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A great big

f\*\*\*k you

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Bond is back

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# VARSITY

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The Cambridge  
Student Newspaper  
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# ECSTASY DEATH: MAN CHARGED

- Court appearance for Cambridge teenager
- APU death makes national headlines
- Cambridge clubs tighten drug policies

Julian Blake

A man is set to appear in court today, having been charged with supplying ecstasy in connection with the death of Lorna Spinks. Aaron Strange, a 19-year-old man from Cambridge has been charged with supplying a Class A drug to a named person. Police are keen to add that Strange did not supply the drug to Lorna, but to a third party.

The prosecution came after Lorna, a 19 year-old APU student, died from taking an exceptionally high strength ecstasy tablet, before going to The Junction nightclub in Cambridge. Lorna was attending the Good Times club at the Junction along with friends from APU. She became ill at around 12.30 am and was taken to the toilets by her boyfriend. The Junction staff helped her to the front door to get some air. She then started fitting and an ambulance was called. Paul Bogen, Director of The Junction told *Varsity* "I am deeply shocked and upset by this event. On behalf of everyone at The Junction, I offer my extreme condolences to the parents, family and friends of Lorna Claire Spinks".

The news has shocked students



ECSTASY TABLET: ROGUE BATCH

around Cambridge, and all clubs in the Cambridge area have put up signs warning students of the dangers of using the drug. Bogan told *Varsity* that The Junction "Will be displaying posters in the venue warning the public of the dangers of these particular tablets". Toxic8 plans to randomly check clubbers at the door in an attempt to prevent the use of drugs on their premises. The parent company of Life and Fifth Avenue, Luminar Leisure told *Varsity* "We disapprove of drug misuse and its associated culture. We deploy the services of drug sniffer dogs and our venues receive visits from a company who supply both active and passive drug dogs".

The tablets are small, lime green and have a Euro Dollar symbol on them. The police have issued warnings to college welfare

officers and students have been told to be aware of similar tablets. Lesley Parker of the Cambridge University Counselling Service warned *Varsity* readers of the dangers of drugs. "Some people can use drugs occasionally with no problems, but a few people can only use them once with unpleasant and dangerous effects."

Detective Superintendent Tony Southern echoed these sentiments: "We now know that Lorna had taken ecstasy before and there will be thousands of people out there who will think that it won't happen to them. We accept that people will still take ecstasy irrespective of what has happened to Lorna, but this goes to show that you can never be sure what you are putting into your body". CUSU President Mat Coakley said, "We do hope that people make informed decisions about the use of drugs".

The family of Lorna are keen to highlight their pain as a warning to students considering taking drugs. "She was so, so pretty and when she was dying she looked like a monster. It looked like she had been run over by a truck" said Mrs Spinks. She added that Lorna "is a lovely girl. Her granny called her The Golden Girl, the lovely Lorna. She was very, very popular and had lots of friends".



Lorna as her family will remember her.

Photo: Mason's of Cambridge

Broaden your mind **10**

Obscure departments that house crumbling Fellows pre-dating Peterhouse

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"A member as small as a wilted strawberry." The best (and worst) sex scenes in literature

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"Electric atmosphere, unbridled passion": Cambridge smash Oxford after 12 years

# Vox-pops

Are YOU going to vote?



"None of the candidates really has any relevance to me."

**My Best Friend, Varsity Offices**



"I'll probably be sleeping through the election."

**Rend's Bitch, Posh College**



"Everyone should use their vote responsibly."

**Angela-I-don't-fancy-Tom, Curry House**



"Socialism. Can't you tell from my beard and jacket?"

**Glenda Newton, Ed Hall**



"I'm going to buy my OWN country."

**Ian Caulfield, Lucy Cavendish**



"We don't know how to vote."

**Tom & Sarah, Varsity Offices**



"We don't believe in democracy."

**Roland & Andrew, Varsity Offices**

# Correction

In our issue dated 4 May 2001 (541) we referred in the article on the May Day protests to students being involved in destroying a telephone box by using it as a toilet. This was mistakenly attributed to Cambridge students and we unreservedly withdraw the same.

The 'taunting' of policemen attributed to Mr Mika Minio was also incorrect and we therefore withdraw it unreservedly.

Varsity would like to apologise and expresses regret for any distress or inconvenience caused by the publication of these statements. We also apologise to contributors James Burlton and Jack Fleming for any inaccuracies that may have arisen from the use of their contributions.

# RESULTS

**Rob Jenrick**

Last year's results :

Labour	27,436 (53%)
Conservative	13,299 (26%)
Lib Dems	8,287 (16%)
Turnout	51,339 (72%)

All sides are fighting for student votes, which are believed to have been crucial in the 1992 and especially the 1997 elections. In 1997, Campbell's increased majority was significantly due to the support she received from students. When originally elected MP in 1992, it was estimated that 2,500 students voted via postal votes and that 7,000 voted directly. This was despite the election had being held out of term-time, which is believed to have cost 46% of the student vote.

At 1997, postcards designed to mobilise students to vote provoked an angry reaction when they were seen as being racist. The cards issued by the Ministry of Sound showed Neo-Nazis and huntsmen.

At Trinity, a student was threatened with a fine of £1 an hour for displaying a political poster in his window. Theo Bertram was ordered to remove it by porters, despite CUSU warnings to colleges not to restrict student's democratic rights.

At both 1997 and 1992, crowds of students gathered in the bar of the Cambridge Union Society to watch the results come through. At around 3am Anne Campbell, almost in tears, spoke from the balcony of the Guildhall to those gathered in Market Square to thank her supporters after having been confirmed as the MP for Cambridge.

# ELECTION ROUNDUP



**Anne Campbell MP**

*Labour*

Anne became Cambridge's first woman MP in 1992 when she narrowly won the election. At 1997 she increased her majority to 14,000. She has worked in Parliament as Parliamentary Private Secretary to Patricia Hewitt – the minister for e-commerce. Recently she has helped launch a campaign to fight global warming. Anne Campbell denies that she lied about her attitude to tuition fees in the 1997 general election, though she did vote for them in Parliament.



**David Howarth**

*Liberal Democrats*

David went to Clare in the 1970s and then on to Yale to study Law. He's since become a fellow at Clare and lectures regularly in Law and Economics. As an advisor to governments, he sat on the prestigious Federal Policy Committee between 1989 and 2000 and has led Cambridge Council this year and has been a local councillor since 1987. Howarth is no doubt buoyed by his party's sensational win in the council elections last May, which saw them take control from Labour.



**Graham Stuart**

*Conservative*

Graham came to Cambridge as a student and was President of the Conservative Association – now he going for the real thing. He is a councillor and runs four local businesses as well as working on the local Enterprise Agency board. He has campaigned against tax rises and supports radical changes to the University system to make Cambridge and other top universities more capable of competing on the world stage in the future.

# Stuart slams Campbell

**Alex Barden**

As the "phony war" became real this week, the major parties set their Cambridge campaigns in motion, differing strongly on environmental issues. Labour MP Anne Campbell addressed a Cambridge Labour Students meeting on the Kyoto agreement on Monday, while a day later Tory candidate Graham Stuart spoke at the Union Society.

Campbell was joined by Edinburgh MP Nigel Griffiths in support of campaign against George W Bush's withdrawal from the Kyoto climate change accords. Griffiths described the "Toxic Texan" as having "bought the presidency and trying to sell the world". They explained how the

international campaign targets Coca-Cola, one of the conglomerates who bankrolled 'Dubya's' drive for the White House, by mass emailing and threats of boycotts, aiming to "get the President's friends to change the President's mind." Some present expressed concern that the government had not condemned Bush's actions more strongly, but around 60 Labour Students present signed the petition, while Campbell backed her party's environmental policy and the pressure being exerted on the US cabinet, styled by Griffiths as a "boardroom of smokestack industry".

Stuart, meanwhile was upbeat about his chances of overturning a 14,000 majority, stressing that voters switching from the Labour to the Lib Dems enhanced his

prospects of victory. He told Tory activists at the Union that the Conservative policy of "freeing universities from the state sector" would be a vote-winner, despite their reservations about "selling" the policy to Cambridge students. He insisted that "Blair's complacent government" would pay the price for raising the tax burden: the Tories oppose the Climate Change Levy introduced by Labour in an attempt to reduce Greenhouse Gas emissions as "damaging to industry".

While Campbell was quiet on the forthcoming election, saying she stands by her government's record, the Tory candidate ended ebulliently, urging his followers to "slap it to 'em good". Whether such confidence is justified, only the next few weeks will tell.



# Inter-Varsity

**Virginia**

The news that 122 students could be expelled for internet cheating has rocked one of the most revered universities in the US. The possible expulsions are all physics students who have increasingly turned to the internet for research – and plagiarism! The ironically named university's "honour committee" has been put on the case. The news comes just after a survey, suggested that one in ten students cheat on a regular basis. Prof Bloomfield ruefully told the *Washington Post* that "it was a little more common than I had hoped", rather euphemistically understating the endemic state of cheating in the university.

**University of Warwick, New Jersey**

Reporters at the top American uni's student newspaper have become increasingly concerned by a phobic student who has developed a dangerous obsession with taking over the paper. The News Editors discovered only too late that Dorean Hoggart-Smythe, a first year economist had become set on dominating the paper when they realised that he was stalking them, tapping their phone-calls and taking over every article they attempted to write. The student, who has a distinctive effeminate voice and a hideously dis-

torted face caused by a botched 'plastic-surgery' operation told 'friends' that he intended to become editor and that the current staff "would get their comeuppance". Concerns for her sanity have been raised when she claimed to have interviewed the President and was later seen dancing on top of bollards at 3am, while singing "I am the one and only" by Chesney Hawkes with a man resembling Louis XIV. Her feeble attempts at world domination were brought to a speedy end when she was found dead under ice of the local river, with a rusty ice-pick in his head. NYPD have suggested that her death bore remarkable similarities to another universally hated subversive – Rasputin.

**Finale**

And so, we must part company – the Inter-Varsity of Rob and Lucy is, alas no more. Our term at the helm is over and we must move on. To our esteemed colleagues at the Bore, to all those who helped create (or fabricate) and of course to all the members of our fan club – a long, long kiss goodnight.

Compiled hilariously (as ever) by Rob Jenrick & Lucy Pogson

*'Warwick Bore International Satirists of the Year 2001'*

NEWS IN BRIEF

Scandal at Union

Peter Tatchell was issued a harsh rebuke by students when speaking to the Cambridge Union this week. Tatchell came to the Union to speak on lowering the age of consent for both gay and straight couples to 14. He wanted to "challenge the criminalisation of young people under 16 who have consenting sex". He explained that sexual rights are human rights, and probably the most important things in our lives. "The idea that the right to make those choices is not a human right is a scandalous oversight". Tatchell went on to try and convince students that they had sexual desires at a young age, claiming "I'm sure a number of you have played doctors and nurses and mummies and daddies and got a bit carried away, exploring your sexuality". His talk sparked great debate, with the majority of students attacking Tatchell's assumptions. His talk was dismissed as "half-hearted libertarianism" by one member and others were concerned about its implications for sexual abuse. Some were attracted to his idea of "teaching students how to have good sex and

reciprocal sex" and one Union member suggested they implement these lessons at Cambridge, perhaps as a replacement for SPS. Tatchell thanked the Union for holding such a debate, he said "I have been accused by the press and others of promoting sexual abuse so I thank the Union for holding this debate". These sentiments were echoed by Wu-Meng Tan, the Union President who told *Varsity* "having Peter Tatchell can only help advance the many issues he stands for and help get them across to the student body".

Corpus compromise

The crisis at Corpus during the Lent term over the academic-based room ballot has been tranquilized by a truce between the JCR and the College. The compromise, put forth by the old JCR committee at the end of last term, is now based more on a prize room scheme, such as at Pembroke and Christ's. This means that a certain number of rooms are still set aside for automatic allocation to those in the college with Firsts and scholarships.

Chris Kelly, Corpus Senior Tutor accepted the JCR's proposals, no doubt relieved that the college's spell of bad publicity could reach a quiet end. The protestors settled for the agreement, despite the fact it does not completely eradicate academic prejudice, and a five to one majority in favour of the new scheme passed the motion. Current JCR President and former JCR committee member, Adrian Ellis, said that students accepted the compromise because "it was beginning to feel as if the protest was meeting a dead end. Although the cause retained a lot of support outside college from across the University, support within college was wavering."

Booze & blood

Cesarian Sunday saw 60 people dress in togas, gather on Jesus Green and roll around for ten minutes last Sunday in the age-old grievance between the Jesus Cesarians and the Girton Green Monsters. With the aid of drink, heat stroke and suitable warrior nicknames such as Michael "I Drink My Own

Cum" Phillips, battle tactics were devised. The Green Monsters made their way across a cricket match and then through St Johns, at which point they began to sing their opinion of the college to a well-known traditional tune, "I'd rather be at Oxford..." When it came to actually waging war, the battle was really more of a good natured wrestle, described by one of the warrior participants as being a match of "superior numbers and pincer movement tactics from Girton" versus "raw spirit" from Jesus. In the aftermath of the war there was a reconciling Pimms session and the first year Green Monsters, in Girton drinking society tradition, were made to swim the Cam, according to Hugh Collins a "fucking cold" experience. The final score stood at one police warning, two hospitalisations, eight vomitings, 14 passing outs and many hangovers.

Irving slammed

Fury over the controversial scholar and author David Irving speaking at the Oxford Union forced the University to

cancel the debate scheduled for last night. Protests had been planned by students in Oxford, and David Triesman, general secretary of the Association of University Teachers (AUT) predicted a national boycott of the Oxford Union this week, should they persist in holding the debate. Mr Irving, "racist" and "anti-semitic" according to the high judge involved in his libel case last year, had been invited to speak on the motion "This house would restrict the free speech of extremists" but the idea that this could go ahead has since been described as "a real tragedy" and a "travesty" by protestors.

Labour peer Lord Janner, secretary of the all-party parliamentary war crimes group has said: "It was disgraceful that the union was proposing to provide a platform for a man who has been condemned by a high court judge not only as a Holocaust denier, but also as someone who misrepresented and manipulated historical evidence."

Compiled By: Lucy Pogson, Julian Blake & Michael Phillips



MENTOR HELPS WOMEN

Julian Blake

A mentoring system for women at Cambridge was launched this week, with the help of The Gender Studies Working Group and CUSU. The concept goes back to a seminar in November entitled "education involving women" and the decision was made to take practical steps to aid issues that women in Cambridge, whether they are undergraduates, graduates or teaching staff, are concerned with. The scheme, known as 'Connect' is intended to share expertise and experiences as well as creating a

social network. It follows the Schneider Ross University Equality Audit that concluded the University has a macho culture that excludes women. It suggests that as historically the University has been male dominated, very few women have entered academia. It is hoped that if female academics share their experiences and advise graduate students, there may be more women entering the higher levels of the Cambridge academic system. CUSU Women's Officer Laura Timms told *Varsity* "The aim of connect is to provide women at all levels of the University, with the opportunity to share and learn from each other's experiences".

PRIVACY INVASION

Rob Jenrick

A Queens' second-year has been threatened with suspension from the University's computing facilities and quizzed by Special Branch for participating in e-mail discussions about last week's May Day demonstrations in London.

Hugh Jones was sent a letter by his tutor warning him that he would be banned from using the University Computing Service, including his Hermes e-mail account, if he didn't remove himself from mailing lists associated with the protesters planning to attend the events. It is not known how the University discovered Jones' perfectly legal participation, or how widespread the monitoring of student email is in Cambridge.

Following the letter from his tutor,

Jones was telephoned by Special Branch. Jones told *Varsity* he was questioned about his plans for May Day, specifically whether he was "planning to storm Buckingham Palace, armed with a machete."

The head of the University Computing Service (UCS) Pat Steward told *Varsity* that she didn't "believe it [the story] to be true" and that she had no knowledge of it. Mr Jones' tutor refused to comment. But the letter Jones was sent, below, raises concerns for student privacy and for their rights to use the computer services for private uses, free from university intrusion.

"It has come to my attention that you have been posting material relating to planned May Day anti-capitalist protests in London on the web using your 'cam.ac.uk' email address. I must remind

you that you are provided with this facility for academic and academic-related purposes. The College is of course entirely happy for you to pursue any lawful activity in your own time, but the use of your University email address must be limited to the purposes described above. Please do not post any further such material from this address; if you continue to do so, your suspension from this facility will have to be considered."

*Varsity* was unable to find any other example of a student being accused of breaking university rules by using their Hermes account for 'non-academic' purposes. Jones has been cleared of all criminal allegations but has received no apology from his college, the Police or the UCS for his treatment. He told *Varsity* that he is considering making a formal complaint over the incident.

Lucy Pogson

Creation



The biggest event for students in the whole of the University's 800-year history is due to explode on June 14. Featuring Roni Size, Timmy Magic of Radio 1's Dream Team and the Ministry of Sound's Tall Paul, the headlining acts of CUSU's Creation Event are unparalleled for Cambridge. As well as welcoming back May Week veterans Dan Bailey, Fabio and Grant Plant, Creation will also be playing host to Cambridge virgins The EZ Rollers and the Plump DJs. The event will be divided between five main tents around the centre: the House Tent, Drum and Bass Tent, Garage Tent, Hip Breaks and beats Tent, and the Comedy Tent. With the likes of DJ Luck to satisfy Garage fans, the EZ Rollers of *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* fame in the Drum and Bass room, and comedians such as Craig Charles of BBC's *Red Dwarf*, the event is a sure winner. *Varsity* is offering readers the chance to win tickets to the event. Two tickets are up for grabs, going to those readers who suggest the funniest outfit for Mat Coakley to wear to the bash. E-mail suggestions to [letters@varsity.cam.ac.uk](mailto:letters@varsity.cam.ac.uk).

AVALON FRIDAY JUNE 22<sup>ND</sup>  
www.CorpusMayBall.com



**Gillian Evans**

The equal opportunities and anti-discrimination juggernaut in the University (the Schneider Ross Report last term) is to roll forward another inch. On 21 May the Vice-Chancellor is addressing the troops in the form of the Heads of Institutions. He still has no training himself, mind, and the whole thing is being run for staff only. That is to say, they think they can improve consciousness about discrimination against staff separately. Students can come later perhaps.

I am a member of the Advisory Committee on Disability and I asked if I could go to this briefing. But no one from that committee is to be allowed to go and the Disability Resource Centre, funded primarily for students, was not brought in on it either.

**The commissary, the white knight glimpsed on the horizon in this column once or twice last term, has been sighted again.**

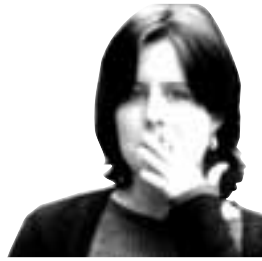
I am pretty unclear, too, why they think that making encouraging noises to "Heads of Institutions" is going to make any difference. That is not the way you change the culture in this University.

The Commissary, the white knight glimpsed on the horizon in this column once or twice last term, has been sighted again. The Council may even let us get a proper look at him in a Report this term. It is rumoured that he is going to be deprived of most of the weaponry with which he might have been able to offer a full and proper 'ombudsman' and 'last resort' service to students and will be hopelessly restricted in his jurisdiction, just when the wider Higher Education scene is beginning to think very seriously about setting up a proper national ombudsman service for all universities. Will Cambridge be saying, "but we've got one of those", and trying to opt out?

In the Reporter of May 2 are a couple of pieces of University legislation to keep an eye on. The first is the Notice on Data Protection. The University is leaving it until the last minute to implement the new legislation which gives you the rights (from October 24) to request copies of all electronic and paper information the University is holding on you. The new guidelines are going to be given secretly to a few (again). E-mail Dennis Barrington-Light ([data-protection@admin.cam.ac.uk](mailto:data-protection@admin.cam.ac.uk)) in droves if you want better published information for students.

The second item is the one on software policy. The Computing Service produce some sensible explanations. The Council and the General Board announce that users are "expected to comply" with rules which have not been put up for Discussion in the Senate. It is unclear what disciplinary penalties may follow for students from failure to do so. It is time we got our legislative act together and made sure that rules are properly created on proper authority and that everyone knows what they are and what will happen if they are broken. I leave it to you to write the novel which will outsell Kafka.

## Anna Gunn on May Day



Whoever concocted the May Day banner reading "Overthrow capitalism and replace it with something nicer" is a genius and I salute them. At first glance, it looks like the dim-witted result of a late night prop-making session. "Socialist environmentalism is great, but is there any chance we can work Anarcho-Feminism, small furry animals and Ken Livingstone in there somehow?" "Oh bollocks, lets just put 'something nicer'".

In actual fact, this simple slogan betrays one of the key points of the current Anti-Capitalist Movement. It has been mentioned before that this 'Movement' is basically made up of various campaigns around a number of (interconnected) themes and issues. It is not the case that there is some kind of fixed and shared ideology, and so to say that the common denominator in anti-capitalist thought is the laudable and legitimate wish to create 'something nicer' isn't even that far off the mark. Still, as people somewhat gleefully keep pointing out, it doesn't actually say very much at all.

To date, the Anti-Capitalist Movement has been spectacularly ineffective in overthrowing global capitalism. Had we really expected otherwise? What it has done is achieve two important things. Firstly, it has started the process of 'cross campaign' cooperation. Such a united front is perhaps not

entirely unprecedented, but the fact that environmentalists are working alongside Turkish Communists and women's rights groups is positive. On the other hand, activists must make sure that this new found cooperation means something substantially more than just showing up in the same place at the same time to demonstrate with lots of different placards.

The second major achievement of the Movement, is to partly realise its goal of putting capitalism, as opposed to, say, globalisation or the free market, back on the agenda. Again, a degree of caution is called for, but the very fact that a number of anti-capitalist ideas are actually filtering through into the main stream, with people agreeing that multi-national companies are 'out of control' is no small matter. Furthermore, the Movement has made some progress in 'unmasking' the institutions of capitalism. Many more people now actually know something about the roles played by for example IMF or the World Bank, and this has to be one of the first steps in making these institutions more democratic.

These have been real political steps, and contradict the idea that what the entire Movement comes down to is a couple of anarchist Wombles in boiler suits getting whacked by police batons. Someone on an Independent Media Website put it nicely when he wrote that

## All is forgiven

Ed Hall harks back to Mat Coakley's glory days

Do you remember where you were during the rent riots of 1999? Approximately a third of the people reading this probably have no idea what I'm talking about. But I can't



believe the rest of you have forgotten the campaigning and the marches. I, for one, remember vividly the night spent standing in the middle of Great Court while the Grand High Access Wallah Mat Coakley led us all in a rousing chant: "They say rent hikes, we say rent strike! They say bigger loans, we say Tristan Jones!" Stirring stuff indeed.

So you would assume that now all the violence has died down, the whole rents issue has been sorted. At the end of last year, most of the strikers were relatively content. They had received confirmation, not that the rents wouldn't be raised, but that all intended rent rises would be first put to the relevant student access committees.

Of course the heads of our colleges are not actually stupid people. And so they agreed to our demands, and, in the case of Kings' at least, waited exactly 12 months before hiking the

rents up again, to the levels originally laid out in the Bursar's report. The student reaction? They quietly bowed down to the almighty wisdom of the bursars and anyway the rises wouldn't be enforced for another two years. Of course this is exactly what Kings' were expecting. A large number of the strike organisers have now graduated, and the few left over are obviously missing their inspirational, but now departed, peers.

If only Cambridge students had some sort of inspirational leader. Someone who could rally the troops into battle once more. Someone who understood the access issues and had been involved last time around. And then it dawned on me. "Isn't Grand High Access Wallah Mat Coakley, now Grand High CUSU President?" I asked myself. And sure enough, on examining the CUSU website I found that it was so.

But unfortunately, it seems Mat Coakley has lost his inspiration. Gone are the days when he was telling Charles Larkum "If you think we're going to sit back and let these rent hikes happen, then you can think again, sunshine." Now his attitude is somewhat more conservative. When asked about the report announcing this year's rent rises he replied that "it is up to the students to judge it. But CUSU will fully support them in whatever action they decide to take." And since then, we have heard nothing.

Of course when pushed on the subject, he is bound to tell you that advances are being made all the time: it was only last month that Cambridge voted its first Access Officer onto CUSU. Unfortunately it's too little too late for rents initiatives. If momentum for direct action against rents was slow this year, next year it will be non-existent and so it looks like now the excitement value has worn off, the Bursars can write whatever they like on their *carte blanche*. Bring back the placards Mat, your university needs you!

anti-capitalists are "winning the war, but losing every battle".

It is exceptionally easy to ridicule the 'naive, idealistic' campaigners or to claim that their points are either totally invalid, uninformed, plain unrealistic or a combination of the above. Not in the last place, this can perhaps be attributed to the somewhat unusual (publicity) tactics used. A case could be made, that certain bits of the Movement are not so much political, but more artistic in nature – a modern day Arts and Crafts Movement, specialising in artistic leaflets, acronyms and impressive props. One of the major attractions of for example Reclaim The Streets was to many people the chance to let their creativity run riot, or, as they may put it, to reclaim their existences. But perhaps this is in itself a legitimate political action?

At the end of the day, we should not

forget that Western European and US anti-capitalism is not the be all and end all of the Movement. It is of a certain symbolic value, but the main battles will not be fought on Oxford Street. Instead, we should be looking at countries such as Nigeria, Honduras, Columbia and Ecuador – all of which have seen general strikes against IMF/World Bank plans over the last 12 months.

Activists should be careful not to grow lazy and get into the habit of putting everything and anything down to the catch all 'capitalism'. If they do, they will soon find themselves fighting a huge, amorphous heap of evil, which no one will be able to make head nor tail of, let alone change. Now that anti-capitalism has got itself some kind of voice, we should be seriously looking for something to say with it. In other words, it is time to work out what 'something nicer' actually is.



## Get yer top off

Natacha Simon bears her chest for charity

London is preparing to be engulfed by a sea of topless women on Saturday night. 8000 women and 16,000 breasts, including several from Cambridge, will set out to walk the London marathon overnight armed only with wonderbras. Is this some feminist march for liberation, a personal desire to free ourselves from the constraints of propriety, or are we just saying "Hello Boys" to the world?

The Playtex Moonwalk aims to raise awareness about breast cancer. Currently one in 11 women in Britain will get breast cancer, until recently, the biggest cancer killer of women in Britain. There has been a fall in deaths from breast cancer over the past 20 years, but nonetheless 30,000 cases are still detected each year.

Annually, 500 women undergo voluntary breast removal. Women such as Stieve de Lance, who at the age of 28, decided to have both her breasts removed to pre-empt the disease striking her family again: of 11 female relatives on her maternal side, nine have died of cancer.

Breakthrough Breast Cancer is a charity committed to fighting breast cancer. Their work includes setting up the first breast cancer research centre in the UK in December 1999; an important step for Britain, which has one of the highest mortality rates from breast cancer.

Prepared to go to extreme lengths in support of the fight against breast cancer, we will be braving the elements in the 26.2 mile overnight marathon, wearing only wonderbras and shorts. As I found out last year, this a strangely liberating (and at times rather cold) experience, as thousands of proud women let the world take note of their assets. For other participants however, toplessness will be a terrifying experience. While we unashamedly march up Shaftesbury Avenue to the whistles of men leaving clubs, women recently recovering from breast removal surgery will take the admirable psychological step of exposing their scars and their losses. And they were the lucky survivors.

15 members of the women's university hockey club are taking part on May 12 for a night to remember. Kicking off in Battersea, our Blue bras, hula skirts and balloons will join the other thousands of decorated bras to walk the main streets of London. Whether we finish may be a function of the distractions along the route, but if you're in London, come along and see the spectacle.

*The 'Bluetits' would be grateful for any sponsorship. Please contact Natacha Simon (nks23) or send donations in the form of a cheque made out to 'Breakthrough Breast Cancer' to Natacha at Pembroke.*



# ARSITY

## Ethical journalism

*Varsity's* days in the CUSU building may be numbered. Their new 4,000 word ethical policy, to be ratified this coming week, threatens, "All companies that publish, print or produce pornographic material shall be excluded". Blast. But special pleading aside, its principles are truly commendable. It would be a fine thing to see the provisions on positive action, for example, the purchasing of Fair Trade goods, extended to JCRs and beyond.

However, as ever with student actions, the value is largely symbolic. Although advertising in CUSU publications will now be subject to said rules, huge and evil multinationals are not lining up to buy our sabbaticals. The GKN CUSU President is, let us face it, only a distant threat. "Companies that produce nuclear weapons systems" will hardly be seeking to control the running of the laminating machine.

Rather than allowing CUSU committees to become bogged down in trivial internal detail, as the distinctly pompous verbiage of this new policy risks, let attention be focussed on changing – or rather, creating – a University ethical policy. It is even rumoured that consideration is currently being given to such matters in the Old Schools. While flowery rhetoric may soon flow, the chances of such a policy signalling a real new approach to securing corporate funding are small. But all great things start somewhere, and this is as good a starting point as are we are likely to get.

## We love Zadie

The May Anthologies have become a great Oxbridge institution. Certainly the 2001 editions set new standards in student literature and provide a stiff challenge for the next committee to live up to. The impact of Zadie Smith's involvement should not be underestimated. It is easy to get sick of hearing about

Ms Smith's achievements and perhaps her success has tended to overshadow the presence of other equally talented, equally deserving voices. Yet beneath the hype, Smith's story really is inspirational for Cambridge writers. Having cut short a trip to the States, her commitment to the Anthologies is unquestionable and forms an acknowledgement of how necessary it is to provide student writers with a forum where their work will be scrutinised impartially.

## So long and thanks for all the letters

Take a long look at this copy of *Varsity*. Treasure it. Remind yourself of the role it has played in your life (as toilet paper, we are so often told). For *Varsity*, like lesser mortals, has exams, and is off to the UL.

*Varsity* may not be the best paper in the world. It may be the worst. But then, a university gets the newspaper it deserves. Those of you who have been our impassioned correspondents on a weekly basis will, no doubt, be applying to be the section editors and editors of our Mayweek specials and *Varsity* next year – though many of you seem to have been those who failed in that attempt last time round. In the meantime, try to fill that *Varsity*-shaped hole in your lives.

To all the small-minded people in Cambridge, from CUSU to CUCA, from the ADC to the Union (it nearly begins with a Zzz) a big thank-you. We are proud of the fact that, at all times, our minds have been easily the smallest. Ladies and Gentlemen, it's 3am. Thank-you and goodnight.

## Varsity Publications Ltd

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## Weekly cartoon by Edam



## LETTERS

### Wrong

FMD is no more than a light flu. Well done. In sheep. In cows it is a serious disease that certainly lowers the quality of life and causes permanent scarring in the mouth and on the hooves whilst lowering the meat price and milk yields of the animal on the world market. On the other hand vaccination (without the later culling of vaccinated animals) will allow FMD to be endemic in our country again crippling the industry making exports virtually impossible. Yes, FMD contagion can be reduced with better farming methods but these better farming methods with cause price increases disproportionate to what even a large number of britishconsumers will be able to afford, again crippling the industry if it were forced in this direction.

Nico, Jesus

### Wrong

I found the photo of the naked woman that was used to illustrate Ed Hall's article last week quite offensive. I thought both photo and article were completely gratuitous. Worse, she was black – probably not representative of "Naked News", and definitely not representative of Cambridge students.

Oluwatosin Ojumu, Pembroke

### Wrong

Your music reviews section is crap. I am not a Shed 7 fan, but the review of their album last week, while claiming to be funny, was just indicative of the general style of journalism of the section which is to either love or hate something, and above all, be controversial, cos that'll impress future employers. What is wrong with Shed 7? OK, they haven't progressed musically or socially, but they don't pretend to be a prog-rock art band. They are a good band within their field, but, of course, if the writer had written that, it would not have made the front page.

Dave Fawbert, Trinity Hall

### Wrong

I am really disappointed that rather than celebrate the immense honour of receiving a visit from one of the greatest men of our time, *Varsity* has instead chosen to focus on slagging Magdalene off. You criticise our access policy, when in fact we are the only college apart from Catz to have a higher percentage of state school students than applicants.

Furthermore you criticise the lack of black students here without making any attempt to reason that there is a very low amount of applications from this sector, something GEEMA is working on.

Lucy Banks-Marrison, Magdalene

Clearly your biased views about Magdalene cannot be the result of any personal experience, since the number of different nationalities and ethnicities represented at Magdalene testifies

to its commitment to equality. The fact that only 12 black undergraduates were admitted to the university as a whole in no way incriminates Magdalene as an elitist institute.

As an applicant who was pooled into Magdalene, I was not particularly encouraged by the impression I received of the college from various sources. The truth is that Magdalene does suffer from a bad image, and that its past (like that of so many other colleges) is not a shining example of equality and democracy. However, when I arrived here, I found that all my preconceptions were false, and that the community and atmosphere I was entering were as open and diverse as I could imagine.

Raihan Akhtar  
Secretary, Magdalene College  
Islamic Society

### Wrong

With reference to your review of Anatolia's last week, your reviewer obviously does not appreciate that Turkish coffee, if made properly should have a distinctly muddy consistency, and should, indeed, have a rather stony, muddy flavour. Moreover, I would inform you that it is considered particularly greedy to have more than one of the pastries. The review seems just to be silly, to me, not to mention ill-informed. Why not send someone who actually appreciates Turkish food?

Patrick Driscoll

### Wrong

Your editorial about the ADC is based on an assortment of hearsay and factual inaccuracy – a practice that might be forgiven of failed auditionees bemoaning their fate in the college bar, but surely not of journalists who aspire to professional standards. Your main error is to confuse the role of the ADC Theatre manager (an employee of the University) and the many student-run groups who stage shows at the venue, of which the ADC is just one. Both theatre and club work exhaustively to promote the accessibility of Cambridge drama, but a key part of this mission is the lack of an artistic director.

James Seabright, Magdalene

I was a little concerned by your editorial snippet on the ADC Theatre in last week's *Varsity*. The article presented drama at the theatre to be on a precarious footing, both artistically and financially. This is not the case. The ADC Theatre currently hosts far more shows and a more varied repertoire than virtually any other University playhouse; it is also flourishing more than ever before, both financially and in numbers of patrons. In fact, the outgoing theatre manager should be strongly praised for the qualities mentioned in the article, and indeed, the challenge faced by her successor will be to find a way to better such a strong position.

Jon Pendergast, Christ's



No one even slightly deserved to win Letter of the Week this week. No *Varsity* till May Week, so don't bother writing more complaints.

## The Varsity Team

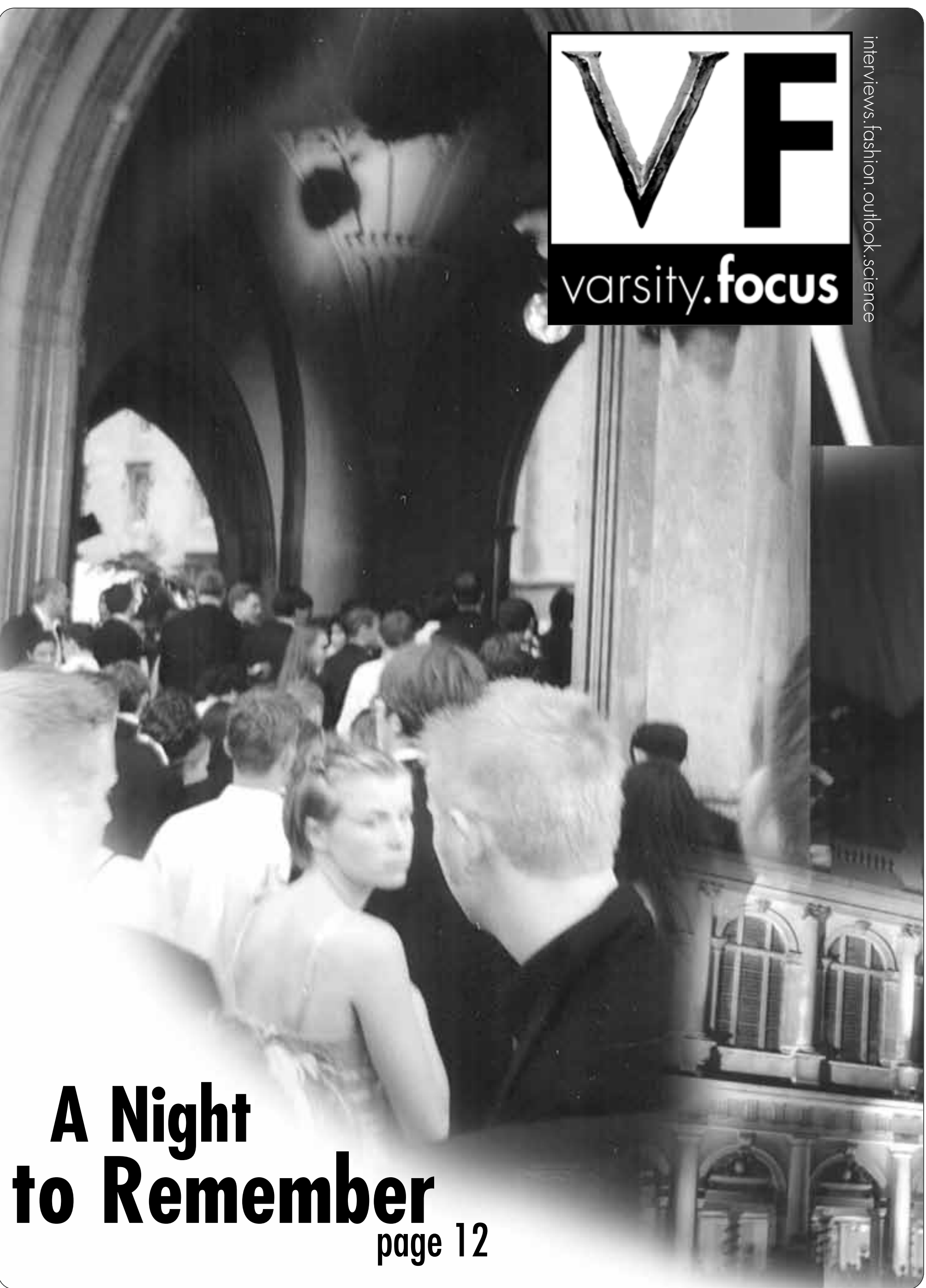
We were, indeed, as bad as all that. So apply today to be a section editor in Michaelmas or May Week. Ah, go on. You must be better than us.

Evil Editors	THE BASTARD AND THE BINT	<a href="mailto:editor@varsity.cam.ac.uk">editor@varsity.cam.ac.uk</a>
Business Manager	Legal call-girl	<a href="mailto:business@varsity.cam.ac.uk">business@varsity.cam.ac.uk</a>
Technical Director	The 3am Boy	
Company Secretary	Lady Di	
Production Manager	Noodfucius	<a href="mailto:production@varsity.cam.ac.uk">production@varsity.cam.ac.uk</a>
Creative Director	Watch my trousers!	<a href="mailto:artsdesign@varsity.cam.ac.uk">artsdesign@varsity.cam.ac.uk</a>
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News Photos Editor	Keats	
Sport Photos Editor	Now understands rugby	
Online Editor	Please call <i>Varsity</i> urgently	<a href="mailto:webeditor@varsity.cam.ac.uk">webeditor@varsity.cam.ac.uk</a>
Page Design	'Two Minutes' Simon, Glutton for punishment	
Sub-editors	None. Can yew tel?	

News Editors	Lord Lucan, The Warwick Bore, Libel	<a href="mailto:news@varsity.cam.ac.uk">news@varsity.cam.ac.uk</a>
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Outlook Editors	AJ Ayer, Alan Clark	<a href="mailto:outlook@varsity.cam.ac.uk">outlook@varsity.cam.ac.uk</a>
Sport Editors	The Dark Side	<a href="mailto:sport@varsity.cam.ac.uk">sport@varsity.cam.ac.uk</a>
Arts Editor	Hegel	<a href="mailto:arts@varsity.cam.ac.uk">arts@varsity.cam.ac.uk</a>
Theatre Editor	The real Jennifer Tuckett	<a href="mailto:theatre@varsity.cam.ac.uk">theatre@varsity.cam.ac.uk</a>
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Music Editors	Shed 'Fuck, Cunt' Seven	<a href="mailto:music@varsity.cam.ac.uk">music@varsity.cam.ac.uk</a>
Classical Music Editor	'Two-pages' Taylor	<a href="mailto:classicalmusic@varsity.cam.ac.uk">classicalmusic@varsity.cam.ac.uk</a>
Literature Editor	Zadie Smith	<a href="mailto:literature@varsity.cam.ac.uk">literature@varsity.cam.ac.uk</a>
Visual Arts Editor	Captain Scroope	<a href="mailto:visualarts@varsity.cam.ac.uk">visualarts@varsity.cam.ac.uk</a>



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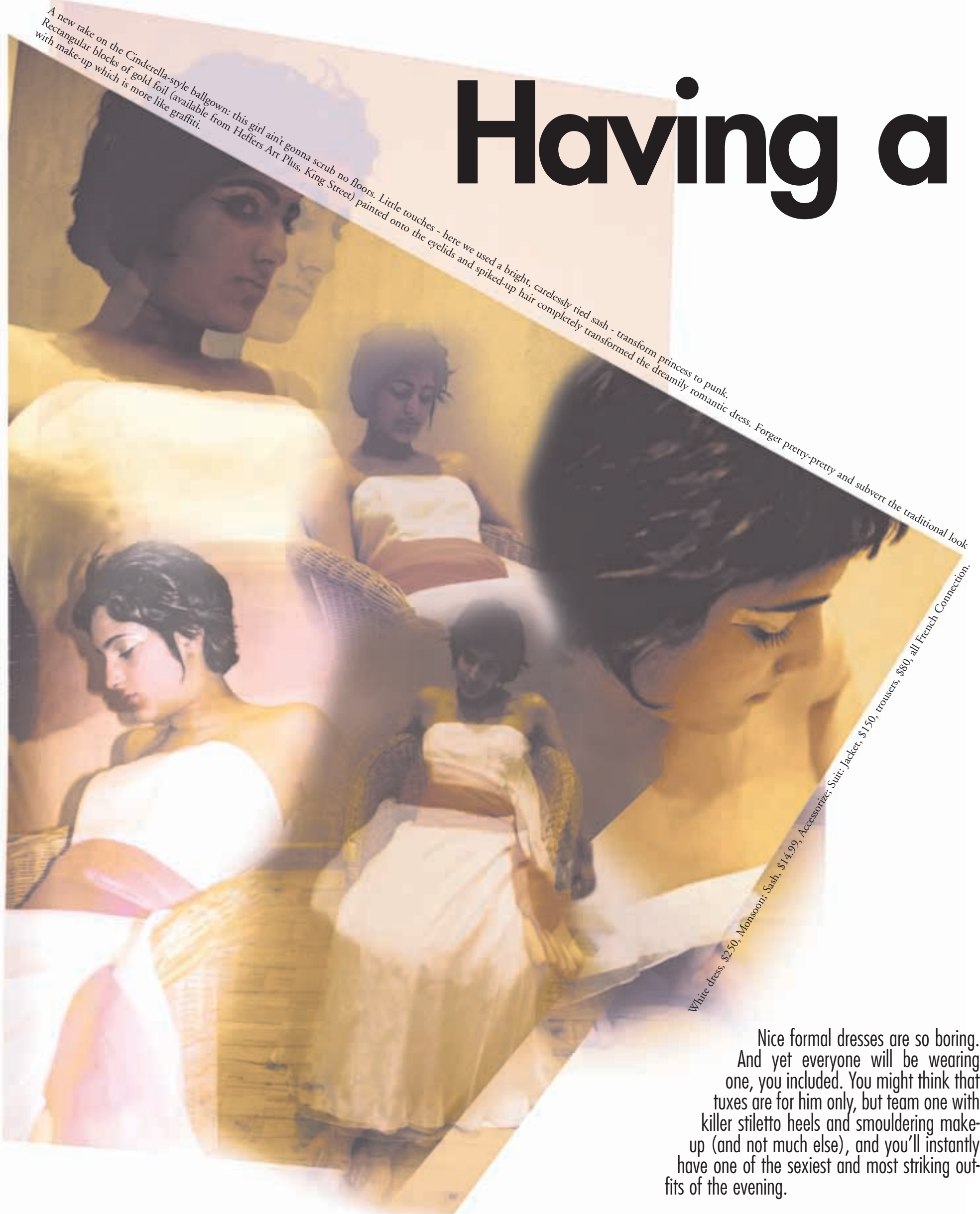


# A Night to Remember

page 12

Knock them dead ▾

# Having a



A new take on the Cinderella-style ballgown: this girl ain't gonna scrub no floors. Little touches - here we used a bright, carelessly tied sash - transform princess to punk. Rectangular blocks of gold foil (available from Heffers Art Plus, King Street) painted onto the eyelids and spiked-up hair completely transformed the dreamily romantic dress. Forget pretty-pretty and subvert the traditional look with make-up which is more like graffiti.

White dress, \$250, Monsoon; Sash, \$14.99, Accessorize; Suit: Jacket, \$150, trousers, \$80, all French Connection.

Nice formal dresses are so boring. And yet everyone will be wearing one, you included. You might think that tuxes are for him only, but team one with killer stiletto heels and smouldering make-up (and not much else), and you'll instantly have one of the sexiest and most striking outfits of the evening.

# Ball



Stylists: Lucy Caldwell, Alice Carey  
and Heather Tilley  
Photographs: Dan Lambert  
Model: Nina Rajan  
Make-up: Alice Carey



# Hot and Fragrant

**Kate Norgrove (not Winslet) rocked Morocco**

The temperature was 35°C when I arrived in Marrakech this Easter. The heat mingles with, and seems to grow out of, the exotic colours, smells and sights of the city. The wet East Anglia spring-time suddenly feels like a distant memory.

Marrakech is May Week with nice weather. It's a busy and growing place. Just walking through town you are

struck by the number of children running around, and new buildings outnumber the old.

Though a developing country, Morocco appears relatively prosperous. As I arrived I braced myself for being stared at and attacked by roaming beggars and salesmen. I also assumed a bright red headscarf I last wore at the age of 12. However I did not feel particularly uncomfortable or conspicu-

ous as a young woman. There was very little staring, only a few canny winks, and I didn't feel I had to wear baggy T-shirts all the time. By the end of the week my cynical preconceptions had disappeared, replaced by a realisation that for the most part, the local people are genuinely friendly and welcoming.

The central square, Place Djemmaa el-Fna, is the site tourists are first drawn to, and with good reason. It's a mysterious fairy-tale place that I didn't believe could still exist. Our guidebook informed us that at night people congregate, listening to storytellers from the hills. My skepticism disappeared when I saw little pockets of lanterns illuminating old men muttering in Arabic to crowds of attentive listeners.

Then there were the henna women, the snake charmers and stalls selling orange juice DelMonte can only aspire to. The numerous food stalls were incredibly good value at £2 a meal. The food was varied and delicious, and the cooks were entertaining (if a little lecherous – see the photo). There are numerous tourist sites but Marrakech's architecture is also captivating so I highly recommend wandering round



the tiny streets. It reminded me of a set for *The Phantom Menace*, with low lying ceilings, cool alleyways, no windows and cobbled streets.

It's incredibly easy to venture further afield and head out to the country, which is well worth the effort. West of Marrakech, you'll find a surreal expanse of desert and hence a wealth of camel-riding opportunities. Go South, and you reach the Atlas mountains,

lush enclaves of beauty. A mere wander from the hotel found us in a Berber village drinking mint tea in the toothless chief's house. But even if you find on your return that you lack tales of tribal villages and bus adventures, you can at least impress your friends with your excellent taste in rugs and transform your grey Cambridge room into a plush desert tent reminiscent of *The English Patient*.



Photo: Kate Norgrove

# Library of Babble

**Tim Fisker realises he still hasn't started revising. Oh fuck**

It's easy to forget in these troubled weeks of revision, but Cambridge University is supposedly an institution dedicated to learning for its own sake, not just exams and tripos classifications. This is why the University is full of obscure departments which probably served some academic purpose at some point but which now exist only to house crumbling Fellows who pre-date Peterhouse. It's at this time of year when these places come into their own, though. What everyone needs right now is somewhere to absorb general 'education' instead of actually doing any work.

The classic place to go to avoid work, of course, is the Tea Room at the University Library. Those of you doing courses where literacy is considered a privilege rather than a right may not be aware of this, but the single best thing about Cambridge University is its fantastically Borges-esque library. Wandering around the book stacks you continually expect to be attacked by some deranged cleric intent on preserving the secrets of some hitherto-untranslated fragment of Aristotle. Or that may just be me. But the master-stroke of the library is its tea room, particularly the fact that you are not allowed to take books in there. Just imagine: so close to so many books, yet prevented by University statute from reading any of them. You too can savour this paradox. Pretend you have to go and revise an early critical notice by T S Eliot, pop in for a quick cup of tea, and you'll never leave.

If you don't fancy being stuck indoors, you could head off to the Botanic Gardens. It is, as you might expect, full of plants: pretty ones, interesting ones, rare ones, as well as nice big lawns you can



© The Tate Gallery

(gasp) walk on to your heart's content. You can even look at the various exciting research projects and thank god you're not a Plant Sciences student. Unless you are a Plant Sciences student, in which case the botanic gardens will probably provoke flashbacks to Dr Grubb's Plants and Temperature lectures. Scary shit, dude.

If you can't be arsed going all the way out to the Botanic Gardens, you could instead take a trip back in time 100 or so years, to when Oxbridge was the preserve of posh kids so stupid universities had to invent special subjects just for them. Oxford invented Modern Greats for a rich American who wanted to study classics without actually learning Greek, while Cambridge introduced much the same thing with Art and Archaeology (which is these days studied as a proper subject as part of Classics). You too can take part in this taxing intellectual workout by wandering around the Museum of Classical Archaeology, (first brought to your attention by *Varsity*) looking at the plaster casts of famous statues gathered around the middle of the Nineteenth century. Actually, it's pretty cool. There are copies of statues from top Greek sites like the Acropolis and Epidouras, as well as well as the treasures of, for example, the Vatican's archeological collection. Genuinely fun, remarkably enough, although less so than going to Greece or Italy, obviously.

If your knowledge of history starts a little later, you could try a quick look round the Whipple Museum in the History and Philosophy of Science department. The museum houses a collection of scientific instruments from the medieval period to the present day, particularly mad equipment used by famous Cambridge scien-

tists, including all the atom-splitting stuff used in the old Cavendish Laboratory. "In 1996 approximately 1,000 botanical teaching diagrams were transferred to the Museum from the Department of Plant Sciences." You have been warned. The Whipple Museum is particularly good for distracting HPS students passing through on their way to the department library. You can easily pretend to be revising the scientific revolutions, when you're actually giggling like a small child at the collection of vaguely phallic retorts. Unfortunately, there is no companion Philosophy of Science museum. It'd be great: over here we have the last known example of a Popperian, carefully stuffed just before it was put out of its misery; over there is an extremely rare example of a book published in the humanities in the last thirty years which doesn't speciously cite Kuhn's Structure of Scientific Revolutions. Sadly, no, but we can dream.

If none of this interests you, I guess you'll just have to revise. But before you take that route, you might want to see what your college has to offer. The archive center at King's contains a cornucopia of (probably) salacious letters from the Bloomsbury set. I've heard there are some obscure William Blake paintings in Trinity Hall. And imagine what you could squirrel away in John's; whole pygmy tribes have probably gone missing there. Have fun broadening your mind.

*The UL Tea Room is open Monday to Friday, 10-5, and Saturday 10-11.50. The Botanic Gardens, on Station Road are open daily from 10. The Museum of Classical Archaeology, on the Sidgwick Site is open 10-5 Monday to Friday. The Whipple Museum, on Free School Lane is open 1.30-*

↓ Work avoidance, not evasion ↘ Get Pissed – again ↓ The best restaurant in Cambridge?

# Bang Bang, You're Dead

**Tim Fiskén uses computers to increase his productivity**

Exams lurk just around the corner. Is that an essay question behind the window? Yes, there it is. I'll just sneak up and deal with it. There we are, easy does it. Argh! It's got an AK-47. Where did that smoke bomb come from? "Enemy spotted! Enemy..." Oh dear, I've been playing too much Counter-Strike.

As work piles up, we start looking for more creative and exciting ways to avoid it. After an afternoon making intricate spider diagrams and incomprehensible summaries, it is important, as your careers teacher told you, to have some way to relax. You could go to the college bar, but you know you'll just come back pissed and throw up all over that painstakingly highlighted set of lecture notes. Luckily, the University have given us the best form of relaxation apart from drugs, in the form of the University network, the CUDN. Free, fast Internet connections, just waiting to be abused.

The Internet was designed by a group of American universities back in the seventies, so students have a long tradition of using it to waste time and resources. The original Internet game,

written at the University of Essex in 1979, was called MUD (short for Multi User Dungeon, a reference to the Dungeons and Dragons game), and had Compsc's of the day typing 'KILL DWARF' and 'TAKE GOLD' in an attempt to gain the 300,000 points necessary to become a 'Wizard'.

Bizarrely, this sort of game is still extremely popular. 'The MUD Connector' ([www.mudconnect.com](http://www.mudconnect.com)) lists 1,800 games currently running. Try Crimson Lust, where "the plague of the Crimson Lust tears the Realm asunder. Where the Taken vie for ultimate control of the Realm using their Legions to do Battle and carry their Holy and Unholy wars ever onwards, and ending always in Bloodshed." They promise "Carnal Enticements" and "real vampirism."

This could all be a bit too engrossing, though. Spending all night searching for the Key Of Power to save the Realm Of Light isn't going to do you any good come exams. What you want is something quick and fun. Mindless fun, and possibly violence. What you want, in fact, is Counter-Strike. The game was created by a group of volunteers, but

quickly became the most popular game on the Internet, and a commercial product (although you can still download it for free). You play the part of either a terrorist or a counter-terrorist, taking part in a variety of scenarios, from hostage rescue to assassination attempt. More importantly, you get to run around with a big gun, shooting people.

This sort of game has been popular for a while – you might have heard of Quake, which some helpful person has even installed in the computer room at King's. However, Counter-Strike refines the general 'run about and blow people up' model. You can decide whether to spend money on a big gun, or save some for a bullet-proof vest to stop yourself getting killed. You can charge straight into the thick of the action, or lurk about in the shadows, picking people off with a sniper rifle. Each game is limited to only five minutes, which forces everyone into a frantic dash to kill the other side. Much, one assumes, like being a real counter-terrorist.

More information about Counter-Strike at [www.counter-strike.net](http://www.counter-strike.net)



## TRIED & TESTED

### FORMAL HALL

You may think that there is not much to be said about one of the university's finest traditions, as there are only so many ways a fellow can say grace, and once you have "downed" filthy white wine before entering a world of vomit, you have done it a thousand times. All the same, here is a brief round up of the good, the bad, and the downright ugly.

#### John's

Probably the best of the lot, with consistent high quality food, even if the rolls are a bit "herbal". Also by far the cheapest at around £3. It may not have as grand a hall as Trinity, but who cares, as you don't have to pay corkage on wine. Be there 7:20 pm.

#### Trinity

If you've seen the hall you could be forgiven for thinking that the food is a five course gourmet meal, but you would be wrong. At the best it could be described as variable, most of the time it looks like bad school dinners. To add insult to injury £1 corkage must be paid per bottle not bought from the buttery. 8pm start.

#### Jesus

Memory of this one is a little hazy. It is the smallest of the halls, so its harder to get away with lecherous drunken behaviour but the overall atmosphere was fun, and the food was good on the night (however other sources have indicated otherwise). One bottle of wine limit per person, be there 7:20 pm.

#### New Hall

You have probably heard of the legendary system which brings the food out of the floor! Overall the food was very tasty. However if you are a bloke hoping for a cheeky evening with just you and 200 screaming girls, think again – its usually closer to 50 – 50, but still a good night out.

#### Queens'

Consistently of a reasonably high standard, although salmon is served more often than seems fair. Not cheap at £4.25, and the hall is modern, but capacity is large and the chocolate cake to die for. Pennying is strictly forbidden; Smarties are offered as an alternative. Starts at 7.30pm sharp.

## Restaurants

### More exciting than the name suggests

Roland Swingler dines at the elegant 22 Chesterton Road

No. 22 Chesterton Road is situated on the edge of Jesus Green and is an elegant, exclusive and intimate venue. Unashamedly rooted in tradition, we were greeted politely by the proprietor in dapper pinstripe.



With only five or six tables in the plush, subdued dining room, we were made to feel like private guests instead of customers. In fact, one of the best elements of Number 22 is the service – unobtrusive yet friendly, neither rushed through our meal nor left wanting for anything.

The menu is set, with four options available in each of the three courses. This might seem limited, but Number 22 concentrates on crafting meals using quality, seasonal ingredients, and it is inevitable that choice should suffer slightly.

Before our first course, we were treated to canapes and a selection of breads. These small squares of salmon and tomato and the tiny red lentil samosas were both packed with flavour. The breads were varied and delectable, including sweet, aniseed flavoured caraway bread, sage foccacia and malty Guinness loaf.

For the first course, I chose the Cumin Flavoured Rump of Lamb with Green Leaves, while my partner chose the Minestrone Soup. The lamb was tender and ever so slightly rare – in my opinion, cooked to perfection. However, I found the green leaves very bitter. This course, like all the others was presented beautifully, in a classic style.

Between courses we ordered mixed salad with a sliver of potato waffle balanced precariously on top. The

waffle had a curious texture and the dressing had an uncommon taste, but this was more surprising than offputting.

For the main course we both chose the Roast Avocado and Goats Cheese with Tomato and Chilli Salsa. Presented in pastry and with accompanying vegetables, the only verdict we could return was excellent. Having said that, the chilli did seem to be curiously lacking from the salsa.

In a similar vein, the ginger seemed to have absented itself from the Warm Chocolate and Stem Ginger Fondant I had for pudding, although this didn't really detract from the dish. My partner chose the Rhubarb Fool, which she assured me was impressive.

No 22 have an extensive wine list (over 80 bottles). They offer a selection of currently recommended options, and we chose a red (Dogajolo) from this. Although quite expensive, it was surprisingly good for a wine in a restaurant, and went well with our meal. The desert wine I had was equally enjoyable; sweet without being cloying.

Although too expensive for the average student night out, for an exceptional occasion or if your parents are with you, 22 Chesterton Road is an exemplary choice.

Set three course menu £24.50, Wine £15.95



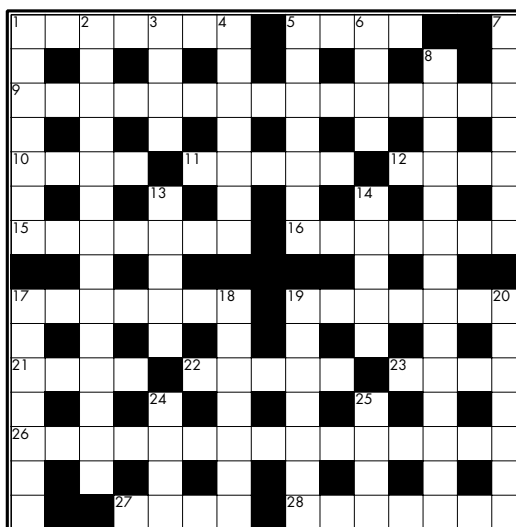
The Varsity crossword is sponsored by Joti and Debbie, graduate advisors at Natwest, who hope you've had a good term so far, and wish you all the best for the rest of it. To win a £10 music/book voucher return the completed puzzle with your details to the Varsity offices by 12 noon Thursday. Last week's winner was Richard Cohen, Christ's; collect prize from Varsity offices.

#### Across

- 1 Delicate cheese eaten, without alcohol, at fifty (7)
- 5 One in a hundred (4)
- 9 Piece of asparagus among the lettuce – the start of a problem! (3,2,3,7)
- 10 Pay attention in the educational establishment (4)
- 11 Beg for a penny, some metal (5)
- 12 Passport to start head-to-head (4)
- 15 Stops saint's head being taken by believers in God (7)
- 16 Use periscope? (7)
- 17 Company right to hesitate over Yankee's food (7)
- 19 Handicaps devil, the wrongseed (7)
- 21 Edge of a hat – the second edge! (4)
- 22 First man's second choice as president (5)
- 23 A piece of turf and a type of fountain (4)
- 26 Well-off, Ann got holy black representation (3,2,1,4,5)
- 27 Weak person's drug (4)
- 28 On edge once meter broke (7)

#### Down

- 1 Made a mess of bed, having spilt hot chocolate at first (7)
- 2 Priest's mission to get impersonators (14)
- 3 Beard-grass? (4)
- 4 Plays hex for drinks but doesn't hold breath (7)
- 5 Bridge near Lake Michigan (7)
- 6 Require first name of daughter (4)
- 7 Dead weight in suitcase (7)
- 8 Lawyer from Hell, he only wants to argue the case (6,8)
- 13 Questioned over a desk (5)
- 14 Brushes away first wet drips (5)
- 17 Pudding of the ministry? (7)
- 18 Eyed old dance and sang (7)
- 19 I'm more than a man – a downright giant! (7)
- 20 Tie and get a second feather in your cap (7)
- 24 Cremation location (4)
- 25 Southern explorer, we hear, from the north (4)



By Boadicea

#### Across

- 1 Wodehouse character (7)
- 2 Cuts (4)
- 9 Between academic institutions (15)
- 10 Persian governor (4)
- 11 Noted (5)
- 12 Tide (anag) (4)
- 15 Support (7)
- 16 Sauce served with fish (7)
- 17 Venerate (7)
- 19 Flat liquorice cake (7)
- 21 Sandbank (4)
- 22 Of the utmost importance (5)
- 23 Survey (4)
- 26 Unrealistic hopes (7,2,3,3)
- 27 The three in cards (4)
- 28 Act of declining (7)

#### Down

- 1 Furrow (7)
- 2 Bizarre behaviour (4)
- 3 Ripped a hole in (4)
- 4 Plant foundation system (7)
- 5 Striking (7)
- 6 Salary (4)
- 7 Monarchic emblem (7)
- 8 Child's doctors (14)
- 13 Strain (5)
- 14 Dirt (5)
- 17 Extremist (7)
- 18 Dry (7)
- 19 Clearer (7)
- 20 Climbing organ (7)
- 24 Aspersion (4)
- 25 Cook (4)



↓ There's a light at the end of the tunnel...

# No bollocks, just balls

## Friday 15th

### Robinson – Misbehavin'

Robinson traditionally prides itself on being the best value for money in May Week. This year, they promise "the hedonistic world of Golden Age America." Expect glamour and sophistication straight out of roaring twenties Hollywood, and a "bebop beat" to keep you on your toes.

*Sold Out – [www.robinsonmayball.co.uk](http://www.robinsonmayball.co.uk)*

## Saturday 16th

### Hughes Hall

More Americana at Hughes Hall, this time on a Deep South Mardi Gras theme. You can experience an "100% New Orleans" festival experience, with music from jazz to grunge, taking in



Photo: Elizabeth Day and Ed Thaw

"onstream DJ music" and even karaoke in the bar.

*Tickets £65 dining, £55 non-dining before May 15th – [mcr.hughes.cam.ac.uk/Mayball](http://mcr.hughes.cam.ac.uk/Mayball)*

## Monday 18th

### Clare

As ever, Clare seems to be going for the traditional romance of a Cambridge ball, no doubt to show up the riff-raff at King's Event. The theme this year is Exploration, and we are promised a view of Clare "as you have never seen it before." Wandering minstrels, lutes, and African drums will make the College grounds more splendidous than ever, until the morning finds you floating calmly in a punt to Grantchester.

*Sold Out – [www.claremayball.com](http://www.claremayball.com)*

### Jesus – Carnival

An endless parade will carry you from Venice, to New Orleans, to Rio de Janeiro and to Notting Hill. Light and



By permission of Trinity May Ball Committee

colour will play a large part in the transformation of the college. There is a range of food from around the world including Peking duck, Cajun shrimp bites and Bangers and Mash, DJ's providing hip-hop, cheese, drum n' base, house, funk, 70's, soul as well as live music from Samba and Jazz bands.

*Tickets £69 – [www.jesusmayball.com](http://www.jesusmayball.com)*

### Trinity

Trinity ball is so popular *Varsity* has agreed to help them keep a low profile – 2,600 people had applied for double tickets when counting stopped. But if you are one of the lucky few with a ticket, you can look forward to the zenith of Cambridge excess. They plan to serve 3,000 oysters, and of course a range of fine wines, with Champagne served from dusk till dawn. Details of the music are under wraps until a week before the ball, but last year boasted the Lightning Seeds and Elastica, so expect something impressive.

*Sold Out. Well, obviously – [www.trinity-ball.co.uk](http://www.trinity-ball.co.uk)*



Photo: JET Photographic

## Tuesday 19th

### Queens'

Queens' only has a ball every other year. Which means, of course, that it's so big, it takes you two whole years to recover. Details are scarce – the theme and line-up are kept secret till the day of the ball. We do know, however, that the music "suits the varied tastes of the guests." It's likely to be very, very drunken, featuring bands, comedy acts and some famous names. It will be the surprises, however, which really add the magic.

*Tickets £115 dining, £88 non-dining – [www.queensball.com](http://www.queensball.com)*

### John's

A top-secret communique from the committee fell into our hands. It reads: "The kilts have been gathering dust while the whisky has been gently ageing. The spirit of Scotland is silently stirring, and soon all will be awake in full glory to celebrate the 19th of June. Continuing in the fine tradition of St John's, the May Ball this year will certainly be a night to remember. Long forgotten favourites will mingle with new pleasures and still the Ceilidh goes on, bringing life to the dead of night."

*Sold Out – [www.joh.cam.ac.uk/societies/mayball](http://www.joh.cam.ac.uk/societies/mayball)*



Photo: Simon Poliakoff

## Wednesday 20th

### Magdalene

Almost unbelievably, Magdalene May Ball boasts that it "is unique in having remained true to the original ideal, continuing to insist on White-Tie and providing an exquisite banquet dinner and breakfast." The Magdalene ball regularly appears in *Tatler*. Yes, it's that kind of affair – exclusive, elegant, exquisite. Which, let's face it, is what May Week is all about.

*Sold out, but five VIP double tickets will be auctioned on Tuesday 15th May – [www.magdaleneball.com](http://www.magdaleneball.com)*

## Friday 22nd

### Corpus Christi – Avalon

At this year's Corpus ball you can return to a mythical time in England's past; very much like coming to Cambridge in the first place, in fact. But this is a paradise, where King Arthur lives it up while awaiting the day he is called to return to England. Fine food, fine wines, wandering musicians and jesters. A classic Cambridge ball, in fact. Smaller than the 'big three' of John's, Queens' and Trinity, but promises to be all the more intimate for that. And we're all looking for a bit more intimacy by the end of May week, aren't we.

*Tickets £115 dining, £85 non-dining – [www.corpusmayball.com](http://www.corpusmayball.com)*



Photo: Abi McLoughlin

↓ Sebastian Faulks: on love, sex and poetry

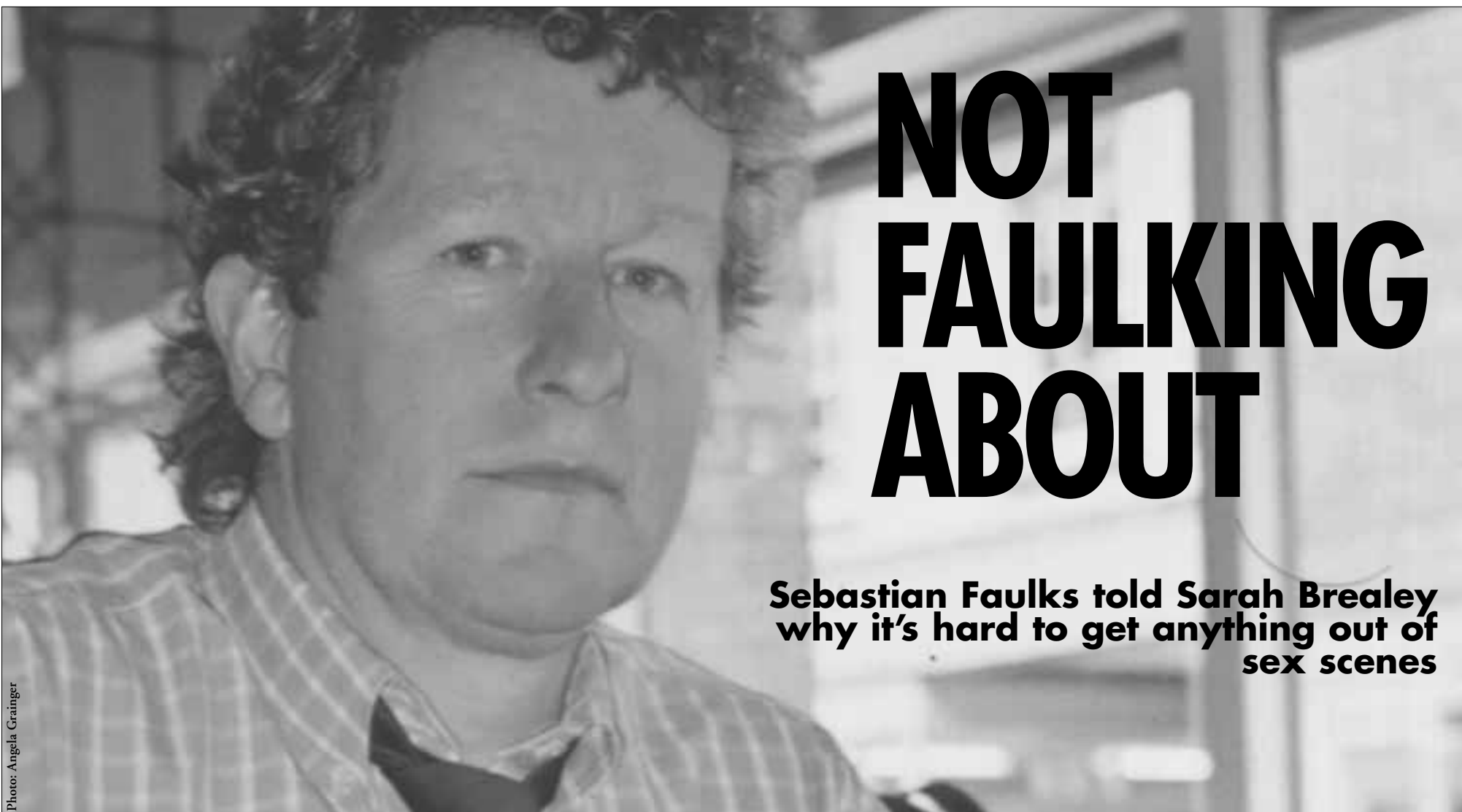


Photo: Angela Grainger

# NOT FAULKING ABOUT

Sebastian Faulks told Sarah Brealey why it's hard to get anything out of sex scenes

Sebastian Faulks seems an irritable sort of person. To be fair, this may be because he has a cold, for which reason he is sniffing constantly throughout the interview. Nonetheless, he is courteous, albeit in a comic semi-celebrity way – asking his minder to buy us drinks – and is also, according to the photographer, quite attractive (although she later claimed she was joking)

He is especially irritable about journalists. He is speaking from experience here: this month marks the tenth anniversary of his departure from *The Independent on Sunday* (he likes to say he was fired, though in fact, he took voluntary redundancy – “I hated it.”) He tells us that jour-

are living in a very closed world, these two people. It's a very intense thing, but it doesn't take you anywhere, in a sense it's like something in a pressure cooker, and that is paralleled by what happens in the war scenes, which is essentially about how far people can go in war.” The book was nearly called *Flesh and Blood*. “It's about how far you can go and stay human.” All this seems like a rather long-winded way of justifying what is, essentially, still shagging.

On a more prosaic note, he won the *Literary Review's* ‘Bad Sex’ award for his earlier novel *Charlotte Gray*. At the mention of this, he looks irritated, again. “Auberon Waugh, who was the sole judge and arbiter of the thing, was a friend of mine and he rang me up and said it would make a sort of publicity splash for his magazine, if I would let him give me this prize. So I said, ‘alright, if you have to’. I suppose I felt Auberon had been quite nice to us, he used to write for *The*

are living in a very closed world, these two people. It's a very intense thing, but it doesn't take you anywhere, in a sense it's like something in a pressure cooker, and that is paralleled by what happens in the war scenes, which is essentially about how far people can go in war.” The book was nearly called *Flesh and Blood*. “It's about how far you can go and stay human.” All this seems like a rather long-winded way of justifying what is, essentially, still shagging.

Though *Charlotte Gray*, the final instalment of his wartime trilogy which began with *The Girl at the Lion d'Or* and *Birdsong*, sold massively more than either of the others, it is still *Birdsong* by which Faulks is remembered. Asked if he fears it will become his literary tombstone, he says, “I'd love it if it did; I'm proud of it.” Though surely not the only monument of his writing career he would wish for? “I just feel very positively about it, it was a... I feel in a way it was like a chance, it fell into my hands the idea to write it. An idea comes from you don't know where... And it was a very big, a very operatic and quite an ambitious book. And I just really didn't want to mess it up. And I feel that on balance I didn't mess it up and I just feel very grateful.”

Even though everyone thinks of you as the man who wrote *Birdsong*? “Yeah, but

**“I hate signings. This is like one of those awful second rate rock star tours.”**

that's fine. David Beckham may be your best player, but Manchester United's still a good team, you still have 11 great players. But I think that what people like and what critics like and what you yourself like and what people will read in 50 years, they're all different things, they're all different judgments. I don't feel worried about it.

“Reactions to it were astonishing. An enormous number of people say, you know, I never knew that; only now do I understand how my grandfather or brother felt. It's amazing how little people seem to have known about their families. I've filled in gaps for them.”

Faulks' fame has been reflected in some

most important thing in the world, bar nothing. I remember having this argument, a discussion with one of the dons, tutors, fellows? I never quite know, well, some bloke anyway. About whether it was more important that one syllable of poetry should be right, or the war in Vietnam should come to an end. And he said it was

**“Everyone thinks of me as the man who wrote *Birdsong*, but that's fine. David Beckham may be your best player, but Manchester United's still a good team.”**

unexpected ways. Last year a Cambridge don, Mark Hogarth, registered Faulks' name, along with a number of other writers, as a domain name. Jeanette Winterson, who was also targeted in this way, told journalists, “I just want to chase him around the common.”

Faulks sounds almost as vitriolic. “I wrote him a letter telling him to fuck off. I can actually remember the letter because he was a Cambridge philosopher, so I just wrote him a letter saying ‘Dear Dr So-and-so, re your letter about cybersquatters: sorry to see that you are teaching Philosophy – how the old place has gone down since my years!’”

Faulks read English at Emmanuel. “I didn't really work very hard and I didn't take my studies seriously, which I regret. I should have worked harder and I should have joined more societies. My memories of Cambridge are of wasted opportunities on my part. I should have worked properly, and should have done journalism and acted in plays. Ok, so it hasn't done me much harm, but then Cambridge is a very short time in your life; a matter of weeks.

“I got a second – in my year it wasn't split into 2:1 and 2:2 – which was remarkable. I think I went to four lectures in two years.

He doubts that the English course helped to train him as a writer, though he remembers the experience fondly. “You met people who thought literature was the

more important that the poetry should be right. And that was very inspiring in a way; clearly a bit bonkers. But it was the first time I'd met people who had a similarly serious view of literature, and I'm sorry I didn't learn more from them.”

Academia never appealed as a career choice, however. If he couldn't sell any more novels, he'd love to do something different. “I suppose, realistically thinking, if I couldn't make a living out of writing books anymore, I have three children and a huge mortgage... I'd have to get a salary cheque in very quick. So realistically, I'd have to go to a newspaper and see if I could get a job there.” But in his fantasies, he'd be an architect. “I am very interested in houses and exteriors and interiors. I am interested in why they work and how they work and in atmospheres and so on. So, yeah, an architect and builder would be what I'd really like to be. But it's too late for that.”

“I have a sort of vague hankering, because the writing's so lonely – not lonely, solitary – for something rather sort of community or family based, to run a small company in an incredibly enlightened or benevolent way. To run a hospital or a school or something.” For a moment he softens. Perhaps the irritability is just a façade. But then he seems to come to himself. “I'd probably get rather fed up with it!”

With thanks to Angela Grainger

**“At Cambridge I met people who thought literature was the most important thing in the world, bar nothing.”**

nalists get everything wrong, “All the time; everything is just slightly wrong.” He especially hates it when the journalists who get things wrong complain that he gets details wrong in his books, which he never does, apparently (he has a full-time researcher). We are only two minutes into the interview and already I worry that this is doomed.

He is irritable about promoting his book. “I started today in Norwich for a signing – I hate signings – then Heffer's for a reading, then home tonight. It's like one of those awful second rate rock star tours, Tuesday night Leicester De Montfort, Wednesday night Nottingham...”

He is on tour, of course, because his new book, *On Green Dolphin Street*, has just been released. “A departure for Faulks”, according to the blurb, the book is set in late 50s America, and is as swirling and layered as the jazz music which is its soundtrack. Like all the others, it is a love story, heavily punctuated with sex scenes. Asked whether all his books are about love, he replies, “I think they are, to some extent.” He becomes rather distant. “They

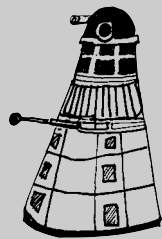
*Independent* – it was a way of helping him... I suppose I was sort of mildly irritated.”

Was it bad sex? “I don't think it was a bad description, but then obviously I wouldn't, or I wouldn't have published it.” If *On Green Dolphin Street* is anything to go by, he hasn't learnt much from his mistakes. “I've only written two more scenes since then I think. It's something that's very hard to get much out of. With sex scenes they have to tell you something about the characters. There's absolutely no point in just discussing people mating, like cats; you have to learn something. In *Charlotte Gray*, in the first sex scene, nothing really happens. But you discover from that she's never slept with a man before. And you discover their very different expectations. It's a very dramatic way of putting it.”

I suggest that the sex in *Birdsong* is perhaps a little random, too, and he suddenly comes over all precious. “In *Birdsong*, what the book is really about is the sort of limits of human experiences. In the first part, the love story, it's about how far you can go in this sort of physical passion, they



## Dr Who?



### May Glover Gunn longs for a quiet life

**A**nn Dowling is a professor in the Department of Engineering and Vice President of the Royal Academy of Engineering, leading research into the reduction of unwanted transport-related noise. Her work is at the boundary between acoustics and combustion – “a very vibrant field”.

#### What kind of noise?

One aspect of her research is into the noise that tyres make when a car is driving along a road. When a car is going faster than about 35 miles an hour, the main source of the noise we hear from the outside is the contact between the tyres and the road surface – not, as you might expect, the roar of the engine. Prof Dowling's group are looking at ways of reducing this noise by varying the pattern of the tyre tread. **So this could reduce the noise that cars make, then?**

In theory, yes. However, it's not only the tyre tread but also the nature of the road surface that affects the sound produced, so a 'quiet tyre' would only be quiet for certain surfaces. But it's not only cars that Prof Dowling studies: she also investigates the noise produced by helicopter blades. “Making design changes near the blade tips can reduce the characteristic noise of a helicopter in flight.”

#### So our lives might be getting quieter?

Yes, and safer. Prof Dowling's research has other applications. Because of the need to meet new targets for reducing the levels of damaging emissions, methods of combustion are changing. Nitrous oxides are by-products of combustion which are believed to be partly responsible for causing asthma; to reduce the quantities of these compounds, the fuel and air which are burned in engines are mixed together to burn at as low a temperature as possible. So combustors now need to be designed to cope with a premixed combination of fuel and air. At the moment Prof Dowling's group are focusing on gas-fired power stations, but the next generation of aeroplane engines will also have to meet stringent low emission targets.

#### Sounds good so far...

But Prof Dowling explains that there is a “hiccup” in the introduction of this new technology. Problems arise when the fuel and air aren't well mixed: variations in the concentration of the mixture result in different rates of combustion. And the blend of fuel and air which is burned in engines is now leaner – that is, there is a higher ratio of air to fuel – than it was a few years ago, meaning there is only just enough fuel for combustion to take place. So if one part of the mixture has less fuel than the average, it may not burn at all, whereas if another part is fuel-rich it will burn more quickly. This unsteady combustion produces waves of

varying pressure – sound – which can further alter the fuel-air ratio and make the combustion even more unsteady. This feedback can result in the oscillations becoming larger and larger, and “eventually damaging the combustion equipment”.

#### Does that mean the engines could start to break up?

Yes. Understandably, there is a lot of interest from industry in the research being carried out by Dowling's group – “it's probably the first area I've worked in where you can read about it in the financial pages!” In fact, just last week, the group entered a new partnership with Rolls Royce, which will be directed by Prof Dowling and will provide funding for new academic posts within the department.

#### Have they found a way to reduce the instabilities yet?

One idea is to feed the fuel into the combustor unsteadily. This may seem counter-intuitive; but by studying the unsteadiness of the combustion, the fuel can be fed into the chamber so that it is out of phase with the oscillations and cancels them out – a process known as active control. Another option is to find ways of better mixing the fuel and air “so that the fuel-air ratio stays constant even though the air might enter the chamber unsteadily”. Or acoustic absorbers could be used to increase the damping in the system, removing the energy of the sound waves so that they cannot further increase the oscillations.

#### So Prof Dowling spends a lot of time testing these ideas in the lab?

“Not as much as I would like to.” Climbing her way up in the department from PhD student to professor (“I've been here forever!” she laughs) has brought with it increasing administrative duties. However, she enjoys the variety of her work, “my job constantly changes, it's never boring”. And her other commitments include being Vice-President of the Royal Academy of Engineering.

#### Sounds like a lot of work... what does she do to relax?

Well, it may sound like a bit of a busman's holiday, but Prof Dowling enjoys flying her own aircraft.

#### And are the engines especially quiet ones?!

Surprisingly not...in fact, they're “terribly noisy!” But not, hopefully, going to fall apart.

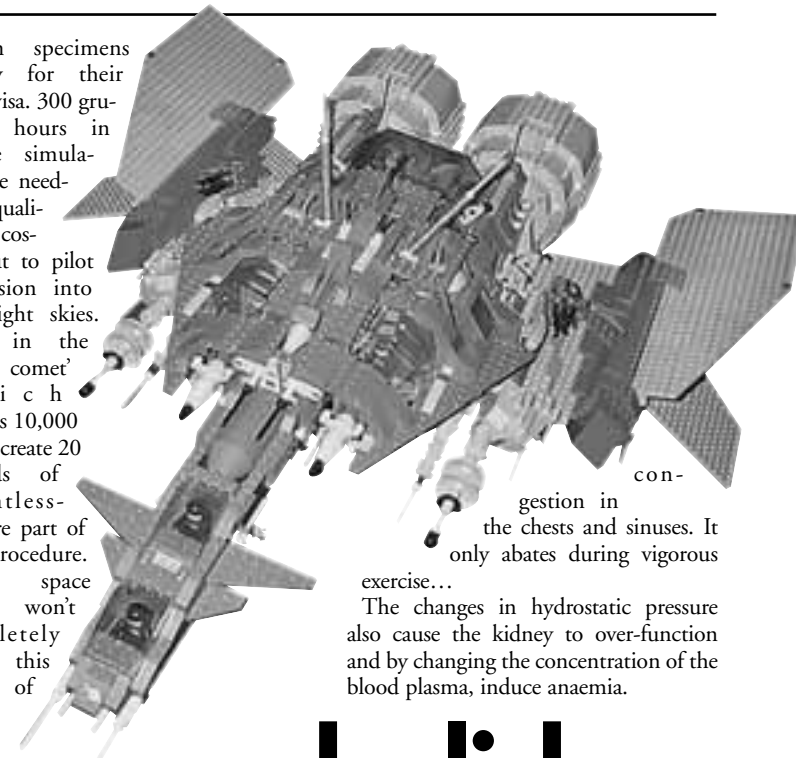


**B**udget airlines and package holidays have made the world too accessible. India is no longer the preserve of wealthy colonialists nor the Andes the territory of great explorers. It costs less to fly to Dublin for the weekend than to take the train to Brighton or Blackpool. So where do you find the exclusive experience of a lifetime?

Dennis Tito, a 60 year-old Californian multi-millionaire, went into space.

Hailed as the first space tourist, the ultimate thrill seeker, Tito returned on Sunday from an eight-day vacation on the International Space Station (ISS). It is rumoured to have cost him \$20 million, and at \$2.5 million per night the ISS 'hotel' is star-rated by the background of the Milky Way. The expedition into orbit was organised through Space Adventures, an American company that offers sub-orbital flights with weightless experience for a snip (\$98,000) and is taking reservations for future missions to orbiting 'leisure resorts'.

human specimens qualify for their space visa. 300 gruelling hours in shuttle simulators are needed to qualify the cosmonaut to pilot a mission into the night skies. Trips in the 'vomit comet' which plunges 10,000 feet to create 20 seconds of weightlessness are part of the procedure. The space tourist won't completely escape this torture of



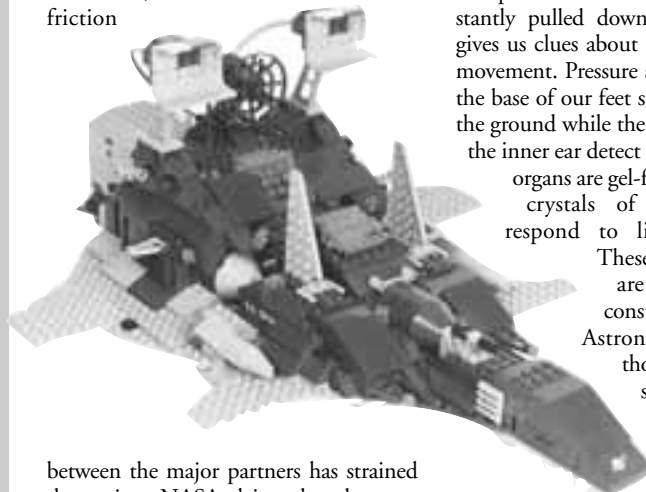
con-  
gestion in  
the chests and sinuses. It  
only abates during vigorous  
exercise...

The changes in hydrostatic pressure also cause the kidney to over-function and by changing the concentration of the blood plasma, induce anaemia.

## 2001: A space holiday

### Jenny Hogan wouldn't mind being weightless

Until the Hilton Hotel chain gets round to building their outpost in orbit, opportunities will be limited. The Russians flew Tito to Mir in their Soyuz capsule, in defiance of opposition from NASA. The ISS is an international collaboration, and the



friction between the major partners has strained the project. NASA claims that the presence of an amateur astronaut on a commercial mission jeopardised the safety and scientific integrity of the \$95 billion space station.

But even if the ISS were to open its hatches to tourist space travellers, money no object, would you want to go? Professional astronauts pass through a rigorous selection procedure – subjected to tests of physical and mental endurance, challenged to handle crises and emergencies, trained in the academics of space science – only the finest

training.

So after months of preparation, a week in the silence of space. A week in the confines of a space station. Will the radiant orb of the Earth and the complexities of the station technology take your mind off the space sickness? On Earth we are constantly pulled down by gravity, which gives us clues about our orientation and movement. Pressure sense in the skin on the base of our feet signal that we are on the ground while the vestibular organs of the inner ear detect motion. The otolith

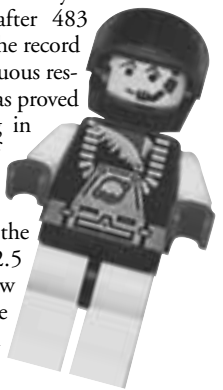
organs are gel-filled sacs containing crystals of carbonate which respond to linear acceleration.

These gravity receptors are confused by the constant free-fall of orbit. Astronauts may feel as though they are constantly re-orienting, relying on their eyes to detect motion. Over half of all space travellers suffer motion sickness.

Gravity usually pulls the fluid in our bodies (and people are mostly water) towards the feet. In space, there is no pressure difference head-to-toe and your legs will lose a litre of water each to your torso. Train of thought: hmm, newly-slender legs, holiday romance, 1000-mile high club? Perhaps, but the accumulation of fluids in the head causes cold-like symptoms and a puffy face. The astronaut will have a permanent snivel, with

The musculoskeletal system works to support the body against gravity and weakens in its absence. The composition of muscles changes, with slow-twitch endurance fibres replaced by super-fast fibres which are easily tired. Bones lose calcium when they are not loaded by body-weight. The resulting increased concentration of calcium in the system may lead to painful kidney stones. Although bone deterioration stops when the astronaut is back in the weighty gravity of Earth, they may remain softened and susceptible to breaking forever. Although over 700 people have spent a total of 58 years in space, the physiological trauma suffered by the body in space is still being investigated. Of particular concern is exposure to high-energy radiation. Outside of the Earth's protective atmospheric blanket, the radiation intensity is ten-fold stronger. Radiation causes damage to DNA, which in turn may trigger cells to turn cancerous.

In 1995, Valeri Polyakov returned to Earth after 483 days on Mir, setting the record for the longest continuous residence in space. He has proved that long-term living in space is possible, if not altogether comfortable. Tito had to be carried away from the capsule. But on \$2.5 million per night, few astro-tourists will be staying more than a week anyway.



## Stellar

When sitting in your room,  
Revising through your gloom,  
Wishing that the work seemed more worthwhile,  
Take heed of my advice,  
For when working late at night,  
I have a plan which ought to make you smile.

Your essay is so small,  
It will hardly count at all,  
Quite minuscule and of such little worth,  
When taken out at night,

And challenged by the lights,  
Which make up our gigantic Universe.

Each tiny star you've sighted,  
Is a ball of gas ignited,  
Powered by its massive nuclear core,  
And when its life is over,  
It will form a super-nova,  
An explosion that releases so much more.

For all the elements you see,  
And the molecules you breathe,  
Were formed in an explosion such as this,  
Mother Nature's only method,  
Of creating heavy metals,  
And the oxygen, and carbon, which we need.

All the planets, and our star,  
Were built upon a graveyard,  
A cosmic remnant of another age,  
Where once stars lived and died,  
And revealed with their last sighs,  
An abundance of the metals from which we're made.

So when pondering on your title,  
Trying to make it to your finals,  
Just stop. And take a moment to adjust.  
You're a part of something bigger,  
And you never knew now did you!  
For you're built from nothing less than pure star dust.

Stephen Ball

↓ Fill the *Varsity Science* hole ↘ The last ever listings ↓ Lovely numbers

# Messing about in lab coats

*Varsity* finishes this week. But we have compiled a mini-book of experiments so that you won't lose the science excitement in your life. Instead of eating chocolate in your revision break try one of these. Follow the instructions (*the experiment*), amaze your friends with your understanding (*the science*), and don't forget to mention the (*buzz*) words to sound extra-clever.

**Text:** Jenny Hogan. **Photos:** Jenny Hogan and May Glover Gunn



## Teaspoon Tornadoes

**The experiment:** Another tea break? Stir in the milk and wait for the tea to calm down. Hold the teaspoon upright so that the tip is submerged. Gently draw it through the tea from one side of the mug to the other with a stroking motion. Observe the two dimples which escape from the edges of the teaspoon, run to the side of the mug and slide around the edges.

**The science:** Fluid mechanics. Each dimple is a vortex, a circulating pattern of flow like that found in a tornado, where the velocity varies inversely with distance. A boundary layer of fluid is attached to surface of the teaspoon, as the spoon moves through the tea it is pushed away. The shedding of the boundary layer into the surrounding fluid generates the vortices. These move forward with the momentum imparted to the fluid until they reach the sides of the mug. The flow pattern means they are attracted to the walls, but by moving sideways along them the 'Magnus force' cancels the attraction and stops them self-destructing on the china.

**Buzz:** Vortex. Boundary layer.

## Cartesian Diver

**The experiment:** Collect a team of condiment packets, the little plastic sachets of ketchup, vinegar or mustard that you find in greasy-spoon cafes. Trial your athletes in a bowl of cold water, the best sit upright in the water, just floating. Now fill an empty water/squash bottle with water and add your chosen diver. Screw on the bottle lid firmly. Squeeze the bottle and watch the diver sink, release the sides and it will bob back happily to the top of the bottle. Repeat *ad infinitum*.

**The science:** Archimedes' principle states that the upward force acting on an object is equal to the amount of fluid it displaces. The sauce packet floats because the amount of water it displaces weighs more than the ketchup. The condiment packet is LESS DENSE than the water. When you squeeze the bottle, you increase the pressure and compress the air bubble trapped in the sachet. (The water can't be compressed because its molecules are already close together, not free-flying like in a gas.) The diver is then DENSER than the water and it sinks.

**Buzz:** Archimedes' principle. Density.



## Blue Rose

**The experiment:** Use something sharp to trim the stem of a white rose. Prepare a vase of cold water, adding drops of blue food until the colour is dense. Stand the flower in the vase for a few days. Result: blue rose. Very funky.



**The science:** Water evaporates from the leaves of the rose, sucking a continuous column of blue-stained water into the plant. The water is transported through the stem along narrow, hollow tubes called xylem. The combined process is called evapo-transpiration.

**Buzz:** Vascular tissue: xylem and phloem. Evapo-transpiration.



## Möbius Strip

**The experiment:** Take a strip of paper about 2cm wide and put one half-twist in its length, then glue or tape the ends to make a loop. 1) Start on the outside of the twist, and trace with a pen along the surface. Keep going, keep going. The line reaches right round to where you started... over both sides of the original piece of paper. 2) With a pair of scissors, cut around the loop. You'd expect two loops, after all you've cut it in half. But no. Just one big twisted loop. Magic.

**The science:** There's no particular trick to this. The Möbius strip may appear to have two sides, but topologically it has only one surface and one edge. It is impossible to define inside and outside. Topology, the study of surfaces and connections, is an interesting area of mathematical research. Knots, tangles, maps... There is even a three-dimensional equivalent of the Möbius strip: the Klein bottle.

**Buzz:** Möbius. Klein. Topology.

## Mouldy Jungle

**The experiment:** Probably an experiment you are already running. Retrieve the festering coffee cups or brave opening the bag of bread left over from last term. Behold the mould.

**The science:** Spores in the air settle on abandoned food, find the temperature and humidity to their liking, germinate and start to grow. Sprouting a mass of tendrils (hyphae) the mould takes nutrients from the food and grows into the familiar greeny-white-blue mass (mycelium). The mould secretes chemicals to decompose the food so that it can be more readily absorbed by the fungus. It is these secretions that make mouldy food bad for people; although not all moulds are evil (like the one that makes penicillin) it's best not to eat contaminated food. Into the bin.

**Buzz:** Spore. Hyphae and mycelium. Disinfectant.



## Lava Glass

**The experiment:** Two-thirds fill a tall, narrow glass with warm water. Pour olive or vegetable oil into the glass until there is a layer about a centimetre deep above the water. Fill one hand with salt, and gradually pour it into the oil. Watch the lava trails plunge to the bottom of the beaker and bubble back to the surface. Add food colouring to the water for a more dramatic effect.

**The science:** Oil is less dense than water and the two fluids are immiscible – they don't mix. Hence the oil forms a separate layer on top of the water. The salt is heavier than both and sinks to the bottom of the glass through the layer of oil, dragging 'lava' with it. As the salt dissolves the oil escapes back up through the water.

**Buzz:** Immiscible.



## Frightening Pepper

**The experiment:** Lightly dust a bowl full of water with ground black pepper. (In a series of controlled trials in the *Varsity* kitchens, this was seen to behave more dramatically than flour or chili powder.) Hold a wetted bar of soap vertically and touch to the water in the centre of the bowl. See the pepper flee in fright.

**The science:** Soap molecules have two parts, a hydrophilic (water-loving) head and hydrophobic (water-hating) tail. When the soap is touched to the water the molecules line up over the surface of the water, with the tails pointing out and upwards. This has the effect of reducing surface tension, so the central soapy region can spread outwards. The pepper around this region is displaced to the edges of the bowl.

**Buzz:** Hydrophilic and hydrophobic. Surface tension.

# Listings

Last week you missed...

A major problem facing research into the mind is the increasing distinction between psychology and neurophysiology. Dr Bussey explained why it is necessary to bring disciplines together and how this can be achieved.

Passing around a human brain preserved in formalin, Dr Bussey explained how the complex nature of the brain means that neurophysiologists need psychologists to tell them which areas of the brain to map. The precise discipline of neurophysiology interacts with the vaguer qualitative predictions of psychology.

Research is being carried out into the perirhinal cortex – an area of the brain thought to be a centre for the memory of objects. Computer models of the brain provide quantitative predictions for the effect of lesioning (inactivating) the perirhinal cortex which are being used to test this hypothesis. It was proposed that monkeys with the area inactivated would not be able to remember whole objects but only generalised features, such as colour or pattern. The computer predictions were strongly supported by the results of the experiments.

Ellen Marriage

Coming up...

## Dr M Lynch

Technology and Entrepreneurship  
Wed 16 May • 4.30pm • Pippard Lecture Theatre, Cavendish Laboratory  
*A Cavendish Physical Society Seminar*

## Prof J M Pearce, University of Cardiff

The discrimination of structure  
Fri 18 May • 4.30pm, Lecture theatre, Dept Experimental Psychology (ground floor)  
*The Zangwill (Experimental Psychology) Club*

## Nancy Lane

New ways forward – Women in Science, Engineering and Technology  
Thu 17 May • 5–6.30pm • Palmerston Room, St John's  
Lectures are followed by seminars: Fridays 2–4pm, Boys Smith Room, St John's  
*The Gender Studies Working Group: Gender, Women and Science*

## Prof John Lekner

Properties of focussed light beams  
Wed 23 May • 2.15pm • Unilever Centre (top floor, U2-O2, access via the Chemical Laboratory in Lensfield Road)  
*Theoretical Chemistry Colloquia*

## The Foreign Policy Centre and New Statesman writing competition

Write 2000 words on the question "Is Science Good for Us?" – the winning entry will be published in the *New Statesman*. First prize is £1000, second prize £500 and third prize £250. The competition closing date is 28 September 2001. Competition rules available at [www.fpc.org.uk](http://www.fpc.org.uk).

## Friday | 11.05.01

### Film

- **ARTS:** 1.00, 4.15, 7.30: 2001 - A Space Odyssey (U). 12.30, 3.00, 5.30, 8.00: Captain Corelli's Mandolin (15). 10.30pm: Charlie's Angels (12). 12.45, 6.15, 8.30: The King Is Alive (15). 3.00: Gendernauts (18) members only. 10.40pm: Fight Club (18).
- **Churchill MCR Films:** Small Time Crooks (no late show). *Churchill College, Wolfson Hall.* 8pm. £1.80.
- **LesBiGay**
- **Town & Gown Disco:** Pop and dance until midnight. Mixed crowd - students and townies. *Town and Gown.* 8pm.
- **Misc**
- **SALSA DANCE CLASSES WITH NELSON BATISTA:** Absolute beg/improvers: 6-7.30pm. All levels: 7.30-9.00pm. *St. Columba's Hall, 4 Downing Place (opp Crowne Plaza).* 6pm. £5/4.
- **Music**
- **John's Cabaret Presents "Linehan's**

**Lounge":** A night of live jazz and funk. Also featuring magic, comedy and food. *St. John's College, Boiler Room.* 9pm. £3.

**Theatre**

- **MWW Productions:** Edward Albee's absurd comedy 'The American Dream'. *ADC Theatre.* 11pm. £3.

## Saturday | 12.05.01

### Film

- **ARTS:** 11.00am: Merlin The Return (PG). 1.00, 4.15, 7.30: 2001 - A Space Odyssey (U). 12.30, 3.00, 5.30, 8.00: Captain Corelli's Mandolin (15). 10.30pm: Charlie's Angels (12). 12.45, 4.00, 6.15, 8.30: The King Is Alive (15). 10.40pm: Fight Club (18).
- **LesBiGay**
- **Town & Gown Disco:** Pop & dance until midnight. Mixed crowd - townies and students. *Town and Gown.* 8pm.
- **Misc**
- **Ballet Club:** advanced class (grade 6 upwards, no pointe). *Kelsey Kerridge.* 4:30pm. £1 + £2.15 on entrance to KK.

- **Ballet Society:** Intermediate Class (roughly grades 4-6). *Kelsey Kerridge.* £2.15 for entrance to KK. 2:30pm. £1.
- **The Pembroke College Winnie-The-Pooh Society:** Elevenses - See <http://www-stu.pem.cam.ac.uk/pooh/> or email [poohsoc@pem.cam.ac.uk](mailto:poohsoc@pem.cam.ac.uk) for more details. *Pembroke College.* 4pm.

### Music

- **Queens' Ents:** Es Paradis! Ibiza Anthems and Club Classics. *Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall.* 9pm. £4.
- **St John's College Music Society:** Saturday lunchtime organ recital series. *St. John's College, Chapel.* 1:15pm.
- **The Duke's Men of Yale:** Nationally acclaimed men's a cappella singing group from Yale University. *Clare College, Chapel.* 4pm. £3/£4/£6.
- **UNIQUE (8:30pm till 1am):** a night of extra-large cheesy dancy pop (last entry 10:30pm). *University Centre, (granta place. mill lane).* 8:30pm. £4.
- **Theatre**
- **MWW Productions:** Edward Albee's absurd comedy 'The American Dream'. *ADC Theatre.* 11pm. £3.

## Sunday | 13.05.01

### Film

- **ARTS:** 12.30, 3.00, 5.30, 8.00: Captain Corelli's Mandolin (15). 8.00: 2001 - A Space Odyssey (U). 1.00: Virgin Machine (18). 3.00: The Sea Gull (PG). 7.00: Monika Treut - Q & A. 12.45, 6.15, 8.30: The King Is Alive (15). Didn't Do It For Love (18) members only. 4.30: Female Misbehaviour (18).
- **Queens' Films:** Charlie's Angels. *Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall.* 10:30pm. £1.50.
- **Queens' Films:** Charlie's Angels. *Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall.* 8pm. £1.50.
- **Robinson Films:** Snatch - 7 & 10 PM - Admission: £2. *Robinson College, Auditorium.*

- **St John's Films:** Cecil B. Demented (18). *St. John's College, Fisher Building.* 10pm. £1.80.
- **St John's Films:** Talamasca Film Night: a showcase of Cambridge student film-making. *St. John's College, Fisher Building.* 7:30pm. £3.
- **Trinity Films:** CASABLANCA Classic love story starring Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman. *Trinity College, Winstanley Lecture Theatre.* 9pm. £2.
- **Misc**
- **Buddhist meditation - Samatha Association:** Introductory course in traditional Thai breath meditation. All welcome. *Darwin College, Old Library.* 8pm.
- **C U Yoga Society:** Iyengar for all levels. *New Hall, Vivien Stuart room.* 5:30pm. £3.50 or £10 for 4 classes.
- **CU Kickboxing:** Kickboxing, suitable for any standard, including complete

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**Talamasca Film Night**  
Two student-made short films, with talks by the directors. Special price of £3 to fund a 35mm print. See our website for more details.

Sunday 13th May, 10pm  
**Cecil B. Demented**

Sunday 20th May, 7:30pm and 10:15pm  
**What Women Want**

Sunday 27th May, 6:30pm and 9:30pm  
**Cast Away**

Sunday 3rd June, 7:30pm and 10pm  
**Meet the Parents**

Sunday 10th June, 7:30pm and 10pm  
**Almost Famous**

Thursday 14th June, 3pm, 7pm and 9pm  
**The Emperor's New Groove**

Fisher Building, St John's £1.80

**Cambridge University Chamber Orchestra**

May 12th 8pm  
West Road Concert Hall

Stravinsky -  
*Concerto in D for Strings*  
Mozart - *Clarinet Concerto*  
Lindberg - *Away*  
Mozart - *Symphony 39*

Richard Hosford - Clarinet  
Douglas Boyd - Conductor

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or write to  
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**WORKSHOP ON THE PROCESS OF STAGING A PLAY**

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Homerton College

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01480 457141

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**LISTINGS** ARE FREE & SHOULD BE SUBMITTED BY 3PM MONDAYS, VIA OUR WEBSITE ([www.varsity.cam.ac.uk](http://www.varsity.cam.ac.uk)) FOR EVENTS ONLY. WE DO NOT GUARANTEE THAT ALL LISTINGS WILL APPEAR

**BOX ADS** COST FROM £20.00, DEADLINE 3PM MONDAYS. TO BOOK, COME TO THE VARSITY BUSINESS OFFICE AT 11-12 TRUMPINGTON STREET PAYMENT (BY CHEQUE OR CASH) SHOULD BE MADE WITH BOOKING

beginners. *Parkside Community College*. 7pm. £2.50.

- **Jsoac:** RELAXATION - de-stress before exams, aromatherapy, crystal healing, massage and chocolate. *L'chaim centre*, 33 Bridge Street. 7pm.
- **Music**
- **Cambridge Room-Music Ensemble**, conductor **John Reid**, soloist **Stephen Varcoe**: Percy Grainger - choral and orchestral music. In aid of Christopher Rutter Memorial Fund. *Clare College, Dining Hall*. 9pm. £8/£4.
- **CUSO:** Programme includes Stravinsky, Dvorak. Conductors: John Clement Power, Dominic Grier. *Trinity College Chapel*. 8:30pm. £3-£7.
- **Downing College Music Soc:** Tom Leech (organ) Bach, Byrd, de Grigny, Frescobaldi. *Downing College, Chapel*. 2:30pm.
- **Talk**
- **Cambridge MethSoc:** Main Meeting: Holy Communion in Reformed Tradition - Revd. Keith Riglin. *Wesley Methodist Church, Christ's Pieces*. 12am.

## Monday | 14.05.01

- **Film**
- **ARTS:** 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00: Captain Corelli's Mandolin (15). 2.45, 5.00, 7.15, 9.30: The King is Alive (15). 3.00: Hamlet (PG). 1.00, 5.30, 7.20, 9.20: But I'm a Cheerleader (15).
- **Trinity Films:** CASABLANCA Classic Love

## PEMBROKE PLAYERS

invite applications for  
**Michaelmas Term  
2001 Shows**  
Contact Laura (lca28)  
or Alex (adw31)  
as soon as possible  
for more details  
or to submit your application

## MADHOUSE

(New Hall Drama Society)

invites applications  
for funding to  
**DIRECT** or **PRODUCE**

Contact: Alison amf35  
Ursula ues20

Brickhouse Theatre Company  
invites

## DIRECTORS

to apply with a Musical or Play  
for their 7th Week  
*Michaelmas Show*

production posts also required  
Apply to Beckie Mills at Robinson  
(email rgm30) by 5th June



Amateur Dramatic Club

## Applications to DIRECT/PRODUCE their 2001 Pantomime, Dracula

Applications to the 'Club Applications'  
pigeonhole in the ADC Clubroom.

Deadline: **Tuesday 15th May 6pm**  
Questions to Jon Croker  
(president@cuadc.org, 07890 610 855)

story starring Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman. *Trinity College, Winstanley Lecture Theatre*. 9pm. £2.

- **LesBiGay**
- **LesBiGay Grad Pad:** Regular mixed social. All welcome, regardless of gender or sexuality. *University Centre, Mill Lane*. 9pm.
- **Misc**
- **Barbara Harding Yoga:** Beat stress the fun way. *St Marks church (behind Red Bull pub)*. 8pm. £5/3.
- **Barbara Harding Yoga:** Beginners Yoga (suitable for all levels). Beat stress the fun way! *Darwin College*. 4:15pm. £5/3.
- **Barbara Harding Yoga:** Rowers Yoga. *Darwin College*. 5:30pm. £5/3.

## Tuesday | 15.05.01

- **Film**
- **ARTS:** 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00: Captain Corelli's Mandolin (15). 2.45, 5.00, 9.30: The King Is Alive (15). 7.20: But I'm a Cheerleader (15). 1.00, 3.30, 5.30: But I'm a Cheerleader (15). 9.15: Salvatore Giuliano (18).
- **Corpus Christi College Pictures:** National Lampoon's Animal House. *McCrum Theatre, Benet Street*. 8pm. £2.
- **Queens' Films:** Austin Powers 2: The Spy Who Shagged Me. Groovy Baby! *Queens', Outdoor Showing!* 9pm. £1.50.
- **Misc**
- **Barbara Harding Yoga:** Beat stress the fun way! *St Mark's Church (behind Red*

**AUDITIONS**  
for a May Week Production of  
**'Lysistrata'**  
in Clare Gardens  
**12-6 Saturday May 12th**  
**12-6 Sunday May 13th**  
Robinson College  
(room will be signposted)  
**Applications for all production  
team positions also invited**  
contact ed (emdr2)

## BATS

invite applications to  
**DIRECT/PRODUCE SHOWS**  
in week Five and Seven of  
*Michaelmas Term 2001*

to be staged in  
*Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens' College*

**DEADLINE 27TH MAY**  
Please contact Lucy Aldham  
lma25@cam.ac.uk for details



invite applications to

## DIRECT in Michaelmas Term

**DEADLINE 11TH JUNE**  
Applications to Bruce Douglas  
(Christ's)  
Information: BMD21

## Pembroke Players

auditions for

## 'LE MISANTHROPE'

a comedy or May Week by Molière  
to be performed in Pembroke Gardens

**Sat 12th and Sun 13th May**  
12 - 4  
See Pembroke Porters' Lodge for venue

Producer and set designer also needed  
contact Yascha (ym221) for details

*Bull pub*). 5:45pm. £5/3.

- **Barbara Harding Yoga:** For beginners and people who've spent too much time revising... *Newnham College, Old Labs*. 6pm.
- **C U Yoga Society:** Iyengar Yoga class. All levels. Arrive early to ensure a place. *Pembroke College, New Cellars*. 5:15pm. £3.50 or £10 for 4.
- **CU Meditation & Buddhism Society:** Introductory instruction & 8-week course: "Going Deeper in Meditation." Email sundara@vajraguru.fsnet.co.uk or ring 577 553. *Sidney Sussex College, Knox-Shaw Room*. 7:15pm.
- **Talk**
- **Hughes Hall Research Seminars:** "What Really happened in the South China Sea?(USA v. China)". Demetrius Floudas, Tea 5.45pm, Talk 6.15pm. *Hughes Hall, Seminar Room A*. 5:45pm.
- **Theatre**
- **Footlights Smoker:** Late night comedy with Cambridges finest comedians. *ADC Theatre*. 11pm. £3.50.

## CU G&S Society

### AUDITIONS

for a May Week Concert  
Performance of

## The Yeomen of the Guard

**Sat 12 May, 12.15 - 2.00**  
**Sun 13 May, 1.15 - 3.00**  
*Newnham Old Labs*

bring something to sing if you like

The performance will have  
a non-auditioned chorus

Email Clare (clg36)  
for information

## ACTORS REQUIRED

for the roles of Jack and Maggie

in First Move Theatre Society's  
Camfest Production of

*Brian Friel's*  
**'Dancing at Lughnasa'**  
(22-29 July at the ADC)

Please contact Collette Nicholls  
on 0796 7021050

Also required:  
**Technical Director, Lighting  
Designer, Sound Designer,  
Props Manager, Costume  
and Make-up Designer**

Contact Lydia Nelson  
on 07971022171  
(e-mail: lenn21)  
for more information

## AAG

(makers of Autobahn)

## ANNOUNCE AUDITIONS

for a film and theatre project  
**'DYLAN MAKES FILMS'**  
to be staged at the *Edinburgh Fringe*

**Sat 12th**  
3 - 6 Fitzwilliam, Music Room  
**Sun 13th**  
11 - 4 Trinity Hall, Music Room

Contact Daniel on DPL22

## Wednesday | 16.05.01

- **Film**
- **ARTS:** 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00: Captain Corelli's Mandolin (15). 2.45, 5.00, 7.15, 9.30: The King is Alive (15). 3.00: Hamlet (PG). 1.00, 5.30, 7.20, 9.20: But I'm A Cheerleader (15).
- **LesBiGay**
- **Vac Bar:** Mixed social. Under- and post-grads equally welcome. Cheap cocktails. *King's College, Mumby Room*. 9:30pm.
- **Misc**
- **Barbara Harding Yoga:** Astanga Yoga - for people going to more than 1 class per week. *St Mark's Church (behind Red Bull pub)*. 5:40pm. £5/3.
- **CUTAZZ:** Advanced Tap. *Queens' College, Bowett Room*. 7pm. £2.50.
- **CUTAZZ:** Beginners/Intermediate Tap. *Queens' College, Bowett Rm*. 6pm. £2.
- **Music**
- **Oxford University Japan Society:** Charity club event in aid of UNICEF. @ *Jongleurs, Oxford*. 9pm. £5 pounds.

## Thursday | 17.05.01

- **Film**
- **ARTS:** 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00: Captain Corelli's Mandolin (15). 2.45, 5.00, 7.15, 9.30: The King Is Alive (15). 1.00, 5.30, 9.40: But I'm a Cheerleader (15). 7.10: Le Gout Des Autres (15) Q

& A with Agnes Jaoui and lead Jean-Pierre Bacri.

- **Queens' Films:** Meet the Parents. *Queens, Fitzpatrick Hall*. 8pm. £1.50.
- **Queens' Films:** O Brother, Where Art Thou?. *Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall*. 10:30pm. £1.50.
- **Robinson Films:** Dogma - 9.30 PM - Admission: £2. *Robinson College, Auditorium*. 9:30pm.
- **Misc**
- **Contemporary Dance:** AFRICAN-STYLE RELAXATION Classes (Special Exam term treat!). *Magdelene College, Buckingham Room*. 7pm. £3.
- **CUTAZZ:** Beginners Jazz. *Emmanuel United Reformed Church*. 7pm. £2.
- **CUTAZZ:** Intermediate/Advanced Jazz. *Emmanuel United Reformed Church*. 8pm. £2.50.
- **Music**
- **Oxford University Japan Society:** Charity club event in aid of UNICEF. @ *Jongleurs, Oxford*. 9pm. £5 pounds.
- **St John's College Music Society:** Weekly lunchtime recital series. *St John's College, New Music Room*. 1:15pm.

## Friday | 18.05.01

- **Film**
- **Churchill MCR Films:** What Lies Beneath (no late show). *Churchill College, Wolfson Hall*. 8pm. £1.80.
- **LesBiGay**
- **Town & Gown Disco:** Pop and dance

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# 18 VARSITY LISTINGS

until midnight. Mixed crowd - students and townies. *Town and Gown*. 8pm.

**Misc**

- **SALSA DANCE CLASSES WITH NELSON BATISTA:** Absolute beg/improvers: 6-7.30pm. All levels: 7.30-9.00pm. *St. Columba's Hall, 4 Downing Place (opp Crowne Plaza)*. 6pm. £5/4.

**Music**

- **Cafe Studio:** Malcolm Guite performs poetry, Mystery Train performs Rhythm and Blues. *Emmanuel United Reformed Church, Trumpington St.* 7:30pm. £5/£3
- **Oxford University Japan Society:** Charity club event in aid of UNICEF. @ *Jongleurs, Oxford*. 9pm. £5.

- **Queens' Ents:** Jingles + Naughty = FIESTA! The Best of Cheese, end of term party. *Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall*. 9pm.
- **TCMS Professional Recital:** String Music to include Handel, Bartok, Mozart and Dvorak. *Trinity College, Chapel*. 9pm. £4, £2 & £1 (members).

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SATURDAY 12th May

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**This is the last issue of Varsity before May Week.**

**The next issues of Varsity will be on Friday 15th of June and Thursday 21st of June.**

**We will be open on Monday 11th and Monday 18th of June as usual to take box adverts. Listings should be submitted in the normal way, via our website ([www.varsity.cam.ac.uk](http://www.varsity.cam.ac.uk))**

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Musique pour l'été.  
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music.film.theatre.literature.art



Nouvelles pièces de théâtre.  
Page 22

Film érotique.  
Page 30

# C'est le

Meilleur SEX parmi la littérature.

Page 26

# Colourful Language

The Dialogue between Painting and Poetry, 1874-1999 at the Fitzwilliam museum

Stephen Wright

This exhibition catalogues the development of an intimate and fertile relationship between artists and poets over a period of 125 years. Centred almost exclusively on Paris, it presents a substantial selection of *livres d'artiste*, essentially collections of poetry offset by visual art or art accompanied by poetry. This tension, the 'dialogue' of the exhibition's title, is crucial.

The opening exhibit is Mallarmé's poem 'L'après-midi d'un faune', illustrated by Manet (and later set to music by Debussy). Manet's delicate woodcuts offset beautifully his friend's dreamy, impressionistic account of a young faun's woodland wanderings. The artist also illustrated Poe's 'The Raven', with Mallarmé as translator this time; these stark, black, attenuated forms are not the Manet you see on the chocolate boxes.

It is no surprise that the period to which most attention is devoted was during the twenties and thirties, when most furious and experimental activity in both these media took place. During this peak of Dadaism and Surrealism, the arts scene in Paris was one large coterie, encouraging boundless cross-fertilisation. Artists such as Picasso, Matisse, Miró and Chagall, and poets like Apollinaire, Eluard and Breton worked and socialised interchangeably. Breton's poem 'L'air de l'eau' was written for his wife and illustrated by Alberto Giacometti, a

witness at the former's wedding, while the Man Ray photographs which illustrate Eluard's 'Facile' are of the photographer's model, whom the poet later married.

The most striking exhibit is Blaise Cendrars' long poem 'La Prose du Transsibérien': a wide-eyed, frenetic account of a journey on the famous Vladivostok-Paris route. The work, an enormous creation on four sheets of China paper, comes in different colour typefaces according to the stages of the route, and is accompanied by bold, kinetic swathes of colour from Sonia Delaunay. Both parts, in their furious motion, echo the train's movement; and one of Delaunay's vivid splashes depicts the Eiffel Tower, alongside the poem's 'homecoming' section. The intention was to sell 150 prints which, when placed end to end, would equal the height of the tower. In reality only 50 were shifted, the rest being sold off cheap.

This, alongside other exhibits, shows how far poetry was, for these artists, susceptible to visual representation. Miró, for example, evaluated poetry in terms of its "plastic possibilities". It illustrates, too, the similarity of the trajectories along which Western art and poetry were moving. The fascinations of the new technological age, with its multiple possibilities (travel, artistic experimentation) and impressions (the dehumanising yet irresistible chaos of the metropolis) led to

a tendency, in both media, towards fracture, collage, an upsetting of perceived ideas of order and spatial relationships, (of words on the page for the Surrealist poets, of objects on a canvas for Picasso, Matisse *et al*), and of the protean, ever-changing nature of existence.

Another enormously important development for both these forms was that of cinema. Artists and poets alike proclaimed the influence of this medium upon their work, and poetry and art both sought to emulate the representational possibilities of film and its capacity for presenting several viewpoints and situations simultaneously. Apollinaire and Cendrars produced poems that functioned as a series of snapshots, instant images which reflected the chaos and restless nature of contemporary urban life, while the pictures juxtapose elements such as painting, typefaces, numbers and patterns on a single canvas. Both sought to render something like the cinematic image with its myriad simultaneous centres of action.

This exhibition gives a fascinating insight into the close harmony in which art and poetry have worked in France during this period (although nowhere else, it seems) and its most absorbing exhibits manage to pose the question of where exactly the boundary between visual perception and mental evocation lies.

See Listings for details.

Front Page Image: *La Fin du monde filmée par l'Ange N.D.* by Blaise CENDRARS (1887-1961)/Ferdinand LEGER (1881-1955) © ADAGP, Paris and DACS, London 2001

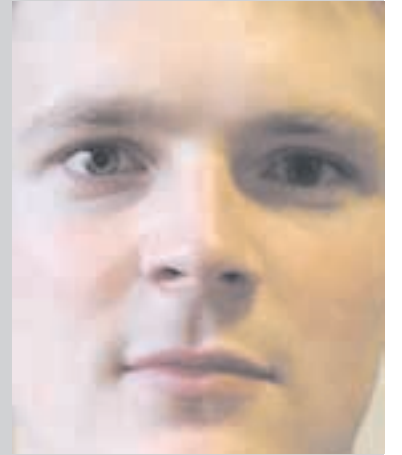


By kind permission of the Institute of Visual Culture, Cambridge

## Oliver Biskitt-Barrell



David Liddicote



Oliver Biskitt-Barrell

Could they possibly be related?

# EXPOSED

It has come to *Varsity's* attention that our regular columnist, Professor Oliver Biskitt-Barrell does not actually exist.

*Varsity* sleuths can reveal that the much acclaimed 'Bluffers guide to the art and architecture of Cambridge' has not been written by a highly qualified academic but by a student. The student in question has even employed dubious methods in researching and writing for this column, including persuading genuine Art History student Alex Faludy to write an article on Degas for him:

the use of violence has not been ruled out. *Varsity* would like to apologise for this oversight and would advise that it takes no responsibility for the accuracy and quality of the Oliver Biskitt-Barrell series. *Varsity* became suspicious when it was discovered that Biskitt-Barrell was not listed on the Department of Art and Architecture's academic role. The man above was seen delivering this week's article (which we feel unable to print) to the *Varsity* offices. If you know this man, and can lead us to his whereabouts, please e-mail [suckers@schmarsity.cam.ac.uk](mailto:suckers@schmarsity.cam.ac.uk).

## Little girl lost

Anywhere out of the world by Philippe Parreno and No Ghost  
 Just a Shell by Philippe Parreno and Pierre Huyghe

Lucy Moore

She has fragile wide eyes and angel lips. Projected against the gallery wall of the Institute of Visual Arts, she says softly, 'I am no ghost, just a shell'. French artists Philippe Parreno and Pierre Huyghe bought Ann Lee for 46000Y from Kworks, a Japanese company that specialises in the industrial production of Manga characters for animation use. As a cheap design, she was destined to exist only briefly in a few pages of comic strip, without specific history, personality or feelings. By purchasing Ann Lee and giving her 'a voice', Parreno and Huyghe claim to have rescued her. In a two minute film, 'Anywhere out of the world' Ann Lee is allowed to tell her story. This narrative, haunting because it is coldly virtual yet poetically human, raises questions about the commercial nature of art. Art is becoming an increasingly influential industry in which artists are forced to consider stylistic trends in order to sell work, and the buyer, dealer and critic have increasing power. This view of the art world is implicit through

the portrayal of Ann Lee as a victim of Manga commercialism. The success of their attempt to free her can, however, be questioned: Ann Lee will never have her own identity (whatever that might be), but must surrender to the interpretations of Parreno, Huyghe and other artists that work with her 'shell' including Douglas Gordon and Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster are currently producing Ann Lee films.

Although bizarre, this work is original and provocative in its nature and realisation. Parreno's and Huyghe's portrayal of a virtual girl freed from comic strip death is typical of work shown at the Institute of Visual Arts, which showed 'Geocruiser' last term. The contrast between the Institute as a project space in which new artists are working and its setting in Cambridge – traditional and historical, works positively to accentuate the qualities of work shown at the Institute.

See Listings for details.

↓ Turner prize artist's book reviewed

# Livre d'artiste

Suzanne Dimmock

Unlike your typical exhibition catalogue, Turner Prize winner Tillmans' book is a thoughtful volume, an eclectic, compulsive mix of the artist's own photographs and press images from newspapers. Presented in lo-fi black-and-white, it is a contrast to the (now) glossy hip of i-D magazine, which has featured Tillmans' best-known photos of friends, fashion-shoots and clubs. The 'Soldiers' project is a sombre departure, but a fascinating one revealing another side to the artist. Having been accused elsewhere of staging spontaneity, in 'Soldiers' Tillmans addresses the unmitigated reality of war.

Compiled between 1990 and 1999, the images he has chosen cover conflicts in the Middle East and the Gulf, but do not constitute an overt attempt to make a political point. Rather, they are a striking and moving collection of images resembling a scrapbook of clippings. Material includes a photo of a

little boy in fancy dress as a military tank, nationalistic UK tabloid coverage of the Gulf War, and a Tillmans photograph of an army recruiting officer's door, bearing the marketing legend 'pride is a uniform feeling'.

Through re-printing and magnifying press images and their captions, Tillmans could be as guilty as the press of glamorising war, or making martyrs out of individual soldiers. However, the intentionally grainy reproduction shows Tillmans' awareness of the potential risks in the interpretation of mass-distributed images.

Due to its retrospective objectivity in covering topical issues, any artistic genre (but particularly the *livre d'artiste*), distances the viewer without compromising its ability to convey meaning.

Tillmans is well aware of other unique advantages of the medium of the book, but using his status as an artist, subverts its rules. There are no hierar-

chical page numbers and the arrangement is haphazard in its juxtapositions – a marked characteristic of Tillman's gallery exhibitions where images range non-sequentially and ramshackle across expanses of wall.

His apparent underlying theory shares an ethos with Renaissance printmakers, which today seems oddly un-precious: reproduction does not necessarily dilute the power of an image. Though his wide-eyed appropriation of other photographers' images may seem strange, his re-issuing of them within the context of visual art rather than the newspaper forces us to re-evaluate rather than discard them as illustrations.

Thought-provoking and skilfully constructed, Tillmans' book has a presence and value above the mass-distributed words and images, but it does so in a book without the words-as-justification redolent of other *livres d'artistes*.



*Soldiers: The Nineties* by Wolfgang Tillmans

## Listings

### Fitzwilliam Museum

Kunisada and Kabuki Part I – Until 3 June, Shiba Room.

The first of a series of exhibitions for the Japan 2001 festival based around Kunisada, the artist and the Kabuki theatre.

The Dialogue Between Painting and Poetry 1874 – 1999. *Artists Books* from the Bibliothèque Littéraire Jacques Doucet, Paris – until 24 June, Adeane Gallery.

### Kettle's Yard

Mono Ha. May 26 – July 22

Mono-Ha is the name given to a number of artists working in Japan in the late 1960s and early 1970s – although radically different, their work shared certain fundamental characteristics. Using mostly found or natural materials, their works sought to question not only the traditions of Western art the East had so recently inherited but by extension to challenge conventional notions of art.

### Institute of Visual Culture

Anywhere out of the world by Philippe Parreno and No Ghost Just a Shell by Philippe Parreno and Pierre Huyghe – until 20 May 2001, Tuesday to Sunday 12 noon – 6pm.



## Poetry in motion

**Louise Wetheridge**

Mrs. Darwin (7 April 1852)  
*Went to the Zoo.*  
*I said to Him –*  
*Something about that Chimpanzee over*  
*there reminds me of you.*

“Carol Ann Duffy dislodges the women of history and myth from their stone setting and injects their voices with new life in this dazzling collection of poems”. High praise indeed from Metro, London and I was intrigued to find out how director Anna Jones plans to transform these witty poetic monologues into dramatic form.

**Where did you get your inspiration from?**

I first bought the collection of poems as a present on Mother's Day. Reading them for myself, I immediately sensed the dramatic potential within them. The words cried out to be brought to life on the stage.

**It's an unusual idea. How do you plan to dramatise the poems?**

We're adapting them into two shows, the first rooted in everyday life. Set in a chat show environment we see characters such as Mrs Faust describing her own voyage of self-enlightenment to the Oprah style host. The main part of the stage, however, is a magical space in the past into which the characters intermittently retreat to enact what they are describing in the chat show.

**And the second show?**

Fantastic! Full of surprises which constantly dupe the audience's expectations making it a highly interactive experience. The cast's portrayal of strong characters and powerful images combine with live music, spectacular lighting and projections to create a treat for all the senses.

**How are you rehearsing?**

The rehearsals are proving to be very exciting in their collaborative nature. The cast are continually inspiring new approaches to the poems.

**Are you previewing before the Edinburgh festival?**

On 8 and 9 June at 8pm in Newnham Old Labs – the perfect place in which to see the world premiere of *The World's Wife!*

*The World's Wife by Carol Ann Duffy is available in all good bookshops.*



# Theatre not quite dead

**Nick Britton**

“The theatre is dead”, proclaims Dominic, the media-obsessed husband of the title character. Sitting amongst

the noticeably more mature audience of the Arts Theatre, and watching a play whose social outlook and manner seemed ever so slightly passé, the line

took on an added poignancy.

To be fair to *Amy's View*, however, the central relationship between mother and daughter is very sharply

observed, and was movingly realised in this production through some very strong acting. Susannah York, as the mother, Esme, was superb, even considering her added advantage of being an actress playing an actress. Behind her wild gestures and flamboyant emotions lay a masterly grasp both of the wisdom and the folly of her character. Rebecca Lacey, as Amy, gave a less conspicuous performance, remaining something of an enigma throughout the first two acts, but picking up some of York's energy and conviction in the third. These two gave the audience something to believe in, though the performance of Antonia Pemberton, as an elderly lady gradually losing her grip on life, was also excellently done.

If Hare had focused more on the crucial human relationships of the play, and not been quite so concerned with grandiose comments on English society, or rather, upper middle class commuters to the metropolis, it might have had more impact. Too much time was devoted to ostentatious speechifying; too many rather tired themes were skated over and underdeveloped. Nevertheless, I can say fairly confidently that if you like Hare, you will like this production. If you think the theatre is dead, however, search elsewhere for instant conversion.



**Amy's View**

is on at the Arts Theatre until tomorrow at 7.45pm & 2.30pm Saturday matinee

# BEST TO BE BITTER

**Gillian Carr**

At 11pm, it takes a special sort of person to appreciate this satire on the murky depths of American suburbia. It's not that I'm lazy, you understand, it's just that trying to decipher the meaning of life, whilst recovering from a night at LIFE, is not an easy job.

After a slow start, the play moves at an intriguing pace, but to a strangely dissatisfying conclusion. A sense of emptiness pervades the whole show, well represented by an austere set of empty black boxes. Nowhere is this more apparent than at the end, where Grandma concludes “everyone gets what they want – or at least what they think they want”. The American Dream, as personified by Charles Anson, is shown to be hollow, banal and superficial, showing up each character for exactly what they are.

What, I hear you cry, of the accents? – the make or break of any transatlantic production. A script can be as deep as it likes, but when it's delivered with a dodgy accent, one might as well not bother. Well, the accents are fine, and in the case of Lucy Fletcher (Grandma) and Jemima Thewes (Mrs Barker), exceptional.

Edward Albee's *American Dream* promises to blend absurdity with wry satire, in this disillusioned examination of suburban life. Well, it certainly is absurd, never more so than when Mrs. Barker takes up

an offer to slip out of her dress in the same breath as being asked if she wants a coffee. And there's no shortage of satire, brought out well by Laura Lewis-Williams's chirpy 'Mommy'. Basically,

*The American Dream* is an excellent play with a fine and ably directed cast. I recommend it especially for those who harbour buckets of bitterness towards our friends across the pond.

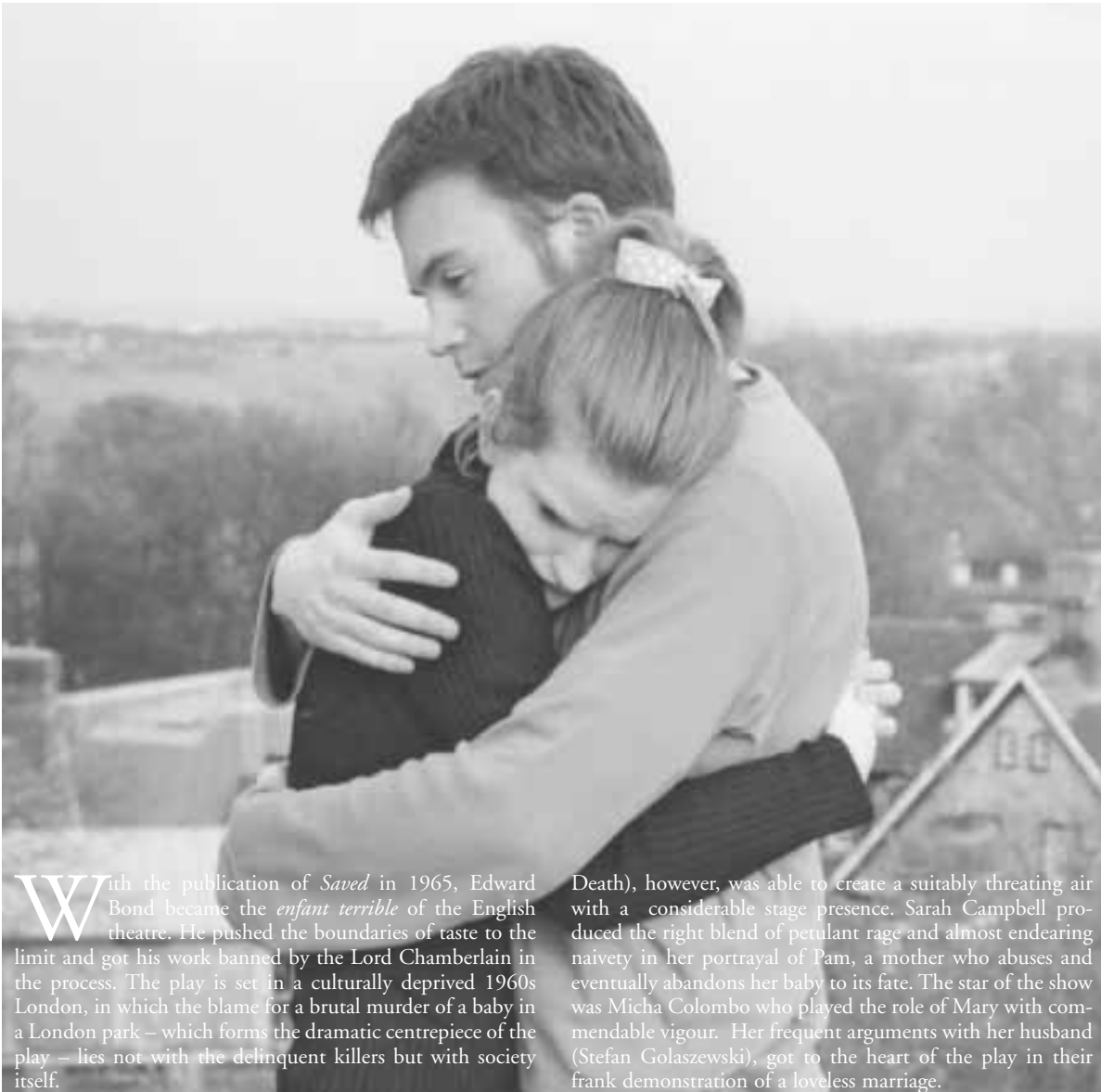


**The American Dream**

is on at the ADC until tomorrow at 11pm

# Bond's babe

Tom Hodgson



With the publication of *Saved* in 1965, Edward Bond became the *enfant terrible* of the English theatre. He pushed the boundaries of taste to the limit and got his work banned by the Lord Chamberlain in the process. The play is set in a culturally deprived 1960s London, in which the blame for a brutal murder of a baby in a London park – which forms the dramatic centrepiece of the play – lies not with the delinquent killers but with society itself.

The problem with this production, unfortunately, is the sheer lack of menace. Len (David Pearson) looks decidedly out of place in his chinos, tailored shirt and a bottle green jumper, resembling an ensemble from a Jermyn Street catalogue of casual menswear, severely undermining credibility as the poverty-stricken character that Bond surely intended.

Of the youths who perpetrate the crime in question, Ben Power deserves praise for his portrayal of Colin, whose callous one-liners were delivered to great effect. Only Fred (Carl

Death), however, was able to create a suitably threatening air with a considerable stage presence. Sarah Campbell produced the right blend of petulant rage and almost endearing naivety in her portrayal of Pam, a mother who abuses and eventually abandons her baby to its fate. The star of the show was Micha Colombo who played the role of Mary with commendable vigour. Her frequent arguments with her husband (Stefan Golaszewski), got to the heart of the play in their frank demonstration of a loveless marriage.

*Saved* is an ambitious play to stage by any stretch of the imagination. The director should be congratulated for attempting to mount such a project, but the stilted dialogue and failure to create a convincing moral vacuum meant that the hopelessness of these characters' lives was in question from the beginning. Regrettably though, the much-vaunted baby murder was beset by an undue levity. This couldn't compensate for the half hour of bum-numbing boredom leading up to it.

➔ *Saved* is showing at the ADC at 7.45pm, until tomorrow

# Not all fun & games

Skye Wheeler

It would be journalistic shit-stirring to suggest that The Playroom is in crisis, but none-the-less, there is indeed some toil and trouble afoot. The Playroom is owned and run by Corpus, kept alive and kicking by the very enthusiastic and long-suffering Fletcher Players and the college's bursar, who is the licensee. Perhaps surprisingly, considering the reputation The Playroom has for being exciting and experimental, the success it has seen recently on a University-wide scale is rather new. The venue was originally for Corpus events, and while we've still got access to the inventive creations of the prolific college itself, the seasons of recent years involving students from all colleges has

made the place very much a University venue. Jo Phillips, President of the Corpus Christi Fletcher Players suggested to me that the problems The Playroom is suffering from may in part at least be because it "has grown too quickly". The ADC don't put on many more shows than this each term but they have a full time Theatre Manager to keep the terrors of commercial manslaughter at bay.

Yet the college authorities are understandably unwilling to fund a university venue and can't expect a part-time student committee to efficiently manage a full-time theatre. The Health and Safety Council shut The Playroom down at Christmas, and The Fletcher Players are

now looking for help from external bodies (colleges and faculties). It would be especially appropriate, given the nature of the activities of most of its students, if the English Faculty were to step in. Until the structure of The Playroom itself and of its administration are better able to deal with University-wide status, the philosophy seems to be that it is better to take a step back rather than fall on your face. At the moment the fate of the theatre hangs in the balance, although The Fletcher Players expect to invite applications in the coming weeks. This will undoubtedly be a battle won, not just for theatre but for the determination and will-power behind one of the most important theatres in Cambridge.

## Dramatic Lives

Jennifer Tuckett

Stephen Unwin returned to Cambridge recently to give a seminar on *Hamlet*. I didn't go. Nor did most of the other Cambridge directors and actors I have spoken to.

According to Unwin, this is the problem with Cambridge theatre. "It instils you with an unwarranted degree of arrogance", Unwin tells me, "people leave Cambridge thinking that they know everything there is to know about directing or acting. This simply isn't true. When I left Cambridge I had directed over 20 plays, but I had very little understanding of the practical skills required to make a successful director. Cambridge directors are able to talk about plays very convincingly, but I've noticed that their practical ability rarely lives up to expectations".

I ask Unwin how he would define

approach to directing a Shakespeare production. "I think it's important to concentrate on the simple questions", he replies. "What is the story? Break the play down into scenes. Establish who each character really is. It is only once you have got to the heart of a play that you can set about creating a three-dimensional reality for the audience".

"One of the weaknesses of Cambridge Shakespeare productions is the way in which verse is delivered. Verse speaking is a very hard thing to teach, and there is a great difference between an actor who can speak Shakespeare's language and an actor who can only read it. It's a distinction that won't be resolved during the course of an English degree".

Jennifer Tuckett grills the great names in theatre. This week, Stephen Unwin, director ETT



these missing practical skills, and am rewarded with a candid insight into his approach to directing. "Firstly, you need to know how to communicate with the actors", he tells me. "Talking about theory is guaranteed to isolate you from your cast. Actors hate discussions of Stanislavsky or Brecht – what they are really interested in is getting an insight into their roles, and it is your job to give them this insight".

"Secondly, you need to know how to focus the action. This is about working with the designer and about controlling the staging of the play, but it is also about controlling the pace and the energy of the production".

"Finally, one of the basic requirements of a director is acquiring the ability to know how to cast. Too many productions are let down by inappropriate casting, or casting for the wrong reasons – for example, the old cliché of the director who casts his Juliet solely on the grounds that he'd quite like to go out with her".

"In the end", Unwin tells me, "a director should direct a play because he believes in it as a work of art, and for no other reason".

"Of course, I think it's a very good thing that Cambridge doesn't have a formal drama department. The problem with university drama departments is that they are invariably staffed either by people with performance skills who are second-rate academics, or people with academic skills who are second-rate performers. However, that doesn't remove the fact that Cambridge directors will need further training. I've been told that people involved in Cambridge drama today are very career-orientated. I think this is awful. There's no point coming to Cambridge and thinking 'I want to be the next Director of the National Theatre', because, if you think like that, the chances are you won't succeed in directing. Directing has never been about pursuing a career path. It is about creating something artistic".

Given that Unwin has dedicated his life to directing, I am rather taken aback by his concluding remark: "I truly regret having spent so much of my time directing plays at Cambridge", he tells me. "I directed too many productions. I wish I had spent my time doing something else".

## Waiting in the Wings...

↓ Morning Glory • Arts Theatre • Mon 14 - Sat 19 • 7.45pm and 2.30pm Sat matinee

Three aged ex-Resistance members take on delinquent youths. New comedy-drama from Sarah Daniels.

↓ Year's Last Smoker • ADC • Tue 15 • 11pm

Catch the comics before they depart! Your last chance to enjoy the stalwart comedy night this year – be there.

↓ Cloud Nine • ADC • Tue 15 - Sat 19 • 7.45pm

Caryl Churchill fans rejoice as this cracking postmodern comedy comes to town. Prepare to face your issues.

See May week *Varsity* issues for all the theatre this summer – what to see and what to flee (from).



Elastica at last year's Trinity May Ball  
Photo: Joanna Sedar

## STAYING UP FOR THE SUMMER

**Varsity may be taking a break until May Week but, contrary to popular opinion, that doesn't mean the rest of the world stops. Dave Thorley and Tom Catchesides attempt to get their heads around what's in store for the rest of the term.**

The obvious starting point is May Week, that orgy of post-exam release that encompasses both Suicide Sunday and, of course, a whole host of May Balls and ents. If the prospect of free alcohol being pretty much on tap at many of the Balls weren't enough to tempt you to part with your cash, most put on a whole range of musical treats as a central part of the evening's entertainments.

Being big and rich, Trinity (Monday 18 June, £180 for double non-dining, completely and utterly sold out) and St John's (Tuesday 19 June, £189 for double non-dining, don't even think about trying to get hold of them now) naturally offer some of the biggest names in town. Not everyone at John's ball last year may have enjoyed the charms of Toploader, but they *are* a big name. Trinity offered an impressive line-up, including headliners Elastica, The Lightning Seeds and Hepburn.

Continuing our stroll up the length of the Cam, we come to Clare (Monday 18 June, £174 non-dining, sold out) and King's (Wednesday 20 June, £36, [www.kingsevent.com](http://www.kingsevent.com)). While Clare's recent line-ups – including the James Taylor Quartet in 1999 and Herbaliser in 2000 – are nothing to be ashamed of, King's ent boasts a formidable reputation which can only be enhanced by naming this year's extravaganza *Apocalypse*. While an appearance from the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse had not been confirmed as *Varsity* went to press, the event includes the drum & bass, hip-hop and garage rooms of the regular Mingles, plus a selection of jazz and funk acts.

Queens' May Ball (Tuesday 19 June, £88, [www.queensball.com](http://www.queensball.com)) completes our riverside tour. While no details of the acts, or indeed the theme, will be released before the day, the committee

claims that it ranks as the third-largest ball in Cambridge, behind Trinity and St John's. Other events on offer include: Downing's *Ground Zero* (Monday 18 June, £35, [www.downingevent.com](http://www.downingevent.com)), whose bill includes DJ Zinc and Pascal from Ganja Kru as well as The Scratch Perverts and Cut La roc; Pembroke (Wednesday 20 June, £36), with a reputation for "enjoyable music that you can dance to"; the Homerton May Ball (Friday 15 June, £75), offering a mix of jazz, classical, garage, drum & bass, cheese and indie to suit all tastes; Robinson's "hedonistic" 1920s-America-themed *Misbehavin'* (Friday 15 June, £64, [www.robinson.cam.ac.uk](http://www.robinson.cam.ac.uk)); and Trinity Hall's *Odyssey* (Wednesday 20 June, £39, [www.thjuneevent.com](http://www.thjuneevent.com), sold out). Apologies to anyone we've missed out.

But if you're looking for a combination of spectacle and value, you'd better look beyond the boundaries of Cambridge to CUSU's gargantuan Creation (Thursday 14 June, £37, [www.creation2001.com](http://www.creation2001.com)). Last year saw students being shuttled to and from the Creation site in the depths of Cambridgeshire by a special bus service, and this year's line-up encompasses a range of big names in house, drum & bass, garage and hip-hop. If none of that appeals, it's probably worth the price of a ticket just to see the "new adult show" appearance from Keith Harris and Orville touted on the website.

May Week aside, revellers will doubtless be glad to learn that no cows have been grazed on Midsummer Common this year and that Foot and Mouth poses no threat to livestock or to the ritual insanity of Strawberry Fair. Saturday 2 June this year will be the date Midsummer Common opens its pasture to exhibitionists, clowns, stilt-walkers, musicians and lunatics of every stripe. No acts are confirmed yet but the festi-

val's reputation for showing underrepresented musical brands precedes it. What's more, being seen there, obviously comfortable with the fact that you're not heavily bound and chained in the UL dungeon, plays merry hell with the confidence of all your peers. Come to Strawberry Fair and top the exam tables.

Meanwhile, the Corn Exchange is not deterred by the students preparing to stay home in their droves, maintaining its usual blend of the devastatingly expensive but devastatingly trendy and the probably-quite-good-but-not-really-for-students. This month, it boasts the company of the glow in the dark cone-heads, Orbital (May 17) and acoustic chap of blues pedigree, Eric Bibb (May 20). Increasingly turgid though Orbital's recent material may be, live, they always promise well. That said, the major pre-gig talking point is usually whether the brothers Hartnall and their four tame glow-worms will play their much famed rendering of the *Dr Who* theme. The altogether less spectacled (and therefore, less spectacular) Bibb, meantime, splendidly brings genuine torpor to the burgeoning man-on-stool-with-guitar movement.

The Junction, this June, in keeping with its fine reputation for attracting important new music whilst maintaining old favourites, is concentrating on the latter. June 4th sees the return of the once ridiculed, now ignored, fraggle punks EMF and is followed swiftly by June 5 when rarely missed fishnet terrorists, Sigue Sigue Sputnik storm the castle. Over-shouty grunge types the Wildhearts reaffirm their still perceptibly moving pulse on June 18 and on the 26, it's the just-about-twitching Proclaimers. So, plenty to look forward to, plenty to look wistfully back on and an excuse to stage a bomb attack with mum's old drawers on your head.



In his idler moments, Richard 'Echoboy' Warren must well muse on what might have been. He might now be engaged in the lucrative and undemanding task of replicating the bass-line of *Wonderwall* in stadiums across the world, as back in 1999, Warren gained himself brief infamy as the man who turned down the vacant bass player role in Oasis.

Yet in musical terms, he is unlikely to regret his decision. While Oasis have become increasingly moribund, Warren has opted for an experimental approach, fusing elements from diverse genres. *Turning On* could have quite easily become an exercise in muso self indulgence. Driven by a pounding drum loop, gut wrenching bass and Echoboy's effects-laden vocal, it creates a monumental wall of sound that simultaneously recalls both Kraftwerk and MC5. Never has sonic chaos sounded so effortless and blissful and Noel Gallagher should be green with envy.

Since their mini-album *Watch it Glow* was released last October, the ever elusive Simian have provoked comparisons as wide ranging as DJ Shadow, the Beach Boys and the Beta Band, and their unusual sound conjures the magnificent image of these three artists defying time and space to 'jam' together. *The Wisp* – the first single to be taken from the album – is essentially four choirboys suspended in space, delivering heavenly harmonies against a modern ambient backdrop of clitches, glitches, bleeps and bloops. Equally at home with both new and old-fashioned technology, Simian veer comfortably between analogue synth and glockenspiel, organ and flute on *The Tale of Willow Hill*. Gothic but electronic, trip-hoppy yet acoustic, Simian are the blissed-out offspring of science and nature and the visionary helmshmen of Space Folk... has that been invented yet?

**Echoboy**  
Turning On  
(Mute)  
On Release  
Jim Hinks

**Simian**  
The Wisp  
(Source)  
On Release  
Nat Davies



The Dandy Warhols, who played at Caius May Ball last year.  
Photo: Tom Catchesides



Looking beyond May Week, Ministry of Sound is putting on *Knebworth '01* on Saturday 11 August. *Varsity* has one pair of tickets (worth £45 each, [www.ministryofsound.com/knebworth](http://www.ministryofsound.com/knebworth)) to this one day event which boasts Jamiroquai, Fabio, Roni Size and Judge Jules, amongst many others. All you have to do is answer the ridiculously easy question: how many arms does Jay Kay have? Easy as one-two-three.

Email answers to 'music@varsity.cam.ac.uk'. This is a real competition. The winner will be drawn at random and – *Varsity* editors being the sole arbiters of success – our decision is final.

↓ Album and single reviews ← Keep schtum ↓ Tête-à-Tête ↘ Varsity is infallible



In which Grant Nicholas proves that he has a useful contribution to make to society. Despite having to accept responsibility for Feeder's rhyming couplets and [shudder] pop metal sound, he proves his worth by harnessing black-clad guitars and a positively brutal bass line to Mark B & Blade's brassy polemic. As an exercise in catharsis it's wholly successful but, by indulging in a blatant attempt to create a crossover hit, the animated bluster of the original is lost under the muddy power-chords. Fortunately, the single includes both versions, so you have a choice: a sharp and bright rant about hip-hop's geographical elitism told from the British point of view which descends into an extended display of turntable skills; or three and a half minutes of pure volume (with occasional bursts of scratching). Those who fail to identify with either half of the rap-metal synthesis need not apply.

Ah, just what the disillusioned goth kidz of Blighty need; another nu-metal act replete with death-level guitars, schmiphop beats, and a bloke doing something between rapping and roaring over the top. This record certainly has its moments – the grinding bass riff merges with funky drums to create some seriously moshable results (you can almost hear the waller chains clanking together) but the interest just isn't maintained for three-and-a-half very samey minutes. Raging Speedhorn certainly make a passable attempt at tapping into the 'crossover' zeitgeist which has so popularised Limp Bizkit, Korn et al, but *The Gush* undeniably lacks the crucial hooks, dynamics, and slick production favoured by their peers. Equally, it's not really innovative or interesting enough to be filed next to, say, *One Minute Silence*. Sadly, unless they decide what they want to be fairly soon, it's unlikely that the Speedhorn will ever get beyond supporting the bands they sound a bit like.

After a career hiatus that would make *Elastica* blush, Stereo MCs find themselves in the unenviable position of having to adapt to a music scene unrecognisable as the one they left in 1992. However, on the evidence of *Deep Down and Dirty*, their first single for nearly a decade they appear content to revisit past glories and appeal to the thirty-somethings who remember them from last time around.

Of course in today's climate *Deep Down and Dirty* sounds hopelessly outmoded and begs questions as to quite what Stereo MCs have spent the 1990s doing? It is pitiable that these one-time pioneers have been reduced to such witless self-parody. If this squalid, meaningless effort is in any way representative of their forthcoming album, we can only hope that they take another nine years over the follow-up.

**Mark B & Blade**  
Ya Don't See The Signs  
(Wordplay)  
Out May 14th  
Tom Catchesides

**Raging Speedhorn**  
The Gush  
(Green Island)  
Out June 4th  
Kit Ballantyne

**Stereo MCs**  
Deep Down and Dirty  
(Virgin)  
Out May 14th  
Jim Hinks

## Come the revolution...

While *Varsity's* theatre section has historically been criticised for its cliquishness, the music page has basked in the relative freedom afforded by an apathetic readership and a non-controversial editorial stance. But one can only take so much tedium: there's an awful lot of shit out there and most of it seems to end up in our in tray. Man cannot live by Lisa Stansfield alone. However, a staple diet of nourishing hate mail gives him a half decent start of a morning. It's nice to know that you care.

The more-or-less non-existent University music scene has led us to vent our repressed anguishes on a broad spectrum of mediocre meat 'n' veg records. All equally offensive in their utter pointlessness. To say that these bands "are good bands within their fields" (see letters page) simply isn't good enough. There's plenty to be cheered about, as today's page attempts to show, but that's no reason for – as one writer put it – "bland

acceptance and patronising insistence to others, 'less enlightened' that all genres and styles are equal". The world is full of god-awful music and it would be neither rewarding for us nor remotely interesting for you to write and read about how it's alright in its own soullessly contrived little way.

There are musicians, from all musical backgrounds, active in Cambridge but the unusual suffer – in the main – from marginalisation and from the heavy majority of bands who have founded long careers solely on being 'good in their field'. More and more, people are going to Cambridge ents not for the music but for the atmosphere and, while there's nothing whatsoever wrong with this standpoint, one of its consequences is the rise and sprawl of music which nobody particularly cares about. Equally, there's a reason for alternative music being called 'alternative': most people don't like it but this is no reason to stifle it. Fight the power.



## UM'S THE WORD

Nat Davies review Um at the Portland Arms

Despite all attempts to categorise Um, the crazy songster defies every pigeonhole in the vicinity. The new John Shuttleworth? Too out there. Another John Hegley? Too drunk. His weird hybrid of styles is probably best described as Shakin' Stevens meets Alan Parker Urban Warrior, possessing the sensibilities of an '80s casual and the social conscience of Lord Sutch. Happy to sing/rap/howl about subjects ranging from tigers to unemployment, Um's intentions are invariably unclear, but one thing is indisputable; he's bonkers. With a sur-

twisted mind. Which is all perfectly enjoyable and certainly very silly behaviour for the excitable Portland audience to witness. But Um's no inconsistent crowd-pleasing chancer. Last year he was awarded a Year of the Artist grant, regularly supports bands at local venues and has DJed at the Q Club's electronica night Retro Electro. He's also hoping to showcase a short film and is performing in various strange locations in June as part of the Leaps Experimental Music Festival. Phew. And, tireless crusader that he is, he's also making an

"Um. Um. What is Um? I am Um."

realist artillery comprising four-track, mixer, mini-harmonica, loudspeaker and glove puppet, he grapples valiantly with the inanities of life, mysteriously quoting a snippet of his impenetrable poetry before falling over or dancing like an over-enthusiastic dad at a school disco. Behind him, an imaginary skiffle group (all pre-recorded) bleeps, burps and groans dark chords which swirl around the torturous warblings of his

appearance at Strawberry Fair on the 2nd June, so drag your desk-weary arse down there and reduce the boredom quota of an otherwise bald and uninteresting Cambridge existence. If you're really keen, there's always the Um website ([www.umbusiness.co.uk](http://www.umbusiness.co.uk)), containing frenzied scribbles and silly drawings. And for all those academics out there, it's even got Um's recommended reading list attached. Enjoy.

## FOURTET FINDS HIS FORTE

Dave Thorley again fails to say much about the record. We suspect he didn't listen to it.

The complicated infrastructure of bands, side-projects, side-side-projects, alter egos and spare incarnations kept aside for a rainy day, is particularly dense in Manchester. Scarcely a gig goes by without support from someone claiming to be Grandpa Gallagher's weekend pursuit or Badly Drawn Boy's beard consultant finally taking himself seriously. Friends of friends of second cousins of ex-Fall session musicians seem to proliferate around the city in ever growing numbers. Their brief, primarily: to confuse.

But fine things come from small and ferociously complicated beginnings. Kieran Hebdon's second solo album (as Fourtet) comes with a

whole lot of PR bluster about "its more confident and distinctive range of sonics" than his previous, *Dialogue*, but as far as I can make out, the "wild mood shifts and abstract-jazz sax and horns" which were so derided in that first instance are not missing here. What's more, I can't see that either record is any the worse for that. Fourtet's sound over two albums has consistently been the clatter of a hundred Pied Pipers of Hamelin skipping through the town in wrought iron wellies. His genius lies in the ability to distort the half-way conventional into the wilfully obscure and still emerge sounding remotely coherent.

It's complicated, but so are all

things Mancunian (except Northern Uproar). With his band, Fridge, releasing an album later this year, Kieran will have accumulated a CV of six albums well into the first half of his twenties. But this is not the half arsed over productivity of most DIY pretenders (anyone remember Baby Bird?). *Pause's* electrical tinkling and rat-a-tat boom is actually rather well structured. It's got a beginning, a middle and an end as any primary school teachers listening would no doubt comment. But if there should happen to be any primary school teachers in Fourtet's audience, for heaven's sake don't try and draw his family tree: strong men have lost their wits in the pursuit.



➔ *Pause* by Fourtet is released on May 28th through Domino





## Seminal

Fabian Watersnake won't be seduced by smut as Seminal turns seminal

A wheelchair-bound aristocrat, dead from the waist down; an oppressed wife, pining for sexual attention; a simple, rugged game-keeper, "in her, turgid and quivering" – only DH Lawrence could think of stuff like this and only *Lady Chatterley's Lover* could spend so much time describing it. Under the book's covers, there once lay enough sex to outrage a nation. Even today, Lady Chatterley's irritating tendency to feel her 'womb' stir on the slightest pretext can seem gratuitous. Yet the real revelation is not the "withdrawing and contracting", the "strange, small boy's nakedness" of Lady Chatterley's first lover, nor the touching description of how "he would slip out of her and be gone". The real revelation of Lawrence's notorious novel is just how boring it is.

Which is why I'm going to talk about Milan Kundera's *Slowness* instead. Kundera and Lawrence, in fact, share the problem that wider themes in their work are sometimes swamped by explicit descriptions of sex. Critics can disagree. The *Independent* applauded Kundera's novel as "Rapid, brief, intelligent, amusing"; The *Guardian* found it "...rippling with philosophical jokes and satirical sketches". Yet to your average reader *Slowness* is about one thing and one thing only – and that thing happens to be ass holes. Never mind the writer's plea of existential analysis, it is Kundera's obvious preoccupation with "the supreme portal" that steals the show in a novel where sad and inept Vincent decides to reject the vulva and pleasure his lover via a more

unusual entrance – or, as he puts it, "I'm going to bugger you!"

It isn't simply that as a romantic hero, Vincent, boasting "a member as small as a wilted wild strawberry", falls absurdly short of the standard set by Don Juan and leaves the reader feeling cheated. More serious is the flaccid impotence of Kundera himself, attempting to ground Vincent's comic sex in philosophical discussion, but withering under his protagonist's relish to "stick my cock through you and nail you to the wall!" Ideological motifs that do make it to the surface are strangely specious. Kundera contrasts his condemnation of the vagina, "a noisy crossroads where all chattering humanity meets", with the mystery of the anus, "whose taboo even pornographic films respect". He thus exposes his ignorance of the *Maxi Anal-Crad* series, video classics that reveal reverence for the ass hole as being *seriously* misplaced. So I've been told by my friend. Ahem.

If Kundera fails to rise above a sloppy one night stand, then who does write seminal sex, sex that makes you want to rub the pages against your hot naked body whilst deliberating the deeper philosophical implications of such an action? Gabriel Garcia Marquez, that's who. And Gabriel's greatest work to date, *Love in the Time of Cholera*, is bursting with seminal seminal material. The moment when aged Florentino Ariza beds lifetime love Fermina Daza and finally persuades her to touch his now "almost hairless pubis"...Well, words just aren't enough.



## Buzzwords

Cambridge (and Oxford) literature came alive this week with the launch of the *May Anthologies*. The event was fantastic. A packed Waterstones was hushed to reverential silence as various contributors read out excerpts of their work – most of it disturbingly good. Zadie Smith was on top form, and wore a particularly fetching bandana / kitsch '60s tea-towel head-dress. Marvellous!

The slithering underbelly of Cambridge literature was also exposed this week, however. A sinister publication emerging from Fitzwilliam College has been roundly condemned by several members of the University, shocked at the apparently over-liberal content. Sam Dobdins, one of the editors of the title in question (which is cunningly known as *FitzBitz*), is reported to have said very little. Former *Fitzbitz* editor Lee Kern, however, has meanwhile consolidated his reputation as the godfather of Cambridge macabre (see last week's letters page). Responding to accusations of tastelessness, he has announced the publication of his latest work by the Cambridge University Creative Writing Society – *My Mum's got Cancer and Other Fun Stories* will be in the shops soon. Don't let it slip you by...

# The real May Day riot

Adrian Ellis toasts the talent in this year's May Anthologies



Yesterday I was asked how I felt. Not generally, but in relation to the *May Anthologies* and more specifically my co-editorship of the 2001 books. My answer would be that I've somehow skipped any sense of joy and gone straight from relief to reminiscence – a similar sensation to what you feel when you've spent months putting a play together and you sit there on the last night and NOTHING IS WRONG. All the neuroses are the same – people won't submit, people won't come to the launch, the posters should have been out sooner. In the end, of course, people do come and it all works and you feel a tingle of bemusement somewhere in there as well.

One of the best things about the *Mays* is that submissions are anonymous (the secretary removes the attached cover sheet). I can't think for the life of me why all new writing in Cambridge doesn't follow such

a policy. There are half a dozen magazines that don't attempt to negate nepotism by asking for names to be left off work. We received 294 poems (I know because I counted) and almost 100 stories and all the work had to fight for selection by itself, not be propped up by any familiarity that

**Zadie was first published in the Mays...now more than a quarter of a million copies of *White Teeth* have been sold.**

committee members had with the authors.

The other 'best thing' was Zadie Smith. In her introduction she writes "maybe in a few years this lot will have me out of a job" and I have no doubt that those published would like nothing more than to usurp her. Zadie was first published in the *Mays*

and now, having won awards, more than a quarter of a million paperback copies of *White Teeth* have been sold. That is the dream for most students who write; she's got the secret and everybody wants a piece of it. She was the perfect guest editor, recognising the significance of the books and coming to both launch parties – the first to invite submissions, the second to show off the product.

And I, for one, am pleased with the product. It's been almost a year since I got the job and there have been certain turbulences that I'll conveniently leave out but also a whole number of successes – getting the guest editors we got, running two packed launches with enthused audiences, receiving more submissions than ever before, the cover designs, interest from national papers. All that's left is for you to read the *Anthologies* yourselves, and discover what all the fuss is about...

# Under the Moon

Sarah Savitt

Stephen Walker's new novel, *Mr Landen Has No Brain*, is good for revision. After ten pages, even the idea of reading the entire *Faerie Queene* sounds thrilling.

The book purports to describe characters at a Wyndham-on-Sea caravan park that is trying to win a national contest for being safe. Safety is hampered by the androids, brainless-brain surgeons, floating cows, horny rabbits, and killer cooks on the loose. The most dangerous occupants, however, may be the 'suicidals' who – get this – "sit alone in their caravans listening to Radiohead". Terrifying.

The park obviously wins the contest, despite Radiohead. But neither story nor characters seem to be the reason for the book's creation, though Walker has token chapters documenting the inspector's journey through the town's caravan parks, as well as various sci-fi subplots. Walker appears to be not a novelist, rather a stand-up comic who believes humour is simply name-checking sources of modern angst.

There are attacks on school dinner-ladies (one roasts kids), Americans (they pronounce aluminium "aloominium"), the Turner Prize (an artist wallpapers cows to win), BSE, Stephen Hawking (he might be wrong!), the quest for celebrity (by wrapping one's head in sweet-wrappers), nuclear holocaust, management consultants (they hire a cow), post-modern feminism (in its Spice Girls incarnation), Riverdance, lesbian bondage, origami (bloody impossible, eh?), easy listening music...

No doubt, if Walker was writing now, foot-and-mouth would be included. Much of *Landen* is

about cows, and the chapters' divisions are marked by cow cartoons. I found myself wishing for a good funeral pyre to drop the book and its cows onto, just like Walker drops these 'humour topics' into a story which lacks tension, interesting characters, and stylish writing.

I'll leave you with the best bit, about Cthulha, who has been stiffening her nipples: "She had a clitoris like a beach ball, a cervix like a cooling tower and nipples that still hadn't come down from her second bout with Davey Farrell's ices box." If you really want to read the rest, you can have my copy – I'm off to the library.



*Mr Landen Has No Brain* by Stephen Walker is available in paperback priced £5.99

# Musical Politics

Emilia Galotti assesses the institution of the college music society

As all of us are told repeatedly, Cambridge University and the collegiate system has the advantage of providing everyone with “a small and friendly community”, “the chance to get involved” – so on and so on. However, I have increasingly noticed the subtle disadvantages for music which arise due to the over-prevalence of that most wonderful of institutions, the college music society.

Perhaps ‘over-prevalence’ is unfair: surely, the existence of so many individual, enthusiastic groups of music loving students can only be good for the music scene of a university the size of Cambridge. Maybe so, but sometimes more can be less. For example, looking at the concert calendar for any week of any term, although a choice of at least three concerts, recitals or extravaganzas of some sort per night exists, the variety of what’s on offer just does not reflect the quantity.

Why is this? Probably because of our 30 or so colleges, almost all are beset with a dangerous, indestructible pride which somehow means they try valiantly to perform the same functions as a whole university on their own, with ruthless competitiveness. This manifests itself in many ways, from boat club to May Ball, and is naturally responsible for the likeable atmosphere of jocular banter which exists

between colleges. Musically however, the result is less than desirable. In week eight, all societies skilfully arrange their concerts to fall on the same night, at the same time, and also decide that they will all have the same programme. Then it is the concerts which have flashy posters, take place in the more famous chapels, or

**Colleges which could do with a few extra quid get seven keen first years, a bored senior tutor, an over-enthusiastic master and the college cat for an audience**

boast the best after show party which get the all-important bums on seats, and make the most money. Usually, these concerts are put on by the richest colleges, and the colleges which could do with a few extra quid get seven keen first years, a bored senior tutor, an over-enthusiastic Master and the college cat for an audience.

Different colleges use the bracket of ‘college music society’ to encompass different things. Firstly, there are the colleges where the music society exists purely for music making within college – giving college members the chance to play orchestral works in wonderful chapel or garden settings – for many, it is the only chance they get to do so. The opportuni-

ty is not just for players either, but for conductors, orchestral managers and composers also. Other colleges, however, widen their umbrella somewhat to construct performances of works which require more in the way of numbers, quality and range of performers than the college alone could ever hope to conjure

up. So an orchestra is assembled which is made up of players from across the University, or even beyond, which continues to masquerade as the ‘college orchestra’, even though all the players can be seen again the next night at the college down the road. Quickly, players are sucked from supporting their own colleges, as better opportunities lie elsewhere. As a consequence, the college then builds itself a nice little reputation as an “excellent music society” whereas, in reality, the smaller and less ambitious music society serves its purpose better, as it holds on to that “chance to get involved” which is so important in order for music to be available to all.

The key to taking advantage of the

wealth of musical talent and incredible concert venues lies with inventive and original programming and planning from college music societies, and just a little communication and co-ordination between each other. To start with, concerts could be scheduled at different times of term, each focusing on different genres, works, and composers. It seems that contemporary music is left to the University New Music Society and Kettles’ Yard – how about one of the colleges devotes itself entirely to one cause for a term? Perhaps societies could widen their scope further, and present more productions away from the purely ‘classical’ music world. Music societies could present their own college’s talent in the jazz and popular fields, encouraging more of the college to get involved, losing the edge of exclusivity, and generating more money for their cause. Certainly, it would help smaller college societies to stop trying to compete with the antics of the larger ones, and instead be impressive by supplying a more original alternative.

There is such enthusiasm, such potential and so many resources that the littlest imagination could transform the Cambridge concert scene into something far more inclusive, original and exciting than what currently graces the music notice-boards week after week after week...

## REVIEW

Last Sunday’s concert marked the last appearance of Rory Macdonald and his *straVinsky ensemble* in Cambridge. The opening *Scherzo Russe* from the orchestra’s namesake was notable for its rhythmic energy and a panache that steered cheerfully through the healthy vulgarity inherent in the work. At one or two moments individual violin parts sounded momentarily imprecise, but that is carping.

Owen Cox’s performance of Prokofiev’s Second Violin Concerto showed remarkable assurance. The opening of the slow movement was poised and perfectly judged, his vibrato finely graded and intonation spot-on. Macdonald’s accompaniment was again full of energy; a slightly loud bassoon and a few mishaps in the trumpets aside, the orchestral contribution was of the highest student standard.

Sibelius’ Seventh Symphony was given a magisterial performance. The string playing was imbued with an inner life and intensity that is rare nowadays, and almost always absent from student concerts. The answering wind phrases seemed to grow out of the texture organically, with both atmosphere and latent dynamism. The manifold tempo changes were managed with the utmost ease. Overall a remarkable performance.

## PREVIEWS

### Phantastikon

Mumford Theatre, East Road • Fri 11 • 1.10pm

Period instrument ensemble *Phantastikon* in a recital of Baroque music as part of APU’s lunchtime concert series. *Admission free.*

### Chamber Choir

Trinity Chapel • Fri 11 • 8pm

CUC in Handel’s *Acis and Galatea*, conducted by David Lowe. Tickets £10/8/5

### CUCO

West Road • Sat 12 • 8pm

World famous oboist Douglas Boyd conducts CUCO in a programme including Stravinsky’s Concerto in D for Strings, Mozart’s Clarinet Concerto (Richard Hosford) and Symphony 39, and Lindberg’s *Awary*. Tickets £12/10/5

### Robot! The Musical

Cambridge State Opera • North by Northwest Road • Sat 12 • 8 BC

Following on from their award-winning Broadway version of *‘A la recherche du temps perdu’* and the sing-along *‘Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire’*, the Staatsoper presents Alwa Schön’s surrealist ‘entertainment’ for his self-styled ‘Chaterouse’ and chamber orchestra. Featuring Lord Byron’s pet bear in a cameo role, *Robot!* draws heavily on the musical traditions of *Wienerknödlfänger*, besides cultural-cross references to the indigenous shinty music from Outer Mongolia that has proved such inspiration to Schön in the past. Well known man-about-town Dan ‘Corleone’ Lambertini waves his hands about randomly. Tickets 1000 AS; evaders are liable to be clamped.

Monsieur Croche, with help from Eusebuis

# Orlando Superbo!

Liz Fleming, Richard Latham

Handel’s *Orlando*, first performed in London in January 1733, is a daunting prospect for any director due to the difficulty of staging the magical elements which dominate the opera, involving complicated transformations and spectacular dramatic effects.

Handel opera is becoming a more common occurrence on the operatic stage but the Cambridge Handel Opera Group stands alone in its commitment to an eighteenth-century inspired performance, both musically and dramatically.

The use of a ‘baroque’ orchestra of many other modern productions seems to be the only concession to performance practice. The Cambridge Handel Opera Group, however does not conform to the current trend of ‘real life’ staging, preferring to use a more gestural form of acting. This supports the static nature of the *da capo* aria tradition rather than working against it – a flaw of many modern Handel revivals.

Richard Gregson’s production was extremely consistent as well as being an aesthetically beautiful conception, combining a modern set with this gestural style. He used simple means to create the magical essence of the work. *Orlando* is typical of opera seria with its tale of love tensions and their resolutions but the ever-increasing madness of Orlando is only reversed by his renunciation of amor to maintain his glory and honour.

The opera is musically outstanding with its manipulation of the *da capo* aria convention to represent the hero’s descent into insanity, though some of the most delightful arias adhere to the traditional form. Andrew Jones prepared both the musical score and the

English translation. Translation is not favoured in the eyes of the opera world but has the advantage of clarifying the intricate details of Handel’s musical settings.

Many of the amusing moments would have gone unnoticed; similarly the real emotion of the most touching arias required an immediacy of comprehension. The overall effect of the student orchestra was good; particularly magical was the viola duet in the third act. Some other subtle moments could have benefited from a more inspired accompaniment.

Of the singers (professional) Angharad Gruffydd Jones, a former choral scholar at Clare, was a favourite with the audience. Her portrayal of the naive shepherdess was expressive and accomplished, providing light relief and yet not without deeply emotional substance. The cavatina and aria at the beginning of act two were particularly notable. Kay Jordan handled the more stately character of Angelica with poise and grace, offering an expressive interpretation of the wealth of slow arias written for this part.

In the title role, Catherine Griffiths’ coloratura and breath control were stunning during the heroic arias and she captured the intimacy of the act three sleep aria. Richard Strivens had a strong and commanding stage presence, vital to the role of Zoroastro who presides over the unfolding events on stage.

The convincing and exciting live performance much outweighed some of the less polished moments. Overall, a highly impressive production and a welcome change for the Cambridge musical scene. The 2003 offering is definitely one to look forward to.



➤ Godwin is dead ↓ Trinity May Week Mafia ➤ The merits of short films

# Up close and personal

**Rob Sharp isn't near the knuckle**

A host of student films have been put to the not so assiduous Cambridge viewing public in the past months. Responses have certainly been mixed. Oh, how we laughed when we saw *The Eddie Effect*. How we cried when observing the guffaw-a-minute hoots of Dan Wilde and his Trinity chums swigging champagne and insulting people who aren't clever enough to push the red button ("yeah – natural lighting, see"). This latest work from Talamasca films isn't properly comparable to the former lackadaisical forays into 'the world of movie-making'. They share little in common.

Talamasca was founded "almost literally in the second week of arriving in Cambridge" by a group of old school-friends and has consistently teamed up to produce interesting, if not always technically understated, short films. Where the previous short *The Lost Domain* was criticised for not knowing its limits, *Too Close to the Bone* breaks through ceilings often imposed by

small budgets and a crew not fully appreciating the intricacies of their craft. With a handful of professional crew and the obvious benefits of a handsome 13k budget received from various Oxbridge bursaries, the results are undeniably impressive.

However, director Sebastian Godwin is keen not to let the 35mm and passionate classical soundtrack (or the schoolboy sycophancy of the John's termcard) sway your opinion. With such elements, the film could certainly win festival entry, but this surely isn't the point. Godwin states with typical hubris that the piece, looking at the final autobiographical reminiscences of Allon White, should be judged on its artistic merits.

Talamasca have moved on in leaps and bounds since *The Lost Domain*, as many of the original criticisms have obviously been taken to heart. Actors now have personas lending themselves to the big screen and the experience to carry themselves effectively whilst on it. Characteristic slow tracking shots

convey the variegation of memory sequences (Heaney is 'more real than my own breath') whilst the screenplay parallels White's terminal situation. The dialogue is kept to a minimum, allowing the painstakingly constructed visual imagery to work wonders. There isn't a need to overdo speech when the locations are as sensitively shot as this, the technical proficiency not out of sorts with the imagery and vice-versa.

But don't go selling your stories just yet. It isn't edge of your seat stuff (an invalid although populist criticism). It probably is at the edge of the spectrum produced by filmmakers not on a media/film BA though, and marks an impressive addition to anyone's showreel. Hopefully Godwin and associate producer Tom Perrin have set a precedence for people to follow in their footsteps.

So go on. Lay off the self-congratulation, over-zealous advertising and Moët before you know what you're doing though. Unless of course I'm invited.



➔ **Talamasca Film Night** is at St John's Fisher Building on Sun 13 May at 7.30pm

## School's out

**Spike Jonze**

As exam fear started to bite, it was with some intrepidation that I approached *May Week*. It's bad enough to be locked indoors, vampire like, hiding from the healthy sun alongside piles of supposedly reassuring books. But having to watch a documentary about such a carefree time really takes some nerves. We all know and love May Week, well, maybe not the week itself but definitely the concept. That is all of us except for clueless first years, to whom a May Ball seems a fairytale, joyous experience unblemished by drunken reality. It may really be all about excess, drunken pulling and sun-burn, but Cambridge is better off with it. After all, we can't wear college scarves in the summer. As a phenomenon it is inevitable material for a documentary, thankfully for us this film is no *Cambridge Uncovered*.

Set in the May Week of Ali G fame, Daniel Wilde's film presents a slight and superficially fun look into the lives of some crazy Trinity kids. What we get is some glib footage of May Week's greatest hits: Suicide Sunday, the May Ball etc. We are led through this by Wilde's friends who, with time, inevitably grate. There are some nicely-observed moments such as the subtitled dialogue of an annoying Jesus boatie, and some very strange garden party games, but this is mostly padding and voiceover. The soundtrack helps build a menacing, debauched atmosphere but the finale is let down by the lack of any interesting material, the filmmakers predictably sacrificing integrity in order to enjoy their May Week

experience.

Despite displaying some wry humour, this film has the unfortunate effect of showing off our clichéd Cambridge best. The actual May Ball footage itself doesn't convey how truly weird it can be to have your college transformed so radically. It seems to be filmed long before the night really kicked off, leaving it strangely devoid of people or any atmosphere. *May Week* is an enjoyable enough home video but that is all. Its primary, well only, audience will surely be Daniel Wilde's friends.



## TAKING SHORT CUTS

**Daniel Lambert believes brevity is best**

There is often something of a stigma attached to short films – usually by those not familiar with the medium – but from Buster Keaton's one-reelers to Aronofsky's recent award-winning efforts, they have played a key role in the history of cinema. Many of the most accomplished directors began their careers in film by producing shorts, and have returned to the medium throughout their career due to the unique opportunities it offers.

For example Krzysztof Kieslowski – best known for the outstanding *Three Colours* trilogy – directed over 30 shorts in his lifetime; amongst them ten short films commissioned for Polish TV: *The Decalogue* (1988). Based on themes inspired by the ten commandments, they mark the beginning of the creative peak of Kieslowski's career. Intensely moving and meaningful, the brevity of each film is played upon as an asset – the points are made swiftly and certainly. Each episode is self-contained, from *Decalogue I (I Am the Lord Thy God)*, the story of a boy who starts asking the questions of life from his rationalist father and religious aunt, to *Decalogue X (Thou Shalt Not Covet Thy Neighbour's Goods)*, a comic tale of estranged brothers who bond through an ordeal involving their father's priceless stamp collection. Two of the shorts were later expanded upon to produce the seminal works *A Short Film About Killing* and *A Short Film About Love*.

Short films often produce real oddities. Danny Boyle's *Elephant* (1989) is neither a documentary nor a story. The film follows – from point-of-view camerawork – 16 successive killings of anonymous characters in a faceless urban environment. If we didn't know

that the film was produced by Boyle, and commissioned by BBC Northern Ireland, the violence would seem almost abstract. As it is, Boyle makes a subtle and powerful statement about the banality of terrorist violence. His film is totally unique, and terrifying – and a statement of intent for later works like *Shallow Grave* and *Trainspotting*.

*La Jetée* is probably the most well-known short, and deservedly so. Mostly set in a post-apocalyptic future, and almost totally composed of individual frozen pictures – a photo-montage with sparse narration – it deals, in 30 minutes, with themes as complex as mortality and time. By stripping down traditional cinematographic conventions and structures, *La Jetée* also makes a vivid and powerful statement about the nature of film itself.

King's films took the initiative last term by showcasing shorts like *Un*

*Chien Andalou*. In addition to this, the CSAE Film Competition offered many fine examples of short film. Shorts seem to be the best way for student filmmakers to reconcile their ambitions with scant resources (the young Scorsese's reputation was established with shorts like *Italianamerican*).

Comparing full-length Cambridge-based feature *The Eddie Effect* with the shorter *Too Close to the Bone* illustrates this. *Too Close to the Bone* marks the philosophical and artistic height of student film in Cambridge. Original and concise, the effectively sparse script and vivid imagery linger in the mind. In contrast, *The Eddie Effect* struggles to make an impact, despite being seven times as long. Cambridge shorts like *Autobahn* and *Robot* (both shot on DV) have proved that successful work can even be made on a shoestring budget. Let's hope there's more in the pipeline.





## Listings

### Snatch

Robinson • Sun 13 • 7pm, 10pm  
Guy 'Mockney' Richie serves up another slice of Laaandaan gangster pie, complete with side order of 'Brad Pitt does Irish Accent'. I really didn't want to laugh but I did. See if you can sit through the whole thing without wanting to disembowel Vinnie Jones. It's tricky.

Julia Blyth

### Casablanca

Trinity • Sun 13, Mon 14 • 9pm  
A great chance to watch a classic of cinema, and Humphrey Bogart at his best. During World War II, *Casablanca* becomes an important stepping stone for Europeans seeking safety in America. And everyone seems to pass through Rick's bar. Just as Rick manages to obtain two valuable papers of transit, a Hungarian resistance fighter and his wife step into the frame, with huge consequences. The film was never expected to be successful, and had no great budget or backing. But it demonstrates a source of magic that is no longer present in cinema: the magic of Hollywood. A great, twisting plot, top performances, and leads you can really root for – what more do you want for an evening's entertainment? Play it, Sam.

Tom Armitage

### Dogma

Robinson • Thu 17 May • 9.30pm  
A moderately funny Kevin Smith yarn. Winner of 'bizarrest casting of God' award. Hollywood buddies Damon and Affleck play fallen angels or some-such. It takes a theologian to explain the religious bits. Not suitable for *Daily Mail* readers.

Julia Blyth

### National Lampoon's Animal House

Corpus • Tue 15 • 8pm  
In all its tasteless glory, *Animal House* is probably the best of National Lampoon's movies. The plot is mercifully brief: new kids arrive at Faber College, in 1962, and end up in the only frat house they could get into – and they learn why that was fairly quickly. The film follows the antics of the members of Delta Fraternity, and Pinto and Flounder's induction into the way of the frat. What ensues is a collection of fabulous set pieces and base gags, including much underage sex, toga parties, and John Belushi's priceless "impersonation of a zit". It's crude, funny, highly anti-establishment, of its era, and caps it all with a wicked ending. Brainless and brilliant.

Tom Armitage

### Small Time Crooks

Churchill • Fri 11 • 8pm  
Woody Allen's most recent release, starring Allen and Tracey Ullman as Ray and Frenchie Winkler, was greeted by critics as a return to form. The film resembles many of his older, most well-loved films, foregrounding a quirky love story over a New York backdrop with Allen as the (unlikely) love interest. Revealing a seedier side to Allen's New York, Ray and his fellow less-than-competent crooks plot a bank robbery while Frenchie sets up a cookie shop to act as cover. As Ray's criminal genius fails him and the 'robbery' descends into farce, Frenchie's cookies become rather more successful than planned...

Eithne Staunton

# Cambridge film festival Faithless

## Chris Heath joins the programme

Now that the Arts Picturehouse has such a hegemonic grip on exciting new cinema within Cambridge, it is difficult to remember that it was born from the ashes of another popular cinema. Back when there was a Haagen-Dasz and an Eaden Lilley's department store there existed the Cambridge Arts Cinema. The short term memory of a quickly-evolving student body means that few will recall that Cambridge used to hold a prestigious film festival. And prestigious is no mere euphemism; cinema greats such as Wim Wenders, Philip Kaufman, Jack Cardiff and Krzysztof Kieslowski have all passed through town since it was first held way back in 1977. Film premieres have included Ridley Scott's *Thelma and Louise*, the Coens' *Barton Fink*, Woody

Allen's *Crimes And Misdemeanours*, and Peter Greenaway's *The Pillow Book*.

Sounds exciting? Well then you'll be glad to know that after a five year break the Arts Picturehouse is resurrecting the festival, running from 12 to 22 July. Festival organisers are currently in Cannes signing up talent but have already fulfilled the 'controversial' picture role by holding the premier of Patrice Chereau's *Intimacy*. This intense drama, depicting a woman's solely sexual adulterous relationship, has been passed uncut by the BBFC despite its very graphic depiction of oral sex. Starring Kerry Fox and Mark Rylance, director of the Globe Theatre, it promises to be an involving experience. Other highlights including a weekend of films presented in 70mm, the inevitable retrospectives

and educational programmes.

The festival is outside of term time so you may be wondering why it matters to you. Well, for anyone wishing to work in film it promises to be a useful introduction to the industry. Applications are now being accepted for festival volunteers. They are predominantly looking for people to work in any of the following areas: marketing, press and publicity, hospitality, events, film transport and front-of-house. For anyone with some internet experience the role of festival Webmaster and website administrator is up for grabs. If you're interested please send your CV to Becky Innes at the Arts Picturehouse, 38-39 St Andrews Street, Cambridge, CB2 3AR, indicating which areas you would be most interested in working in.

## Kate Coggins

This is a film about love and damage. *Faithless* is based on a Bergman screenplay, directed by his one time lover, Liv Ullmann. This suggests a work painfully close to the bone, not least as the 'audience' figure of the old man is Bergman himself. There is a slightly uneasy unreality to the structure of the film. The boundaries between 'real life', as narrated by Lena Endre, and the internal world of the dramatist and the relation to his muse become blurred. Biography aside, this is a stunning film. Endre's portrayal of a woman caught up in a love affair with her husband's best friend is powerful and extremely moving. The anguish she feels for the consequences of her actions on her young daughter is heart-rending.

This, of course, is to be expected from a film of the Bergman pedigree, Liv Ullmann claimed in an interview that she worked in the sunshine of his influence, not his shadow. If you like Bergman films then you will certainly enjoy this film. It shares the grim intensity of films such as *The Silence*, and has the guts and voice to say something about how (in)fidelity stays with you for some time. It suggests that life is sometimes constructed through compromise, whilst avoiding bitterness in its representation of three lives that destroy each other. Reminiscent of *Jules et Jim*, and equally tragic in its ending, *Faithless* explores what it means to attempt to work against society's boundaries.

What is fascinating about this film is the role of the shadowy 'Bergman' who draws out the story from the sometimes reluctant Marianne (Endre). It is never clear if the whole episode is merely a figment of his imagination or if he is a character himself linked with the events of her life.

Yet this is hardly the point. What it does do is give the film a certain poetic quality, and means it will withstand as many viewings as you can give it.



# Summertime, and the livin' is easy...

## The ultimate revision plan courtesy of Chris Heath

We're sorry to say that *Varsity* Film is packing up to do its finals. But don't worry we're not going to leave you lost in a wilderness of bad cinema, well only if you like it that way. Just to spite ourselves with what we are going to miss, here is a roundup of upcoming promising films.

The first of the big summer blockbusters is *The Mummy Returns* (18 June) It promises babes fighting in bikinis spray painted gold. Throw in the Rock and you realise how profoundly this film understands its demographic. Another big Hollywood blockbuster is *Pearl Harbor* (1 June) Jerry

Bruckheimer, the master of high concept and the Three Act film, tried to convince us that he gone all serious with *Remember the Titans*, but this promises to be a return to form with lots of Americans dying in prettily pyrotechnic ways. Talking of pretty, every Goth's favourite pin up, Johnny Depp stars in *Blow* (25 May) a film that tries to do to cocaine what *Boogie Nights* did with porn. Director Ted Demme aims for Martin Scorsese's *Goodfellas* but gets Brian De Palma's *Snakeeyes*. If you like crazy American seventies fun then there is also *Tigerland* (18 May) This is not a safari park set in deepest Wiltshire, promising

exciting kid's learning programmes, but an excuse for Hollywood to play *Full Metal Jacket* again. Throw in some bloke from Bally K and Mr *Batman & Robin*, Joel Schumacher, as director and let the blandness commence. Finally, also from America, comes *Series 7* (1 June) a reality TV spoof where contestants are forced to kill one another. This is no *Running Man* though, the heroine is heavily pregnant.

Moving into Arts Picturehouse territory *The Terrorist* will no doubt appear sometime this term. Championed by John Malkovich in the US this film is an intense drama about a pregnant Sri Lankan terrorist facing a suicide mis-

sion. The film's star Ayesha Dharker impressed so much that she has been cast in the new *Star Wars* film where she can express her talent by talking blankly to computer images. Meanwhile the director of the acclaimed French comedy *Le Gout Des Autres*, Agnes Jaoui, will be visiting the Arts Picturehouse (Thu 17 May, 7.10pm) along with its star Jean-Pierre Bacri to take your questions. The highlight of this term's viewing though promises to be *Amores Perros*, (Arts Picturehouse 18 May) This film has won much critical acclaim, but controversially includes a dog fighting sub plot. Definitely something to get your claws into.



# Cambridge cock-up

# Ball Games



Photo: Catherine Harrison

## Men's cricket

### Cambridge UCCE lost to Durham UCCE by 6 wickets

Toby Hughes

After Cambridge's performance in the BUSA championship last year the current season offered an opportunity to right that wrong and actually try winning more than one game. Entering the match against Durham UCCE after a resounding victory over Leeds/Bradford UCCE Cambridge were highly optimistic that they could beat a very strong Durham side.

Durham won the toss and put Cambridge into bat on a slow wicket that offered less bounce than the M25. Openers Stuart Block and the highly experienced Graham Dill fell early after Dill had belied his years and hit some excellent shots. Vikram Kumar and James Pyemont then put on 87 for the third wicket, Kumar scoring another fine half century, before a middle order collapse saw Cambridge fall to 145 for 6. Only some fine scoring and scampering from Adam Johnson pushed the total to a below par 179 for 7, disappointing and somewhat short of the mark.

The gigantic Will Jefferson, whom the

bowlers found most intimidating standing like the Jolly Green Giant at the crease, and the Ronnie-Corbettesque-Brown opened the batting for Durham and put on 96 for the first wicket in only 26 overs with Cambridge's bowlers and fielders alike being a little undisciplined in the field. With Durham getting off to a flier Cambridge were always going to struggle to pull them back and despite two late wickets by Joel Cliffe and Toby Hughes, who had previously dropped two catches earlier in the day, and a very tight spell from Pyemont with his twirly off-spin, Durham completed a comfortable six wicket victory. A disappointing result for Cambridge, but skipper Ben Collins was not entirely pessimistic about losing against a Durham side that included several county contracted players. Cambridge will hope that they can perform better in their remaining BUSA matches and that their one-day form does not follow the same vertical slope that it disappeared down last year.

Cambridge UCCE's season continues with a three-day game against Sussex beginning on 16 May and don't forget that this year's one-day Varsity match is to be played at Lords on 28 June with entry being free for students. Come along and support Cambridge as they try to reverse their current one day form and beat Oxford.

## Women's cricket

### Cambridge UCCE lost to Oxford UCCE by 18 runs

Ellie Martin

Once again, owing to the weather, Oxford were drawn as the first fixture of the season. Once again Cambridge somehow managed to lose a game that should have been theirs.

Oxford won the toss and chose to bat first. Cambridge started well, with a diamond duck, swiftly followed by two more wickets. Unfortunately for them this brought two players to the crease who, with a selection of hockey shots and more lives than a cat, made a substantial stand. Oxford comfortably batted out their 40 overs, finishing on 135 for 6.

With Cambridge's top six in great form in the nets, this still looked a comfortable target. However, in the face of mediocre bowling, they proceeded to get out in a variety of silly ways. The notable exception was Eve Henshaw, with an outstanding innings of 40. In the end a staunch innings from newcomer Kendra Butlin brought them closer than expected, but they just couldn't quite make it. All in all, a very disappointing loss for Cambridge.

## SPORTS SHORTS

### Women's tennis

The Ladies Blues beat The Hurlingham Club last weekend with some convincing doubles play from the Cambridge side. The Blues won seven of their nine matches, drawing level in the remaining two, with Emily Dowdeswell and Amanda Janes dropping only two games in the course of the afternoon. Bizzy Stubbs and Lucy Begg overcame some tough opposition to win two of their three matches, increasing in confidence as the afternoon progressed. The fast courts and gusty winds seemed to suit Sarah Howell and Jenny Burrage, who triumphed in some closely fought rallies and quick exchanges at the net.

A winter of indoor play and the hard work of the Blues trip to Marbella seem to be paying off, but Cambridge need to maintain their present form over the coming weeks. The Varsity match, on 16 and 17 June, will hopefully see a repeat of last year's win, this time on home territory.

Amanda Janes

### Ballroom dancing

The 28th Ballroom Dancing Varsity Match takes place at Kelsey Kerridge on Saturday 12 May. Teams of eight couples will compete in all four of the standard dances: Waltz, Quickstep, Cha Cha and Jive. Peripheral contests in Rock 'n' Roll and Salsa, amongst others, will also run throughout the day.

Ballroom dancing has half-Blue status at both Oxford and Cambridge, reflecting the dancers' huge commitment to training and practice (over ten hours a week in some cases, according to Cambridge Captain Paul Walker).

1999's Varsity match at Kelsey Kerridge attracted over 400 spectators, and with Cambridge 14 behind in other inter-university competitions this year, the Light Blues clearly have a score to settle. Admission is free, and for more information see [www.cam.ac.uk/societies/cdc/varsity/](http://www.cam.ac.uk/societies/cdc/varsity/).

10.30	Doors Open
11.30	Competitions start
12.20	Performances by XS Latin Formation Team
3.00-5.00	Ballroom Varsity Match
3.45	Cambridge University Offbeat Team
7.20	Presentations
8.30	Last Waltz

Hilary Weale

### Women's football

The Cupper's Final between Girton and Newnham will be played this Saturday 12 May. Due to be contested last term, it was postponed owing to waterlogged pitches. It should be a closely-fought encounter as both teams stormed through their halves of the draw. However, Girton enjoy the advantage of playing on their home pitches. Kick-off 4pm.

Rachel Sheridan & Hilary Weale

### Archery

On Saturday 19 May the 52nd Annual Archery Varsity Match will take place at Oxford on the University Parks. Cambridge are confident of victory for both the Blues and novice teams.

Ian Caulfield

### Cricket

Cambridge University cricket club continue their match against Essex today, the third day of three.

### Rowing

The first event of the college rowing term takes place on Sunday 13 May. The head to head race will give an early indication of Bumps form.

Adam Joseph

## Gaelic football

### 3-10 Cambridge 0-5 Oxford

Tim McKeown

Cambridge University Gaelic football team have won back the Moynihan Cup with an overpowering performance against their Oxford counterparts at Horspath Athletic Grounds, near Oxford, two weeks ago.

The first half was a tight affair, with both teams making a cagey start, but it was Cambridge who got off the mark first with a point from play. Oxford equalised soon after, but Cambridge then went in front with a well-finished goal from Aidan Campbell. The teams exchanged scores until the referee's whistle went for half time, with the score at Oxford four points, Cambridge one goal and two points (a goal is worth three points) so a slender one point lead for the Light Blues at the break.

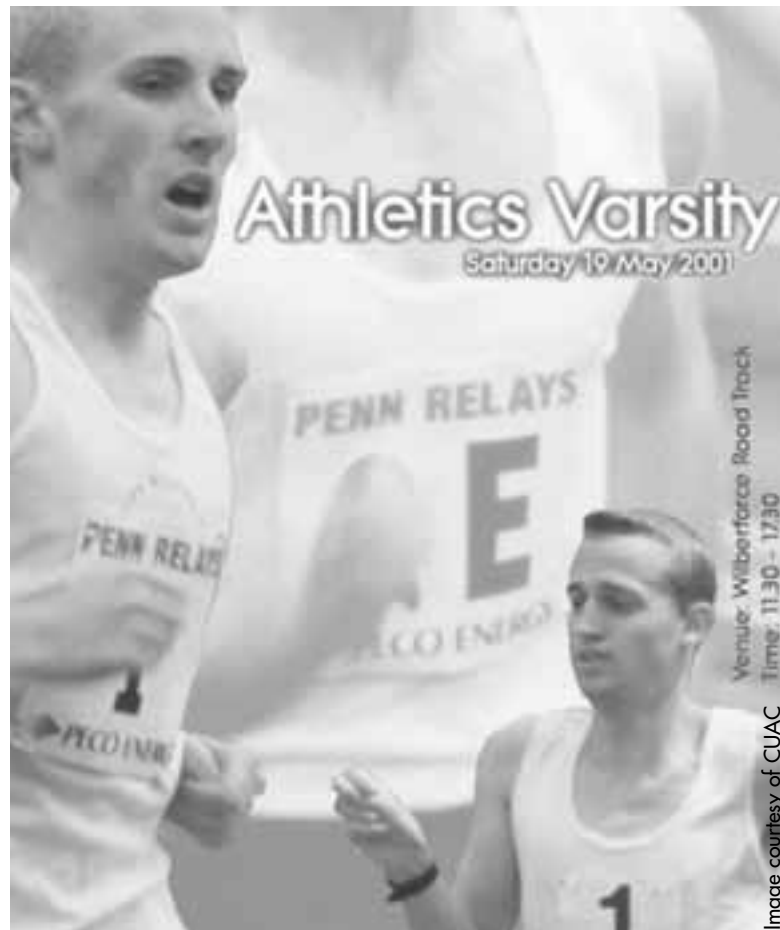
However, the second half was a different story. Cambridge were suddenly much more able to find free men with their passes, and had Oxford making tactical changes to try to compensate. The Light Blues took some very clever

points, before full-forward Shane Horgan was pulled down in the penalty area, and the referee signalled a penalty kick. It was Horgan who steadied himself to take the penalty, and he coolly slotted the ball under the Oxford goalkeeper to the obvious delight of himself and his teammates. Oxford never recovered from that blow, only managing one point in the whole of the second half.

Cambridge continued to dominate, and soon had the ball in the back of the net again, with Shane Horgan continuing his excellent display by punching the ball home. This, along with some well-taken points from frees by Adrian Harrington and continued good shooting by the Cambridge forwards, meant the visitors ended the game as comfortable winners, with a final score of Cambridge three goals and ten points, a total of 19 points, to Oxford's tally of five points.

After the match, Cambridge captain Tim McKeown agreed that his side were probably the better team on the day and deserved their victory, and added that he hoped that Gaelic football will continue to grow in popularity within the University, and that the Varsity match will continue to be an annual fixture for many years to come.

# Running free



Venue: Wilberforce Road Track  
Time: 11.30 - 17.30  
Image courtesy of CUAC

## Athletics

### Hilary Weale

This year's Varsity Match is taking place on Saturday 19 May at Wilberforce Road. With the match at home and the timetable shown below, do take a break from revision to go and support the Light Blues.

11.30	Hammer (Men)	1.30	100m (W, M)
12.00	Long Jump (M)		Discus (M)
12.30	Hammer (Women)	1.50	3000m Steeple-chase (M)
	Pole Vault (W, M)	2.10	100m Hurdles (W)
	400m Hurdles (W)	2.20	110m Hurdles (M)
12.45	400m Hurdles (M)	2.30	Discus (W)
1.00	High Jump (M)		Triple Jump (M)
	Long Jump (W)	2.40	400m (W, M)
	800m (W, M)	3.00	1500m (W, M)
		3.15	High Jump (W)
		3.30	Javelin (M)
			Shot (W)
		3.40	200m (W, M)
		4.00	Triple Jump (W)
			5000m (M)
		4.25	200m Hurdles (M)
		4.30	Shot (M)
			Javelin (W)
		4.45	4 x 100m Relay (W, M)
		5.00	5000m (W)
		5.30	4 x 400m Relay (W, M)



# CAMBRIDGE CLIMAX

After twelve years, Cambridge wrap up victory in Varsity football



Photo: The Oxford Student

## Football

1 Oxford  
3 Cambridge

Tim Hall

If 12 years without a victory was meant to provide a daunting challenge to Cambridge, it did not show. Oxford United's Manor Ground has an air of desolation hanging over its rusting ruins. However, last Friday things changed: the floodlights shone with renewed vigour, the flaking veneer of the terraces seemed almost to sparkle and there was something in the electric atmosphere, roar of the fans and pure, unbridled passion of a Varsity match that was reminiscent of Oxford Utd's halcyon days in Division Two.

Premiership referee Paul Durkin had only just removed the whistle from his

mouth after the kick-off when he found himself awarding Cambridge a penalty, which was merited by their enterprising opening. "Ball to hand" and "disputed" will be the verdict of *The Oxford Student* and *Cherwell* as they try to salvage some pride for their fallen heroes, but don't listen: striker Damian Kelly certainly didn't as his expertly-taken spot kick left the Oxford 'keeper with no chance and sent the travelling faithful, about 70 strong, wild with delight.

For half an hour the score remained the same as the game inevitably became a midfield war of attrition. Central midfielders Graeme Paxton and Dave Harding excelled for Cambridge, with Paxton winning everything in the air and the terrier-like Harding snapping ferociously at Oxford's heels. Half chances were created by both sides but spurned, until Oxford suddenly stole an unexpected equaliser. A looping shot from 20 yards seemed to be sailing

harmlessly over the Cambridge goal before dipping sharply over the head of stranded Cambridge 'keeper Dan Madden. 1-1 and the game was yet again in the balance as the Oxford fans found new voice and hope. Briefly Cambridge had to withstand a torrent of pressure but held firm, particularly in the centre of defence where Treharne and man-of-the-match Hepburn looked as imposing as ever in stifling repeated Oxford efforts.

It was now that Cambridge had to show their mettle. Stunned by an unfortunate equaliser in front of a hostile crowd, a lesser team might have wilted under the pressure. But lesser teams don't cruise past a West Ham Academy side 3-1 and scare a national side in their home stadium. As the eminent professor of the game Ron Atkinson would agree, there is no better time to score than in the "psychological minute" before half-time.

Cambridge duly obliged and their second strike followed a similar course to the first. A long throw from the typically-assured right back Ben Challis was met by the head of Paxton before falling to striker Goran Glamocak six yards from goal. As he was cynically brought down in the ensuing mêlée, referee Durkin waved play on for the ever-alert Harding to steal in and tuck the ball past the flailing Oxford 'keeper.

Coach John Drabwell, who had earlier pulled off the psychological masterstroke of stealing the home side dressing room for Cambridge, kept his comments brief at half-time, exhorting his players to commit all their reserves of strength in the last and most important 45 minutes of the season. Such passion for the cause was clearly evident amongst the Cambridge players, whose confidence was visibly growing as the game continued. It is testament to the

team's organisation and tireless work-rate, exemplified by figures such as player-of-the-season and next season's captain Paul Dimmock, that Oxford created only one real opportunity in the entirety of the second half, a skidding shot well-blocked by the legs of keeper Dan Madden. Cambridge meanwhile created numerous chances with Maluza, Hall and Glamocak all going close. However, it was left to Damian Kelly to notch his second goal and Cambridge's third with another superbly-struck penalty kick.

3-1 it remained, and the scenes of jubilation that followed were a fitting end to a highly successful season. As the team paraded the trophy in front of their loyal supporters, whose presence was much appreciated by all of the Cambridge side, thoughts turned to future conquests. Now, at long last, Cambridge have the chance to dominate Varsity football for a lengthy period.