

FREE INSIDE
World Cup Wall Chart

SHORT STORY
Watching Pigs on the Wing

NEXT WEEK
Some News, Hopefully



FELIX

The Students' Newspaper at Imperial College
Issue 1114
8 May 1998

IC Suffers Worst Ever News Drought

ALI CAMPBELL

This week, Imperial College was struck by the worst news drought for a good fifty years, rendering the front page of Felix little more than an amusing waste of space. The problem began when Jeremy Thomson, editor of the publication, noticed that the vibrant and interesting stories with which the office is usually peppered had dried up completely, with the problem reaching an unhappy climax just two hours before Felix went to print.

Thomson was quoted as saying, "I think this is extremely irresponsible behaviour on the part of the students at this university. I know that many people have examinations at this time of year, but you would think that at least a



Andy Heeps: Nothing to Report

few people might do something vaguely news-worthy. We haven't

even had reports of missing traffic cones, which frankly are ten a penny."

Panic subsequently gripped the office as all emergency investigations drew a blank. Extraordinary consultations with Union officials produced little more information than, "Bugger off, I'm working". At the eleventh hour, it was a certain dashing young journalist who saved the day again by writing two hundred words of nonsense.

This occurrence adds weight to the allegations that Imperial College, having recently risen above Oxford to second place in the Financial Times' university rankings, now houses the second most boring campus inhabitants in the country.

NUS Conference descends in to Tribalism

NEWSTEAM

The annual conference of the National Union of Students last month crumbled into an angry slanging match between the divided student parties. Speeches by both the columnist Peter Hitchens and NUS president Doug Trainer incited demonstration and abuse so vocal that police and security were called on to restore order and eventually break up the conference. The main source of friction was the increasing challenge to Labour Student's domination of the NUS from the Campaign for Free Education. Several key positions, including National Treasurer, have shifted to CFE candidates, and Labour Students fear further losses next year.



Outgoing NUS President Douglas Trainer

The CFE's key priority is the abolition tuition fees - an issue on which the NUS have been widely criticised for their lack of successful

action. However, the newly elected president Andrew Pakes (this year's National Treasurer), claimed that he had personally lobbied Labour MPs over the issue and defended the NUS' position. In contrast, the CFE announced the launch of their new anti-fees campaign "Can't Pay, Won't Pay", in which they hope to obtain 100,000 pledges from future students to default on their payments.

The conference ended with almost the entire 2000-strong delegation on their feet and shouting during Douglas Trainer's retirement speech, which came to a climax when he accused the Socialist Worker Party of being "paper-selling loonies."



Bomb Scare

Threatens Final

JEREMY THOMSON

IC security, the police and the Bomb Squad were all involved in an operation to defuse a bomb in the Sherfield Building last Friday.

Security received an anonymous tip-off at approximately 11am, informing them that an explosive device had been placed in the women's toilets on level three of the Sherfield Building. Security investigated, saw the device and decided to empty the building until it had been made safe. The police were called in, and all the nearby administrative staff were evacuated. At the time, final year biology students were sitting exams in the Great Hall. However, it was decided to leave them undisturbed as they were deemed to be a safe distance from the suspected bomb.

On investigation, the Bomb Squad discovered the object to be a fake, constructed of aluminium cans and foil. "It was a definite attempt to imitate a bomb", said Ken Weir, Chief Security Officer.

Although the incident is under investigation and fingerprints are being studied, there is little chance of identifying the perpetrator. The possibility that the scare was a deliberate attempt to disrupt the examinations has not been ruled out.

Ken Weir has requested that students do not leave their personal belongings outside the Great Hall during the exam period. He also reminded students to take all their belongings with them at the end of the exam, especially swipe cards, which have been left behind several times this term.

News in Brief...

COMPUTER THEFTS STOPPED

Two thieves were disturbed during an attempted robbery in the Electrical Engineering building last Thursday night, preventing the loss of thousands of pounds' worth of computer equipment. The men had broken in to an IT lab on the eight floor, and had begun to remove computers from the desks ready to carry them from the building when a security officer who was locking up entered the area. The department was quickly sealed off, but the thieves managed to exit the building and hid in Ayrton Road. A chase ensued, but the men escaped. It is thought that although the robbers knew where to find the equipment, they lacked detailed knowledge of the building

TOP-UP FEES DANGER

Students are once again facing the prospect of top-up fees as MPs voted to overturn critical amendments made by the House of Lords in the Teaching and Higher Education Bill. Amongst other changes, the peers voted to continue means-tested maintenance grants for students and specifically prohibit universities from charging their own top-up fees. The clause has now been modified so that an institution may charge extra fees if they can provide satisfactory justification.

The bill, which has now reached report stage and will return to the House of Lords next month, can be read at www.parliament.the-stationery-office.co.uk/pa/cm/199798/cmbills/181/1998181.htm.

Researchers "to Cure Cancer in Two Years"

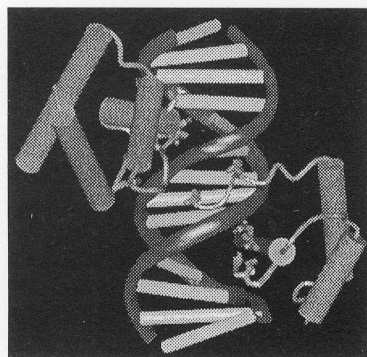
ED SEXTON

The last few weeks have seen a deluge of publicity concerning possible cures for cancer.

This week international headlines reported the success of an American group in eradicating tumours in mice. The research team, who are based in Boston, have produced a drug cocktail which reduces the blood supply to developing tumours.

The cocktail consists of two drugs, endostatin and angiostatin, that seem to work synergistically in preventing blood vessels from supplying cancerous growths. Not only does this starve the tumour of essential nutrients, but it also prevents the spread of cancer cells, so the tumour remains benign. Dr Judah Folkman, pioneer of the new treatment, has been cautious about its effectiveness in humans, but this hasn't stopped a human trial being organised for the coming year. Nor has it stopped share prices in EntreMed Inc, the company with the rights to the two drugs, from soaring this month. Media attention has been further intensified by the comments of Dr James Watson,

the Nobel laureate who discovered the structure of DNA: He told a reporter for the New York Times "Judah is going to cure cancer in two years."



Then it was the turn of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. Researchers in Dundee have isolated a single gene (again in mice) that seems to be crucial in preventing damage from carcinogens. The gene is particularly important in the lungs and bladder, two tissues that are often sites of smoking-related cancers. Individuals with 'faulty' copies of the gene are more likely to develop cancers than those with functional copies. The finding could also allow the use of genetic

engineering to prevent certain cancers. Although the British research has not received the media attention of the Boston group, both are significant developments in the fight against cancer.

Meanwhile the Cancer Research Campaign is concentrating on another drug, Combretastatin A4, which is similar in effect to the endostatin-angiostatin combination. Human trials are due to begin in November, before the American trial begins.

While Dr Watson's comments may be over-optimistic, we can expect a variety of new therapies and treatments to become available early in the new millennium. The holy grail of 'a cure for cancer' is still out of reach, but perhaps not out of sight. Our understanding of cancer is growing at an exponential rate and, although media hype may be raising false hopes once again, it seems that a cure for cancer may be a viable possibility within the next decade. With a third of all Westerners suffering from cancer at some point in their lives, that has to be good news.

THE FELIX WEEK

MONDAY

- Arts Meeting** - 1pm. For all interested in exhibitions and theatre
- Books Meeting** - 1pm. Review the latest fiction free.
- Features Meeting** - 1pm. If you want to write or layout features, take photographs, or just have an idea, come along.

TUESDAY

- News Meeting** - 1pm. For all writers, researchers and photographers. NEWS WRITERS NEEDED!
- Film Meeting** - 12 noon.

WEDNESDAY

Madness all day 10am - 3am. Not recommended for the uninitiated.

FRIDAY

- News Meeting** - 12.30pm.
- Music Meeting** - 1.30pm. Get your hands on the latest releases.



City & Guilds College Union Annual General Meeting

Union Dining Hall, 6pm Tuesday 19th May

AGM

The Annual General Meeting will receive reports from all Union Officers, Club and Society Chairs and Departmental Representatives. Elections for posts next year will also take place.

- Events for the Centenary Year (1998/99)
 - Motorised and violate mascotry
- Any member of the union may bring up points for discussion or motions to O&MC.

The AGM will also elect the O&MC Chair and Hon Sec, Spanner/Bolt Bearers, Web Editor, Spanner (Fresher's handbook) Editor, Archivist and Assistant Hon Sec, Asst HJT, Asst Publicity Officer, and Asst Guildsheet Editor. Nominations are taken from the floor.

O&MC

The Summer Term meeting of the Officers and Members Council will be convened straight after the AGM. Likely items on the agenda are:

- First reading of the new constitution
- Format for the Freshers' Dinners in 1998
- Departmental and CCU level sports

Elections for 1998/99

Nominations for Events Officer, Publicity Officer and Guildsheet Editor have closed and elections will be held at the AGM.

Nomination papers for **Academic Affairs Officer**, **Departmental Societies Officer** and **Welfare Officer** go up this Monday, coming down 5pm, Friday 15th May. Elections will be held at AGM.

Colours

Nominations are invited for C&GCU Colours for contributions to the any part of the Union. Nominations to [p.burge@ic](mailto:p.burge@ic.ac.uk), or [hac@doc.ic](mailto:hac@doc.ic.ac.uk) as soon as possible.

For any information about posts, agenda, colours or anything else, contact Hamish Common (hac@doc.ic.ac.uk)

All members of the Union are welcome to attend

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Just one more good reason to come to the Ball - and we haven't finished yet!
Have a good Summer!

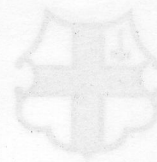
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12.00 - 2pm Monday to Friday

Daily range of Curry, Rice, Kebabs, Chicken, Pita Bread

LUNCH
in the
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THE DINER

Freshly made Soup, Granary Bread, Casseroles, Stir Fry,
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VEGETARIAN

Vegetarian Dish of the Day, Noodles, Rice, Pasta,
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QUICKS

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Applications are invited for the
position of

SUBWARDEN

in

FALMOUTH KEOGH
HALL

Applications welcome from all members of the college with at least 18 months before completion of their course.

Application forms are available from the Accommodation Office, 15 Princes Gardens, and should be returned to the Warden, Dr Andrew Livingston, Chem Eng, by 5pm Friday 15 May.

LWWT

London Weekend Television are currently engaged in research for a forthcoming documentary about the twilight economy surrounding the world of the sex industry. As part of this, we would be interested in hearing from any students who have sought to supplement their income with occasional work in this area. People with stories to tell should call David Donnelly on 0171 261 3276. Obviously, all communication will be dealt with in the utmost discretion.

Editorial

Of all the problems facing IC students, accommodation is both the biggest and the most expensive. London – the largest city in the UK – also has the least property available for students. The landlords know this, and charge almost as much rent as 'professional' homes poor quality properties. While a student studying in, say, Sheffield might typically pay £30 - £40 for a room in a terrace house with a lounge and garden, their London contemporaries are lucky to get away with less than £70 for a small room in a crumbling flat with no communal space.

Further more, you can walk around Sheffield in any of the suburbs near the university, and you will see countless signs advertising vacant **student** accommodation, and even specialist estate agents. The properties are generally well looked-after and compare favourably to the 'ordinary' homes next door. In contrast, student houses in London bear no resemblance to resident's flats and rarely have all the basic essentials for habitation – a lounge, a proper bathroom and kitchen, hot water, electricity and some sort of garden or rights to an open space.

Last year, I lived in a fairly typical student flat in Earl's Court. We had no living room, a tiny kitchen and several bedrooms had been split up to bring the total to seven. My own room measured 5 foot by 11 foot, and had no windows. And the cost? £68 per week, now £73 and rising at £5 each year. I have heard of and seen much worse than this.

Given all these problems, why

is it that we also have one of the worse student accommodation services in the country? The *only* services provided by the SAO to students seeking private accommodation are unhelpful advice, a copy of *Loot* and the notorious property lists featuring landlords at various stages of hardened crime and properties which may or may not have four walls and a roof. After that, you are on your own. So what should they be doing? The first and easiest step is to listen to what students are telling them about properties and landlords. I am aware that the SAO has a policy of not vetting homes / landlord (which I strongly disagree with), but the very least they can do is ban from the lists those names with the worst reputation, such as Mrs Sofiar.

Secondly, they can and should check properties and contracts before students sign and move in. The SAO has a massive potential influence over landlords' behaviour. While landlords don't care a jot about individual tenants, if they know that they will not get *any* IC students until they act legally, they will soon come up to scratch.

Lastly, the College should consider the shining example set by Hull University (yes, really). They have a policy of signing longer term tenancies on suitable properties and then sub-letting them to students. This allows them to keep the prices down, the landlords in check, and the students well looked-after. Do you think the SAO would ever do that? Would a landlord ever let you off the rent?

ICU Colours

As the end of the year draws nigh, the Union turns to congratulate those worthies who have worked above and beyond the call of duty, all in the name of ICU. Nominations are currently being sought for the following awards:

Half Colour

The recipient of the Half Colour will have made a positive contribution to the general life of the Union in an extraordinary fashion.

Colour

The recipient of the Colour will repeatedly, through outstanding achievements, over the course of the year, have made a significant contribution to the life of the Union.

Outstanding Service Award

Any recipient of the Outstanding Service Award will have displayed continuous outstanding achievement across a broad spectrum of Union activities.

ICU Fellowship

The Imperial College Union Fellowship shall only be awarded to those individuals who have continuously served the Union in an exceptional manner. Each individual, so awarded, will be granted Honorary Life Membership of the Union.

ICU Distinguished Fellowship

The Imperial College Union Distinguished Fellowship is only awarded to those Full Members who have served the Union in a selfless and dedicated manner which is both exceptional and beyond reproach. Each individual, so awarded, will be granted Honorary Life Membership of the Union, and given a pewter tankard engraved with their name and details of the award.

Nominations of no more than 200 words (preferably typed) should be submitted to Andrew Heeps, ICU President (a.heeps@ic.ac.uk) no later than 5pm on Tuesday 2 June 1998. Submissions received after that time cannot be accepted.

Questions should be directed in the first instance to the President of the Union.

Small Ads

Maths and Science Tutors Needed

Positions across London, top rates. Contact 0181 349 2148. Graduates only.

Earn Extra Cash

Medical Research team at IC need a data entry clerk for one month's work. IT experience essential, Microsoft Access preferred. £5 per hour. Contact Maria Barnes on 0171 351 8349

Bands Wanted

On Friday 15 May, ICU will be holding its first cross-campus Battle of the Bands. If you are in a band and want to be considered, please send a demo tape to Mark Horne in the union office. We already have a band in from Charing Cross, but if you're on St Mary's or South Ken campuses send a tape NOW.



Letters to Felix...

LEAN, MEAN AND TURNING GREEN

Dear Editor,

I thought I might offer further insight into the rector's comment:

"My students are no smarter than those at Oxford or Cambridge, they're meaner and leaner"

Sir Ronald Oxbrough.

Meaner because they have to deal with nightmarish accommodation officers [Letters, Felix 1106 & 1109] and landlords [House of Hell - Felix 1113].

Leaner because they eat food served up by IC catering.

On a second note, perhaps we should all get a glimpse of the Sheffield extravagance mentioned by Simon. It would be a great fun for Sheffield's suite 5 to be opened up for visitors (a bit like the Lord Chancellor's apartments) we could then all stand in awe of the decor and excellent equipment (so I've heard); mega-pentiums (used to run the exceedingly processor- and memory- intensive programs such as MS Excel, Word etc.), portable laptops, Psion organisers etc. and then return to our cold, pokey, dim-lit, asbestos-ceiling (in Huxley anyway) offices to do more research, that gets awarded grants that makes Sheffield go round.

Regards,
Madhu Bhabuta, PG

HOUSE OF HELL PART II

Dear Felix

I have been meaning to write this letter for some time and letter 'House of hell' in this weeks issue (1113) at last prompted me to do so. The reason is that I too have suffered at the hands of the landlady mentioned in that letter as, I am sure, have many other I.C students and I am glad that this issue has been brought to peoples attention.

This, however, is not the main reason for me writing. I feel, as clearly does my colleague from flat 2, 42 Queen's gate gardens, that serious questions have to be asked of the accomadation office and the service (or lack of it) that they provide for I.C students.

After having lived for a year in sub-standard, over priced accomadation at the adress mentioned above (as advertised by the I.C accomadation office) my current flatmates and I returned to the accomadation office in search of something better. We had been looking for weeks for something suitable but had found nothing and the end of term was now upon us. In desperation we went to the accomadation office for some help and advice and what did we get?.... A copy of 'Loot'.

This second example of total indifference to the student led me to wonder what the people in the accomadation office actually do all day (apart from not be able to work out that a flat containing two double rooms and one single room is not a flat for three people).

Accomadation offices at many other universities offer all sorts of help and services to their customers (yes we are customers since, without us they would not have a job) including landlord vetting, accomadation inspections and contract checking. I am not suggesting that they check the flat or house of every student before they move in but the least you might expect is that the properties and landlords that they advertise be looked at. Under their system it seems that any old tax dodger with some flats that he can't let out to the general public because they are in such bad condition can simply phone them up and ask them to add it too their lists (apologies to any legitimate landlords reading this).

It is well known that finding good accomadation in London is a nightmare so we must demand better help and advice. The service that I have experienced from this college department is appalling and clearly a waste of our money. The answer is simple: either get the people in charge to buck their ideas up or close the place down once the halls have been filled each year and put the money into something useful (education perhaps?) As for all of the other Sheffield departments, well there's not room to moan about you here. Some

other time maybe?
Cheers
Rich Setchfield, Aero III

Nightmare landlord or house? Let us know, the name / address and what problems they have caused you, and we will produce a 'name and shame' list of our own. Ed

SOUND ADVICE

Dear Felix

Thanks for reporting the mayoral elections last issue [news, 1113]. While I think that a mayor for London is a good idea, I would like to tell readers on thing - when we do get to vote on who it will be, DON'T vote for Jeffery Archer.

This man is a con-artist and a liar. Through out his career he has constantly claimed to have a degree from Oxford university (which he hasn't), a diploma in anatomy from a prestigious American college (which he hasn't) and that he holds qualifications from the International Federation of Physical Culture (which doesn't exist).

When voted on to the Greater London Council in 1967, he claimed to be the youngest councillor ever (which he wasn't), and immediately started a scheme to fiddle colleague's expenses. While on the GLC, he also joined and extorted expenses from the United Nations Association. He then attempted to sue newspapers carrying this story in order to improve his image enough to get elected as a tory MP, giving up the suit a few years later. Once again, he claimed to be the youngest member of parliament (which he wasn't, by five years).

Archer's dodgy share dealings with both Aquablast and Anglia TV are well known. Less common knowledge is a blatant shoplifting offence - he stole three suits values at \$540 from an American department store.

This man cannot be trusted with a baby's rattle, let alone the capital city of England. DON'T VOTE FOR HIM.

Alex McMurphy, Mech Eng

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.

100 CDs to give away	Bad Luck!	Free World Cup Wall Chart
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Trouble Ahead for Campus Renaissance

Prince Albert to Rise from the Dead

FELIX

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8 May 1998

www.su.ic.ac.uk/Felix

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By the time this hits the news-stands, a large number of you will have voted in the local elections and the mayoral referendum. Despite the fact that I know that you hang on my every word, there is little point in trying to influence you after the event. The elections, however, coincide with Labour's first anniversary, and since the world and his wife are expressing an opinion, I would hate to be left out.

I must admit that the first year of New Labour has not been as disastrous as previous Labour administrations. Economic chaos has not ensued, though elements of their budgets, such as the wind-fall tax, have proved less than desirable. Bank of England independence is something that the Conservatives should have implemented years ago, and is to be congratulated. Many of the Education initiatives are also to be congratulated, though one has a sense of déjà-vu with much of David Blunkett's policy. The moves towards peace in Northern Ireland, building on the foundations laid by John Major, are excellent, if fraught with difficulty. However, all is not quite so rosy, if you'll forgive the pun. We have a government of

unprecedented arrogance commanded by a man who has delusions of presidency. The spindoc-tor has been raised to messianic status, with the creeping politicisation of the Civil Service. New Labour spoke at length of Christian family values in their manifesto, which has sown the seeds of the patronising, infu-riating puritanism that is so wonderfully exemplified by the beef on the bone ban. We have a government that was elected partly on an anti-sleaze ticket, which accepted £1 million from Bernie Ecclestone and, in

a totally unconnected action, exempted Formula One from a tobacco advertising ban. We have Labour MPs facing criminal charges for election fraud, both in Scotland and England. Such is Tony Blair's obsession with popularity that he has backed away from or watered down much of the very good welfare reform proposed by Frank Field, a man told to 'think the unthinkable', now limited to thinking whatever Alistair

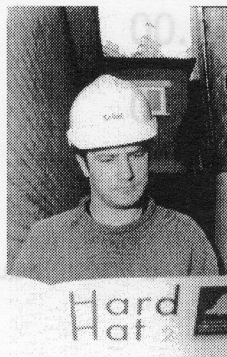
Campbell tells him. We are represented on the international stage by a loutish Foreign Secretary, who despite so much promise in opposition has shown that the only department briefs he has mastered are those belonging to his secretary. The calibre of some of the Cabinet is so low, as in the case of Harriet Harman, that Mandelson and Campbell resorted to bullying Radio Four over the behaviour of J o h n Humphreys. This behaviour, taken with innumerable other incidents, gives credence to the

idea that, for all the affability of Blair, this is a government that is becoming ever more aloof and self-obsessed.

While we're on the subject of elections, something rather worrying occurred to me earlier this week. As many of you will know, it's all change for the way Imperial is governed. Out goes the Governing Body to be replaced by a Court and Council. ICU will get

more representation on the enlarged Court, with places for the President and six others. These will principally consist of the CCU Presidents and a Deputy President or two to make the numbers up. This is where alarms bells started ringing. What we are proposing is that the interests of IC students are to be represented by the Presidents of RCSU, C&G etc. Am I alone in being somewhat unnerved by this prospect? The C&G President hardly acquitted himself well this year, and the prospect of my interests being protected by the President of the RCSU fills me with horror. I cannot think of people at Imperial less well equipped than this lot to defend our interests, elected on a negligible mandate by cliques of self-promoting hacks. Aside from the ICU President, we should adopt the method of election used for the administrative representatives, namely a ballot of those to be represented. That way, we would hopefully achieve broader representation, outside the narrow sectional interests of the Union hacks. The potential for damage caused by the proposed setup is enormous. Any candidates?

Simon Baker



Digs the Dirt

Taurus (21/4 - 21/5)

Panic not! Everything you need done has been done by your ever-willing team of trustworthy slaves. Lie back and enjoy the bliss of inner peace and contentment. Alternatively, you could try and get a job.

Gemini (22/5 - 21/6)

The graceless Queen of Hippopotami shows you that the Way of the Just is not always paved in diamonds. Sometimes, there are large bricks and rocks in the road. Avoid these by purchasing gin and tonics for small psychic female chemists.

Cancer (22/6 - 22/7)

The lethargic Wand of Spades shows that this week you will be concerned with matters horizontal. The enigmatic 12 of Sofas demonstrates the influence these essential pieces of furniture has on your life. A couple of doughnuts and a cup of coffee are this season's accessories, so relax and be fashionable.

Leo (23/7 - 23/8)

Like all large mammals, you need to bathe regularly. With the onset of summer, this need becomes more pronounced. Resist, however, the desire to spend more than five hours a day lolling in the dirty water, it will cause your skin to shrivel up. Dust baths are to avoided at all costs.

Virgo (24/8 - 22/9)

It is unlikely that the choices you make this week will have any bearing on your future life. It is wisest, however, to concentrate on those choices concerning the purchase of chocolate, and never, ever grow a goatee, despite your inclinations that way.



Horoscopes

by

Someone Else



Libra (23/9 - 23/10)

You may be facing some challenging tests this week, and the restless 54 of Warriors indicates tension. Follow, however, the advice of the inebriated Queen of Chemists and resolutely refuse to do anything except sit in a bar and drink complicated cocktails.

Scorpio (24/10 - 22/11)

All that stress you've been suffering lately will miraculously disappear. Future prospects include experiments that work, and people who fall to your feet with promises of eternal devotion. Lucky, lucky you.

Sagittarius (23/11 - 23/12)

Despite your lack of taste in music, you will be stunned by the sheer beauty of your voice. Unfortunately so will everyone else. You find yourself surprisingly short of friends as you exercise your new-found talent for singing.

Capricorn (24/12 - 20/1) Pluto moving across Saturn's path causes everything to go horribly wrong. Do not panic. The stars show that your life will be back on course in the next six weeks or so. Just in time for summer. How nice.

Aquarius (21/1 - 18/2)

A local shower of fish will drench you to the skin with salt-water, as shown by the Nine of Gerbils. This will seriously deplete your sex-appeal. The tarot never lies, so to avoid this calamity, wear waterproofs and always carry an umbrella.

Pisces (19/2 - 20/3)

Despite the rapidly rising temperature of your sock drawer, now is not the time to do any washing. Wait, instead, until your flatmates, driven berserk by the smell, tie you down and force feed you dirty underwear. Then is the time. The divining rod never lies.

Aries (21/3 - 20/4)

Unluckily for you, all good things come to an end, and so do good times. Prepare for the worst by hoarding tins of spaghetti hoops and dehydrated spam. You have been warned!

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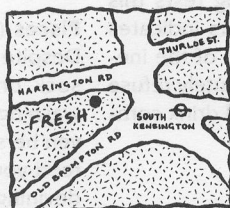
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THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

Oh God, Jimmy, no.

It's not too often that I find myself handing this column in to Jeremy late, but I am afraid that this is one of those weeks. This is due to the rather unfortunate bombshell that I have an exam tomorrow, and still haven't starting revising yet. Why not? - well, some might quote me an answer containing the words "bone-idle", "layabout" and "good-for-nothing". True as these scandalous accusations might ultimately be, I am going to suggest a far more noble cause: the Embassy World Championship Snooker.

Yes; it's that time of year again when men in waistcoats and bow ties knock a kaleidoscope of colour around an apparently chlorophyll-saturated piece of cloth. Eventually one of them wins an obscene quantity of hard cash through this apparently very simple activity, but by gum, the spectators don't half have some fun along the way...

After seeing Jimmy White lose a dozen or so heart-breaking frames on the trot one year to Stephen Hendry, I decided that the subsequent operation I had to have performed on my nervous system was something I was unlikely to be able to afford again, and vowed to give up my important role as a spectator of this Sport of Kings. Snooker is snooker, though, and so when I heard that instantly recognisable BBC Sport

musical interlude, I knew that the next two weeks were going to be completely out of commission for any purpose other than eating crisps, drinking coffee, and smoking a lot of cigarettes. So the dice were cast, and just as the prevalence of Wimbledon fills houses with grunts and the erratic bleeps of Cyclops, so the alluring Siren that is the sound of two snooker balls colliding draws me down from my economics revision. I do not even have the luxury of lashing myself to the mast.

So follows days of cheers, groans, and muttered conversations about the "foul and a miss" rule. The first rounds of any major tournament, be it snooker, tennis or tiddlywinks, seldom contain any major drama as the top seeds blast their way through the board, greatly upsetting the young qualifying hopefuls. This year, however, was a very welcome exception, as the unseeded Jimmy "bookie's friend" White battered Stephen Hendry who was then the world Number One. Even after this beautifully controlled display, there was little doubt in anybody's mind that poor Jimmy, a runner-up in the final six times, didn't stand an earthly; it was perhaps fitting that it was the job of Ronnie O'Sullivan, often considered White's contemporary replacement, to send him packing yet

again.

This demonstrates admirably another appealing facet of the game: it is a game of characters. From the unbridled arrogance of Stephen Hendry to the cheeky chirpy Scouse twang of John "don't let me into your dressing room or I'll steal your trousers" Parrott, or the calculated conservative play of 80s wizard Steve Davis, everybody has their eccentricities, and the concentration that the sport requires seems to merely amplify these twitches. There are also the wags behind the microphones: John Virgo, Dennis Taylor, and that fellow who has recently retired; you know, the biased one who whispered a lot: "I think Jimmy's left a red on. Wait, he's left two.... Or is it three.... Oh God, Jimmy, no. Please, God, no. NOOOOOO....."

So there you have it. I know nothing about indifference maps, how to maximise a firm's profits or Game Theory. But I do know a lot about referee indifference, the maximum break prize and the theory behind the greatest table sport in the world.

Ali Campbell

Burning Water

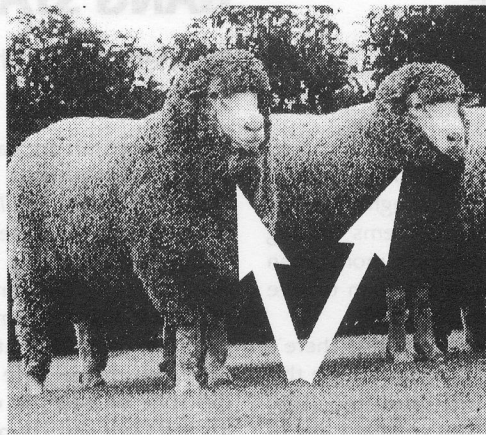
Goulash

This week we head east, pass over a few intervening countries and arrive in Hungary to sample the local mainstay, goulash. This was originally a low-budget stew eaten in the country but has now been upgraded to a posher international status. Somehow the transition managed to change the name as well: despite the spelling, goulash is 'gouyash' as a rather excited Hungarian restaurateur once told me (over and over and over again throughout an expansive dinner).

The originality of goulash is that it is spiced with paprika, a mild/very mild chilli grown in Hungary. The same restaurateur also told me that he used a heaped tablespoon of paprika per person and the result was excellent but you might want to start with less especially if you're a chilli-wuss.

Another hot tip I've recently discovered is that those of you who have problems with beef can use some neck of lamb and get something just as delicious. So there.

And finally I thoroughly recommend this dish if you're camping and have to cook for lots of people on only one heat source since the stodge cooks in the splodge if you know what I mean.



This, as all good vampires will know, is the neck of a lamb.

You will need:

- 1 1/2 - 2 lb beef / lamb
- 2 onions
- 2 oz butter
- 1 tbl flour (heaped)
- 1 tin tomatoes
- 1/4 pt red wine
- 1 pt stock (possible cheat with cubes)
- bouquet garni or just any old herbs
- paprika, lots

- small tub of soured cream
- 6-8 spuds

Start off by cutting the meat into 1/2 inch cubes (or get your local butchered family to do it for you). Heat up a large frying pan, melt the butter in it and gently fry both the sliced onions and the meat until well brown. Grind some pepper into the pan, add the flour and leave to singe for a good minute stirring all the time. Put everything into a large saucepan and deglaze the frying pan with the wine. Leave the wine to simmer gently for a moment, scraping the base of the pan to dissolve all those pyrogenic chemicals and then add it to the meat and onions. Also add the tomatoes, stock, bouquet, salt and a couple more pints of water to the saucepan. Heat this up and leave to simmer for at least 1 1/2 hours.

Meanwhile wash and dice the potatoes into 1" cubes. You then add these and the paprika to the stew 1/2 hour before you want to eat, bring back up to the boil and simmer.

The finishing touch is to add the cream to the goulash just before serving with some good crusty bread and the rest of the wine if it's still around.

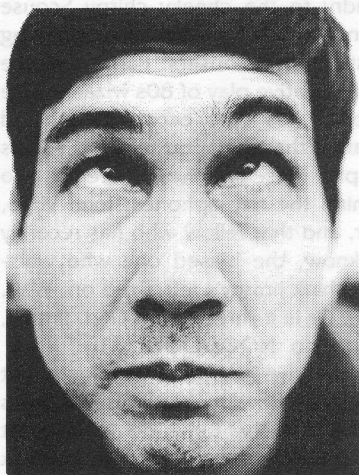
Antoine



ALBUMS

MONEY MARK

Push the Button



Money Mark after banging his keyboards brainless.

Those hammering and chiselling carpenters aren't famous for their musical ability. Not unless their name is Karen or Richard. Or not unless they were the singing sensation that was Jesus Christ Superstar, who learnt all he knew from his carpenter dad. But you get my point: a carpenter is unlikely to change the sphere of music. However, what if you were carpenter to The Beastie Boys? And they took a shine to your secret passion in analogue keyboard tweaking? And you went on to play on their records and steer them towards their current cool-standing as leaders of America's alternative scene? Well, you'd be Money Mark.

Mark Ramos-Nishita (renamed Money Mark by The Beastie Boys) is a half-Mexican, half-Japanese lover of old technology. He says of his primitive keyboards, "It's something I can repair on my own, that's what I feel most comfortable about. I have little relationships with my keyboards." This is just one factor that has made him steer clear of the digital revolution, "It's hard for me to deal with this new world, this new technology." Justifiably, then, his music is of a

definite "lo-fi" nature. He gets immense pleasure out of creating strange new sounds and incorporating them into his songs. Even this new album arrives in suitably lo-fi packaging, using the bare minimum of cardboard and plastic.

You've most probably heard of Money Mark from his recent single, the wonderful (yet strangely Top 40-shy) *Hand In Your Head*. This track manages to mix bouncing rhythm, good-time keyboard chords and assured, enticing singing with lyrics which are inventive whilst still naïve. In short, a surprising feel-good pop record. It even features Sean "Son of John" Lennon on bass guitar, Mark's only collaboration on the album.

While few, if any, tracks on *Push The Button* are as amazing as *Hand In Your Head*, the album is littered with magic moments. There are enough experimental pieces, like the title track and the space invaders march of *Destroyer*, to satisfy any doubters of Money Mark's inventiveness. But it is the "proper" songs that steal the show. *Too Like You* is a well-crafted tune that can be placed alongside any slice of '60's beat-pop. The euphoric *Tomorrow Will Be Like*

Today reprises Elvis Costello. And *Rock In The Rain* and *I Don't Play Piano* are heartfelt odes filled with lilting melodies.

No one was expecting this from Money Mark. A collection of quirky samples would have satisfied most. But this album contains diverse songs filled with the so-called "hum" factor - you can't get the catchy tunes out of your head. Like the lounge lizard cry of "All the people in the world!"; or the strained, driving bassline in forthcoming single *Maybe I'm Dead*; or the awesome concoction that is *Powerhouse*: on the surface organ-led drum'n'bass mayhem, but beneath that a carnival of bossa nova.

For what is his first proper studio album (previous efforts were demos of age-old compositions) Money Mark has made a remarkable achievement. He even found himself a singing voice - reserved and unforced. The sheer experimentation of this album may initially put some off, but a few listens and you're drawn in. **M**

Ed

FRANK BLACK AND THE CATHOLICS

Frank Black And The Catholics ★★

Frank Black, former lead singer of the highly acclaimed Pixies has finally gone solo for the fourth time, 'Hurrah' I hear you shout. This supposedly blues album is meant to take over where the Pixies left off, sounding fresher and more modern, but manages to bomb out.

This album has been produced almost on auto pilot, every song is uninspired and seems to be trying to just tap into what the Pixies once had, but as a result just sounds rehashed, predictable and unoriginal. The album was recorded over a space of three days and it shows. There's a feel that he's just slapped together music he's used to in an attempt that it might actually work, but it gives the album a feel of one long monotonous drone.

If we had just heard the backing

by itself, we would pray to carry this album, and although his voice is clearly needed it seems to drag the album down even more when the listener just wants him to give them some sort of a tune.

If you liked the Pixies, there's no guarantee that you will like this album, as it's too much the same throughout. If you've heard any of the songs from the album, then you will probably like the entire album, but only in the same way we all loved those 17 re-mixes of Robert Miles's *Children*. This album is Black in that its so bland it lacks anything uplifting like a melody, but is it Frank? Well only in Cockney rhyming slang. **M**

David H.

GANG STARR

Moment Of Truth ★★★★★

Gang Starr are back with their hotly awaited new album *Moment of Truth*. Good news for the hardcore fans is that not much has really changed as Guru states on the intro to the fine first track, *You Know my Steez*, 'we had the right idea at the beginning...the rhyme style is elevated, the style of beats is elevated but it's still Guru and Premier...' And it most certainly is, *Moment of Truth* is a return to Gang Starr's best. Guru's deep monotone vocals lace and loop between some of DJ Premier's best tunes to date.

There is somewhat of a dichotomy in the album though. On the one hand Gang Starr in tracks like, *Robbin Hood Theory*, *New York Strait Talk* and *Above the Clouds*, which features Inspectah Deck of the Wu-Tang Clan, maintain their usual slightly more hardcore East Coast sound but the gen-

eral feel of the whole album is more of a mellow West Coast groove. Summery piano tunes float over laid back, deep hip hop beats with sweet female vocals looping around in the background on many of the tracks. All this leads to a brilliant album that not so much grabs you and shakes you about but massages your mind and before you know it you are caught up swaying side to side head bobbing to the addictive hook and beat.

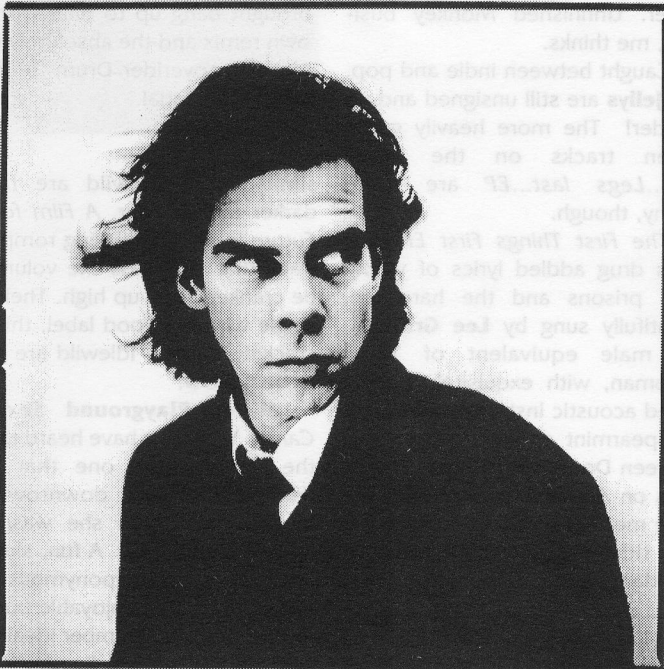
However the stand out tunes for me, *The Militia* and the best track on the album *The Rep Grows Bigga*, are the darker more hard sounding tracks. This is a truly excellent album that anyone who knows their hip hop will buy. This Gang get five Starrs. **M**

Ramzi

ALBUMS

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS

The Best Of Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds ★★★★★



For me it was *Prayers on Fire* and *High Land Hard Rain*. That pivotal moment in my formative years when I opted out of Nick Cave's unstable world by swapping the Birthday Party for Aztec Camera. To this day I still have a sneaking suspicion that Paul

got the better of the deal. That for me was the moment I disengaged the angry young man and inserted ugly, unloved and hapless in its place. And that place had no place for Nick Cave.

Funny then that the Bad Seeds should now fit so seamlessly into

my life, not that I have resorted to past punk ideals, on the contrary, it is because, although Nick Cave may still have a fixation with death (exorcised in some part by the mighty *Murder Ballads*) he has channelled his energies into creating some of the most beautifully loathsome lowlife with which to recount his stories. And whilst he takes the role of recalcitrant preacher here or incestuous bumpkin there, the rest of the Bad Seeds pump out big bastard gospel melodies that God himself would have wished to have had written for him.

Not that there isn't a place for love in the songs, it's just that through the eyes of one of Cave's characters, love can be an infatuation with the macabre, the innocent or just the plain bizarre and sometimes it's difficult to tell one from the other.

And when people sneer and say that he sold out with Kylie, (included here on the album) take a step back and see it for what it is. Her beauty to his beast. The perfect foil for the master storyteller, Inspirational. **M**

Davros C. Dick

Iron Maiden

Virtual XI ★

Examining the track listing for this album, I began to suspect that a playing time of 53:22 coupled with the inclusion of a mere eight tracks meant a battery of six-and-a-half minute epics with far more space for solo-ing than can really be considered healthy. Having said that, the LP kicks off with a mere three-minute piece of riffola containing most of the elements that made Maiden famous all those years ago. My first impression, though, is that fizzy overproduction robs the recording of the rocking edge that people with black clothes, chains and long hair found so exquisite on *Running Free*. Perhaps the members of the band have sat on one comfy sofa too many in their old age, or maybe they just made the mistake of recording at a studio in Essex.

We plod through *The Angel and the Gambler*, another track seemingly performed in a shoe box, before the trem-dives and minor

pentatonic scales rear their ugly heads. *Lightning Strikes Twice* grabs a few points back, with a piece of guitar masturbation incorporating some inexcusable harmonic runs, which should please any die-hard metal technician requiring yet another Maiden

record.

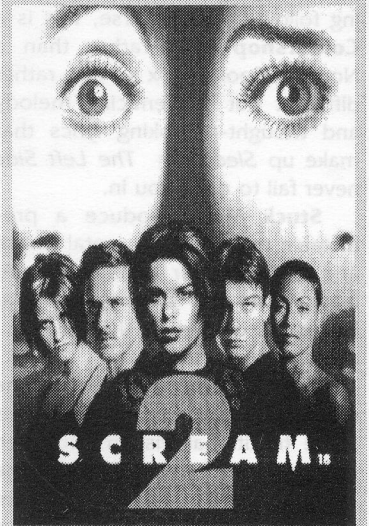
So the standard is set for the remainder of the songs, with all the above continuing in equal measure. If you already own all six thousand previous IM albums, you will find everything that was present on *Iron Maiden* in similar fashion here,



VARIOUS

Scream 2 ★

So what are the magic ingredients needed to create a successful sequel? Good plot, a line of star actors and a magician for a director, however *Scream 2* falls flat on its ghoulish face with the soundtrack. It is unimaginative and has nothing original to offer, apart from main title score, *Scream*, performed by Master P featuring Slikk the Shocker, a rap song which has the word 'Scream' shouted loudly every now and again. The rest



of the CD can only be called a compilation, with a mix of rap, rock, indie and pop, with Foo Fighters, Sugar Ray and Less Than Jake. Well what would you expect from a film that mixes and splices all the old horror flicks.

The only feeling towards *Scream2* soundtrack is that all the tracks have been chosen to appeal to the American MTV generation and not complement the mood of the film. Judging the music without having seen the film may seem a little harsh but it all seems like a random choice of artists and songs. Does any of it send the hairs on the back of your neck into an electric frenzy, like the film suggests? No but the scary thing about this soundtrack is that all the tracks could have fitted so well into an episode of *Beverly Hills 90210*. **M**

Magpie

albeit in a rather watered-down guise. It just remains for you to decide if you can extract anything pleasing from the compressed, synthetic, over-processed sonic mush. **M**

Ali Campbell

SINGLES

There's a comfortably large body of singles for you to digest this week. So sit back, relax, read and enjoy...



After the success of *Brimful Of Asha* the world's ears are waiting for an equally uplifting follow-up. Of course, this is a **Cornershop** song rather than a Norman Cook remix so it is rather different but the enticing melody and thought-provoking lyrics that make up *Sleep On The Left Side* never fail to draw you in.

Stuck Mojo produce a predictable mix of heavy metal thrash and Chilli Pepper pseudo-rap. At least *Rising* has great lyrics. "Liar liar, pants on fire" is the only bit I could understand.

The Only One starts with some nice guitar strumming, then has some traditional Irish music, then goes all Natalie Imbruglia sub-indie angst. That's about it from **Junkster**, really. Ed

S **Smash Mouth's** *The Fonz* has a big dirty opening but descends into a fairly average song that just plods along without really taking you anywhere. There's only really the musical stop before the chorus that's going to keep you listening. Mind you, you could always listen to the live version of *Walkin' on the Sun*. Track 3, if you were wondering.

Boom Boom Mancini release *Arguments and Alcohol*, which is a fantastic title, isn't it? I think everyone can claim his or her's fair share. Sexy female vocals, happy bassline and a chorus that most people will find themselves either singing along to or reproducing on the phone come Saturday morning: "I didn't really mean it. I'd like to try again."

Continuing the fantastic titles theme, **Snow Patrol's** *100 Things you Should Have Done In Bed* is obviously a take on all these magazines, such as FHM and Maxim, that have articles like *50 Ways to do it When You're 50!* Jumpy in a lo-fi garage sort-of way. Worth listening to for a while.

"I am a square peg in a star-shaped hole" Maybe **Glitterbox** are

trying to say they're not cut out for fame with latest release, *Houdini*. I'd propose that they're wrong. A refreshing and cooling mint to take away the stench of meat and potato guitar rock. Gorgeous and anthemic. Now they've been heard, let's hope they don't do a disappearing act.

Sunhouse's *Animal* appears to be a surprise. The peaceful acoustic mumbblings of the verses come to serve as no sort of portent for the frighteningly fuzzy chorus. "Aaargh! I still feel like an animal!" Woah! Calm down, mate. Their last single being a broody blues track, it seems that they've tapped into something a bit more primal and this is to their credit.

There's a driving bassline here that chugs relentlessly and gives **Six by Seven's** *Candlelight* a kind of perpetual motion. Propelling forward with no apparent ending, you're sucked into its paranoia. You

Slow gospel funk melody and dreary lyrics supply a far below average single from **Monkey Mafia**. *Long As I Can See The Light* is not what has come to be expected of Jon Carter. Unfinished Monkey business, me thinks.

Caught between indie and pop, **The Jellies** are still unsigned and no wonder! The more heavily guitar driven tracks on the *Head first...Legs last...EP* are quite catchy, though.

The First Things First EP provides drug addled lyrics of young love, prisons and the hard life. Beautifully sung by **Lee Griffiths**, the male equivalent of Tracy Chapman, with exquisitely understated acoustic instrumentation.

Spearmint appear to be a mix between Dodgy and Gene. The B-sides on *A Trip Into Space EP* are more measured acoustic affairs but the title track is certainly a pop/dance/indie monster that

THE ESSENTIAL CHOON

Ballroom

Don't Stop

Beautifully majestic. Imagine Embrace's All You Good Good People without the arrogance, without the sneers, without the hype chopping away at its heels. Awash with strings by the end, *Don't Stop* is an awakening that takes you onto its magic carpet and flies you away from all the crap. Effortlessly uplifting.

Dennis

appear to be greeted with a light at the end of the tunnel, only to realise it's another bloody train! Thoroughly engaging.

Christ, talk about formulaic! Verse, Chorus, Middle Eight, Chorus, Solo. Despite the apparent conformity, *Alison's Room* still transmits a raw intensity and you can't help but get excited about the pounding rhythm and catchiness of the song. As **60 Ft. Dolls'** singer-guitarist Richard Parfitt declared: "If Oasis are the Beatles doing Abbey Road, we're the Beatles in Hamburg!"

Dennis

B **abybird's** *Bad Old Man* is a deliciously melancholic pop tune. Dark lyrics combine with a slow, twisting piano melody to produce a brilliant single.

Komputer's *Valentina*, on the other hand, is basically Kraftwerk gone horribly wrong. Awful lyrics, awful tune, awful single! Nuff said.



could be a summer hit.

New Rising's *Drowning Reason* is a reasonable listen. Distant male vocals filter through the haze of indie guitars and various effects. A good sounding track reminiscent of the more mediocre Stone Roses tracks.

Ramzi

B **lack Box Recorder's** *Child Psychology* sees Auters scary-man Luke Haines back with a tense and bitter-sweet track featuring the life story of a problem-child. Exquisitely performed, it is slow, melodic and tragic but sadly rather vacuous. Like *Fitter Happier*, it doesn't stand up to repeated listening.

Idlewild *A Film for the Future*. Idlewild are inevitably going to be compared to their Edinburgh contemporaries Urusei Yatsura, so I may as well be first. Their high-energy fuzzy guitars and super-charged punky lyrics are indeed

ESSENTIAL CHOON

808 State Pacific - 808:98

The classic 80s original has been brought bang up to date with its own remix and the absolutely fabulous Grooverider Drum 'n' Bass remix. Essential. Ramzi

similar, but Idlewild are faster, darker and heavier. *A Film for the Future* is an arse-kicking romp of a track that demands the volume to be cranked right up high. Their first single with the Food label, this is a cracking effort - Idlewild are going to be GOOD.

Marcy Playground *Sex and Candy*. You must have heard this on the radio - the one that goes "Hanging round, downtown by myself/ And there she was/ Like double cherry pie". A fun, singable ditty from their eponymous new album, this is an enjoyable but ultimately harmless number ideal for... well, for day-time radio playlists.

Lower Crime Satillite

Formulaic indie-rock, this rather sterilised, undynamic song provides little interest. The B-side, *I Am Remote Control* is better, a slower track performed with feeling that shows initial promise, but sadly descends into cliched and unimaginative guitar solo.

Space Monkeys *Sugar Cane* is a Sugar-frosted not-quite rap not-quite-reggae mess. The Space Monkeys like to be cool and sing about drugs, but they lack the humour of Cypress Hill or the power of PWEI. B-side *Pin Up Boy* is an attempt at a vocal-led ballad which, frankly, fails. Naff. Jeremy

ESSENTIAL CHOON

Unbelievable Truth - *Solved*

This is a superb track - powerful, skillful and deep. Shadowy guitars accompany the acid-smooth vocals of Andy Yorke (yes, brother of the man himself) before bursting into a bold, clean but angst-ridden chorus. The song follows a simple template, but is no worse off for that. The single also includes three more fine tracks not on the album. When Unbelievable Truth reach the 'third album creative stage', they are going to be something special. But don't take my word for it, listen for yourself at <http://raft.vmg.co.uk/untruth/newmusic/>

Jeremy



CLUBSCENE - REVIEW / INTERVIEW

Freedom @ Bagleys Film Studios

11pm- 7am £12 on the door £8 members

It's been about four years since I last ventured too the back streets of Kings Cross to Bagleys studios – probably the best venue on the larger side of things in town, from what I can remember. But this time I was rolling VIP style and not only was it the start of the 4 Liberty European tour (Dreem Teem-Mikee B, Sponny & Timmi Magic and Colour Girl and Luigi performing live) but the Freestylers (interview issue 1106) were also in the house launching the all new breakbeat room. Nice touch.

Right – some facts about Freedom – it's on every Saturday and has to be the biggest weekly event in London. Some 2,500 party people can fit in – the closest thing you'll get to a large-scale rave in town. Boasting four rooms of music, one playing Hardish House and the other has DJ Aerial playing his mind-bending 10-hour set each week – he plays what he plays like. Then in the two smaller rooms you

get underground Garage (Dreem Teem etc) and the all new Breakbeat room (Freestylers) that one of the promoters that I was chatting to seemed very excited about. One of the best things about this club is that even though it's often quite packed and people are constantly moving from one room to another is that there is no standing in queues trying to get here and there you simply step outside walk down the side of the buildings to the room you want then go straight in no hassle. With this large outside area you can step out and cool off and get away from the hectic pace of the interior of the club and chill for a bit. There is also a nice spread through-out the rooms, plenty of bars and bar staff, drinks at standard club prices and they have even got friendly 'n' helpful security.

When I finally found my way to the entrance a small road off Yorke Way, Kings Cross right behind the station that is surprisingly un-sign-

posted, all hell seemed to be breaking loose. People crazyin' out all over the place and a VW camper van with people jumping about inside it, a film crew filming it and some geezer with a flame thrower sort of thing burning up the front screen. Most peculiar and I hadn't even got in yet. You'll probably see big queues but don't let this put you off as they get people in very quickly indeed, unless you happen to be on the guest list then you can expect too spend some time watching the paying customers queue disappearing at a phenomenal rate whilst yours has only moved two feet. But you can't have your cake and eat or something!

Once inside the massive place you can take your pick from the host of musical styles on show, in the Garage room Mikee B absolutely rinsed the place out dropping some phat slabs of underground two step business followed by Colour Girl performing her latest

release *Tears* (reviewed some weeks back) and the crowd appreciated this girls vocal talents. 100% live – no back dates here and you would not be able to tell the difference between the live performance and the record superb voice. In the all new breakbeat room the Freestylers rocked the place with there unique blend of nu-skool breaks 'n' beats to not the biggest crowd but a up for it one that appreciated the music.

I seriously advise you too check this place out, it's a unique venue which you're very unlikely to find anything the host of top DJs and a friendly crowd anywhere else. Further info: 0171 278 2171.

Don't forget you can catch the Dreem Teem and the whole 4 Liberty crew at their end-of-tour party @ Twice As Nice, Londons leading Sunday affair on 31 May. A night not to be missed.

Jo Public

CLUBSCENE - SINGLES

DRUM & BASS

Decoder & Mark Caro. *Eko* (Tech Itch) 25 May

Tech Itch is one of my favourite labels on the dark side, and they are maintaining their run of strong releases with this collaboration between two outstanding producers in there own right. This has been ripping up clubs of the likes of Metalheadz for a little while now, dark melodic hooks & fx run alongside skippy beats and a dark sub bass. Flipside hard 'n' intelligent, a 12" you'd be silly to miss.

Solar Nine. *Download* (Splash Records) 18 May

This is a rough tune with big phat beats that just roll along, echoing beats & spacey fx give it depth and tight percussion keep it moving forward. A guaranteed crowd pleaser. Flipside harder not so rolling more broken beats, spooky fx and dark b-line and that's just the intro. Badd tune.

Trace. *Sonar* (Prototype) Out Now

This is a tune your know as soon as you hear the first few echoing keys and the smooth break beat. Then when it drops after the break it's

just too dark – absolutely tearing. This is such a tune that even thou it was released last week, I still heard it played down Metalheadz on last Friday – the home of up front D&B. Not just one of the best tunes of the year but of all time.

Peshay. *Miles From Home* (MoWax) Out Now

I don't know what's going on this week – must be an important date on the calendar or something. Two of the best tunes of past years have been released over the last few weeks. Again a tune your know as soon as it's double bass line drops in and that sample from Music Box-Full Cycle. This has been floating around on dub plate for about one and a half years by my reckoning – so long in fact that I though it had already been released and I'd missed it.

JP

GARAGE

PJ. *Too Young* (FatBoy Rec.)

This is the vinyl debut from PJ a 12 year old boy from Northampton. In that smooth groove sort of style bouncy beats stabs of this 'n' that clever arrangements, tough but different sub-bass and soulful male vocal stabs complete the package nicely. But I fail to see how a 12 year old kid could have made this, I feel it has more to do with Kostas P (Kilo Kings) & James Reynolds (London Connection) the engineers. Sounds a bit like a PR stunt to me. But still a good tune.

Chris Mack. *Get It* (Confetti)

Chris Mack has had a few good tracks out lately and perhaps this has gone to his head a bit and he forgot to finish this track before getting it pressed up. No seriously, this is so nearly a wicked track, but as I say it sounds unfinished a strange off beat / broken beat style that seems to be missing some beats or something. Trying to hard to be different.

Curtis & Moore. *Never Give Up* (Swing City) 8.5.98

Four mixes on this one, vocal, accapella & a couple of dub mixes to chose from, *Bumpin' Dub* is the

one that's doing it for me, cuts down the lengthy vocal, strips away the annoying piano and altogether toughens up the beats with a stepping sub bass line to match. In that new style that's coming on strong using stabs of keys it has a light uplifting feel, needs to be heard a few times before you appreciate just how good this track is.

Gruesome Twosome. *Track / More* (Checkmate Masters)

This a superb piece of vinyl containing two tracks with two mixes of each. The first tune is *Track* the first mix is a slow 2-step sort of style with old skool over tones but done in a different way to most. A great tune to start your set with nice intro and clever beats in the chorus that sounds like a 2-step meets hip-hop, love it.

2nd mix is in a harder style and it's just as good just a different flavour. Flipside *More* again is in a hard Garage style and just as good as the other side a excellent collection of tracks.

JP



Group Games

A

<input type="checkbox"/> Brazil v Scotland Wed June 10, 4.30	<input type="checkbox"/> Morocco v Norway Wed June 10, 8.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Scotland v Norway Tue June 16, 4.30	<input type="checkbox"/> Brazil v Morocco Tue June 16, 8.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Brazil v Norway Tue June 23, 4.30	<input type="checkbox"/> Scotland v Morocco Tue June 23, 8.00

B

<input type="checkbox"/> Italy v Chile Thur June 11, 4.30	<input type="checkbox"/> Cameroon v Austria Thur June 11, 8.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Chile v Austria Wed June 17, 4.30	<input type="checkbox"/> Italy v Cameroon Wed June 17, 8.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Italy v Austria Tue June 23, 3.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Chile v Cameroon Tue June 23, 3.00

C

<input type="checkbox"/> Saudi A v Denmark Fri June 12, 4.30	<input type="checkbox"/> France v South A. Fri June 12, 8.00
<input type="checkbox"/> South A. v Denmark Thur June 18, 4.30	<input type="checkbox"/> France v Saudi A. Thur June 18, 8.00
<input type="checkbox"/> France v Denmark Wed June 24, 3.00	<input type="checkbox"/> South A. v Saudi A. Wed June 24, 3.00

D

<input type="checkbox"/> Paraguay v Bulgaria Fri June 12, 1.30	<input type="checkbox"/> Spain v Nigeria Sat June 13, 1.30
<input type="checkbox"/> Nigeria v Bulgaria Fri June 19, 4.30	<input type="checkbox"/> Spain v Paraguay Fri June 19, 8.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Spain v Bulgaria Wed June 24, 8.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Nigeria v Paraguay Wed June 24, 8.00

E

<input type="checkbox"/> South Korea v Mexico Sat June 13, 4.30	<input type="checkbox"/> Holland v Belgium Sat June 13, 8.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Belgium v Mexico Sat June 20, 4.30	<input type="checkbox"/> Holland v South Korea Sat June 20, 8.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Holland v Mexico Thur June 25, 3.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Belgium v South Korea Thur June 25, 3.00

F

<input type="checkbox"/> Yugoslavia v Iran Sun June 14, 4.30	<input type="checkbox"/> Germany v USA Mon June 15, 8.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Germany v Yugoslavia Sun June 21, 1.30	<input type="checkbox"/> USA v Iran Sun June 21, 8.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Germany v Iran Thur June 25, 8.00	<input type="checkbox"/> USA v Yugoslavia Thur June 25, 8.00

G

<input type="checkbox"/> England v Tunisia Mon June 15, 1.30	<input type="checkbox"/> Rumania v Columbia Mon June 15, 4.30
<input type="checkbox"/> Columbia v Tunisia Mon June 22, 4.30	<input type="checkbox"/> Rumania v England Mon June 22, 8.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Rumania v Tunisia Fri June 26, 8.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Columbia v England Fri June 26, 8.00

H

<input type="checkbox"/> Argentina v Japan Sun June 14, 1.30	<input type="checkbox"/> Jamaica v Croatia Sun June 14, 8.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Japan v Croatia Sat June 20, 1.30	<input type="checkbox"/> Argentina v Jamaica Sun June 21, 4.30
<input type="checkbox"/> Argentina v Croatia Fri June 26, 3.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Japan v Jamaica Fri June 26, 3.00

How it works:

Each team plays first round games against the other three teams in their group. The top two teams in each group then qualify to move into the knockout rounds, where the complicated seeding process should see games get increasingly tough.

For instance, if England win their group then they will play the runners-up in Group H - most likely Croatia. If they won that game, they'd play the winners of game 5 in the Quarter-Finals. Unfortunately, that'd probably be Germany. Sadly, our track records against them hasn't been all that good in recent years (bloody Waddle).

However, if the Germans do collapse, faced by the surprise of meeting England one round earlier than usual, or if we can finally find someone capable of scoring penalties,



Second Round

Winner Group A	1	Runner-up Group B
<input type="checkbox"/>	v	<input type="checkbox"/>
Sat June 27, 8.00		
Winner Group B	2	Runner-up Group A
<input type="checkbox"/>	v	<input type="checkbox"/>
Sat June 27, 3.30		
Winner Group D	3	Runner-up Group C
<input type="checkbox"/>	v	<input type="checkbox"/>
Sun June 28, 8.00		
Winner Group C	4	Runner-up Group D
<input type="checkbox"/>	v	<input type="checkbox"/>
Sun June 28, 3.30		
Winner Group F	5	Runner-up Group E
<input type="checkbox"/>	v	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mon June 29, 3.30		
Winner Group E	6	Runner-up Group F
<input type="checkbox"/>	v	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mon June 29, 8.00		
Winner Group H	7	Runner-up Group G
<input type="checkbox"/>	v	<input type="checkbox"/>
Tue June 30, 8.00		
Winner Group G	8	Runner-up Group H
<input type="checkbox"/>	v	<input type="checkbox"/>
Tue June 30, 3.30		

England move into the semi's...where the seeding suggests Brazil to be the opposition. If, miracle of miracles, we beat them, which admittedly is highly unlikely (unless Scotland do us a favour and hospitalise Ronaldo in the first game), then only one match remains, with Italy or Argentina favourites to make the final from their half of the draw.

So, who's going to win then? Well, in the words of Alan Hanson, "football's a game of percentages", and with 90% of the footballing skill, talent and flair belonging to Brazil, in the shape of Romario, Juninho, Roberto Carlos and of course Ronaldo. You'd be a fool to bet against them.

The World Cup - it's a long way from boys in the park, jumpers for goalposts, being chased by parkie. Hmmm.



Quarter Finals

Winner Match 2	A	Winner Match 3
<input type="checkbox"/>	v	<input type="checkbox"/>
Fri July 3, 3.30		
Winner Match 1	B	Winner Match 4
<input type="checkbox"/>	v	<input type="checkbox"/>
Fri July 3, 8.00		
Winner Match 6	C	Winner Match 7
<input type="checkbox"/>	v	<input type="checkbox"/>
Sat July 4, 8.00		
Winner Match 5	D	Winner Match 8
<input type="checkbox"/>	v	<input type="checkbox"/>
Sat July 4, 3.30		
↓		
Semi-Final		
Winner Quarter-Final A	v	Winner Quarter-Final C
<input type="checkbox"/>	v	<input type="checkbox"/>
Tue July 7, 8.00		
↓		
Semi-Final		
Winner Quarter-Final B	v	Winner Quarter-Final D
<input type="checkbox"/>	v	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wed July 8, 8.00		
↓		
Final		
<input type="checkbox"/>	v	<input type="checkbox"/>
Sat July 11, 8.00		

CLUBSCENE - COMPETITIONS

Well it's that time again and I've got even more competitions for you all this week. Remember the *House Music Movement* & *The Sound of The Underground* series I reviewed a few issues back? What do you mean no? Master Tones have continued their run with the release of two new sets from Roger Sanchez and DJ Alfredo respectively.

Now for competition 2. Winners can sample *House Music Movement's* album sets from Doc Martin and Roger Sanchez alongside *The Sound of The Underground's* Lisa Maria Experience and DJ Alfredo, and enjoy Jonathan Flemings swish book *What Kind Of House Party Is This?*

Runners up can have both the current albums. To win these quite excellent prizes all you have to do is answer this very simple question:

Q. What is Roger Sanchez's nick name ?

1. Roger Rabbit
2. The S-Man
3. Sanchez Panchez.

This next competition is for all of you who like their dance music hard and upfront as you get the chance to win not one, but four CDs from Harmless records purveyors of quality compilation sets.

One lucky winner will be walking off with Colin Dale's *Mutant Disco*, Loftgroovers' *Speedcore* (nothing to do with speed garage), Norman Jay's *The Sound of Philadelphia vol.1*, and DJ Pogo's *The Breaks* (UK DMC scratch mix champion).

A most impressive collection of CDs and all you have to do to win is answer the following question;

Q. Colin Dale has a weekly

show on what radio station.

- a. Radio 1
- b. Kiss FM
- c. Heart 102.

Entries as usual to Felix office or e-mail me on t.j.morgan@ic.ac.uk.

They say all good things come in threes. **Calling all budding designers:** here's your chance to show off your design skills by creating a new logo for Phuture Trax. I'm sure most of you don't even know who or what Phuture Trax are. Well, let me explain, they are probably the biggest and some would say the best PR company and record label all under one roof, supplying people like me with records, CDs etc to review and play out. Did I mention this is on a worldwide scale, so the winner will have their logo on all their merchandise all over the world. But you also win a huge package of all the CDs, records and

tapes they can lay their hands on, so you'd better bring a truck.

Ideally they would like the logo shown below elaborated on, modernised and expanded on.



For more info call Jodie at Phuture Trax on 0171 357 004. Or send entries to Phuture Trax, Unit 312, The Leather Market, Weston Street, London, SE1 3ER and don't forget, you can enter as many times as you wish, so get designing.

Jo Public

CLUBSCENE - ALBUMS

JUICE Records Way Of Life EP

Release Date : 1st June

★★★★1/2

about that barking dog sound!

Walk Tall by Embee is a absolutely killer track that's been doing plenty of damage in the clubs. When it drops you'd better hold on tight or you'll be washed away by the phat hard stepping beats, wicked time-stretched beats that keep building. *Oh Gosh* the Swift remix is probably my favourite track from the Juice back-catalogue and I've been waiting to hear how you'd remix such a classic track. Swift does well in keeping with the original rolling flavour and adds a dark bass line and busting beats. It still sounds a little odd though. Finally *Retry* by Magistrate is much more in the style of the recent 12" releases: very futuristic sounding bubbling sub-bass, metallic beats FX with stabs of snares firing in now and then.

This EP isn't a collection of cutting edge upfront tracks, I'm sad to say but more a overall picture of the labels past, present and future showing how their sound has progressed and developed over the years. Highlighting the pivotal moments in the labels lifetime gives a good indication of their overall sound.

Jo Public



This mini album / EP, whatever you want to call it, features three remixes of the best tracks from the Juice back catalogue: *Hard Disk* remixed by Zinc, *Babylon*, Daz remix and *Oh Gosh* Swift remix. In the triple vinyl pack, you get these alongside three totally new tracks. If you prefer CDs, not only do you get the six previously mentioned tracks but also another six tracks taken from the back catalogue all chosen and mixed together by the don DJ Randall.

Hard Disk Zinc remix is a full on tearing amen affair as you might expect from Zinc. *Slaughter* by Undercover Agent is a dark menacing roller with spacey sounds and FX bringing you right back up to date. *Babylon* Daz remix is a clever reworking bringing this massive track into '98, but I'm not so sure

16B. Sounds From Another Room (Eye Q) ★★★★★

This, again, is an album that defies categorisation coming from the highly impressive 16B. This album twists and turns, with nearly every track changing style and sound. From funky down-beat tracks to soulful deep house and everything in between, this album has all your heart could desire. From 16B you'd expect nothing but the finest, smoothest production techniques, which, as ever, you get. Melody Maker called this an early contender for album of the year, but, although this is a good album, I feel you have to be into the more downbeat side of things to really appreciate it. A very pleasant and refreshing collection of beats that should do very well.

Dub Funk Association. Confrontation in Dub. ★★★★★

This is an album of remixes of tracks taken from the last three albums released by Dub Funk Association, bringing together Reggae, Jazz, Techno and House, combined with plenty of funk. For this album, they have asked various producers to remix any track from the three previous albums in any style. What you end up with is 16 tracks ranging from the blunted *Hip-Hop Joints of Part 2*, *Jah Rasta Dub* workings from Shotgun Rockers, and a trancey house number from Spiral Head, alongside smooth Drum and Bass tracks by Fellowship and Emdee (Splash & Juice records),

some old skool electro from Cabal and even skulping deep House tracks, so there's something for everyone. You may think all these different styles wouldn't sit comfortably together but you'd be mistaken. In some strange way, they all fit together nicely, with the electronic (computer synthesised) feel being the common denominator. This is one of the more adventurous albums around at the moment.

Global Underground - John Digweed in Sydney

A double CD from John Digweed, a DJ who from humble beginnings, has made his name as one of the leading House DJs on the world stage, mainly by avoiding all the hype and bullshit and by letting his tune selection and mixing ability do the talking. Unlike most House CDs you've seen this year, you won't be able to find any chart toppers here. This is the second House CD I've heard this year that is a cheese free zone with only the choicest cuts of deep, trancey and experimental house being used.

As you'd expect, the mixing is as seamless and progressive as always with Digweed keeping it real. Many of the tracks will be unfamiliar even to the trainspotters out there, as there are plenty of unreleased tracks and dub plate pressure on these CDs. Tracks from Danny Tenaglia, Albion, Mortal, Deepsky, Paul Van Dyk and many more gives this mix a truly global feel. The first must have House CD of '98. JP

the electric café

Hi and welcome to the first Electric Cafe of the summer term! If you're feeling down because of the pressures of exams and final reports, etc we'll be bringing you a respite in the form of electronic music news, reviews, artist features and some great CD competitions!

If you're interested in features that will be appearing in the Cafe this term, then look out in Felix for exclusive interviews with Colin Dale of Kiss FM's *Abstrakt Dance* show, Russ Gabriel of Ferox Records, King Kooba (who's album *The Imperial Solution* is a storming work of drum'n'bass and was launched recently at The Blue Note in London), Air Liquide (the German techno outfit who played at London's very cool 333 Club in February) and (to be confirmed) Jeff Mills, a legendary DJ and producer from Detroit.

Everyone who features in the Electric Cafe on these pages will also be doing radio shows which you can listen to every Sunday night/Monday morning on IC Radio (The Network) from midnight to 2am. Happy reading and listening!

Those of you who came down to the Electric Cafe nights at Southside last term will be interested to know that The Electric Cafe is moving across Campus to IC Union for a special one-off session on Friday 22nd May. I'll be playing the chill-out room of the *Hedonizm* night. If you're interested in listening and chilling to a variety of cutting-edge electronic music, then come along for a break from those exams. The main floor will be in the very capable hands of the regular union dance DJs mixing up a selection of harder beats.

This week I wanted to carry on where I left off last term. Drum'n'bass is mainly regarded as a musical style that was born and bred in the UK, and quite rightly so. However, it seems that recently there has been a lot of British snobbery directed at music of this genre that has been coming out of Europe and the US lately. If music is really an art form then I think that this is not in the spirit of creation, and not really helping young producers and DJs who have obviously been inspired and moved to carry on the progression of new sound form.

Last term I featured an interview from Fauna Flash, Germany's most successful drum'n'bass exports who have been largely ignored. This weekend I wanted to talk about a great new album called *Play* on Sideburn Records.

Play is a collection of tracks that can best be categorised as falling within or being closely aligned to the drum'n'bass category of electronic music. All the artists who have contributed tracks come from Switzerland. I think that you would be hard pressed to find a fresher collection of new music. All the pieces on the album follow the formula of drum'n'bass or hip-hop, but all have a distinctly different atmosphere to them. I am also particularly grateful

to have this album in my collection, because unlike a lot of dance fodder around today, this is a multi-purpose music. The first techno that really grabbed me was music that I felt had been created by artists who wanted to move people and make them dance, but also wanted to trigger their minds and emotions. All the music you will find on *Play* is in this vein.

Play has been put together by a Zurich-based DJ called Minus 8. Watch out for that name because if his mixing is as good as his track selection then I'm sure that he'll be playing in London soon! Minus 8 also produced some of the tracks featured on the album.

In fact the compilation kicks off with a Minus 8 production called *Recently at The Opera*. This features all the usual hallmarks of drum'n'bass music; a solid bassline, frantic bursts of hi-hat and complex rhythm patterns. It's what appears underneath the structure of the piece that really grabbed me! I had imagined that this compilation would be made up of some banging tracks put together by Swiss kids in their bedroom who had perhaps heard all the more hardcore drum'n'bass. In fact the maturity and subtlety of the moods of the tracks on offer here are, at times, simply breathtaking! *Recently at The Opera* features delicate snatches of orchestral samples, infused with light electronic sounds. The result is a moody but extremely listenable piece of music.

The next track (*Not enough Love* by Mas-P), again has an energetic beat and bassline, but with some light and fluffy sounds complementing a female vocal track, the result is a piece that can move your butt, or create a chilled-out atmosphere.

As well as drum'n'bass, this album features

some great hybrid sounds. Twists of hip-hop and funk with generous additions of breakbeats. Captain Nemo's *Escape* is an excellent example. Check out the combination of French ragga vocals and a spanish guitar! Strange, but it works. Le Gooster has produced a piece called *Le Fusée à Polo*. Some very disturbed and twisted jazz sounds collide and react with a laid-back hip-hop beat. Once given the "Gooster treatment", and mixed with generous portions of live scratching you have a track that would sit proudly on any beats'n'blunts album from the UK or US.

One of my favourite tracks here is from Bel Air Project, a personal favourite of DJ Giles Peterson. The piece is called *Full Contact* and is completely fresh in, not only its sound, but its approach to the creation of music. It is as if all rules and accepted practices were thrown out of the window in the quest for a totally new, don't-give-a-fuck-sound. This track is definitely ahead of the pack; not quite drum'n'bass, not quite breakbeats; but who needs to categorise it?; it's a treat to listen to!

Spacious by Differenz is another awesome yet unusual track. If soul music could be translated into computer code then this would be it! Very chilled music with plenty of subtle melodies floating around dreamily; all held together with a strong rhythm. I can't easily describe this track, you'll just have to listen for yourselves!

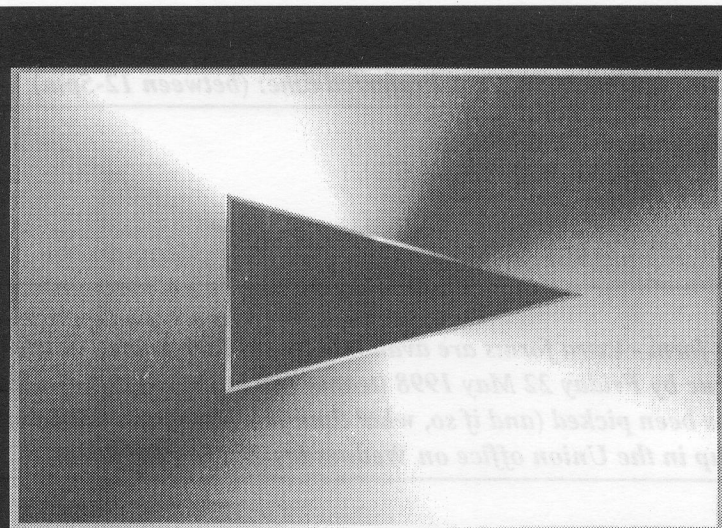
Minus 8's second track of the album is called *A Touch of Evil*. It starts off as a typical piece of jazzy drum'n'bass, but then some quite abstract and smooth string sounds completely turn the track on its head. Excellent!

More drum'n'bass follows, in the form of tracks from Skrupel and The Herbalist Foundation P. Brotherhood. I was particularly impressed by the work of The Herbalist Foundation. The track they produced is called *Summertime* and, although strictly a drum'n'bass affair, features some really cool blunted effects on the rhythm that gives a less clean but more laid-back feel. Not hectic; not booming; this is music with a groove!

The album comes to an end with two real treats. *First Up* is AMP's *Is Isn't*, a real technoid piece of d'n'b with some really nice variations in rhythm. Again this ties in with the mood of the album; groovy not slamming! *4D* from Super is a real trip! This is as experimental as you can get in hip-hop, so if you're tired of the same old thing in that genre, do check this out! The track is hypnotic and very relaxed with different sounds drifting in and out of the audio horizon! Very atmospheric stuff.

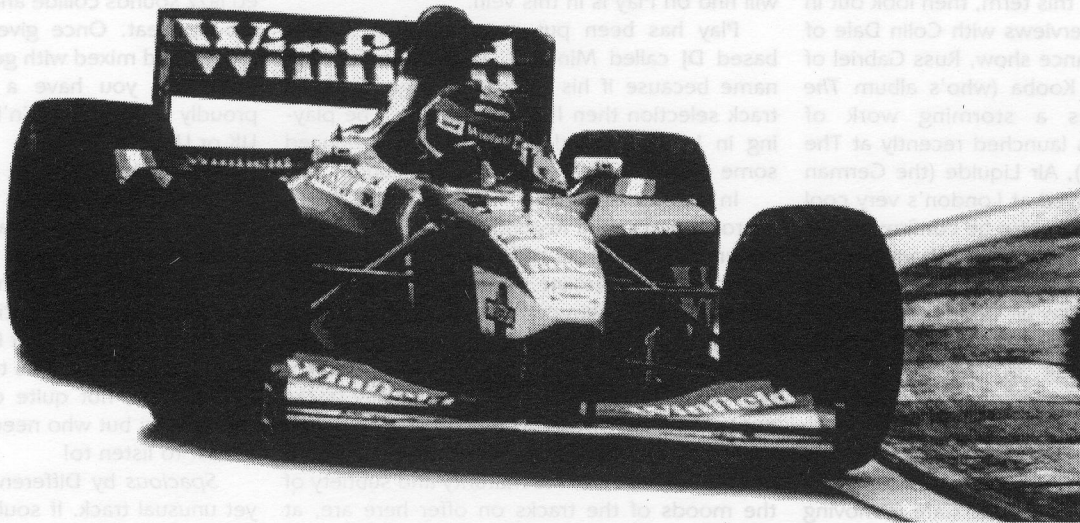
If you're looking for something different that is pushing forward musical boundaries and that will challenge your tastes, then do check out the sound of Switzerland!

al/ck.



The Pit Stop Challenge...

May 29th, Beit Quad



ANDERSEN CONSULTING

An exciting opportunity for you to experience the pressure of the Pit Stop:

You and your team will be racing against the clock to change the tyres and re-fuel a real

Formula 1 Williams car

ANDERSEN CONSULTING PIT STOP CHALLENGE APPLICATION FORM

Team Name:

Preferred time: (between 12-5pm)

Team Members:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

How to apply:

1. **Fill in this application form - extra forms are available from Mark Horne in the Union office**
2. **Return it to Mark Horne by Friday 22 May 1998 (teams will be drawn out of a hat)**
3. **Check if your team has been picked (and if so, what time you have been allocated) on the schedule which will be posted up in the Union office on Wednesday 27 May 1998**

Rules:

1. **All teams must have four members**
2. **All teams must arrive in Beit Quad at least 10 minutes before their scheduled time**
3. **All teams must have a sense of humour**

Highlights of the day will include:

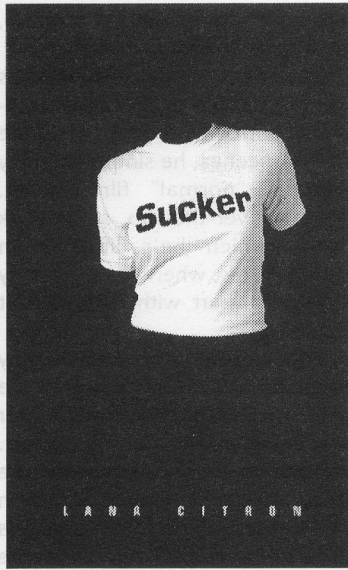
- Lots of prizes
- A larger than life scalextric
- Remote control cars
- Bar and BBQ
- Videos



FICTION

SUCKER

Lana Citron



boyfriend's best mate, who's defending Bea's boyfriend's ex-flatmate on a charge of raping someone who just might turn out to be Bea's best friend, who picks up men at random, who lives with her sugar daddy, who's wife's best friend's godson is accused of raping Bea's best friend, who recently appeared, in her scanties, in a series of articles about so-called rape victims by Bea's slimy, treacherous ex-boyfriend, who knows Bea's boyfriend's current flatmate, who bet Bea's boyfriend that he, Bea's boyfriend's current flatmate, could bed Bea's unattractive flatmate, who is a psychic in her spare time and told Bea that her future involved two men, so now Bea's sure that her current boyfriend who she loves will dump her, and that her slimy, treacherous ex-boyfriend, who she doesn't love, will shag her and dump her again. The book, however, doesn't make this as clear as it is here.

Sucker is a first novel about London and 90's Londoners. Two

of the protagonists are Irish-Catholic girls, presumably like Lana Citron, and the others can loosely be described as their men. Obviously, Sucker doesn't refer to cute little girls with lollipops, although the heroine does dress up to attract semi-paedophilic men by wearing a tight tee-shirt and hair slides. She pulls a job, apparently her type, although I preferred the sophistication of Bea's boyfriend's divorced best friend, who I think she ends up with. I don't want to spoil the ending for you, though.

According to the press release, the book tears a strip off the pretensions of 1990s twenty-somethings, and provides a blistering insight into the dating game and the darker side of the sex-war. By that, I think they mean that one of the girls isn't afraid to use her sexuality as a weapon, and the other is keener to shack up/marry someone and give up thinking. I preferred the powerful one, although I kept on wanting to tell her to grow up. Oh well. Obviously I'm part of the pre-

tentious media/PR world that Ms Citron is so keen to distance herself from.

This isn't really a great book. It's quite well written, and it's certainly both confusing and entertaining, as well as being fast-paced and effortlessly modern in its style. With summer coming up, and the mass exodus of sun-seekers, it'll probably sell well to the reading on the beach public. I wouldn't recommend it as a serious piece of fiction for the discerning reader, though. If you buy it, then you're the sucker and deserve everything you get. You have been warned.

Julia H and Ben A
(guess which bits he wrote)

Published by Random House,
£9.99

Available: Now

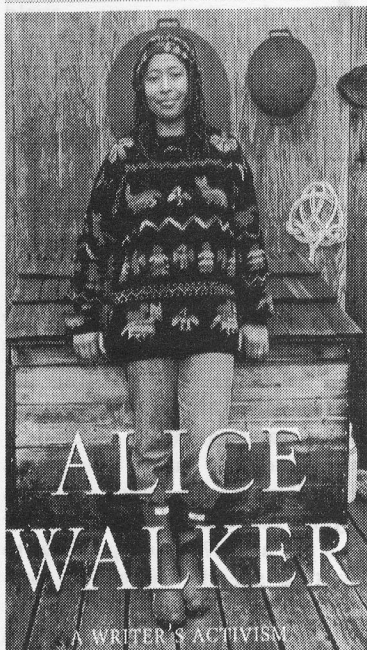
Honesty is always the best policy, and not wishing to deceive the gentle reader, I'll say what I think about this book straight away. This book is really poor.

People are interlinked. Bea's best friend shagged Bea's

EVERYTHING WE LOVE CAN BE SAVED

Alice Walker

EVERYTHING WE LOVE CAN BE SAVED



Alice Walker is a writer of integrity; a womanist, an activist, a believer in the Goddess and a truly wonderful, beautiful person. Her writing covers a great deal, from fiction to essays, prose to poetry. Most people will be familiar with at least the title of her most famous book, *The Colour Purple*, a semi-biographical story of women of colour in the American Deep South. This was later made into a film by Steven Spielberg, starring another wonderful woman of colour, Whoopi Goldberg.

In this collection of essays, she writes about a wide spectrum of topics, essays on the Gulf War, female genital mutilation, Winnie Mandela, Fidel Castro, dreadlocks and her cat. She includes some poetry, in a selection entitled "What Can I Give My Daughters Who Are Brave?". The poems she chooses are poignant and have echoes in all our lives. Every sentence she writes shows her humanity, her compassion and her belief in the deep good of people, despite all the evils she sees in life; racism, sexism and

oppression.

As a woman of colour growing up in the American Deep South during the period of American apartheid, she knew poverty, violence and discomfort. Yet she also knew love and tolerance. Her mother was clearly a potent force in her life, and her death obviously had a great effect on her. Many of her essays feature a caring mother-figure, who nurtures and protects, and stress her importance in all our lives. Our mothers teach us how to live, and how to die.

Alice Walker doesn't like to be called a feminist, preferring womanist, because she acts for women. She is acutely aware of the dangers to women of a patriarchal, or a male dominated society. Wherever women are suppressed or oppressed, she will be there speaking out for them. She is a strong critic of American foreign policies, especially their blockade of Cuba and the Gulf War. As she says, "If I would rather die myself than run over a child in the street, how can I possibly accept squashing a million

children from forty thousand feet, as in Iraq?"

This is not a "mainstream" book. It will not appeal to many of you at first glance. Reading it, however, you feel its power, and its passion. This book is extremely important to women, to men, to everyone who thinks and feels, and who can see the injustices in the world. I was profoundly moved by many of her essays, and found myself laughing aloud over others. This book will make you want to be a better, more thoughtful, more caring person. I strongly recommend it.

Julia H

Published by the Women's Press

Price 3.11.99

Available: Now

REVIEWS AND COMPETITIONS

SCREAM 2

Starring: Neve Campbell, Courteney Cox, David Arquette
Director: Wes Craven ★★★★★

This is how sequels should be made - the same winning formula that made the first film such a success, a damn fine plot, which develops the character outlines presented in the first film, plus an amazing degree of self referencing. In fact, so strongly are some of the jokes, and indeed the plot itself, reliant on *Scream*, that I would suggest anyone who hasn't yet seen the first film do so before watching *Scream 2*.

Neve Campbell returns to star once again, and although she's now moved to College her past continues to follow her. On the opening night of *Stab*, a film about the murders in *Scream* written by Courteney Cox's amoral reporter Gale Weathers, the masked murderer strikes. And so the cycle begins again...

Obviously, the best thing about *Scream* was the way the film managed to send-up the entire horror genre, whilst still being a horror flick. In this, *Scream 2* is even more successful. Early on in the film,



Not everyone in this picture is going to live through the film...

geeky film student Randy (one of four characters to survive from the original) lists the central tenets of a horror sequel. It must be more gory than the first film; the death scenes must be more elaborate; the body-count must be higher. Brilliantly, writer Kevin Williamson

then includes all these elements over the course of the next ninety minutes, whilst still managing to send up the entire concept of the sequel. This culminates in a final scene which utterly breaks the final rule - never ever kill off the bad-guy for sure (otherwise, how can you

make part three). And, I promise, you'll never guess who did it.

The one down side is Wes Craven's directing. Although brilliantly controlling the tension in the "horror" scenes, he simply isn't any good at "normal" film-making. Blasting over-the-top soundtrack music (which he's lifted from *Broken Arrow*, where it was cheesy enough to start with) simply isn't necessary.

Fortunately, however, any errors on Wes Craven's part are more than adequately made up for via Kevin Williamson's script. Turning an ironic eye over the genre, the film, the plot and even the principal actors previous careers (the *Friends* references are great), without for one moment slipping into farce, he still managing to keep you on the edge of your seat for the full two hours. You simply won't believe that this is the man also responsible for the travesty that was *I Know What You Did Last Summer*. **F**

Dave

Win tickets galore courtesy of

ODEON

KENSINGTON

Monica meet Frank, Daniel and Laurence is described as "this years *Four Weddings & A Funeral*". You know how it is - American girl flies into London, the guy on the plane next to her falls in love with her. Then the guy in the airport, then the guy in the park....Only they're best friends. Will it work? Is it funny? You have your chance to decide, even before the review hits these pages, with free tickets courtesy of those lovely people at the Odeon Kensington. For your chance win, tell us:

Martha meet... stars Monica Potter whose last big screen outing was as Nicholas Cage's wife in which of last summer's blockbusters?



To enter simply email your answer to film.felix@ic.ac.uk, before Monday evening.

The answers to last week's poser was: Kevin Williamson wrote last years *I know what you did last summer*, the sequel to which will be appearing later this year. He definitely didn't write *Halloween*. So there.

The first five names out of the Felix hat were:

T McCartney
 Stephane Bouvet
 A Simpson
 Folarin Majekodunmi
 Beng K Ooi

Please drop into the office to pick up your prizes.

BREAKOUT

Starring: William McNamara, Maria Pitillo, Tom Conti
Director: John Hough

If you want to see a really good film, then I'd definitely recommend that you avoid "Something to Believe in" like the plague. Believe in life, believe in love, believe in yourself, believe in miracles (so the film's blurb tells us), believe that this is really bad.

If you're still interested after that intro. the plot is as follows. Maggie (Pitillo), a blackjack dealer in Las Vegas, discovers she has a fatal affliction and has a few weeks to live. So, she decides to set off to Italy to be healed by a statue of the Madonna. On the way she meets Mike (McNamara), a struggling pianist going to a competition, and they fall in love. But is their love doomed because she is dying? Can the statue save her, or is it just a fake? - you'll just have to wait to see the sickeningly predictable conclusion of the film.

At one point I thought the film might be trying to take the piss out of itself, but it was just too shit. The acting was bad; the plot boring; the script lifeless. There's a nice bit of piano playing though. **F**

Adam

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STA
STA TRAVEL

ICU Cinema

ICU Cinema's First Ever Preview
Oliver Stone Presents...

Gravesend

"Truly excellent, brilliant sense of humour and dialogue, very funny." **LOADED**

"Gravesend, is as gritty, groovy and gorgeously grim as extra low budget movie-making goes." **VOX**

"Strong performances and a macabre sense of humour make this film efficiently different." **TIMEOUT**

Due to be released in the UK June/July 1998

FREE to members
Sun 10th May 8:00pm

**Starring Morgan Freeman
& Anthony Hopkins**

Amistad

**Weds 13th May 6pm
& Thurs 14th May 8.30pm**

Starring Morgan Freeman

Kiss The Girls

Weds 13th May 9pm

Fairytale: A True Story

Thurs 14th May 6pm



The cinema is open to I.C. or ULU students & staff. Compulsory membership £1 Guests tickets are £3. Doors open 15 mins before time stated. No smoking, but drinks from Da Vinci's bar are welcome. For further information tel. 0171 594 8098 int. 48098. E&OE; ROAR

£2



THEATRE

ACROSS THE BRIDGE

New End Theatre



April 1945: The war is ending, and the Germans, keen for their atrocities to remain hidden, evacuate the Death camps. Thousands of weak and starving Jewish women and children are forced to march to Liepzig, to go across the bridge to freedom. Many never make it; some die of starvation, some of exhaustion, those who fall out of line are shot or beaten to death. The only food they were given was a handful of raw rice, which they had to queue for. The only way they survived was through their immense willpower and faith. Traumatized for years, the survivors continued to suffer the after-effects of their ordeal. Like in the trenches of the First World War, the lucky ones died.

This powerful and evocative play tells the story of two of the

survivors, who meet up for the first time in the Beth Salom Holocaust Memorial Centre fifty-one years. Both are severely traumatised by the terrible experiences they have shared, both denied the Holocaust by not speaking about it, or admitting that it had happened to them, both are relieved to speak to each other, to share their burdens which no one else could ever comprehend. The play recounts their meeting, through lighting, through sound, through clever staging. It is a moving experience, and the entire audience was weeping by the end.

The sufferings that these people went through cause anything we suffer to pale into almost insignificance. The Holocaust is a period of history that future generations will look back at in disbelief. How did it happen? Why did it

happen? The consequences still reverberate in the Jewish community today; some wounds never heal.

The play will cause you to think deeply, to look at your own treatment towards others. We today are fortunate in that we live in a time of comparative stability, of comparative tolerance towards others, especially in this country. It is vital that we maintain this stability, however precarious it might seem, lest we fall prey to a new regime of dictators. Please go and see this play, it is so important to everyone. It is not strictly enjoyable, but it will give you much to think about.

Julia H

BOTTLED NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND: CONTEMPORARY PLAYS BY JEWISH WRITERS

In my vain attempts to broaden my mind, I read all of these plays at a sitting, in bed whilst nursing a hangover. By the end of the book, I was not only feeling better, but I had far more of an idea about the Jewish condition, if I can call it that. For all my studying of GCSE history, I really had no idea of the impact that the Holocaust had on people's lives, nor how bad the troubles in Israel really were for the people living there. Now, with Israel celebrating 50 years of self-determination, and rumours of a possible peace settlement in the wind, it seems pertinent to write about the current state of Israel and Jewish people.

Since I started reading Brecht during last summer, I have become increasingly more interested in Jewish writers and writings. Obviously, no people can escape their past, and the great strength and courage of German, Austrian and Polish Jews never ceases to amaze me. The tortures they suffered were immense, and still reverberate in the community today, both in the survivors and in their children.

Each of the featured playwrights are award-winning writers

in their field. Sonja Linden, one of the playwrights, the author of *The Jewish Daughter*, featured in Felix 1101, has written a passionate and difficult play, called *Strange Passenger*, about the life of the composer Victor Ullman. This play is multi-faceted, and extremely complicated, as well as being excellent.

The most amusing play is a black comedy by David Scheider called *The Eleventh Commandment*, about a good Jewish boy, who falls for an atheist girl. Concerning the relationship with his mother, this is a funny and intelligent debut play, with surreal aspects generally only found in Tom Stoppard's works.

My favourite play was the first one, *The Yiddish Trojan Women*, concerning the relationship between four women, a grandmother, a stand-up comic, a unionist and a teacher of Greek Mythology. This play by Carole Braverman, revives the tragic classical story by Euripides, but sets it in modern New York.

All the works in this book are sensitively written, thoughtful, poignant and in places, extremely funny. I don't know if many would

be interested in this book, all I can do is to tell you about it, and help publicise future performances. The works are worth getting to know: the Holocaust was a such a huge part of our history, and a terrible example of man's inhumanity to man. I think that Jewish people would appreciate these plays the most, but I think that everyone should become familiar with some Jewish writers, in order to appreciate a different slant on life.

Julia H

For more information, contact me at the Felix Office

SMALL ADS

Musicals

The Barbican are showing "lost musicals" as part of their *Inventing America* season. Composers include George and Ira Gershwin, Cole Porter and Stephen Sondheim. I've got more details in the Felix Office, so come in and ask if you're interested.

Jazz

Deborah Harry and the Jazz Passengers are at the Barbican on 28 May. They are fantastic, so hurry up and get your tickets before they're all sold out. Although now: *The Tide is High, but I'm Holding On* (Arts Editor carted off by men in white coats burbling about hair-dye)

Help!!

Wanted: More arts reviewers. Everyone has exams, especially me, and I need some dedicated people interested in other things as well as their degrees to come and go to plays and art galleries, and then write about them. Post-grads and medics especially wanted, but anyone interested should come into the Felix Office and either ask for Julia, or email me on felix@ic.ac.uk.



MORE THEATRE

THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND & BLACK COMEDY

Comedy Theatre



"I'll kill you for this, Simon Gascoigne!"

Anna Chancellor as Lady Muldoon

It could be said that both these plays lack éclat, and show a complete disregard for élan. It is true, however, that they represent an entire generation, and express the dissatisfaction of a disembodied society.

The first of these plays, *The Real Inspector Hound*, is a glorious Tom Stoppard satire on critics and criticism, with the dialogue alternating between the philandering critics in the audience and the first night of

the play they've come to review. This play within a play is an Agatha Christie pastiche, and it becomes clear that all is not as it seems, especially as the critics are dragged into the play, and the actors take over the role of the critics.

Wonderful moments include Lady Muldoon in a cocktail dress, high heels and perfectly arranged stockings, coming in through the French windows, having obviously just finished a game of tennis, Mrs Drudge switching on the radio to hear a police warning about a madman, believed to be a tall young man in a grey suit behaving suspiciously in the neighbourhood, and a tall young man in a grey suit, behaving suspiciously, entering through the French windows as she stands there with her mouth open, and the body, which lies on the floor and is ignored by the entire company, until the police inspector points it out to them. The play is extremely surreal in parts, but due to the wit and brilliance of the writing remains

extremely funny. The plot is almost impossible to describe; I can only say that it is confusing, cunning and comic.

Black Comedy, the second play, is a rarely performed farce from the Sixties, where the familiar of light and dark are reversed: when the actors can see, we cannot, when a fuse blows on stage, the theatre is suddenly floodlit. Again the plot is almost totally indescribable, descending as it does into complete farce. In essence, it involves an artist and his fiancée who are unable to marry unless her military father gives his permission. He will only do this if the artist can sell his sculptures to an eccentric and profoundly deaf millionaire. Add to this a spinster discovering alcohol, and extremely camp neighbour and a German philosopher working as an electrician, and you have a sparkling witty farce. Did I mention the ex-girlfriend who returns to cause havoc?

Both plays have the same cast, featuring Duckface from *Four Weddings and A Funeral*

(Anna Chancellor), the blonde Philadelphia girl (Sarah Crowe), someone who looks astonishingly like a friend of mine and an actor who you'll recognise and, if you're like me, will be absolutely unable to place. They're all extremely good, and fit the dual roles they have to play. Both plays had me almost crying with laughter, and are well worth going to see. The theatre is gorgeous as well, one of those little London theatres with more space inside than you'd believe possible from the façade. Hurry up and get your tickets, the run ends in twelve weeks.

Julia H

SAUCY JACK AND THE SPACE VIXENS

Queen's Theatre

Before the show started we were anticipating something truly cosmic, as we were presented with a scene of stars and spaceships. The programme came with a glossary of terms, which was full of outrageous humour, and promised a 'post modern musical which raised an intergalactic fist up at convention.'

What we got, however, was a cross between a tame version of the *Rocky Horror Show* and *Forbidden Planet* that didn't really work. The story was partly narrated by an 'intergalactic' psychoanalyst, a frequenter of Saucy Jack's, a seedy bar where several cabaret artists have recently been murdered by the Slingback Killer, an elusive character whose weapon is a sequined stiletto.

To the rescue come the apparently telepathic Space Vixens, three sassy disco divas who get a little distracted from the job in hand (ahem) by handsome young

men/women. Through a stroke of luck, one of the Space Vixens finds out who the killer is, and the repercussions of this change the lives of all the characters.

The stellar landscape was replaced by a cluttered and supposedly sleazy bar that bore little relevance to space and remained the only scenery used throughout the rest of the show. Once it found its feet, the music was well performed, funky and modern (including an excellence sax solo) with a refreshingly unsentimental and unrefined feel.

The most memorable character, Booby, the dreamy waitress played by a man (David Ashley) was the only really convincing character although the others, while generally not making an impression were at times very entertaining and energetic. Ashley's part was not overacted and he made the character immediately likeable.

The story line, while light-heart-

edly kinky, was simple and yet not clearly portrayed, making it surprisingly hard to follow. Although in parts very amusing, the majority of the humour was cheap, 'Carry-On' style innuendo, making it seem less sentimental than most West-End musicals, but it still lacked originality - we'd heard it all before.

They did feel, however, that it was necessary to include the standard recipe of boy/girl meets boy/girl (pick a combination) by pairing off everyone at the end, apparently merely to add some resolution to the thin plot. One of the characters that was killed even came back to life so that the vixen, Bunny wouldn't be left alone.

Two out of the four couples were homosexual which added to the quirky and camp atmosphere, especially since the two men 'came out' as plastic fetishists half way through. Perhaps better suited to its original format as a fringe show in the Edinburgh Festival, we found

that it didn't quite succeed in the West End and that it lacked substance. As a bit of fun, however, you'd be hard pressed to find anything trashier. Its main virtue was the music and the costumes too were impressive (sci-fi/trendy).

We reckon 6/10.

Judith and Christian



DIVERSIONS FOR THE NEXT SEVEN DAYS

events

radio & TV

music

film

arts

clubs

fri 8

BUST-A-GUT COMEDY CLUB
The Daily Telegraph Open Mic Semi-Final. 10 new acts plus compere Chris Addison. £2.50. dBS. Doors open 8pm
SHAFT - 70's & 80's trashy pop and disco, plus chill out room and cocktail bar. Free before 9/£1 after.

Bananaman 1.05pm, BBC2
The Simpsons 6.00pm, BBC2
Bottom 9.00, BBC2
Cape Fear 10.50, BBC1
Shit scary remake, with Robert De Niro
El Mariachi 12.15 BBC2
Shoestring budget western actioner.

Diamanda Galas
Royal Festival Hall, £15-£7.50.
Dale Watson
Watermans Arts Centre, £8.
Also 20, Borderline, £8.
Pat Metheny Group
Shepherds Bush Empire, £17.50.

Scream 2
- Return of the ironic slasher movie
Warner West End 12.50, 3.30, 6.10, 8.50
Virgin Hammersmith 3.15, 6.15, 9.00
Odeon Kensington 6.45, 9.30, 12.05am

The Power of the Poster
V&A, South Kensington
Free to students
Next door

Chicago
Adelphi Theatre, Strand, Tube: Charing Cross
£15-£33.50

Labyrinth @ The Pleasure Rooms: 604 High Road, Tottenham
3 Rooms playing the best in DSB. Hardcore & Speed Garage.
9pm-till morning. £7 students. £8 guests. Info: 0181 808 4558

sat 9

The Eurovision Song Contest 8.10pm, BBC1
The annual musical crapfest comes round once again. This year has the added bonus of being staged in Britain (cos we won last year), and thus is presented by well known Brits Terry Wogan and Ulrika Jonsson.

Paul Carrack
Watford Colosseum, £12.50
Compay Segundo
Barbican, £17.50-£9.50
Delirious?
Brixton Academy, £12.50
9 Spirit Walker + Tumbleweed + Wilby
LA2, £7

Bim Sherman
The Theatre E17, £8, £6.

Breakdown
- Kurt Russell chases down the man who's kidnapped his wife.
Odeon Marble Arch 2.05, 4.25, 6.45, 9.15
UCI Whiteleys 2.45, 5.05, 7.25, 9.40
Odeon Kensington 7.10, 9.40

Lovecraft
South London Gallery
65 Peckham Road
Buses: 12, 36, 171 & P3

As Thousands Cheer
Barbican Centre, Cinema 1, Silk Street, Tube: Moorgate/Barbican
£11

La Costa Nostra presents Saturday Night Fever (3rd B-day Bash) @ Camden Palace, NW1
Underground Garage with Back to Back specials from Mike B, Spooky & Timi Magic. Nigel Benn & DJ Ride+ more. 9pm-7am Tickets £13.50 + BF more on the door.

sun 10

F1 Grand Prix 12.20, ITV
The multi-million dollar circus moves on to Spain.
Match of the Day 10.35pm, BBC1
The season finally comes to an end (thank God).
Water 9.00pm, C4
Recent film starring Michael Caine. Therefore crap.

Teletubbies 10.00, BBC2
The hype may have died down, but they're still out there, weird as ever.
The Bodyguard 9.00, ITV
Kevin Costner again demonstrates his charming ability to emulate a piece of woods that's lost the will to live.
Film 98 11.25, BBC1

Moloko
Aquarium, Etbc.
Heather Nova
Dingwalls, £7.50.
Superstar
Garage, £6.

The Big Lebowski
- Classy, funny, brilliantly made. Must see.
ABC Tottenham Court Rd 1.20, 3.55, 6.40, 9.25
Warner West End 1.00, 3.50, 6.40, 9.30
Virgin Chelsea 12.15, 3.00, 6.00, 8.30

Vong Phaophanit
Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, Tube: Waterloo

Our Lady of Sligo
Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, Tube: Waterloo
£17, £12

Metalheadz @ Bluenote, 1 Hoxton Sq, N1
Goldie 'n' crew bring the sharpest and darkest break-beat/drum 'n' bass to town.
7pm-12am. £8/4 Mem. Info: 0171 729 8440.

mon 11

STA BAR TRIVIA
Win £50 or a crate of lager. DaVinci's 8pm.

Sesame Street 12.00, C4
Brought to you by the letters Q, D and the number 23.
Real Rooms 4.00, BBC2
Useful advice for those with a fetish for Ikea. Mark, this means you.
The Bill 8.00pm, ITV
Without Tosh, will it ever be the same again?

Lester Bowie And Brass Fantasy
Barbican, £17.50-£9.50.
Fatback Band
Jazz Café, £15, £12.50.

Titanic
- Story about a boy and his boat. It's OK I suppose.
Warner West End 12.00, 4.00, 8.00
Odeon Marble Arch 12.05, 4.05, 8.00
UCI Plaza 12.00, 4.00, 8.00

Young Americans 2
The Saatchi Gallery, 98A Boundary Road, Tube: Swiss Cottage

Blood Brothers
Phoenix Theatre, Charing Cross Road, Tube: Leicester Square. £12-50

Club Tropicana @ The Gardening Club, Covent Garden.
Phil Brill & DJ Alice and introducing 3 new DJs. House 'n' Garage.
9pm-3am. £5/£3Mem. Drinks from £1 between 9pm-11pm.

tue 12

Match of the Day - European Cup Winners Cup Final, 7.30 BBC1
Can Chelsea become the first English team to pick up a European title since Katrina & the Waves?
ER 9.00, C4
Death, heartache, carnage and destruction. TV doesn't get much better

Michael Nyman Band: 'Gattaca'
Royal Festival Hall, £20-£10
Country Joe McDonald Queen
Elizabeth Hall, £12-£10

Sliding Doors
- Gwenyth Paltrow stars in a multi-dimensional comedy, receiving rave reviews.
UCI Empire 1.00, 3.30, 6.00, 8.30
Virgin Fulham Road 1.50, 4.10, 6.30, 8.50

Estorick Collection of Modern Italian Art
Estorick Academy, Northampton Lodge, 39a Cannonbury Street, Tube: Highbury & Islington

Naked
Playhouse Theatre, Northumberland Avenue, Tube: Charing Cross, £7

Creative Entertainments Label Launch Party @ Subtermania
UK production gurus The Creators celebrate the launch of their own label
9pm-2am. £8. Info: 0181 9619238.
Forgery @ Dogstar 389 Coldharbour Lane, Brixton 9pm-1am. £FREE

wed 13

DaVinci's Cocktail Night.
From 5pm.

Late Lunch 6.0, C4
It just isn't as good without the cooking.
The Ben Elton Show 10.00, BBC1
What the hell is Ronnie Corbet doing on there?
Live and Dangerous 12.00, C4
Crap American sport for insomniacs.

Martha Meet Frank, Daniel & Laurence
- This years *Four Weddings or Full Monty?*
Odeon Kensington 7.20, 9.35
Virgin Chelsea 1.15, 3.45, 6.45, 9.15
Virgin Ealing 2.50, 5.00, 7.10, 9.20

Henry Moore at the National Gallery
The National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, Tube: Charing Cross

The Misanthrope
Piccadilly Theatre, Denman Street, Tube: Piccadilly Circus, £9

Sniper @ LA2 Charring Cross Rd. Playing live
Info: 0171 627 8288.
Swerve @ Velvet Rooms
Charring Cross Rd. WC2 Upfront D&B, Resident Fabio.
10pm-2.30am. £6 /Nus £4. Info: 0171 734 4687

thr 14

The Cramps
Astoria, Etbc.

Henry Moore at the National Gallery
The National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, Tube: Charing Cross

The Misanthrope
Piccadilly Theatre, Denman Street, Tube: Piccadilly Circus, £9

Mink @ The Aquarium, Old Street.
Junike XL + Maximum Roach (Appolo 440)
9pm-2am. £6. Info: 0171 729 9779.
Ultimate B.A.S.E. @ Velvet Rooms, Charring Cross Rd. Hard House 'n' Funky Techno 10pm-2am. £6. Info 0171 734 4687

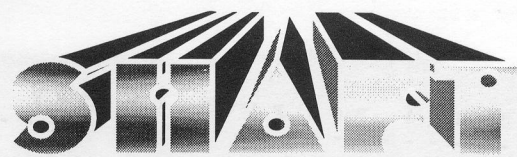
Martha Meet Frank, Daniel & Laurence
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Charring Cross Rd. WC2 Upfront D&B, Resident Fabio.
10pm-2.30am. £6 /Nus £4. Info: 0171 734 4687

Friday

BUST-A-GUT
comedy club
 With Chris Addison

and 10 new acts
 £2.50. 8pm dBs



70's disco & 80's pop
 & chill out room.
 £1 after 9/free b4

Tuesday

STA BAR TRIVIA

Win £50 or a crate of lager. DaVinci's 8.30

Wednesday



8-12. Free

Thursday

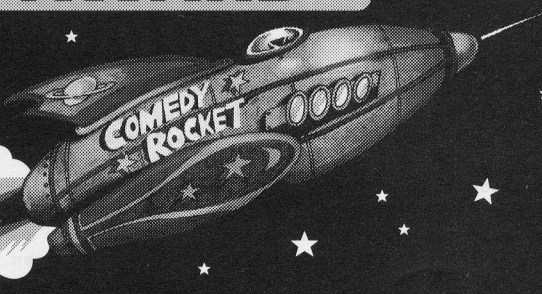
DAVINCI'S COCKTAIL NIGHT

The Daily Telegraph

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Hosted by

CHRIS ADDISON

STAR OF C4'S STAND-UP SHOW "GAS"

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THURSDAY 7th MAY

FARNBOROUGH COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY STUDENTS UNION

THE SUB CLUB

Doors: 8.00pm / Box Office: 01252 407 145

FRIDAY 8th MAY

IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION LONDON

dB'S, BEIT QUAD

Doors: 8.00pm / Box Office: 0171 594 8068

SATURDAY 9th MAY

LOUGHBOROUGH UNIVERSITY STUDENTS UNION

COMEDY CLUB

Doors: 7.30pm / Box Office: 01509 632011

SUNDAY 10th MAY

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

PLEASANCE SOCIETIES CENTRE

Doors: 7.30pm / Box Office: 0131 650 2349

MONDAY 11th MAY

STAFFORDSHIRE UNIVERSITY STUDENT UNION

ODYSSEY

Doors: 7.00pm / Box Office: 01782 294 310

TUESDAY 12th MAY

LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY GUILD OF STUDENTS

UNCLE PIEHEAD'S COMEDY PARLOUR

Doors: 7.30pm / Box Office: 0151 709 9108

SATURDAY 16th MAY

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY UNION OF STUDENTS

THE ACADEMY

Doors: 7.45pm / Box Office: 01895 813 504

THURSDAY 28th MAY

BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY GUILD OF STUDENTS

THE JOKE JOINT

Doors: 8.30pm / Box Office: 0121 693 0907

Tickets: £2.50

£2000
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 COMEDY
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 or call 0891 887766**

(Calls cost 50p per minute at all times)

Applicants must never have been previously paid for a stand-up comedy gig



WATCHING FOR PIGS ON THE WING

Caspar von Wrede

At the age of 54, my grandfather played a game of cricket that changed the rest of his life. A badly played ball struck him on the forehead and knocked him unconscious for two minutes. When he came round he appeared to be reasonably uninjured, apart from a spreading purple bruise and a touch of amnesia. His team-mates thought he didn't need a doctor and told him to go home and lie down. This he did and immediately fell into a coma-like sleep, not reawakening for thirty-six hours. When he finally reopened his eyes under beneath the watchful gaze of my grandmother he complained of a crippling headache and a bizarre defect in his vision. Two days later, at the local hospital, he was diagnosed as having the very rare condition of achromatopsia. He had lost the ability to see colour.

My grandfather, a great fan of French painting, was plunged into an alien world filled with shades of grey and abhorrent black. It was a world he never left again until his death. Following the accident he suffered massive depressions and became very seriously ill for many months. However, he was a very strong man with a legendary determination and he recovered. For a time he could eat only food that appeared natural to him, such as black olives, yoghurt, white rice, black coffee, but this effect gradually disappeared. He removed every painting from his vicinity and replaced them with sombre black and white pictures; art galleries he never entered again. He used to wear green sunglasses to improve the contrast of his vision and accentuate perception of boundaries and form. Those sunglasses were one of the many fascinating idiosyncrasies of my grandfather, many of which branded him an eccentric in some peoples' eyes, but never so in mine.

My grandfather died at the age of 81. I was 14 years old. He suffered a stroke, which left him comatose. Briefly before the heart attack which killed him, however, he was conscious, for one precious hour. By some divine coincidence my family was present in his hospital room as he was awake and it is a brief moment in my life I will never forget. The details of the room will remain with me always: its intrinsic sterility which all my mothers flowers could never dispel, the somehow pleasant but frightening smell of antiseptic soap, the low murmur of activity in the corridors outside. Most vividly, though, my grandfather himself. Propped up on pillows, his face still exuding humour, confidence, a love of life, untouched by morbidity, but more than this, the fact that he was crying.

It was never established what happened in his head the day it was struck by the cricket ball. The brain is more fantastically intricate than can be imagined, and its workings will remain impenetrable to science for a long time to come. Maybe a handful of microscopic neurones lost their lifelong contact with one another, or possibly a tiny vessel burst, starving some vital nerve complex of blood. What is certain, however, is that the stroke undid whatever the cricket ball had done, and for his last waking hour my grandfather saw the world again in colour.

He wept at the sensations he had forgotten over 27 years, unashamedly and before us all. It was something that deeply shocked me at that age. How could my grandfather, the paradigm of self-control, lose his composure so entirely? I was embarrassed for him, so much so that I could not meet his eyes. I promised myself at that moment that whilst I would strive to be like him in every possible way, that example I would not follow.

I tried to forget that final episode in his life, but of course, that was impossible. I was far too affected by it for that to happen. Now that I am twenty-five years old, I can honestly say that from the age of around four/five I have never cried, publicly or otherwise. It was something that my parents would often comment about and it would make me immensely proud. It's not that I don't have feelings, quite simply that some emotions are not meant to be shown.

During this past week, though, I have come close to crying. I feel emotionally unhinged. I must look terrible, sitting here, chain smoking, gulping this overpriced coffee. I run my hand over my chin and try to remember my last shave. I squint at my watch: 1.32 a.m., that means she'll be here in under two hours.

She.

Susan. The woman who has refused to leave my mind for even the briefest moment over these last six days. Susan and I have known each other for six years. We work in the same office; we live two streets away from each other; we see each other almost every day. My friends were always slightly jealous of me, because, after all, she is attractive. However, that is something I would never admit easily. Of course, I would say dismissively with a barely concealed smugness, *but we're just friends*. That was true, we were very good friends, however, it is an affection that I have been forced to scrutinise very carefully in these last few days. With great reluctance I've had to admit to myself that it was a friendship that I took far too much for granted.

I find friends easily, and maybe too easily. I've had a few relationships in the past, but none of them, er, involved. I never felt there was anything missing in my life. Until now, that is.

Susan was covering an amateur expedition onto Mount Everest for the free lance news agency we both worked for. Four months she had been gone now, four months. Never had I thought about how long that would be, never had I even dreamed that I could miss anyone as much as I bloody missed her. Suddenly I was forced to explore very alien and embarrassing feelings.

She called me once via satellite phone, during her acclimatisation time at base camp. She had said that she missed me. In that moment I became so intensely aware of how many times I had said the same thing, never really meaning it. She had talked about the mountains and the people in her group. She complained of headaches and nausea from the altitude. She had already seen the first corpse beside the trail, unceremoniously wrapped in tattered bin liners, frozen solid. She whispered about one of the sherpas, who had suffered an oedema in his lung because of the thin air and had died painfully.

I had begun to worry, not badly, but more than was strictly necessary. She was young and healthy, for God's sake, and there were people in her group who were far more unqualified than she was to be on that sodding mountain. There was that Japanese woman, for example, almost fifty years old, hoping to be the oldest woman ever to scale Everest.

She called again from camp four, which was almost at eight thousand metres. She sounded exhausted and confused and there was no trace of any enthusiasm for standing on top of the world. It appeared that some of the



people in her group of climbers were in a bad state. However, they would all only get one day's rest before the guides would press ahead for the summit. They would go without sleep for forty hours and she mumbled something about being worried about the amount of oxygen they were allowed to carry. I knew that a helicopter rescue at that altitude was unthinkable.

It was at that point that worry began to turn into genuine dread. During a rare moment of mental clarity I sat down and attempted to imagine a world without Susan. That was finally when I realised how much I had underestimated my feelings. From that stage onward, she was there in my waking mind constantly.

On the designated day of her assault on the summit my already severely affected ability to concentrate broke down completely. My attempts at doing any work were a farce, and making some excuse, I left the office early. I was painfully aware that no one seemed as worried about Susan as I was. That night I didn't even pretend that I thought I might get some sleep.

Susan reached the top of Mount Everest with seven other climbers, two guides and five sherpas. The climb had gone smoothly and according to plan. It was on the descent that the problems began. From what I had heard, at least two of the climbers were reaching utter exhaustion at this stage and began to severely hamper the climb. The guides resorted to the emergency measure of injecting the small ampoule of cortisone that every climber carried around their neck. Extra oxygen was also administered but it appeared that they had taken action too late. A storm was approaching and all they had time to do was to try and find some shelter; fatally inadequate shelter as it turned out. For twenty hours they had cowered in temperatures of minus sixty degrees centigrade, waiting for some improvement in the conditions. Somehow, a radio link to base camp was established and all members of the party were allowed one satellite phone call. All except three that is, who were suffering from such extreme exhaustion and hypothermia that they were unable to even speak. I later discovered that one of them had lost a glove at this stage and that that hand was effectively already lost. Susan tried to phone her parents but after she had failed to get through had called me. Above the shrieking wind she had shouted in a cracked voice, telling me she would make it, again and again. She was trying to convince herself.

I tried desperately to say something meaningful and comforting but I failed her. What I said was banal, hollow, and above all, false. I don't think it mattered though, she was almost delirious. I truly believed she was going to die.

It was two days before I heard the news that she had made it, two days that were worse than anything that I had ever experienced before. I was so totally drained of emotion that any rational thought was beyond me. I entered parts of my mind that I never could have dreamt existed, places I hope I have left behind forever.

Susan's party left three bodies on the mountain, and I still have no idea how she had made it back to camp at all. Immediately after I heard that she was alive I sat down and wrote a letter to her in the hospital in Nepal. It was a long, rambling awkward letter, in which I (futilely) tried to express my feelings. Even though I was hysterical, I knew that what I was doing was capricious, foolish even. Three times on the way to the post

office I had decided to destroy the letter, but something else in me always won over. Worst of all, in the last sentence, which had taken an hour to commit to paper, I had asked her to marry me.

Sitting in this café, thinking the whole thing over rationally, I conclusively came to the decision that the letter had been a mistake. I lit another cigarette, registering blankly that it was the last in the packet. Oh yes, a mistake of whopping proportions. I had been a bungling, hysterical, idiot, behaving like some pubescent school kid. I had to make a physical effort to prevent myself from cringing. At best she would laugh at me, at worse... well, I wasn't even going to contemplate. Would our relationship ever be the same again? *Pigs might fly*, I thought, looking up with a mirthless grin. *Pigs might fucking fly*.

Forty minutes before her plane was due to touch down I was at the arrivals gate, behaving like a man with fever. I cannot describe the thoughts I was thinking.

An eternity later, groups of bleary-eyed people began to spill into the cavernous airport hall. Briefly I fought the urge to quite simply run away, and moved forward to try and spot Susan. When I saw her, I was surprised that I felt no shock at the condition she was in. Her face looked like she had been awake non-stop for a month. She was pale despite a deep tan and walking painfully slowly. I felt like I was in autopilot as I began to walk through the crowd towards her. I had almost reached her before she looked up.

There was a pause whilst her tired eyes looked right through me. Then, with a barely audible sob, she stepped into my arms and buried her face in my shoulder. Suddenly I felt that we were alone in the universe.

We stood for a long time, without words, it seemed we shared a million unspoken thoughts. Finally she stirred and whispered three words into my ear.

It took a long time for those words to find the designated area of my mind. I stopped running my hand through the hair at the back of her head. They were words uttered so many times, unthinkingly, uncaringly, thrown away, always without consequence, until now. A long time later I gathered myself and croaked in an unsteady voice,

"I...I'm sorry about the letter...I really don't know what- I-..." my speech faltered. What letter? She breathed in my ear.

For the first time I let her go and looked into her eyes, eyes that were so dark that it was almost impossible to tell where her irises ended and her pupils began. Then, softly, I began to cry.



IC Smash Twickenham Sevens

In traditional preparation to a 7s tournament, the majority of the squad were doing their best to stock up on the necessary liquid that was essential for any rugby competition. We arrived on time at Hampton Court, only to realise that Twickenham RFC was in Hampton 110 miles away!!!

Our initial warm up in the Royal Oak did not show promise in the first couple of games, making a slow transition from 15s to 7s.

Despite losing our captain and squad pretty "UGLY" boy, due to bust ankle and broken nose respectively, we did our best to keep the opposition out of the try scoring zone. Close contests with London Nigerians and Old Actonians saw us qualify into the Bowl competition.

The first knock out game against Twickenham saw us starting to play sevens with a length of

the pitch try from Matt "chicken" Dixon. Quick reaction and skilful passing combined with an awesome side step allowed Charlie "I've got a sore knob / give me a pint" Cunnell to score under the posts, to seal a convincing victory.

The next Imperial game was the Medics against Baling. Unfortunately, overconfidence and key errors made by play maker Simon "miss in front of the posts / did that go 10? / are we playing touch?" Rogers saw the departure of the Medics and meant that Imperial would have to fight hard to come away with some silver ware.

In the semi-finals against London Exiles 2 IC showed their qualities by playing "champagne rugby". Chris "lightweight" Dickinson, initiated and finished off a well worked try which easily foiled the defence, resulting in a

seven pointer that any team would be proud of. A quick pick up and lightning acceleration from Telfa "you smell" Beynon confirmed our place in the final against London Exiles 1.

The game started well by "slight of frame" scoring within 5 seconds, and Telfa the cheetah sold more dummies than Mother Care to score a superb individual try. The Exiles fought back, but the match was guaranteed courtesy of Davo "I forgot to pass" Gol in fine style, to win the 1998 Boddington Bowl.

Thanks must go to Twickenham RFC, Malcolm and Pete Joyce for liquid rewards, Joe "Lloyd?" for her post match massages, and all those who turned up to make it a great and enjoyable day.

MIDDLESEX SEVENS HERE WE COME!!!

Results

University of London League Results:

Men's Football

- ICUFC I - 4th (Premier Division)
- ICUFC II - 4th (Division One)
- ICUFC III - 1st (Division Three)
- ICUFC IV - 4th (Division Three)
- ICUFC V - 5th (Division Five)
- ICUFC VI - 7th (Division Six)

Women's Football

- ICUWFC - 6th (Premier Division)

Men's Hockey

- ICUHC I - 2nd (Premier League)
- ICUHC II - 1st (Division Two)
- ICUHC III - 5th (Division Three)
- ICUHC IV - 5th (Division Four)

Women's Hockey

- ICUWHC I - 6th (Premier Division)
- ICUWHC II - 1st (Division Two)

Mixed Badminton

- ICUBC - 2nd (Division One)

Mixed Volleyball

- IC - 1st (Only Division)

Men's Basketball

- IC - 1st (Division One)

Women's Basketball

- IC - 2nd (Only Division)

Netball

- IC - 8th (Premier Division)

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