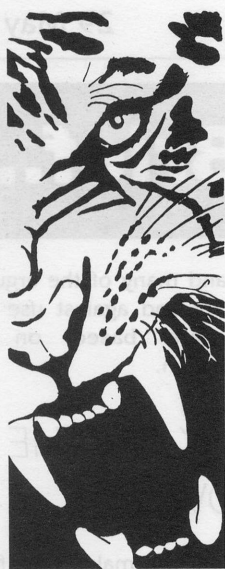


SR



F

E

E

X

X

The
Students'
Newspaper at Imperial
College

Issue
1117

29 May
1998

EXCLUSIVE

Jeff Mills
Interview

WIN WIN WIN

Yet More
Cinema Tickets

NEXT WEEK

Latest From the
Games World

Wharton to Resign

DAVID ROBERTS

Imperial College Union has found itself without a full compliment of sabbaticals-elect once again, as Dave Wharton, elected in February as Deputy President (Finance & Services) for 98/99, is expected to resign his post today.

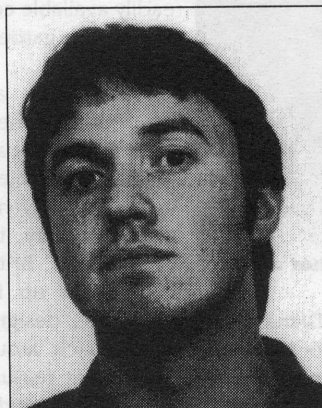
Mr Wharton, a second year maths student, feels certain that he will be asked to re-sit the year, and thus will automatically be deemed unable to take up a sabbatical position. As a result, he has made the decision to resign now, to allow his successor to be elected in time to take over from the present incumbent, Rob Clark, on 1 July.

Whilst expressing sorrow for Mr Wharton on a personal level, ICU President Andy Heeps has praised the decision to stand down, rather than waiting until official results are announced in July. However, he emphasised that Mr Wharton's decision to tender his resignation rests with him alone, who has made a "very bold decision, in the best interests of the Union".

A decision to await official confirmation of his results could have left the Union in the state of limbo it experienced at the beginning of this year, when DP (Clubs & Societies) elect Smita Chaturvedi only discovered she had failed her exams in mid-Summer. The consequent election was thus unable to take place until November 11, and

the Union found itself one sabbatical short for in excess of two months.

Mr Wharton's fellow sabbaticals-elect also expressed sorrow that he would not be taking up his elected office. However, they hoped that his decision to stand aside now, would allow a suitable replacement to be found, to join



Dave Wharton; exam trouble

the other victors from February - Dave Hellard, Adam Cherington and Ed Sexton - as the elected face of ICU.

The announcement of Dave Wharton's resignation, made by Andy Heeps at on Thursday afternoon, immediately triggers off a fresh round of sabbatical elections - the third set in as many terms this

year. In the words of Mr Heeps, "Here we go again".

Although there is insufficient time to run the usual five week election process (with only four weeks remaining this term), Mr Heeps is determined to see a full compliment of sabbaticals elected before the summer, to allow a smooth hand-over between the incoming and outgoing officers. Speaking to Felix he made his feelings very clear, "the position is a vital one which we must fill". Consequently, he will ask an extraordinary meeting of the ICU Council, convened at today's AGM, to suspend the election regulations.

If Council concurs with Mr Heeps recommendation, this will allow the normal fortnight of campaigning to be cut to a single week, so that elections can be held in the final week of term. Papers for the post will go up next Wednesday and will be posted for two weeks. The election itself is provisionally pencilled in for Wednesday and Thursday 24 and 25 June, producing a final result for the final day of term.

Although rumours of intended candidatures abound, there are at present no confirmed runners. Anyone interested in standing should contact Andy Heeps or the present incumbent, Rob Clark, in the Union Office.

King's Union Manager Sacked

ED SEXTON

King's college student union's (KCLSU) general manager, James Chirgwin, has finally been sacked for committing numerous offences over the past year, including fraud and drunken behaviour.

Chirgwin had been suspended for five months on full pay before being sacked, revealed KCLSU's student newspaper, ROAR. On

one occasion Chirgwin was so drunk that he refused to leave a building during a fire alarm, despite the presence of the Fire Brigade at the incident. At the time Chirgwin was head licensee of the KCLSU bars and was often found drunk in union buildings, endangering their license.

Other offences included cashing cheques at the Union, which later bounced, and running up a £250 bar tab in a period of one

month, which he wrote off as "promotion of the union". He also authorised himself wage advances and attempted to cover up his misdeeds by telling one staff member to destroy the bar's safe record book.

Chirgwin rarely turned up to union meetings and committed several other minor offences and breaches of union regulations. He was finally sacked for Gross Misconduct.



Residents Say No to Diana Memorial

ED SEXTON

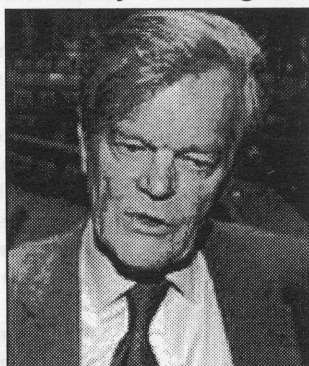
Over 250 Kensington and Chelsea residents demanded that plans for a 'Diana memorial garden' are scrapped at a public meeting last Tuesday evening.

The garden of remembrance for Diana, Princess of Wales, has been planned since last year; the Royal Parks Agency submitted proposals to a government committee last December. Although exact details have yet to be finalised, the garden is thought to consist of sixteen acres of flowerbeds and walkways within the grounds of Kensington Palace.

A special garden for children and areas for leaving personal tributes [toilets? -Ed] are likely to feature among the attractions.

The plans came under attack at a special public meeting in Kensington Town Hall on Tuesday evening. Most residents, remembering the chaos caused in the area last September when Kensington Palace became an impromptu shrine, fear that the garden will attract thousands of tourists and thus increase traffic and pollution

in what is already a congested area. Art critic Brian Sewell, one of many celebrity residents of Kensington, commented to the BBC that "the garden will be tacky... simply a focus for silly tourists". These 'silly tourists' could reach numbers of five million people a year. Alan Clark, MP for Kensington and Chelsea, was less condemning in his comments, but did complain that information was not readily available concerning the garden's design.



Alan Clark is not amused

The nature and use of Diana's memory in memorials and commercial projects are not exactly new issues. Only this week a British woman set up five 'Diana Memorial Tours', designed to take visitors by coach around the sites of London that featured most in the Princess' life, including her favourite shops and gymnasium. The company was set up with the approval of the London Tourist Board: If the planned memorial garden goes ahead, Kensington High Street will have much more to worry about than five extra coaches.

News in Brief...

A TEST OF PURE ECSTASY?

A new ecstasy testing kit, designed to test the purity of the illegal drug, has come under heavy criticism from the drugs czar Keith Hellawell. The test, which will be available to the general public, detects the presence of several chemicals in tablets, including MDMA, and provides information concerning the effects of the drug.

Keith Hellawell, speaking on BBC Radio 4's *Today Programme*, called the test "a step too far", claiming that even pure ecstasy damaged all parts of the system. He was also of the opinion that users took other drugs to counteract the effects of ecstasy, and that the kit would encourage drug use.

Tony Puglio, one of the kit's inventors, dismissed these claims, pointing out that such a kit could save lives. As yet no research has shown conclusively that MDMA causes long or short term dam-

age, and many of the arguments both for and against use of the drug are based on mere speculation.

FELIX ON THE MOVE

In order to make way for the Union's dBs development, Felix will be vacating its offices in the North West corner of Beit Quad. On 5 June, the last issue to be produced from the current premises will be released, and the office will be moved temporarily to the Clubs and Societies Resource Centre, behind the Union Offices. All enquiries should be made there, and email and telephones should work as normal.

During the summer, Felix will move again, this time to the south side of Beit Quad, where it will remain until next year.

The last issue of the year will be on 24 June.

UNION AGM

The Annual General Meeting of Imperial College Union will take place TODAY at 12.30pm in dBs. Everyone is entitled to attend and to vote. All union officers will be presenting reports and will all be subject to questioning. BE THERE.

Brabazon Basement Falls Foul of the Floods

CLARE ASHWIN

Residents of Brabazon House, one of the Charing Cross halls of residence in Pimlico, had their dedicated revision schedule interrupted on Tuesday when the basement level of the building flooded due to the heavy rains.

One of the students returned to his room in the middle of the afternoon to find a large volume of water outside his door. Upon opening the bathroom door, he found water gushing from the overflowing toilets. The water spread quickly and residents on upstairs

floors were rounded up to help basement residents evacuate their rooms.

It soon became a race against time to empty the contents of the seven rooms affected by the flood. Computer equipment, clothing, textbooks, CD players and files of notes began to pile up in the basement library, but it became apparent that the library too was in danger of becoming submerged. The transfer of items to higher floors became a priority as belongings were hurriedly thrown into bags. Empty rooms on the floor above were opened up and used as

deposit points. The water was thrown up by the drainage system, unable to cope with the heavy rainfall. Water levels almost reached the height of the windowsills outside and it was feared that the water would start to come in through the windows if the rain continued. Sandbags and piles of sheets were used as barriers around the doors but to no avail.

Nicholas Waters, the first resident to discover the flood, was dismayed to see his carpet floating. Residents not in the building when the flooding occurred returned to find their belongings scattered

around the hall and their bedrooms ankle deep in drain water. The flow of water headed towards the boiler room, fracturing hot water pipes under the pressure and leaving residents throughout the building without hot water. The electricity failed but was later restored to the upper floors of the building. A team arrived to pump the water from the flooded basement. Students affected were placed in temporary rooms and left to locate their scattered belongings and assess the damage. "Welcome to Brabazon aquarium" commented one student.



Advertisement

FELIX Bound Editions

ALL THE ISSUES OF THE YEAR
BOUND INTO A STURDY HARDBACK
BOOK. AND THE COST? JUST
TWENTY POUNDS.

Place your orders now!

Felix: 58072, felix@ic.ac.uk

HAIR NEWS HAIR NEWS HAIR NEWS

HAIR CUT £8.00

UNISEX UNISEX UNISEX UNISEX UNISEX

INCLUDES:

- & **CONSULTATION** with stylist to discuss your style, try a new look and learn how to manage and control your hair.
- & **SHAMPOO** followed by Herbal Conditioner and scalp massage.
- & **PRECISION HAIR CUT** by fully qualified hair stylist, experienced in modern hairdressing.
- & **USE OF HAIRDRIER** with complementary gel or mousse to finish your style.

OPEN 9.00AM - 6.00PM

Last Appointment for Hair Cut 6.00pm

Phone for information on other special offers, e.g. Perms, Highlights, Tints.

TREVOR ROY SALON

52 Kensington Church Street, W8

TEL: 0171 937 6413

3 minutes from High St. Kensington & Notting Hill Gate

Sponsored by



IMPERIAL COLLEGE

SUMMER BALL

Supported by



YOUNG'S Suit Hire Special Offer

Dinner Jacket, Trousers, Shirt
and Bow Tie for only £21

Plus 10% off all accessories and
only £2.95 for insurance

FREE Fitting session on
Wednesday 3rd June
in Civ. Eng. room 601 10-4pm

RE-APPS NEEDED in PEMBRIDGE HALL, NOTTING HILL GATE

Applications are invited for the posts of re-app at the above hall of residence. If you enjoyed your first year in hall, actively participated in the social events and are interested in helping the wardening team welcome next years students please apply.

Application forms and further details can be can be obtained from the accommodation office (15 Princes Gardens) or from Chris Dorman (Room H009, Physics Dept, x47889).

Closing date for applications 8th June 1998

Small Ads

Software Developer Seeks Programming Talent

To work closely with psychologists producing user-centred commercial applications.

VB5 and Access skills essential. Knowledge of internet and JAVA an advantage.

Initial part-time contract leading to full-time position.

For details, contact Daniel Brown on 0171 460 1132 or dan@forager.co.uk.

Free tickets for new TV Show

Perrier award winning Graham Norton is hosting a new Channel 4 comedy chat show. To be in the audience, totally free, call 0181 870 0111 or email standroom@atlas.co.uk for tickets.



Burning Water

Inspiration has not been kind this week so I'm scraping the bottom of the barrel here. These two recipes are of my own design and therefore favourites of mine. They're also exceedingly easy to make, nice and green and fresh and might even be knocking on the door of healthy eating. The name Brixton carbonara came about because I invented it in Brixton and it's got cream in.

Oh and by the way, both of these are sauces meant to go with pasta.

Brixton Carbonara

You will need:

- 2 rashers of smoked bacon
- 1 small aubergine
- 1/2 green pepper
- 2 cloves of garlic
- 1/2 a small tub of thick cream

The first thing to do is to slice the aubergine and then cut the slices to make chips about 1/4" thick. Put them in a bowl and sprinkle with lots of salt as usual to remove as much water as possible. This will take about half an hour so take your time with the rest of the prep.

Cut the bacon and the peppers into strips, crush and chop the garlic. This is probably a good time to get the pasta on as cooking the sauce won't take very long.

Rinse the aubergine thoroughly in plenty of water, drain it and for best results dry in a tea cloth.

Pour 3-4 tbl of olive oil into a pan and heat at max power. When the oil starts to smoke put the aubergine, bacon and garlic in together. Stir the mixture continuously so it doesn't stick and burn. Turn the heat down and continue to fry gently for 10 minutes to make sure the aubergine is properly cooked otherwise it tastes astringent and not nice.

Then add the pepper (green) and a good pinch of ground pepper (black). Continue frying for another 2-3 minutes and then add the cream. Fold this into the mixture, leave until it just starts boiling and immediately stir into the pasta which you've just cooked and drained.

Courgette Splat

You will need:

- 1 courgette
- 1/2 onion

1 clove of garlic

Start off by grating the courgette with the thin side of a cheese grater. Slice the onion as finely as you can and crush and chop the garlic.

Put enough oil into a frying pan to cover the base and heat up until it smokes as usual. Throw in all the ingredients, turn the heat up as far as it will go and stir like mad. The courgette will start to go soft and turn even brighter green. Mmmmm! Add a large pinch of salt and some pepper. For an extra layer of flavour add a small tablespoonful of chilli sauce (I don't like giving products free advertising but nobody's given me any money and I have to say Encona is way ahead of the competition). Continue stirring until the courgette has gone limp but not mushy, 5 minutes total at most, and all is ready.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

Technology vs Art. Place your bets now...

"Turn that bloody TV off! Go out and get some fresh air! Honestly, we never watched TV in my time! We used to read books! Have you ever actually read a book?" On and on goes the tirade of the angry parent. Most of the time, this well-rehearsed piece of melodrama is used, not for any philanthropic or caring purposes which might genuinely benefit the harassed offspring in question, but for the realisation of more selfish ends. These usually fall into the category of either a) Ready Steady Cook is on and they're wondering what to make for dinner, or b) Richie Benaud is demonstrating four different types of leg-spin delivery on BBC2 and it's something that the breadwinner of the household has always wanted to be able to do, but never got round to reading a book about it. Perhaps he was too busy watching television. This, however, just demonstrates the allure of today's forms of entertainment when introduced to youngsters. In modern society, increasingly less and less effort is required for one to enjoy oneself as the rate of

growth of technology seems proportional to the rate of growth of adolescents' waistlines. Middle-class pursuits have deviated away from such cultured leviathans as the theatre, literature, art and sport towards hobbies which are theoretically more exciting and exhilarating, but in practice are probably just less hassle. Let's consider a few cases in point:-

Theatre, you're dead. Willy Shakespeare, for all his soulful, telling and really very accurate analysis of the human mind, social intercourse, love, hate and the rest of it, as well as his going a long way towards shaping a definitive version of the English language, would probably spin a full 900 degrees in his grave to learn that kids these days would rather watch Neighbours. Although you could forward quite valid arguments regarding the differing social places occupied by light and "heavy" entertainment, and point out that lots of kids still love going to see pantomimes, my argument might nevertheless constitute an explanation as to why arts graduates have

extreme difficulty getting jobs involving anything other than squirting ketchup onto 100% flamegrilled pryon patties. Even actors themselves are being replaced by silicon equivalents: the cost of the stadium scene from the film Forrest Gump was reduced considerably by hiring a fraction of the extras required to fill the stadium, putting them in their seats, and then electronically duplicating them around the whole arena. Regular readers will also have learned of my passion for Resident Evil 2, the intro for which is so scarily lifelike that within ten years films will probably be made starring digital actors indistinguishable from real ones. RADA, you have been warned.

Literature, you've popped your clogs. Although this is not entirely true (some might say not true at all), as virtually everyone I know enjoys a good thought-provoking read from time to time, I reckon the early bird that is the micro-processor has gobbled up quite a few potential bookworms. The fact remains that thousands of playstations are sold every day, and peo-

ple playing these must necessarily spend less time doing other stuff. The stereotypical computer nerd is but another example of the decaying effect of the computer. I was once speaking to a psychology graduate who told me that a study conducted into the social effects of arcade machines showed that some teenagers were forming relationships with their favourite arcade cabinets which were directly equivalent to the friendships that they really should be making with other boys and girls. I'm sorry, but I refuse to believe that Chun-Li is really that good looking.

There you have it. Technology, like fire and water, is a fantastic low-cost servant, but a very soulless, draining and stagnating master. You lot reading this will graduate, and ultimately be responsible for how the above changes are implemented. I implore you, here and now, to keep the dream alive..

Ali Campbell



I don't why, but some people in this College think I am a prophet of doom, incapable of saying anything positive about Imperial, someone who delights in rubbishing this esteemed institution. As you know, dear reader, this is nonsense. Anyone who has really read my articles will know that any attacks on particular parts of IC are borne of support and affection for the College as a whole. If money is wasted, we limit the College's ability to prosper, so a rant against the transgressor is for the greater good. However, I'll be honest and say that I never thought I would have a good word for the Ante Room exhibitions. Then, as if by magic, some artwork appeared. Good artwork. Not the work of an educationally subnormal gorilla, but paintings of obvious form and artistic insight. The modern 'art' that we have been subjected to previously was devoid of any of the quality present in truly great contemporary work such as that of Warhol, Hockney and Lichtenstein. The exhibition has now finished, but hopefully will herald a dramatic

ic upturn in the quality that we can expect. The sensationalist pap exhibited as part of the Lottery bid for the Music and Arts Centre was simply trying too hard, and was disingenuous to even the most casual observer. Even though the bid is perceived by some in Sheffield to be dead in the water, we stand a better chance now than at any time since the Ante Room refurbishment, and all involved should be warmly congratulated.

Now that I have done my nice cop bit, it's time for nasty cop. When I stroll down the stairs in the Chemistry department, undertaking our daily evacuation, two things occur with absolutely certainty. Firstly, the fire alarm has malfunctioned, rather than indicating the imminent consumption of SW7 by an enormous fireball.

Secondly, at least three people will ask me to moan about said false alarm in Felix. Such is the frequency of this upheaval that it is no longer taken seriously, which, in a building that is packed to the

rafters with gas cylinders and flammable solvents, is slightly concerning.

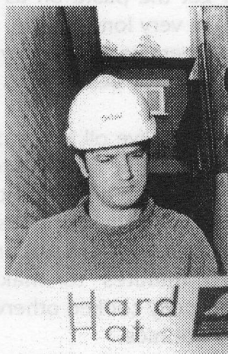
Recently, the alarm failed to work in part of the building. Obviously, I am not alone in experiencing such disruptions, and some would say that I have a compar-

atively easy time of it. God knows how sanity was preserved in Princes Gardens when the alarms were upgraded a few years ago. Fortunately for Chemistry, the College realise that this a top priority, given the risks associated with it, and I don't just mean the undergraduates. In order to resolve the problems, Estates will

do almost anything to sort things out. Anything, that is, except spend the money necessary to fix the areas that are forever malfunctioning. Believe me, if people were injured or killed in a fire that was not indicated by the alarm, you would have to dig considerably deeper into the Imperial pocket to cover the cost.

It has been a while since I have forced my televisual tastes upon you, but I must mention *In the Red*, the new black comedy that started on BBC2 on Tuesday. This is unusual in that it is essentially a satire of the BBC by the BBC, which must have resulted in some rather anxious people, having the same effect that *Yes, Minister* had on Whitehall. The cast is superb, the script extremely witty and, if that were not enough, marvellously scathing about New Labour. What more could a man require? This is Imperial, remember.

Simon Baker



Digs the Dirt

JCR CATERING SERVICES

Due to refurbishment of the Junior Common Room during the summer, please note that the **BREAKFAST SERVICE** and **CURRY BAR** will be transferred to the MDH (Main Dining Hall) on 8 June until the end of term - 26 June.

"QT" and the Vending service will continue in the JCR, although there will be **NO SEATING**.

We regret any inconvenience to JCR customers.

Finish your finals and earn £15 in under an hour

- Are you a final-year student studying science/engineering/economics/law/accountancy/statistics or business?
- Have you considered/are you considering a career in general management and/or engineering?
- Can you demonstrate excellent academic ability and an impressive range of extra-curricular interests?

If so, we would like you to take part in our research on career-related issues. The research will take place in your **Careers Service** on 17 or 18 June 1998, but please contact us now!

To find out more, call Jo Sheldrick or Claire Foy at Flag (01223) 233882 or e-mail us at jo@flag.co.uk or claire@flag.co.uk

flag

Flag Communication Ltd
Fieldstead Barn
New Road
Impington
Cambridge
CB4 4PJ

Telephone:
(01223) 233882
(it's OK to reverse the charges)

Fax: (01223) 237121

E-mail: jo@flag.co.uk
claire@flag.co.uk

Flag Communication
specialises in advising
major organisations
on their graduate
recruitment marketing.
Any information you
provide will be treated
as strictly confidential.



ALBUMS & SINGLES

BLAXPLOITATION 4

Harlem Hu\$le ★★★

The problem with most themed compilations; is that with each sequel released, the quality of the material falls. It seems obvious that *The Best Country and Western Album In The World Ever: Volume 2* can never be as good as volume 1. However, people have been buying these series in their thousands and if country and western is what tickles your fancy, that's your business.

This brings me to the current *Blaxploitation* series of Soul, Jazz and Funk from the inner city. After not having heard volumes 1, 2 or 3, at first I was slightly pessimistic at the thought of hearing volume 4. Having twenty-four tracks, one first assumes one is probably going to be treated with something not unlike numbers 75 to 100 in the *Blaxploitation* top 100. The album was then a very nice surprise; for although there are a few dud tracks, most of the album is very good. There's *Harlem Shuffle* by Bob & Earl (the one with the Jump Around brass band sample), the smooth *I Want You* by Marvin Gaye and the obligatory inclusion of James Brown's *Sex Machine*, which, shockingly, had previously not featured in the *Blaxploitation* series.

Thus what you get is over two hours of high quality soul, jazz and funk, and if this is the music for you then the whole *Blaxploitation* series is must. However, if a taster of this music is all you'd like, then although I haven't heard it I'd have to recommend volume 1. James

SONIC YOUTH

A Thousand Leaves ★★★½

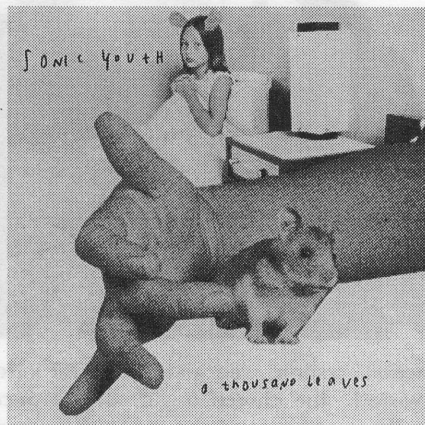
A *Thousand Leaves* is a collection of eleven lo-fi songs, each with a similar structure and an average track time of about seven minutes. The length of the songs is the largest problem here. Sonic Youth may just feel obliged to fill studio time or dead album time with amalgams of distortion and feedback. They may feel that it's cool to be radio-unfriendly, as most of the musical breaks come slap bang in the middle of a track, as opposed to the beginning or end where they could be cut off. Whatever the reason for this sonic meddling, these detours only serve to be detrimental to the overall Sonic Youth sound. Sadly, even this isn't that much to write home about. It's OK but it's not five star material. Perhaps the mid-song noises are only added to make the otherwise mediocre material stand out.

The album opens with the misleading *Contre Le Sexisme*. It's misleading because it's probably the poorest piece of material available for aural consumption. It's basically a third-rate Portishead number. It's melancholic

enough but there's a lack of cohesion present that gives us a feeling of disjointedness. The following track, *Angel*, manages to hit the spot, though. It just about maintains its eeriness without diving into a mass of confused noise. This unsettling nature is kept in balance by the melody. It's perhaps of worth to note that this is one of the shorter tracks, at five minutes. From there, we are teased with promising numbers like *Female Mechanic on Duty*, *Hits of Sunshine* (for Allen Ginsberg) and *Heather Angel*, only for our hopes to be dashed by periods of unwanted cacophony. If this album was forty minutes long instead of seventy-five then it would be a lot more accessible and, in turn, better. Sonic Youth are no mugs, though and they have purposely recorded this

album in this way. This is a mistake. After all, reviews could be written half in English and half in Fortran but it doesn't do anyone any favours.

Dennis



SINGLES

Pulsars *Submission to the Master*

If Electronic ever split up and reformed, one more step away from New Order, the result would be the Pulsars. Friendly tune and not too electronic to deviate from the mainstream.

Dawn of the Replicants *I Smell Voodoo (EP)*

Another churned out single by the Replicants. How they got signed I don't know, but again, the talent of a terrible singer meets the tuneless noise of an untalented band and this is the result. Please just admit defeat and go and wither away.

THE ESSENTIAL CHOON

Embrace *Come Back to What You Know*

For all of those who thought *Good Good people* was just a one-off Oasis cribbed fluke (I count myself as one) this single reveals the quality Embrace have been claiming upon themselves for all this time. This is nothing short of an anthem of sheer musical perfection. The critics certainly will be laid to rest.

Silversun *Too Much, Too Little, Too Late*

A lot more 'cuddly' than I was expecting, almost the Beegees, but with a tiny bit of token guitar-ing. Might appeal to 14 year old Brian Adams fans, but not many others.

John Martyn *Excuse Me Mister*

I don't like white singers trying black blues; it doesn't work, unless they make it their own (eg Eric Clapton). Martyn just tries to imitate without the soul of the attitude. What Blues song have you ever known that sings about not calling someone mister because he's bad to the environment and is giving Mr's a bad name?

David H.

Blue Rose *The Disconnected EP*

Very well constructed melancholic indie. Sad ballads, chilling acoustic tunes reminiscent of Simon and Garfunkel but the last track, *Everything we need*, is ultimately uplifting. Bound to do well.

Comfort *The Proof of You*

Strong female vocals run over melodious guitar driven tunes, a bit like Catatonia but not as annoyingly Welsh! Nothing really inspirational or new here but the *Proof of You* is a good indie-pop tune.

Cornelius *Chapter 8*

Strange vocal harmonies and weird effects drive Cornelius in the direction of the Boo Radley's *Giant Steps* album. Odd, very odd indeed.

Future Loop Foundation *Karma*

An excellent tribally influenced single with good strong drum 'n' bass lines, definitely spooky. The Click 'n' Cycle mix is mellower but not as good as the top original track.

Montepulciano *Ola Chica*

Really cheesy latin/samba influenced pop/disco bastard. The lead singer/crooner really should be fired, along with the rest of the band. The instrumental Hollywood mix isn't bad though.

THE ESSENTIAL CHOON

Transglobal Underground *Rejoice Rejoice*

(Album sampler) Every ethnic sound you can imagine, from Arabic singing and Indian tablas to gypsy-peasant folk tunes are combined with excellent dance beats. A must for alternative dance freaks. Brilliant.

Sleater-Kinney *One More Hour*

Screaming punk attitude from the much lauded American ring-piece. Riot girls cross over into the mainstream? Maybe. The B-side, *Don't Think You Wanna*, is a Nirvana-esque rocker though.

Ramzi



ALBUM & LIVE

EARL BRUTUS

Tonight You Are the Special One ★★★

Earl Brutus sure ain't pretty, they play demented glam rock mixed in with spacey electro effects, and are unlikely to be invited down for tea at number ten. Their lyrics could be optimistically described as incomprehensible, a machine gun succession of supermarket anarchist soundbites, bawled over the crazed glam guitars that forms the meat of their music. This album is the follow up to their 96 debut album *Your Majesty... We are Here*.

The first track, *The SAS and the Glam that goes with it*, blasts out its chorus "You are your own reaction" over the guitar rock and twisted soundscape of a joblot of Dr Who effects, while *The Universal Plan* exclaims "It's a beautiful world" over throbbing stadium rock work

and a Gary Numanesque keyboard refrain. Both great anthems which are perfect for the moshpit.

However, although there are



some wild and wonderful intros - the church organ solo of *Second Class War*, and the Sixties superspy music in *Edelweiss*, in almost every case they are quickly buried under the heavy guitars and stomping

drums. This wouldn't necessarily be a bad thing, but the songs lack the momentum required to carry the listener through a whole album of the bawling pub rock, and the slower songs *God, Let me be Kind* with its minimalist beats, and the gentle *Don't Die Jim*, aren't enough to provide relief from the glampubpunkdrunken-brawlinginacarparkstadium-rock.

All in all the album lacks the innovation of their debut, and while individual tracks such as *99p* and *Come Taste my Mind* would make excellent live tracks and singles, there is not quite enough variety in their unique brand of stodgy glam to make this album an essential purchase.

Phil Lewis

Reviews are given a mark out of five as follows...

★★★★★ Choc Fudge

★★★★ Space Cake

★★★ Fruit Cake

★★ Carrot Cake

★ Fairy Cake

No Stars Cake of Soap

Tha Bomb!

Tha Bomb will be back next week with the chief himself, Milen. He'll have the low down on the past, current and future r'n'b/hip hop happenings coming your way.

URUSEI YATSURA

Live at the LA2 ★★★

Urusei Yatsura aren't your usual rock band. They are a Glaswegian four-piece obsessed by Japanese junk culture and tigers. Roughly translated as 'noisy stars' or 'obnoxious aliens', Urusei Yatsura was one of the most popular anime series produced, a frankly bizarre show starring one Lum - an beautiful alien sporting horns and a tiger-skin bikini. It all starts to fit together...

The LA2 was surprisingly packed out for a band that has only just made it into London's musical consciousness. Clumps of twenty-something men are swigging away on their Budweisers and paying token attention to the support Apples in Stereo. At least half of these must be music 'journalists'. Between the affectedly cool musos run the real fans - overexcited fourteen year-old teeny boppers. A pair of absurdly enthusiastic girles bounce up to us, feather boas flying. Their voices are just audible over a terrible Beach Boys cover - "Buy our Fanzine! Buy our Fanzine!"

The support were duly kicked off, and after the usual faffing and false starts, Yatsura stormed on and thrashed out a deafening rendition of *Flaming Skull*. They seemed to be getting the duller songs out of the way first, and despite the volume, they weren't carrying the crowd with them.

Suddenly, everyone recognises the opening chords of *Glo Stars* and the moshing starts. Pogoing around like a lunatic while five-foot-five



boppers crack repeatedly into the bottom of your chin and the DMs of smelly sixth-formers smack you squarely in the temples as they surf the towards the stage; all in the name of fun. And what fun it is. The mini-mosh pit is friendly but fast, and the two security guards have their work cut out dealing with the crowd surfers.

The band hammer out the favourites, powering through the joyous *Hello Tiger* with impressive force. Guitarist Graham's sonic secrets are revealed in *Exidor* - he takes two drum sticks, weaves one between the strings, and clobbers it with the other.

The crowd, however, have other ideas.

"SIAMESE!" they demand. Eventually, the band agree, and thrash out a rendition of this early favourite with such force that it's barely recognisable. Ears pop, light bulbs smash, and we jump higher and higher loving the torture. Graham is banging away like a madman, apparently unsatisfied until he's broken all the strings. Suddenly, they desert the stage, leaving the instruments howling a demonic, ear-shattering wail that matching the growing pain in my head. It's madness - we're shouting for more, but no-one can hear, not even ourselves.

Slowly it dawns on us that there will be no encore. Although it's just 10.30pm, Urusei Yatsura have left the building. The massive walling gradually subsides to a manageable cacophony, and the party's over like a burst balloon.

Noisy Stars they may be, but they're nice enough not to keep their diminutive fans up after their bed-time.

Jeremy



What's In The Box ?

A new Monday night experience is about to hit the city, kicking off on the 1 June @ the Clinic, Gerard Street, Nr Shaftsbury Avenue. This is not just another D&B night featuring the same old DJs as you hear everywhere. This night dares to be different bringing you the best of the new breed, the next generation of DJs. Nice to see someone giving the up & coming guys 'n' girls a chance.

This isn't just a blatant plug for a new night, the reason I'm mentioning, well, featuring this new night is that the people involved are taking the scene one step further. They will be broadcasting live from the club to all round the world through the internet. And after last week's mission deep into the underworld of pirate radio, I though this week I'd stay on the right side of the law for a change and play things a little, well, a lot safer.

Yes this new night is going to be broadcast live over the internet from the Interface pirate radio site @ <http://interface.pirate-radio.co.uk> so anyone anywhere in the world with a PC and internet connection can log on and see how we do it in London town, the heart of Drum & Bass some would say.

Interface doesn't just broadcast D&B but covers the phatest underground beats ranging from Techno, Garage, Drum & Bass and everything in-between, but this time it's legal and it reaches the four corners of the globe. Interface isn't exactly new as it's been going for about a year now, but it's a new method of people getting together, talking and meeting. It not only broadcasts sound live but also includes live video footage.

Interface is being hailed by many as the next step forward for the scene, making pirate radio look very limited in comparison. But that said they have no need to worry at the moment as only a small percentage of the people wanting to hear this sort of music have the capabilities to receive it where as everyone's got a radio. But as time progresses, and the internet becomes

cheaper and more accessible to the general population it's bound to have a large impact.

The man behind The Interface is DJ Mad

really a mini television. It a safe way to move around, I've been following this crowd for some time now and there safe, a nice bunch. This is the future ya know, as time goes on more and more people will get connected up and it will naturally take over.

What DJs can we expect to hear playing on Interface?

It's not about the big boys, it's about giving people like you a chance. They [big names] have priced themselves out of it, charging £300-400 an hour. I can't afford that, and ultimately it comes back on the punters who have to pay inflated

prices to go out. So what we're doing is giving people like you a chance, you come down bring a few people spread the word and all that and if all the DJs bring down a few people we'll have a little party atmosphere going and that's all you need to get things started. It'll build from that.

We'll have a camera man running about all over the place filming it for the live broadcast, so if people can't make it down, they can see what is going on on your computer screen and if they like what they see, they will come down the next week.

We're going to be very strict on the door, making sure only the right sort of people are coming in, we ain't going to be letting no hoods in or any of that. We want to create a pleasant party vibe, no attitude, no hassle.

If you fancy checking out this new night just drop me a line on t.j.morgan@ic.ac.uk as I've got a whole load of guest list places to give away.

Jo Public

BOX BASS RECORDINGS PRESENTS

THE BOX

LIVE WEB CAST: <http://interface.pirate-radio.co.uk>

EVERY MONDAY NIGHT
Commencing 1st June 1998
"DRUM & BASS IS LIFE"
7pm - 2am
£3 All night
DJ Discount Ref NUS
& Early Arrivers

EVERY MONDAY NIGHT
Commencing 1st June 1998
"DRUM & BASS IS LIFE"
7pm - 2am
£3 All night
DJ Discount Ref NUS
& Early Arrivers

Resident DJ'S
JUNIOR BUZZ • M-T • PAUL IBIZA
With **"MC OD"**
Plus Guest Appearance **RAY KEITH**
For more information "Online Interface Pirate Radio" Co.Uk. Surf The Net
ONLY BETWEEN 1AM - 4AM WEDNESDAYS "FOR DRUM & BASS LOVERS"

@ THE CLINIC
13 Gerard St, Chinatown, SOHO, W1

Ash, who ran Heart FM and then Face FM. From these pirate stations Ash meet up with club promoter and on-line anarchist Howard Jones. They blagged a load of software and started Interface - broadcasting 24hrs a day over the net. Now, a year later, they have state-of-the-art equipment and an average of 80,000 listener a week, with some 6,000 at any one time.

I meet up with Paul Ibiza, who's involved with Interface and is promoting *The Box*, which is going to be broadcast live over the net.

I asked him: What is it all about?

It's a new way of learning what's going on. It's like the pirates, but with pirates you don't know who you're running with, or who's controlling it - gangsters and all that yeah. With Interface it's much safer first it's totally legal as anyone can put information on the net. Secondly it's very expensive to set up therefore you need big business backing it. What you get is not just the music but also live pictures so it's

CLUBSCENE - SINGLES

DOWNBEAT

D.O.S.E

Crack Man In Bat Den Sex Shock

Strange title for a strange tune. D&B with heavy use of electric guitar - not something I've ever thought would go well together and this track reminds me why. The underlying track is actually quite good, if a little hectic, and if most of the guitar bits were taken out it might just click as there are a few small bits where it sounds alright but mainly NO!

The other two tracks are in a more hip-hop / downbeat style and I like these much more, slowing rocking beats that ooze phatness unpollished rugged breaks and gritty fx. Much more like it.

Fillippa Don't Explain (MCA)

The original mix is a totally laid back track with a live jazz café sound deep 'n' moody with the exquisite voice and lyrics of Fillippa completing the experience. Also a livelier mix from Steppa's which is at a strange tempo somewhere between D&B and downbeat. An intelligent D&B feel and beat structure but at a slightly slower pace probably to keep the voice of Fillippa audible which compliments the beats 'n' breaks superbly. One for those easy-going numbers for the summer nights ahead.

Prime Suspect Case 1 (Rise 'n' Shine)

Ah ooh ooh eh ooh ooh is full of plenty of funky fresh garage grooves. Using simply beats but it's the layers of clever key patterns, title vocal stabs and key changes that get you moving. The *Two Step Mix* also has the same set up vocals and keys, but uses different beats. Retro Vibe in a happy happy style with a big piano break that spoils it for me. Finally *Dirty Tune* is a little stormer Richard Purser has definitely got his key patterns, xylophone sounding bing bongs all sorted. I love the way he keeps adding little bits of this 'n' that samples etc cutting in and out like it's in the mix. Wicked track.

Full Intention.

You Are Somebody?

Described as the undisputed kings of disco house, Full Intention bring us a uplifting dance track with disco overtones. On the more commercial side of house this track has a pretty lame vocal telling you 'are somebody', but under this slightly lame exterior there are in fact some rough beats. So if you can handle the lyrics and disco sounds this is a well made tune. For the more underground buyer their are two harder mixes - London mix and the Dark Dub which has a dark bassline totally changing the feel of the track. Not as bad as I thought it would be.

Jo Public

GARAGE / HOUSE

the electric café

talks to Jeff Mills

Jeff Mills has long been described as the most important name in techno. His DJ sets incorporate the deft use of up to sixty records an hour. People use the word 'god' to describe the musical abilities of this man. Yet deep down he feels it is all about depth and a sort of spirituality. Jeff is on a mission, yet he claims not to know why he does what he does. I had a rare opportunity to talk to the man behind the myth...

For people reading who don't know who you are, can you explain who you are and what you do with music.

I'm originally from Detroit and I make electronic music for a living...as an art. I create. I've also been DJing for seventeen, eighteen years.

Can you describe your DJing style for people who're listening? How you like to express yourself...

It's like a collage of music within a certain time frame. So what you hear is not the complete full length of the composition but maybe parts of it, at times.

So you're putting things over each other to create a sort of layered-effect?

Yes. Like painting which is a collage of colours.

Why do you choose to express yourself with electronic instruments?

It's the most convenient way for me to be able to lay down the idea. I'm not a musician where I've studied to play the guitar or the piano so I use a different type of vehicle to create music.

A lot of electronic musicians choose to become DJs. How was that for you?

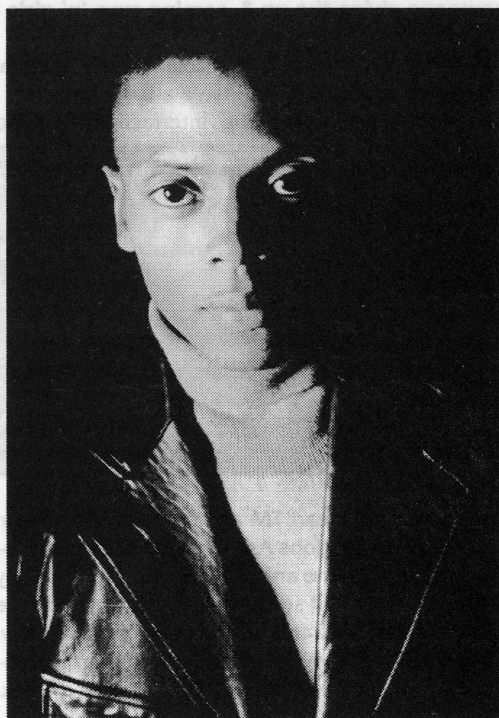
I started off as a DJ and over time I began to understand, after listening to so many records for so long, that maybe I should try to begin to make music myself. So I did and for having such a long background in playing music I found it quite easy to make it. Once you learn simply how to make it, then you can figure out how to manipulate it and have it do things that you want it to do or make the machines do exactly what you want them to do. So that was the process.

You say that you could make the machines do exactly what you wanted them to do. Do you think that you've made tracks where you could step back and say, "Yes. This is exactly what I wanted to express with this track!"?

Yes. Many. Many of them.

Can you explain some of the things that you have expressed through your music?

Well I think first you have to have an idea before you sit down to make music. Then you know eventually where an end is. Because you'll hear it and then you'll say, "OK that's it and I'm finished with it." If you have no idea then of course you'll never understand where the end is. What usually happens is that I'll have an idea of a concept or a place or a person. That is the basis of the release. The individual tracks are the elements that make up the release itself. That's



when I begin to break down from colour to sound; from depth to sound. I relay all these things to sound.

Is it easy to translate these things from different media?

It is easy if you construct your own scale. Like for me red is hot; high frequency. Blue is cool. Black is very low, subsonic frequencies. So if you create your own scale then yes it is easy. And there isn't just one scale. That's the creation of the producer.

If you made a record based on a concept that you had imagined and you played it to me and I interpreted something different from it, then would you be disappointed?

No. My main purpose is that you heard it and you had a reaction. That you were moved in some way, whether it was negative or positive, the fact is that it affected you somehow.

Are you ever interested in what other people saw in your records? Or do you just want to see them being moved?

Indirectly. Because I would not want that to affect me the next time I sit down to make music.

So would that affect you?

It might. And I'm usually afraid of that. For example when someone comes up and says "Wow! You're the best DJ and blah blah blah."

Even if they all came back to you, not one sold? Wouldn't that mean something to you? Wouldn't that affect you in some way?

It would make it more difficult for me to put out the next record, but it doesn't mean that I would not put out the next record.

But would you not feel that if no one was buying it, no one was liking it?

That was never really the case. I mean there have been many releases, or I've made releases that I've never released because I felt that I did-

n't need to release it. I actually made white labels of Cycle 30 and gave those to DJs and after I'd given out fifty copies I felt that the job was done and I came very close to not releasing that release.

Why did you feel that over something that you have actually released?

It was a conceptual release. It was based on the thirty year cycle that we as humans live in. This cycle where things regurgitate over years; fashion, trends, political situations and everything. I got a very early indication, just from the DJs and the producers that really wanted to hear this.

It was almost as if I'd come up with a theory and just needed the right people to hear it so that they might create something similar to it. That's another way to release music. To release an idea. So not to release it directly from the person to people, but from the person to another person and then to the people.

When you're DJing you're creating a collage. Are you trying to create this piece of art single-mindedly or are you just thinking, "Well they want to dance, so I'll make them dance."?

No. Those elements, the dance elements come second in the Axis material. The idea comes first, then the structure and then I feel I should make it danceable. So it actually comes second or maybe third. In the Purpose Maker material it comes number one.

Can you tell us a bit about the designs you use on the Purpose Maker releases?

The logo is a hand in the gesture of either giving or receiving. That's basically why I created the label; to give this music for DJs to use. That's why this music was designed, not to be Top 40 hits, but just as a very good solid track that you could play in between those popular tracks. And as I produced the first release I discovered that many DJs used them for the same reason, that there was a gap at that time, that you couldn't even buy this type of music because people just weren't making them. So I decided to make very simple compositions for that reason. That's where the title came from, "I'm making this title for a purpose, and I'm giving it to you. And it's your hand that is receiving."

Do you also feel that it's a form of communication? Where I come from the hand is a symbol of communication in Indian and oriental dance, and gestures can be used to communicate whole stories. Do you see it as a form of communicating without language?

Sure. I only speak English and...OK, a little bit of French! I find it really difficult, as I travel, to communicate with people. It's almost impossible to relay my true feelings. In some languages it's almost too difficult to describe something because in English we may not have the words. In Japanese for example they have many subtle meanings for words that we don't even have. Our language is very simple so I think that as communications become more frequent

- in other words someone from India can talk to someone from Spain in a matter of seconds - that language might become too much of a nuisance to communicate in the future, that it might be easier to create a completely different language. So I thought that maybe just using images without any information exceeds more language barriers.

The logo was actually the start of it. And I began to apply that in many other ways. Looking at these images there is nothing right or wrong about them. It's not like if you look at a Van Gogh painting and an art expert comes up and says, "Yes the landscape means this, and blah, blah, blah!" That means that what I thought was wrong. So it becomes a little too difficult, trying to determine what is right or wrong, so let's just do away with that. Believe what you believe and that's it!"

I think maybe that's the reason why techno music, without vocals, goes so far so fast and hits so many people so quickly. You listen to it and you like it or you don't like it, and that's that.

You create your art, your collage, in night-clubs. Would you ever consider taking a different style of records and creating different types of canvasses in other types of situations?

Yeah I have. I've made music for industrial commercials, small films, backdrop music, music for no reason or main purpose at all but just for...well I'm lucky enough to have my studio in my home. I live in a gigantic room, to create music just for the day. I get up early in the morning after eating breakfast and I make something that just plays throughout the day. I keep it going continuously while I'm working or making my bed or taking a shower. It's just something that I hear when I want to hear it.

What happens at the end of the day?

I turn it off and I lose it. And it's just the music for that day. It's just for me. If you're lucky enough to make music and have it in the same place where you live you can do this.

I read you were once an architect.

I was studying.

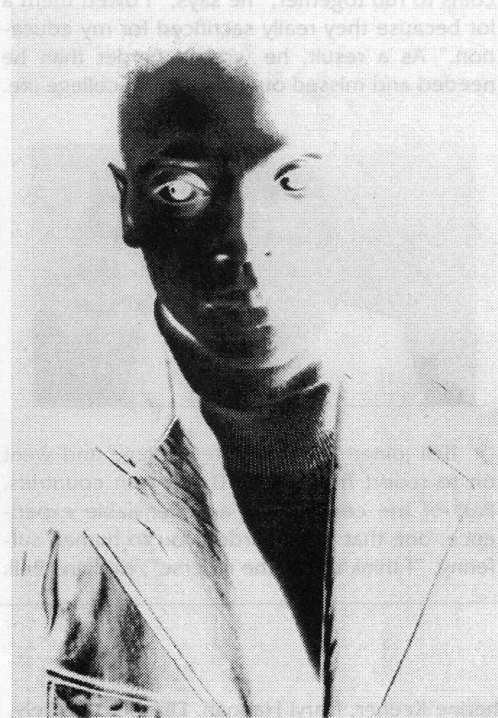
Does this kind of use of structure and form and light come into what you are doing today? Could you describe yourself maybe as a sound architect?

Difficult for me to determine that.

Do you think that sound can change the appearance of an interior or surrounding, not superficially but in your mind's eye? As if you were translating colour into sound...

Yeah sure. It's the application of elevator music. They do that for a reason. It's to make you calm after that terrible meeting. It could be like, say, ambient music which has a really great application if it were applied. I think in years it probably will be. It's designed for a specific purpose and that's to make you calm down.

If you were on tour and you had the same bag of records, and you went to two clubs on two consecutive nights would you play a dif-



ferent type of set based on the layout and size or appearance of the club?

No. Usually it's based on the people. The type of people that they are; how many men, how many women; how many people are sitting around the wall; how many people are in the back; how many people are actually dancing.

So if many people were sitting around the wall would you dare them to dance? Would you be more aggressive or would you start off slowly?

Slowly because they're waiting for something. Also how hot it is; what the humidity is like; the distance from the DJ booth to the people; the type of lighting. This all happens as I'm walking from the door to the booth in a matter of minutes.

I never forget that the people paid to get in and they paid to have a good time. That's number one. And then what I would like to play for them comes second. I'm only there because the people asked me to be there. So I need to make them feel comfortable as quickly as possible. So I need to let them know that it's OK to come to the dancefloor. I think over years you just begin to know people and how they act and club life.

Do you think there are people who are capable of liking your music but are afraid of the term techno. Maybe it produces a negative image in their mind. Do you know how to take the music out to those people?

I think there's a lot of misconception about what it is in the media. Y'know techno is this hard noise. What it is...it's the process of trying to create something that is in the future. Some type of feeling. It's not necessarily music of the future, but it's the process of trying to create something. So what you're hearing is young people trying to make something that is of tomorrow.

So this process is really unclear. It's really difficult to define exactly what techno is because we're still trying. We're still trying to define exactly what the structure is. It's not a 909 drum machine, it's not a 303 sound. We thought it was that. It's not a 808. That's actually what techno is. It's the process of trying to make future music.

From the records you've listened to, say ten years ago, how close do you think they came to what we have now (ie what is the future for them)?

Yes some people were right on the money. Computer world! Y'know? Pocket calculator. Some people were off, some people were on. Look at some movies. I watched 2001 Space Odyssey last night: Stanley Kubrik was on the money.

In your personal opinion, do you think that one day people who learn about the history of music might learn about jazz artists such as Miles Davis, and then follow straight on to techno-jazz artists such as Carl Craig who aren't really accepted jazz musicians at present?

Sure. I think the situation is that we need more time for us to get older and then get in a position to be able to preserve the things that we loved when we were younger. It's too soon for us to do that. The music is still too new. Who will be remembered and who won't? I can think of some people...

You say that you are fuelled by emotion, yet music made by computers is often criticised as cold and emotionless. Don't you think it strange that we use computers which are logical machines to convey our emotions?

It's not the machines that make the music. It's the person. It's just like an ink pen or a typewriter. You can write using a typewriter, but it's the words that you type that create the emotion not the typewriter. In other words it's how you use the equipment. The machine doesn't have a brain. It can't think, at least not yet. It's just a tool with wires or knobs. If you have a bad idea, the equipment will relay your bad idea; if you have a brilliant idea and you use it correctly then it's done!

How do you stay focused?

It's easy. I know which direction I'm going in. I know I'm going to make electronic music for my life; not house, not reggae but techno. So I can run faster because I know the things that I need to be able to go on this road. I know that I need a studio so I can make the music faster. I know that I need to travel so I can see as many people as possible. I know that, with every new release, I need to think differently, I know I need to keep up with what is new in the world in terms of trends and technology and fashion and the way people think. So I know the things that are of interest in my career or craft.

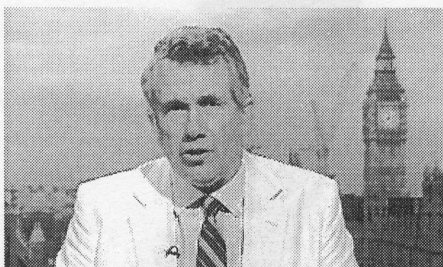
al;ck.

MARTIN BELL IN INTERVIEW

I still wonder why interviewers persist in asking Martin Bell about his white suits and sundry lucky charms that have been witness to more grief and despair than a Kangol-hatted Mancunian at Maine Road. I suspect it's on the instruction of their deluded editors that regard it as a concession to what I suppose are now called the housewives of the nation. Thankfully unburdened by such constraints, you will hear no mention of white suits, kitsch pixies or St Christopher's at 7pm on Thursday 4 June when Imperial College Radio broadcasts its recent interview with Mr Bell. What you will hear are the thoughts of a man who spent over three decades reporting from the world's bloodiest trouble spots; a man who challenged the fourth-safest Tory seat in the last election – and won.

On the 31 August this year, the BBC's infamous war correspondent turned MP will be sixty. He was educated in Cambridge – first at Leys School and then at King's College where he read English. But achieving a double first had its downside. For Bell, college wasn't three years of

late nights and later mornings at the taxpayers' expense. "My parents really seldom had two coins to rub together," he says, "I owed them a lot because they really sacrificed for my education." As a result, he worked harder than he needed and missed out on much of college life.



Bell joined the BBC after college and went on to report from over 70 war-torn countries. Part of me considers it an unenviable experience, one that must harden you to human suffering. "I think rather the reverse", explains Bell.

"It sort of makes you aware of the blessings that people who haven't been in these places sometimes take for granted." Apart from a very physical injury from flying shrapnel in Sarajevo, Bell is adamant, to the point of persuading himself that war has not scarred him: "I like to think it hasn't done me any harm. In fact, I have to." Yet while Bell has survived, his two divorces suggest the war correspondent lifestyle claimed casualties of its own.

Last year Bell quit the BBC to stand in the general election at Tatton. Was he used as a pawn to return a tactical vote against Neil Hamilton? Why did Labour receive his lawyer's bill? How does he see the future of British broadcast journalism? Listen Thursday to find out.

lan

THE REAL BLONDE

Starring: Mathew Modine, Maxwell Caulfield, Catherine Keener, Daryl Hannah, Elizabeth Berkely, Kathleen Turner

Director: Tom DiCillo

Weird. Let me say that again. W-e-i-r-d. That's the only way to describe *The Real Blonde*. A mish-mash of forties absurdist comedy and nineties sexual angst topped off with a thoroughly eighties cast and style, it's a film that's going nowhere in a real hurry.

The plot is a somewhat convoluted tale of two out of work New York actors struggling to find "real" acting parts and their ideal woman, a "real" blonde. Queue liaisons with various models and actresses, as Modine and Caulfield navigate either end of the greasy pole. Whilst Caulfield lands a lucrative role in a daytime soap, Modine is forced to work as a waiter while he waits for a break.

Whether director DiCillo is really trying to parody the spiralling idiocy of the glamour industry is unclear, and certainly *The Real Blonde* lacks the shameless satire of his earlier works like *Johnny Suede* and *Living in Oblivion*. What results is really just an unsurprising romantic comedy, advocating the one-woman philosophy of Modine as far happier than Caulfield's string of one-night stands.

What makes the film so strange, however, are the bizarre cameos which clutter two hours worth of celluloid. Christopher Lloyd's camp head waiter, Kathleen Turner's bitchy agent and Steve



Her a blonde? I don't think so.

Buscemi's luvvie director provide some light relief, but the remainder are straight from the shelf marked "Quirky Hollywood characters".

A prime example comes in the form of Elizabeth Berkeley's blonde actress/model. Berkely, previously seen in those great American cult icons *Showgirls* and *Saved by the Bell*, improves on her track record and slides effortlessly from dismal to merely average on the acting scale.

Yet the problem isn't her, it's the role. She is the questionably blonde actress who repeatedly crosses Modine's path and attempts to lure him away from his girlfriend, played by the sparkling Keener. The simple question is why? She's a beautiful young actress. He's a miserable, thirty-something, out of work actor. Then there's the questionable point at which fifty guys mistake her for Madonna on the set of a video-

shoot. As *The Real Blonde* so clearly demonstrates, you can take suspension of disbelief way too far.

In essence, the problem is that the film boils down to a dozen poorly drawn caricatures running around the screen in search of happiness. Every model or actress a dumb blonde. Every man is thirty-something, sexually frustrated, angst-ridden and desperate.

The one "real" character comes in the form of Modine's long-suffering girlfriend, Catherine Keener. She's a make-up artist (and thus comes into daily contact with yet more dumb blondes and camp arty types) trying to live her life without giving into the constant harassment and lechery that she faces every day. Her scenes provide light relief to the idiocy that seems to befall all those around her. Sadly, however, her story is only given a fraction of the running time it deserves.

Indeed, the whole thing comes together more as several individual stories rather than as an interweaved whole. Having gone their separate ways early on, Modine and Caulfield seem destined never to see one another again, and none of the characters really seem to inter-relate on anything more than a sexual level. But then, perhaps that's the point the DiCillo, who also wrote the screenplay, is trying to prove. **F**

Dave

REVIEWS AND COMPETITIONS

WILD THINGS

Starring: Matt Dillon, Kevin Bacon, Neve Campbell, Denise Richards, Bill Murray
Director: John McNaughton ★★½

Damn fine cast. Damn silly plot. And, er, that about sums it up, because *Wild Things*, whilst sounding like box-office gold on paper, is ultimately a very disappointing film.

It's an attempt to produce an old fashioned thriller - strong ensemble cast, absolutely no special effects and a plot twistier than a snake that's had a run-in with a corkscrew. Sadly, however, it turns out to be a thriller harking back to a different age - the early eighties in fact, with long lingering shots of sun soaked beaches and scantily clad, dripping wet teenage girls.

The pre-publicity describes *Wild Things* as a hot, sexy thriller - yet even those who go to see it simply on these grounds will be disappointed as the sex scenes are rare, brief and as erotic as Prime Minister's question time. Oh, and Neve Campbell has a no-nudity clause in her contract, so there.

For the rest of us, however, the plot and acting may be of more immediate concern. Everything begins promisingly as spoilt rich-kid Richards throws herself at teacher Dillon, and then accuses him of rape. Dillon finds himself standing alone against the might of Richards' family. Sacked, homeless and guilty in the eyes of the town, he turns to the one person who will defend him - washed up lawyer Murray. So far, so good, so predictable.

However, now it all starts to get complicated, as twist after twist tie both cast and plot in knots. Campbell adds to the allegations,

claiming that Dillon has raped her too, and Bacon arrives on the scene to investigate. I won't spoil it for you by saying what happens next, suffice to say that at times it seems to happen without rhyme nor reason.

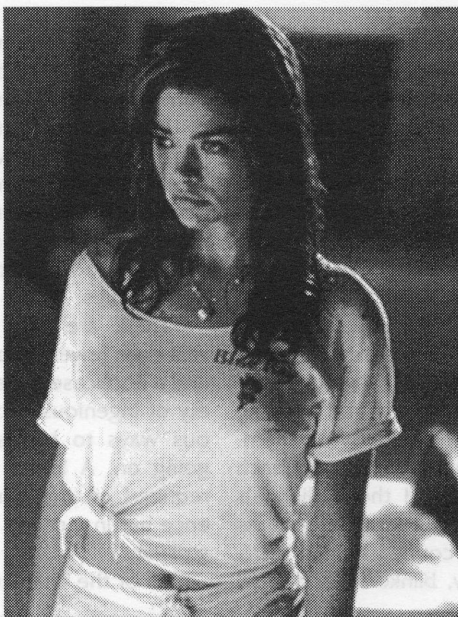
Indeed, the chain of events leading to the on-screen antics only really begins to become clear as the closing credits roll, and a series of flashbacks attempts to explain what the hell's been going on for the last two hours.

Sadly, however, all the plot twists come across as utterly pointless. At points the turns come so fast that it all becomes laughable, and quite frankly we simply don't care about these people.

Richards smoulders in an utterly predictable way, and doesn't seem too fussy about taking her top off at every available opportunity. Bacon projects his usual cold, hard exterior and Dillon is clearly up to *something* from start to finish. Only Murray, in a hilarious cameo of a Grisham style lawyer, and Campbell, playing against type as drugged up trailer-trash shine.

Wild Things is a sad enditement of that stock phrase "they don't make them like they used to". It tries to succeed as an old-fashioned thriller, but ultimately gives in and simply tries to cash in on the sex appeal of its young stars....And fails. **F**

Dave



Wild Things - girls in tight tops aplenty.

STAR PROFILE: KEVIN BACON

Once upon a time, Kevin Bacon was a virtually unknown bit-part actor doing the rounds in Hollywood, without ever looking destined for major stardom. Then something came to change all that...Yet unlike other A-list actors, Bacon's big break came not through a classic role or a part in a Jim Cameron flick. No, when I speak of Bacon's big break, I speak of course of the Kevin Bacon game.

You see, Kevin Bacon's rise to international fame has nothing to do with everything to do with some bored American College students and the internet. For as it is told in legend, these students started trying to link every film in the Universe together, taking Kevin Bacon as their centre, and forsooth, a legend was born.

For those of you still ignorant of the game, then check out www.cs.virginia.edu/~bct7m/bacon.html.

As far as actual acting is concerned, however, Bacon's career has been filled with so-so supporting roles. Whilst his performances in *Sleepers* and particularly *Murder in the First* brought some degree of critical acclaim, he has been unable to produce consistently. More importantly, however, his choice of roles has frequently let him down. Witness such appalling mundane films as *The River Wild*, *Picture Perfect* and this week's *Wild Things*. He seems too intent on cashing in on "star vehicles" rather than promoting himself to the big money leagues.

Wild Things (1998)
Telling Lies in America (1997)
Picture Perfect (1997)
Destination Anywhere (1997)
Sleepers (1996)
Apollo 13 (1995)
Murder in the First (1995)
River Wild, The (1994)
A Few Good Men (1992)
JFK (1991)
Flatliners (1990)
Tremors (1990)
She's Having a Baby (1988)
Planes, Trains & Automobiles (1987)
Quicksilver (1986)
Footloose (1984)
Only When I Laugh (1981)
Friday the 13th (1980)
National Lampoon's Animal House (1978)

Win with the

ODEON

This week, you have the chance to win tickets to *The James Gang*, a low budget British comedy starring John Hannah.

To win simply email film.felix@ic.ac.uk with the answer to this question:

Which film links the stars of *Liar*, *The Real Blonde*, *That Thing You Do* and *The Craft*?

The answers to last week's tricky poser was: Tim Roth (*Liar*), Drew Barrymore (*Scream*), Julia Roberts (*Pretty Woman*) and Goldie Hawn (*First Wives Club*) starred in Woody Allen's *Everyone Says I Love You*.

There were far less correct entries than usual this week, so congratulations to all of you who managed to work out the correct link.

The first five correct entries out of the email hat were:

**Irwan Anuar
 Sheyi Claxton
 Martin Prognat
 Amir Ghazali
 Tim Saunders**

Please drop into the *Felix* office (in the NW corner of Beit Quad) to pick up your prizes.



THEATRE

STEINBERG'S DAY OF ATONEMENT

Pentameters Theatre

Be warned, you might have trouble finding The Pentameters Theatre – London's first ever fringe theatre. It is in Hampstead, above a pub, and is very small. Be careful where you put your feet – the actors may tread on you as there is no stage as such and the whole place is literally about ten-foot square!

This unusual intimacy makes for a very absorbing experience and you'll feel like you are actually part of the action. The story is about the unlikely friendship between Steinberg, an elderly Jewish teacher and Frances Bourne a mother and PTA member who has forced his compulsory retirement. It explores the differences between his reli-

gious old-fashioned views and her modern, secular ones. As Steinberg disapprovingly puts it, she goes to synagogue, "once a year and when she's there she talks about her job, car and family holidays" while he is god-fearing and devout. She visits the retired Steinberg to apologise for what she's done and following Jewish doctrine, he must forgive her, or this will be viewed as committing a sin just as great. Being a man of integrity and religious devotion, he duly does so, and a strong friendship develops between them.

The characters' opinion of each other (and indeed the audience's opinion) changes dramatically as they become confidants. He started as a stuffy, blinkered and cruel

old man and she as an ignorant, rash 'rich bitch' and both became compassionate, intelligent and insightful people. Steinberg's feelings change, however, in a more significant way. Tormenting himself over his 'sin' he starts having nightmares, which we see integrated cleverly and smoothly into his monologues.

There are only six characters and even fewer props. A few chairs and a bookcase were used in a variety of ingenious and often humorous ways to let us know what's going on. A lot of imagination is required on the part of the audience but in fact this makes it more striking.

All of the characters are essen-

tially a little caricatured and include the headmaster, a decent, if cowardly man, and the naïve and extremely comic school secretary. As well as being thought provoking and intelligent the play is very witty and thoroughly enjoyable. Steinberg's Day of Atonement is a moving and sensitive play and you don't have to be religious to get something out of it.

Get your tickets now, at £6.50 concs - it's only running until June 14th.

Judith and Christian

NAKED

The Playhouse Theatre

After a great battle, a friend of mine finally managed to get tickets for this sell out play starring Juliette Binoche. My expectations were quite high since it had been hyped up so much. And I must add that I wasn't disappointed at all.

The play is about a young woman Ersilia who is taken care of by an older man, a novelist, as she comes out of hospital. We later find out that she was in the newspapers and that the novelist is trying to write a fictional account of her life. From there on, we witness what has happened to her. Various men appear: her fiancé, her lover (a married man) and the journalist that interviewed her for the newspaper article. They all exploit her and she clearly comes across as the victim all through the play. As we get further into the story we find out that Ersilia tried to commit suicide.

Pirandello has created a wonderful confrontation between one woman and the men in her life who are trying to help her, although in the end it feels like they have destroyed her. The paradox is that even if Ersilia appears the victim, in the end she triumphs and leaves an enormous mess in these men's lives: she successfully commits suicide in the last scene of the play. The four men have to live forever with this tragedy on their minds

and consciences. Another interesting character is Onoria, the novelist's landlady who dismisses Ersilia at first as a prostitute, then, as she finds out the young woman was in the papers, becomes very kind to her and right at the end turns against her when the truth finally comes out. It feels like Onoria is the voice of the people, and reacts just like most of us do nowadays.

Jonathan Kent's direction is spotless, he does a perfect job with his actors. He gives the play a lot of energy and the design adds a lot of power to the performances.

All of the actors are very good, Juliette Binoche in particular, of course, giving a splendid performance not too far from her film roles ("Three Colours: Blue", "Les Amants du Pont-Neuf"). She gives all she has in her to Ersilia's character, although she can sometimes be hard to understand. Oliver Ford Davies as Nota the novelist is fantastic and very funny. The other members of the cast are also very good.

Overall this is a great night out for theatre lovers and will please Binoche's fans.

It is definitely worth all the queuing.....

D.

MONSTERS OF GRACE

The Barbican Centre

The Barbican Centre has just kicked off a new festival, BITE:98, an international theatre event with collaboration between two brilliant artists, Robert Wilson and Philip Glass. To place these people a little: Robert Wilson is a major American theatre director who has worked extensively over the world; Philip Glass is one of the most important and innovative contemporary composers having written the famous "music in 12 parts". His most recent work is the music for Martin Scorsese's film *Kundun*. Wilson and Glass have already collaborated in 1976, producing a groundbreaking work at the time, *Einstein on the Beach*.

Monsters of Grace is a fusion of 13th century Sufi devotional songs with 3D animations, all this to the sound of Glass's music. He uses quite a few traditional Persian instruments (mostly sampled) but his style is instantly recognisable. There were 13 scenes in total, seven of which were 3D animated, where we all had to wear our little 3D glasses to watch. It was all pretty impressive: lots of movement, although things didn't always make sense. There was use of geometrical figures, everyday settings, houses and forests, and one particularly amazing piece: a man's hand being filmed from all angles and then being cut open at the palm. The other scenes were acted out

by five adults and a very young boy. Not much was actually happening but emotionally it was all very strong and visually it was arrestingly beautiful. The director used things like an aquarium, a gigantic piece of turquoise cloth wrapped around a woman, which had a most stunning effect.

The little boy seemed to play a central part as he walked across the stage into a closed off changing room. The animations then started and right at the end he walked out of the enclosed room back to where he first was.

The direction was perfect, giving the actors the maximum of space to express themselves, free from the "dictatorship" of words. This is so exhilarating to watch: the animations are superb and Philip Glass's music is simply divine. His fans won't be disappointed and newcomers will fall under the charm of that beauty.

This collaboration is a masterpiece and has shown new directions for theatre/performance/music crossovers. This is the stuff of the future, in a different way to *Cleansed* but with the same impact: one feels this is a revelation.

The future looks bright if these guys influence upcoming artists.

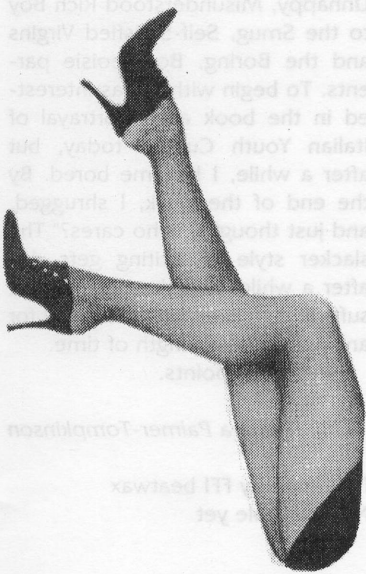
D.



ARTS AND BOOKS

SWEET CHARITY

Victoria Palace Theatre



Legs. What else do you expect from a musical about prostitutes.

Last year, I had what was undoubtedly my finest hour, standing in a very short pink dress and knee length boots, holding a sign, with my friends in the audience shouting and whistling at me, whilst a spotlight flashed on me. The reason for this particular piece of exhibitionism was the 1997 OpSoc production of Sweet Charity, a stunning performance by all concerned, with some amazing acting from yours truly. So it was with great excitement, and some trepidation that I cycled madly up the Chelsea Embankment to see the new production of Sweet Charity at the Victoria Palace Theatre.

Written in the sixties, this musical charts the history of Charity Hope Valentine as she falls in love, falls flat on her face, gets pushed into the lake in Central Park, falls in love, meets a band of dope-smoking evangelists, leaves her job as a dance-hall hostess, and gets pushed into the lake again. The script was adapted by Neil Simon

from a film by Federico Fellini, called "Le notte di Calabria", or "The Nights of Calabria", about a prostitute who looks for love on street corners, the music was written by Cy Coleman, and the lyrics by Dorothy Fields. The musical has faintly satirical tones, with a lot of jokes against the film stars of the time, especially the stars of trashy romantic comedies. There is a hilarious scene where Charity bumps into a rapidly fading B-movie Romeo, and ends up in his closet, watching him make love to his girlfriend. He sings a ballad called "Too Many Tomorrows", which on the surface appears to be an ordinary, slightly sickly song, but when taken in context, becomes highly ironical.

This production, directed by Carol Metcalf, stars Bonnie Langford as the hapless Charity, and as predicted, she is in fine voice, and dances with exuberance and great skill. In their microscopic dresses and perilously high heels, the other Fandango Ballroom

Dancers show off their powerful voices and impossibly long legs with great aplomb, snarling and yawning their way through "Big Spender", and dancing aloofly to "The Rich Man's Frug" in very little black dresses.

It is important to remember that this show is fun, and is not meant to be taken at all seriously. It is entertainment of a superior quality. Go on, blow the last remnants of your student loan on a trip to see this; if you like silly shows without much plot, but with great dancing, singing, peerless choreography and an ability to have you leaving the theatre singing and floating, then you will love this.

With traffic-stopping songs such as "Big Spender", "If My Friends Could See Me Now", "I Love to Cry At Weddings" and "Too Many Tomorrows", this show deserves to be as successful as any of Andrew Lloyd-Webber's irony-free, saccharine musicals.

Marilyn Monroe

LARRY'S PARTY

Carol Shields

This is the book that won the Orange Prize this year. It's really, really good. I recommend it to everyone, it is a wonderful, thoughtful and enjoyable book. We watch the hero, Larry J. Weller, grow up from a young man in his twenties to a late forty-something, and chart his life, through his two marriages, the birth of his son to his coma and his eventual recovery, via his obsession for mazes. As a young man, he took Floral Studies at college, and ended up working for Flowerworld in Toronto, where he'd lived all his life. On his first honeymoon, he and Dorrie went to Hampton Court, and it was here that Larry's love of mazes was born. After his divorce, he took a course in Garden Design, moved to Chicago, started his own company, remarried and was happy. Then, his wife moved to England, as Head of Women's Studies at Sussex, and they divorced. He then met Carol, and to celebrate both his ex-wives visiting Chicago at the same time, they throw a party.

Put like this, it doesn't seem at all extraordinary. What sets it apart

from the other entries is the humanity and quality of the writing. Larry is a real man, you can see him, ambling along in his old Harris tweed jacket, digging up shrubs with loving care, sitting around the family table with his mother and father, feeling uncomfortable at large parties, walking up to you in the street and saying "Hi". Knowing him, I now feel that I have a much better idea of men in general, of their anxieties and the angst they can suffer at certain ages. I loved this book, it is the perfect antithesis to the inelegant and careless prose of writers such as Enrico Brizzi and that awful Lana Citron (*Felix 1114*). It deserved to win the prize, and I hope the author gains more publicity through this book, I can't wait for her next one.

Giulia Sometimes

THE MAGICIAN'S ASSISTANT

Ann Patchett

What happens to the assistant after the magician dies? When she's loved him for twenty-two years, been vanished by him, sawed in half, made to hang in mid-air and had him pull rabbits out of her cleavage, does she just hang up her sparkly dress, put her tights in storage and get on with her life somehow? When Parsifal the Great magician dies of a brain aneurysm, two years after his lover Phan dies of AIDS, Sabine is left stranded. Suddenly, she gets a letter from their lawyer, explaining that Parsifal was once Guy Fethers from Alliance, Nebraska, and his mother and two sisters want to meet her, his widow. Shocked, but weary, Sabine welcomes Parsifal's family into her home, and gradually realises that only through these people she can get to know the man she loved. When they return to Nebraska, she follows them, and learns the reasons behind Guy's transformation to Parsifal and why he depended on her, with the help of his faithful lover, the delicate Vietnamese Phan.

Another book on the Orange prize shortlist, this is a sensitive and delicately written novel, with just the right balance of wit and compassion. The tragic widow Sabine, a wife and yet not a wife, is depicted as a strong woman, from a loving family, who fell in love with a man who loved men, and became his right hand woman, loved and trusted by him. Her growing awareness of her own ability to perform the magic tricks, card-tricks, pulling eggs from people's ears and her instant acceptance into the family she never knew Parsifal had had, help her to cope with life without him, particularly as his sister, Kitty, is almost his double. This is an extremely thoughtful novel, poignant and evocative; the beautiful description of the flatness of Nebraska, and the contrast with Los Angeles bring up familiar images of differences between the places in my life. I really enjoyed this book and I recommend it to all displaced persons and everyone who likes to see life from a wider viewpoint.

Elizabeth Martin



FICTION

LIKE, LOVE HATE, ADORE

Deirdre Purcell

This is a haunting and poignant book, dealing as it does with the somewhat controversial subjects of date rape and the general treatment of young men by society in general. The chief protagonist, a young man of nineteen, is the youngest brother of Angela, a woman who has watched her mother die of an unnamed illness, presumably AIDS, and seen her family split up and taken into care. James, only two months old at the time of his mother's death, was brought up by his fiercely protective and loving sister, and has now become a scowlingly handsome young man, who is accused of raping a girl who he claims lead him on. When he is convicted of sexual assault, all hell breaks loose, and he is repeatedly beaten up, sent hate mail and wished dead or castrated by an increasingly hostile public. With only one side of the story ever heard in the media, the girl's, the whole of Ireland are against him, and, except in the eyes of his sister, he can do no right. This book also tracks Angela's family history, from her dysfunctional childhood, to her tentative and burgeoning romance with Ken. The story is heart-breakingly honest and extremely painful to read. Half-way

through, I was practically crying, as the whole of Ireland, including Angela's so-called best friend, Patsy, turns on James with a wish to utterly destroy him, and even Angela, with her capability to love, forgive and understand, is unable to see a solution to her troubles.

The book is groundbreaking in its power and honesty, and its subject matter. It does not pretend to be an easy read, it is challenging, and will make you think. This book flies in the face of received wisdom and public opinion, and poses challenging and demanding questions. Why do we show such little care and compassion towards the growing underclass of young, unemployed men? Why, in a case of rape, or sexual assault do we only ever hear the victim's side? Why does the media never spare the families of the alleged aggressor? With books like this challenging our perspective on life, I hope that the balance may swing the other way slightly, and allow for the feelings of the man to be taken into consideration.

Melinda Messenger

Published by Macmillan
Price: £5.99

JACK FRUSCIANTE HAS LEFT THE BAND

Enrico Brizzi

To be a modern writer, it appears that you have to little, if any, idea about grammar, a limited vocabulary, a cynical attitude towards life and a good grasp of slang. To heralded as a new JD Salinger, you need to write a rambling, practically incomprehensible account of someone's life, have it hyped up by the media and then sit back and talk about pop culture. The author of this book has been hailed as the bologna version of JD Salinger, with his quirky, off-beat prose, and his fairly accurate portrayal of a disillusioned, generation X Italian teenager. Alex, his anti-hero, falls in love with Aidi, who breaks his heart, by refusing to become his steady girlfriend and by going to America to study English. That is the plot, in a sentence. If we add to that the boy's musings on life in general, his drop-out friends, and his opinions on the other children at his school, we have the entire novel. And it's not very good.

The book has been effusively praised by the media across Europe, Enrico Brizzi has been lauded to the skies, and yet, when it comes down to it, the hero in the book is a pain, the girl is two-dimensional and the other people are stock characters: from the Drug-Taker and the Spoilt,

Unhappy, Misunderstood Rich Boy to the Smug, Self-Satisfied Virgins and the Boring, Bourgeoisie parents. To begin with, I was interested in the book as a portrayal of Italian Youth Culture today, but after a while, I became bored. By the end of the book, I shrugged, and just thought, "who cares?" The slacker style of writing gets dull after a while, and the book wasn't sufficient to keep me interested for any appreciable length of time.

Italia: nul points.

Tamara Palmer-Tompkinson

Published by FFI beatwax
Not available yet

LITERARY PRIZES

The Orange Prize For

Fiction

This year is the third anniversary of this somewhat controversial prize Orange Prize for women writers. As the largest prize for fiction in the country, £30,000, it is often thought that the gender restrictions should be relaxed, making the prize open to both men and women. This year, as last, it was won by a Canadian author, Carol Shields, with her book, *Larry's Party*, a story of male angst at the end of the twentieth century. With 7-2 odds in her favour, Carol Shields' book seemed to be an obvious choice, dealing as it does with men; in effect offering an olive branch to the opposite sex in apology for their exclusion. It seems stupid to practise this type of segregation in

the late twentieth century, and there is a strong possibility that the prize will be opened to both sexes during the next few years. Certainly critics are becoming hostile on the subject. In my opinion, however, the segregation is a good idea, and I would like to see an equivalent prize being offered to male novelists. In this way, the books can be judged purely on their merit, and not on any gender bias. Men and women tend to write about different topics, each deal with life in their own way, and it is interesting to compare styles and ideas. With separate prizes, more books will be brought forward into the public eye, and genuinely talented writers will be given some publicity, with limelight hoggers like Martin Amis and Will Self put aside.

This year the shortlist consisted of Pauline Melville's *The*

Ventiloquists Tale, Deirdre Purcell's *Love Like Hate Adore*, Kirsten Bakis' *Lives of the Monster Dogs*, Ann Patchett's *The Magician's Assistant* and Anita Shreve's *The Weight of Water*, as well as Carol Shields' *Larry's Party*. Each book is as powerful and evocative as each other, and all will be reviewed in Felix in the next few weeks.

The International IMPAC Dublin Literary Award

"Voices change slightly when they speak a language not their own" Javier Marias

The International IMPAC Dublin Literary Award is the world's richest literary prize for a work in the English language, with nominations from around the world. It was inau-

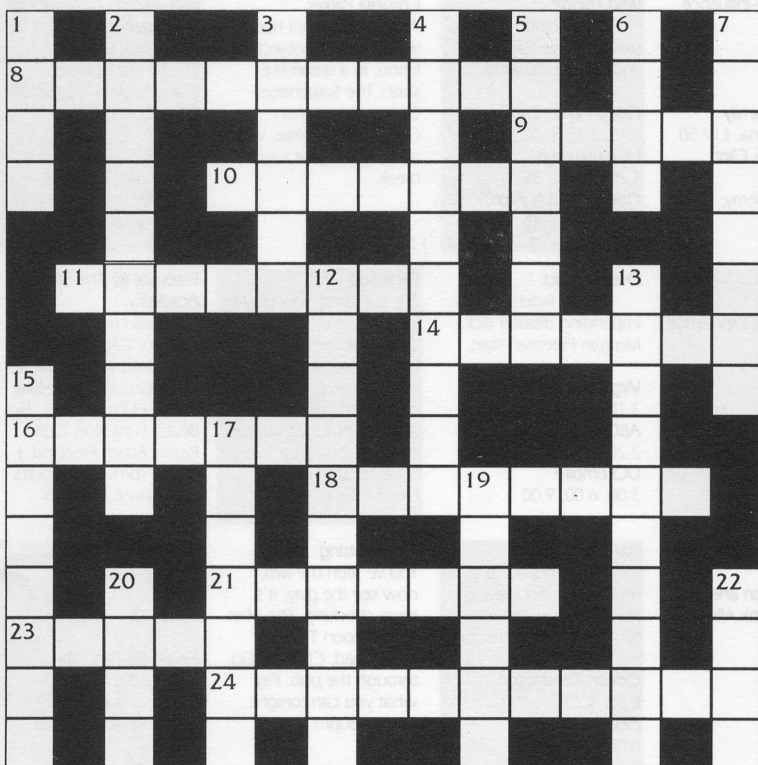
gurated in 1996, and at £100,000, is an extremely prestigious and lucrative prize to win. The winner, Herta Muller with *The Land of Green Plums*, was announced last Wednesday. Ironically, this is the only book on the shortlist that is not available in the UK, although jet-setting types can buy it when they next pop over to New York. The shortlist this year consisted of: Margaret Atwood's *Alias Grace*, Andre Brink's *Imagings of Sand*, David Dabydeen's *The Counting House*, Jamaica Kincaid's *The Autobiography of My Mother*, Earl Lovelace's *Salt*, Lawrence Norfolk's *The Pope's Rhinoceros*, Graham Swift's *Last Orders* and Guy Vanderhaeghe's *The Englishman's Boy*, as well as Herta Muller's *The Land of Green Plums*. These will be reviewed in Felix in the new term.



PUZZLES

CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

By Ed Sexton



ACROSS

- 8 Man yearns for country (11)
 9 Combine component with engine, initially (5)
 10 Let sign reveal sparkle (7)
 11 Blast out troubled sum (8)
 14 Tent contains mother, right, and queen - no point! (7)
 16 Lean person who gives with direction (7)
 18 Non manual car, perhaps, for Torquay's first dictator (8)
 21 Confused elf rots small flowers (7)
 23 Fifty-one? Hundred? It is law-ful! (5)
 24 Kill Northern termite with axe, perhaps (10)

DOWN

- 1 Cover spread? (4)
 2 Twist passage for testing flight? (4-6)
 3 God lands on the moon? (6)
 4 Portion of alms in tent, perhaps (10)
 5 A star, shifted red, is apart (7)
 6 Elegant small young bird (4)
 7 Rent herb mixture for fellow human (8)
 12 Statuette of baked earth (10)
 13 Curt bar, perhaps, without French water for official (10)
 15 Operate completely functional-ly (8)
 17 Outlined American current of air? (7)
 19 Best situations work for Tim at first (6)
 20 Electricity supply for me is the highest point (4)
 22 Songbird all at sea? (4)

FRIDAY

THE ANDERSEN PIT STOP CHALLENGE

All day bar, barbecue, giant scalextric. Beit Quad noon -5

ENGLAND v BELGIUM. DaVinci's 5pm

POP TARTS

Plus chillout room and cocktail bar 9-2

TUESDAY

STA BAR TRIVIA

WIN £50 or a crate of lager. DaVinci's 8pm

WEDNESDAY

XS

THURSDAY

DAVINCI'S COCKTAIL NIGHT

THIS WEEK



DIVERSIONS FOR THE NEXT SEVEN DAYS

events

The Andersen Pit Stop Challenge
12pm, Beit Quad
F1 car, giant scalextric, all day bar, bar & barbecue.
England v Belgium
5pm, Da Vinci's
Pop Tarts
Cheesy tunes plus cocktail bar & chillout room. Free b4 9pm / £1 after.

radio & TV

Attack of the 50ft Woman
12.15am, BBC1
One of the all time great B movies, remade by Spinal Tap helmer Christopher Guest. Sadly the piss-poor effects, wooden acting and utter stupidity of the original have been lost in the intervening forty years.

music

Faithless + D-influence + Finitribe
Forum, £12
Headswim
LA2, £7
Lighthouse Family
Wembley Arena, £17.50
Shed Seven + Clint Boone
Brixton Accademy, £12

film

Wild Things
- Dissappointing thriller starring Neve Campbell and Denise Richards
Odeon West End
1.15, 3.45, 6.20, 8.45
UCI Whiteleys
4.20, 7.00, 9.35
Odeon Marble Arch
3.20, 6.00, 8.45

arts

Cornelia Parker
A retrospective of her work, with her objects in limbo, in a dreamlike state. The Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gardens, SW7, free, very close, go in your lunch-break.

clubs

DJ CAM Soundsystem @ The Bluenote, Hoxton Sq.
Four Deck Hip-Hop Extravaganza From France's Major Playaz DJ Cam, DJAM & DJ Science: Their Only London Dates This Year. Heavy Bass & Sweet Instrumentation
9.30pm-5am. £10

Stars in their Eyes
8.10pm, ITV
The Japanese have a lot to answer for. Forget the past, I'm talking about the plague of karaoke which they've spawned upon the world. Then again, perhaps it's really the millions who watch this crap who are really to blame.

The Creatures
Garage, £10
Blues Brothers Experience
Forum, £7
Cosmic Charlies
Half-Moon, Herne Hill, £4 (Greatful Dead covers)

Deep Impact
- Effects laden impending disaster flick. Morgan Freeman stars.

Cleansed
The shocking new play by Sarah Kane at the Royal Court Theatre, 10p benches subject to availability (from 6.30pm, day of the performance), all other seats £5. St Martins Lane WC2 Nearest tube: Leicester Square
From 7.30pm

Essential @ The Brixton Academy
3 Arenas covering Techno: Carl Cox, Jeff Mills, Josh Wink + more. D&B: Groovrider, Peshay, Fabio, Hype + more. Big Beats: Punk Roc, Dub Pistols Adam Freeland + more. 9pm-6am. Tickets in Advance £20 + bf

Rolf's Amazing World of Animals 6.30pm, BBC1
Rolf simply is one of the all time greats. Just think how many re-inventions this man has undergone, all in the name of getting his face on the telly. Pop icon, artist, childrens presenter and now animal lover extraordinaire.

The Creatures
Garage, £10
George Clinton and the Pavement Funk Allstars
Forum, £15
Beehive
Jazz Cafe, £8

Liar
- Tim Roth stars as a murder suspect playing mindgames with his captors and the lie detector
Odeon Kensington
6.50, 9.20
ABC Swiss Centre
6.00

Trainspotting
You've seen the film, now see the play, it's more shocking. The Man in the Moon Theatre, Kings Road, Chelsea. Go through the pub. Pay what you can tonight.....
From 7.30pm

Trade @ Turmills, EC1
Techno & Garage
4am-1pm £12 Info: 0171 494 2998

Fevah @ The Tube, Falconberg St.
CharingCross Rd.
Hard House & France

Lethal Weapon 3
9.00pm, ITV
OK, so it may not have plot, characterisation.... But WHO CARES? After a hard day at College, you need to detach the brain and watch things blowing up. And Lethal Weapon 3 provides things blowing up par excellence.

Cornelius + Solex
The Eve, £7
Dandy Warhols
Electric Ballroom, £8.50

The Real Blonde
- Very strange romantic comedy set amidst the glamour industry.
Virgin Chelsea
4.00, 6.30, 9.00
Clapham Picture House
2.45, 7.15
Virgin Trocadero
3.45, 6.20, 9.10

Anish Kapoor
This reclusive, media shy artist offers a Zen-like experience at the Hayward Gallery, South Bank, £3.50
Nearest Tube: Waterloo

La Costa Nostra @ The End
Bank Holiday Special, Lunch Of Ibiza 98!
Main Room Spoony, Mickey Simms, E.Z., Odyssey & Dexter. 2nd Room Norris Da Boss Windross + more. 10pm-4am. Ladies £8 / The Rest £10 Info: 0958 378 545

STA Bar Trivia
8pm, Da Vinci's
Win cash or larger by displacing an unerring knowledge of the urbane, mundane and insane. Inebriation optional, thinking hats essential.

In the Red
9.00, BBC2
Part two of the satirical thriller. The Bank Manager Murderer is still on the loose, and the BBC reporters are on the case. Meanwhile the heads of BBC radio plot to overthrow the Director General.

John Martyn
Mean Fiddler, £11
Red Snapper
Dingwells, £7.50
Tori Amos + The Devlins
Royal Albert Hall, £13+

Dark City
- Dark, grizzly, gothic sci-fi, from the maker of *The Crow*.
UCI Plaza
1.10, 3.30, 6.00, 8.40
Virgin Chelsea
1.45, 7.00, 9.30
Odeon Marble Arch
1.00, 3.45, 6.30, 9.00

Sweet Charity
A revival of the 1960s musical with Bonnie Langford as Charity. At the Victoria Palace Theatre, Victoria St., W1. Nearest tube: Victoria. Tickets: £15-£30

Earth, Wind & Fire @ Colosseum Bar, 12-18 Crown Hill, Croydon.
Last: Tuesday Ever Month with Jason Kaye, Mike 'Ruff Cut' Lloyd, Steve B, Ray Hurley, H.D. 1
10pm-3am Ladies £5 all night. Gents £6 b4 11pm. £8 after. Info 0956 811159

XS
9-12, dB's
Better than revision - cure those midweek blues. Free

The Human Body
10.20pm, BBC1
Excellent documentary series exploring the human species from an individual perspective. Cool computer graphics, too.

Kenickie
Electric Ballroom, £8
Robbie Williams + Montrose Avenue
Forum, £12.50+
Tori Amos + The Devlins
Royal Albert Hall, £13+
Blue Oyster Cult
Astoria, £12.50
Catherine Wheel
Shep Bush Empire, £8.50

Blues Brothers 2000
- They're back, singing, dancing and blowing things up as well as ever.
Virgin Trocadero
3.10, 6.00, 8.30
UCI Whiteleys
6.20, 9.10
Odeon Marble Arch
3.05, 5.55, 8.50

Rent
The amazing new musical at the Shaftesbury Theatre, book now to avoid disappointment. Tickets are only a tenner, and worth every penny. Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2, Nearest tube: Holborn
From: 7.30pm

Swerve @ Velvet Rooms
Charing Cross Rd. WC2
Upfront D&B, Resident Fabio
10pm-2.30am. £6 / Nus £4. Info: 0171 734 4687

Cocktail Night
5-11, Da Vinci's

Star Trek: Voyager
6.00, BBC2
I'm going to say this once and for all. Voyager is crap. So there. It's worse than Deep Space Nine. Hell it's even worse than Babylon 5, and that's saying something. OK, so it's better than the original, but that's not saying much.

Lo-Fidelity Allstars
Astoria, £7.50
Garbage
Brixton Accademy, S/O

Sliding Doors
- Gwyneth Paltrow stars in an excellent multi-dimensional comedy.
UCI Empire
2.40, 5.30, 8.00
ABC Tottenham Court Rd
1.25, 4.05, 6.45, 9.25
Virgin Fulham Road
4.20, 6.40, 8.50

Young Americans 2
A series of modern American artists, as change from over-hyped Brits. Jessica Stockholder's work is outstanding. The Saatchi Gallery, 98A Boundary Road, NW8, £2
Nearest Tube: Swiss Cottage

House & Garage Explosion @ New Scenarios Club, 178 NewCross Rd, SE14
Resident: The DJ Dexter + Feat on Rotation The Hit Squad (Upfront 99.3FM) Risky, Para, KCK, JayDee. 7pm-2am £5 b4 11pm more after. Info: 0171 732 0777

A DAY AT THE RACES....

FRIDAY 29th NOON - 2am

THE PIT STOP

CHALLENGE

Get your hands on a real Williams Formula 1 car!!

Noon - 5pm

ALL DAY BAR

(Noon-1am)

BARBECUE

RACING VIDEOS

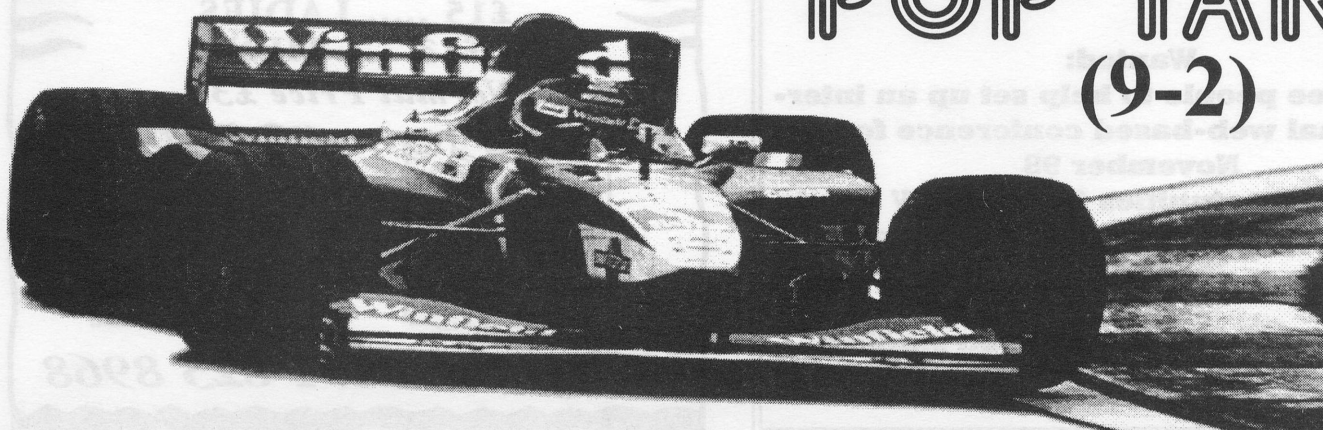
GIANT SCALEXTRIC

Plus in ***Da Vinci's***
—Café-bar—

ENGLAND v BELGIUM

(From 5pm)

And music from
POP TARTS
(9-2)





Gliders' Holiday

The weather's plan to get rid of us began long before we arrived. No sooner had everyone reached the top of the Long Mynd on Thursday afternoon, than the snow began to fall. Alas, it was to be a white Easter! Ian McAskill & Co. had got it wrong again and the 5-day forecast was not worth the paper it was printed on. Siberian winds and a prolonged 'low' over the Midlands did not indicate great flying weather.

The heavy snow fall continued on Good Friday. Fortunately, there is a fantastic warm and cosy clubhouse. With the heavy snow and unlikely imminent change in the weather, some attempted to leave early before getting snowed in. It was too late! By the evening, there were snow drifts of 2-3 feet. All roads to the Mynd were impassable. This was a blessing in disguise.

The brave (some would say mad) people of iCG who made it to the Mynd this Easter were Andy Holmes, Lynsey Geldeard, J.P. Lodge, Meinhard Ober, Charlie Wilson, Neil Mothew, Jane and Afandi. Those who planned to camp in tents outside managed to find room in the bunkhouse.

The snowfall continued on Saturday. This did not stop us from having fun. With the CFLs Toyota

Land Cruiser, a long rope, Andy set the ICGC speed record at 25 mph - sledging speed record, that is. As soon as the snow stopped for fifteen minutes, the hanger doors were cleared a K21 wheeled out. The retrieve winch was set up and without wasting a second, the CFL was conducting a test flight to check the conditions. We all managed a short five minute flight each before the weather closed in again.

Things could only get better, and they did! On Sunday, the snow began to thaw. It was to be a great gliding day. Many new members experienced soaring conditions for the first time. Andy 'Gliding God' Holmes flew 296, the club's Grob 102, for well over an hour before he got hungry and came down for some lunch. Jane and Afandi had a bit of a go in the single-seater as well. It was a good day for beginners also. I had my two longest flights yet and got lots of exercises covered. The retrieve winch was fantastically efficient and there was hardly any wait to be launched. The recovery of landed gliders was somewhat more difficult in the snow. This required a 4WD and some patience.

Despite the unlikely weather conditions, a fun time was had by all and we got some flying in as well.

Sports Letters

THE UNION BITES BACK

Dear Felix,

In response to your article [Felix 1116 *You're Going Down with the Bookstore*], we would like to thank the Southside posse for a great day and evening, however we would like to reply in kind:

What IS it like to sell crap beer? Next time you run out of plastic skiffs we will happily lend you some more.

We would like to thank the girls referee for his entertaining interpretation of the rules and the flowers he sent them (guilt trip?). Sorry for picking the girls who can play the beautiful game! Had we known your boys had impaired vision (sunglasses) and chesty coughs (fags) we would have not wasted our time and let the girls team beat you instead. We look forward to other such events.

Ed & Seb

WHAT'S GOING ON?

Dear Felix,

I realise that it's the summer term, and hence that field sports such as rugby, football and hockey have gone in to hibernation, but why don't we hear about the rest for a change?

The smack of leather on willow, the burst of chalk as the tennis ball makes another perfect ace, even what the mountaineering club had for dinner this week. All these civilised sports should be featuring prominently, yet it seems that cricketers, tennis players, golfers, croquet players, climbers and cyclists are no more literate than the rugby henchmen.

Surely the boat club - the most overfunded and coveted organisation in the history of Imperial College - could tell us what they have to show for the untold millions this week?

Sportsmen and women of the college - take up your pens and write!

Your, Bored Sports Editor

BEST



So, you think you're good with computers?

Wanted:

two or three people to help set up an international web-based conference for November 98

**Excellent opportunities for extra CV points
Contact Danuta Pieter (d.pieter@ic.ac.uk)
ASAP**

ICU BEST (Board of European studies)

FRESH HAIR SALON

15a Harrington Road
South Kensington London SW7 3ES
(1 Minute walk from South Kensington Tube)

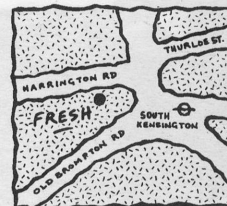
CUT & BLOW DRY

BY OUR TOP STYLISTS

£15 LADIES

£13 MEN

Normal Price £30



Telephone 0171 823 8968

ACCESS VISA MASTERCARD CASH CHEQUES