uk, college nurses, the University Counselling Service or Cambridge dHIVerse. For further advice on sexual health, safer sex and other related issues, see the CUSU 'Welfare Handbook' or LesBiGay's 'Freedom Book'. And remember, as CUSU say, don't rock before you roll.

STRESS AND SUPPORT

The state of the University welfare system

Susannah Nightingale

At a university renowned for its lofty academic standards and leaden workload, it seems self-evident that the strain might sometimes overwhelm students. Which NatSci is prepared for five and a half days of lectures each week and which arts student feels able to manage her work independently? And what happens when other problems get in the way of your academic devotion: parental troubles, relationship grief, bereavement or depression? What does Cambridge offer its undergraduates in the way of pastoral support?

The tutorial system is widely touted as the first port of call, with the official purpose of offering informal, non-academic support. Although fundamentally a helpful idea, it often collapses in practice. The slightly detached air of many Cambridge academics seems to reduce their capacity to help with emotional or practical problems. One tutor, recently approached with complaints about thoroughly insufficient computing facilities, replied quite calmly that the best solution would be for the student to purchase her own computer and printer. In any case, many students have never even met their tutor, or find him/her unapproachable. Perfectly understandable, given their usual seniority within college. Tutors' pastoral role is just one among many, and clearly they too are under other pressures, such as their own academic work. While tutorial support can be invaluable in financial and academic matters, it cannot, and does not claim to satisfy all pastoral needs.

College JCR Welfare Officers and CUSU Welfare, generally more approachable figures, can offer valuable guidance to students, normally in the form of information as to where specific help can be found; this is certainly a useful starting point. Practical help with specific issues such as disability or dyslexia can be provided by the centralised Disability Resource Centre, which offers individual assessment, loan of



Kieran Drake

equipment and relevant information. There are various volunteer-run organisations in Cambridge, catering to a spectrum of issues including eating disorders, sexual health, sexuality and general support, but these tend to be phone line services: invaluable for one-off support or information, but less useful for ongoing problems.

“The number of students seeking counselling has risen by around 10% a year for the past five years”

According to Helen Evans, CUSU Sabbatical Welfare Officer, “it is the University (as a public servant), not the college, which has a legal ‘duty of care’ to the student when it comes to welfare support and counselling.” An important facility provided to this end is the University Counselling Service, funded partly by the University and partly on a per capita basis by the colleges. The service offers confidential counselling with either a behavioural or psychological approach, determined after an initial consultation. It also runs various support groups for specific issues such as eating disorders, procrastination (?) and revision. Offering students the chance to receive professional support in absolute confidence, quite separate from their academic environment, these are plainly much-needed provisions.

The magnitude of this need is reflected in the number of students who use the service: last year, around 1000 students were seen, and there are over 200 receiving regular counselling at any time. Mark Phippen, head of the UCS, says that the number of students seeking counselling has risen by around 10% every year for the past five years, and this is on the increase: at times, there is a much greater demand for the service than can be satisfied. The target waiting time for an initial consultation is currently one week, although this has been unattainable in periods of high demand, such as last term (November to February is generally the busiest period). After the first appointment, most people will wait an average of three more weeks to be offered a regular slot, but appointments are not allocated on a first come, first served basis: each individual's need is assessed, so that urgent cases will be seen as quickly as possible. Phippen concedes, “At times, the waiting lists are longer than we feel comfortable with, but we are working hard to counter that.”

He cites recent increases in financial pressure on students, the national rise in divorce rates and in depression among young people as potential contributing factors to the ever increasing demand for counselling. “We live and work in a wonderful university, but there is a lot of pressure to succeed coming from various sources, including the departments and students' families.” He also points out that the stigma attached to counselling is on the decline, so that students are more likely to ask for help when they need it, and GPs, tutors and welfare officers are much more likely to make referrals.

With demand evidently on the increase, it is possible that the UCS might eventually have significant problems in responding to students' needs. Predictably, funding seems to be an issue: Helen Evans points out that “Colleges see student welfare as their domain, and are willing to contribute financially, but when central services such as UCS try to negotiate a funding agreement with all 32 colleges, it can take a long

time and a lot of work to establish a formula that everyone is happy with.” Mark Phippen does, however, have some interesting and creative ideas for the further development of pastoral care in Cambridge, though he feels that it is already among the best provisions nationally. He is interested in encouraging more preventative work, providing “support for those who support students”. This might take the form of liaison with and even training for college tutors and welfare officers, as well as the promotion of workshop sessions to combat common problems, and the expansion of group work. Hopefully, such measures might slow down the growth of the waiting list, so that the UCS can remain as responsive and efficient as possible.

The diverse advantages of study in Cambridge cannot be denied, but

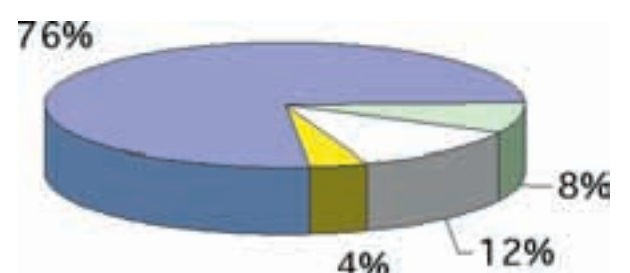
“It is essential that a system so geared towards success remain aware of the dangers of overwork”

it is essential that a system so geared towards success remain aware of the dangers of overwork, and the potentially disruptive effects of external factors. In a place brimming over with achievement, the student who is not managing as well as s/he feels s/he should, for whatever reason, might easily feel embarrassed or ashamed: the threat of failure is constant, perhaps more so than elsewhere. It is, therefore, imperative that the welfare network is promoted to all students, so that everyone knows where help is available. Services such as the UCS can provide superb support, and their funding should reflect this. If demand for them continues to escalate, one can only hope that the University and colleges will respond with sufficient capital. Mental health does, after all, often prove useful in academic endeavours.

Information about the university counselling service can be found on the website: www.counselling.cam.ac.uk

Who to turn to...

- Chaplain
- Friend
- Tutor
- Counselling Service



Discrimination

Tim Stanley



Rob Sharp

In order to brighten up those dull, sexually frustrating January days, God created JCR elections. Here's a cautionary tale to help you avoid social embarrassment in the post election haze. Taking a mid-night stroll the evening after I chanced upon a young French thing who'd stood for my college in the recent election. Racking my gin soaked brain, I told him I'd voted for him. “No you didn't,” was his reply. “I stood for Overseas Welfare Officer and you aren't from overseas.”

Not only does such petty politically correct niggling open an avenue for incredible embarrassment, but it also smacks of racism. Why shouldn't the overseas position be open to the English? After all I've been overseas many times, and could well be capable of representing the interests of overseas students. This isn't purely bitterness, though it is true that my new Officer did once vomit in both my rooms on the same night. But I'm sure I know an awful lot more than Abhiroop Lal does about Italy and Bali.

Moreover why shouldn't men be able to stand for Womens' Officer? I was told that to stand for the position one had to self-define as a woman, an argument full of holes, since it puts forward the sexist notion that a member of one gender is incapable of looking after the interests of another. Those of us with ideals don't find life in Cambridge that easy. A lot of the time it's better to pull down the blinds and keep the champagne pouring and pretend things like JCR elections aren't happening at all. Gentlemen don't stand. So gentlemen won't vote.

When I voted mentally in the post room, studying the faces of all my candidates, I decided that if I did vote, I'd go for the prettiest and the ones who hadn't chosen a picture of themselves drunk/wearing a false afro/looking into car headlights. As such, the only two people I would vote for were uncontested anyway because no one would dare run against such beauty. Of course I would've voted for all of them if they'd bought me a drink.

About the counselling service

- Since 1995 the number of students visiting the University Counselling Service has increased by 10% annually
- Those most likely to require counselling are graduates, women, international students and arts students
- Last year 960 students used the University Counselling Service i.e. 6% of the student body

Appointments at the UCS can be arranged by email reception@counselling.cam.ac.uk or phone 323865

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Cambridge Celebrates Golden Jubilee

Gabrielle Bradfield

As the Queen's Golden Jubilee approaches, our University finds itself in a rather bizarre position. The uneasy alliance between blazered-conservative and woolly-liberal/ker-azy-anarchist that lies at the heart of Cambridge student life is thrown into sharp relief. Students and establishment alike are taking up their positions on the issue of the moment: whether or not to support official Jubilee celebrations. Wherever it's the principle, as they say, it's always the money. And inevitably, the debate on Jubilee centres on the question of just how much money anyone can justify spending on the Queen's big bash.

Here in Cambridge, there should be a variety of events going on. Cambridge City Council will be making grants available to organisations that want to do something at a local level to mark the event. Sums of money have already been allocated to groups for manufacturing commemorative trinkets and organising parties for disadvantaged members of the community. The council are also hoping to incorporate a Golden Jubilee theme into a large civic event during the summer, the identity of which is being kept a closely guarded secret. While street parties are not officially recommended, there will be funding available for street closures if residents ask.

Meanwhile, the University itself will be sending a telegram of congratulations to the Palace. An official service of thanksgiving will take place at Great St Mary's and the university buildings will be joyously decked out in flags. CUSU will not be organising anything themselves. President Pav

“The monarchy is an important part of British heritage, and no political correctness should cause us to be embarrassed about celebrating the Golden Jubilee ”

Akhtar stressed that it was a matter for college authorities and unions to decide, adding, “we certainly do not ‘approve’ or ‘disapprove’ of what individual JCRs and MCRs spend their money on. That’s up to them and we support them whatever they do.”

Chris Hilton, the Trinity Hall JCR President, said, “I’m a great royalist myself and my committee and I are very keen indeed to do something for it, because Her Majesty the Queen was Trinity Hall’s official visitor last year. We might organise a fancy dress Royal Bop.” King’s, however, will be taking a rather different stance. Josh Reddaway, King’s College Student Union external officer, explained, “A little known fact about King’s College is that the student body declared itself a socialist republic in the mid-1980s. KCSU will not be celebrating the ‘Queen’s’ Jubilee this year but will wait two years to celebrate twenty years of republicanism.”

The controversy has been borne out across the political divides of the university. CUCA, the Cambridge University Conservative Association, are unsurprisingly supportive of the monarchy and everything it stands for. “The monarchy is an important part of British heritage, and no political cor-

rectness should cause us to be embarrassed about celebrating the Golden Jubilee,” said Will Gallagher, CUCA President. But Richard Burgon, Gallagher’s Labour counterpart, was less enthusiastic. In contrast to the official Parliamentary Labour Party line, he counts himself as a republican. “Although some people complain that Tony Blair is too powerful, I’d much rather he were our President. There is more to Britain’s greatness than the monarchy, the foundation of the Welfare State, for example. But we mustn’t forget that some good things came out of the 1977 Jubilee, a great Sex Pistols song, for instance.”

Elsewhere, the real radicals about town are, as ever, making their stand. Helen Salmon, a member of the National Union of Students executive council and a staunch supporter of the Socialist Workers’ Party made her

views on celebrating the monarchy clear. “If we can’t afford to drop the whole of third world debt, pay for hospitals without handing them over to private companies or fund free Higher Education and restore the maintenance grant, how can we afford to continue handing huge sums of money over to the royal family? The royals should be stripped of any remaining powers they have, have their huge wealth taxed and should stop receiving civil list payments.” Sean Hartnoll, the Socialist Workers’ man in Cambridge, agreed, saying that “Spending money on public celebrations *per se* is not a bad thing but there

are more interesting, more important and more relevant things to celebrate than the Golden Jubilee.”

So just what will your average Cambridge student in the street be doing about the jubilee? Judging from hoards that stood waving in the rain when the Queen arrived on King’s Parade last year, and the way the Union has been packed out beyond capacity for recent guests Princess Anne and Princess Margaret, the chances are that this is going to be yet another poor show for the radical camp. So roll out the flags, renew your membership of CUCA: thy commemorative mug runneth over.



Queen's last visit to Cambridge, opening the Faculty of Divinity

When bad business is good business

Ed Dallal on the ethics of UK foreign policy

At the 1997 Denver G7 summit, our glorious leader Tony promised to take “environmental factors into account when providing financing support for investment in infrastructure and equipment.” How then, can our unswervingly honest government have working for it a department whose actions ignore frequent government pledges to have an ‘ethical foreign policy’? This department is known as the Export Credit Guarantee Department (ECGD).

In their own words the ECGD aims “to help UK exporters compete effectively in overseas markets by arranging finance facilities and credit insurance for contracts ranging from around £20,000 up to hundreds of millions of pounds.” That means the taxpayer’s money is used to insure deals by UK exporters with foreign governments and if those governments default, we foot the bill. This is no minor undertaking; the department underwrites on average over £4 billion of UK exports every year.

So what is wrong with giving UK companies a competitive edge? Well, nothing, in principal, but it is the nature of the companies and of the projects that should cause eyebrows to raise.

Look for example at the arms trade. The ECGD has always been heavily involved in the UK arms industry, most famously in selling Saddam the weapons he used in the Gulf War. As a 1992 House of Commons debate revealed, “the British taxpayer stands to foot £170 million to pay for the equipment that we provided for Saddam’s war machine. We did not just arm his forces – we paid for them into the bargain.”

So, has the ECGD cleared up its act since then? The answer is simply, no. In 1998/9 the ECGD had new business worth £3.3 billion, of which 51% was classified as military. In that year £600 million of cover was given to the sale of defence equipment to Indonesia, a country whose human rights record is appalling. The UK is the world’s second largest arms exporter and much of this highly unethical trade is facilitated by the good old ECGD.

But if we didn’t do it, someone else would, right? Maybe, but wait, there’s more... Friends of the Earth regard the ECGD as the least green branch of government. Environmentally unsound projects include three massive coal-fired power stations to China and



one to India, and huge dam projects to China and Turkey. In short, the ECGD completely ignores environmental issues despite government assurances.

Finally, the ECGD is responsible for much of the Third World debt owed to Britain. For every project where the ECGD has to meet the costs because the foreign government has defaulted on payment, the cost is simply added to their outstanding and often financially crippling national debt. An estimated 95% of debt owed by Southern countries to the UK is in the form of export credit debt.

The ECGD is underwriting a proposed BAE export of aviation equipment costing £28 million which goes far beyond anything the country needs. Even the IMF and World Bank are threatening to cease all loans to the country if this deal goes ahead. So why does the ECGD support such schemes? 250 British jobs are the reason. It’s nice to know that our national ethics can be set aside when a few British jobs are at stake.

The Ilisu Dam proposed for the Kurdish region of Turkey threatened to flood and destroy the homes of up to 78,000 ethnic Kurds with no proposed resettlement plan. Balfour-Beatty was the company who applied for export credit which was under consideration and would most likely have gone ahead were it not for the efforts of combined NGOs who persuaded Balfour-Beatty to pull out due to “commercial, envi-

ronmental and social issues inherent in the project.” Now, another British company, AMEC, is applying for ECGD backing for another Dam at Yusufeli in Turkey with many of the issues raised by the Ilisu Dam in the air again.

There is currently a campaign underway by Friends of the Earth, Kurdish Human Rights and Mark Thomas (comedian/activist) to force the ECGD to legally binding sustainable development standards. The best bet for a concerned Cambridge student would be to contact People and Planet, a Cambridge society which is heavily involved in these issues and had this to say on the ECGD; “It is one thing for a Government to be business-friendly, but quite another for it to place corporate interests and British jobs above the livelihoods and human rights of people abroad.”

The ECGD in Brief

- Originally set up in 1919 to help British exporters re-establish their trading positions following the disruption caused by the Great War
- Today derives its powers from the 1991 Export and Investment Guarantees Act helps UK manufacturers and investors trade overseas by providing them with insurance and/or backing for finance to protect against non-payment.

For further information, see the ECGD website: <http://www.ecgd.gov.uk/>, or Cambridge People and Planet website: <http://go.to/camppp>

Editorial: The death of modern thinking...

As a ruddy-cheeked, doe-eyed schoolboy, no more than ten years old, I opened the badly-oiled, oak-panelled door of my college careers office. "I would like, sir, to become an astronaut," I squeaked demonstratively to the ageing crusty, for even then I had a fundamental grasp of ironic grandiloquence.

Instead of helping me achieve my pro-active goals, improving my communication skills and wiping my arse, the old fart handed me a multiple choice questionnaire. After completion, the medley of boxes were fed into a dilapidated Turing machine, 'Deep Careerist Thought' which vibrated for several million computations before spewing forth an answer. The answer, my answer, stared up at me curly from the results slip. "Research Scientist", it said. It all went downhill from there.

The problem with specialisation is that it breaks down the links between the arts and sciences. I really want to understand post-modernism, I want to impress my parents, I want to read a single paper in *Nature* then write *White Teeth*. Martin Kettle, to the pervasive chagrin of the scientific community, criticised the teaching of science in *The Guardian* last week. "The public

need to understand what the f**k MMR means," his supporters cried.

The problem is; no-one wants to study science; it's boring, it's unassailable. Popular scientists are ostracised because they're accused of selling out. Natural Sciences dons wouldn't bother making their subject less an object of ridicule because they're too busy abusing the diligence of the people that apply to do it. First year Cambridge 'NatScis' have one of the highest workloads in the country, and seldom have time to do anything else. So much for breadth of educational experience.

CP Snow's thirties-grounded Cambridge education is often cited as the beginning of such bolshy cross-disciplinary talk. Cambridge students like the youthful Snow make it their prerogative to experiment with intellectualism like the true wankers they pretend not to be. Yet the fundamental fault lies at the feet of British secondary education. People at school and college are force-fed facts to regurgitate like parrots without a true understanding of science. Modular exams destroy expansion between subjects and wider reading, and the poor quality and training of teachers often forces pupils to take out private tuition. It also means that 'Sir' and 'Miss' don't understand anything except what they



specialise in. 'Those who can't, teach,' and that's the way it's generally always been, despite fluffy, self-deprecating PR campaigning.

Whatever. Let's acquiesce. I'm gonna put all of my efforts into becoming a 'full-time dilettante' and screw everything else.

Rob Sharp

Unbelievable

In last weeks *Varsity* in the article "Everyone's on Ecstasy", you refer to 2% of the Cambridge student population who regularly take the drug. I am a PhD student about to run a study on the long term effects of MDMA and I need people who have taken a moderate amount (at least 30 pills) for about 2 hours testing. If anyone in that 2% is reading this please could you contact me! Complete anonymity is guaranteed, as is payment.

Jon Roiser
Trinity

Belgian

First of all, my english in this mail will probably be bad...excuse me for that. Let me introduce myself. I am student at the University of Leuven (Belgium). I have a lot of interests in art. With other students, I've got my art magazine. Its name: Van Nu & Straks. My question to you: I saw on the internet that the university of Cambridge has a lot of art and literature-projects. So, a lot of students must be involved. In an article of Emily Haworth-Booth in "Varsity", she mentions even a "Cambridge literary scene". Do you know any of this

men or women. And are they interested in this discussions? Have they interests of meeting us. We maybe have got a lot to offer to each other (publications, discussions, even European cooperation...). Can you bring these woters, publishers or other students who just are interested in contact with me?

Hans De Boeck

KULeuven (Belgium)

Debasing

Where are my cinema tickets, you magazine-name-changing louts?

James Bench-Capon

Editor, *Clareification*



Letter of the week

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

How delightful it was to see justice done last week. Our esteemed bar manager Franc Meechan, was rightfully cleared of assault. Although of greater note was the fact that he admitted under oath to addressing a student, during term time, on college property with the words "I'm going to knock your fucking block off!" and yet remains in employment. (*Varsity* last week).

Members of staff are by definition expected to be conversant with college rules of behaviour to a greater degree than students. So at last it seems we can finally herald a new era of free speech within Homerton College. Could it be that the days when students faced instant rustication for being abusive to conference guests are now long gone?

Many colleges do not even admit other college undergrads during exam term. Yet Homerton undergoes the conference influx which regularly takes up a third of the Great Hall, and results in exam-taking students queuing for their grub far off into the distance. At last we shall be able to regale them with happy cries of "Piss off!", "Get out of my chair you bitch." and "Who gives a flying fuck about Leeman Brothers?"

In fact I'm just off to inform my supervisor that the non-submission of one of my essays is due to the fact that she's a cock shy muff-muncher. If she doesn't like it I'll cheerfully inform her of my intention to shove my fist through her throat. Oh happy day.

Anonymous
Homerton

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Should the British Monarchy be abolished?

Anna Gunn

It was fifty years ago last Wednesday that Her Majesty Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Windsor the Second, "The Queen" for short, acceded the throne. You might have noticed the Union Jacks flying from various Cambridge colleges. Across the country, celebrations and to a lesser extent protests have been planned to mark the Golden Jubilee year.

During her reign, Her Majesty has conferred 380,630 honours and awards, received 3 million letters and made no fewer than 4,632 speeches. She has visited over 325 countries, been given an

elephant and a canary by foreign heads of state and inspired everyone from the Sex Pistols to Lucien Freud. Prince Phillip, by contrast, has (according to the Movement Against the Monarchy) shot some 15,000 pheasants, 2 crocodiles and a tiger. The Chancellor of Cambridge University is perhaps most famous for a series of unfortunate remarks, regarding Indians, the Scottish and the banning of cricket bats.

The Royal Family polarises opinion. They're wildly popular with most of the country, but repeatedly inspire fierce opposition from a significant minority, who regard them as "the nation's biggest estate scroungers." Some love

the dignity of royal ceremony, pointing out that even the worst *annus horribilis* is preferable to the squalid squabbles over Florida and the US Head of State. Others note the Crown's million pound price tag and suggest that toe-sucking, pot-smoking, fox-shooting elitist toffs are hardly the dignified representatives of modern Britain at all.

Whichever way you look at it, the monarchy is a prominent part of British life. The Queen's impact on tourism is not be understated; she is a national asset, our very own Mickey Mouse.

Surveys conducted by the British Tourist Authority repeatedly show that "Heritage and Royalty" is one of

the top three factors attracting tourists to the UK to spend their money. "The Queen factor" is especially important for the American market, less so for the German one, but it is certainly the case that many foreigners perceive a visit to Buckingham Palace or the changing of the guard as an important reason to visit these Isles. Tourism as an industry accounts for almost 5% of British GNP, and employs some 2.1 million people.

Although the BTA is unsure what effect the abolition of the monarchy would have on this sector, these are certainly figures worth keeping in mind.

Yes

Jonny Mather
Girton College

Everyday we hear various politicians, journalists and commentators attacking social and racial injustice in the way the country is run: Oxbridge is criticised for having too many students from independent schools, the old school tie is held up as though it should be burned at the stake, and any hint of "jobs for the boys" or cronyism is sniffed out and lambasted by the national press.

It is admirable that we should be endeavouring to create a nation in which family background is not to be an advantage in securing jobs or senior positions, and the strength of this movement towards a more egalitarian state seems to be growing ever stronger. Why then is the monarchy – the epitome of power conveyed through birth – the greatest example of undemocratic election, the very pinnacle of inequality, left well alone and largely ignored by the national press? How can we claim to live in a meritocracy, to have a fair and just society, when the role of the head of state is determined not by ability or suitability, but by lineage?

Journalists remain afraid to tackle the issue of the Royal Family seriously, because the Windsors still have a strangely enduring popularity with a public that is desperate to cling on to any last vestige of Britishness. The Royals represent the final bastion against increasing Europeanisation and immigration, while providing a last tentative link with our colonial past. It seems that the attraction of the glamorous royal lifestyle, the soap opera of royal affairs, and the glitz of large royal events conceal the inequality right before their eyes.

If we are to support a multicultural Britain, if we are to see the true shame of our imperial past, rather than glory in it, to realize that life can go on without a few silly men in fancy dress riding horses around the streets of London, and to move once and for all away from the last vestiges of the feudal system, then the nation must realize its own hypocrisy and hold the Royal Family up as the anachronism that it so clearly is.



Kieran Drake

Lucy Taylor
Fitwilliam College

No

I thought I was a fairly liberal, forward-thinking, rational person. But then, last year, The Queen came to open the Divinity Faculty. Suddenly there I was standing tall, filled with an inexplicable pride. Was it a pride in being British? I am not sure.

What I can tell you is that I am a monarchist. I like the idea of there being something above party politics, above endless squabbles, back-stabbing and sleaze. I like the idea of someone in the public eye who is not subject to the whims of the people. We are marking the Golden Jubilee to celebrate the one constant in the whirlwind of government. Parliaments last five years, with seemingly endless reshuffles, but the Queen has been around for 50 years (and my college isn't even that old!). For five decades she has been an ambassador for the UK, keeping coherence in the commonwealth and representing us abroad. Other countries even envy us: you need only look at the queues into Buck House to grasp at the fascination people still have with monarchy.

Forget what people tell you about the cost of the monarchy. You could not spend the money on hospitals, it would be spent on her replacement, probably President Blair (excuse me while I wretch), and on the various representatives who would do HM's former jobs. Who, not born to it, would have the time or patience to open countless hospital wards and watch unending fly-pasts? Who but The Queen has the dignity to listen to people and make them feel special?

I felt the magic royal touch on that rainy day at the Sidgwick site. Many of you were also there, and we all cheered together. In the end, that is what will keep the monarchy in this country.

Corgies and clergymen: perspectives on the Royal Family

“Abolishing the monarchy immediately brings to mind what alternatives are on offer. Every state has to have a Head of State and the concept of an American style presidency fills me with horror. If we opted for a presidency let's face it, who would be the most likely candidates for office, undoubtedly a politician would be elected – President Thatcher? President Blair?”

A head of State requires a sense of loyalty and respect which is more commanding than the Prime Minister. A head of State gives life to the importance of ritual and tradition which tries to remind us of the importance of living together in a sense of harmony. In many ways the monarchy now serves a quasi-religious function for many people. It serves this in two functions,

“Speaking as a US citizen, we abolished our monarchy in 1776 and all that. However, we've noted that many Americans are inveterate Royalists as long as the royals stay on their side of the pond. CorgiAid was established to provide funds for rescue of the Welsh Corgi dog breeds, and we keep getting asked, "Corgis?" and answering, "Sure, you know, The Queen's dog". Which Queen it is, of course, is understood.

If the Monarchy were abolished, would we need to rescue The Queen's corgis and dorgis? Our organisation is a non-profit one, and includes the funding of rescues for corgi mixes – so The Queen's and Princess Margaret's incredibly ugly corgi-dachshund crosses that they call "dorgis" would certainly fall into our purview. So if any potential anti-Monarchists are teetering on the edge, and resisting because they are afraid that Her

for many older people the relationship between the Queen and Prince Philip provides an example of a stable, loving marriage that has endured for 54 years. The changing attitudes towards religious and spiritual beliefs amongst younger people are enshrined in Prince Charles' wish to change the title 'Defender of the Faith' to 'Defender of Faith'. The monarchy has, particularly since Diana's death, accepted a need to change, has adapted itself and sought to modernise. It will continue to do so. At the same time it provides a sense of continuity and ritual that can give our divided post-modern society some sense of coherence. Let's keep party divisions away from the Head of State and try to rise above the petty squabbles of politicians.

Marcus Ramshaw, Chaplain of Downing ”

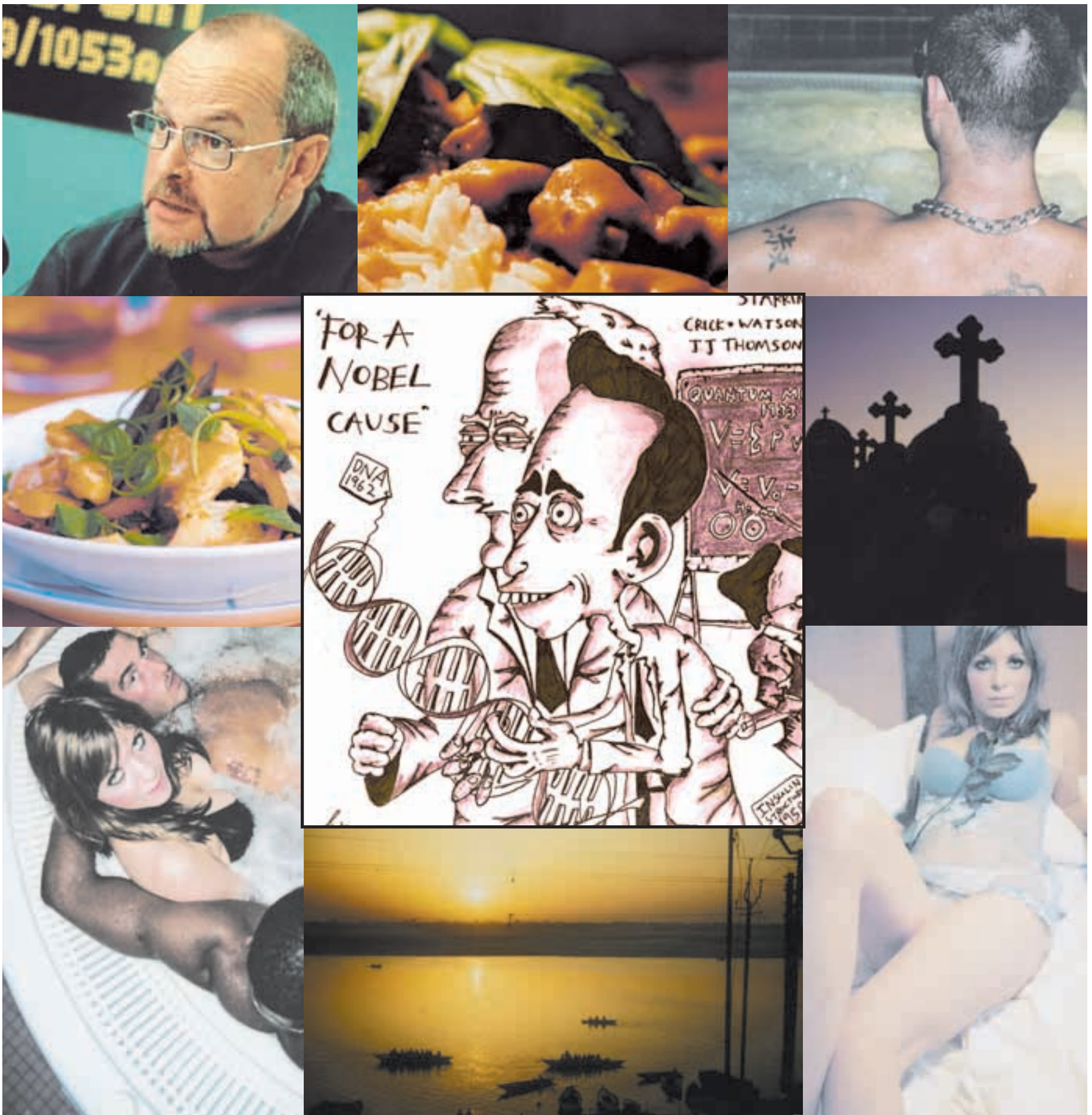
Majesty's dogs would not well be provided for, fear not.

If the Monarchy were abolished, there would be more work for the Lesser Corgi Society. This fine group was established in Seattle in the mid 1990s to work toward defaming the reputation of Pembroke and Cardigan Welsh Corgi dogs, since the breeds were suddenly becoming altogether too popular. The Queen's dogs do so much to further the work of the Lesser Corgi Society, every time they bite a footman or a maid. If the Monarchy were abolished, the Lesser Corgi Society would have to pick another prominent person with a significant lack of success at dog training to be their patron. Frankly, Her Majesty and the Queen Mum have done such a good job, we'd hate to change now. So, on balance, I think the world of corgis would just as soon keep the Monarchy, thank you.

Walt Boyes, CorgiAid Inc. www.corgiaid.org ”

Next weeks issue:
Is Ethical Investment a realistic possibility?

To contribute on the issue email:
perspective@varsity.cam.ac.uk



LIVING



INTERVIEW 10

Tad from Neighbours explains its appeal.



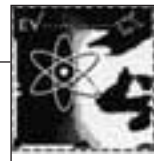
TRAVEL 11

Wolverhampton, the home of the best sunset.



FASHION 12

Let's talk about sex.



SCIENCE 14

It's a Nobel cause.



HUMOUR 19

Position of the week..



FOOD AND DRINK 20

A Thai Experience

THE FROG PRINCE

Anushka Asthana is introduced to the Ramsay Street scene with Jonathon 'Tad' Dutton

Jonathan Dutton is Tad Reeves. 'Tad the tadpole', the third part of the triumphant triumvirate that is Stonefish, Toadie and Tad. Jonathan Dutton has had numerous TV roles in *Thunderstone*, *Blue Heelers*, *Cartoon Blitz* and had a previous appearance on *Neighbours*. His movie credits include: *Refuser* and *The McLosers* and he has featured in an array of commercials from the *Melbourne Motor Show* to *Le Snak* and *Screen Actors Studio*. I'm sad. Jonathan is not Tad.

Tad is not Paul. Paul is tanned, good-looking, and plays Australian Rules Football. Tad is small, freckled and an unsuccessful DJ. Flic was not meant for Tad. Flic was meant for Paul. But Jonathan isn't complaining. "Kissing Flic was a pleasure."

As Tad has progressed through *Neighbours* we have really started to love him. The scriptwriters have used that well-known formula: we start with the troublesome teenager, put him in a good family (the ever-affectionate Harold and Madge), teach him the good way and end up with a cheeky but loveable character. It's this same formula that dictates Tad as a loser in love. It had to end in tears. This is Flic after all –

tall, slim, beautiful Flic. It was really very kind of her to give Tad a go in the first place.

I have to admit, when I met Jonathan I was somewhat disappointed. It was a bit like that moment

"There's not a lot of time, there's not a lot of money and there are lots of restrictions"

when the screen pulls back in *Blind Date* and you find that the sexy voice belongs to someone oh-so-average. He was a little bit short, a little bit plain and well, to tell the truth, ever so slightly dull. I had to accept it; Tad is an invention of some bright scriptwriters.

He left school to pursue his role in *Neighbours* and when asked if he regrets it, he replies, "Not at all." *Neighbours* is his success and has furnished him with a well-worn path to the world of pantomime. So why, Jonathan, would you choose to do

pantomime? "It's fantastic. A great opportunity to come to a new country, meet new people and do something different for seven weeks." It would have been rude to ask why he chose Tameside in East Manchester (officially the dirtiest place in England and home to both the Moors murders and Harold Shipman) for this great opportunity.

I love *Neighbours*. I always have. When I was younger, I used to cry if I missed it. And even now, students cram into their JCRs every lunch time to procrastinate their lives away, actually caring about the monotonous lives of those on Ramsay Street. Why? Some think it is habit. But personally, I put it down to Karl Kennedy. Everyone I know – male or female – loves him, and to my joy, Jonathan tells me that the man who acts the part, Alan Fletcher, is the same as his character: nice, witty, and extremely sexy.

So what about the man who plays the Good Samaritan, Harold Bishop? What about Ian Smith? Is he really the God-adoring boy scout? "Not at all." The teetotal vegetarian? "Not at all. He is the complete opposite. He's the reason for my dirty joke repertoire. He's one of my good friends. If he was anything like Harold he'd probably do my head in."

If Tad was like Jonathan he'd do the scriptwriters' heads in. If *Neighbours* was like the on-set reality we wouldn't watch. The more I spoke to Jonathan, the more the reality of Ramsay Street and Lassiters started to fall apart. I had to come to terms with the fact that what I am watching is not really a bustling café, hotel and shopping complex, but a fairly unsturdy budget set. Jonathan relays one scene where he and Paul were cycling towards the Coffee Shop. "On the take, my foot slipped. We were supposed to slam on the breaks and slide in. My foot got caught and the break got released. I went straight into the Coffee Shop and the pole that supports it fell out. I went one way and the pole went another and then, of course, the roof went schoom and all the leaves came off! It's the best goof tape ever!"

Whatever you think, the combination of a bargain set, scriptwriters who are pressured to write two and a half hours a week, and a group of reasonably uninteresting actors has caused a storm. *Neighbours* was the TV surprise of the '80s. Moved to 5.35pm because the daughter of a BBC executive fancied Scott, it peaked with audiences of 18 million. We are obsessed. "Soaps aren't that big in Australia. I can't believe you've got TV shows that interview soap stars about soaps. Soap fever!"

A fever that has got us scratching. I once heard that *Neighbours* was so popular because it represented an old white ideal that British people



Anushka Asthana

are sad to have lost. Since then they have brought in an Indian family, and have even built a corner shop in Lassiters for them to run. But a month or two in, once Lata had corrupted Brett and Vikram had fulfilled his politically correct brief, they were binned, and with them went the shop.

"The problem with having someone, er, coloured is you can't do any stories based on it"

"The only problem with having someone, er, coloured in the show is you can't do any stories based on it," says Jonathan. It is too controversial. It's the time slot."

But the early time slot isn't always such a problem. Remember when Michelle turned anti-vivisectionist, Woody was 'knocked off', Brett snogged Helen Daniels and Paul Robinson accused the Korean family of stealing and eating dogs?

Indeed, dealing with relevant issues is a continuous struggle for *Neighbours*. "We have to fight the censors to have scenes with underage drinking," Jonathan told *Varsity*. "It is very hard to do anything that resembles a good drama scene. If we show a house burning down, we can't show anyone on fire. We can't do anything really realistic and we don't have a lot of money to make extravagant sets." Hence the Coffee Shop being supported by a pole. "We have to shoot two and a half hours a week. There's not a lot of time, there's not a lot of money and there are lots of restrictions because the audience is between eight and sixteen years old. That's the target market, I guess."

So, *Neighbours* isn't meant for students. Neither is it meant for housewives. It's really meant for kids who want to read *Just Seventeen* but can't afford it yet. Either way, I don't care. I like it, and more importantly, it fills that lonely gap between lunch and *Diagnosis Murder*.

Trivia

Neighbours is screened by 40 broadcasters across 60 countries. It's been a success in countries as varied as Zimbabwe, Croatia and China. The show now averages more than 120 million viewers every day.

1985: 'Ramsay St' started on Channel 7 in Australia. After six months and 170 episodes the show was cancelled. 'Ten' network seized the chance and, quicker than you can say, "Men Behaving Badly", commissioned the failure, renaming it *Neighbours* and bringing in a young cast of good lookers. 3,000 episodes later Channel 7 rue their fate.

Stars created by the show include Jason Donovan, Kylie Minogue, Craig McLachlan, Natalie Imbruglia, Guy Pearce, and, more recently, Jonathan Dutton.

The saviour of British afternoon TV is, officially, Alison Grade, the ten year-old daughter of Michael Grade, BBC's then head of programming. Alison, who also happens to be the grandniece of the late, great, Lew Grade, now works for Thames Television.

The Famous Five

Each week we ask the same five questions to our celebrity:

What's the first word you think of when I say Cambridge?

Blank. That's the one word I would think of

What would you say to an 18 year old who wanted to be you?

Why? Why would you wanna be me, be yourself

What did you wanna do when you were 15?

Probably, at that stage, I wanted to be an actor

Who's your hero?

Guy Pearce

Would you send your kids to private school?

Bit too young for all that



TITS AND GLORY

Hana Nushi puts it on a plate for James Whale

James Whale started working as a DJ on local radio in Teeside. He later entered the TV world with The James Whale Show on ITV. Since the departure of 'Caesar the Geezer', he has presented a controversial late night talk show on Talk Sport (previously Talk Radio) and has recently started a new TV programme on Ali G's favourite channel, Men and Motors. He is renowned for his controversial views on pretty much everything and we can only hope that he is joking when he tells us that he thinks "baby boys should be sterilised at birth."

We all have ambitions, and there are many different ways of achieving them.

"I saw all these famous people wandering about and thought, 'That looks like a really good way of making a living. I'd like to be famous.' Then I thought, 'I haven't got any talent so I'll be a disc jockey.'"

When I went to meet James Whale I was briefed on how to treat him: stand up, say "hello", give him some space for five minutes and then sit near him until he notices you. His show co-ordinator warned me, "The thing is he doesn't want people to be too forward, but he hates someone who is too shy."

Engrossed in the TV brilliance of 'Louis Theroux meeting the Hamiltons,' I barely noticed James arrive and forgot to give myself the perfectly balanced personality that he apparently calls for. Turns out it didn't matter. The character James Whale plays on the radio is just that – an assumed persona. He is simply acting a part and whilst he does it well, it is not true of the man himself.

Despite his radio tirades about the inadequacy of cyclists, the inferiority of smokers and the incompetence of students, in reality he is not so easily annoyed and I am sorry to say that if you are a listener who gets wound up by his spouting, you've been conned.

But still, you have to wonder how his wife puts up with his regular requests for a personal consortium of beautiful blonde women, preferably with massive breasts. Lucky for James, he has met a woman with a sense of humour. His new "very dirty" TV show on the Men and Motors channel just happens to see James alongside yet another glamorous assistant. If you want to see whether she meets his stringent criteria, watch the show – it's definitely one for the boys. *Tits and Glory.*

And for those of you out there who want to spend a life surrounded by tits and glory James has some advice to offer. "If you want to do something enough, then anything is possible. Don't



Courtesy of Talk Radio

expect people to help you though, because they won't. Lots of people are gonna tell you they're gonna help you. Lots of people are gonna tell you that you are great, that you look wonderful, that you sound great, that you are marvellous, that they'll do lots for you. It is all bollocks."

Despite the fact that in his job James spends most of his time slagging people off and trashing stories that have been

in the press, he had barely heard about the recent stories surrounding Cambridge students. But that didn't stop him having an opinion. "I don't care what people do as long as the rest of us are not paying for it. If the rich Cambridge students have rich mummies and daddies who pay for them to eat cat food then that is fine. If someone thought it was funny to run up to me and throw up in front of me I'd make them lick it up."

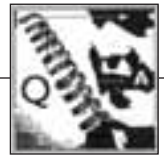
I also had the joy of meeting James's sidekick producer, the much-loved (and deservedly so) Ash. I know that Ash has a dedicated following because he spent quite a while showing me all the fan sites dedicated to him. I thought it would be rude to point out that they all seemed to have been set up by his mum. James insists that he considers Ash to be a c**t, but in reality they seem to get on brilliantly and their banter is part of what makes the show. Much to my delight, after the interview James said I could stay and sit in. Going with the theme of racism in Britain, and wanting to promote cultural harmony he decided to try and set me (Hindu) up with Ash (Jewish). We agreed to go for a coffee

but to my utter disappointment he never rang. I could only cringe and hope my mum wasn't listening when he also told me over the air that Indian or not, I was clearly sexually unashamed!

I answered phone calls for them and had callers begging not to be waiting too long. I always promised they wouldn't but, unfortunately for the men, if a woman rang in, James would always go to her first.

I clearly picked a bad night for content. Their guest was a lady who was convinced that spirits talked to her through her dictaphone. Unluckily for her, the ghosts must have been tuned into FiveLive this particular night. But James was surprisingly nice to the guest. Although he clearly thought she was talking rubbish he was fairly pleasant, giving her numerous chances to redeem herself and a full two hours of airtime. I was disappointed. The man I had considered ballsy let me down. I had even flattered him by asking him if he modelled himself on Howard Stern. He replied, "What you should have asked is does Howard Stern model himself on me?"

Sorry James, but I don't think so.



Don't let the sun go down on me

Dan Skeldon seeks enlightenment in Nepal but finds it in Wolverhampton

Sunrises just don't happen abroad. It's true. As an eighteen year-old in Nepal, the prospect of sunrise over the Himalayas filled me with wonder. Stumbling through the Katmandu pre-pre-dawn, we jumped into the car – a stunning example of a subcontinent special, sporting no glass or functioning door catch in the entire vehicle. Huddling together in the back we were at least well-ventilated. After a while, desperately pulling the door shut round Himalayan hairpins became a non-event and we managed to doze off. Dreams of rising golden globes illuminating Johnny Everest and his mates filled the hours.

Arriving at pre-dawn Nargakot, dust-encrusted and still with our morning thousand-yard stares, we head up to the viewpoint. Several shades of grey and a tiny sun through a dusty haze later and we can see the Everest panorama.

Just. Only another four hours of door-holding joy before breakfast...

Three months later and we've made it to Egypt's Sinai peninsula, where the standard tourist hit is to climb Mount Sinai for the sunrise. Setting off at midnight our feeble torches are dwarfed by the champagne clear magic of the desert sky. Six thousand feet later I gain the final crest in this desolate wilderness and am slightly surprised to be greeted warmly by several Arab men selling chocolate and souvenirs. This appalls my obnoxious 'adventure traveller' sensibilities and I make some snooty comment...before gratefully buying all the chocolate he can sell me. In the process I wake ten sleeping Kiwis from their rock-top retreat. They appear to be following the standard protocol; whatever your

destination, you will always find several Kiwis there ready to tell you how shit it is.

Two hours later and it's definitely daylight but, despite careful observation, the sun appears to have been transplanted directly into the sky. I've seen more stirring a Pot Noodle. We head back down to the camp, grateful at least that we don't have to hold any doors shut.

But back home in Dear Mother England I can't move for rousing sunrises. Huge fiery orbs ascending from the North Sea, blinding you on your way to work or reflecting off a hundred college windows. Best of all, on a magnificent snowy morning: Wolverhampton bathed in perfect purple dawn reflected as far as the eye can see, and not a Kiwi in sight.



— If it hasn't got an ATOL don't book it at all —

Student travel agency USITCampus went bust last week, affecting approximately 1,500 travellers and 3,500 would-be travellers. Fortunately all holidays booked through USIT are underwritten by the Civil Aviation Authority as USIT is an ATOL-bonded company. All those who are currently abroad will be able to complete their trips as planned, although any accommodation booked through USIT may have to be paid for again. The CAA will reimburse travellers on their return. Some flight bookings

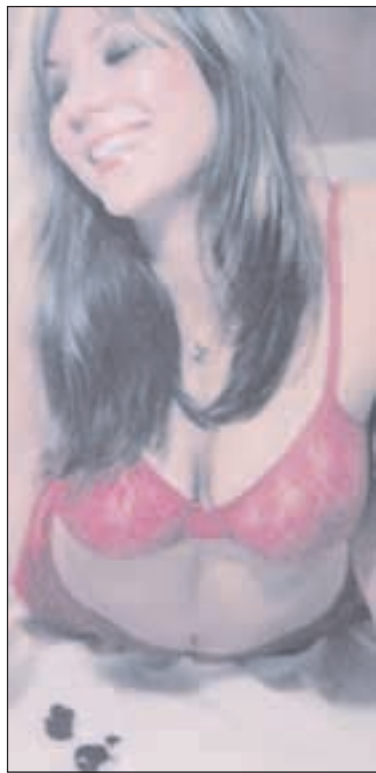
for which tickets have not yet been issued will be honoured by airlines; other customers will have to claim a refund from the CAA and re-book flights. Those who have booked package holidays through USIT may well be able to travel if they have received their tickets, although once more accommodation may need to be paid for again. More detailed information and claim forms are available from CAA (0207)453 6350. Suddenly, the corny slogan of an advert rings very true.

— Sally & Kitty's Travel Tips —

- Never have sex on a plane; it gives you thrombosis.
 - Getting an e-ticket instead of a paper one can save you a fiver. If you need to save a fiver, that is.
 - Try transporting cocaine by taking the whole lot before you get on the plane. The high should last a good few days.
 - Don't take animals on coaches. It is cruel, and moreover it disturbs the other passengers.
 - Avoid Americans.
 - Never travel with men. They smell and are not to be trusted.
 - Gareth will probably win *Pop Idol*.
 - Guest tip of the week from freetraveltips.com: Keep your mouth shut when you're in the shower, even an accidental spray can get you sick.
- Send in your tips to travel@varsity.cam.ac.uk. The best tip wins the Lonely Planet Guide to Cuba. Remember, only one person can be the best.*

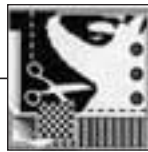


Dan Skeldon



Let's talk about sex, baby

Clemency Burton-Hill and Mike Dixon



With Valentine's Day just around the corner, Varsity felt it was our duty as up-standing journalists to put you all in the mood. It was a tough job, what with all the champagne, roses, hotel suites, jacuzzis and sexy underwear, but somebody had to do it. Poor us.

For the most romantic night in Cambridge (excepting Rag Blind Date, of course) we recommend you take full advantage of a special deal at the Crowne Plaza hotel, where you can enjoy a luxury bedroom, a three-course Valentine's dinner, breakfast, and surprise gift for only £69 per person. We're sure there's nothing subliminal in that price, boys. Just remember to keep the curtains shut: *Varsity* forgot and attracted quite a crowd. Call 01223 464466 for details.

Okay, so the whole point of Valentine's Day is to get all your clothes ripped off, but why not delay the moment for a bit by heading off to Le Rêve on Bene't St. for the most delectable fine Italian and French underwear? Our girls are wearing selections from La Perla, Malizia and Aubade, and we're sure you'll agree they're almost too beautiful to take off.

And after all that hard work, there's no better way to relax than with a naughty jacuzzi. The hot tub at Glassworks even has a beautiful view over the river, although our guess is, you probably won't be looking out of the window much.

Whatever happens, don't forget the roses. Cliché? Try telling that to you girlfriend if you turn up with-

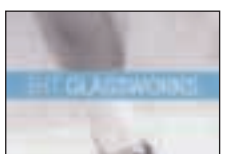
out them. The Flower House on Magdalene St. will sort you out with all the heavenly-scented blooms you need, so take one between your teeth and start growling, baby. (Helpful hint: remove thorns first).

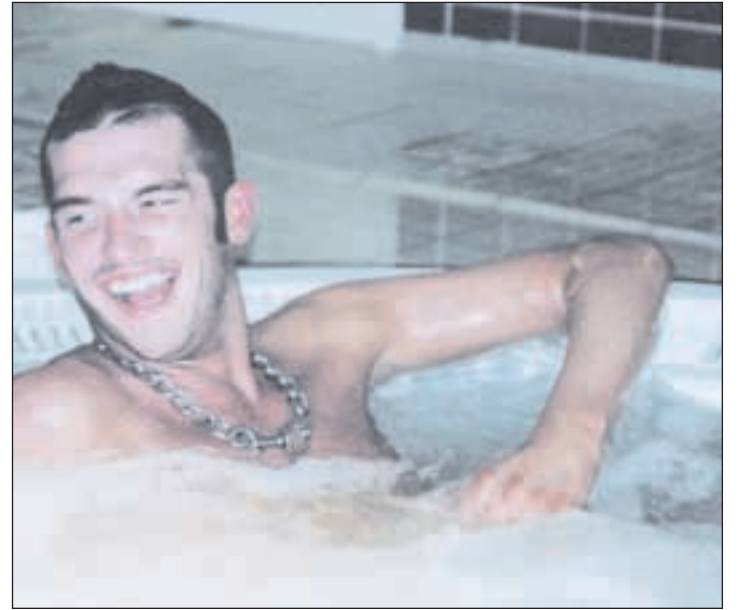
That champagne has simply got to flow all night. Sip it through a straw, down it from crystal goblets. Damn, why not even have a bath in it! Ours came from Cambridge Wine Merchants and very nice it was too. It might even help to explain why some of our models appeared to leave together...

Finally, for any lonely singletons out there, don't feel bad, just curl up with this week's issue. Whoever said Cambridge wasn't a sexy place obviously never read Valentine's *Varsity*...

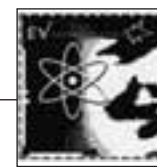


Photography: Nishant Lalwani
Models: Catherine / Dan / Emeka / Gemma / John / Sarah / Shea
Make-up: Prav





Cambridge 77-56 France



Jonathan Zwart and Celine Tinloi look at Cambridge's dominance of science's biggest prize

Forget about the Emmys, the Turner Prize and even the Oscars! In the academic world there is only one award, and it's true to say that nothing captures the imagination more than the Nobel Prize. Since 1901 these accolades have been made annually to those who have made the most outstanding contribution in their chosen field. There are three Nobel prizes dedicated to scientific activities, namely chemistry, physics, and medicine & physiology, with other Nobel prizes being awarded for economics, literature and peace.

The Nobel Prize was instituted in the last will and testament of Alfred

Nobel, a Swede, much to the horror of his family who unsuccessfully tried to contest it, resulting in a five-year legal battle. Alfred Nobel was an avid scientist and had a distinguished career as a chemical engineer, but he is most (in)famous for his discovery of dynamite. His brilliance as a scientist, along with good business sense, allowed him to amass an enormous fortune, which enabled him to set up the prize fund. Whilst the greatest satisfaction in winning the prize undoubtedly comes from the recognition and prestige, the monetary award is by no

means trivial – prize money for each award in 2001 amounted to ten million Swedish Crowns (just over £650,000). However, as Alfred Nobel himself commented, “contentment is the only real wealth”.

Cambridge, as one might expect, has had more than its fair share of Nobel laureates, with an impressive 77 prizes to date; four awards are featured below. This is more than the tally of any other academic institution and surpasses most countries – for example, the whole of France has won only 56 prizes in the history of the

awards. Our Oxford counterparts have amassed a comparatively mediocre 29, which, to rub salt into the wound, is actually less than the number from Trinity College alone – a spectacular 31. Trinity are followed (as per usual) by John's, who have a claim to a paltry eight prizes, two of which have both been won by one Fred Sanger.

The achievements of the Cambridge laureates have been as diverse as they have been profound. From the discovery of the structure of DNA to pioneering work in quantum

mechanics, Nobel winning scientists at Cambridge have had a major impact on the face of science and the rest of the modern world. However, before we bask in the glory of our predecessors, it is important to remember the spirit behind the prizes. This is best summed up by the inscription on the medals for chemistry and physics: *Inventas vitam juvat excoluisse per artes*, which is taken from the 6th song of Virgil's Aeneid and translates as ‘Inventions enhance life which is beautified through art.’

www.nobel.se

Sir Joseph John Thomson

1906 Prize in Physics – in recognition of the great merits of his theoretical and experimental investigations on the conduction of electricity by gases.

...in other words, the discovery of the electron. This, Thomson's most brilliant work, resulted from an initial investigation into cathode rays. Thomson, already well-established in a distinguished mathematical career, was also an industrious writer of inspirational books such as *The Corpuscular Theory of Matter*, and had a strong influence on Cambridge at the beginning of the Twentieth Century. He was made Professor at the age of 28 and soon became Master of Trinity. Under his direction and with the opening-up of the University to researchers who had not been Cambridge undergraduates, the Cavendish Laboratory entered a golden era. Knowledge of the electron allowed him to come up with the first proper atomic theory, the embryonic ‘plum pudding’ model. Thomson's son George, based in London, also has a Nobel Prize – which, coincidentally, happens to be for work on electron diffraction.

Paul Dirac

1933 Prize in Physics – for the discovery of new productive forms of atomic theory.

Dirac, one of the fathers of Quantum Mechanics, came to Cambridge from Bristol to read for a PhD. Just as Newton's Laws describe everything you do on an ordinary trip to Sainsbury's, Quantum Mechanics relates to the world at a sub-atomic scale. As soon as Heisenberg had introduced Quantum Mechanics in 1928, Dirac began the development of the important mathematical foundations in the field, which up until that point had been extremely sketchy. Dirac is also given credit for introducing relativity theory into Quantum Mechanics, resulting in the equation that bears his name. Throughout the next few decades, extensions to the theory were made to include the sub-nuclear world, applicable in the par-



ticle accelerators at places such as CERN. Dirac, the man who lectured our lecturers, died in 1984. It is a shame he is not here to witness the emerging fields of Quantum Information, Computing and Cryptography, which will be so prominent in the coming decades.

Francis Crick and James Watson

1962 Prize in Medicine – for their discoveries concerning the molecular structure of nuclear acids and its significance for information transfer in living material.

“My friends, we have discovered the secret of life,” announced Francis

Crick as he walked into *The Eagle* one day in February 1953. That morning, after several frustrating years at the old Cavendish Lab in Free School Lane, he and James Watson had finally determined the structure of deoxyribonucleic acid, DNA – a double helix. How? With X-ray diffraction techniques, now the stuff of first-year Materials courses. Crick's statement may have sounded conceited at the time, but it could hardly have been more prophetic. In terms of what it has unleashed, it is clearly a contender for the greatest scientific advance ever. Fifty years on, the results of Crick and Watson's discovery are all around us – what once took the form of examining photographs and playing with stick models now man-

ifests itself as cloning, gene therapy, forensic identification and the Genome Project – and we've only just scratched the surface. Thanks to Crick and Watson, the next century belongs to biochemistry.

Fred Sanger

1958 Prize in Chemistry – for his work on the structure of proteins, especially that of insulin;

1980 Prize in Chemistry – for contributions concerning the determination of base sequences in nucleic acids.

A former John's NatSci (there's hope for us all!), Fred Sanger joined the Biochemistry Department in 1940. Originally concentrating on amino acid metabolism, he later

moved on to studying protein structure, with a view to solidifying the scientific basis of a number of medical problems. A novel fractionation method permitted the complete sequencing of insulin, for which Sanger received his first prize in 1958. The award spurred him on and allowed him to attract the best possible colleagues. In 1962 he moved to Cambridge's Laboratory of Molecular Biology, joined by Crick and Watson and the rest of the Cavendish team. Sanger then applied his sequencing skills to nucleic acids, and was awarded a second prize in 1980 for this work. There are high hopes for a hat-trick, and given that he even likes to “mess about in boats”, that means there's hope for the boaties too.

Living in a material world

Tim Jarratt meets materials guru Professor Mike Ashby

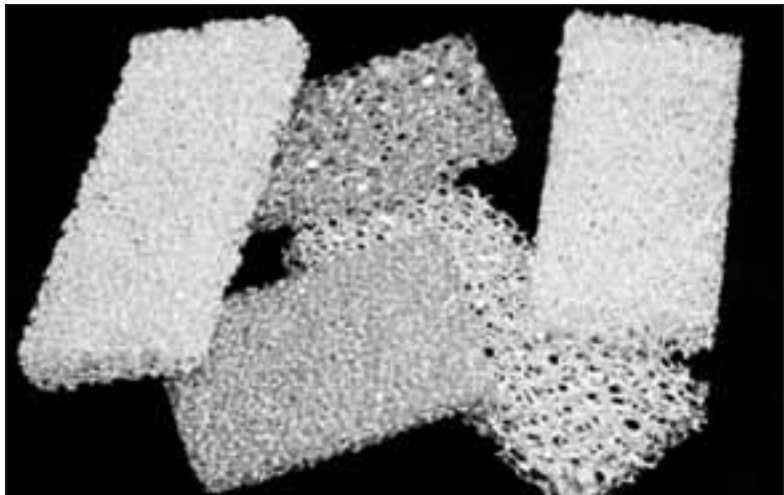
A whole generation of Cambridge students have used his books to ease their way through materials supervisions. Indeed the two volume work by Ashby and Jones' 'Engineering Materials' has become an essential text for students throughout the world. Although technically retired, Professor Mike Ashby continues to strongly influence research in design

problems of being a physicist is that there is not too much room at the top. There are lots of good problems in engineering and I'd always liked the idea of making things."

So, almost three decades on after taking such a major decision, how does he view it? "In hindsight I'm very glad. I loved America, but Europe is now a very exciting place

of Cambridge." Currently, he has strong links with institutions in France and Holland; indeed his latest book is written in French in collaboration with researchers in Grenoble.

In the eyes of undergrads, it is his work on materials selection for which Professor Ashby is most famous. Prior to the formation of the Engineering Design Centre, there was relatively little teaching of design within CUED. Professor Ashby felt that there was a need for a new approach to educating engineers about which materials could be used during design and thus the concept of Materials Selection Charts was born. During one summer vacation a computer based tool was developed from the basic charts. What was originally intended as an in-house aid for Cambridge students has blossomed into a company called Granta Design that employs 22 people. The firm, of which Professor Ashby is still a shareholder, is tailoring the product for individual industrial partners as well as supporting the more established academic customers. As Professor Ashby comments, with the formation of the company, "we had to stop giving it away free and hire some decent software engineers."



and micromechanics and takes an active part in the life of the Engineering Department.

Born in 1935, Mike Ashby spent his formative years in Sydney, Manchester and Belfast. Upon leaving school he arrived at Queens' College to read Natural Sciences followed by a PhD in physics, which was awarded in 1961.

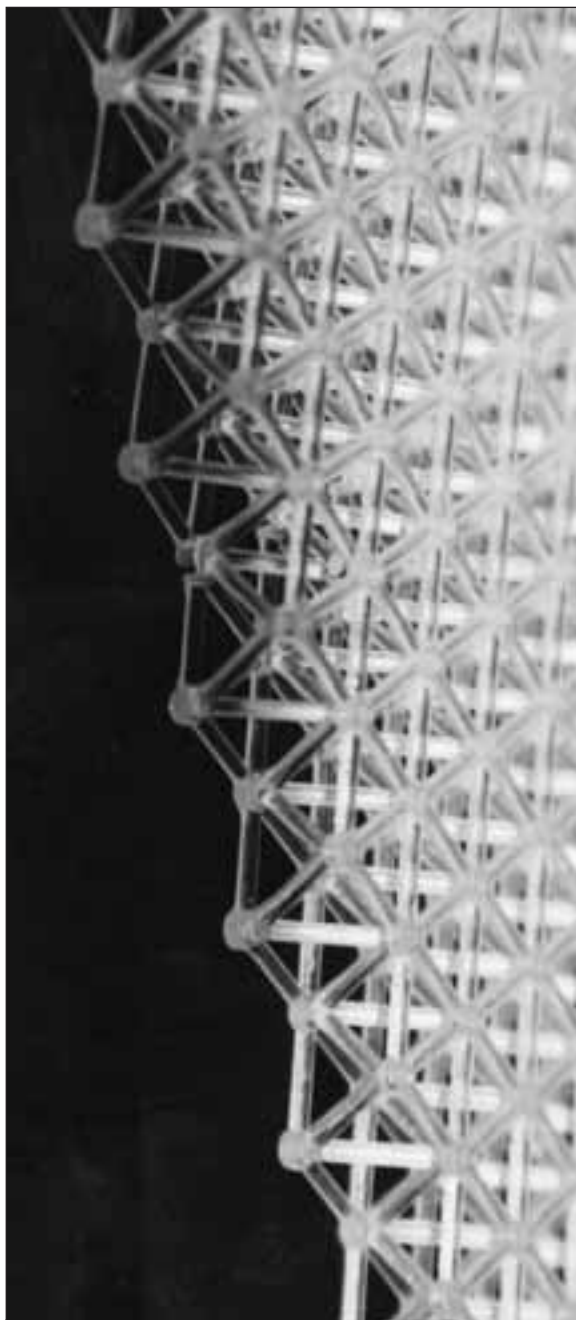
After Cambridge a three year stint teaching at the Institute for Metal Physics at the University of Göttingen followed. Then in 1966 it was off to the United States for a post-doctoral position at Harvard where soon he had risen to become a Professor of Applied Physics.

"I dreaded the thought of not working with students – I'd miss that more than anything"

When asked about his time there, Professor Ashby talks highly of the supportive atmosphere that enabled students and lecturers alike to flourish. "I can't praise it enough," he concludes enthusiastically, which leads onto the topic of what made him leave.

In 1973, Mike Ashby was offered the position of Professor of Engineering Materials at Cambridge University Engineering Department (CUED) and he agreed to return to the city after a twelve year absence. "If I had not come back to England then I probably would still be in America." The move also enabled a shift away from the theoretical world of physics to the more applied discipline of engineering. "One of the

to be." Professor Ashby then reeled off an extensive list of academic collaborations in which he has been involved covering most countries in Europe. He feels that the formation of the EU has encouraged interactions and persuaded people that "the world does not end at the boundaries



Lattice Structure developed with Prof. Fleck and Dr Deshpande



Rosam Huppert

With Granta Design now leading the development of materials selection, Professor Ashby now concentrates on two distinct areas. The first is based within the micromechanics group where novel sandwich structures are being developed for a variety of engineering applications. Recent technological advances have enabled metallic foams to be created with incredible energy absorption properties. These developments obviously excite Professor Ashby and his office contained numerous examples of these revolutionary structures. The second area is based within the Design Centre and concerns the use of materials in industrial design, a topic he finds that "really stretches the mind." This role does not confine Professor Ashby to Cambridge – he is also a Visiting

Professor at the Royal College of Art and travels down to London regularly to teach.

At the end we returned to the issue of retirement. Professor Ashby has theoretically retired – he receives no pay from the university, so why, I wondered, was he still regularly cycling in through the wind and rain? As I said it, I was struck by the pointlessness of the question. To me, the answer was obvious, his enthusiasm for his work was both infectious and inspiring, but anyway here is his response. "I still find research very stimulating. Some people run out of ideas, which must be extremely frustrating, and have to stop, but I enjoy being around and about people with ideas. I dreaded the thought of not working with students – I'd miss that more than anything."

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Email Chris Holly (cah44) to
write for the Lent term issue

Christ's Films

Sunday 10th Feb
8pm & 10:30pm
A KNIGHT'S TALE

Thursday 14th Feb 10pm
THE AFRICAN QUEEN

New Court Theatre, Christ's
£2 inc. raffle for wine
www.christs.cam.ac.uk/cfilms



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2002

Contact Madeleine on
ml226@cam.ac.uk for more
details

ST JOHNS FILMS

Sunday 10th February

The Others

7:30pm and 10pm

Thursday 14th February

Yi, yi (A One and a Two)

9pm

One World Week film
http://www-green.cusu.cam.ac.uk/oww/

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



Fisher Building, St John's £2.00

WANT TO WRITE FOR VARSITY?

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SECTION MEETING

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PAGE 8 FOR DETAILS

Listings

Film

Arts Picture House

THE DAY I BECAME A WOMAN (PG) 78mins Iran 2001

Fri 8th - Thurs 14th Feb: 1.00 (Sun
only) 3.00 (not Sun), 5.10 (Tues only),
7.00 (not Tues)

KANDAHAR (PG) 85mins Iran 2001

Fri 8th - Thurs 14th Feb: 1.00 (not
Sun), 5.00, 9.10 (not Tues)

GOSFORD PARK (15) 137mins

Fri 8th - Sun 10th Feb: 12.00, 2.45,
5.30, 8.15

Mon 11th - Thurs 14th Feb: 12.30 (not
Tues), 3.15 (not Tues), 3.30 (Tues
only), 6.00, 8.45

A MA SOEUR! (18) 86mins

Fri 8th - Sun 10th Feb: 1.10, 5.50
Mon 11th - Thurs 14th: 1.10, 5.00
(Weds and Thurs), 6.50 (not Weds or
Thurs)

LAST ORDERS (15) 109mins

Fri 8th - Sun 10th Feb: 3.20 (not
Sun), 8.00

Mon 11th - Thurs 14th: 2.50 (not
Mon), 4.20 (Mon only), 9.00

SHOW BOAT (U)

Tues 12th Feb: 1.30

GONETO EARTH (PG)

Tues 12th Feb: 9.15

DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN (U)

Fri 8th and Sat 9th Feb: 10.50pm

BROTHERHOOD OF THE WOLF (15)

Fri 8th and Sat 9th Feb: 10.40pm

RICHARD III (15)

Sunday 10th Feb: 3.00

LE JOURNAL DE LA RESIS- TANCE (15)

Sun 10th Feb: 3.00

URANUS (15)

Weds 13th Feb: 7.00

A SELF-MADE HERO (15)

Thurs 14th Feb: 7.00

Friday

Cambridge Union:

'The Rocky Horror Show', members
and guests only.

Union Society, in the Blue Room.
8pm.

New Hall:

Festival of German Film:
"Deutschland, bleiche Mutter" 1979
English subtitles.

New Hall, Buckingham House
Lecture Theatre.
8:30pm.

Saturday

New Hall:

Festival of German Film: "Kurz und
Schmerzlos" 1998 English Subtitles.

New Hall, Buckingham House
Lecture Theatre.
5:30pm.

New Hall:

Festival of German Film:
"Winterschlafer" 1997 English sub-
titles.

New Hall, Buckingham House
Lecture Theatre.
8:30pm.

Sunday

Christ's Films A KNIGHT'S TALE:

Heath Ledger, action/comedy/ad-
venture inspired by Chaucer's
Canterbury Tales.

Christ's College, New Court
Theatre.
8pm. £2.

Christ's Films A KNIGHT'S TALE:

Heath Ledger, action/comedy/ad-
venture inspired by Chaucer's
Canterbury Tales.

Christ's College, New Court
Theatre.
10:30pm. £2.

Robinson Films:

The Fast and the Furious.

Robinson College
7pm. £2

Robinson Films:

The Fast and the Furious.

Robinson College
10pm. £2

St John's Films:

The Others (12). 7:30pm and 10pm.
http://come.to/johnsfilms.

St. John's College, Fisher Building.
7:30pm. £2.00.

THEFT presents Velvet Goldmine:

A film by Todd Haynes, starring
Ewan McGregor. http://go.to/theft.

Trinity Hall, Lecture Theatre.
7:30pm. £2.

TRINITY FILM:

LIFT TO THE SCAFFOLD
Stylish french crime drama featuring
sounds by Miles Davis.

Trinity College, Winstanley
Theatre
9pm. £ 2.00.

Monday

TRINITY FILM:

LIFT TO THE SCAFFOLD Stylish
french crime drama featuring sounds
by Miles Davis.

Trinity College, Winstanley
Theatre
9pm. £ 2.00.

Tuesday

CCCP:

ALL ABOUT MY MOTHER.

McCrum Theatre, Benet Street,
Next to Eagle pub.
8pm. £2.

CUJS

Bridget Jones' Diary at 9:30 followed
by O Brother Where Art Thou at
11:15.

The Culanu Centre, 33 Bridge
Street

Wednesday

Churchill MCR Film Soc:

THE WHITE BALLOON
(Badkonake sefid). A One World
Week event.

Churchill College, Wolfson Hall.
8pm. £2.00.

Thursday

Christ's Films Valentine's Day Movie THE AFRICAN QUEEN:

Classic Humphrey Bogart and
Katharine Hepburn comedy romance
set during WW1.

Christ's College, New Court
Theatre.
10pm. £2

Robinson Films:

America's Sweethearts.

Robinson College

9:30pm. £2

St John's Films:

Yi, yi (A One and a Two). One
World Week film.
http://come.to/johnsfilms.

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.

CUSU

8pm.

Wednesday

King's LBG Night:

Popular mixed social with cheese mu-
sic. Undergrads and postgrads wel-
come.

King's College, Cellar Bar.

9:30pm.

Misc

Saturday

Cambridge University Hispanic Society:

Latin fiesta for OWW, music & lots
of fun for charity.

Newnham College, College Bar.

8pm.

Cambridge University Judo Club:

Open to all men and women.

Fenner's Gym, Gresham Road.

6pm.

Cambridge University Thai Society (CUTS):

Thai Night 2002 - Come, drink in
our tradition. Detail:
http://www.cam.ac.uk/societies/cuts/t
hainight.htm.

St Andrew's Street Baptist

Church, Regent Street,

Cambridge.

6:30pm. £14 members/ 16 stu-

dents/ 18 non-students.

Kettle's Yard:

SATURDAY DRAWING. drawing
with artist Anna Townley. Booking
Essential.

Kettle's Yard

11:30am. £5.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

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

email address: festflats@aol.com

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

The Pembroke College Winnie-Pooh Society:
Eleveses - A little smackerel of something
 (http://www-stu.pem.cam.ac.uk/pooh/).
Pembroke College, AA20, Foundress Court.
 4pm.

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.
CUJS
Relaxation Evening - crystal balls, Reiki Healing, massage, herbal teas, chocolate, and The Matrix
The Culanu Centre, 33 Bridge St

Monday
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 absolute beginners. Relaxing and fun.
King's College, Chetwynd room.
 7:30pm. £conc.
Belly dance:
Belly dance for intermediates. Powerful art form. Improvisation and choreography.
King's College, Chetwynd room.
 6pm. £conc
CUYoga Society:
Iyengar yoga with Philippe.
Lucy Cavendish College, Oldham Student Bar.
 5:15pm. £3.50 or termcard - 4 sessions for 10.

CUSAGC:
Pub Quiz- Great Prizes. Raising money for the 20th World Scout Jamboree.
Churchill College, Bar 8pm.
 8pm. £1.
CUTAZZ:
Beginners tap.
Robinson College, Games room.
 6pm. £2.50.
CUTAZZ:
Intermediate/advanced tap.
Robinson College, Games room.
 7pm. £2.50.

Tuesday
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:
Beginners Jazz.
United Emmanuel Reform Church, Church hall
 7pm. £2.50.

CUTAZZ:
Advanced Jazz.
United Emmanuel Reform Church, Church hall.
 8pm. £2.50.

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, informal chat with Chinese New Year theme.
9 Victoria Street, just off Christs Pieces.
 7pm.

Wednesday
CUYoga Society:
Yoga with Shuddassara.
Newnham College, Old Labs.
 5:30pm. £3.50 or 10 for termcard (4 sessions).

CUYoga Society:
8 week course with Shuddassara (formerly Nancy).
Newnham College, Old Labs.
 7:15pm. £20

Quiz Society:
Intercollegiate Championship: Pembroke/NewHall, Queens'/Clare, Fitz/Wolfson, LucyC vs Downing.
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 pounds / class or 15 / term.

Salsa Dancing - Absolute Beginners Class:
£10 to join; £1.20 per class.
St Paul's School Hall, Coronation Street.
 7pm.

SalsaPassion:
All Style Salsa Dance Classes; 8:30 Beginners, 9:30 Advanced; £5 (£3 Students).
St.Columba's Hall, Downing Street
 8:30pm.

Music

Friday
Jubilation Sound:
Jubilation Sound System playing roots reggae and dubwise.
Robinson College
 8pm. £2.

KettlesYard:
LUNCHTIME CONCERT. Free concerts programmed by students.
Kettle's Yard
 1:10pm.

Queens' Ents:
Naughty! - Nineties to the Naughtyies Back to School Bop.
Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall.
 9pm.

The Junction CDC:
Boogie Wonderland: 70s and 80s Disco Extravaganza 10 -2am.
The Junction
 10pm. £3.50/5.50adv and after 11.

Saturday
Cambridge Union:
Jazz & Cocktails with the Radegund Trio. Free for members, £3 for non-members.
Union Society, in the Bar.
 8:30pm.

CCMS - The Beaufort Ensemble:
Beethoven: Symphony no.2; Dvorak: Wind Serenade.
Emmanuel College, Queen's Building.
 8pm. £6 / £3.

Clare ents:
Asabre Quaye Saneko.
Live African Percussion in association with ONE WORLD WEEK.
Clare College
 9pm. £3/4.

Gonville and Caius Musical Society:
Geoffrey Webber, Harpsichord.
Caius College, Bateman Auditorium.
 1:15pm.

Queens' Ents:
Es Paradis - Ibiza anthems and club classics.
Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall.
 9pm.

The Junction CDC:
WildStyle: RnB/Hiphop Valentine's ball with Andrez from Damage 10-3am.
The Junction
 10pm. £7/9.

Sunday
Clare live:
Morrocco + support. Rockfunk'n'roll. Returning to their favourite venue.
Clare College
 9pm. £3/4.

Emmanuel College Music Society:
Cello recital by Catherine Dawson. Featuring Bach's Suite in E flat.
Emmanuel College, Old Library.
 8:30pm. £2 / £1

Relax...
Monkey Boy & Pete Radford spin chilled beats & bobs. beanbags & easy vibes...
Selwyn College Bar
 7pm.

RELAXATION EVENING
Crystal balls, music, massage, Reiki healing, herbal teas, chill out music, The Matrix and chocolate
 SUNDAY 10TH FEBRUARY,
 FROM 6PM
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CADS
MALE ACTOR REQUIRED TO PLAY A LEAD ROLE IN CADS 6TH WEEK PRODUCTION OF MICHAEL FRAYN'S Donkeys Years
 Email Becky Lowe on reol2@cam.ac.uk or phone on 07815 109858

Gonville and Caius
May Ball 2002
Auditions for Entertainers
Contact Lucy (lmd29)

CAST
CAST INVITE APPLICATIONS FOR A TECHNICAL CREW FOR THEIR 2002 TOUR OF AMERICA.
 POSITIONS AVAILABLE INCLUDE SM, TD, DESIGNER, LIGHTING AND SOUND.
CONTACT AH323 OR AC338 FOR MORE INFORMATION

show off
CAMBRIDGE STUDENT ART EXHIBITION SUBMISSIONS
 Submissions to Henry's Cafe
 5A Pembroke St
 9 - 10 Feb 11am - 6pm
 www.studentart2002.co.uk

CADS
CADS INVITE APPLICATIONS TO DIRECT A MAYWEEK SHOW IN CHRIST'S COLLEGE FELLOWS GARDEN
APPLICATIONS TO BRUCE DOUGLAS AT CHRIST'S BY 18 FEBRUARY
 (EMAIL BMD21 FOR MORE INFO)

Corpus Christi College
The Cambridge Arts Theatre & The Fletcher Players
 invite applications from students and drama societies wishing to stage productions at the newly refurbished **Corpus Christi College Playroom** 10 St Edward's Passage, during the Easter Term.
 Application forms can be collected from the Porters' Lodge, Corpus Christi
 Forms should then go to:
 The Theatre Administrator, c/o Corpus Christi
 Enquiries to Anna Jones, (arj25)
 The deadline for receipt of applications is 9am, Thursday 21st February

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 Cambridge Arts Theatre

University of Cambridge

Leslie Stephen Lecture 2002

Victoria Glendinning

will lecture on

The Lies and Silences of Biography

The Senate-House, Cambridge
5.30pm on Wednesday 13 February 2002

Admission is open to all
Members of the University wear gowns

Music

contd.

Monday

Cambridge University

Troubadours:

Rehearsals of vocal and instrumental
medieval music.

Jesus College, Octagon Room.

7:30pm.

King's College CICCUC group:

Handel's Messiah with libretto ex-
plained by Vaughan Roberts.

King's College, Chapel.

7:30pm. £2.

Wednesday

Bad Timing:

Minimal/abstract/lofi/early electron-
ics/

randomness with resident and
guest DJs, live digital processing,
live PA tbc.

Portland Arms, Mitcham's Corner.

8pm.

Thursday

Kettle's Yard:

SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT.
French Connection.

Kettle's Yard

8pm. £8.50 for six concerts.

RAWGANICS:

hiphop reggae soul Kela, Braintax,
TaskForce, Jehst, Skully, Delegates

The Junction

9pm. £8/£7.

Friday

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.

Talk

Friday

Cambridge Inter-Collegiate
Christian Union:

"Blind Faith? - does faith start where
facts end" by Kris Kandire.

Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall.

1pm.

Cambridgeshire Bird Club:

"Hope for farmland birds" talk by
Roger Buisson (RSPB).

Milton Country Park Visitor
Centre, off Tesco roundabout
A10/A14 junction.

8pm. £1 non-members.

War on Want:

Presentation on the Tobin Tax at 1.15-
1.45pm and again at 4.45-5.15pm.

Jesus College, Prioress Room.

1pm.

Sunday

One World Week:

An informed and informal discussion
about homelessness in Cambridge.

King's College, Keynes's Hall.

6:20pm.

Monday

One World Week:

An informed and informal discussion
about homelessness in Cambridge.

King's College, Keynes's Hall.

6:20pm.

Tuesday

Cambridge Union:

Talk by Michael Winner: 'My life in
Movies & other Places'.

In the Chamber.

8pm.

crosstalk society:

"What if? Re-running evolution"
Simon Conway-Morris. Info:

www.corpus.cam.ac.uk/collegelife/pcts.

Leckhampton House (Corpus
Christi), off Grange Road.

8pm.

One World Week:

An informed and informal discussion
about homelessness in Cambridge.

King's College, Keynes's Hall.

6:20pm.

Wednesday

Cambridge Union:

Talk by Zaki Badawi, prominent
British Muslim.

In the Chamber

8pm.

One World Week:

An informed and informal discussion
about homelessness in Cambridge.

King's College, Keynes's Hall.

6:20pm.

Thursday

Kettle's Yard:

LUNCHTIME GALLERY TALK.

Kettle's Yard

1:10pm.

One World Week:

An informed and informal discussion
about homelessness in Cambridge.

King's College, Keynes's Hall.

6:20pm.

Friday

One World Week:

An informed and informal discussion
about homelessness in Cambridge.

King's College, Keynes's Hall.

6:20pm.

Theatre

Friday

My Mother Said I Never Should:

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

The Playroom

7:15pm. £4.

Pembroke Players:

Marlowe's The Massacre at Paris .

Pembroke College, New Cellars.

10pm. £4 (£3.50).

Pembroke Players:

Sexual Perversity in Chicago by
David Mamet.

Pembroke College, New Cellars.

8pm. £4/£5 w/o student id.

ADC Mainshow

Black Comedy by Peter Shaffer.

"Geninely funny" - Varsity

ADC Theatre

7.45

Saturday

FOOTLIGHTS AUDITIONS:

For Bar Night & Smoker.
Writers/performers wanted.

Sketch/song/stand-up/monologue
welcome! Bring material 11am -
1pm.

ADC Theatre, Bar.

11am.

My Mother Said I Never Should:

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

The Playroom

7:15pm. £4.

Pembroke Players:

Marlowe's The Massacre at Paris .

Pembroke College, New Cellars.

10pm. £4 (£3.50).

Pembroke Players:

Sexual Perversity in Chicago by
David Mamet.

Pembroke College, New Cellars.

8pm. £4/£5 w/o student id.

ADC Mainshow

Black Comedy by Peter Shaffer.

"Geninely funny" - Varsity

ADC Theatre

7.45

Sunday

FOOTLIGHTS BAR NIGHT:

Enjoy excellent stand-up, fine music
and good company! Free for mem-
bers.

ADC Theatre, Bar.

7:45pm. £3.00.

My Mother Said I Never Should:

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

The Playroom

7:15pm. £4.

Pembroke Players:

Marlowe's The Massacre at Paris .

Pembroke College, New Cellars.

10pm. £4 (£3.50).

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COST FROM £20.00, DEADLINE 3PM MONDAYS.

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"A textbook display of fine
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"Wonderful" - Customer's letter



The Amateur Dramatic Club announces

AUDITIONS

for LSW - Professional Workshop
Production of

VOICES

An opportunity to work with a
professional company performing in
London and New York

Sunday 10 February 10am-2pm
ADC Theatre Bar

Contact Alex (alc43) for details

IMPRO WORKSHOP

Workshop on all styles of acting
All Welcome

No experience needed!

Friday 8 February 4:30-6pm
ADC Theatre Bar

Contact Alex (alc43) for details

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VARSITY.CAM.AC.UK

Candid Tortoise



“If at first you don’t succeed, so much for skydiving”

Joseph Craig and Ali Smart

KAMA SUTRA

This we bring you our favourite Kama Sutra positions:



Top Left

Dear Tortoise

Dear Tortoise,
You are petty and foolish.
Steve, King's

Dear Tortoise,
I'm a big fan of the page, but how can you justify giving more publicity to that horrific monster? Osama Bin Laden is one thing, but another picture of Pav Akhtar is unacceptable.
Mike, Jesus

Dear Tortoise,
My lawyer will be in touch. So will my father.
Jesus, Christ's



Christine Haseldine



“Don't mind if I do”



Christine Haseldine

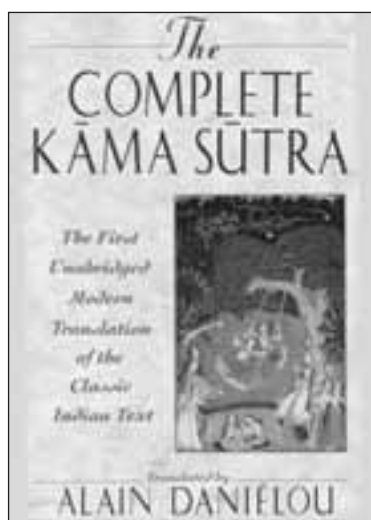
Harry Potter And The Iraqi Dictator

On a Hogwarts school trip to India, Harry, Ron and Hermione slip into a seedy bar to get some under-age drinking in. They strike up a conversation with a shady character.

Harry: Excuse me, are you Des Lynam?
Saddam Hussein: Er, no, I'm just in town for the UN seminar on nuclear weapons.
H: Are you here to speak at it?
S: No, I'm here to blow it up. Can I get you a drink?
H: I'll have a goblet of fire, please.
S: Alright, I'll ask the barman. One fire goblet please.
Osama Bin Laden: Would you like a Manhattan with that?
S: No, but have one yourself. Now tell me, young man, what do you want to be when you grow up?
H: Well, I considered the priesthood, but they want little boys for other things. I'm at the wrong end of the wand, if you see what I mean.

S: Have you thought about being a dictator?
H: Well of course, but I don't know shorthand.
S: You know, I'm in the dictator game myself.
H: Oh, really? Do you think I could get work experience?
S: Do you inspire a religious devotion in small-minded peasants?
H: Actually, yes.
S: Well, pop down to Baghdad sometime.
H: Dumbledore says there's a law against sending arms to Iraq, but maybe he'll let the rest of me go.
S: Sounds like a case for Allah McBeal. By the way, how did you get that scar?
H: It's a long story. Very long. Much too long.
S: We don't have time to burn the midnight oil.
H: I thought you burned it all already.

S: True, we had to cancel the Baghdad Grand Prix.
H: That sounds like a dangerous race.
S: Yeah, but not as bad as the Arabs.
H: The only Arabs I've seen were in that film, The Mosque Of Zorro.
S: Oh, I saw that one. I prefer more realistic films, like Terminator.
H: My favourite is Father Of The Bride.
S: Don't you mean “brides”? The one with the soundtrack by Halal Cool J?
H: That was Chicken Run.
S: Oh well, I've got to go – I don't want to miss Husseinfeld. 'Bye.
Hermione: I don't think you should be talking to strangers, Harry.
Harry: But he doesn't look like an evil wizard.
Ron: No, he looks more like a porn star.
Hermione: Or a pimp.
Ron: Do you think he could get us some action?



Right in the middle

TWO COWS...IN ART

Leonardo Da Vinci: You have two cows which smile at each other enigmatically.

Michelangelo: You have a white bull called David who just stands very, very still. He has large genitalia.

Rembrandt: You have two cows, but you ignore them and just paint pictures of yourself over and over.

Magritte: This is not a cow.

Dali: You have one fish and one cow. The cow is a fish.

Damien Hirst: You have two half cows. Pickled.

Picasso: You have two very messy cows.

Jackson Pollock: You have two cow-pats.

Warhol: You have 32 cows, arranged in an eight by four grid. They are pink.

Haring: You have two dancing cow-blobs.

What do you get...?

By the end of term our Random Joke Generator™ will write this page for us, but as yet it is still a prototype. Here are its first fruits:

Chris Tarrant, Cliff Richard and Osama Bin Laden walk into a bar. In the corner there's a man with unfeasibly large breasts sipping on a Fatima Whitbread. She looks up and asks “Why the long face?”

“I'm a frayed knot with too many Essex girls to change a light bulb” says Cliff. Disappointed that nobody asks him how many, he takes a magic duck from under his mother-in-law, and picks a fight with a chicken.

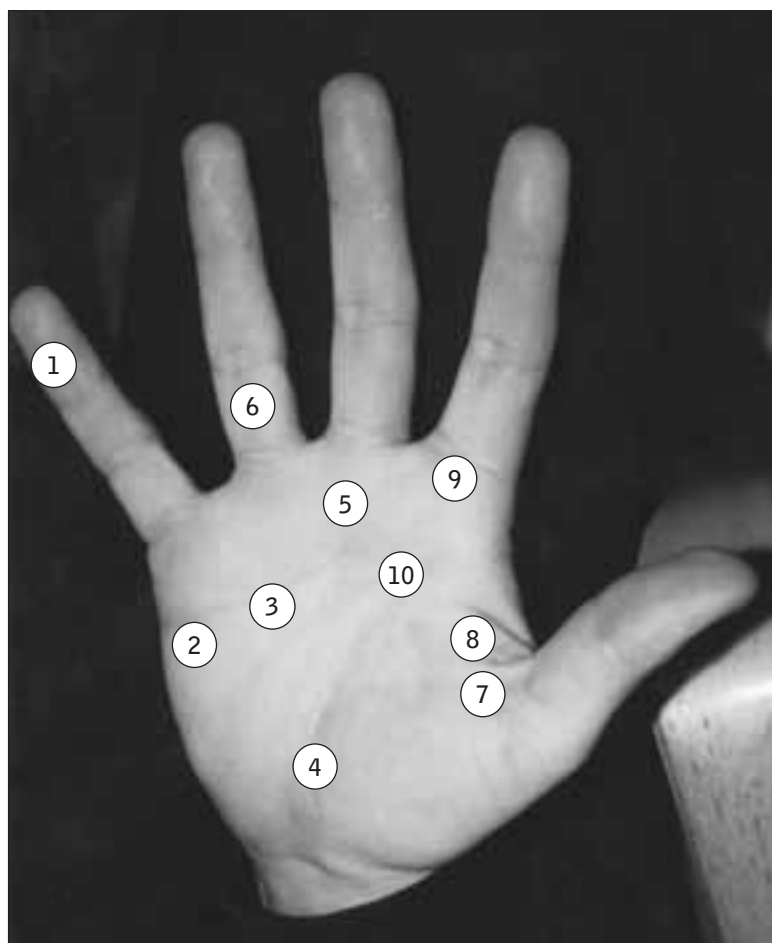
“What's the difference between Cliff and the chicken?” Bill asks Ben. Suddenly, the barman screams: “I'm an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotsman!”

So the foot-high piano player strikes up with ‘Living Doll’ and a shaggy dog starts singing along. Not having a nose, he just howls ‘Hit me, Bay B. Juan! More thyme!’

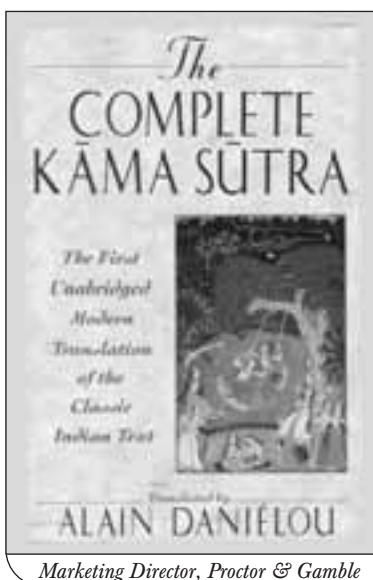
Chris Tarrant turns round and says “Don't listen to him, he doesn't know a thing about cars. Let me show you how to get to the other side...”

It's then that Michael Barrymore finds a desert island on the floor and posts it to the gates of heaven, where Jim Morrison grabs it by the lapels and, in a near perfect impression of Michael Caine, shouts at the top of his voice: “But what did you do with the ship?”

Guide to palm reading (or: other things you can do with your hands)



- 1.) If any of these fingers is missing, you've been in Sicily too long. Minnie is waiting for you at home.
- 2.) If there is a line here, Mick Jagger is your father.
- 3.) This is the ‘Heart Line’. A line here indicates that you have a heart.
- 4.) This is the ‘Head Line’. With Trevor MacDonald.
- 5.) This is the ‘Northern Line’. Change here for a Charing Cross train.
- 6.) Medical researchers studying skin patterns (dermatoglyphics), have discovered a correspondence between wedding rings and being married.
- 7.) A pulse here indicates that secretly, you laugh about Osama Bin Laden too.
- 8.) A lack of a pulse here indicates that you wouldn't be caught dead with a necrophiliac.
- 9.) This is your ‘Direct Line’. Do-d-do-do-do-do-do-do.
- 10.) This is your ‘Life Line’. Do you a) phone a friend, b) ask the audience, c) go 50-50 or d) sleep with Anne Robinson?



Marketing Director, Proctor & Gamble

Leg 3 – Thailand

Johan Duramy & Charlie Rahtz

Khao San Road, Bangkok. Any backpacker's first stop in South East Asia. The front line of Thai culture – half a mile of complete sensual overload. We take a deep breath of the warm, multi-scented air, step into the fray and...

Wow! Hello! Handsome man! Where you go?! You want taxi? I take you see big Buddha! Good price! Yes yes, I take you anywhere, only ten baht! Good price, I make you good suit. You English man, yes? Okay – I from Manchester, I sell you noodle, spring roll! Pretty lady?! You like sarong? Thank you sir, I 'keep the change', ha? Ha ha! *Oh yeah, totally! I feel like I've finally found myself.* Tuk tak?! You! Mister! I take you see pretty temple! *Man, come on! You've just got to let him know who's*

boss, yeah? Biggest Buddha in all Thailand! Cheap cheap! *Yeah, like, I feel at one with the people and the culture.* Please mister? Ten baht for me? Please sir? Help me eat sir? *They're all just like us, you know?* Hello! You want see pussy? Pussy do ping pong, pussy do banana, pussy do balloon? Taxi?! Pretty bag for you sir? *It's like, inside me, there's this Thai person trying to get out, you know?* I sell you CD, mister? Cold drink for you lady? Quick quick, yes, I take you see palace, taxi, good price, OK, yes. Tuk tuk?!

But there is more than this to Thailand. We leave the hawkers, the taxi-drivers and the hippies of this strange microcosm and head to Ban Sai Moon and the mountains of the North.



Religion and cooking are inextricably entwined

Rich Eborall



Eating Out Bangkok City ☆☆☆

Bangkok City is central Cambridge's only Thai restaurant and thus corners a large portion of the student market. The range of the menu is wide enough and the food is tasty although not spectacular. Singha (a genuine Thai lager) is available, providing a touch of authenticity, and the warbling background music certainly hints at some sort of Thai atmosphere, although it doesn't bring the hustle and bustle of Bangkok itself to life. Food-wise, this would be an inadequate review without praising the delicious *kaeng keow wan* (green curry) and the prawn satay starter. There's spicy food for those who like it and milder dishes for those who don't. The prices are perhaps out of the average student range but at £20-£25 a head, this might be suitable as a little treat.

Shopping

ซูเปอร์มาร์เก็ต (Sainsbury's)

Not a great selection, but some essentials. Get your *Nam Pla* (fish sauce) here, alongside lemongrass, soya sauce, etc...

The Market

Veggies, get your veggies here!

Cho Mee, 108 Mill Road

Excellent for oriental food, get your rice vinegar here.

Chang Mai Central Market, Thailand

Live chickens waiting to be roasted, ducks aplenty, frogs to be skinned, chilli galore and even dogs for those gap year kiddos who want to 'find themselves'...

The Mystery of Nam Pla

Take several hundred small fish, lay them in a barrel and add salt. Put the lid on and come back three months later by which time the fish will have fermented. If you skim the liquid off the top of the barrel, you will have the finest *nam pla*, a fish sauce which has a 'powerful' aroma to say the least.

Foul as this sounds, *nam pla* is an essential ingredient in any Thai or Vietnamese kitchen and most recipes will not require more than a tablespoon or two of this potent elixir. Like its ancient Roman cousin, *garum*, it provides a subtle but distinctive background flavour.

Those who know claim that there is nothing that can replace it. Don't be shy!

Navin Sivaramdam

Navin Sivaramdam

Recipes of the week

The secrets of two ancient dishes

Thai Salad (serves 4 easily)

Wow! You want to cook fresh salad? You handsome English man, you! My cousin he lives in the mountains and has ancient secret... Forget the som tam stall – they no good! I give you recipe for tasty salad he always make.

Start with the dressing... Take stalk of lemongrass, and chop!

Add 1 pinch chopped ginger
1 tablespoon soya sauce
1 1/2 cups olive oil
2/3 cup of rice vinegar

Look good, yeah? Now mister on to main ingredients! Look! Take large bunch of coriander, one big red chilli, one pack of chives and one pack of spring onions. Chop! Add to a pack of prawns.

Cook 125-150 grams of rice noodles. Add to the rest of the ingredients and pour dressing. Finished already! Wow!

Thai Chicken and Peanut Curry

Salad not enough for you – we still hungry, no? We cook famous tasty curry!

Heat 3 tablespoons of vegetable oil in a wok (go borrow one) and add in a tablespoon of Thai red curry paste. Turning the heat to low, add 500g chicken and stir.

Once curry sauce has blended through the meat, add 400 ml of coconut milk, 250 grams of ground peanuts ("my cousin, he lazy but he smart, he use peanut butter"), 2 tablespoons of sugar, and roughly 2 tablespoons of Nam Pla (see right).

Stir in some kaffir lime leaves! Wow! You English, you crazy man! You no have kaffir? You mad in the heat or what? Use lemon grass instead.

Simmer for around ten minutes, garnish with basil leaves and serve with rice. Yum yum!



Thai Salad



Thai chicken and peanut curry

Book recommendation

Cooking Class Thai, Australian Women's Weekly Cookbooks
£5.99 Paperback (Borders) ☆☆☆



Buying Thai cookbooks in Cambridge is no small feat. However, unlikely as it sounds, this series by the Australian Women's Weekly magazine provides a highly instructive introduction to Thai cuisine.

Cooking Class Thai presents flavourful recipes in a step-by-step format. An introduction and glossary dealing with essential Thai ingredients are particularly welcome. The presentation and traditional way of eating are also briefly covered.

The photographs are mouthwatering, and the recipes very approachable thanks to the clear and detailed instructions. The recipes cover classic combinations such as sweet and sour, as well as the less well known *kaffir* and *tamarind*. Special mention goes to two salads: the calamari, and the chicken with toasted rice.

Tip of the week

“Although no Thai will admit to this, some Heinz tomato ketchup added to your *pad Thai* makes for a nicer colour and enhanced sweetness.”



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LITERATURE 25



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Text: Dave Thorley, Illustration: Shelley Keight

WE THE HEANEY-BOPPERS

I clicked open the padlock on my wrought iron address book and called up each and every one of my contacts; sources close to Seamus Heaney disclosed that he wasn't doing interviews. So I cooked up a plan. I'd meet Seamus at the station, bundle him into a taxi and whisk him round the block, all the time engaging him in a conversation, poised between casual chit-chat and probing commentary. We'd careen right onto Hills Road; left through the red light and onto Lensfield; left across the hillock of the mini roundabout; slam on the handbrake at the next lights; another left into the path of an oncoming Bedford van; and roar back right into the station before he could begin discoursing on the figurative importance of boggy places and burping frogs.

But alas, he didn't come by train. He arrived stylishly, having easily evaded the booby traps I had laid along his way and promptly set about the business of

delivering the first of his Tanner lectures for 2002. For those who don't know – and as we were enthusiastically informed beforehand – the Tanner lectures are the most prestigious lectures ever to be named after a commercial jewellery mogul with an interest in poetry. Heaney's poet's voice (standard issue from the Arts Council of England) is mellow and modulating, like a bassoon. And, also like a bassoon, it's prone to the occasional unwanted squeak when his concentration wavers. To confuse troublesome groupies (all of whom have come dressed as Seamus Heaney, in green Macs and woolly hats) the real Seamus wears a grey suit and a full-length city coat. And it's at this point that my attention sputters, stalls, and breaks down. Seamus begins discussing Wilfred Owen, his well-adjusted tones wooing the gathered and gaping academics into submission. He's obviously conscious of being in Cambridge – his carefully

fashioned and casually dropped jokes about the *OED* exert dutiful titters from the Dons and Fellows. This is a man playing to his fans. And I'm left screaming internally, "you've won the Nobel Prize for literature; held a professorship at Oxford; taught at Harvard; and are widely held to be the great-granddaddy of modern poetry: get used to being institutionalised, man".

Seamus Heaney is not one to be hurried, though. It takes him nigh on an hour to get round to playing the hits. But when he finally launched himself into a bit of Beowulf, the assembled Heaney-boppers went crazy. They nodded and tutted and inhaled sharply like there was no tomorrow. And they bore him aloft on their shoulders and carried him home.

ARTS



Charlotte Keatley's *My Mother Said I Never Should* is a play that I have avoided for a very long time.

For a start, it is a monument in Women's Theatre; it has the reputation of being a badly written, man-hating, po-faced, wilfully politically-correct dirge that one would pay money to avoid. Indeed, there is some fairly heavy-handed dialogue in the script, mostly of the 'whoops, exposition!' school; at times the play seems fragmentary, it certainly wears its colours on its sleeve ("I'm making banners for our Greenham Common protest"); and it sometimes seems in danger of not escaping its literary historical circumstances of composition.

However, this production is in fact a charming and entertaining evening. It could do with cutting – the action of the play takes in the lives of four women from successive generations between 1900 until 1987, and, after two and a half hours on the opening night, it did feel like we'd been through eighty-seven years with them. But the four outstanding performances make this production a pleasure to watch; Micha Colombo, Anna Mackay and Jennifer Kidd all give excellent performances as their characters age throughout the play (Jennifer Kidd's impression of a baby is partic-

It's Reigning Women

Andrew Haydon reviews a new play

ularly impressive), while Hannah Boyde shines as the eldest mother of the four. The direction is imaginative, the plot flows, and there is a feeling of real dedication and craft behind the simple staging. The set manages to en-

space; the acting succeeded despite the different demands of a studio. And to say that the scenes occasionally courted banality is not a criticism but a measure of its realism. This production took the play and gave it a hu-



Jessica Reynolds

compass the impressionistic and uncertain atmosphere of children's games (with striking and beautiful use of white sheets and ultraviolet lights), as well as the more naturalistic presentation of the character-led scenes. It is a pleasure to see the Playroom being used so well, and to have actors evidently enjoy the more intimate

manity and warmth not usually found in agit-prop theatre. As a result, it was both funny and moving without sacrificing any of its underlying seriousness.

My Mother Said I Never Should is on at the Playroom today and tomorrow at 7.15

Spoonface Steinberg

Award winning drama from the Oscar-nominated pen of Cambridge graduate Lee Hall (*Billy Elliot*) comes to the ADC this week.

Spoonface Steinberg is a moving and humorous portrayal of a young autistic girl with cancer who makes sense of her situation much more readily than the adults around her—Dr Bernstein, her parents, and Mrs Spud the cleaner.

In just under an hour of engaging and unconventional theatre *Spoonface* pres-

ents her unique and pragmatic perspective on life, death, mankind and faith.

The play may be of interest to students of the post-1970 paper ('popular sentimentalism', Drew Milne), and those with a more general interest in contemporary theatre.

All the proceeds will also be donated to charity—divided between the National Autistic Society and East Anglia Children's Hospices. Please come and support the production.



A very silly play

Nathan Koblantz and Claire Wingfield review *The Massacre at Paris*

If you like your plays camp, irreverent, and full of plastic props, you'll enjoy the Pembroke Players' production of Marlowe's *The Massacre at Paris*.

This is a shameless spoof, which hams up its school-play atmosphere, whilst speeding through seventeen years of history, focusing on the massacre of Protestants in Paris in 1572, and including the deaths of almost all its central characters. If you have any objections to laughing at such lines as, "take her away, and throw her in a ditch," you won't be wanting to see this production.

The plot itself is confusing, convoluted and best ignored, centring on the das-

tardly Duke of Guise, played by Andrew Ormerod. Bedecked in swishing purple, Ormerod is perfect for the extravagance and lavishness of Marlowe's verse. He is ably supported by the evil and giggling Jeannette Leslie, and, after the Duke's murder, Alistair Nunn's Henry III fills the void admirably, with a memorably orgiastic death scene. The rest of the cast seem to lack the courage fully to seize the words, so the result offers variegated success. However, there are a lot more hits than misses, and the infectious enthusiasm of the cast combined with the intimacy of the space, leads to a pleasantly funny and silly evening.

The simple set, lighting and sound design do not draw attention away

from the action in front of you, despite the resourcefulness shown in the use of two foldaway tables that variously serve as tree, ditch, and bed. This is a play with a refreshing lack of pretension, if we ignore the bizarre, unfulfilled claims of the publicity flier: "the play...provides subtle insight into political and religious hypocrisy, as telling now as when it was premiered." This production whole-heartedly avoids making a virtue of subtlety. Time to sack your ghost-writer, we feel.

The Massacre at Paris is on at Pembroke New Cellars today and tomorrow at 10

Light Comedy

Edward Evans reviews *Black Comedy*

Flight had crashed and burnt. Instead of being treated to Bulgakov, we got Shaffer; with only twelve days to put together a replacement, would Keir Shiels' production of Black Comedy meet the same fate? It appears that almost no-one cared: I had the choice of almost any seat in the house.

The audience was no bigger than two dozen, and if the lights were on, no-one was listening. This was a pity since, despite the lack of rehearsal time, the cast and crew of *Black Comedy* put on a show that was, if not polished, certainly of a respectable sixth-form standard.

There could even be a lesson in this production's speed. The short time spent rehearsing meant the director had less of a chance to tinker with or justify this show. No pseudo justifications of Shaffer's reversal of darkness and light here. No ramblings about the themes of class conflict and manners in the swinging sixties. This show did exactly what it said on the tin: it amused the (few) members of the audience who bothered to turn up.

Why? First, Shaffer's script is first rate. Brindsley Miller is set to show off his new sculpture to a millionaire when a power cut interrupts his plans. Having borrowed his neighbour's best antique furniture, his sales pitch is destroyed by his fiancée, her military dad, an elderly female neighbour, and the return of a different neighbour.

The cries of panic from behind the safety curtain before the start of the show suggested that the cast might not be able to exploit the script's comic potential as best they could. Once warmed up, however, the cast more than rose to the challenge. Thomas O'Connor's portrayal of the louche artist's fall was as energetic as it was engaging, and his ex-girlfriend's malice was neatly conveyed in a carefully-paced performance by Katie Baines.

Some characters may have been one-dimensional, but in this show that didn't detract from the whole; Simon Radford's cardboard Colonel Melkett was loud, grumpy, and fitted his Old Etonian tie perfectly. Similarly, Keir Shiels' Harold Gorringer was a toe-curlingly camp combination of Bruce Forsyth and Lovejoy with none of their redeeming characteristics. This man is surely set for a career in daytime television.

Don't go and see this show if you're keen on "intelligent" student drama; this show is the result of group of people putting on a show with limited time and resources and succeeding. Yes, the script may have only just been pulled off the shelf. Yes, the production is slightly creaky. But it's still a perfectly competent, unpretentious, and even genuinely funny production. How refreshing.

Black Comedy is on at the ADC today and tomorrow at 7.45



Correction

There was a mistake in last week's article 'Playroom Renaissance' regarding the make-up of the CCC Playroom Programming Committee. The article should have stated that the body will consist of three student Fletcher Players, one Corpus Fellow, and two Art Theatre Representatives, and not what was printed. *Varsity* apologises for the error.

Kinky Sex in the Windy City

Zoe Strimpel reviews *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*

“Legs are like money from home.” Indeed. In this slightly off simle there is the sexual confusion, humour, and excess of words that characterise David Mamet’s *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*.

The scene is Chicago, (impossible!!), and the content is Bernie (Andre Marmot, who also directed), a sex-crazed, jabbering, anecdote-stuffed, emotional wasteland, Deb (Laura Kolb), the illustrator and pseudo-lesbian partner of Danny (Vinay Jain), and Joan (Jeanette Leslie), the bitterest kindergarten teacher you’ll ever see. Although not blindingly perverse, the obvious preoccupation of all four people is sex and what it means. As with all good plays, subtext is where it’s at, although not to a pretentious degree. Here, Deb and Danny probably have the most subtext, as they scabble to want sex and love at the same time, an attempt which ends with, “You’re a lousy f***!” Deb, feeling maltreated and undervalued, starts withholding the whereabouts of the shampoo, pinning the meaning of “everything and nothing” on it, much like the meaning of the entire play, and all things dependent on subjectivity. So, we can search for meaning or let that happen subconsciously as we enjoy the humour in the way Deb says it so over-



emphatically, perhaps parodying our silly attempts to find meaning in life. The humour is at its pinnacle in Joan; a caricature done to perfection. Laura

Although not blindingly perverse, the obvious preoccupation of all four people is sex and what it means.

Kolb succeeded very well as the limp but angry Deb, allowing her jaw to hang in just the right expression of sexual perversity and weariness. Jain played

Danny with admirable fluidity of speech and range of expression,0 excelling in the slimy bastard, the sensitive but henpecked boyfriend, and the abusive one.

Apart from the repetitive staccato voice of Bernie, who sounds like a thirteen-year old telling a story, this is a wholly pleasing play, and the Ronnie Size thrown in between scenes will make you feel as perverse as the charaters themselves.

Sexual Perversity in Chicago is on at Pembroke New Cellars today and tomorrow at 8pm

Anything but predictable

Mark Watson graduated from Queens in 2001. His play *Tales of the Predictable* won a competition at Queens, and was judged “magnificent” by Stephen Fry. Watson is currently writing for Hat Trick Productions. His play, *Screaming Heads* is on at the ADC 13th - 16th February.

And in your spare time?
Wrote a novel.

Mark is quick to assure me that he managed this within a month only because he had a lot of free time. What’s it about?

Bullet Point is experimental in form, written as you might guess, in bullet points. I have an agent, but there’s a lot of luck involved with getting it published. People are rightfully suspicious of experimental stuff, so it’s all up in the air at the moment.

Not following the Bridget Jones brigade then?

No, whereas theatre tends to encourage experimentation in lots of areas, I’ve found that many modern novels tend to be more conservative, especially in their form and structure.

Final word?

When you graduate, you choose between time and money. I was determined not to get a proper job. So I have lots of time.

What did you do after graduating?

Acted in the Footlights tour *Far Too Happy*, which I’m currently re-writing for a Radio 4 pilot series, and am now directing my play *Screaming Heads* at the ADC.

Astutely realising that this man may have career advice in store for me, I ask him his key to success:

Being in Footlights gave me a lot of exposure to TV people, which was good. Even if they think it’s going to flop they turn up just in case. It’s strange re-writing for radio, because a lot of the comedy depended on visuals.

Competition!

The Reduced Shakespeare Company, best known for their 90-minute distillation of the works of England’s favourite bard, are coming to Cambridge with their new show *The Bible - The Complete Word of God (abridged)*. To celebrate their arrival, the Corn Exchange has kindly donated two pairs of tickets to *Varsity* to give away to the first correct replies to this taxing question; What is the Son of God’s alter ego? Answers to christina.mcnally@cambridge.gov.uk

Show up and show off

Lucy and TK (the co-presidents) invite submissions for the Cambridge Student Art Show

This year we are looking for painting, sculpture, photography and installation, and especially video, film and slide work. Art can be skilful, subversive, conservative or new - last year’s exhibition included a television installation in a corner of the space, large oil paintings, geometric drawing, and resin and plaster sculpture. This is an exciting chance to show your work publicly in Cambridge, perhaps even to sell it.

The venue this year is Henry’s Café on Pembroke Street, which offers interesting and unusual possibilities for the hanging of works,

especially as a context for installation. If you need details of how to reach the venue do not hesitate to contact the presidents via the website listed at the end of this article.

Have a look through the window when you next pass. The closing dates for submissions is this weekend (9th and 10th February). Work should be taken to Henry’s Café between 11am and 6pm on either day.

So please bring your work along, we are looking for any visual arts related work: drawing, painting, sculpture, film and illustration. If you have the completed work, bring that with you, but if the work is at home it may be possible for us to consider it from photographs. Installation proposals should be written in relation to a proposed site.

Apart from the exhibition, which will run from 1st-10th March, we are also organising

fringe events to run alongside the show. These include an unusual night at Clare Cellars and a talk by Charles Thompson from the Stuckists (Tracey Emin said Billy Childish’s work was “stuck, stuck, stuck!” – he is the founding member of the group, see www.stuckism.com for more detailed information).

There will also be a forum on the under-representation of visual arts in Cambridge, at which Anthony Gormley will speak. AND the film festival is running from 1st-4th March in conjunction with the exhibition.

Details of these events, the show, and other art events in Cambridge, as well as some revelatory photographs that should make you smile, can be found at www.studentart2002.co.uk.

Submissions to Henry’s Cafe, 5a Pembroke Street on 9-10 February between 11am and 6pm



Thomas Klassnik

show



One particular Klee-sim I always remember, because I associate it with my fear of my art teacher. "Stone the crows!" he would bellow and spit over my shoulder. "Stop scribbling; take the line for a walk!" Klee watched over our fumbblings with the impenetrable stare of the basilisk, or so it seemed to me, and the apparently easy whimsy of his work, contrasting so starkly with the sweat we expended, made it all the more galling. I walk round Paul Klee: The Nature of Creation, and feel the return of the old familiar resentment.

Klee's more famous works are conspicuous through their almost complete absence. The exhibition doesn't suffer, but I just wonder why this happened. Was it a result of unusual recalcitrance

James Lockhart-Smith strolls through the Hayward's much anticipated Klee exhibition

on the part of other galleries, or a conscious curatorial decision? That it doesn't matter too much is a credit to the aptly chosen curators, Bridget Riley and Robert Kudielka; they've divided it up into sections that broadly represent different aspects of the art as much as they do different periods of Klee's life, and pride of place is given to paintings and illustrations directly related to his theoretical writings. Klee's character was implicated in some of the most turbulent political and artistic developments of the Twentieth Century: forced to move from school to school in the 30s by the Nazis, they eventually labeled him as degenerate. He was closely associated with certain movements, yet there was always something imperceptible and highly individual in the way his art and theory evolved; his nickname in the Bauhaus was 'Buddha'. Though something is inevitably made of Klee's time at the Bauhaus, in all other respects he is presented as a man alone in this exhibition. The primary emphasis is therefore on the unity of the work as a whole, the interrelations

between each work, however minor; to scrutinize it in this way is fascinating.

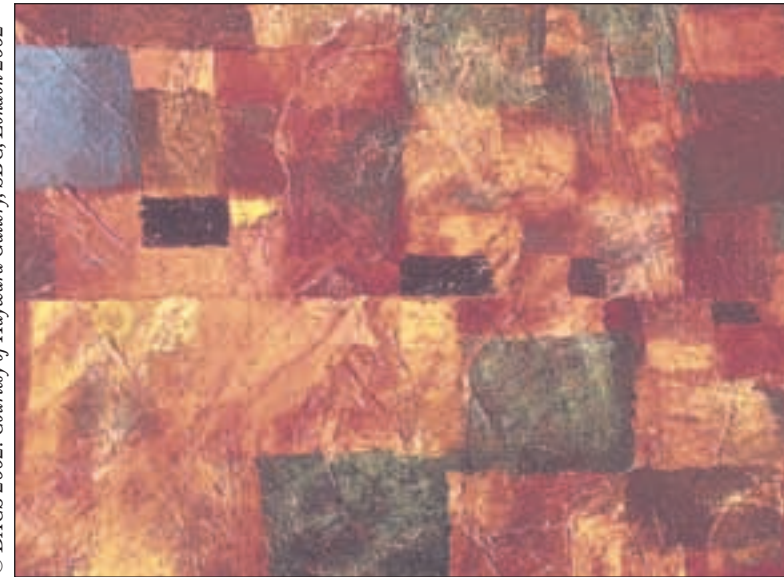
At the moment of creation itself, Klee believed in and practiced a kind of absolute freedom, a negative capability of the hand and eye. The formal aspects, all important, are yet only one slant; his art has access to a great richness of content, it is a space where the

scientific and the mythic can be included without a sense of theory being compromised. In 'The Pathos of Fertility', a female figure reaches up, like Tantalus, toward hanging fruit, but inside her belly we see growing some kind of horrible weed, all cervical roots and fallopian stems. Immense complexity held in potency then, from

which every mark must emerge with an intense and unrecorded struggle and each work in its end state be a triumphant balancing act: the grotesque 'She-Equilibrist Over the Swan' can be read as Klee's own satiric comment on the consequences of adopting such an aesthetic so rigorously.

In a morbid way, the last section of the show, *Disrupted Rhythm*, is perhaps the most interesting. In 1953, Klee began to suffer from scleroderma, a rare and incurable disease of the connective tissues, and so taking a line for a walk, or even a shuffle round the block, became increasingly difficult. Nevertheless the period of reduced artistic activity that marked the onset of the disease was followed by the final surprising chapter of Klee's art, namely the adoption of a much simpler and starker visual language, forms and figures reduced to thickly painted hieroglyphs.

No concession to populism, but London loves this exhibition - when I left the queue extended beyond the gallery entrance - and justly so.



© DACS 2002. Courtesy of Hayward Gallery, SBC, London 2002

The all-seeing I



Joe Harris

What does a flaneur with artistic ambitions have to do for financial backing? In past centuries, you had to tickle the fancy of some grand courtier. In the Soviet Union, you had to throw yourself prostrate before Stalin. In contemporary Britain, forget Charles Saatchi - the biggest patron of the 90s was the DSS.

The dole underwrote the early careers of Damien Hirst and Tracey Emin; Britain might never have become a pop superpower without it. State sponsorship of the arts also occurs in more targeted ways, sometimes requiring the nod of the likes of Carol Vorderman. Vorderman (famed for thinking Shakespeare "as dull as ditchwater") is one of the 'trustees' of the National Endowment for Science, Technology and the Arts (Nesta), which annually awards 13 "amazing people" sums large enough to banish garrets. Every year the interest from £200m of lottery money - about £10m - is doled out to promote what the body's chief executive Jeremy Lewis calls "the development of an artistic gift, or a new discovery, product or theory that improves the quality of life for everyone".

But does state funding produce mediocrity by removing the responsibility to please? The *London Evening Standard* film critic Alexander Walker thinks so regarding British film. He thinks that by easing the pressure to reach out to an audience, such funding encourages sloppy self-indulgence. Walker's skepticism is rooted in his observation that cinema lives or dies by its capacity to excite paying customers. Does the same argument work for art or writing? When Samuel Johnson said, "No man but a blockhead writes, except for money," he was embracing what would once have appalled any literary gentleman: the idea that commerce and art should go hand in hand.

Yet patronage has not always been unproductive. What would William Blake have done without his eccentric patrons? The exquisiteness weirdness of his hand-coloured *Songs of Innocence and Experience* took art as far from commercial viability as is possible. He was an artist without any kind of public. In Cambridge, young talented artists would not be given opportunities like *The Student Art Exhibition* or *ImPrint* without University funding. In a week when the legitimacy of the art establishment has been undermined by accusations of "disappearing up its own arse", perhaps the question is not whether young artists should accept state funding because it might corrupt and compromise, but how we ensure that such funding does not dry up.

Anyone own a fountain pen?

Claire Bodger goes green over a Royal Academician

For Anthony Green, the much-acclaimed Royal Academician whose vibrant work has been exhibited worldwide, art must be a frank expression of life. Life in all the messy grittiness of its unabashed, unrefined and often excruciatingly intimate everyday reality. He was quick to remind his audience when he spoke at the Downing College annual art exhibition, that there is nothing naff about appreciating an inherent aesthetic beauty or even prettiness in art. But he is not concerned by the shock-value culture established by such artists as Hirst or Emin.

Indeed, he wholeheartedly embraces the need to paint his own world with unrestrained honesty and he enthusiastically accepts the challenge posed to our often-delicate sensibilities to "pick

up the duvet and stare into the penumbra at our toes". Green is driven by the desire to capture all those transient experiences and thoughts that, alongside the clutter of everyday objects, make up the palimpsest of our visual memory.

Green was the perfect choice for adjudicator and speaker at the Downing

Displaying your own work is like hanging your dirty underwear out for all to see

Art Exhibition held last week. Work in a wide range of different media was exhibited including evocative photography by Ramjoue, Sarkar and de Mendona, the accomplished and striking oil *Lady in Red* by Alex Banks, the mixed media abstract from Hannah Adcock entitled *How do I look* which revealed her original approach to jewellery and costumery, and the exquisite

but powerful etchings of rock formations in Cornwall by the exhibition organiser Peter Sumner. The works are inspired by a broad spectrum of experience: from comment on the tragedy of September 11th to the familiar crutches of student life.

Green's response to the work displayed was pragmatic; "good but not good enough" became a leitmotif in his adjudication speech particularly where he felt that originality or sheer craftsmanship were lacking. If the artwork was of 'biro' rather than 'fountain pen' quality, then Green felt that there was room for improvement. Yet praise was also on the menu. He selected three works that he felt deserved recognition and also reminded the rest of us about the gallery courage needed by any artist who displays in public. "Displaying your own work," Green jovially suggests, "is like putting your dirty underwear out for all to see."

Robinson caters for escapists

When the windows are so myopic with rain that any pleasant view in Cambridge is obscured, take an hour or so to amble over to Robinson College for a pleasant dose of escapism.

From Saturday 9th February until Monday 11th Sophie Crawford takes over the college Games room to hang an exhibition entitled A year abroad:

Points of View. The exhibition presents more than one hundred images documenting all aspects of observation: new acquaintances, companions, architecture, light, and the ubiquitous but thoroughly satisfying scenery. This show is perhaps a cost-effective antidote to any niggling aspirations towards Ryanair-fuelled weekend escapades. *The exhibition is open daily from 10am until 7pm.*



Paris, Eleanor Burke



Unlocking the Past

Fionnuala Woods pans the gold from the dirt

“I have been a disturbed soul and in a way, perhaps not a very nice one. But we are what we are - aren't we?” Edwin Carpenter, the novel's protagonist, poses this question at the beginning of Samuel Lock's *The Whites of Gold*.

But Carpenter undertakes a substantial journey along with much soul-searching before he can arrive at this conclusion. He abandons his rural upbringing, which included a tyrannical father and a passive mother, but his kleptomaniac personality follows him all the way to 1950s Chelsea. It is only with the help of his lover, Mark, that Edwin can begin to free himself from his addiction and reconcile himself to his past.

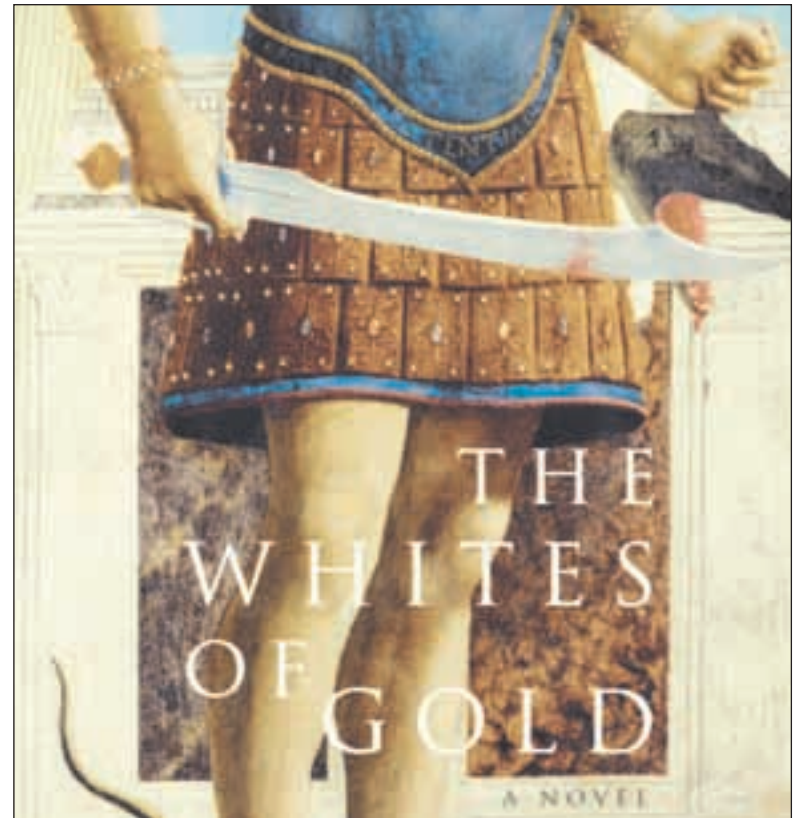
The material for this book comes from an autobiographical piece of writing which was given to the author by the owner of a bistro in South Kensington. There is a distinctly autobiographical tone throughout the novel; much of the material has been lifted directly from the journal which was given to Lock. However, certain passages have also been reworked by the author because “parts of the manuscript were written in a rather hasty, slapdash manner”. This lends a slightly disjointed feel to the novel, because it is constantly shifting between the styles of two very different men. This construction also has the disadvantage of ensuring that the voices are constantly shaded by ambiguity; we are never quite sure if it is Edwin Carpenter speaking to us directly or if he is speaking to us through Samuel Lock.

However, Carpenter's journey is always portrayed in a touching manner, and with immense thought and

detail. This is true both for tiny incidents like early memories of his mother's laugh and the mundane manner in which she pats his head each night, as well as for major experiences such as his relationship with Mark and his struggle to overcome his compulsion to steal.

Lock has previously gained fame for his talents as an Independent Cinema scriptwriter but he is rapidly gaining credibility as a novelist, now with three publications, including *As Luck Would Have It*, which won the Sagittarius Award in 1996. The slightly awkward style of *The Whites of Gold* may mean that there will be no repeat award, but it remains a touching and very personal account of one man's struggle with addiction and how he finally obtained peace of mind.

The Whites of Gold
by Samuel Lock
Vintage £6.99



Trysting in the City

Michael Loeffler finds Jan Morris's Trieste

Jan Morris' writing on Manhattan, Venice and Oxford, is concerned with the subjective city that lies somewhere amongst the temporal, literary and remembered city. Whatever Trieste means to us is founded in words as much as in mortar.

The melancholy vision of Miramare, stuck out on a dark little promontory, rests at the top of the front cover, bathed in the syrupy halation of memory. You can know this book from its distant, pining cover. The fantastical castle of Miramare was built for the ill-fated Maximilian, brother of Franz Joseph I the Emperor of Austria. Miramare is a hyperbolic vision of that castle. Max's uncle, Ludwig I of Bavaria, who was agreed to have suffered from madness, inspired the fairytale design. Its image hovers associatively under the 'nowhere' of the book's title. Its very name, like all good Triestine names, is swollen with tristesse, mira mare, a wonder by the sea.

For Morris, the only way to move through a city is by riding on the nib of a pen: For it is only through this that we are made sensitive to the compressions of history, to its stains and spillages - some still visible, others partially erased by progress or neglect. Guidebook topography can be an objectifying and spiritually impoverished way of negotiating a city.

The “necessary explanation” at the beginning of the book tells us that Jan was once James and so the memory-

journey is made spicy by the contingency of gender that the sex-change illuminates. Boys (or are they girls?) have the poetic habit of sitting beside water and learning that they are hermaphrodite - Narcissus, Orlando, Tiresias. Morris' prose swirls and rushes, it is perfect water-writing: rhythmic as the tides, its crests break and, as they retreat, expose everything as it once



was but now glistens and is made new: “the coffee of Trieste”, the waiter assures us approvingly, as though to compliment our taste, ‘is the supreme coffee in the world’. And when we pay our bill and wander off again, in half a minute we are at the water's edge.”

Trieste and the Meaning of Nowhere asks how we inhabit spaces. The physical and the written exchange properties; the word is granted the solidity of the brick, and the brick in turn concedes the vulnerability and penetrability of language. We are reminded that there are many ways to live in a city; this is the one I choose.

Brimful of Bill

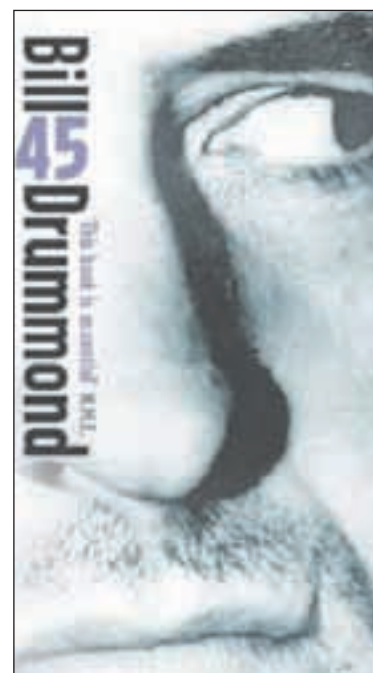
Phillipa Pyatt grooves to the 45 beat

Scotland's greatest living artist(e), Bill Drummond, chose to celebrate his forty-fifth year by asking some of the big questions. What ever happened to Big in Japan, The Justified Ancients of Mu Mu, The Timelords, Echo and the Bunnymen, the KLF and The K-Foundation? Drummond was the musical creator and ringmaster of all of the above, and the art arsonist who burnt a million quid to prove a point; he is a difficult man to place.

When dealing with the writings and motivations of Mr Drummond, we must not forget that this was the man who offered the world a money-back guarantee if the reader failed to lodge a Number One single after following his step-by-step instructions in a pop star self-help book. To prove that he wasn't joking, Drummond's transport, a venerable US cop car, released the chart-topping Doctorin' The Tardis under the Timelords name. Drummond, or ‘King Boy D’ as he was known in his rapping days, gives you every opportunity to call his bluff.

Drummond cherry-picks twelve months from his forty-five years to chart his rise from his religious Scots roots to becoming a Liverpoolian indie art and rock impresario and on to chart topping success with the

KLF. During this time he pioneered sampling and white rap, and re-introduced country music queen Tammy Wynette to the top of the British and American charts. The financial success of the KLF allowed Drummond to pursue his agenda in the world of contemporary art. He challenged the supremacy of the Turner Prize with the K-Foundation and famously burned a million pounds on a remote Scottish island and offered the cased ashes as a



establish world peace by placing an Icon of Elvis at the North Pole are more difficult to align with Drummond's unconventional tilt at the windmills of contemporary art and music.

Drummond's style is lucid which certainly contrasts with the content of his life. A review of his book is necessarily difficult, since it offers nothing more than a review of his career, which is as interesting and varied as you would expect from a music industry maestro.

His logic is well reasoned and we can easily concede the necessity for hoisting the carcass of a dead cow over the M4; perhaps it is the spaces between his vignettes that matter more than the war stories of a rock veteran. What links the man who wrote “1987 - What the Fuck is Going On?” on the side of the South Bank Centre in 3ft lettering, to the man who then rented the Barbican Centre for his showcase “Fuck the Millennium” performance? Surely more than the expletive, come on laddie, explain yourself! There are many gaps in Drummond's life which this book does not fill in. Despite the rock-art antics of this impresario I couldn't help feeling, come on laddie explain yourself!

45
by Bill Drummond
Abacus £8.99

work of artistic substance and relevance. Other escapades such as a twenty-four-endurance drive around the M-25 and an abortive attempt to



STEREO-TYPES

Panic! at Sophbeck Sessions



Name: Rowan Stevens
College: Sidney Sussex
Subject: Biological Anthropology
Favourite item of clothing: My leather jacket
Favourite Album: *Psalm 69* (Ministry)
Ambition: To make my own electronica record
Hero: Sid Vicious
Adjective that best describes you: Useless
 What makes you panic? Waking up and realising I should be somewhere



Name: Charlie Phillips
College: Trinity Hall
Subject: English
Favourite item of clothing: My pink *Top of The Pops* T-shirt
Favourite Album: *The Holy Bible* (Manic Street Preachers)
Ambition: To be Great Britain's greatest film director
Hero: Harmony Korine
Adjective that best describes you: Neurotic



Name: Adele Thomas
College: Fitzwilliam
Subject: English
Favourite item of clothing: My kinky boots
Favourite Album: *The Hissing of Summer Lawns* (Joni Mitchell)
Ambition: To travel back to the '60s in a time machine
Hero: Rene Magritte
Adjective that best describes you: Psychedelic

Competition

The ruffest, tuffest Jungle night in Cambridge is back again for its mighty soundclash, and this month it promises to be one to remember.



Warning returns to the Junction on 16th February with a celebration of a decade of drum'n'bass. DJs taking us through this ten-year journey will be Concrete, DJ Ron, Zinc, Ray Keith, Swift, Shimon and Andy C. To win a pair of tickets to *Warning*, just answer the question below:

Apart from alluding to an ignominious UK Garage collective, the following sentence refers to a famous Jungle track: "Underground music was never about 21 seconds in a crew; it's always been about 31 seconds in a long dark tunnel". Tell us the name of the track and the artist who wrote it by emailing music@varsity.cam.ac.uk. The first correct answer to be pulled out of my bad-ass FUBU cap will win.

PREVIEWS



Sorry, guys – Vas he too busy this week for preview write, right – so iss me, Georgiou of coss for one time, or maybe two time.

h'OK tonight iss good one. In dees Chili times why no go get some hot Jamaican vibe in **Robinson Party Room**. Is Reggae and Dub from DJ Narrator and crew at **Revelation**, innit.

Saturday night I go and support One Whirl wick and to enjoy Hafrican Percussion in **Clare Cellars**. Is **Asabre Quaye Saneko**. I love the pitta pâté of drummin' almost as much as sesame sauce.

Sunday's to relax, innit, so go **Relax in Selwyn Bar**. DJ Monkey Boy wot is one of my bes' customer is spin all type of hambient music.

Vas he always tellin' me I overcook burgers. Maybe dees why I love **Bad Timing at Portland Arms** so much. Jus' like my design for amazing future kebab music policy here is electronic, lo-fi, abstract and minimal.

Thursday night is Valentine day of coss. Romantic way for Cambridge rude boy and gel to spend it is to Hip Hop along to **Junction for Rawganics**. You know to say you love raw rap music but not raw meat innit. Remember, your kebabiss always well cook a' Gardies.

Live Reviews

Spy @ The River Bar Thursday 31st January 2002

I'm bored of going to the same old bars. Call me a snob but I want something more than a skipping CD, playing quietly in the background, drowned out by the incessant chanting of a victorious rugby team. So, I found it a refreshing change when I discovered the River Bar. Hidden away, above

Glassworks gym, it is a small up-market bar and restaurant, stylishly decorated with an excellent range of cocktails and an intimate atmosphere. I headed over there last Thursday for its weekly offering of Spy. Tommy Pies started off the night with some excellent breakbeat, and built up the atmosphere

to an outstanding set by duo Reed-killer. A live sax was played funkily over the very best in drum 'n' bass tunes. DJ Nikon finished off the night with some high quality breaks mixing. The drinks are a little bit pricey but the atmosphere and the music more than make up for it.

Anushka Asthana

Courtney Pine @ The Junction Wednesday 30th January 2002

Courtney Pine appears, larger than life and older than last time. The venerable man of sax emerges, OBE and all, a few fashionable seconds into the first number. And then we get jazz. We get virtuoso widdle jazz, like one of Joe Satriani's army-surplus guitar solos and we get big band "new jazz swing" (which is Courtney's current favourite phrase). And we also get cool handshakes. Pow.

Courtney's talents are various – which is an achievement for one

who's had a tenor saxophone plumbed directly into his windpipe – and extravagant. Not only can he play two saxes at once, but he can do it collapsed on his ample backside. Not only can he play from the stage, but he can play from the farthest reaches of the highest balcony too. Amazing. Where will he appear next? And in what position? This is the type of showmanship which shouldn't be missed. Next time, fire juggling, snake charming and saxophone swallowing. **Dave Thorley**



Tom Catchsides

Back2Back

The next two DJ fantasy trump cards in the limited edition cut-out-and-keep series.



DJ Name: Monkey Boy: I'm hairy.
Styles: Nu-Skool Breaks/Breakbeat Garage for dancing and eclectic beats for chilling.

Weapon of Choice: The Funk (TM).

DJ Pulling Power: I've had my fair share of groupies...

Number of Records: At least 250.

Stamina: My longest set was 3 hours.

Special Skills: Dropping an entirely inappropriate tune that makes the crowd go wild.

Favourite DJs: Adam Freeland and Cambridge lad Vigi.

What tune rocks the

Cambridge Booty?:

Reach & Spin - Hyper! (Hype The Funk) Stanton Warriors Mix.

Catch him next @: Relax @ Selwyn Bar 10th Feb.



DJ Name: Nikon: it beats 'Pubehead'.

Styles: Breaky-tech-funk-eight-pint-two-steps-fall-on-the-floor beats.

Weapon of choice: The Lynx effect.

DJ pulling power: Haven't pulled any DJs recently!

Number of records: One: world's longest lie-in.

Stamina: Not a lot, see above.

Special skills: Forgetting things, and then making them up.

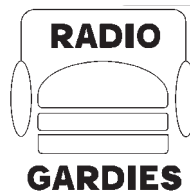
Favourite DJs: I honestly can't remember, um, "Medium" Dave?

What tune rocks the

Cambridge booty?:

Any minimal drum and bass mixed into A-ha's "Take on Me".

Catch him next @: River Bar on Thursdays, King's Cellar this Saturday.



Hear the music editor's best tracks at Gardenias on Friday and Saturday nights from 11pm. And there's more...win a kebab by completing this song lyric: "She's like the wind..."(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!)

REVIEWS



Ben Christophers

Leaving My Sorrow Behind

11th February 2002

Following the path of the "New Acoustic Movement", which already boasts the delights of Turin Brakes and Ed Harcourt, this has the potential to be a beautifully realized record. The falsetto folk-electronica has been heard before, but we forgive this because of his excellent arrangement and talent as a multi-instrumentalist. Ben Christophers does not just aim to please, he succeeds in refreshing the genre. Lyrics on the side of sensitive melancholia combined with acoustic junctures exude tranquillity. However, his distorted vocals, reminiscent of Radiohead fused with synthetic sounds, provide an enigmatic edge. If one criticism must be made, it is that despite the substantial bass and confident tone, it never quite reaches the peak you expect. Yet this is merely a blip on an otherwise untainted horizon. A deviation from his first offerings, "Leaving My Sorrow Behind" is an admirable addition to Christophers' growing back catalogue: intriguing and atmospheric, making for an accessible sound. **Nicky Blewett**



Nine Inch Nails

And All That Could Have Been

Out Now

And All That Could Have Been is a live album of their 2000 tour of the States. If you're a fan of NIN, buy it, you'll like it; if you're not, don't start here. There are songs from all three studio albums, with the old ones probably holding up best: tracks like "Sin" from 1989, which maestro Trent Reznor has successfully updated to sound like gritty trance. He's the brains behind the layering of the noise and the tight production (although maybe not with the lyrics; don't listen too closely to "March of the Pigs", for instance), and when they leave the portentous guitar thudding aside for the looping dance rhythms, it all melds quite nicely. And any band that plays a theremin (look it up - I had to) shouldn't be written off lightly. Yes, NIN do this kind of thing better than most of their rivals. That sounds like Jeremy Clarkson picking the best of a bunch of family saloons. I guess you could say it just depends what sort of thing you're looking to spend your money on. **Pete Lockley**



Ed Harcourt

Apple Of My Eye

Out Now

Ed Harcourt is the new hope of English singer-songwriting. As such he has achieved critical acclaim (most notably, a Mercury nomination) that no doubt will soon be translated into some semblance of commercial success. His current single is a worthy piece of piano-led pop, influenced by such luminaries as Carole King and The Beatles, topped with a voice that would be Jeff Buckley but is rather like Kelly Jones. It has clever chord changes at every juncture, a wealth of catchy tunes, repeats of the final chorus for effect, and all the rest of it. This is a guy who knows his art, who has written a textbook piece of songwriting. But, as with most textbooks, it is also inextricably dull. Listening to this you feel a singular lack of pleasure, as if no one really enjoyed being involved in the making of this track; he writes great pastiches but nothing more. The lyrics, "you walk around the house, then walk around again" are particularly symptomatic of someone who has nothing to say. Here is a record so refined it is stagnating. **David Nowell-Smith**



CUMC STRUTS ITS STUFF

Jo Kirkbride checks out Cambridge Talent

ments showed the orchestra's true flair.

Perhaps a somewhat daring inclusion in this programme, the Bartok was for me the highlight of the evening, though it certainly took a great deal to surpass the excellent display Robin Ticciati gave in Mozart's Piano Concerto in A major. He quickly settled into the melodious character of the first movement, executing an alarming number of scalic passages with ease and poise. In addition, he was able to bring out the more expressive tones of the second movement with keen understanding and an obvious feel

for the many contrasts of character and emotion.

How to follow such impressive acts? Schumann's Symphony no.4 in D minor is a somewhat strange piece in itself, due to its single movement design, yet it provided an excellent end to the evening. Dominic Grier's sensitive direction led the orchestra through the rapidly changing tones of the piece with ease and lucidity, bringing out each section's individual character, while maintaining an overall sense of balance and direction. The triumph of the piece, however, came in the final few bars, a vivacious rush to the climax that marked a glorious end to a stunning concert.

The CUMC Chamber concert at Clough Hall, Newnham, was always going to be an exciting prospect. Featuring two of Cambridge's most promising young conductors, a new yet very talented young pianist, and an orchestra comprising most of Cambridge's finest instrumentalists, how could it fail? Quite simply, it couldn't; from the opening moments of Bartok's *Divertimento for Strings*, the audience was entranced.

The string sound was rich and sonorous, the players demonstrating an accuracy and precision that suggested they had been playing together for a lifetime, rather than a few weeks, a great tribute to Matilda Hoffman's precise direction.

There were a few unsteady moments in the oppressed opening of the Adagio but that is almost to be pedantic; the energy and exuberance displayed in the outer move-



Sam Hayes



LISTINGS

Friday 8 February

- Mumford Theatre, Cambridge, 1.10pm.** Anglia Polytechnic Lunchtime Concert. *Duo46*. Contemporary music by American and British composers. Beth Ilana Schneider-Gould (violin), Matt Gould (guitar). Admission free.
- Girton College Hall, 8.15pm.** Bach: *Concerto for two violins in D minor*; Handel: *Dixit Dominus*; Corelli: *Concerto Grosso*. Girton College Orchestra and Chapel Choir. Anna Blinkhorn, Naomi Rump (violins) James Lark, Dominic Grier (conductors). Tickets: £4/£2.

Saturday 9 February

- Bateman Auditorium, Gonville and Caius College, 1.15pm.** Saturday recital: Jennifer Dunford (soprano). Admission free, retiring collection.
- St. John's College Chapel, 1.15pm.** Organ Recital: Robert Houssart (Westminster Cathedral). Admission free.
- Queen's Building, Emmanuel College, 8.00pm** Christ's College Music Society presents: Beethoven: *Symphony no. 2*; Dvorak: *Wind Serenade*. The Beaufort Ensemble, Jonny Sells. Tickets: £6/£3.

Monday 11 February

- King's College Chapel, 7.30pm.** Handel's *Messiah*. New Cambridge Ensemble, Andrew Griffiths, with Louise Kateck, Tim Mead, Richard Butler, Edward Grint (soloists). Tickets: £7/£5/£2.

Wednesday 13 February

- Clare College Chapel, 10.00pm.** Ash Wednesday Vigil and imposition of ashes. Choral works, including Allegri's *Miserere*. Admission free.

Thursday 14 February

- Pavillion Room, Hughes Hall, 6.00pm.** Be my love - a selection of love arias and songs for Valentine's day. Anando Mukerjee (tenor), Dr Rohan Stewart MacDonald (piano). Admission free.
- The Corn Exchange, 7.30pm.** Dvorak: *Symphonic Variations*, Tippett: *A Child of our time*. Cambridge Philharmonic Society, Martin West, with Patrizia Kwella, Emma Selway, Mark Wilde and Peter Savage (soloists). Tickets £16/£13/£9/£5.



Here be Monsters

Chris Turtle reviews *Monsters Inc.*

I woke up, dimly aware that I was on a train. It was 9am.

I rubbed my eyes and coughed—my lungs felt like they'd been through a sawmill. A look out of the window and it was obvious that I was on the outskirts of London. I was going to London to watch a cartoon.

But I soon forgot my prejudices and cheered up—right from the outset, *Monsters Inc.* is irresistibly funny. The movie's premise is along the same lines as that of Pixar's earlier *Toy Story*; what if a popular childhood myth were actually true? In the latter's case, toys really were alive; in *Monsters Inc.*, the monsters in your closet are real. And there's a perfectly good explanation for this: energy giants "Monsters Incorporated" are harvesting children's screams to power the city of Monstropolis, spinning the myth that kiddies are no more than a convenient (though highly toxic) resource, so that nobody feels guilty about scaring the living shit out of them. That is, until a two-year old girl finds her way into the city and befriends professional scarer James 'Sully' Sullivan (the blue hairy one with the horns).

The film works best when it's being just plain silly, and thankfully, it does this most of the time. There's plenty of action and adventure too, culminating in the most exhilarating animated chase scene since the climax of *The Wrong Trousers*. The monsters themselves are unlikely to scare anyone—for the most part, they're just amusing parodies of human archetypes (the nerd



And what rough beast, its hour come round at last, slouches towards Bethlehem to be born

monsters were a personal favourite), though it's a shame the bad guy wasn't a little more threatening. My only other gripe was with the wise-cracking one-eyed green thing you've seen on all the posters, which was irritating and hideous in equal measure.

When the press screening was over, I headed back through the London rain to the station, bustling through crowds of management consultants, investment bankers, and other assorted cellphone-sporting yuppies. Some of them were probably film crit-

ics, mentally preparing reviews of *Monsters Inc.* in which they would praise the film's incredible animation and original plotline before bemoaning its lack of "sophisticated" humour and slapping on four stars. Whatever. I enjoyed myself anyway.

© Disney Enterprises, Inc.

College Films

You'd be a mule to miss:
The African Queen
If I was a Bogie, would you blow your nose?
14th/10pm/Christ's

Other Films
(this week reviewed by Childcare Action Project—Christian analysis of American Culture):

America's Sweethearts
Not only are human sexual vulgarities [Rev. 2:20] and homosexuality [1Cor. 6:9-10] paraded as acceptable 'entertainment' for our young teens and preteens, now bestiality is poking its ugly head into popular movies for youth. This movie even excuses masturbation.
14th/9.30pm/Robinson

A Knight's Tale
Note that the homosexual inference by the use of two major songs by homo/bisexual artists, *We Will Rock You* (Queen) and *Golden Years* (David Bowie) is not likely accidental. At least two homosexual suggestions were presented in the movie serving as more de-sensitisation towards God's decree that the practice of homosexuality is a sin [1Cor. 7:2; 1Cor. 6:9-10].
10th/8-10.30pm/Christ's

Rush Hour 2
While Chan was as masterful in physical acrobatics as he has ever been, Tucker was exceptionally abrasive in his verbal acrobatics. Downright dirty. His motor-mouth was about 90% of the verbal ignominy of this movie. If *Rush Hour 2* were shown through a CurseFreeTV unit, there would be more silence than sound throughout the 85 minutes because of Tucker's mouth.
10th/8.30pm/Queens'

Take it and like it

With two classic Bogart films at college cinemas this term, Joshua Perry takes a fond look at his legacy

So often the knack of becoming a cultural icon seems to revolve around the actor's ability to die at the right time. Hang around too long and, as Marlon Brando would tell you if he made sense any more, you risk diluting your stock through senility. But follow James Dean to an early grave and there is the danger that you will accomplish too little to demonstrate fully your talent.

At 57, Humphrey Bogart may have died unfortunately early, yet in terms of legend building, he seems to have used the same impeccable timing for his death that he displayed in his act-

ing. From his big screen breakthrough in 1941 with *High Sierra* through to the 1956 boxing movie *The Harder They Fall*, released a year before he succumbed to terminal cancer, Bogart churned out a steady stream of classic roles that have elevated him into the pantheon of 'Heroes of the Twentieth Century'. There were mistakes along the way of course. *Swing Your Lady* was considered by Bogart to be his worst film, creating as it did an entirely new genre: the 'hillbilly musical farce.' Yet such errors should be forgiven, partly since the studio system made it difficult to turn a script down, but also because the inevitable misses were punctuated by many unforgettable hits.

Perhaps most memorably, Bogart offered us the hard exterior and gift of the gab of characters such as Philip Marlowe. Long before James Bond began smooth talking on celluloid, Marlowe was engaging in sharp-suited double entendre with Lauren Bacall in *The Big Sleep*. During a suggestive conversation at the races he remarks, "speaking of horses, I like to play them myself. See if they're front runners or come from behind." Similarly, we can only admire Sam Spade's audaciousness in *The Maltese Falcon* when, having hit Joe Cairo, he follows the blow by telling him, "when you're slapped, you'll take it and like it."

However, Bogart is no one-dimensional wise guy; even when playing the

amoral private eye, he retains an underlying sense of justice. This soft centre is developed further in films such as *Casablanca*, culminating in the more overt sentimentalism of *The African Queen*. In this, Bogart plays Charlie Allnut, an unrefined, gin-loving river-trader, opposite Katherine Hepburn's virtuous missionary, Rosie Sayer. There is plenty of romantic humour in the juxtaposition of the two, yet the real intrigue lies in how the film plays on the legendary personalities of its lead actors. The episode in which Rosie pours away Charlie's gin whilst he recovers from a hangover was mirrored in real life, with the straight-laced Hepburn attempting to convince Bogart of the joys of milk during filming.

As the film acknowledges, a cinema audience is unable to leave its celebrity preconceptions at home. Bogart's performances will always have something of the 'Bogie' in them, since we are unable to separate the two in our minds. Instead, we appreciate this cumulative screen presence, growing to love his sharp talking and more-or-less developed sentimental streak. Consequently, the Bogart movie has become a distinct genre in itself. The hill-billy musical farce, thankfully, has not.

The African Queen is being shown by Christ's College Films on Thursday 14 February. *The Big Sleep* will be playing at Trinity Film on Sunday 10 and Monday 11 March.

Hard and fast

Cornelius returns to spread the love



A horny hello and a warm wet welcome back to Cornelius Cunning's Adult Entertainment Review. This week, I'll be shedding some light on some recent porn award winners, revealing the greatest pornstar of the lot, and reviewing a 1998 VCA Pictures classic as well. We start with the 'Doggfather' himself, Snoop Dogg, who last week picked up two gongs at the 2002 Adult Video News Awards, for his much-acclaimed debut fk-flick...what else - Doggstyle.** The movie, for the most part, consists of Snoop and his crew inter-

mingling with generous helpings of gyrating big-booty honies in typical porn surroundings such as swimming pools and the like. After picking up both the Best Music Award and being named top-selling tape of 2001, the rapper, accompanied by a 70-strong entourage, celebrated in fine style in Vegas's Venetian hotel...before being ejected from the premises after Snoop's security men implemented a controversial. "Chicks only, no dudes!!" rule. Vivid's *Fade to Black* scooped most awards, eight in all, including best director and best film.

In a recent compilation of the top 50 porn stars of all time, none other than that moustached-munchkin himself, Ron Jeremy, came out on top. Undoubtedly a legend in his own lifetime, the veteran bonker has appeared in over 1500 features, directed over 100 and has also worked on mainstream features such as *Boogie Nights* and *9 1/2 Weeks*. We salute you Mr Jeremy and thanks for giving us all hope - if someone as damnright vulgar-looking as you can slip into as many juiced-up utopian-tittied fillies as you have over the years (and get bloody paid for it), we all can!

I can also reveal the most recent inductee into Adult Video News' Hall of Fame is Kaitlyn Ashley. Former winner of several AVN awards, including Best Supporting actress in Vivid's *Shame* in 1994, Miss Ashley was one of the first porn

stars to do double anal, but unfortunately has ceased working since 1997.

VCA Pictures' 1998 release *Brown Eyed Blondes*, is a truly unique picture in modern porn history, combining a half-decent plot containing a refreshing exposure of surfing culture with regular doses of rubbered-up anal scenes. It features Nikita, Jill Kelly, Shayla LaVeaux, PJ Sparxx, Kelsey Heart and Timber, as members of an all-girl, surf-music-playing band of blondes.

Initially the plot develops as the girls seek to secure a lucrative recording contract. But after a high-flying record producer (Jim

The movie, for the most part, consists of Snoop and his crew intermingling with generous helpings of gyrating big-booty honies in typical porn surroundings such as swimming pools and the like.

Holliday) signs them up, it quickly becomes an 11-scene melange of fast-paced f**king. Overall, it's a pretty well-constructed picture and features a delightful four-girl scene between PJ, Nikita, Shayla and Danielle Rogers. Certainly worth a look.

Catch you naughty nymphos next week, till then, give her one from me!

Digital Film

Howard Gooding guesses at unexpected changes

The last few years have seen a massive jump in the affordability of digital video. Buy yourself a camcorder for £500, link it to your Mac and you've got more technological power than Welles ever had. Enthusiastically adopted by artists, it provides for a degree of autonomy that earlier auteurs were denied: genuine bedroom film-making.

Alongside the growing acceptance of video art, there is slowly building a canon of digital films given theatrical release: Mike Figgis's *Timecode* has a quartered screen given over to four simultaneously shot stories; Harmony Korine's *Julien Donkey-Boy* used cameras hidden on actors and played with digital distortion to beautiful effect. In both cases digital cameras allowed directors freedom to experiment at a cheap price.

The new film *Atanarjat* is the first to be made within Inuit language and culture, and without Digital Betacam could not exist. Much is now being made of the expansion of world cinema such events represent; the hope is that film-making will now enter a new era of democracy and creativity.

The other less-reported, yet more familiar area of change, is how, why and where we can watch these and, just as importantly, older films. Over Christmas, DVD players and discs sold in record numbers; consumers are responding to a medium that offers not only high quality sound and vision but the promise of the permanent library

that fading VHS could never stock.

DVDs offer, alongside the film, deleted scenes, director's commentaries, trailers and more. There is proof that this added value results in sales: *The Matrix* (one of DVD's first major successes) can be re-released with new features and sell again. Compare this to waiting at the end of your tape for a brief talking-head with an actor (as if you ever bothered).

With such contexts and appendices comes the ability to delve into individual scenes and to search scripts: all tools

A medium that offers not only high quality sound and vision but a permanent library that fading VHS could never stock

that promise to revolutionise the study of film. With companies like Artificial Eye re-releasing lost classics, it is possible to see and own for yourself the movies that everyone name-checks, rather than waiting years for a random print to surface at an obscure theatre.

Whilst this sounds like an unwanted literariness is being thrust upon cinema, perhaps a move in that direction would preserve the frontier with television, and may even spell a revival of live theatre? Films as individual artefacts, freed from studio stereotypes and carrying with them their own critical apparatus are perhaps better placed than ever to find cultural importance.

The dogma of Jason Lee

Nick Forgacs follows a skater to stardom

The only legitimate excuse you could have for wanting to see new release *Vanilla Sky* is Jason Lee. Pitched against Tom Cruise's grinning narcissism, his self-deprecating performance in the supporting role is a delight; tender and scruffy, yet rueful and resigned. Lee has actually been quietly rescuing major Hollywood films for the past couple of years; his sarcastic put-downs were the sole redeeming feature of last year's atrocious comedy *Heartbreakers*, whilst his ephemeral turn as an egotistical rock star in *Almost Famous* was the only palatable part of that sickly-sweet Cameron Crowe offering.

So many young male actors today seem to want to cultivate a laid-back, zoned-out manner in front of the camera; Lee, however, has a kind of free and easy insouciance which proclaims him a natural. Unlike most of his Hollywood contemporaries, he didn't spend his teenage years locked away in drama school, but instead travelled the world as a leading professional skateboarder. After turning pro at the age of 16, Lee became one of the most celebrated figures in the sport during the early nineties; he was the first ever to perfect the art of the 360 degree flip, and one of the first to be immortalised in his own signature Airwalk shoe. His performance in the 1991 Spike Jonze-directed film *Video Days*, which sees him hamming it up in front of the camera and bursting into impromp-

tu song as he slides down rails, is justly celebrated as one of the greatest films in skateboard history.

Lee subsequently founded his own company, Stereo Skateboards, which aims to bring an element of what he described as "fine artistry" to the sport. Unfortunately this high-minded aspiration failed to ignite the imagination of many of his fellow skaters, and, disillusioned, Lee decided to give up skateboarding altogether. Virtually untried as an actor, he walked into the part of smart-ass Brodie Bruce in Kevin Smith's *Mallrats*. The film, the follow-up to the indie-hit *Clerks*, was a spectacular failure, but Lee shone through. He announced his arrival into the world of major motion pictures by yelling, "Sweet fucking Christ, would you just knock it off?" and proved

himself to be perfect at making Smith's bile-fuelled abuse sound like high comedy. Smith declared him to be the best actor of his generation and promptly cast him in his next project, *Chasing Amy*. This time the film was a huge critical and commercial success and Lee won the 1997 Independent Spirit award for his portrayal of the malcontent comic-book colourist Banky Edwards.

Lee has subsequently bided his time in largely sub-standard fare, but 2002 looks set to be the year that he finally goes big. He is set to take his first lead roles: alongside MTV's Tom Green in *The Promise*; and, a lot much exciting, reprising Chevy Chase's role in Smith's remake of the 1985 classic *Fletch*. In an industry dominated by Toms and Nicoles, it's about time he got the recognition he deserves.



FOOTBALL FOCUS

A round-up of college football from the Varsity Sports Team

Division 1

With so many fixtures yet to be played, it would be hard to predict where the title will end up this year. The goals of Gower have put John's in a commanding position and, following their defeat at the hands of Homerton in Cuppers that allows them to focus on the League, they must be seen as favourites. Providing they keep on winning, they will be champions but should there be any slip-up then Jesus will be keen to seize the opportunity to go top. The only difference between the two is John's narrow 1-0 victory but since then Jesus have been piling in the goals and Jon Young's decisive winning goal against Girton means the pressure is still being applied at the top.

Division 2

This week saw a top-of-the-table clash as Downing, in second place, met Emmanuel, positioned just below them in third. With Homerton, the leaders, not playing, it was an ideal chance for one of the two to jump into top spot. Neither of them took advantage though. Mark Tsang scored for Emma, only for his goal to be equalized in the dying minutes by James Brown of Downing. The result meant that the prospect of becoming league champions now seems a little distant given they have both played significantly more matches than everyone else in the division. This gave Darwin the chance to sneak in from fourth spot to go level with Homerton at the top. The opportunity was taken as Darwin netted five goals past Churchill, including a goal from their

captain Jez Moloney – the final score 5-1. Darwin now go top on goal difference. Meanwhile, Magdalene beat Caius 2-1; a result which means

Magdalene put pressure on the leading runners at the top, which is now becoming increasingly tight as two points separate the top five.



Heading for the top: St John's, Darwin and Selwyn lead the divisions

Seb Jones

Division 3

A two-horse race has developed between Selwyn and King's. Their recent 2-2 draw did little to separate them, though Selwyn's extra fixture has let them establish a slender lead. With crucial victories in the bank, Corpus seem to have made third position their own for the time being, whilst there is only three points' difference between fourth and last place. Strong challenges may yet come in the form of Long Road II, Sidney Sussex, and Queens' II, though this will depend on how these teams take advantage of their games in hand. There is little to choose between St John's and Trinity Hall; either team could still go down, whilst Christ's, having already played six, will find it difficult to move themselves from the foot of the table. However, the season is barely halfway through, with much more football to be played.

League Tables, Results & Fixtures

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	13	5	0	8	216	287	27
Fitzwilliam	11	4	0	6	146	189	21
Magdalene	14	0	0	14	75	546	12

Division 2							
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Trinity Hall	12	10	0	2	198	136	42
P'house/Selwyn	12	6	2	4	207	109	32
Trinity	12	6	1	5	223	152	31
Queens	12	6	0	6	145	129	30
Christ's	10	5	0	5	167	151	25
Girton	10	5	0	5	140	104	25
Churchill	9	3	1	5	91	132	19
Pembroke	9	1	0	8	26	284	11

Division 3							
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Sidney Sussex	9	9	0	0	390	42	36
Caius	6	4	0	2	141	88	18
Clare	6	4	0	2	169	109	18
King's	5	2	0	3	72	180	11
Corpus Christi	6	0	0	6	56	303	5
APU	4	0	0	4	22	150	2

Courtesy of Ben Poynter

Blues Rugby

Fixture

BLUES V RAF
Wed 13th 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

Division 2							
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Darwin	4	4	0	0	22	3	12
Homerton	4	4	0	0	17	4	12
Downing	6	3	2	1	15	8	11
Emmanuel	7	3	2	2	10	13	11
Magdalene	4	3	1	0	6	1	10
Churchill	4	1	2	3	10	13	5
Clare	3	1	1	2	3	8	4
Robinson	4	1	0	3	9	16	3
Caius	5	1	0	4	7	15	3
Fitzwilliam II	5	0	0	5	2	17	0

Division 3							
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Selwyn	6	5	1	0	26	5	16
King's	5	4	1	0	22	8	13
Corpus Christi	7	4	1	2	16	12	13
APU II	5	2	0	3	12	12	6
Sidney Sussex	4	2	0	2	10	11	6
Long Road II*	5	2	0	3	10	13	5
Queens' II	4	1	1	2	6	8	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 Rachel Cooke

Men's Hockey

Division 1							
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Emmanuel	7	5	1	1	19	4	11
Pembroke*	7	5	1	1	27	8	10
St John's	6	4	0	2	16	8	8
Caius	6	3	2	1	18	12	8
Christ's	7	4	0	3	10	6	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	6	2	1	3	4	9	5
Queens'	5	1	1	3	5	12	2
Fitzwilliam*	6	0	0	6	1	23	-1
APU*	6	0	0	6	1	30	-2

Division 2							
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Trinity	7	5	1	1	31	15	11
Downing	7	4	1	2	15	9	9
Clare	7	3	2	2	16	10	8
Trinity Hall	5	4	1	0	7	1	8
Sidney Sussex	5	4	0	1	13	15	8
Magdalene	5	3	1	1	22	3	7
Corpus Christi	6	2	2	2	12	12	6
Peterhouse	7	2	1	4	10	12	5
Girton	8	2	1	5	11	22	4
Selwyn	6	2	0	4	6	22	4
St John's II	7	0	2	5	7	17	2
Churchill	6	1	0	5	10	22	2

Division 3							
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Jesus II	5	5	0	0	16	0	10
Caius II	5	3	0	2	13	10	6
Queens' II	2	5	1	2	8	9	5
Kings	3	2	0	1	10	7	4
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
Girton II	7	0	0	7	0	21	0

Women's Hockey

Division 1							
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
St. Catherine's	4	4	0	0	32	0	12
Jesus	3	2	0	1	10	2	6
APU	3	2	0	1	4	4	5
Fitzwilliam	4	1	2	1	3	7	5
Girton	4	1	1	2	8	11	4
Queens	2	1	0	1	5	2	3
Caius	2	1	0	1	4	5	3
New Hall	3	0	1	2	1	9	1
Churchill	6	0	0	3	3	30	0

Division 2							
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Pembroke	4	3	0	1	9	1	9
Homerton	3	3	0	0	7	2	9
Trinity Hall	2	2	0	0	9	1	6
Emmanuel	2	2	0	0	4	0	6
Trinity	4	1	1	2	3	3	4
Clare	4	1	1	2	3	5	4
Newnham	3	1	0	2	2	8	3
Magdalene	3	0	0	3	1	7	0
St. John's	3	0	0	3	2	13	0

Division 3							
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Robinson	4	3	1	0	11	1	10
Christ's	2	2	0	0	9	0	6
St. Catherine's II	2	2	0	0	7	1	6
Selwyn	3	1	1	1	4	2	4
Downing	3	1	0	2	3	10	3
Jesus II	3	0	2	1	2	5	2
Sidney Sussex	3	0	1	2	1	8	1
Corpus Christi	4	0	1	3	2	12	1

Courtesy of Rachel Cooke
Men's Hockey Courtesy of Dave Emery

Women's Rugby

Division 1							
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
St. John's	5	5	0	0	189	17	10
Queens	4	4	0	0	95	14	8
Jesus	5	3	1	1	70	68	7
Churchill	5	3	0	2	90	55	6
Newnham	6	3	0	3	101	94	6
Clare	6	3	0	3	98	91	6
Trinity	4	1	0	3	58	53	2
Emmanuel	3	0	1	2	21	87	1
St. Catherine's	4	0	0	4	0	104	0
St. Johns II	4	0	0	4	12	151	0

Division 2							
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Caius	4	4	0	0	110	19	8
Pembroke	4	2	1	1	67	34	5
Girton	4	2	1	1	54	42	5
Downing/Magd.	3	2	0	1	44	29	4
Trinity II	3	2	0	1	42	32	4
Fitzwilliam	4	2	0	2	52	58	4
Christ's	4	1	0	3	52	78	2
Peterhouse	5	1	0	4	27	103	2
Sidney Sussex	3	0	0	3	26	79	0

*deducted 1pt

Courtesy of Kate Whittaker

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

CROSTYX UNPICKED

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

Continued from back page...

MEN'S HOCKEY

Ienny Taylor

BLUES 2
Fulford (17), Little (50)

CROSTYX 1

The gentlemen of CUHC play with a Golden Lion emblazoned on their chests. Man has always honoured the King of Beasts, crediting this majestic moggy with attributes he prizes most; nobility, courage, combative skills and sexual prowess. The Blues showed such quintessential qualities in abundance on Saturday, in a game that looked closer to a 'rumble in the jungle' than a stroll in the savannah. The Crostyx cheetahs were sent back to Essex, tails between their legs, with a 2-1 win, seeing Cambridge take the lion's share of the points.

Though Cambridge seemed to be catnapping early on, they put together a few decent attacks. Captain McClive mauled magnificently in midfield, releasing Paul Bevan who began to roar up the field with ever-increasing results. Against the run of play, a sweeping move on the counter attack saw Jamie Parker at full pelt deliver a ball to young cub Rob Fulford, who steered the ball into the top right corner with feline finesse. However, the Essex boys were never going to roll over that easily. With a renewed vigour, Crostyx took the game by the scruff of the neck and hacked and harassed player and umpire

alike, in a harrowing ten minute spell. Cambridge were forced to concede a penalty corner, and the resulting strike beat keeper Artaman and battered the back-board. The Cambridge pride rallied, and had the best of the last ten minutes, but both packs went into the interval with a goal apiece.

But it was Cambridge who came out fighting the harder in the second half, and their pressure was rewarded when Dickie Little made a run into the 'D'. He decided to go it alone and finished decisively with a 'purfect' flick into the right netting just ten minutes into the half.

Whilst Cambridge went for the proverbial jugular, Crostyx seemed to go for the literal one, as the game turned into a contest approaching warfare. The inevitable calamitous result was Jamie Parker finding himself ambushed at the top of the 'D' by a hideous challenge. Though he won a short corner, his resulting injury will mean he misses the next vital few weeks in Varsity Match build up.

Rog Wilcox nearly put his paw print on the game with a marauding attack, but was hacked down by Crostyx keeper as he rounded him. Yet again, the umpires failed to act and another overly ag-

gressive challenge went unpunished as Rob Lancaster was set-up wonderfully by a pin-point pass only to be pole axed as he pulled the trigger.

Resolute tackling from Neil Wilson and Rusty Abel on the left flank snuffed out some surging striking play. Gareth Kenny and Rob Cole combined well as they released Rob Fulford and Stevie Sweets down the right. By this stage of the game the Essex old boys in midfield began to run as well as the second-hand cars they usually sell, but the match was already over. In the end, Cambridge were the cats to get the cream, whilst Crostyx were left to lick their wounds.



Rowan Huppert

Paul Bevan dribbling freely

Undaunted by the equaliser, the Blues returned to the pitch with renewed determination and a burst of exciting passing play that put Stortford immediately back on the defensive. Keeper Daly and full backs Coveney and Kendall defended solidly, dispossessing the Stortford attackers and distributing the ball with poise and control.

The woodwork once again denied Cambridge as Vicky Hutley's strike pinged off the post, but she got a vital touch on one of Parkinson's trademark short corner bullets to put the Blues back in front. Two dubious short corner decisions from the umpire denied both Laura Sorensen and Jenny Parkinson positions on the score sheet. But then Parkinson converted another short corner opportunity, the ball making a satisfying crash against the backboard, having blasted its way between the keeper's pads.

The match culminated in a glorious movement in which the ball started on the right, before being switched through Martha Newell and out to the left from where Rosie Reeve sent a fine cross which was inches away from the sticks of Sorensen and Katie de Wit who were advancing on the right, and the thrilled and chilled crowd were left eager for more. The Blues performance topped off a fine day for Cambridge Women's hockey as the Nomads and Bedouins both dispatched Peterborough opposition 2-0 and 4-1 respectively. This bodes well for their Varsity matches, scheduled to take place at Iffley Road, Oxford, on Monday 18th February.

Games for a laugh? Varsity takes it seriously...

Varsity previews the Light Blues' foremost confrontation

Never mind it being the eve of the Winter Olympic Games and all that. The only Games we should be worrying about are the Varsity Games starting in a week's time. The weekends of the 16th and 23rd of February shall see the culmination of literally thousands of hours of gruelling training to what is one of the most prestigious events of the Cambridge sporting year - the 30th annual Varsity Games.

Over 800 competitors from two of the leading academic institutions in the country, the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, will be meeting in Oxford to represent their universities in no fewer than twenty sports. Ranging from sports as diverse as lifesaving to those as mainstream as swimming and basketball, these Games act to exemplify the sheer multitude of talent competing, as well as providing a forum to act out the ancient rivalry between these Oxbridge institutions. Many of the teams and in-

dividuals compete regularly in national leagues and have been very successful in BUSA competitions.

With Oxford winning the overall games quite convincingly last year, the 30th Varsity Games are set to be some of the most exciting yet as the Blues teams aim to turn that result around. Some of the competitors in the Games hold International colours and so it really will be an awesome event for spectators and competitors alike. Whether the Dark Blues will triumph again or whether the Light Blues have what it takes to fend off their Dark Blue foes is all in the hands of the competing sportsmen and women as they make their final preparations to face each other in their respective Varsity matches.

Almost as staggering as the amount of physical preparation the competitors undergo is the amount of preparation and organisation undertaken by the Varsity Games Committee. Led by President Gavin White, the committee of six, who themselves will be competing in the Games, handle everything from sponsorship to trans-

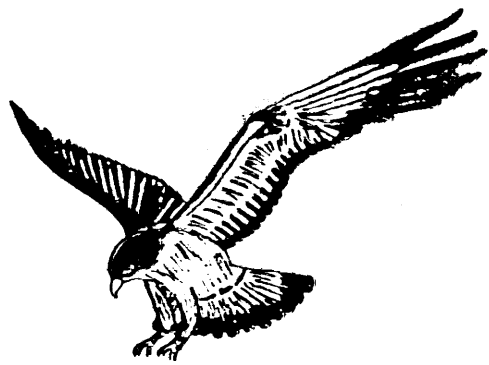
port. The committee, who formed last year, have been meeting weekly to ensure everything in the Games runs smoothly and, above all, that the Games take place at all! This year, sponsors include Tesco's and the Law firm Denton Wilde Sapte whose support is both generous and essential - so we thank them greatly.

As this year's games are to be held in Oxford, the Dark Blues will have the home advantage so any spectator support received from Cambridge students, or from anyone who doesn't like Oxford, will be greatly appreciated. If anyone can find their way over to Oxford on either weekend, their support will be warmly received - especially as Cambridge are this year's underdogs thanks to the humiliating defeat last year. Having said that, victory is by no means out-of-reach as the Cambridge competitors have the chance to show, once and for all, which is the better Oxbridge university.



Phillip O'Keefe

Ding Dong Ping Pong.



UNIVERSITY Sport



ARMY FIRES BLANKS

RUGBY UNION	
Jonny Mather	
BLUES	29
<i>Count, Blaikie, Rivaro, Baker 2</i>	
ARMY	15

Any wintry Cantabrigian who headed down to a perishingly cold Grange Road on Wednesday night in search of some exciting rugby to rekindle the internal fire will have left slightly glowing, but still only just lukewarm. New captain Duncan Blaikie's side drew up the battle lines against a British Army team playing only their second proper match of the season; the first a recent 32-12 defeat against Oxford. With this in mind, it is surprising that it was only with the introduction of Marco Rivaro in the 63rd minute, and the final quarter of an otherwise frustrating match, that Cambridge managed to make their superiority show.

Charge of the Light Blue brigade this was not. Too often moments of fast-flowing and attractive rugby were let down by poor handling or bad timing as Cambridge struggled to penetrate the massed ranks of the Army's defence. The first try came after just three minutes as number 10 Owen Edwards, who had a shocking first half,



Charge of the Light Blue brigade

gave the ball away, leaving his stunned team mates exposed to the pace and quick change of direction that the Army showed, allowing full back Dave Blackburn to run through.

From this inauspicious beginning, Cambridge gradually cranked into gear

and only a few minutes later, the Blues scored. Mike Count broke through with a football-style dribble to initiate a maul on the Army line, from which he bustled in for his third try in two games. However Edwards' conversion was miles off target. Just as things were look-

ing up though, the Blues failed to secure the ball from the restart and then gave away a penalty right in front of their own posts, converted by Coen. Skipper Blaikie could be seen trying to calm his side and, not wishing to be outdone by his predecessor Count, went over

Rowan Huppert

in the corner before half time to score himself; only for Edwards to fluff the conversion once again.

The Army team boasted several attractive Fijian players who are probably recruited as much for their military skill as many Blues players are for their academic excellence. But in the second half, they began to lose their strength and could not continue their spirited repression of the continued Cambridge attacks. This was good despite their good restart, when fly half Daryl Cooper charged straight through Tom Blathwayt to score.

Although the Cambridge players started succumbing to a strange bout of injuries and the team started to lose its discipline (with lock Ed Mallett being sin-binned on 56), they had finally begun to get the ball out to their flanks. This was achieved not through the finely rehearsed moves of the first half that had been prone to be unravelled by moments of indecision, but by simple no-nonsense rugby. Here James Baker was able to show off his blistering pace with a fine late brace of tries, after the shining Rivaro had run through with military precision to touch down right under the posts, giving respectability to the score line.

The Army are traditionally the strongest of the armed forces sides, so the upcoming games against the RAF and the Royal Navy should be even more of a training exercise than Wednesday's game.

Blues Bash Bishops

WOMEN'S HOCKEY	
Jo Galloway	
BLUES	3
<i>Sorensen, Hutley, Parkinson</i>	
BISHOPS STORTFORD	1

The Ladies' Blues fixture against Bishops Stortford last Saturday drew a crowd of hardy supporters, who braved the gale-force winds that swept Fortress Wilby, and came to support the Blues, who have been languishing perilously close to the bottom of the East Premier League.

Those who watched were rewarded for their dedication by a spectacle of hockey that had it all: fine skill, professional passing play, breathtaking near

misses and goals – some of which were allowed!

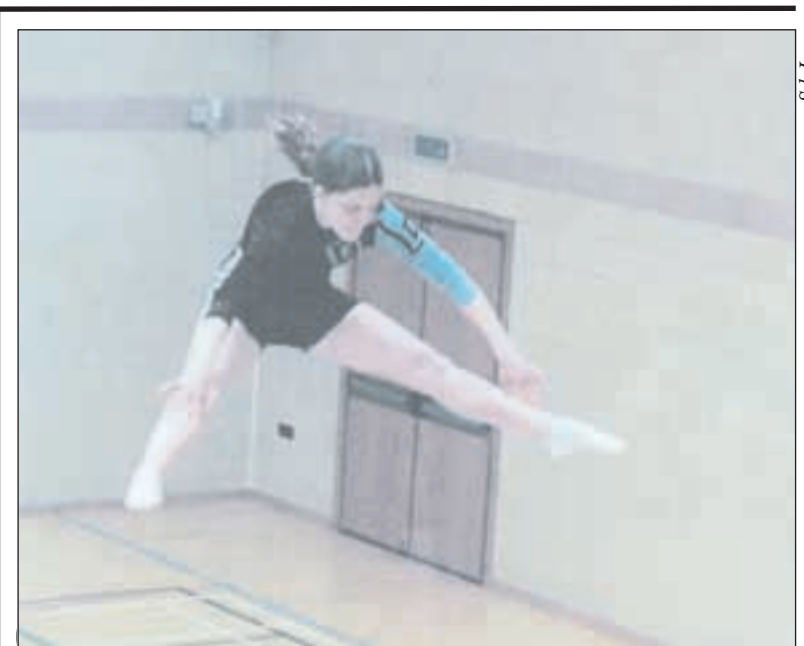
Cambridge won the toss and chose to take first push back since the cross-pitch winds favoured neither side. The first few minutes saw the Blues settle into their game, with Martha Newell distributing well from the middle of the park, and Elly Pickford and Shona MacKenzie linking up nicely down the left-hand side. Cambridge opened the scoring when full back Kath Coveney made one of her characteristic forays into the Stortford defensive 25. After weaving her way through the bemused Stortford defence, Coveney slipped the ball to skipper Laura Sorensen, whose well-prepared reverse stick flick sailed past the static keeper.

One goal up, the Blues piled on the pressure. A smart strike from centre for-

ward Helen Lloyd that whistled past the post, and Laura Sorensen's undercut from the top of the D that hit the upright, elicited sharp intakes of breath from the onlookers on the windswept touchline. As half time approached, it looked as though the goal "drought" reported to have been plaguing the Blues side had finally come to an end. However, Stortford equalised on the stroke of half time with a nicely taken open-play goal that slid past the orange pads of goalkeeper Marie-Lou Daly.

The Cambridge performance after half time was testament to the composed and collected play that coach David Richardson has instilled in the girls.

Continued on page 31...



Will Cambridge bounce back?

Seb Jones