



# FELIX

The Students' Newspaper at Imperial College

Issue 1096

31 October 1997

## READ THE MANIFESTOS



## SUMMER OF MUD

### Thoughts from the Festivals

## FACE TO FACE

### Chewing fat with Johnny Ball

# Power-up for IC

**Following the latest college strategy plans to reduce heating and energy bills, Imperial is set to build its own power station.**

The new generator will consist of two reciprocating gas fired engines, each with an electrical output of 3.875 MW. Compared to the coal fired power station at Ferrybridge, Yorkshire, which generates 1,200 MW, this may sound small, but the new station will be able to supply the whole of the main site with most of its electricity and heating needs, including hot water and air conditioning.

The new generator will replace the current source of energy which consists of steam imported from the Natural History Museum, electricity from the local power board and electricity generated by a heavy oil burning power station which is located under Elec Eng. The current generator is 30 years old and reaching the end of its acceptable lifetime. It is also environmentally unfriendly, due to the heavy oil it burns. "...it's like tar, you have to heat it to 80°C just to

get it moving", commented Andrew Thorne, responsible for energy usage across IC.

During periods of peak demand, top up electricity will be imported from the grid, and during times of low demand College will have the option of selling the excess to the board or reduce the generating output - much easier with gas-powered stations than with other types.

Work on the refurbishment will start later this year with the erection of a temporary generator in Dalby court while the refurbishment takes place. The new power station is then planned to be operational by Spring/Summer 1999. The cost of the new power station will be around £6 million, although the return on investment should mean that the savings on electricity alone repay the investment in ten years.

College has undertaken a number of energy management initiatives over the past few years in order to reduce usage. The aim is to cut the current £3 million energy budget by 30% over five years.

Measures include the creation of a new energy management section within College, the fitting of energy efficient light bulbs in all student bedrooms and new microprocessor based networks which monitor and control the operation of ventilation and heating throughout buildings. The system, known as BEMS, has been on trial in the Huxley building for the last two years and has managed to reduce its monthly heating demands by a third.

Energy conservation is now of prime consideration in all new buildings and refurbishments, and is being specifically targeted for further investment. Money has been specifically earmarked for investing in energy efficiency over the coming year and formal systems are now in place to review the energy efficiency of the whole College.

*Jit Patel*

### CALL US

If you've have some news, ring Felix on

**58072**

## THIS WEEK'S NEWS

### MENINGITIS CLAIMS MORE STUDENT LIVES

The full story of the formidable disease, and what you can do to avoid it.

*page two*

### CONFERENCE CENTRE WELL SHORT OF THE MARK

Latest figures show that the belgured centre is still running at a cross.

*page two*

### NEW SECURITY FOR WILSON HOUSE

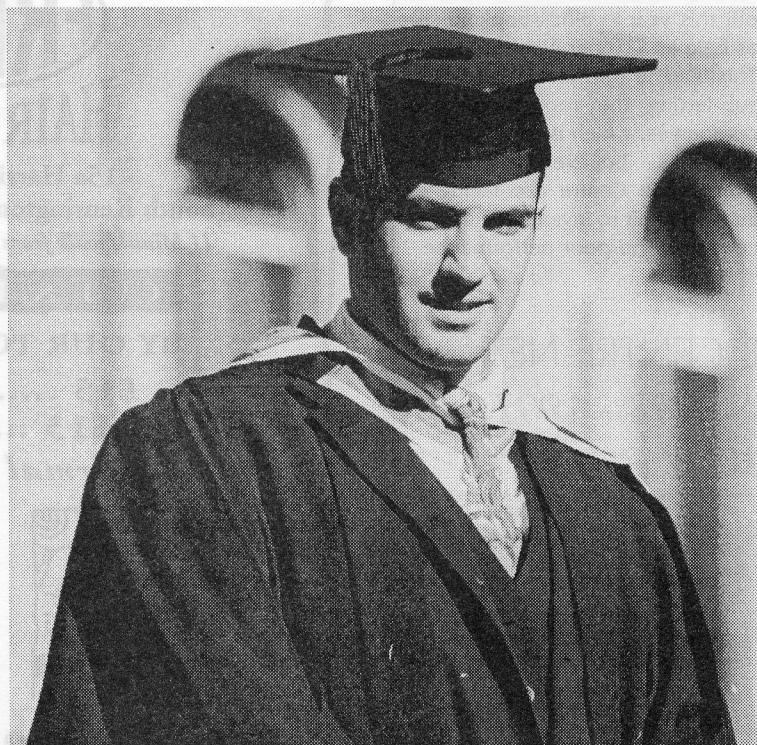
Improved safety, or expensive Bid Brother?

*page three*

### BLUNKETT BASHING

Applications fall as higher education is strangled.

*page three*



**One of the many graduates to receive their ceremonial nod from the Chairman of the Governors last Thursday. The enormous ceremony took place in the Albert Hall and lasted well over three hours.**

**"At one point, I had to stand up for forty minutes" one graduate told us, "it was pretty boring, but the parents love it." Photo: Froggy**



# Meningitis Monster Strikes Again

**Once again, the new university year has been greeted with outbreaks of deadly meningitis appearing in student halls of residence.**

Last year, three students from the University of Cardiff died from the disease during the first term. Controversy surrounded the outbreak, as official guidelines suggested that cases more than four weeks apart were unconnected. Since the first two cases were four weeks and one day apart, the health authorities responsible treated them as isolated incidents. It was only later, after more cases were identified, and another student had died, that the cases were

found to have a common link. The guidelines have since been changed.

This year has already seen two new cases of meningitis in Cardiff, and the university and health authorities moved quickly to distribute information about the links, and antibiotics have been given to those close to the two men involved.

Meningitis comes in two main forms, bacterial and viral. The bacterial form is much rarer, and is more severe. However, the form that surfaced this year in Cardiff is not as virulent as last year's.

Students of Southampton University have been hit by a far

more dangerous form, though, and this has led to the death of two students, with two more infected. None have been named, but are thought to be 19 year old first years living in the same hall of residence, though they are studying different subjects. More than 1,000 students will be treated with antibiotics as a precautionary measure. In an unrelated case, a third student has also been killed at Leicester University.

Meningitis is preventable and curable if detected early enough, but the disease can progress to an advanced stage in a matter of hours. It disease is spread by germs passing from the nose and mouth, by kissing, sneezing, or other transfer of fluids. Freshers are especially susceptible, as they are away from home, and so encounter germs that they have not come into contact with before. This mingled with the traditional student life means that the incidence of meningitis in halls of residence is three times that of the rest of the population.

No student is known to have had meningitis at Imperial.

Students are advised to watch the health of those around them, though, and to be aware of the symptoms, which initially resemble 'flu, followed by fever, a stiff neck, severe headache, dislike of bright lights, vomiting, drowsiness, or even coma. A rash can also be present in advanced cases, due to septicemia, - poisoning of the blood by the bacteria. Should you or a friend begin to suffer flu-like symptoms, Ancillia Whittingdale, a practice nurse at the IC Health Centre advises that students try traditional treatments such as paracetamol or aspirin, and to tell a friend to keep an eye on them. If symptoms become worse, to see a doctor or nurse. The health centre runs open clinics every morning, which do not require an appointment. She also stressed that any appearance of a rash, that starts looking like "pin pricks under the skin" and progresses to look like a bruise and does not disappear with pressure can be an indication of very advanced meningitis. Medical help should be sought immediately.

*Matt Bennet*

## Conference Centre Goes from Strength to Strength

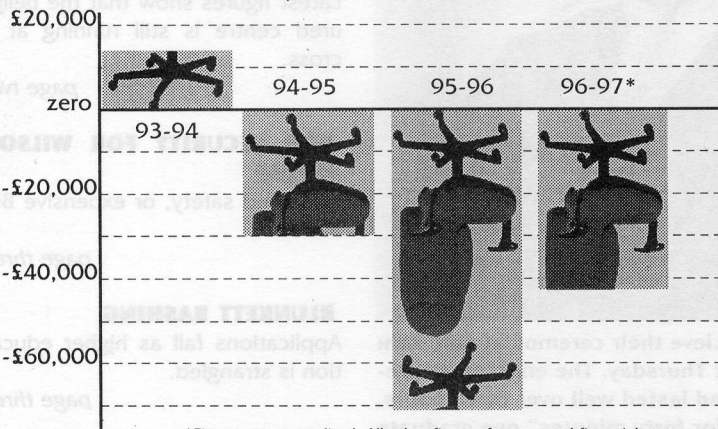
The latest, unaudited, figures recently presented in a Management and Planning Group (MPG) report show the Conference Centre making a heavy loss in 1996-97 for the third year running. The year finished with a net deficit of over £40,000 (see graph).

The centre has already been under the spotlight for failing to profit from the Fashion Week deal (Felix 1094) and a huge overspend on furniture and office development (Felix 1095).

Staff costs appear to be the main financial drain on the centre, representing 56% of total sales in 1995-96. Felix has also heard that summer accommodation was let out this year in block-bookings for as little as £10 per night per room. This led to one Language School sub-letting the rooms to other companies, which is forbidden.

It is believed that the Conference Centre are facing an internal audit to investigate its procedures and poor performance.

CONFERENCE CENTRE NET PROFIT / LOSS 1993 - 1997



\*Figure not yet audited. All other figures from annual financial statements



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# Students Disillusioned

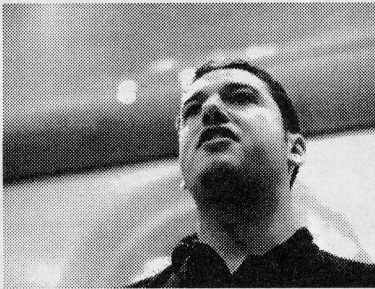
## DESPITE ASSURANCES, BLUNKETT'S NEW FEES ARE PUTTING OFF THOUSANDS OF PROSPECTIVE STUDENTS

The Government's proposal to introduce tuition fees has caused more controversy this week when UCAS disclosed that application figures for the coming year had dropped by eleven percent. This puts into question the claim by the Government that the new student tuition fees and the abolition of the grant will not deter students from entering higher education.

The deadline for Oxbridge applications - the first indication of university application rates - dropped from 44,200 to 39,369, bucking the upward trend of the previous five years. UCAS commented that there may be 80,000 fewer applicants if the trend continues. This could mean severe recruitment and funding problems, especially for the newer and smaller universities, who are already having to cut courses to make up the shortfall. Vice-Chancellors are worried that confusion caused by the Government over the summer and their faulty leaflet on fees was contributing to the bewilderment that many potential students are experiencing.

The Government denied that this was a problem, saying that the introduction of fees didn't have any effect on financially needy stu-

dents, since they would not be asked to pay tuition fees. Education and Employment Secretary David Blunkett said that he would still monitor the figures to identify reasons for the alarming drop in applications, saying "we need to know whether it is poor aspirations or fear of debt that deters people from lower socio-economic classes from applying to university." Such students applying to London for a four year course could find themselves £20,000 in debt on graduation.



**NUS president Doug Trainer addressing the conference at UCL last week.**

*Photo: Sarah Lee (nicked from London Student - sorry about that)*

**N U S** President Douglas Trainer said that he saw the drop as proof that tuition fees and zero maintenance would deter students. Trainer has been coming under flak himself recently, being accused of compromising NUS policy by agreeing to negotiate with the Government on the fees issue. "We are disgusted and appalled at the lack of action from the NUS leadership with regards to tuition fees. They have sold out students in the future", a Leeds Union Officer was quoted as saying. A number of NUS unions intend to call an emergency meeting to oust the leadership, including Trainer.

*Hamish Common*

# Big Brother is Watching You, Wilson

**Security in Wilson House is expected to improve after the recent installation of a new swipe card entry system and several CCTV cameras around the site.**

Following the introduction of the new system, only residents of the hall can use their swipe card to enter through the front door. Visitors are required to press a buzzer to gain access from the porter.

In order to allow the porter to also keep an eye on users of the sports hall, which shares the back entrance with Wilson House, the lodge has now been relocated to the back of the foyer. Removal of the old lodge should be completed by Christmas.

The most significant feature of the new setup, technically termed the digital video storage and transmission system (DVST), is that the CCTVs would be linked to the security unit in Sheffield Building. This would provide the much needed "Big Brother Watch" after the porter has gone off duty. The cameras can

also alert the porter to incidents which take place at other parts of the building outside the porter's view.

Previously, residents had to insert a metal security tag into a slot in order to open the front door. When asked how the new swipe card improves from the old practice, Derrick Victor, residence building manager, cited its flexibility in allowing temporary access to the house to selected people under special circumstances. Moreover, it is his long term aim to extend the swipe card entry system to cover every single room in the hall of residence. Such a scheme is currently under trial in Beit Hall. As a result of two recent incidences where people broke through the windows to gain access into students' rooms, the possibility of fixing bars outside the windows of the basement rooms was also discussed. However, the proposal was likely to be opposed by fire safety officers.

*Kent Yip*



**City & Guilds College Union held its inaugural event of the year, the Freshers' Dinner in Sheffield last Tuesday. The dinner was sold out, with 400 people attending, along with Heads of Departments and the incoming CGCA (alumni association) President. A late bar and disco was also present, finishing at 2 am. Photos can be ordered from the C&GCU office in Mech Eng, and Guildsheet will be coming out shortly, covering the event.**

*Photo: Froggy*

**Important Notice**  
ICU Council has moved. It is now Tuesday 4 November at 6pm, in the Union Dining Hall. Everybody is welcome to attend and get involved - have your say on how your union is run.

# Entertainments

**Fri 31st** **BUST-A-GUT**  
**comedy club**

**With JUNIOR SIMPSON & Will Smith**

Doors 8pm. £2.50/ £2 with entscard

**GARRY ON SCREAMING**

Music from SHAFT, video nasties, ghoulish cocktails, chill out room

9-2. 1am Bar. £1/Free B4 9pm

**Sun 2nd Standing Room Only**

Da Vinci's from 12.30

**FREE JAZZ NIGHT**

Union Bar 8pm

**Tues 4th**

**STA BAR TRIVIA**

Da Vinci's from 8.00

Win £50 or a crate of lager

**Weds 5th**

**X S**

Room one - party tunes for a mad for it crowd

9-1. Midnight Bar. FREE B4 11/50p after.

**Thurs 6th**

**Cocktail Night**

Da Vinci's from 5.00

**iCU**

IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

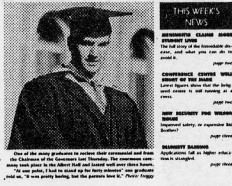
Another service from your students' union



FELIX

72  
Thoughts from the festivals  
Chewing fat with Johnny Ball  
**Powerup for IC**

THE UNIVERSITY OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE LONDON  
The University of Imperial College London is pleased to announce that it has been awarded the status of a university by the Privy Council. This is a significant milestone in the history of the institution, which was founded in 1907 as the Imperial College of Science, Technology and Medicine. The award of university status allows the institution to award its own degrees and to be a member of the Association of Universities and Colleges in the United Kingdom. The University of Imperial College London is a leading research institution, with a strong focus on science, technology and medicine. It is home to some of the world's leading scientists and researchers, and is a member of the Russell Group of universities. The University is committed to excellence in research and teaching, and to the development of its students into world-class leaders in their fields.



# FELIX

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31 October 1997

www.su.ic.ac.uk/Felix

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Sports Editor: Simon Dunsby  
Games Editor: Wei Lee  
Right-hand man: Mark Baker  
Collators, the unsung heroes: Jon Trout, Julia Harries, Hamish Common.

# Letters to Felix...

## RUGBY CLUB FIGHTS BACK

**Dear Jeremy**  
Thank you for the attention your news pages have lavished upon Imperial College Union Rugby Football Club over the past few weeks. You will no doubt be glad to hear that the matter has been dealt with and is considered past history. Hopefully you will now be able to divert some of your limited resources to the lacklustre sports department if only so that the rugby club no longer has to read a match report from the previous week again. How you can print the correct results on the back page and then proceed to print the previous week's match report and result inside Felix seems to be exceptionally odd and indicates a

true lack of professionalism. I can only surmise that your Sports Editor is somewhat slapdash and did not notice that we had played the same team two weeks running. It also worries me that you seem to have ignored three comprehensive match reports that were handed in before 8pm last Wednesday evening. Is it becoming a case of those sports that do not interest you becoming sidelined, if not totally ignored, unless they do something that portrays them in a bad light?  
Finally, can you please make sure that the next batch of Felix's that you deliver to Civil Engineering have the correct number of pages.  
Thank you  
Julian Harrison ICURFC Club Captain

## PAULA OUT OF THE RUNNING

**Press Statement**  
Paula Lueshing regrets that doubts about her academic standing were not raised until this week, and accepts that she is unable to pursue her candidacy. Paula apologises for any confusion or inconvenience caused by this. She wished to thank her friends and supporters for their time and effort, and urges them to vote for the candidate who seems most suitable for the job.  
A source close to Paula Lueshing.

**Just two letters? Come on you lot! This page is open to all at Imperial. Letters may be on any subject (so long as it is legal) so get writing and get your opinions heard.**

**Deadline for letters is 6pm Tuesday. Letters may be edited for length, but will not be altered or corrected in any other way. Letters may be signed or anonymous, but please show your swipe card when submitting them.**

# VOTE MARK BAKER

## For ICU President

**Any comments? E-mail me at: askmark@writeme.com**  
**Hustings:**  
South Kensington - Mon 3rd Nov  
St. Mary's - Tues 4th Nov  
Charing Cross - Thurs 6th Nov

**You will need an ICU card to vote! Get one from the ICU Office, 1st floor Beit Quad.**  
**Voting:**  
10th & 11th November in Departments, JCR and Union.

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# PHOENIX EDITOR NEEDED!

TO CREATE THE ANNUAL ARTS MAGAZINE OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE.

SIGN UP ON THE NOTICE BOARD OPPOSITE ICU OFFICE (FROM MONDAY)

E-MAIL: MLTB1@DOC.IC.AC.UK FOR DETAILS

## ICU Careers Fair

On Wednesday 19 November, ICU will hold the largest independent SU careers fair in the UK.

40 international companies will be offering a wide range of vacancies at stands throughout the Union Building. The World Careers Network and the IC Careers Service will also be there.

A free guide to the fair will be available from the union closer to the time.

More details from Michelle on 48060 or Mark on 48068.

### ATTENTION CYCLISTS

DID YOU STORE A BIKE IN THE SHED AT EVELYN GARDENS OVER THE LAST YEAR AND NOT REMOVE IT WHEN YOU LEFT?

ABOUT 20 BIKES WERE CLEARED BEFORE THE START OF THE TERM TO MAKE SPACE FOR NEW RESIDENTS - IS ONE OF THEM YOURS?

PLEASE CONTACT THE OFFICE AT 44 EVELYN GARDENS TO RETRIEVE YOUR BIKE.

THE OFFICE IS OPEN MONDAY TO FRIDAY 8am TO 5pm.

TEL 0171 373 0280 INT 52302

EMAIL A.HOGG@IC

# The Felix Naan-Bread-O-Meter

Complete audited accounts are now available for Imperial College 1995-1996. Here are some choice excerpts, translated into the student friendly unit of the Naan (1 Naan = £0.30):

<b>Imperial College</b>	
Total Income	677,000,000 Naans
Staff Costs	376,000,000 Naans
Energy Budget	11,400,000 Naans
'Other' Expenses	17,374,000 Naans
Cost of those earning	
264,000+ Naans per year	9,702,000 Naans
<b>Conference Centre</b>	
Net Deficit	-261,000 Naans
Refurbishment	502,000 Naans
An Office Chair	2,000 Naans
(A Felix Office Chair	150 Naans)
<b>Residence and Catering Operations</b>	
Staff Cost	4,400,000 Naans
Operations Deficit	-4,520,000 Naans
<b>Some Salaries</b>	
Rector's income	393,000 Naans
Average Staff Salary	78,000 Naans
Felix Editor income	22,400 Naans

Accounts can be found at [www.ad.ic.ac.uk/finance/accs9596/](http://www.ad.ic.ac.uk/finance/accs9596/)

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## A Plea From RAG

We urgently need people to do our traditional SNKPJ (Sponsored Nude Kamikaze Parachute Jump). We currently have no one, and it is not unusual for the participants to raise a lot of money for our charities from sponsors. The SNKPJ involves running from Harrods to Beit Quad (with an optional

lap of the Albert Hall singing "Rule Britannia") completely naked. This year there's also a prize for the first one back who does the extra lap! Contact RAG via extension 58099 or email rag@ic. We also hold regular meeting every Thursday on the stage in dBs.

## Small Ads

### Netball Team

Interested in playing netball? The club is restarting. Email a.osei@ic

### Calling all ladies who can play hockey (any standard).

If you fancy playing for IC on Wednesdays or Saturdays. Contact d.perry@ic or turn up for training, 6pm Mondays at the Union.

## E&O

No body's complained to us this week, but that's not to say we didn't do anything wrong. If you've spotted a mistake or have a bone to pick, get in contact. Call 58072 or email felix@ic.

# SIGMA

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## PRESENTATION

### **IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY & MEDICINE**

Date: Monday 3rd November  
Time: 5.30pm – 8.00pm  
Location: Senior Common Room,  
Sheffield Building

**BRITISH AEROSPACE** 



**Well, another group of inmates successfully paraded before the parole board.** I refer, of course, to Commemoration Day, so called, boys and girls, because it commemorates the visit of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, now the Queen Mother, to the College on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Royal College of Chemistry. Though I wasn't there this year- my invitation from the Governors must have got lost in the post- my friends and colleagues tell me that it was, as last year, excellent. Full marks must go to Vernon McClure and his Registry staff for a first class event; not everything conceived within the corridors of Sheffield is an unmitigated disaster.

One thing I do like to do in this job from time to time is pick over the bones of the letters page. Not usually a place for rich pickings, we had a few good ones last week. Firstly, Montpelier Hall. The natives are restless, since IC plans to sell their home. Understandable anxiety, but they themselves have hit the nail on the head. 'It's [sic] situation has to be the best of all Imperial College halls...within

close proximity to the best known shops in London.' The decision to sell, raising over £5million, is not 'ineptitude.' It makes no sense, I'm afraid, for Imperial to hold such valuable properties as student residences. Last year I suggested that we lease back all our halls of residences, thus freeing up huge amounts of capital that could be used for improvement, which could even make this conferencing pipedream feasible (all right, that's perhaps straining credibility). What is a shame however, is that IC does not have the management competence to redevelop Montpelier in-house, an idea that could make us an absolute fortune.

Something really seems to have rattled the cage of young Mr Bio2 (funny surname, Martin). Though I have some sympathy with the thoughts expressed, most credibility is lost under a mountain of ignorance. You missed the key point. Rules on posters (is this

true?) and suchlike are all made by students, and that's the frightening thing. Regular readers will know that I rarely lock horns with the Union, because it is not something about which I know very little. A word of warning. Never attack ICU unless you are very sure of your facts. There are legions of students

out there that know the Constitution inside out, and are not averse to spouting it at great length. Now don't get me wrong, I am not anti-Union. Our sabs, by and large, have done a very good job over the last few years, not least

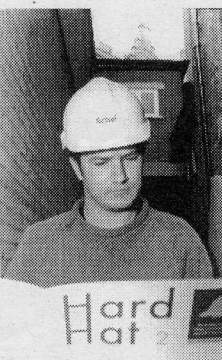
Eric Allsop, who has presided over a rather tricky period of office. The problem lies with some of the hacks on the various committees, executives and councils. These august bodies hold a great fascination for children who love the sound of their own voices and like to play politics, hence some of the ridiculous rulings that they generate. This results in good people being dissuaded from getting

involved in ICU, seeing it, wrongly, as somewhat of an irrelevance beyond the provision of 'cheap beer and curries.'

You would expect the Union to be very open, but at one of last year's hustings, someone talked about the Union's reserves. Curious, I asked a friend of mine there, who knows about these things, how much they had. He initially said that he was not permitted to tell me. He did then quietly say, but I was amazed. I expect this from Sheffield, but not ICU, particularly when, as I later discovered, the figure is on the College website. I'm not saying that this is typical, but it does not instil confidence, does it?

Finally, much has been written about the behaviour of the Rugby and Football clubs in Southside. I must say their behaviour was terrible. I have never seen such a pathetic attempt at boating in my life. No one need worry about institutionalised drinking here this year. As for the small fracas, don't let that worry you. I have since made many visits to Southside, and can assure that it is quiet safe. Beer's not bad, either. Actually, that's untrue. It is superb.

Simon Baker



Digs the Dirt

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Aberdeen

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AMERADA HESS LIMITED





**Few of you will have heard of the name of Charlie Whelan.** This is how he would like it: he is one of Labour's 'men in the shadows' - liaising with the press, ensuring the 'right' kind of stories come through.

This failed spectacularly last week, when shares fell sharply with the news that the Government was not going into economic monetary union (EMU) - the single currency - for the near future, having said last week that it would. It then transpired that there was a rift between Number 10 and the Treasury as to what was really going on. The Chancellor, Gordon Brown, then had to keep an old engagement and was seen addressing the Stock Exchange in front of a video screen with a sea of red numbers, representing billions of pounds being wiped off share values.

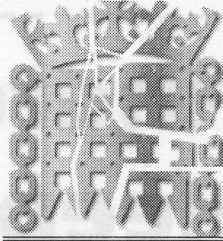
So how had this all come about? The thorny question of EMU helped in the downfall of the last government, and the present one had little better idea of how to deal with it. No firm election pledge had been made. Against this backdrop

were the two powerful personalities, Tony Blair and Gordon Brown. They both cultivate a 'nice guy' image, rather essential in politics. However someone needs to do their dirty work for them, and in the case of Brown it is Charlie Whelan. He is from the old school of press liaison, plenty of beer and colourful language. He had come into the Treasury with Gordon Brown, soon

in the confines of Number 10, where he could be kept an eye on. Brown refused point blank - Whelan was a vital asset as his personal 'boot-boy' the Mr Nasty to his Mr Nice.

The other personality on the scene was Peter Mandelson. Whelan and Mandelson openly despise each other, with Whelan holding no loyalty to Blair.

with the Conservatives, it has been bubbling away below the surface. When one drops the PM and the Chancellor, plus their respective shifty sidekicks into the fray it wasn't too surprising that it could erupt in the way it did. Whelan had briefed the press quietly in a Whitehall pub (so local lore has it) that the Government was going into the single currency - shares jumped and the pound fell - then later news came that we weren't actually going into it, and then we didn't really know, and for a while Blair and Brown started giving different signals as to the state of affairs. The press saw the story and grabbed it, with plenty of column inches about shadowy spin-doctors, stockbrokers heckling the Prime Minister, splits, Europe, and more "Reasons why we must never join the Single Currency". All in all appallingly bad press for the Government; by admission their worst week so far.

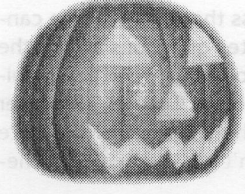
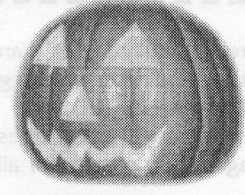
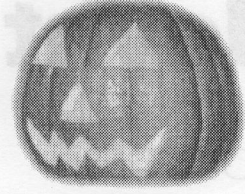
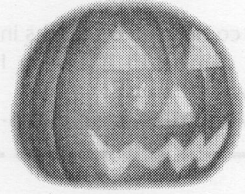
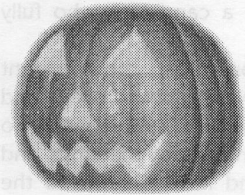


Hamish Common

## Westminster Eye

hounding out Jill Rutter, the previous Treasury press secretary, precipitating the comment that a senior civil servant had to make way for an 'imported hooligan'. Just beforehand, Tony Blair, mindful of the trouble that this loose cannon could cause, demanded that Whelan be sacked or brought with-

Mandelson had spent so much time worrying about affairs such as his Millennium Dome and who was in charge when Blair was away, that he (and others) had forgotten about the tiny matter of Europe. Labour is still split on the single currency issue, and although dissenters haven't been as vocal as



## Burning Water

### Pumpkin Mania

The time is upon us when thousands of pumpkins are sold on the cheap, hollowed out, cut up into scary (not) faces and finally chucked in the bin. This is a horrendous and disgraceful waste of one of the tastiest autumn fruits. My mission this week is to show you how to turn a piece of decor into two of the most superb orally ingested taste bud exploding experiences ever - pumpkin soup and pumpkin pie.

The soup is simple. Take 1 part waxy potatoes and 2 parts pumpkin and cut them up into 1/2 inch cubes. Over a fierce heat, toss the pumpkin with lots of butter until some of it has browned. Add a pinch of nutmeg, a pinch of ground pepper and a couple of cloves and let them heat through. Then add the potatoes, a generous pinch of salt, cover with water and bring to the boil. This all needs to simmer for about 1/2 hour after which a quick bzzzz in a food processor or a thorough massaging with a potato masher and voila, bon appetit (note correct spelling).

The pie is more complex. You will need:

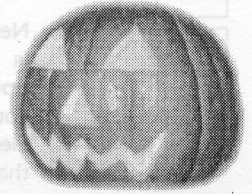
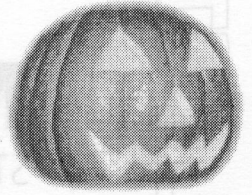
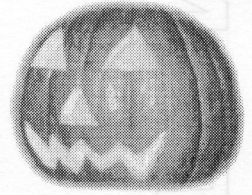
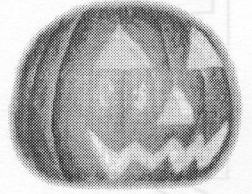
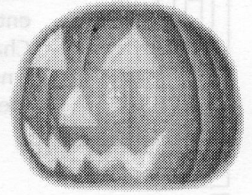
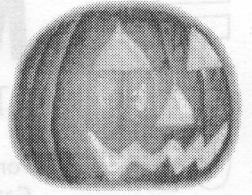
- ☞ 1lb pulped pumpkin. You make this by cutting up the pumpkin into chunks, cooking it in a low oven for 45mn-1hr, pressing between two plates to remove as much water as possible and then bzzzz or Ahhhhhhh as with the soup.
- ☞ 2 large/3 medium eggs.
- ☞ 3oz Demerara or Muscovado sugar, the darker the better.
- ☞ 4 tbl Golden Syrup.
- ☞ 1 1/2 tsp ground cinnamon.
- ☞ 1 tsp ground ginger.
- ☞ 1/4 tsp ground cloves.
- ☞ 1/2 tsp salt.
- ☞ 80-100 ml double cream.
- ☞ Enough shortcrust pastry for a 25cm round tart tin. \*\*
- ☞ 25cm round tart tin (ideal but more or less any other oven tin will do).

Preheat the oven to 190°C (Gas mark 5-6). Roll out your pastry to the appropriate shape (use a bottle, there's nothing better) and line the (heavily greased) tin. In a large bowl mix all the other ingredients thoroughly with a large fork or whisk or bzzzzzz it in

your favourite kitchen motor. It should end up frothy and light despite the high specific calorie capacity. Combine the parts by pouring the slop into the tin and place in the oven for 45 minutes or until set firm. Eat cool, do NOT add cream or your liver will break down.

\*\* Making the pastry is a bit tricky. Take 225g of wholemeal flour and 150g very cold butter. Chop the butter into smallest pieces you possibly can and add to the flour. At this point I usually put the lot into the freezer for 1/4 hour then with a fork, crush the butter and flour together. The (unachievable) aim is to cover every grain of flour in butter without melting it. Once your bored of this, add one egg yolk and 2-3 tablespoons of chilled water and mix gently. Carry on adding water until the dough is supple but not sticky. Now place the dough in the fridge for a couple of hours before rolling out (about 3-4mm thick).

Antoine





ELECTIONS TIMES HERE AGAIN

# Elections! Elections!

READ ALL ABOUT IT!

Oh joy, oh rapture, it's time for the another re-run of the 1997 sabbatical elections, which means **you** have to get off your

backside and get to the polling booths. Two posts are to be filled; President of ICU - which is still vacant after three attempts to fill it last year all returned New Election - and Deputy President (Clubs and Societies) - which last year's candidate could not fill for academic reasons.

Three students have stood for these positions, and their manifestos are below - take the time to read them and decide who you like best.

If you've got any sense, you'll want to meet the candidates in the flesh, hear them speak, and ask questions. This is what the **Hustings** is all about. Each candidate makes a speech and is then grilled by the spectators. Hustings are 6pm Monday 3



## Andrew Heeps

STANDING FOR PRESIDENT

On August 1st, Imperial College permanently changed. We stand on the brink of a new century, a century where the world's leading scientists, engineers and doctors will all come from Imperial College.

## Mark Baker

STANDING FOR PRESIDENT

For three years I've enjoyed being part of ICU - going to the Carnivals, being involved in the clubs and surviving almost entirely on cheap curries. This year I am Publications Board Chair, but with the tragic failure to elect a President last term, I now have to opportunity to do even more for ICU and its members.

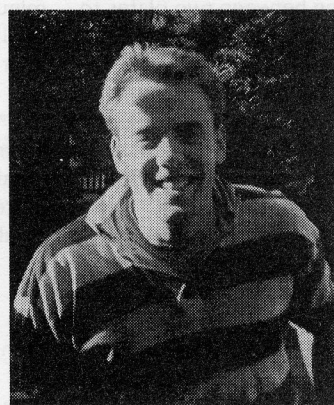
**I have the experience necessary to do this job.** The

President will start work immediately, and miss out on a summer of training, so it is vital to elect a candidate who fully understands the Union.

**I possess excellent communication skills** - the President needs to be able to converse effectively with both College and students. I aim to make the governance of ICU more visible to the ordinary students, by publicising important meetings and using the Web to provide minutes and introductions to the many committees.

**I am professional** - I have recently completed 6 months in industry, and took a year out before coming to IC, when I worked in a leading research laboratory.

**ICU needs to recognise that it is a multi-campus organ-**



## Charlie Joynt

STANDING FOR DEPUTY PRESIDENT (CLUBS AND SOCIETIES)

It is no surprise that much of our socialising is based around the societies that we join. We have over 180 clubs that we can sign up for, and most of us choose to be members of a few of them at the very least. With the mergers of the medical schools, and next year's integration of ICSM into the South Kensington campus, we must strive to broaden the width of the

## New Election

STANDING FOR ALL POSTS

New Election is standing for all posts in this election, but who is this elusive and daring candidate and why vote for this option? New Election - RON for short - is the one to vote for if you don't think the other candidates are up to the job. If New Election gets in there will automatically be another election for that post. This in theory should enable you to take your pick

from a new crop of candidates that are hopefully better than the last lot. Therefore, if you feel that the candidates standing for any post are not up to the job, VOTE NEW ELECTION.

Of course, there is a disadvantage; if New Election does win we have to go through all of this again. So please, for all our sakes, think before voting.

There are many ways you can assess the quality of the candidates. If you want to ask the candidates questions attend the election hustings or alternatively you could just read the manifestos, interviews in Felix and posters round College. Whatever you choose to do make an informed choice and use your vote effectively. If somebody you like doesn't get elected or some-



BOING! TIME FOR ELECTIONS

November in dBs, 8pm Tuesday 4 November at the St Mary's Campus and 6pm Thursday 6 November at the Charing Cross & Westminster Campus, so there's no excuse for missing them.

Decision time is 10 and 11 November when voting booths will be available in all campuses, main departments, the Union and the JCR all day. To vote, you need your Union Card. If you haven't got one yet, go to the Union Office with your registration document and a couple of photos (of yourself).

Whoever wins these elections will be representing you and your union all year, so no lame excuses, get involved and USE YOUR VOTE.



This change is good. Good for ICU and good for the Constituent College Unions, as it provides the perfect opportunity for us to get what we, as a collective whole student body, need. However, this can only be done if we put dogma and previous disagreements behind us. Fresh momentum, fresh ideas and fresh initiatives can unite the student body against the useless bureaucracy that exists within Sherfield, and get results.

These fresh ideas will not come from any old 'Union hack'. The strength of ICU that currently exists needs a fresh face to provide strong leadership and prepare the Union for the many tough decisions that lie ahead. A new broom is required to sweep the cobwebs away, and to concentrate the work of ICU in the areas where you want it to be directed, not where a clique of CV-tillers think it would be best placed. ICU should be

isation, and provide top quality services for all its members. Whilst information technology can help us to keep in touch, more needs to be done to foster the community spirit on which ICU depends.

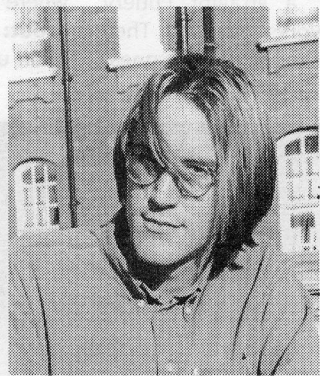
**My aim is to improve the welfare of all students.** I oppose the introduction of tuition fees - I believe that education should be accessible to all, and the introduction of fees would bring a return to education afforded only the rich. This would be detrimental to the whole country.

I believe that Imperial College should aim to have the same level of excellence in its administration and teaching that it has in its research. This is not currently the case.

inclusive, not exclusive, and provide a service, not prove to be a hindrance.

As President, I will make it my priority to ensure that ICU provides you with the services you want. I don't want to see a Union divided, which puts Club against Society, and Constituent College against Constituent College. I want a Union where my voice makes a difference, my opinions count, and my needs as a student of the country's leading college of Science, Technology and Medicine are met. I want this for you.

This isn't some flash-in-the-pan bid for glory. I'm going to be at Imperial for a good time to come, and I want to see ICU work whilst I'm here.



clubs on offer, and to increase the depth of participation in them. Particularly as Imperial is a science-based college, we must encourage social and artistic societies to maintain a healthy balance of interests.

Many of our sports teams are excellent, with international caps for many of our rowers, a BUSA win for fencing and individual championship wins for members of the Karate club, to mention but three teams. With proper coaching, sponsorship deals, better equipment and improved sporting facilities, there is no reason why our sports clubs cannot improve tremendously.

At Imperial, there is much emphasis on academic work, but we must balance this properly. All too infrequently do we have successful dinners and balls. Anyone who has witnessed

Wednesday nights in the bar cannot deny that an ACC or RCC dinner would not be as successful as the already popular OSC 'International Night'.

Vote for me as ICU Deputy President, and all this will happen. I am enthusiastic and experienced in the organisation of clubs - as 3<sup>rd</sup> XV captain I am responsible for over 40 rugby players and have managed to field a 4<sup>th</sup> XV for the first time in recent history. I stand for your best interests.

one you dislike does, you cannot complain about it or get the result changed. In short use your vote wisely and if you really don't believe a candidate is any good VOTE NEW ELECTION.

OK! That's enough of the boring, positive side of the campaign. What you really want to hear from us is what we think of the candidates. So here, exclusive to Felix is the negative part of our campaign, where we spread unsubstantiated lies and malicious gossip about each of the other candidates.

The first person we would like to discuss is X





# The Two

## Johnny Ball, the savant reveals all to Jon

**Fresh out of a Meeting with the Third World First club, we managed to accost the childhood hero of the entire physics department - yes, Johnny Ball will talk. Go down the bar, have a few pints, and talk a great deal actually.**

**Johnny Ball:** Oh, are we going down the lane here? I know it.

**Jon Trout:** You know Southside Bar?

**Ball:** Yeah, you know the thing in March [Baysday] that's always full of thirteen year old girls. Here, every year, we've done it for the last four years.

[They buy a pint]

**Trout:** So - you've been to Africa with Oxfam then. What are they up to out there?

**Ball:** Well, a lot of people think of Oxfam as an emergency response, but in actual fact they are working in over seventy countries perpetually. Even places like North Korea where Westerners are just not allowed under any conditions - we've got [somebody] in there working under cover.

Last year, Oxfam spent 76 million quid in foreign countries which works out at about a million a country, which isn't very much. Yet overall, it's low-tech requirements that the people need. They don't need tractors and stuff because you can only give those to a percentage of farmers and they get embarrassing. They want low tech stuff and they want support - the understanding of how they can do it for themselves.

They also work in co-operation with the countries - they don't go "Look, we're Oxfam, we know how it works, here you are."

**Trout:** Can you tell me how a clockwork radio works?

**Ball:** Yes [laughs] I'm all for something like that. It winds, and then it produces... Well, I'm not sure. I think it's a sort of Piezo-electric effect that builds up an electric charge that runs the radio. Radios

don't need a lot of electricity. They're all made in Soweto.

[They are interrupted and bought drinks]

**Ball:** I met Baylis [who invented the clockwork radio], actually, two weeks ago. The £10 ones, which are quite small and have solar panels along the top, have a small crank which is a bit weak and in my case, it broke so we mended it with a knife, a straight cutlery knife, and it works very well. They now produce much bigger ones,

which are a foot long and quite bulbous - great things for carrying on your shoulder like ghetto-blasters. They're £35 to the aid agencies, but you can buy them yourself though they cost more. They took the solar panels off and put short-wave in. Now, I don't think the Africans need short-wave so much, they're much happier to tune it to local services, that's where it's important.

**Trout:** What would you say the main uses of things like the clock-

work radio are in Africa? Obviously communication's important, but is it entertainment, education...?

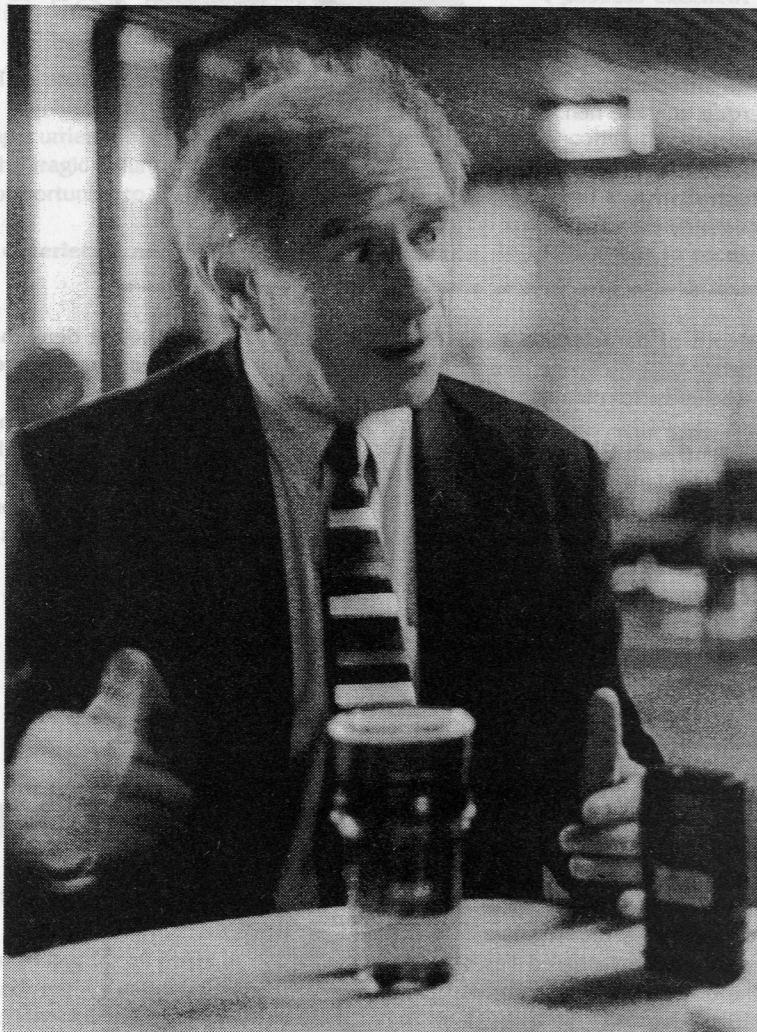
**Ball:** Well, what Oxfam are also doing is setting up radio stations - solar powered radio stations - that

...WELL, I'M NOT SURE. I THINK IT'S A SORT OF PIEZO-ELECTRIC EFFECT.

are very cheap to install and maintain. They cover a wide area, they really are very adequate and they get staff who speak all the local languages. They find that the fellows are quite excited by them - in Mali the rule is "No politics or religion on the radio" and that's all - the only restrictions which is great. Imagine the British media without politics! After a while, they found that the demands for new programs are mostly from women, and I've got this great feeling that the emancipation of women in the third world will really bring them on much quicker than anything else. With religious taboos they move so slowly. But the women demand the programs - about AIDS, about child birth, immunisation and all kinds of things.

**Trout:** I want to side-track a little bit and go to your academic career. I remember covering, about two years ago a story with Richard Wilson involved. Do you want to talk a bit about that?

**Ball:** When I was Rector of Glasgow University? I really worked hard. Within two months of becoming the rector, with the help of students we re-channelled five million quid into sports facilities at Glasgow and they've got the best sports hall in the country. Towards the end, it was getting close to between nine and thirteen million for more facilities to make



"Why do the bubbles go down in a pint of stout? I'm glad you asked..." Photo: Ivan



# Jonnies

## our of British science, Trout in Southside...

Glasgow more appealing internationally - something to boast about - so I wanted to do another term. I stood on an apolitical platform with no political affiliations.

**Trout:** But Richard Wilson certainly does have affiliations...

**Ball:** He's rather left, you know, a bit left of Ghengis Khan. But he got in, and the sad thing was, when I arrived on the election day, I couldn't do any of the hustling and I found that my name had been dragged in the mud - things that were totally untrue. The Socialist Worker were everywhere, but suddenly disappeared at eleven o'clock. So obviously there was a directive. They were giving the wrong impression there which was terribly sad because I'd really been apolitical and I had really helped people. Even the SOC that was in, I'd helped them change their voting system so it was easier, people who really wanted a job could get a job. I'd pegged student rent increases for two years down to 6%, which was the overall increase of all universities, when they were trying to stack 12- 13% on.

Anyway, I won on the first vote with 49%, and the second, the reappraisal of votes, went his way - I mean it really was fifty-fifty. If he works, it's all right, but it was set up.

RICHARD WILSON'S RATHER LEFT, YOU KNOW, A BIT LEFT OF GHENGIS KHAN.

**Trout:** Do you know anything about what he is doing?

**Ball:** Eh...yeah [laughs]

**Trout:** You don't want to talk about it?

**Ball:** Some good, some bad, not

particularly.

**Trout:** OK, moving on...what's your favourite experiment ever?

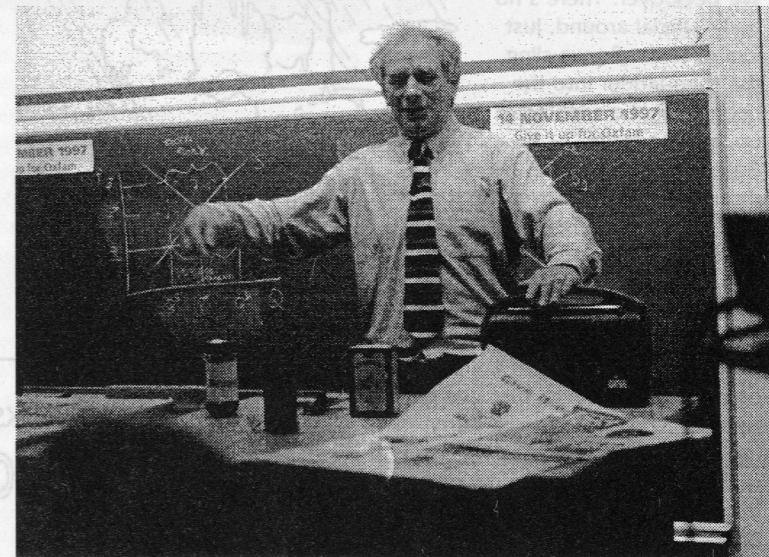
**Ball:** Well I've got one now where I fire a flame about three metres over people's heads, so it's just the latest one. I've got an expanding dodecaicosahedron trick...

**Trout:** Yeah, I've seen that one...

**Ball:** ...but I can't find anywhere that retails them in this country. So that's a new toy. I've also got a Tesla coil that's about three foot six high which produces a spark

interests you?

**Ball:** There's all kinds of things, like now they're saying that pets are a causing a build-up of CO2 in the atmosphere, which is impossible. It's like saying there are more jugglers at Covent Garden so there's a build-up of Indian clubs and balls in the atmosphere - they come down again. CO2 won't stay up there: it's heavier than air, and when it comes down it grows grass and plants. So you can have more CO2 going through the atmos-



Johnny does his Thunderbirds impression during a lecture, to great applause Photo: Ivan

about a foot long, and that'll light up two fluorescent lightbulbs held at arms length by someone. So... I just have lots of toys!

**Trout:** I've been asking everyone "I'm meeting Johnny Ball, what should I ask him?", and they've all been saying "Ask about Zoe!". And I say "No, I'm not asking about her".

**Ball:** Well she's my daughter, I'm not her father...I mean I am, but you know what I mean [laughs].

**Trout:** In science at the moment, is there anything in particular that

phere. They did a lovely experiment recently on pollution in the atmosphere in terms of people's lungs, but they tried to refute it because it went the wrong way. They had a cyclist and a motorist going across London, finishing up in Oxford Street. They got to the end, and they found the motorist had slightly dirtier lungs than the cyclist, because the cyclist had been doing reasonable exercise and his lungs were quite capable of sucking anything in and pumping it all back out again except the oxy-

gen. So we do panic, and we do let the media panic us. It's quite frightening. The world's going green, even the multinationals - they're slow about it, but they've got to do it. That's another thing: you don't need Greenpeace if they're going to be dishonest - and they are, they're bloody dishonest. If they recruit radicals who are hell-bent on revolution rather than change by coercion, it just causes trouble and messes the whole thing up. With honesty they've got such a good case, they could win anywhere.

**Trout:** The editor of New Scientist said that you were the main reason British schoolchildren were interested in science. How does that affect you?

**Ball:** The sad thing is that television treated me so badly, with such disrespect, that I don't offer ideas for programmes for television because I don't understand their politics and motivation. Other than that it's lovely.

**Trout:** Do you get people coming up to you in the street and asking you "Do you know how this works?"

**Ball:** Yes, and I used to say "No" [laughs].

**Trout:** Because I was under the impression for quite a while that there was nothing that you didn't know.

**Trout:** OK, I'll leave it at that. Thanks.

Jon Trout

We've been carefully observing THE FENCE as we nose our way slowly into the site, Ellie deftly piloting the pathetic Nissan around bogged-down unfortunates, their expectations sinking with their tyres into the mud. She has become some sort of sanity depth marker in the vehicle on this unusual evening, but that's another story. Keep moving, keep rolling.

And we don't like what we see. THE FENCE is in fact at least two fences. It may be more, we can't tell, which makes things worse. There's lights everywhere and these orange metal-mesh boxes with guards in perched every hundred yards. Dark, scary men left over from the Third Reich, semi-automatics dangling ominously over their fascist hearts and their evil eyes staring over glowing cigarettes NO STOP IT there are no guns, calm, that's what we need, calm and patience. Calm, patience. Yes.

Sure, they want to see our tickets, but they are no match for Ellie. Even the zealots, the professional car park attendants, the expert petty officials, their motivation has long since osmosed through their boots into the all consuming mud and as such they were not kitted out deal with Ellie's "lost little girl - friends are waiting for us with tickets - helpless but sexy" routine. In short, we were in. The car park, we are into the car park. Because you can't drive over FENCES.

And so we wander around the perimeter. The others have made a rope ladder with a huge hook on the end and are very proud. It soon becomes clear that the outer FENCE, a wire mesh job with spikes on top, is not going to pose a problem. After this is a concrete FENCE about twelve feet high, and beyond this we don't know. Near the entrance are arse-

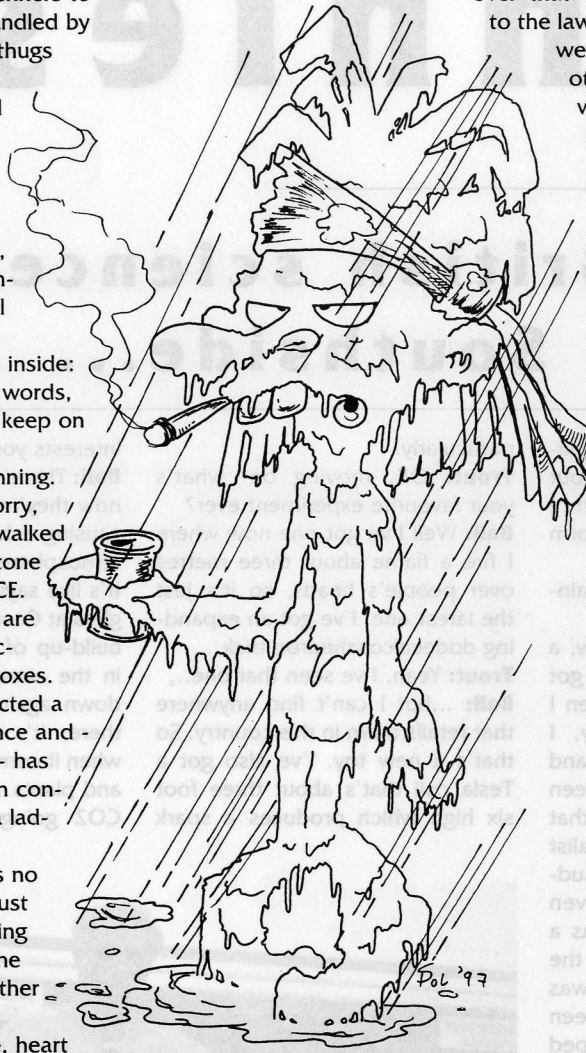
holes with ladders charging the punters hard earned tenners to get themselves manhandled by drunken Westcountry thugs employed as security guards and discharged £10 poorer with blacker eyes for another go. We keep on walking.

The hook is employed, but the noise in horrendous, the rusted metal scraping on the rough concrete. Shouts from inside: Fuck Off, but in fewer words, if that is possible. We keep on walking.

This is neat, this is cunning. This takes this piss. Sorry, I'll go back. We have walked around to the hippy stone circle area of the FENCE. It's quieter, and there are none of the blaring arc-lights or security pill-boxes. Somebody's disconnected a section of the wire fence and in a flash of brilliance - has lent it against the main concrete FENCE to form a ladder.

We peek over. There's no body official around, just lots of tents. So we sling the rope-ladder into the hedge, psyche each other up, and go for it.

Adrenaline, adrenaline, heart thumping as we go over the top as if we were going to war. All of us together over and then a drop of twelve foot but no going back. Ellie drops down onto the mud and slips onto her arse. I swing down a supporting strut like an orang-u-tang, so high that I've got tunnel vision. We dive off, hurrying between tents and as we flee I realise that the sound in my ears is people cheering and it's done and we're in and the FENCE will never be anything more than a fence again.



I made a number of important decisions over that Glastonbury weekend. According to the law of conservation of misery, some were inevitably more inspired than others. One of the more beneficial was to check the weather forecast in the legendary village of Shepton Mallet, and don my three-quarter army boots rather than my beautiful Airwalk trainers. One of the slightly more rash decisions was to get on the coach in the first instance. In retrospect, I should

have sold the ticket and spent the money on large quantities of beer. I could have seated myself in my nice warm front room and watched the bands pretend to enjoy themselves.

Things began to go wrong before we even left Liverpool. Being something of a simpleton, I managed to give both my outward and return tickets to the unhelpful bloke on the coach, and then staged a heated argument with him in an attempt to get my return ticket back. Quinny, my Glasto mucker, put his head in his hands and whimpered like a dog as he saw his chances

of getting home dip sharply. The coach party decided that my stupidity was the height of hilarity. My weekend began to take shape.

Which of you dear readers was in the Scouts? Fancy yourself as a bit of a tent-erecting afficianado? I can tell you, putting up a tent in gale force winds and driving rain is substantially more tricky than performing the same stunt in the temperate zones of the 13th Allerton Cub Scout Hall. It was cold. It was wet. It was expensive. The food was lousy. Bands were cancelled when the second stage sank into the mud. The sun did not come out once. It rained consistently. It

took five minutes just to get one's shoes on and off. The mud was three feet deep in places and never more shallow than twelve inches. People died. People contracted bacterial infections. People wished it was 1995.

On Saturday morning I was awoken by an alarm clock devised by Tori Amos, as the "Herbal Highs" shop across the quagmire repeated her bass loop for the thousandth time. I got up, I struggled out of my tent. It was still cold. It was still wet. I packed up and went home.

What a complete waste of time.

# "Thank God I've still got some hashish left."

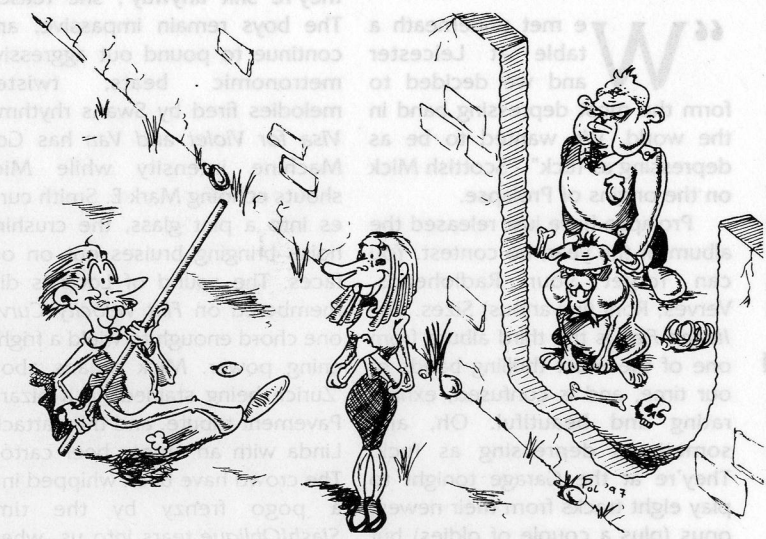
*True stories from those bastions of joy, drugs, love, fields in the rain and mud in the middle of fucking nowhere. Compiled by Jon.*

"Dale Winton"  
"Jimmy Nail"  
"Mrs Mangel"  
"Wooo-Hoooo!"

It is two a.m.. I am lying diagonally across my tiny and pathetically non-waterproofed "microwave meals for one" style tent in the middle of an athletics track, listening to two groups of lagered up fellow campers bellow celebrities' names at one another. I am, shall we say, a little pharmaceutically enhanced. Yet another Blur fan screams "Wooo-Hooo!" They have been going for over an hour so far, and seem to have lost no interest. At first I think that it might be a complicated offspring of a "Drink-While-You-Think" word association game, but the longer it goes on, the more I become convinced that it is entirely at random. Which was, admittedly very funny, but noting in comparison to what happened next. From the tent of my festival companion, Rob, I hear a hustle, a sharp hiss of air, a giggle from his girlfriend and then the unmistakable of the fanfare opening of "2001: A Space Odyssey". On a kazoo. The thin, reedy noise brings silence to the beery masses.

"Dah.....daaahhh.....Dah.....Ta-Dah". The longer it went on, the higher the pitch, the more out of tune he screeched, for the funnier it all got. Eventually, the song reached its triumphant climax to a truly astonishing round of applause, whistling and cheers.

"And now, for my next piece, Montagues and Capulets"  
"Wooo-Hoooo!"  
"Roger de Courcey!"  
Oh dear.



“ My resounding memory of Tribal 96 was six of us, two from the group we were with and the rest just random strangers kneeling in the mud looking for X's pills using our UV glowing tubes to illuminate them. Incredibly, despite the thousands of people dancing like mad bastards all around us we found them and everyone was just so happy. A real sense of triumph. You could tell he was a chemistry student though, because he spent the next two hours explaining why MDMA glows in UV. ”

"Bollocks!" "Bollocks!" "BOLLOCKS!"  
"Bollocks!" "BOLLOCKS!"  
"Bollocks!" "BOLLOCKS!"  
How the bloody hell am I supposed to get "Bollocks!"  
... to get to sleep with all this "BOLLOCKS!"  
... all this shouting going on? Oh, hold on, it's quietening "Bollocks!"  
...down. Quiet. Sleep. Ahhh. Sleep.  
"Paul Weller!"  
"Paul Weller!"  
"Paul Weller!"  
"PAUL WELLER!"

"I was on the dodgems at Tribal Gathering with the biggest joint you ever saw. I was shunted from behind and it flew out of my mouth to the ground where my mate saw some guy pick it up and disappear into the crowd. And it put me on a real downer you know? Anyway I came off the dodgems; and about thirty seconds later someone is tapping on my shoulder. I turn round and it's this guy handing me back this great carrot with a big grin on his face. He was clearly not sharing the consensus reality. We hugged, shared the rest of it and spent about forty minutes talking bollocks about ambient music. Random acts of kindness like that happen all the time at festivals. Well, ones with drugs, anyway"

YES! SPLAT! YOU'VE BEEN SLIMED! The Casual stares around at us angrily looking for a target for his embarrassed wrath. The slurry dribbles down his Calvin Kleins into his Timberlands as his bimbo girlfriend pulls him away, our laughter echoing in his ears. Here comes a friendly-looking crusty bloke who looks like he can take a laugh. I think about warning him, but it's out of the question. The tension rises as he steps nearer the trap, but miracles of miracles his foot lands a micron to the side and, unknowingly, he avoids a boot full of shite.

I'm standing in the mud at the Other Stage, watching it sink and waiting for Ash to start. In front of me there's an unusual gap in the crowd. This is because there is a large, two-foot deep hole in the ground. Its clay-lined sides are fiendishly slippery, and best of all, it's invisible because it's full to the brim with a foul, piss filled slurry, indistinguishable from the surrounding muck. We're standing in a crowd around it (many of us have fallen into it ourselves) surreptitiously watching for the next sucker who wants to push to the front and has just seen an empty space. KERSPLAT!! A punk goes right in, both feet, and lands on his backside. But he can't get any purchase on the pestilent slime, and continues to slide until he is submerged up to his chest. There's nervous laughter, but everyone's worried that he's going to jump up and deck us. Incredibly, he laughs! The release of tension is truly fantastic. In reflection that was probably the highlight of the festival.

**MUSIC - 16**

**Live** - Prolapse at the Garage  
**Albums** - Pizzicato Five, Feeder  
 & the Spirit of Los Vampyros  
 Lesbos. And as ever, **Singles**

**ARTS - 20**

**Wildlife Photographer of the Year** and the play **Closer**

**GAMES - 22**

**Rebel Assault II** from Lucas  
 Arts. Previews of **Grand Theft Auto**  
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**18 - FILM**

Films **Fools Rush In & LA Confidential**. Plus **Father Ted & Men Behaving Badly** on video

**23 - BOOKS**

**Mount Dragon** by Lincoln  
 Preston gets a slating

**26 - FICTION**

**New Section** kicks off with Buz  
 Barstow's **The Man with the Ten Bob Note Part I**

**Wanted****BOOK REVIEWERS**

Come to the Felix  
 Office, 1pm Mondays for  
 books of all types.

**MUSIC NEWS**

Milen's returned after another week of scouring the music scene, and has he got some news for you!!

Hey y'all, I'm back and in full effect. First up I got to remind all to pick up your tickets for Mary J, the queen of swing is playing Wembley Arena on the 15th November. I caught her when she came over a few years ago with Jodeci and the show was dope, so don't miss out. Before that we have 'The Rhythm Nation Tour' showcasing the best of British with Shola Ama & D'Influence, at the Forum on 28th November.

The talk about town is the new Bad Boy offering, the Faith Evans LP titled 'Keeping The Faith' people are describing this as awesome and the word classic is being thrown about. The LP should drop in a month or two and the single is already doing the rounds on US promo, with British release hopefully not being too far behind. If this set is as phat as I'm being told then this will be album of the year, so keep those eyes and ears open and remember where you heard 'bout it. That's all from me, C-ya.

**M**

And now, the marking scheme...

All reviews are given stars up to a maximum of five. The ratings are as follows:

★★★★★ Johnny Ball

★★★★ Peter Noakes

★★★ John Craven

★★ Philip Schofield

★ Andi Peters

No Stars Karen Copstick

**LIVE****PROLAPSE****The Garage**

"We met underneath a table at Leicester and we decided to form the most depressing band in the world. We wanted to be as depressing as fuck" - Scottish Mick on the origins of Prolapse.

Prolapse have just released the album of the year, no contest. You can forget your Radioheads, Verves, Roni (in various) Sizes. *The Italian Flag* is the third album from one of the most thrilling bands of our time, and is confused, exhilarating and beautiful. Oh, and sometimes depressing as fuck. They're at the Garage tonight to play eight tracks from their newest opus (plus a couple of oldies) but first we're treated to Appliance, who churn like The Sea and Cake yet power through with Spaceman 3 melodies. Buy their debut *10" Into Your Home* now or suffer the consequences.

And finally Mick and Linda are here, snapping at each other and smearing Vicks over anything that moves. 'Really clears the head', promises Mick, before diving into the freeform ranting that fills most

of their set. 'Do you remember the nineteen eighties? / The music was crap, the clothes were crap ...' he screams on *Deanshanger*, while Linda prowls the stage, hands writhing like snakes in a basket as she does the 'compulsive hand-washing' dance. She takes over on *Autocade*, all icy beauty and barbed vituperation, while the crowd froth wildly at the unusually poppy Slowdive basslines and Lush guitars. 'Me an' Mick are thinking of getting rid of the backing band, they're shit anyway', she teases. The boys remain impassive, and continue to pound out aggressive metronomic beats, twisted melodies fired by Swans rhythms. *Visa for Violet and Van* has God Machine intensity while Mick shouts echoing Mark E. Smith curses into a pint glass, the crushing noise bringing bruises out on our faces. The sound of Loop is dismembered on *Flat Velocity Curve*, one chord enough to wield a frightening power. Mick moans about 'Zurich being stained' in a bizarre Pavement tribute, and then attacks Linda with an empty beer carton. The crowd have been whipped into a pogo frenzy by the time *SlashIOblique* tears into us, where Linda assures us 'You will never understand me I know I need my head examined'. And when she promises, 'I really don't care, and I might have to kill you / Which wouldn't be fair - on me' (*Killing the Bland*), we only have to look into her deranged eyes to know she speaks the truth. The bland is well and truly dead. Long live Prolapse. **M**

Norm

**ALBUM****PIZZICATO FIVE****Happy End of the World**

★★★★

The lightness of this album becomes clear from the first track, *World is Spinning at 45 rpm*. This song starts with organs sounding not dissimilar to the beginning of *Strawberry Fields*, however whilst the Beatles' song develops into a psychedelic epic, this song turns into a pure uncomplicated pop song. Even though this and indeed all the songs are sung in Japanese, the happiness is there for all to hear.

Not being able to speak Japanese, I instead checked out the translations of the lyrics and found yet more evidence of the light touch that became apparent. There was no profound sentiment or political message to be seen anywhere. All the songs were simple love songs and not even doomed love or love gone wrong. The songs were all about the happiness of love and how lovely it all is.

Musically, this is a very inventive album, featuring a wide range of electronic effects and the such like. Some of the tracks even feature the sort of high speed drum loops usually associated with drum and bass and modern dance music. But whereas this can often seem abstract and oppressive, Pizzicato Five are able to use such cutting edge techniques and still sound warm and human. They describe this album as 'Top of the Pops for the 21st century'. I for one think that they're right. **M**

Chris



## ALBUMS

## FEEDER

Polythene (Enhanced Version) ★★★★★½

Although this debut album was only released a couple of months ago, the recent success of the single *High* has prompted the release of this so-called 'enhanced' version - they've basically remixed the first track and added the song and (CD-ROM accessible) video of *High*. Quite why they felt the need I know not as this is a bloody good album even without the additions.

Feeder display good pop sensibilities with some killer hooks yet for a 3-piece they have a very thick guitar sound and can be amazingly heavy when they need to be, yet still know how to play quietly creating good dynamical tension.

All of the songs are good and it's actually quite hard to pick stand-out tracks on an album of such consistent high quality but my favourites include *Descend* (amazing build up of tension before exploding), *Stereo World* (amazing opening), the quieter *Forgive* and the superlative *My Perfect Day* which has an insanely catchy, driving riff from their Japanese bassist.

If you like music towards the harder end of Indie then this album is a must - it ROCKS with some genuinely catchy and enjoyable songs. One of the debut albums of the year in my opinion - go buy! **M**

Martin



Hello! Feeder calling!

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Spirit of Vampyros Lesbos ★★★★★

For those of you who do not know much about early seventies pornographic 'vampire' films, *Vampyros Lesbos* is a veritable queen. Originally produced by Jesse Franco in 1970 (along with two others in the same vein, so to speak) the stories follow the seductive Countess Nadine, played by Soledad Miranda - who tragically died a year after the films' release at the tender age of 27 - as she hypnotises young German blondes and tricks them into coming to her castle somewhere off Turkey, where she has her wicked way with them. In amongst the rather tame and often hilariously drawn out sex scenes the soundtracks of Manfred Hubner and Siegfried Schwab spread their eerie wings and truly fly. Grinding Hammond, belting horns and the inevitable wailing sitar all find their place in a stew of hyper-easy melody bubbling away in a darker, rhythmic cauldron.

Recently made available on the excellent label 'Crippled Dick Hot Wax', *Vampyros Lesbos-Sexadelic Dance Party* has been tortured by two years of pain-stakingly executed remixing - right down to the bare bones of it's blue vinyl pressing. This has produced *The Spirit of Vampyros* and features an assortment of serious dabblers in black-

magic sampling. Anyone who has seen the film (and it is out on general release on 'Crippled Dick Hot Wax') will expect some fine dialogue breaks and here they are - cast like a spell over what is top notch breakbeat madness. Opening with enough tempo just to get you in the mood, it's not long before track two kicks it wild with the start of *Necronomania* (lifted from the track on the original soundtrack), turning it into tuff drum and bass with a real chase-scene feel to it. The tracks sink their teeth one into the next and by track 9 some seriously dark bleeps and beats have begun drawing blood - this is not head nodding music; huge fuzzy bass and reverbed-out Fender Rhodes all lend their weight to an album that rocks - buy it!! **M**

James G

## SINGLES

**Bush - Bonedripen**

They're big in America, but so are the Ku Klux Klan and this single is about as appealing.

**Earl Brutus - The SAS and the glam that goes with it**

Crazy name, fairly indifferent song. Certainly not bad, but not a patch on the cardinals who they are trying so hard to be.

**Depeche Mode - Useless**

This single includes a remix by Barry Adamson and rather a neat CD ROM video of the previous single *Barrel of a Gun*. However, you can't get away from the fact that they still sound the same as they did seven years ago.

**Alabama 3 - Speed of the Sound of Loneliness**

I've been assured that this sounds like the Notting Hillbillies with synthesisers. Sadly, they're not very good.

**Lil Louis and the Party - Clap Your Hands**

Unspeakably bad whiny crap. I stuck it in the microave which was quite fun, but ither than that I can see no earthly reason to purchase this.

**The Karelia - Love's a Cliche**

This is actually really quite good. It is refreshingly free from pretensions of profundity and is definitely worth listening to.

Jacob

## THE ESSENTIAL CHOONS

**The Charlatans - Tellin' Stories**

The title track from the Charlies' last album keeps up the high calibre of singles they have released this year. The singing is whiny but cool and the music is, as always, very cool.

**Moby - James Bond Theme**

In the 1960s, John Barry was asked to write a tune for a film for which he had not seen. Now, Moby brings it into the 90s with the help of a drum machine and some wicked samples. Both are brilliant snapshots of their times - listen to the original and this one back to back and you can truly appreciate how music has changed over the years.

**Natalie Imbruglia - Torn**

Do you remember Beth from Neighbours? You know, the one with shoulder-length brown hair who married Brad? Well, she's started to sing. *Torn* is catchy and stays on the right side of the whole woman-with-angst thing that seems so popular these days. Cool.

**Ash - A Life Less Ordinary**

This is the title song to that new Ewan Macgregor film but you probably all know that. It is so like Ash it's untrue but at least it maintains some hope that they will get better one day since it has little of the pre-pubescent lyrics they usually come up with. Thinking about it, it reminds me of Goldfinger.

**Black Grape - Get Higher**

It's taken long enough for Shaun and company to get their act together and this is a little disappointing frankly. It has none of the spice that filled their last album to the point of turning it into a vindaloo but it is Black Grape and it has been a long time... **M**

Alok

## REVIEWS

## FOOLS RUSH IN

**Starring:** Matthew Perry, Salma Hayek

**Director:** Andy Tennant

For a romantic comedy to stick out from the crowd these days, it must be either incredibly romantic or extremely funny. Unfortunately, *Fools Rush In* is neither. It stars Matthew Perry (Chandler from *Friends* to everyone in the entire universe except unicellular organisms from Saturn) as Alex, a pragmatic corporate type from New York, who meets, and beds, Isabel (Salma Hayek). Isabel escapes in the night to avoid the morning after, only to discover that she is pregnant. She turns up three months later to tell Alex the news, whereupon they fall in love and are married by an Elvis impersonator in Las Vegas. And then the film really gets started.

Running against type for a romantic comedy (two ill-suited people hate each other, are thrown together by all manner of ridiculous coincidences, and finally fall miraculously in love in the last ten minutes) by having the two ill-

suited people fall in love at the start, there is the hope that we are seeing something different. This is, unfortunately, not to be. The incidents that are supposed to cause conflict seem weak and contrived, never making us doubt that they are going to live happily

ever after. Perry plays Alex as a watered-down Chandler, but still manages to get most of the funny lines. Salma Hayek effortlessly plays herself as the feisty Mexican whose belief in destiny fuels the conflicts. However, these otherwise very likable leads do not

**Salma Hayek does a fine job as a feisty Mexican**

provide the necessary sparks and, with a denouement that can be deduced from the fact that Isabel is pregnant at the start of the film, this is another film to be filed under "could do better." **F**

David Norman

## LA CONFIDENTIAL

**Starring:** Kevin Spacey, Guy Pearce, Danny DeVito

**Director:** Curtis Hanson

Set in 1950s Los Angeles, the film is based around the city's notoriously corrupt police force. Guy Pearce (former drag queen in *Priscilla Queen of the Desert*, otherwise known as Mike from *Neighbours*) is Officer Exley, a naive misfit who is unafraid of snitching on his colleagues for beating up innocent immigrants on Christmas Eve. In contrast, one of Exley's contemporaries, Bud White, is an impulsive, fiery and violent cop who uses brawn to settle his arguments and was one of the offending cops. However, White has a soft spot for protecting women and runs to the aid of every damsel who appears to be in distress, including Kim Basinger. She plays one of the local upper-class prostitutes who undergo surgery to resemble film stars for the pleasure of their clients. After the murder of White's partner, Exley is put second in command of an investigation which unfolds more

police corruption than he had previously thought imaginable.

The film is slightly slow to begin with an uninteresting narrative by Danny DeVito but the plot soon thickens, albeit in an unsurprising "good cop-bad cop" direction. The acting is first-rate, especially Kevin Spacey's celebrity detective who thrives on appearing on front pages. Guy Pearce is also more than up to holding his own in such distinguished company. The storyline is seamless and the scenes well sequenced, nudging the absorbed viewer toward the conclusion without valuable brainpower being consumed. The whole film has a comic book feel to it while at the same time managing to be complex enough to have several themes running through it simultaneously.

The only qualms about all this is the slightly dubious moral at the end, which sees the idealistic Exley swinging his fists along with the violent colleagues he had previously despised. Nevertheless, this is an entertaining and stylish film that is well worth the entrance fee. **F**

Clubber & Lips



## VIDEOS TO BUY

## FATHER TED - THE SECOND SERMON



As you must surely know, *Father Ted* is an original comedy from Channel 4 which revolves around the misadventures of three misfit Irish priests, set in a tiny village on the remote Craggy Island. It is utterly hilarious and very reminiscent of *The Young Ones*. This video contains the best ever Father Ted episode, "Tentacles of Doom" in which three bishops come to stay. The result is death, a religious conversion and a painful experience with the island's newly-upgraded holy stone. **F**

Mark Baker

## THE VERY BEST OF MEN BEHAVING BADLY



The two loveable rogues are available to own in this premium edition of their best episodes. Unlike so many videos of TV programmes this is excellent value, running for well over two hours and featuring the hilarious *Stag Night*, which has never previously been available to buy. The collection also includes *Gary and Tony*, the first ever episode in which Gary ploughs through a host of weirdos before discovering the perfect housemate in Gary. This is a must for any fans of the kebab-eating boys. **F**

Chris Hickey



WIN A VERY FETCHING LIFE LESS ORDINARY T-SHIRT

# FILM COMPETITION

with our friends  
at the

## ODEON KENSINGTON

This week we are giving away more merchandise from the excellent *A Life Less Ordinary*. It is a bizarre version of the usual Boy-meets-Girl scenario in which a pair of angels are sent on a mission to make two complete opposites attract. Ewan McGregor and Cameron Diaz are the two victims of fate who are brought together when he is sacked by her father and looks for revenge.

This is no normal film, as would be expected from the people behind *Shallow Grave* and *Trainspotting*. Full of surreal scenes, eccentric characters and memorable music it is not to be missed.

We have four sets of t-shirts, books and posters from the film to give to those answering the simple

question below. You know the score by now, just e-mail us at [felix@ic.ac.uk](mailto:felix@ic.ac.uk) or pop in with the answer:

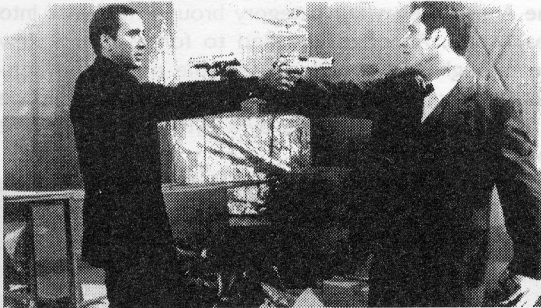
**In which sleepily titled film did Ewan McGregor reveal all?**

The winners of tickets to see *A Life Less Ordinary* knew that Cameron Diaz starred with Jim Carey in *The Mask*. They are John Rieuwerts, Stephen Tarlton, Bill Tung and Geng Phan.

The winner of the CD, book and screenplay is G. Wong, who correctly answered that Diaz starred with Julia Roberts in *My Best Friend's Wedding*.



**Yet more *A Life Less Ordinary* freebies could be yours**



## NEXT WEEK FACE/OFF

Look out for an opportunity to win tickets and prizes from allegedly the best action film of the year, *Face/Off*. Nicolas Cage and John Travolta swap bodies in this action-packed thriller from legendary director John Woo. As usual, the Odeon Kensington will be providing the prizes.

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**WILDLIFE SHOW**

**BG WILDLIFE PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE YEAR**

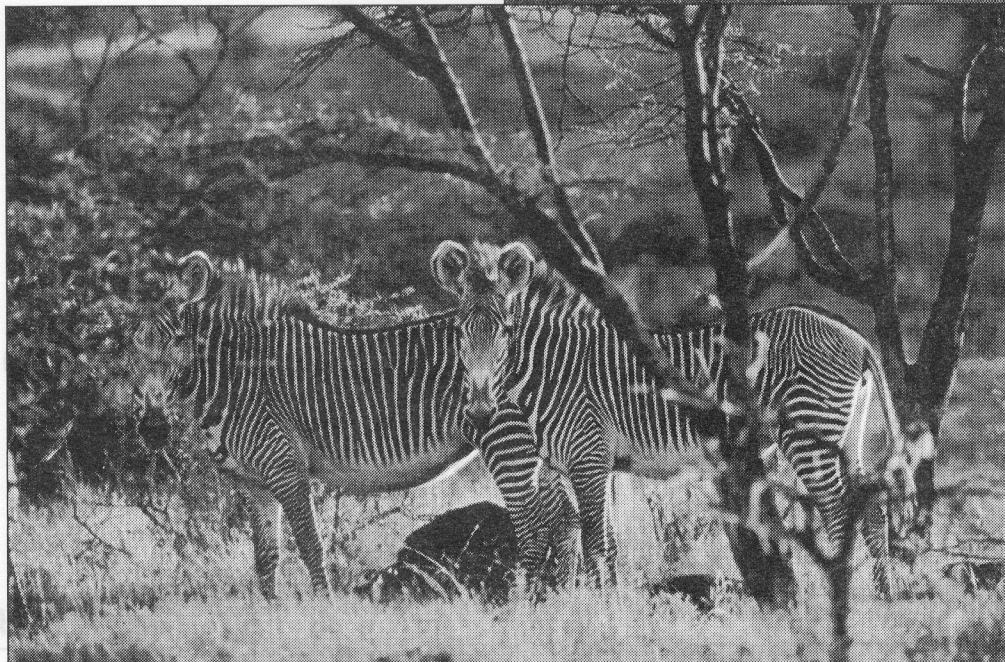
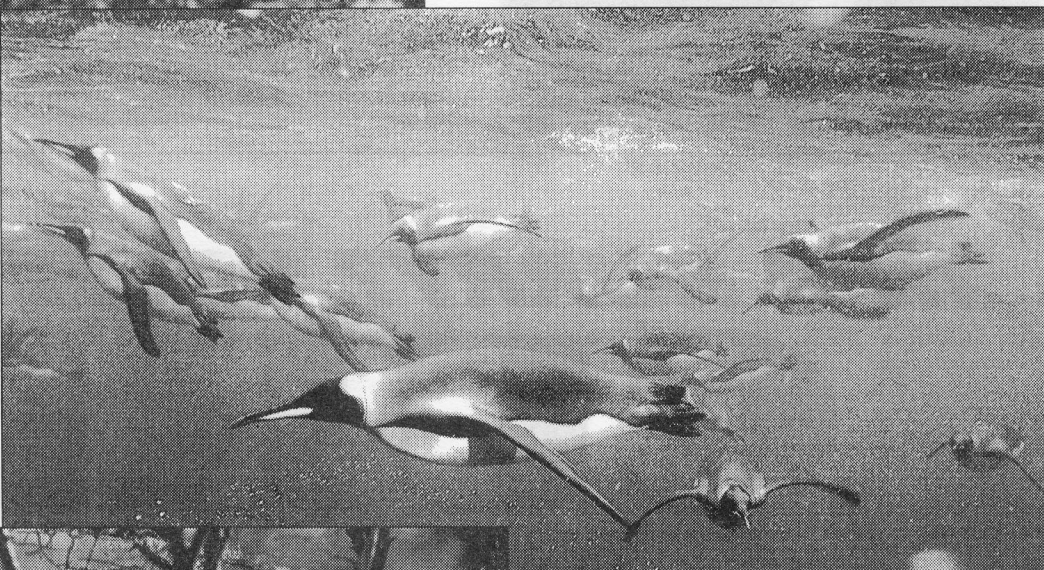
Natural History Museum



**"Tiger Chasing Bird", by Anup Shah.**  
Runner-Up in the 'Gerald Durrell Award for Endangered Wildlife' category.

**"King Penguins Underwater", by Tui De Roy.**  
Runner-Up in 'The Underwater World' category.

**"Grevy's Zebra", by Daniel Gritz.**  
Runner-Up in the '10 years and under' category.



**H**ow do you describe in words a photography exhibition when the entire purpose of the photographs is to convey that which words cannot describe? I still haven't managed to resolve this paradox but I shall try the impossible.

Animals and Nature in general have a timeless appeal that even the most heartless of people cannot resist. I found it almost impossible to look at these photographs with an impartial eye. Heaven knows how the judges managed to keep their impartiality and judge the entries not only on aesthetic appeal and originality, but also on technical difficulty and brilliance! The exhibition has certainly achieved its aim of promoting the beauty and wonder of the natural world.

The most poignant categories were Urban and Garden Wildlife and Animal Behaviour. It was amazing to see how well animals can adapt to an artificial urban environment. Crows nested on a pile of coathangers; an arctic fox made its den in a rubbish tip where it could take full advantage of all the scraps thrown out by humans.

The Animal Behaviour category brought me back into the real world. Although we tend to forget it and view Nature through rose-tinted glasses, the natural environment is actually a very harsh place to survive in. The image of an antelope being strangled by a python really brought this fact home to me.

The winning photograph, Common Tern Fishing, was taken by Tapani Raesaenen from Finland. This is a spectacular action photograph, full of movement and vitality. The bird is captured as it pulls its supper out of the water. Light is reflected off the spray thrown up by the tern. Somehow I didn't feel as sorry for the fish as I did for the antelope caught by the snake, probably because, like most people I suspect, I tend to feel more sympathy for living beings with furs and feathers. This exhibition made me aware of this attitude and I shall certainly do my utmost to change it. **A**

Emma

**BG Wildlife Photographer of the Year**  
Natural History Museum.  
£6, £3.20 students.  
Open 10am - 5.50pm Mon - Sat,  
11am - 5.50pm Sunday.  
Tube: South Kensington



## EXHIBITION

## CLOSER

## Royal National Theatre



Liza Walker as Alice smoking a fag.

What do you expect to experience at the National Theatre? A performance of high standard? Yes. Smooth swift and clever production? Certainly. Confident professional acting? Definitely. 'Closer', Patrick Marber's new play certainly has all of these. However, claiming that it might be a production to provoke, challenge, shock or experience would be like trying to compare 'Neighbours' to 'Cracker' - somehow I don't think so. Don't get me wrong, 'Closer' is entertaining, sometimes extremely flippy, others quaintly moving, but what it achieves in entertainment lacks in reality and emotion.

The simplicity of the staging is wonderful. The first scene, set in a hospital requires only three chairs and a bin, while the cold towering walls on the side and back (which remain throughout the performance) are kept on the edges of the dark volume of the wings by the simply lit, raised stage.

We meet 'Alice', Liza Walker, a stripper just returned from New York who apparently, "knows what men want ... they want women to come like ~ but elegantly." She has just been knocked over by a cab occupied by 'Dan' played by Mark Strong. Their relationship begins, but by only the next scene, set some months later, we are

given a glimpse of Dan's 'male' nature - a sad indication of the fickle twists that develop later.

By far the funniest scene follows, wherein no more than ten words are spoken. Dan now an upcoming author of a book based on Alice's life, leads a doctor, 'Larry' played by Neil Dudgeon, into a cyber-sex chat on the Internet ~an pretending to be a girl!). The remarkable witty script, superb timing and the effects used lead the audience to one of the smoothest and most enjoyable parts of the evening. It shows quite clearly how the characters themselves fail to connect with the audience when we are forced to listen to their 'human' emotions.

Larry eventually pairs up with 'Anna' a photographer played by Sally Dexter, before the final scene of the first act where we witness the breaking up of both couples - Dan is apparently in love with Anna. The clever staging allows us to see it happening both at the same time, a grateful respite to the long and unconvincing sexual details we are pulled through - or maybe just a hint of the seemingly endless similar situations we see later.

Indeed the second act begins in a strip joint. If, however, every strip joint were as unarousing or unerotically as this then they'd have to find a new property development plan for

Soho. The atmosphere isn't helped by the fact that it now seems Larry and Alice, who is dancing at the club, are going to get together. The rest of the second act just seems to be littered with events of partner swapping, vengeance, and witty remarks about men (some of which - it has to be admitted - are extremely flippy).

The intriguing idea of leaving the props and set of previous scenes at the back and sides of the stage seems to reflect the cluttered lives the characters weave for themselves. (Though I'm tempted to believe it reflects the cluttered mind of Marber when he thought of a plot.)

The sad, somewhat downbeat ending is lost, as we've never really been allowed to connect with the character's emotions. Despite Marber's claim that, "Closer is an intimate play, but that doesn't mean, necessarily, that it is best experienced close up", I'd love to see it with some of the restrictions of smaller or fringe productions.

In the play the book written by Dan has appeal, because it was honest and true - something which was missing from this entertaining and professional attempt at a "comedy of our time". **A**

Matt Williams

## CARL AND KARIN LARSSON : CREATORS OF THE SWEDISH STYLE

## V &amp; A

This exhibition, the first of that importance, ever to be held outside Sweden, celebrates the work of Carl and Karin Larsson and its fantastic influence on Swedish and international design for more than 100 years.

Carl Larsson is Sweden's most popular and acclaimed artist. Together with his wife, he created an innovative style in interior design, which was soon to become the essence of what we now call "the Swedish style": simple, luminous and colourful, practical, comfortable and robust; radically differentiating itself from the dark, heavy and pompous trends of the 19th century.

The Larssons were part of a Swedish artistic movement of the 1890s which showed a renewed interest for the homelands, native districts, local folklore and remote areas. To this strong inspirational source was added a blend of varied influences comprising Art Nouveau, Italian Renaissance, English Arts and Crafts and the Japanese style. (Larsson even confessed that "as an artist, Japan was his homeland".)

Not only did the Larssons introduce a style in design, but also promoted a lifestyle, unpretentious, rural and family centred, which they

developed and pursued in their famous Sundborn Cottage. The home became the centrepiece of Carl's and Karin's global approach to design, extending their ideas and creations to all of its minute details, from woven fabrics, flower arrangement to wall decorations and furniture.

The exhibition presents a large collection of water-colours, amongst which Carl's most famous scenes can be found, reproduced throughout the world, as well as oils, drawings and photographs. There is an important focus on Sundborn house, through several re-installations of rooms, including original furniture.

Carl's pictures, in their "elaborate simplicity", are a celebration of the family and show the remarkable intensity of the links which united him to each of its members. As he expressed himself: "They are a very genuine expression of my personality, of my deepest feelings, of all my limitless love for my wife and children." Even when they do not appear 'in person', they still belong to the picture by some sign from the artist. One very often finds representations of toys and Carl himself regularly appears as his "alter-ego clown".

The artist's attachment to tradition is also shown through various representations of typical celebrations.

The exhibition also treats the unique legacy of the artists, in its last part, "A 100 years of the Larssons' ideal" which focuses on that astounding, seemingly unwavering influence. Carl's water-colours have been used extensively in advertisement as an appreciated symbol of family, happiness and security. Their design concept has inspired many of the country's leading designers and architects and has spread across the world, through successful Swedish firms such as IKEA, main sponsor of the exhibition, paying a tribute to those who "inspired them".

Such has become the inseparability of the Swedish society from the Larssons, that the new Swedish passport will, from January 98, show one of the artist's paintings in its inner cover.

The Karin and Carl Larsson exhibition is really one not to be missed. Putting aside all artistic, historical and conceptual reflection, it is, in the spirits of the artists themselves, "simply" pleasant. **A**

Danuta

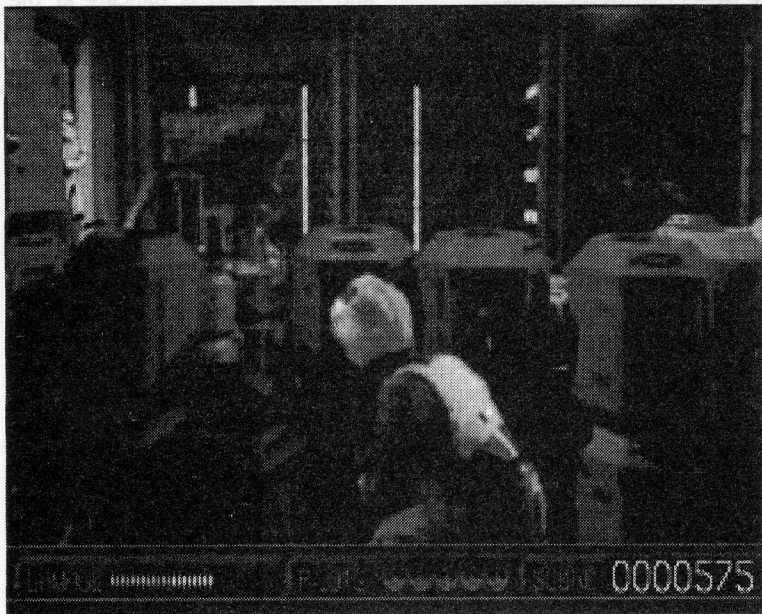


BUBBLE GUM

# STAR WARS - REBEL ASSAULT II

LucasArts ★★★

Following the technically superb and long awaited X-Wing Versus Tie Fighter and Jedi Knight, Lucas Arts have finally released Rebel Assault II as part of the White Label budget range.



Whilst the two years since its release have seen great leaps in graphics and sound, RAIL can most definitely hold its head above water. It is, as the blurb suggests, exactly like being in a Star Wars movie, with well directed FMV and spectacular 3D animation cut-scenes, merging tightly with the action.

You are the rebel Rookie One, and as always, it is down to you to stop the Empire from destroying the Rebels, uncover their new secret weapon, etc. The story is well put together and has a few moments of real Lucas magic. A healthy sense of sanitised but well observed humour keeps the spirit of Star Wars going, and it feels like a real page turner. Unfortunately, the pages are the levels and the levels do not change a great deal. Space battles take place in a heavy handed walk through fashion, and you are clawing at the joystick for a bit of freedom. Ground combat is similarly limited, although you are

able to dive in and out of cover in addition to aiming and firing at the incredibly stupid stormtroopers. The behind-the-ship perspective, used for flying down mineshafts, through trees on speeder bikes and through canyons on training missions is just a little too jerky. To be fair, Lucas Arts have dressed each level up very nicely, and at first you don't notice how simplistic everything is, but after an hour or so of play you just want to get on to the next bit of plot, and the gameplay becomes a hindrance.

Once the game has been completed, there is no incentive to return, and the lack of network options will soon consign this to the back of the drawer. All that said, it is a very slick, well made and absorbing game, which, if you've not seen before, is well worth a look at budget price. You may do better merely to borrow a copy for the evening though. **G**

Mr Trout

PREVIEWS

## GRAND THEFT AUTO

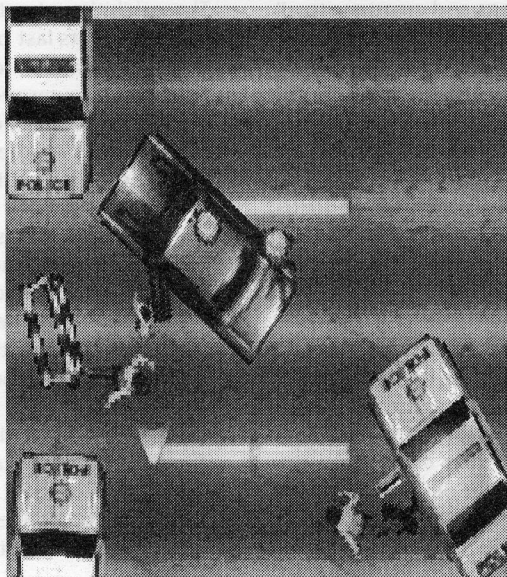
DMA Design Ltd

At last! Something more to do with cars other than racing them around and around in over-elaborate circles... Prepare to experience first-hand every car chase you have ever seen on the small or silver screen. Drive inconsiderately, run red lights, park illegally and - tsk - break the speed limit. Take control of dozens of different vehicles, from the mundane to the meaty, each with distinctive handling and its own radio and horn for noise noise noise, boys.

Three vast and very different 'living' city networks are waiting to be explored - and exploited. Speed recklessly down the main streets, freeways, alleyways, back streets and pavements, through parks and shopping malls (and pedestrians if need be) to reach your destination - or escape the long arm of the law.

Race, chase, skid and wheelspin; burn that rubber; smash, bash, crash and trash those cars; bump and jump; break through roadblocks; rack up the bodycount - and your score, for the only way to beat the law is to drive without due care and attention (bribery can help, but the price is high). Crime does pay - but only when it's pre-tend.

Released for Playstation and PC on 21 November £44.99.



## PANDEMONIUM 2

Crystal Dynamics



Following the success of Pandemonium, the mould-breaking three-dimensional adventure. The twisted mind blowing game continues with the sequel of the year for Playstation.

Pandemonium 2 features Nikki the young sorceress who has decided to cut some corners into becoming the Sorceress supreme, no longer a limpet-eyed young waif, she has sprouted, and so have her desires to snatch the legendary power of the comet. Sadly the years have not been as kind to Nikki's adventurous companion Fargus, after looting an outfit from the Liberace collection, and several laboratory mishaps he now possesses a twisted maniacal side to his character, along with his armless sidekick Sid together they create even more Pandemonium!

The pair's high-speed hijinx take place in Lyra-rich 3D environment ruled by the Goon Queen Zorracha, the race is on to grab the mythic power, only you can help them destroy the evil, and challenge the queen for power.

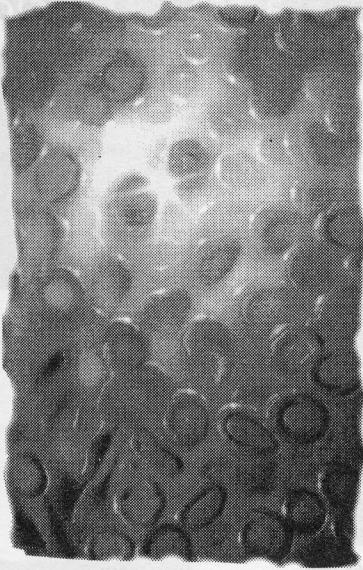
Pandemonium 2 is released on 17th November for Sony Playstation £34.99. **G**



BOOKS

**MOUNT DRAGON**

Lincoln Preston ★★

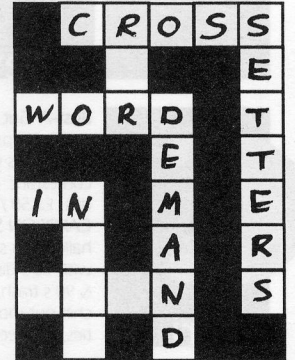


No, we don't know what it is either.

This novel is the latest in a long line of "medical thrillers" based on the ideas of genetic engineering and the fear of going too far in pursuit of scientific goals. Guy Carson is a scientist working for the Genedyne corporation, a world leader in biotechnology. The story is predominantly set at the Mount Dragon complex, a high research base in the desert and site of Genedyne's most ambitious genetic engineering project. When Guy Carson is transferred to work at Mount Dragon he is determined to succeed in his task but the efficiency of the Mount Dragon complex is about to disintegrate as some disturbing facts are revealed. The ethics of genetic engineering are raised early in the story with the two opposing viewpoints materialising in the form of two main characters. These moral viewpoints are handled well as the reader can appreciate the possible dangers and benefits of Genedyne's research. Preston doesn't pressurize the reader into taking sides but skillfully reveals more information

as the novel progresses. The story skips between locations as it follows the progress of different characters and this can often be confusing but it does help to maintain the suspense of the novel especially as the plot develops. Irrelevant descriptive passages detract from the story from the story in some areas and the overuse of scientific detail only serves to confuse when used inappropriately. The conclusion to this story is stretched out for too long as the ending becomes obvious long before it materializes. Preston attempts to involve a little romance towards the end but this is handled poorly as if it was thrown in because the main characters had nothing else to do! A few loose ends need firmly knotting together at the end. This novel contributes some interesting points to the genetic engineering debate and does well in exploring the reasoning behind each characters beliefs. Michael Critcheon, this is not, but if you enjoy scientific thrillers it might be worth a try.

Clare Ashwin



People needed to set crosswords or other puzzles for a regular weekly slot in Felix.

Your chance to liven up everybody's Friday morning lectures.

Come to the office, (NW corner of Beit Quad), ring us up (58072) or email felix@ic.ac.uk

**Thought for the day**

No.3: The Internet

What is the official title of this university? "Imperial College of Science, Technology and Medicine"? Surprisingly enough, this is not the case. It actually reads more like this: "Imperial College of Science, Technology, Medicine and Internet-Worship".

Call me a cynic, but many students at this establishment even use the 'net to move the corpuscles around their blood stream.

If you will pardon the blasphemy and general heresy, it's pathetic. The worst part is that the internet is not even any good. Many of you now will be getting out your silicon shrines to pray to the God of data packet collision, in the hope that he will strike me down with ones and zeros, but the truth is that I am right. The internet is appalling, and getting worse all the time.

The sociologists may salivate over the concept. "Ooh," they say, "it's so exciting. The first time in history that a completely unregulated medium of communication has

existed, and our generation is blessed with being able to study it." Oh, marvellous. It is nothing but an excuse for Teletubby-obsessed dope-smoking Sociology students to submit bizarre constructional techniques to "Andy and Barry's Let's Make a Bong Out of It" page. Or I might cite the somewhat over-used example of the nerdy specky acne-faced geek staring at a freshly-downloaded image of breasts at 1024 by 768 pixels in 16.7 million colours. Sadly, they will only ever be in two dimensions.

The humble web was originally conceived by the military. Tragically, the original protocols are now really not designed for the plethora of traffic, most of it completely pointless, that trickles its way around the lethargic data paths. It is a principle of physics that when light travels through a fibre-optic cable, it slows down. The Net-surfer would be forgiven for concluding that it slows down a lot. One hell of a lot, judging by the modern download speeds, where comparatively slow

**The Sheep Home Page - Baaaaa!**

Sheep, sheep sheep, we love you!!

home modems are kept waiting for the data from supposedly much faster links.

It is not even a challenging pursuit any more. In the good old days of 8-bit micros, you needed a computing degree to operate a modem and log on at 2400 baud to a dodgy Prestel teletext service. These days, you can walk into a cafe anywhere in the country and off you go. Nothing is wonderful any more.

Well, I'll let you get back to your

**The greatest information transmission medium of all time? Sheep? Sign the petition of abolition tomorrow.**

virtual worlds. I'm living in the real world and I'm going to the real pub to drink some real beer and meet some real women. I would advise you to do the same.

by Our Kid



DIVERSIONS FOR THE NEXT SEVEN DAYS

at home

in town

events

clubs & socs

radio & TV

film

arts

music

C  
fri 31

**Bust-A-Gut Comedy Club**  
Junior Simpson & Will Smith, plus Open Mic contestant. 8pm for 8.30 dBs. £2.50 / £2 entscard. **CARRY ON SCREAMING** halloween spectacular, with 70's disco, 80's pop & 90's trash, cocktails, chill-out room, video nasties, £1/Free before 9pm

**Labour Club**  
Meetings Friday 1p.m., Southside Upper Lounge. **ScanSoc** Pub Crawl, 19:00 Finigan's Wake

**999 Lifesavers**  
BBC1, 8p.m.  
"Johnny didn't know that his oxygen supply was about to run out..."  
**Have I got News for You**  
BBC2, 10p.m. Play the drinking game. One pint per million pounds lost in libel costs to the BBC.

**LA Confidential**  
UCI Whiteleys  
(£6.60, £4.00 <5pm M-F, £4.00 <3pm Sa&Su)  
12.40, 3.30, 6.20, 9.10  
Odeon Kensington  
12.00, 3.05, 6.10, 9.15, (Late Fri, Sat 12.20)

**BG Wildlife Photographer of the Year**  
Hundreds of stunning portraits of nature. See page 20.  
Natural History Museum. £6, £3.20 students. Open 10am - 5.50pm Mon - Sat, 11am - 5.50pm Sunday. Tube: South Kensington

**Nick Cave**  
Royal Festival Hall, CANCELLED

**Pulp + Spiritualised + others**  
Barbican  
£17.50

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**DEMONSTRATE!**  
National protest against tuition fees. Assemble 11am at Beit Arch or Hyde Park Corner at 11.30am  
APATHY=FEES

**IC Rifle & Pistol Club:** Join up and shoot. 11am-3pm.  
**IC Rag:** Rag Raid To Liverpool for Meningitis

**Casualty**  
BBC1, 8.10 p.m.  
if you enjoy seeing people experimenting with low quality stage blood, or watch  
**Xena: Warrior Princess**  
Channel 5, 8 p.m.  
if you prefer scantily-clad warrior women. Cast your votes, punters.

**Hard Eight**  
Metro  
(£4.00 sdt)  
2.00, 4.15, 6.30, 8.45

**Cluser**  
Lyttleton Theatre  
See page 21.  
Tickets £10 - £25 evenings, £8 - £14 matinees. Student standby £7 available a few hours before the show.  
Performances on 31, 1, 10, 11 & 12. Tube: Waterloo

**Below average white band**  
Dover St. Wine Bar  
£10/£3

**Zelig**  
Upstairs at the Garage  
£3.50/£2

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**Standing Room Only**  
Premiership footie on the BIG screen.  
**Live Jazz Night**  
FREE in the Union Bar from 8pm.  
**ICU Cinema**  
Portrait Chinois  
8pm, Concert Hall, £2.

**You've Been Framed!**  
ITV, 7p.m.  
Some call me childish. Well, I find it very funny. However, you've really got to watch  
**Pulp Fiction**  
BBC2, 10.15 p.m.  
Can there be anyone who has not seen it yet?

**Fools Rush In**  
Virgin Trocadero  
(£5.00 sdt)  
12.45, 3.30, 6.15, 9.10

**Don McCullin**  
Barbican Centre  
£5.00/£3.00 conc.  
10am-6.45pm M, Th-Sat  
10am-5.45pm Tue  
10am-7.45pm Wed  
12am-6.45pm Sun  
Silk St., EC2  
Tube: Barbican  
Tel.: 0171 382 7105

**Lydia Lunch**  
Jazz Café.  
£7.50. (Spoken word performance)

**BB King**  
Fairfields Halls Croydon  
£25 / £20 / £15

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**RCS Association:** Careers Evening, 6.30pm, Union Dining Hall, Beit Quad.  
**STA BAR TRIVIA**  
Original and best !! £50 CASH Prize, plus a crate of lager. Starts at 8pm.

**Ski Club Christmas Trip**  
Meetings 12:30pm, Southside Upper Lounge.  
**IC Chaplaincy:** Discussion group, then beer and pizza, 10 Prince's Gardens.  
**Community Action Group**  
6pm Old Dark Room, Beit ARTSOC, 12.30-1.30, Union Dining Hall.

Vintage reruns of  
**Only Fools and Horses**  
BBC1, 8.30 p.m.  
which are so much better than the recent ones.  
**The Sweeney**  
Channel 5, 9p.m.  
If you have never sampled this, you have lived a deprived life indeed.

**Shooting Fish**  
Odeon Kensington  
(£6.30, £3.70 <5pm M-F, £5.00 <5pm S&S)  
1.40, 4.20, 7.00, 9.40

**Mondrain: Nature to Abstraction.**  
Tate Gallery.  
£5, £3 students (main collection free and well worth seeing). Open daily 10am - 5.50pm until 30 November. Tube: Westminster. Also **Tuner Prize Entries** £1.50.

**Movie + Guidance + Amoeba**  
Dublin Castle NW1  
£4

**Big Big Jam Session**  
World's End, N4  
Free

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**Community Action Group**  
Soup Run 8.15pm, basement kitchen, Weeks Hall.  
**Yoga classes:** 12.15pm to 1.30pm, Southside Gym.  
**Imperial Queers,** 7.30pm, Brown Committee Room, Union Building.  
**OpSoc** rehearsals 7.30pm, Concert Hall.

Laugh at the appalling presenters and weak subject matter of  
**The O Zone**  
BBC2, 7.10 p.m.  
and get the beers in for  
**Mad Max 2**  
ITV, 10p.m.

**Deadline for entries to the extremely easy question on page 17.** There are posters, book and t-shirts from Ewan McGregor's *A Life Less Ordinary* to be won and you can enter by e-mailing the answer to felix@ic.ac.uk

**Sensation**  
Royal Academy  
Piccadilly, W1  
You must have heard of this show! Well worth a visit. £7 / £4.70.

**Mark Owen,**  
Shepherds Bush Empire,  
£12.50.

**Lisa Stansfield**  
Wembley Arena,  
£18.50

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**XS**  
Party tunes in the main room 9pm-1am. Midnight bar. Free before 11pm, 50p after.  
**ICU Cinema**  
The Full Monty 6pm  
The Lost World 8pm  
Concert Hall, £2.

**Skate Soc** meeting, 12.05 pm in Southside Lounge.  
**IC Chaplaincy:** Communion at 10 Prince's Gardens.  
**Orienteering Club** training 6pm, Union Gym.  
**Mountaineering Club** Climbing wall trip, 1p.m., College climbing wall.

You're no Imperial student if you don't watch  
**Star Trek: the Next Generation**  
BBC2, 6 p.m.  
because it rocks. I imagine most of you will also be watching  
**UEFA Champions League**  
ITV, 7.30 p.m.

**An American Werewolf in Paris**  
Odeon Kensington  
2.15, 4.45, 7.15, 9.45  
UCI Whiteleys  
5.05, 7.20, 9.30

**Don McCullin**  
The definitive exhibition of the life work of the famous war photographer.  
£5, £3 students  
Barbican Centre, EC2  
Open 10am - 6.45pm  
Mon - Sat, noon on Sun.  
Tube: Barbican.

**Son Volt**  
Dingwalls,  
Etc.

**Northern Uproar**  
Backyard at Water Rats  
WC1  
£5

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More fun with plastic animals - **DaVinci's Cocktail Night.** The best value cocktails for miles. 5pm - 11pm.  
**ICU Cinema**  
The Lost World 6pm  
The Full Monty 8pm  
Concert Hall, £2.

**IC Chaplaincy,** lunch at 10 Prince's Gardens, all welcome  
**IC Choir Rehearsal,** Room 342, Mech. Eng, 6.15 - 8pm, icchoir@ic.ac.uk.

Anyone who enjoys their trashy American comedy, and who is not watching Star Trek might appreciate  
**Boy Meets World**  
Channel 4, 6 p.m.  
The Trekkies, on the other hand, might also like  
**Horizon**  
BBC2, 9.25 p.m.

**The Peacemaker**  
Odeon Kensington  
1.00, 3.50, 6.45, 9.35  
Virgin Fulham Rd  
(£6.20, £4 sdt Mo-Th)  
6.10, 8.50  
Virgin Trocadero  
12.30, 3.10, 6.00, 8.50, 11.50

**Art Reviewers Needed!**  
If you're interested in exhibitions, photography, theatre, shows or any other art-related stuff, come to the Felix office, 1pm Monday.

**Daft Punk**  
Astoria,  
Nov 5 Sold Out, Nov 6  
£12.50

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Singapore 179101  
Or fax in confidence to (65)3308537.  
E-mail: apdcym@gic.com.sg

**Closing Date: 7 November 1997**

*We regret that only shortlisted applicants will be notified.*

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**GIC**

GOVERNMENT OF SINGAPORE  
INVESTMENT CORPORATION



# The Man With The Ten Bob Note

A story by Buz Barstow

**A solitary death is so unkind to us all. It leaves us in that instant of indignity where all that there can be are preconceptions about what we did, where we came from, all based on what remains with us, when we were in no state of mind to choose wisely.**

Just, then imagine, what it is like for those with no means of preparation, living each day as it comes, with no desire but for the end, but no idea about how to meet it. Stuck in the singularity between action and indecision.

So, when you're found dead in a park. Your death bed was made of roses, your funeral gown a long, coarse coat, shoes battered beyond repair, days of growth on your beard and an Eisenhower cap, the indignity must be hard to bear, but I suppose no harder than the pity heaped upon you everyday. You're lucky you're dead.

The impression you leave on the universe in the instant of death, is for a tramp, the most important one, and almost uncertainly, the most unfavourable. Everything you ever amounted to during your life, everything you achieved is erased, never really was, as without identification, your life lacks closure. You cannot be remembered for what you did, as no one knows you need to be remembered. All the closure you will receive is the impression your body, your clothing and the means of your death gives of you.

The clues are limitless, if only you have the eyes to look. The silver ring, shining in the light of the sun against the mans darkened hands. Still, no, moving, why is it moving? Tumbling against the blackness, more of them, ten, a hundred, a thousand, so many that they begin to bring meaning to the blackness. But still moving, the original had long since passed out of view. Yet they continued falling. Out in front of the blackness was an impression, lines of a face, the tramps face, but younger, the features were stronger, eyes filled with brightness. Now it all begins to become clear who the man was. He was out amongst the stars.

The man lifted himself off his knees. The stars never lost their wonder did they? However much time you spent out in their realm. Like so many onboard, the man was born on a planetary body. Some said that even being born in space

didn't diminish the wonder of the stars. The wonder of the stars, despite their brilliance, wasn't the mans main concern, more one in particular, or to be precise, a planet surrounding it.

The star system that his starship orbited so carefully, was a dual system, composed of a black hole, orbited by a red giant about which orbited what remained of the planets it had ravaged by the expansion of its atmosphere.

As the red giant orbited the black hole, it gradually spiralled ever closer, and one day it would enter the black hole, and, for all intents and purposes leave our universe, but long before that day, tidal forces exerted on the star and planets by the black hole would reduce them to a platter of rubble and plasma. That day was coming sooner than anyone liked. One of the remaining gas giants in the system held a moon in its a grip, on which remained a small outpost of the empire. Don't worry, nobody was still on it, but there was some house keeping that still needed to be done. If the empire was anything, it was fastidious. No stone unturned, no file out of place, no loose ends. What the housekeeping entailed, the man didn't know. He'd be leaving soon, and in 4 days, when he arrived, he'd be briefed.

The sky cracked. Its naked wonder was a rediscovered experience for anyone so removed from the organic world. The rain too, whatever it may be made of; ammonia, sulphuric acid, even water, falling on the roof was something you were never able to appreciate in a life in space. There was something about that irregular crackling that was uniquely soothing.

Inside what remained of the outpost, the man could taste the sophistication of the outpost. The air was wonderfully moist, but crisp at the same time, like tasty fruit, or an elegant wine, two more delicacies the man hadn't relished in some time. You'd be surprised what effect deprivation had on the soul. The air recyclers, particularly expensive ones from the taste of the air, were still turned on. The subtle lighting also worked. Another rarity in space.

The map of the outpost he'd been given was difficult to follow. It

was flat. For someone who'd been used to walking around curved tunnels and slipping between variable gravity sections, it was more than just an interesting challenge, it was like being in the hands of something you didn't quite know or understand.

His full briefing hadn't yet arrived, it was supposed to be waiting for him, but waiting where? The outposts lounge area was to his right, the kitchen to the left. He took the right hand door. All the doors here swung open by hand, another luxurious waste of space. Having to take the effort to open every door was a little trying as well.

He entered the lounge area. The light from the corridor illuminated a form on the floor. It had a luminescent quality all of its own though, if anything diminished by the light from the corridor. He groped for a light switch around the door. The wall lights of the room slowly lit, giving him range of the room, to get to the figure on the floor.

The figure was a young woman, who had collapsed on one of the glass coffee tables that dotted the room. Must have collapsed in one of the last earthquakes and been knocked unconscious by the fall. How long had she been like this? More importantly, why was she still here? These were two questions that he'd have to put to the back of his mind until he arrived at the mothership. But there lay the problem. The pod he'd used to get here only had enough supplies to take one back to the mothership.

The man carried the woman to one of the plush red sofas that too encircled the room, and took a seat himself. He'd need to sit down to make a decision like this. Hell, he'd need more than that. Leave the woman and save himself, no one would notice. Do the honourable thing and sacrifice himself when the moon collapsed under the black holes gravitational influence. Or, do the smart thing and take the time to convert the pod to two man travel. He'd have a couple of days at most before the gas giants orbit took it within an unsafe distance of the black hole, then the moons structure really would be tested. It would almost undoubtedly fail.

Communications with the mothership were out of the question. The black hole not only screwed up faster than light communications by

placing an unpassable wall in hyperspace, but also made conventional radio transmissions impossible.

The moon rocked again. Tidal forces from the black hole were needing the core of the moon like a baker would do to a piece of dough. At least the end would come soon. He took the woman out through the umbilical walkway to the pod on the outposts landing pad. He told the onboard computer to carry out the return flightpath that it had been given at the mothership to allow it to avoid the black hole's event horizon. Out of a sense of eternal optimism, he took his EVA suit out of the back of the pod, just in case he could be rescued, and retreated back into the outpost, where he commanded the pod to leave the moon and carry out its orders.

He went back to the lounge, poured himself a selection of what remained of the drinks cabinet and started to wait. Pretty expensive too. Perhaps this was the housekeeping that needed to be done.

The first full day of his incarceration on the moon came, and like any man awaiting doom, wasted it, while simultaneously trying to eke out every pleasurable moment. He took little time to appreciate the strange ornaments that adorned the building, nor took any to look into his "housekeeping".

Finally, came the end. A long time ago, people would have called this the apocalypse, with no space to run to, this really would be the end for them. The man had given up his chance to run like a fallen angel. The ground outside started to rip apart, like most tomes of death said it would. The outpost would be hit soon. He donned his EVA suit, like any good explorer would, in the vain hope that he might be rescued at the last minute, and began to wait anew. The outpost was shuddering. The best thing to do would be to find some high ground, above any falling rocks. He climbed to the highest peak available, a laughably small elevation, and began to survey the destruction. The outpost was still there, barely. He took the time, like he always did when nervous. The sky cracked again. The last thing he remembered was falling.

**To be continued...**





# Footie sex gods win again

## St GEORGE'S v ICFC II

Travelling out into the wilds beyond zone 6, the seconds were in bouyant mood even though ace striker Warren had been stolen by a mad Norweigian. Our customary five minutes kip at the start of the game allowed them to score a breakaway goal. It soon became apparent that we were so much better than them it was funny. Except they were 1-0 up and we weren't laughing.

The first half passed with the defence of Jesse, Loz, Dan and Phil in total control but with the mid-field and attack not quite clicking. A half-time switch of Hajo to mid-field and Tony to attack unleashed our awesome power and it was only a matter of time before we scored. Felix's shot was wickedly deflected into their goal and they knew they weren't going to regain the lead as Felix grabbed another and Steve beat the lanky keeper at the near post to send us into the next round of the cup.

After the match Martin is alleged to have left the country after not scoring for four games.

**St George's I 1 - 3 ICFC II**

## KING'S IV v ICFC IV

After winning their first league point on Saturday the fourths secured their first BUSA point in a difficult tie and from here we should go onto qualify for the national stages in the New Year. Today we played King's fourths, nicknamed "The Badgers" for the third year running. An indication of their sexual preferences, probably, but it wasn't enough to deter the [Master] Baiters from IC.

Despite dominating the early stages and having the better chances in the first half, we fell a goal behind when the ball broke to Head Badger close in on goal. Chris "Dones" Donner, following an almighty scramble, equalised by mis-hitting a volley towards the goal and the ball slowly bobbed in.

In the second half, Ryan's free kick on the right touch-line caught the nocturnal Goalie-Badger sleeping and hoped over his head from 35 yards. King's mounted an almighty onslaught and scored their equaliser with only ten minutes to go. Superb saves from the veteran keeper kept us in the match and the scores ended level.

**King's IV 2 - 2 ICFC IV**

## ICFC I v UCL I

Who is Chris Soberg? Psycho? Duke of Prague? He is, of course, both. He is also the captain of the Firsts who went through to the semi-finals of the ULU Cup on Saturday.

Injury problems? The Firsts had quite a few. Jamie Foulstone was out with a dead leg, forcing Steve Fleming and Donal Keane to play, Dave Stewart was struggling with his knee, Mikael Askerdal wasn't fit and German Shana was carried off in the 2nd half. But Richard Pratt gave the Firsts the lead, only for UCL to equalise. Worse followed in extra-time when Keane misjudged a high ball into the box and UCL took the lead. Substitute Warren Tube in his First team debut equalised with minutes remaining. So there had to be a penalty shoot-out. some, like Amo, Psycho and Ricky Gibson kept their cool, while Keane and Warren Tube couldn't handle the pressure. UCL then missed their 13th penalty in what appeared to be an endless story. Psycho stepped up to score his 2nd penalty of the day.

**ICFC I 2 - 2 UCL I**

**(ICFC win 10 - 9 on penalties.)**

## ICFC V v RSM II

Matches against RSM are always eventful and today was no exception. The match began with both teams applying pressure, but IC made the first breakthrough when RSM handballed in the box and Dan scored the resulting penalty. Soon after, however, disaster struck when Nick allegedly kicked an RSM player in an "off-the-ball" incident and the ref sent him off. IC battled against an increasingly overwhelming RSM side but still managed to increase the lead when Serge was put through and finished clinically.

The second half started badly with RSM scoring in a goalmouth scramble. IC held on to their lead until a deflected shot was unforgivably fumbled by keeper Jimmy. But our saviour arrived in the shape of Dimitris, who received the ball from the centre, shot down the left wing, burst into the RSM box and rifled the ball into their net. Solid, gutsy performances from Malcom and Kublai in particular helped IC win the match. Well done to all the IC players for an exceptional victory.

**ICFC V 3 - 2 RSM II**

## IC IV v UCH I

(To the "tune" of "Tubthumping")  
We'll be singing when we're losing  
We'll be singing...

*They score a goal,*

*and then another one.*

*We're never gonna win this game.*

*They hit the post,*

*and then the other post.*

*We're never gonna win this game.*

**Repeat**

Pissing the game away,

Pissing the game away.

They take a long shot,

They take a short shot,

They take a corner shot,

They take a penalty shot.

They score goals that show the 'keepers shit,

They score goals that show that he's not.

Oh Stuey Cook,

Stuey Cook.

**Repeat Chorus.**

Pissing the night away,

Pissing the night away.

We take the kick-off,

We take a goal-kick,

We take a throw-in,

We take a centre kick.

They score goals that show they're a good team,

They score goals that show they're the best team.

Oh Andy Swift,

Andy Swift.

**Repeat Chorus.**

Don't cry for us Imperial College.

**Repeat Chorus.**

Fade in:

We'll be singing when we're drinking,

We'll be singing when we're drinking.

Pissing the night away,

Pissing the night away.

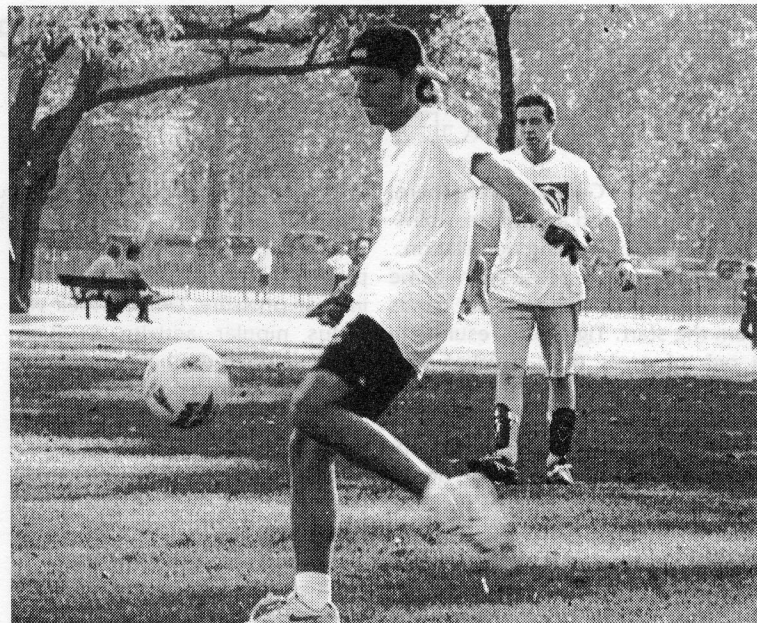
**ICFC IV 3 - 9 UCH I**

## MONTPELIER HALL v SOUTHWELL

The match stood at 0-0 in a tense first twenty-five minutes, neither

sizzling looping goal. Before the dust had settled from their celebrations Rashid controlled a through ball and blasted home a good goal.

In the second half Montpellier set about adding to their lead. They scored again when Kristan sliced a



**Function defeats fashion for hall footballers. Photo by Froggy**

side able to make any room. Then Montpellier hit Southwell with a fast counterattack and as Rashid flashed the ball across the goalmouth it cannoned off a defender to give Montpellier a 1-0 lead. Then, against the run of play, Southwell were awarded a free kick about twenty yards from the Montpellier goal and with this, their only chance of the half, scored a

cross into the top corner of the net. Chances went begging until five minutes from time Mark Yellowneck latched on to a free kick from the left and scored Montpellier's fourth.

Overall, Montpellier were more than worth their four goals and Southwell were lucky with one!

**Montpellier 4 - 1 Southwell**



# Rugby rucks and rolls

## ICRFC I v QMW I

In a dynamic, fast-moving game, the firsts triumphed on Wednesday with a cohesive and impressive performance. In one of the first moves of the game, Rich "Mongol" Lloyd burst through the QMW defence to score a try which motivated the team for the rest of the first half. The main fault in the performance was a shortage in line-out possession but good interplay and support in midfield made up for that. An excellent individual effort led to a try from winger Jim "Squeaky" Sopper (Man of the match).

In the second half, after a short period when the team composed themselves, more fluid rugby followed. Tries from Martyn "Buffy" Buttenshaw and David "Nippy" Pearce boosted the score along with kicks from Alistair "Fich" Jeffrey (outside half) and Dave "Anal" Gol.

The scoreline was impressive and the team had to work hard for every point in a well-deserved win.

**ICRFC 29 - 10 QMW I**



Opposition looks on in awe at IC's ten foot tall forward

## ICRFC II v QMW II

A victorious team departed from 'The Bull' at Thedon Bois after beating QMW 36-0. The bus didn't arrive so a demoralised team had to take the long tube journey to Thedon Bois.

Arriving 20 minutes before kick off we changed and warmed up quickly. Initially play was loose after our late arrival. However with forwards getting well together, being our second match, we soon brought order to the chaos! Some good work from the backs, after the forwards had sucked the opposition in saw some tries going in on the far corner!

H. Tanner played well after not being able to see without his contacts and D.Higazi utilised the loose ball scoring, along with N.Parker who took the ball from the back of the opposition pack to crash over the line.

J.Trude eventually gets a score which was well deserved and our glorious captain K.Beattie kicked well totalling our score at 36 points.

**ICRFC II 36 - 0 QMW II**

# Results

### Football

- ICFC I 0 - 1 QMW I (BUSA)
- ICFC II 4 - 2 QMW II (BUSA)
- ICFC III 2 - 3 RSM I (Cup)
- ICFC IV 3 - 9 UC Hospital I (Cup)
- ICFC V 3 - 2 RSM II

### Hockey

- ICHC II 1 - 0 St Bart's
- RSM 4 - 0 St Bart's III
- RSM 0 - 1 QMW I
- RSM 4 - 0 SBLH III

### Rugby

- ICRFC I 18 - 10 Brunel I
- ICRFC II 67 - 0 Brunel II

### Basketball

- ICWBC 66 - 57 Charing Cross
- ICWBC 56 - 24 QMW

# Golly, volley (ball)

## Cocky hockey on the rampage

### ICHC I v St GEORGE'S

Full of hope, St George's were there, resplendent in red and white, oblivious to their impending humiliation.

We started a possession game and had the opposition in our hands from the start. Tight play resulted in a pair of goals from Chicken Bol. Half-time come quickly for our dominant team.

And now the Gods struck: not content with our comfortable domination, the captain finished his third hat-trick in three games. 2.4 Inches missed sitter after sitter while Heartbreak Boy put two away for the side. Angel Face, not happy with the open goal in front of him, continued his dribble and found himself, proverbially, up his own arse. The day must however go to the obviously rich freshers Graime and Taz for their first IC goals.

A superb result, following the 4-1 win against King's and hard fought draw with Royal Free Hospital, this should be a very successful season in BUSA for the firsts as we look set to win our group

**ICI 7 - 0 St George's**

### ICHC II v ST BART'S

With an air of confidence IC took the pitch at Stepny Green. The air was soon smelling foul as SBLH pressed home with long periods of intense pressure. Despite their vigorous nipular activity St Barts couldn't open the beef curtains to score [What are you talking about? - naive Si] [Vaginas? - Jake]. IC responded with some occasional ripostes and flirts down the wings, but rarely did they trouble the St Barts goal.

At half time the score being 0-0, Rich spiced up his side by threatening to stop them with his small knob. This obviously did the trick as, despite some early frenetic activity around the IC goal, St Barts were again unable to score. IC now counter attacked with verve and vigour leading to a penalty flick. Opportunity knocked for Pudding, as he slammed in the shot. St Barts fell to pieces as IC poured on relentless pressure. The result was, to be honest a jammy escape.

**ICHC II 1 - 0 St Bart's I**

### RSM v ICHC III

On Wednesday, the best RSM team for years faced ICIII. RSM opened the scoring in the second half after constant pressure. Tim's hit at goal and a deflection saw the ball into the back of the net, watched by his girlfriend. ICIII pulled back with a fine goal ten minutes later, but RSM then dominated the rest of the game with two goals - first from Maruf and then Shiman sealing it with a fine reverse-stick hit.

**RSM 3 - 1 ICHC III**

### ICWHC I v KCL

A good performance against a renamed side. The scoreline does not reflect the effort displayed. Intense hockey resulted in two injuries. The first a woosie Kings girl who nearly cracked her skull open then Hummingbird who fell over Somebody's shoe! By the end of the match there were more ambulances than goals. And then we beat the boys at singing!

**ICWHC I 0 - 0 KCL**

### ICVC v LSE

After a good season last year for the men's team, first in the third division table and qualifying to the London League Division II, their start for this season could not be better, three wins in row.

First match was against LSE in the BUSA championship, where IC boys taught the opposition a lesson on away ground. The next two matches were in the London League, against IVA Boustan and Anatolia VC. IC boys were against tough opposition but came back to win both matches after losing the first set on both occasions.

We have three teams for the first time: men's, women's and the mixed team. We train on Fridays evenings between 6 and 8pm, and in the first two terms we invite beginners to join us on Wednesdays afternoons 3-5pm in the sports centre. We meet an hour before training at the cash machine in the Sheffield Building.

**ICVC 3 - 0 LSE**

**ICVC 3 - 1 IVA Boustan**

**ICVC 3 - 1 Anatolia**