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Issue
1118

5 June
1998

Union AGM Ends in Farce

MARK BAKER

Last Friday, the Annual General Meeting of Imperial College Union was was dramatically interrupted by student Andy Southern, who halted the meeting as less than 200 students were present. The normally sedate affair at which the annual report is approved, officers are elected for the next academic year and the student body is given an opportunity to quiz their elected Sabbaticals was dogged with problems from the start. Due to a major event in Beit Quad – the Andersen Consulting Pit Stop Challenge – the venue had to be changed to the Union Dining Hall at the last minute, leaving some attendees confused.

The meeting initially proceeded normally, with Natasha Newton re-elected unopposed of accommodation officer. The position of council chair, also chair of the powerful executive committee, went to Andy King after ex-ICU President Eric Allsop withdrew his candidacy. After much discussion on tuition fees, Simon Lewis was elected as Equal Opportunities Officer. There were no candidates for the posts of RAG Chair and Transport Officer, and so these could not be elected at the meeting.

Rene Frank, a Biochemistry Postgraduate, was the only candidate for Welfare Officer and fielded a barrage of questions. Before the meeting could move to a vote, Andy Southern, a Mechanical Engineering student, shouted "Quorum!" and so forced the closure of the meeting, as around 60 students were in attendance rather than the required 200. Mr Southern's actions were evidently unpopular with those who had made the effort to attend, as a cry of "You twat!" and similar comments were voiced.

In a letter to Felix explaining the reasoning behind his actions, Mr Southern stated that he did not halt the meeting out of spite, claiming "I do not hate the union,

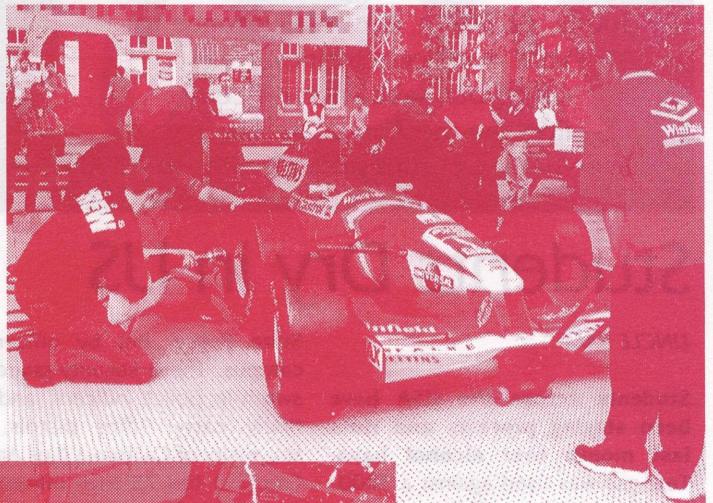
or resent it." Instead he insisted that the meeting had to close "in the interests of the student body" as there were not enough people present. Mr Southern cited insufficient publicity as being the chief cause of the lack of student interest, laying the blame squarely at the feet of the members of Council. "They don't want students to attend the AGM," he wrote, before going on to suggest that sabbatical's performance would be improved if their actions were questioned more often.

In response, ICU President Andrew Heeps said "publicity for the AGM was put up around the walkway and the Union on the Monday; however members of Council have had the date since November, therefore having the information to pass to their constituencies." To the claim that he had not done enough to publicise the AGM, Mr Heeps commented that "it is impossible for us to go into every lecture theatre, and the

JCR to remind people about the AGM." However he did not think that it was a total failure, as "8 times as many more people turned up this year than last." Indicating that the months in office have not yet stripped him of his humour, to publicise the next AGM he said "perhaps I should go to the top of the Queen's Tower, and shout about it."

The rescheduled AGM takes place today at 12:30 in dBs. The following posts will be elected; Welfare Officer, Transport Officer and RAG Chair. Anyone interested in standing for these positions should sign up opposite the Union Office in Beit Quad. The presentation and approval of the ICU Annual Report will also occur at the AGM this Friday lunchtime. All are very welcome to attend.

The full letter from Andy Southern can be read at the Felix web site – www.su.ic.ac.uk/Felix/



Last Friday afternoon, Beit Quad was livened up by the appearance of a Williams-Renault Formula One car. Students were challenged to perform the fastest wheel change. It was won jointly, at 14.22 seconds.

Photos: David Roberts



College Cash Bungs

for BMS Builders

JEREMY THOMSON

IC Estates Department is giving out cash bonuses to construction team supervisors in a bid to get the Bio-medical Building completed in time.

A weekly prize of £200 is being handed over to the best foreman, as judged by a panel consisting of representatives from Estates and Schal, the main contractors. A further £1000 a week is being set aside toward a gigantic party on 15 June, subject to workers attaining weekly progress targets.

Now in its fifth week, the scheme is intended to motivate subcontractors whose work has been repeatedly undone as more and more changes to the original design have become necessary. So far, £4m has been spent on alterations, often forcing work to be ripped out and replaced. "There's been an inordinate amount of fit-out adaptations - 60 or 70 rooms have been affected", explained Phil Hilton, the project manager, "it is demoralising and frustrating [for the builders] so see finished, painted and plastered rooms being ripped

out."

These alterations are pushing the competition date of the recently-named Fleming building back, leaving less and less time for the Biology and Medical departments to move in before term starts in October. The planned hand-over date has moved from 13 April to "early August". Although unable to give a definite date, Mr Hilton told us that "we are contracted to have the building ready for undergraduate teaching on 1 October, and we will", although he did concede that it was getting "close".

More controversial is the funding for the scheme. According to a source close to the Estates Department, the bonuses were originally intended to be £1500 cash, rather than £200. However, there was "deep concern" over releasing this money, and the college auditors had to be contacted.

Mike Hansen, however, appeared to be unaware of the spending. "I know that it was discussed", he said, "but I don't know any details. It's up to [Ian] Caldwell and his team to build the building, and we'll just let him get on with it."

Imperial College Union

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Today, 12.30pm, dBs. Your chance to:

- ☛ Vote in officers for next year
- ☛ Quiz your sabbatical officers
- ☛ Preview the Annual Report.

Everybody can turn up and vote, so BE THERE!

Students Dry in US

UNCLE SAM

Students across the USA have been staging protests and riots last month over alcohol bans. Tear gas was used against a 3000-strong group in Michigan, who pelted police after alcohol was banned at a football match.

The legal drinking age in America is 21 - a rule which is being enforced with increasing vigilance by campus police. Some universities have even banned drinking altogether.

Students caught offending are likely to be arrested, not by the

State Police, but by officers on campus. These security guards are sworn-in police officers, and routinely carry 9mm pistols. The University of California (Los Angeles Campus) has 75 such officers, but San Diego University goes further; officers carry back-up handguns, and two patrol cars are fitted with prominent shotgun-racks.

IC's own Chief Security Officer, Ken Weir, when asked about the possibility of supplying weapons to officers, said "we considered batons and handcuffs, but realised that there'd be nowhere left on the belts to put the Magnums."

News in Brief...

GOVERNMENT DECLARE PARTY

Chris Smith, Secretary for Culture, has announced an extra day's national holiday on 31 December 1998. This means that there are now four straight days across the millennium in which to celebrate and recover, as Monday 3 January 2000 is also a bank holiday.

MANAGING MENINGITIS

A new strategy on managing meningitis outbreaks was released today by the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals (CVCP). It encourages all universities to devise a strategy to deal with the disease, which is two-and-a-half times more common in 15-19 year olds than the rest of the populations.

Its release follows the decision by Southampton University to vaccinate all freshers this year, after three students died there last year.

TUITION FEES REVOLT

The Prime Minister faces a potentially damaging backbench revolt next week over the plans to impose £1,000 tuition fees on students. Labour MPs have held meetings to encourage support for what some fear could be a protest equal in size to the last year's rebellion over cuts in benefit to single mothers, where one minister and four parliamentary private secretaries resigned and 47 Labour MPs voted against the Government.

Senior Government sources are anxious to avoid a repeat performance, and, until now, believed that the Education Secretary David Blunkett had done enough with a series of concessions. Opposition, however, is hardening against his Teaching and Higher Education Bill before its final Commons stages early next week.

Rebels claim that the move

flies in the face of Labour's support for free university education for all.

When added to plans to widen the system of student loans, they fear students will face debts of more than £13,000 after they finish their degrees.

You can read the bill in full at: www.su.ic.ac.uk/Felix/1118/bill.html

TUBE STRIKE CHAOS FEARS

Following an "overwhelming" vote by Tube members of the Rail Maritime and Transport Union, Union leaders are to decide whether to order industrial action across London Underground. They are protesting over the Government's intention to privatise the Underground system to raise billions of pounds in investment money. The leaders announced their decision last night, after emergency sessions all day yesterday.

Some staff will be transferred to the private companies and widespread job losses are feared. Feelings are running high among union officials, with some pressing for 48-hour stoppages. Industrial action was backed by 2,471 members, with 462 against but only 49 per cent of more than 6,000 eligible staff returned their ballot papers. Despite London Underground claims that Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott has given assurances on issues such as pay and working hours, RMT assistant general secretary Bob Crow said: "We have been trying for months to get the company to discuss these issues but they have refused to do so." Industrial action by staff would seriously disrupt rail services, and potentially cause chaos.

NO FELIX FOR TWO WEEKS

Please note that the next issue, the last of the term, will be issued on Wednesday 24 June. If you have any ideas or contributions, please contact us as soon as possible, in the Union Resource Centre.



Ken Weale Dies

JULIA HARRIES

Dr Ken Weale, a former Senior Treasurer of Imperial College Union died in hospital of pneumonia on the seventh of May. He was seventy-four years old. A keen sportsman and a well loved member of college, Dr Weale managed to combine his various sporting activities with his dual roles as Senior College Tutor and a member of the College Board of Governors. Excelling at rugby, he was the second President of the Imperial College Rugby Football Club, as well as playing for Imperial College, the University of London and several Old Boys teams until well into his fifties. As well as this, he also played cricket for both Imperial and London University, serving as the President of the Imperial College Cricket Club for many years, was a keen boxer and a former Heavyweight Boxing Champion of the University of London.

Born in Wales in 1923, Dr Weale completed his first degree at the University of Aberystwyth, coming to Imperial College as a Reader in the Department of Chemical of Engineering shortly after the Second World War. As Senior College Tutor, he lived on campus for over thirty years, and during that time became heavily involved



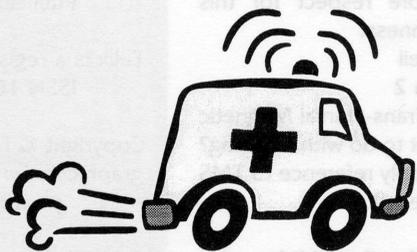
Ken Weale; renowned for his energy and enthusiasm. Photo: Felix Archive

with student affairs. As a former Warden of Falmouth-Keough Hall, he is credited with starting some of the hall's earliest traditions, and in a reminiscent mood was apt to tell the tale of the explosion on the Old Hostel roof. He was

always extremely popular, having as he did time for absolutely everyone. He held the position of Senior Treasurer for twenty-five years, showing his interest in and dedication to the union. It is for this as well as for his concern and hard work that he will be best remembered.

A familiar figure in Southside Bar, Dr Weale was also an active member of all three of the college elective social clubs, the Links Club, the '22 Club and the Chaps, and regularly spoke at their dinners. Roger Pownell, Southside Bar Manager and current President of the ICRFC, remembers him as "a really nice bloke, probably the most prominent person Imperial College has ever had. He was always smiling, had time for everyone and was a really special person."

A memorial service is to be held for him in October, as well as a Rugby Club memorial dinner for all those who knew him well, reflecting his popularity in College. As one of the leading figures at Imperial College, he will be greatly missed by everyone who knew him or had dealings with him.



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Letters to Felix...

USS SUCCESS

Dear Jeremy,

I would like to remind everybody about the 'Ethics for USS' campaign that Imperial got a taste of at the beginning of the year.

'Ethics for USS' has received wide support from lecturers across the country. The national Association of University Teachers (the largest lecturers union) has now, almost unanimously passed a motion in support of 'Ethics for USS' and individual lecturer support is growing all the time.

The largest single investors on the stock exchange are the pension funds. USS, the 'University Superannuation Scheme' invests about 13.5 billion pounds a year in industries around the world. This gives the pension fund investors vast amounts of power and influence in the way that public companies and multinationals are run.

Ethics for USS is a campaign calling on the University Superannuation Scheme to adopt an 'Ethical investment Policy'. It would currently be impossible to invest that much money using any trustworthy ethical investment criteria, so the campaign calls on the Superannuation Scheme to use their influential power to change the operations of unscrupulous companies in which they invest.

The greatest irony in the pension system is that the pension of every individual is invested on the stock exchange for maximum return. In order to achieve maximum return for their shareholders (ie. Pension funds), companies are more likely to disregard the Environment, and anything that costs them money such as their own employees. Currently we are seeing the 'Corporatisation' of Universities which gives us less choice over what we research and little say over what is done with our work. This 'cyclic' chain of events means that unless employees (public and private) take a stance to break the chain by investing their pensions ethically, they are their own victims.

Although investing 'Ethically' inevitably means investing in smaller companies, there is evidence to suggest that spreading money in this way gives better return, apart from which, USS pensions are guaranteed anyway, which means that you can't do yourself ANY harm by supporting this vital campaign.

For more information, I am available at t.c.smith@ic.ac.uk or alternatively contact 'Third World First' (contact details below) to pledge your support. At least twenty five IC lecturers already have.

Cheers
Tom Smith (Physics UG2)

HOUSE OF HELL IV

Dear Felix

Following a rather nasty flood on Tuesday, I have compiled a list of anti-flood precautions:

1. If you live in the top of a Victorian terraced house, make sure the landlord has the gutters cleaned out regularly.
2. Notify your landlord if you see wet patches in the ceiling after heavy rain. Unless it is a hole in the roof, then the gutters need cleaning immediately.
3. If you are unlucky and water does come in, you MUST turn the power off at the main fuse STRAIGHT AWAY as the water will come through the light fixings first.
4. If the water is really pouring in, you need to make holes in the ceiling (with knife or a screwdriver) everywhere that is wet. Water will gush out of these holes and make a dreadful mess, but if you don't then the ceiling will collapse and make a much worse mess.
5. Move coursework and notes first because everything else is covered by insurance.
6. Make sure everything is dry (including the inside of sockets) before turning the power on.

If you are considering renting a top floor flat, look at the ceiling very carefully. Ask about any staining or loose wallpaper near to outside walls.

Other clues are different types of wallpaper in the same room or only rooms along one wall being freshly painted. Don't be fobbed off by the landlord saying that it has been sorted out. It needs doing several times a year.

I know this seems like overkill but had I not been in on Tuesday morning, I would have returned to find my books, notes and computer ruined and wet plaster over everything. Even so, I still jump out of my skin at the sound of running water!

Abigail Hopson, Chem 2

FELIX HASN'T A CLUE

Sir,

Why has ISIHAC (I'm sorry, I haven't a clue) been placed as the bottom mark in last weeks music section? ISIHAC has been a popular radio panel game for almost 25 years. I would like to say it is as funny today as it was 25 years ago, but since I'm only 20, I can't really comment. It does however have a large listenership, who regularly tune in to hear the manic and often surreal games played by the panellists.

ISIHAC regularly hosts talents such as Tim Brook Taylor, Paul Merton and Samantha. One can hear games such as the simple, but complex sounding 'One song to the tune of another', 'Guess the barcode' and of course the infamous 'Mornington Crescent'?

ISIHAC is an example of eccentric British humour at its best. It can stand alongside Monty Python and Spike Milligan as comedy classics. With the surplus of monotonous sitcoms and cheap American tat on radio and TV, I feel that this form of criticism is unfounded and to be avoided. I hope that, in future, you will show more respect for this oasis of Britishness.

Ross Newell
Shep Main 2

PS What has Trans-cranial Magnetic Stimulation got to do with anything? (This was the only reference to TMS on the BBC web-site)

Really, Ross, I rather think you're being a bit uncharitable there, old chap, what with that Sorry I Haven't a Clue being, well, rather pointless, what with all that Mornington Crescent nonsense, Henry, and oh there's a number 24 going down the Kilburn Park Road, I mean one never really knows what they're talking about, does one oh, that was a beautiful google going down the off side and Jack's tossed it to his man at silly-mid-off who lobs it to Gough at long leg I mean to say, you wouldn't catch us talking such nonsense, Henry, it's rather inane, that's all oh and there's a troop of three pigeons wandering rather languidly across the outfield and a rather gothic chocolate cake has been thrust into my hand etc etc...

Jeff Mills Interview **Yet More Cinema Tickets** **Latest from the Games World**

Wharton to Resign

King's Union Manager Sacked

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Felix, Beit Quad, Prince Consort Road, London, SW7 2BB.
Internal tel: 58072, fax: 48072.
External tel & fax: 0171 594 8072.
Urgent out-of-hours internal: 48086, external: 0171 594 8086.
Email: felix@ic.ac.uk

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Games Editor: Mark Baker
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IMPORTANT NEWS ABOUT EVERYONE'S FAVOURITE STUDENTS' NEWSPAPER

Please note that there will be no more full issues of Felix this term until the final issue on 24 June, due to the Felix office moving house. However, we will issue a newsletter next Friday to keep you informed of the progress of the DP (F&S) election. If you have any ideas or contributions for the final issue of term, please come and see us in the Union Resource Centre as soon as possible.

Thanks, Ed.

SAVE POUNDS WITH YOUR UNION CARD £££££

New VAT regulations pertaining to catering in universities mean that we must charge VAT to non IC students; ie. staff, students at other institutions and should the occasion arise, the general public. We have an agreement with HM Customs and Excise that during term time we pay over an amount to cover the VAT on a pre determined percentage of our sales, however, this agreement does not extend to the holidays. During vacations we must identify whether each customer is an IC student or not, and charge them VAT if they are not.

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Editorial

One of the greatest causes of human suffering, animal cruelty and environmental destruction today is the pernicious barrier that has been erected between people and their money.

This may seem like a rather sweeping statement, but let me explain. There are, and always will be, people so deeply selfish and mercenary that they don't care whether they are personally funding and hence supporting torture, murder and war. These people are thankfully in the minority, and were their actions to be seen directly, they would probably be branded as 'evil' by society. Yet, oppressive regimes thrive, millions are exploited to the point of death and the planet is being sacked beyond possibility of recovery, all in the name of profit for the average investor (ie. all of you reading this article). So why do we, fair-minded and conscientious people, continue to actively promote such atrocities? Simple - ignorance. None of us know what our money is being invested in, and further more we have no way of finding out.

Take, as an example, the night-banking system operated by virtually all British banks. After the close of business at the stock exchange and the closure of the banks for the evening, the colossal sums of money contained in ordinary current accounts is amassed and invested overnight in Eastern exchanges. It is then returned (with

profit) the next day, with no-body any the wiser. You may find it surprising that even the shiny new 'ethical' banks such as The Co-Operative bank indulge in this dubious practice.

What, then, can be done to prevent our money being used to support causes with which we'd rather drill holes in our head than be associated? Notice that at the beginning of this article I did *not* say that money itself was causing these problems. Money is a tool, and a powerful one at that. If ordinary investors wish to change the fruits of their investments for the better, then it is the money itself that should be used as the lever. If investments trend towards ethical schemes and away from those proven to be immoral, then you can be damn sure that the banks and investment agencies will be falling over each other to provide such opportunities.

True, most of us invest comparatively little, and hence our leverage is small (but NOT negligible). This is why the success of the 'Ethical investment for the USS' scheme (see page four) is such good news. Not only does it have the extra credence of being a state investment scheme, but it also packs a £13.5 billion punch. This is more than a start - it is part of the solution.

[Simon Baker would like it to be known that he doesn't agree in the slightest - see column]

Small Ads

Tasha Newton, ICU accommodation officer, wants to hear from anyone who has ever had problems with an intercollegiate hall. Contact Tasha for any accommodation problems on 0958 707 415 or n.newton@ic.ac.uk.

Citroen AX 14 TZS For Sale

E Reg, e/w, lots of history, new exhaust and front shocks, full dealer service and MOT last November, £1000 ono a.bettinson@ic.ac.uk or phone Adam on x57121.

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Choir of St Luke's

Chelsea, is looking for a tenor (or tenors). We are a friendly choir of a very high standard, singing three times a week (one Friday practice and two Sunday services) with a wide repertoire ranging from Palestrina to Pärt. Interested? Email David at d.nutt@ic.ac.uk for information.



Tom Smith's letter, on behalf of Third World First, cannot go unanswered. For those of you that skipped the letters page in a frantic effort to get straight to my humble prose, the Association of University Teachers have passed a motion to promote 'ethical' investment by the University Superannuation Scheme, the lecturers' pension fund. This, as Tom pointed out, was first raised a few months ago, and I had my doubts. I still do. These objections were principally practical, suggesting that the fund's investment returns may fall, a view that was countered with 'it doesn't matter because the pension is guaranteed.' True, insofar as the payouts are fixed at a fixed proportion for every year of service, but if the returns dip, someone will have to pick up the tab. This is most likely to be the employers or the government, but either way the shortfall cannot simply be met by magic. In the end, we all pay. Tom is right in saying that the pension funds wield considerable influence, but the USS's £13.5 billion is relatively insignificant in the grand scheme of things. Pension

funds do exert influence, but this is principally used to maximise shareholder value, not political trouble-making. The notion that the USS can change the world is nonsense.

In order to invest 'ethically', Tom suggests that it will be necessary to invest in smaller companies. Ignoring for the moment the implication that all large corporations are tyrannical monsters determined to destroy the world, it may be true that small, niche companies may be more likely to satisfy the political agenda of the AUT. However, his suggestion that such investment can lead to higher returns is very misleading. I agree that if you manage to pick the next minnow about to turn into a whale, the profits will be spectacular, but the chances of getting one's fingers burnt increase exponentially. This is not the way that a responsible pension fund

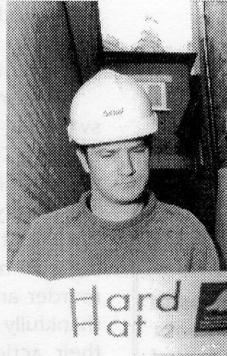
behaves. Following Tom's advice, ethical investment soon becomes as prudent as five card stud. Moreover, smaller companies have significantly underperformed the top 100 companies over the last few years. Given the choice between shares in Glaxo or a tinpot macramé outfit, I know where I'd put my cash. In his quest to save the world from capitalist exploitation by the West (socialism and environmentalism are never far apart), Tom forgets the ethical question of playing fast and loose with the pensions of Britain's lecturers. If things went spectacularly wrong, we would all suffer. It is not acceptable to engage in gesture politics in this manner, and I hope that the USS trustees see sense.

[The editor would like it to be known that he doesn't agree in the slightest - see editorial]

Elsewhere, we have had the first Conservative reshuffle since the election, and it seems to have been very sensible. Peter Lilley is more suited to the deputy leadership, where his policy-making skills will be used to greatest effect. The promotion of Anne Widdecombe to Shadow Health spokesman is inspired. At the risk of stating the obvious, the woman is terrifying. Frank Dobson must be praying for Blair to reshuffle, because she will wipe the floor with him. Frank, bless him, is not the sharpest tool in the box, and any reluctance to change jobs must have instantly evaporated.

Finally, not one week after I sang the praises of the recent Ante Room exhibition Now it appears that something very wrong is occurring. The windows have been covered with Bacofoil and flashing lights have been observed inside. I fear that some poor soul feels this is art, but there are other explanations. Either Sheffield are beginning a programme of mass hypnosis or we've got the builders in. If this is the case, I apologise.

Simon Baker



Digs the Dirt

Taurus (21/4 - 21/5)

Alas, your attempts to grow a tail have been thwarted. This will only prove beneficial as it would have clashed horribly with your saffron-coloured mascara and orange fright wig. The best thing for you to do now is to purchase a large bottle of medical alcohol and feed it to pigeons.

Gemini (22/5 - 21/6)

Alas, the nurse has hidden the morphine and I cannot get another fix. Grandparents feature heavily this fortnight as those who have crossed to the other side return to give you spiritual guidance in your differential calculus and knitwear construction exam. Shame they are really poor at exam technique.

Cancer (22/6 - 22/7)

Alas, without love, life has no purpose. Dye your hair green, it is the new pink, which is the new grey, which is the new brown, which is the new black. If you paint your fingernails orange with large red spots most people will worship you as a god of fashion, and life will become a viable option again.

Leo (23/7 - 23/8)

Alas, the gerbil has melted and become a wellington boot. The matron will give you your medicine later, and you will be spoon-fed custard until you turn into a Teletubby. If you're lucky, Xena, Warrior Princess will rescue you, but as she doesn't exist, this seems unlikely.

Virgo (24/8 - 22/9)

Alas, Dickens, the sparkler of Albion is not going to help you win the Cleverest Person at Imperial College award, this will only be possible through

buying large drinks for anyone who approaches you carrying a wildebeest tail, wearing a headscarf and speaking in tongues. Large generally means gin.

Libra (23/9 - 23/10)

Alas, too many cooks spoil the broth, so stick to Pot Noodles and dehydrated kebabs. Your culinary skills will be useful to you this fortnight as the Emir of Wales enters your humble dwelling demanding sustenance. Serve him a traditional Aztec meal of boiled carrots and Spam. He will never bother you again.

Capricorn (24/12 - 20/1)

Alas, your finances are in an appalling state this week. This could be due to your habit of spending whatever remains of your grant or loan on large amounts of linoleum and grouting. This is your landlord's job not yours so do not concern yourself over the state of the holes in your kitchen.

Aquarius (21/1 - 18/2)

Alas, morning has broken, like the first morning, and that bloody blackbird has left a fresh dropping on your pillow. Do not leave your window open all night. Guinea pigs can often scare blackbirds, as they become huge, terrifying bird-eaters at night and chew small feathery things without remorse. Not a lot of people know that.

Pisces (19/2 - 20/3)

Alas, fishface, you have realised that the ever increasing torture does not stop here, and that there is indeed more work to be done. Have you ever considered changing your brand of deodorant? There are many on the market which cater for your own particular bodily odour.

Aries (21/3 - 20/4)

Alas, Guinness does not prove good for you, as it poured into your underpants by four small hairy badgers. Resist the temptation to force feed your flatmates slug soufflé and Bailey's and Martini. They did not pay the badgers in worms to torment you and make your life hell, I did.

Scorpio (24/10 - 22/11)

Alas, a week of extreme torment seems likely. Poor you. Alleviate the pain by taking vast quantities of pills and praying for the best. It might not work that well, but at least you won't be able to stop laughing. Trust me on this one.

Sagittarius (23/11 - 23/12)

Alas, this week brings nothing but heartache. Your better half, also known as Cuddles, will spontaneously combust on Tuesday morning at four am, leaving you with nothing but a small heap of ash to take to the Ball.

Horoscopes with Geri Ex-Spice



THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

Warning: this column contains the word "Bros"

The recent earthquake in northern Afghanistan was a terrible natural blight: a plague of Biblical proportions, tragically killing approximately five thousand people and injuring many others. We do not even have the comfort of knowing that insurance companies will be paying the bills... Where do you reckon this piece of literally ground-shaking news should end up in any self-respecting newspaper? Front page headline, perchance? Well, the tabloids didn't think so. In fact, Monday's edition of a certain popular tabloid ran as follows: pages one to five - Hoddle's expulsion of Paul Gascoigne (bring on Owen, I say); two full-page promotions; a page 3 girl generously showing her rear to the world; a full-page ad; then stuck between an article about a man who wanted to get married in prison and a banal piece about someone who managed to get free

entrance to see *Scream 2* were three column inches about a certain minor earthquake somewhere in some poor country. And three pages about Ginger Spice.

When you consider the much-publicised bickering of rock dinosaurs Oasis, who are still largely intact, and then compare it to the relatively strife-free career of Posh, Ginger, Scary, Baby, Sporty and Turmeric, you would be forgiven for thinking that Girl Power would live forever. This was almost believable, given that the Fab Five were one of the few manufactured bands to actually work their socks off. Since their chart-topping beginning with Wannabe, their faces have been everywhere, whether you like it or not: sponsorship deals; two albums; television appearances. They put the split down to artistic differences, but perhaps after all this time in each

other's company, Geri is as sick of the sight of the rest of them as a lot of us seem to be.

Having said all that, credit must go to them for going for broke. History suggests that the lifetime of such a canned pop delight is not long, and they seemed to realise that getting as much money as possible in as short a space of time as possible was the way forward. Look at laughable teen legends Bros: probably just as much of a phenomenon as the Spices. The difference lay in their attitude to the media. Bros didn't bother much with it, although sponsorship deals with second-hand clothes shops flogging ripped jeans, contracts with Grolsch, or, more likely, agreements with hydrogen peroxide manufacturers, would all have been vaguely possible. Conversely, the number of Spice-sponsored products expanded seemingly without

limit, as more and more greedy corporations longed for a grinning cheeky face on the front of their latest line of toenail clippers. When Bros split up, they found themselves in serious trouble with American Express: when Geri left the Spice Girls, they were worth tens of millions of pounds each. Incidentally, Craig Logan, ex-Bros bassist, made the sensible move; last I heard he was managing Neneh Cherry, while the other two are still desperately trying to make their fantastic comeback records. They will probably make more money by signing on.

So if the next big teen thing are reading this (admittedly not likely, unless the Calculus Boys are signing as we speak), remember that your fans will be distressingly fickle. One day, probably sooner than you think, they will grow up.

Ali Campbell

Burning Water

Salads

Despite the usual post-May monsoon season I'm carrying on with my summer theme. This time I'm looking at the delicate and often controversial topic of salads. Now salads can be based on many things: lettuce, tomato, rice, potato, couscous (see Felix 1115) etc. However, they must be fresh and the ingredients **MUST** be of top quality because that's where the taste comes from.

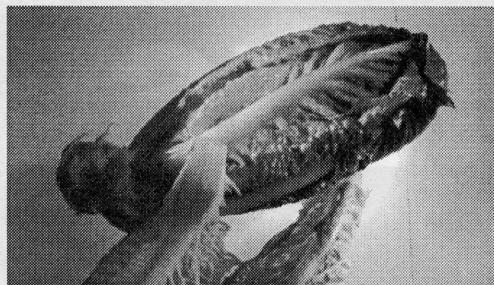
So, experiment, mix and match and remember that lettuce does not just mean iceberg (which in my humble opinion has to be the most uninteresting sorry excuse for a vegetable that I've ever come across). There are dozens if not hundreds of different lettuces even if you can't get them all in the supermarket. Cos, chicory, round, frisée, oakleaf, red oakleaf, scarolle, cress and I could go on. They're all available over here and they're all excellent.

To help all this greenery go down and also to complement the simple uncooked vegetable tastes, it's usual to add some sort of dressing to a salad. I'll go through the instructions for the two most common and then a short bit on potato salad which is far too simple and tasty to miss out.

French Dressing

Put 1 level tablespoonful of smooth french mustard, preferably from Dijon, and the same amount of wine vinegar into your salad bowl. Add some freshly ground pepper and a pinch of salt. Mix these up thoroughly crushing the salt so it dissolves. There's a lot of blah about only using a wooden bowl and spoon but I've always

got good results with any old bowl and a metal tablespoon. Next, drizzle a small amount of oil (say about 1cc for the scientific amongst you) and stir this into the mustard until it is completely incorporated. Then add a little more oil, stir, more oil, stir, more oil etc. It is essential that the oil is fully emulsified each time before



Typical IC student, meet lettuce. Lettuce, you are no longer safe.

you add any more or it will just separate out later. Once you have used the equivalent of 2 tbl oil you can pour the rest of it in more rapidly but keep stirring vigorously. You'll need to use a total of around 6 tablespoons of oil (i.e. 6 parts oil to 1 part mustard to 1 part vinegar) but taste the dressing when you've finished and adjust the seasoning as they say.

Mayonnaise

For this one the state of the bowl IS important. I like using a ceramic one because there is a lot of stirring to be done and a good thick bowl won't move around too much. It must be

spotlessly clean and dry. A possibly useful trick is to make sure all the ingredients and the bowl are at the same (room) temperature. Gently crack an egg and separate the yolk, removing as much of the white as possible. Plonk the yolk into the bowl, add a small tablespoon of mustard and mix together well. The process is basically the same as for french dressing, mixing in the oil drop by drop and making sure it is completely mixed in before adding any more until you have a fairly substantial amount of mayonnaise at which point you can start adding the oil in more rapidly. One egg yolk is enough for around 200ml of oil so don't be shy. You know the mayonnaise is ready when you can make it into sharp peaks by pulling the spoon out. Stop adding oil and mixing at this point. It's usually a good idea to add something acidic to a mayonnaise just to counterbalance all that grease. A couple of tbl of vinegar or lemon juice should do the trick

Potato Salad

Wash but do not peel 2 lb new potatoes. Cut them into bitesize pieces and cook in simmering water until just tender. Finely chop a shallot and slice a stick of celery. Put all the above in a large bowl, sprinkle generously with salt and ground pepper, add 4-5 tbl of olive oil and mix well.

Dear me, the stress of these recipes!

Antoine

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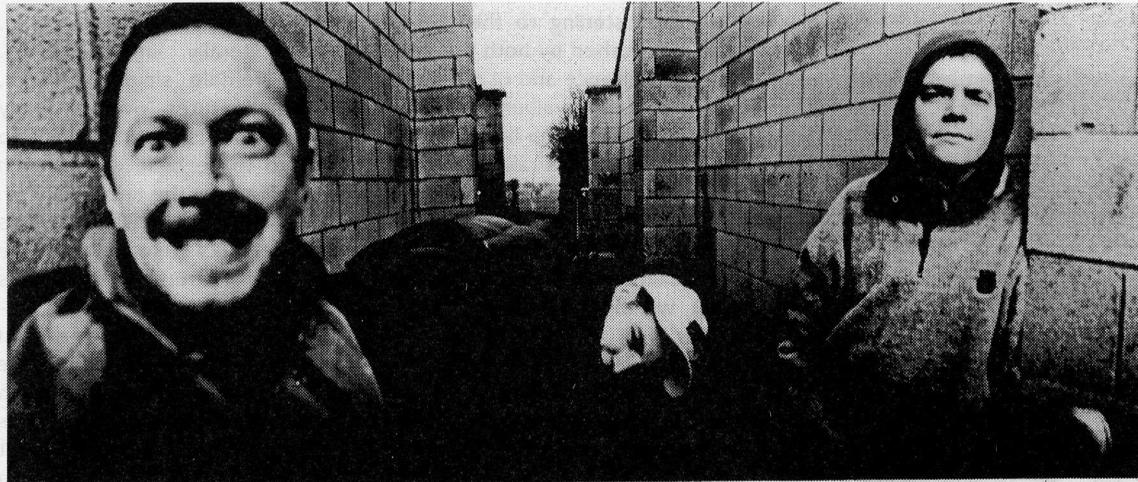
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ALBUMS

808 STATE

88:98 ★★★



So, I'm seventeen again, reeling from too much alcohol, too many bodies pressing close to me, sweat dripping into my eyes. Trying to work out this 'dancing' lark, throwing myself into shapes that cause a concerned passer-by to enquire if I'm having a seizure. Decide to turn in my recently acquired dancing shoes and take up knitting instead. And then, and then.... *The Only Rhyme That Bites*. Cheesy western sample (dunno which one, don't care) pulling a rictus grin around my face, feet finally achieving some level of synchrony, the boy becomes a god. At least, that's how I remember it.

Without wallowing in nostalgia too much, *808:98* is a timely reminder of just how bloody good

808 State were. While sweeping through musical boundaries like they were Swiss border checkpoints, they still managed to produce a succession of floor-fillers that everyone loved. *Cubik*, with its angular melody and clipped beats is pure techno class while *Olympic* eases your head open and smotherers the synapses in Golden Syrup. Of course, their point is not that they're back to rehash the old hits, but to prove that they never really went away, as the latter half of the album confirms.

A plethora of collaborations are present, from the laid-back Lopez (with James Dean Bradfield) to the predictably daft Bjork outing, *Ooops*. Particularly good is *Azura*, which features the swoonsome vocal talents of Louise Rhodes

from Lamb, although it's not quite up to the standard of her regular outfit. One does get the impression of them cashing in on the cachet associated with being pioneers of a genre which has ultimately moved on sufficiently to render 808 State somewhat obsolete.

But this matters little when presented with *In Yer Face* (which is), and *Pacific State*, featuring the most memorable oboe riff ever. Who cares if they're still 'relevant' when they've got a string of such unarguably brilliant tunes to their name.

Now, where did I put those white gloves? Aaaah, sorted. **M**

Norm

HEADSWIM

Despite Yourself ★★★★★

A little known fact about Headswim is that they started life as a dodgy metal outfit complete with long hair and tight trousers. What happened, then, to initiate such a drastic change of music and style? Well in the words of vocalist Daniel Glendining 'we wrote some songs'. The songs in question are all packed with a raw emotion not heard of since the likes of Radiohead, who are obvious influences. The two singles so far, *Tourniquet* and *Better Made*, were strangely ignored by the singles buying public, both only briefly gracing the bottom end of the top forty. This album definitely deserves to do better.

Headswim are amongst the new set of bands touting misery as the mood of the late nineties, a

wonderful refreshing feeling for those of us who occasionally feel like punching Ian Broudie in the face.

The power in the music comes from a combination of the extraordinary voice of Daniel Glendining (sounding similar to Sting, only better) and the harsh but ultimately beautiful, melodious guitar courtesy of Daniel and the strangely monikered Clovis Taylor.

The album is populated by a series of dark haunting songs each one reflecting various aspects of depression; *Wishing I was Naïve* an emotion I think we all have sometimes; *Clinging to the Wreckage* and the achingly brilliant finale *Brother* as well as the aforementioned singles are definite stand out tracks, each one dripping with

passion. Interestingly it is the more upbeat tracks which fail to strike a chord, namely *Holy Ghost*. This is the only bad track on the album which flies by and leaves little impression.

This really is an absolutely superb debut album which will hopefully cause Joe public to wake up, smell the roses and send Headswim to the stardom they deserve. Headswim are the perfect antidote for those who have tired of *OK Computer* and desperately need another dose of depression to remind them of just how bad this term can get.

Finally I'd like to thank Dave Hellard for consistently handing his reviews in late and therefore forfeiting this album. Cheers Dave. **M**

Alex

MIDGET

Juke box ★★★½

First there was Ash, then Symposium and now Midget. Here we have another typically cheeky and chirpy indie band, following the footsteps of many before them. Midget, a band made up of three pre-pubescent teenagers have brought forth their debut album, but have you heard of them? Surprising if not, as during the last year they've managed to put out around seven singles.

Their latest single, *The Day Of Your Life* is set to hit the charts with the force of a marshmallow, but it's not bad. It's just that Midget are fighting for a hole in the market that is barely visible. Like their peers, Midget seem to have two modes. Loud and pacey or acoustic and cheeky. This contrast can clearly be seen in the two best songs of the album, *The One Who Could Save Me* and *Canada*. *Canada* rips through the verses coming to a climax before slowing down to a chorus delivered with the softness of the lead singer of Catch. They try to tell you that they're young and out for a laugh, their lyrics talking of unimportant things such as alcopops and invisible balloons.

You can't really fault the album for musical content, except for lack of originality. They have the 'we're young and want to mosh' moods of Symposium, combined with the quirky and youthful approach of Catch. Had they emerged two years ago, they would have been seen as fresh, but unfortunately they haven't, so all they can rely upon is that the youth of today have the money and time to follow one more band like this. **M** David H

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

- ★★★★★ Drinking Beer
- ★★★★★ BBQs
- ★★★★★ Sunshine
- ★★★★★ Holidays
- ★★★★★ Lazing around
- No Stars Exams



ALBUMS

PEACH

Audiopeach ★★★½

TRICKY

Angels with Dirty Faces ★★

It's summer and the mosquitoes are out in force, congregating under trees and lying in wait for bare arms and lazy students who want to listen to their brand new CDs in the glorious outdoors, instead of in the stuffy, subtropical heat of their bedrooms. That said, this time of year is exceptionally stressful for everyone. I've had a terrible lab course, a lot of write-ups to fake and whole amount of revision to plough through, as well as the day job, and so I decided to practise Critical Path Analysis by reviewing this album in my sleep. I started listening to it at eleven o'clock on Friday night, and by four am Saturday I was hooked on the electronic, summery, sort-of sexy music produced by the strong female fronted band Peach. With her slightly flat voice, Lisa Lamb is the perfect accompaniment to revision and lab



reports, and I've had the CD on loop all day. The music is extremely poppy and makes me want to put on my six-inch platform shoes and start dancing. I know that this is a bad idea, as I will fall and break my leg, but there's something in the music that just makes me smile like an idiot. It must be that all the songs are extremely unchallenging, without any real meaning or deep feeling. At heart, this album is hollow. But, who cares? It's summer, the sun is shining and I'm tired of angst-ridden, male-orientated, guitar-led music for naval gazers. This album has a light, frothy lemon-mousse, summery, sugary flavour, and I think it's great, in a slightly naff and tacky way.

I really, really wanted to slate this CD. The cover shouts post-modern, pre-millennium pseudo-art at you, with its tasteful orange and cream photographs. The songs are very sub-St Etienne Euro-Pop but without the satirical edge. The single, *On my Own*, sounds like Gina G covered by a bunch of half-witted school-children...and yet, as a whole, the album is good. Like the Spice Girls and Bananarama, Peach grows on you. Sorry. **M**

Jessica Rabbit



Tricky with his new Marilyn Monroe wig.

After listening to this, I was astonished by both the level of brilliance and of the sheer crapness that this album managed to achieve. I've never been a fan of the man, but his albums have always provided me with two or three choice cuts. This time around the said choice cuts are of real quality but the rest are not really worth the listening time. Unless you are a real fan, of course.

After such a long time away (so long that his own uncle is probably a bigger star now) I didn't know what to expect. After listening to *Angels With Dirty Faces*, I'm still unsure about its actual content. As an album, it somehow manages to go from one end of the spectrum to the other - with most of it at the dreadful end.

Mellow kicks the album off with a wicked backing but it is ruined by Tricky singing in a strange high-pitched voice; once he returns to his usual whispering/rapping persona, the track salvages some respectability. The next track,

Singin' The Blues is my favourite. It, quite literally, sings the blues. Tricky's female singing partner, Martina, features over a funky backing and it is superb - it has to be heard to be believed. *Broken Homes* features the talents of P. J. Harvey on vocals. The result is eerie but works quite well. On the *Moment I Feared*, Tricky covers Slick Rick and the question is, simply, why? This is awful and should have been left well alone. *Carriage For Two* pops up half way through the album and is very odd. It is very slow and has those great whispered vocals that create a feeling of real darkness in the song. Throughout the song, Martina sings the verse from Billie Holliday's *God Bless The Child* and, this may sound strange, it comes off well.

I was indifferent to this as an album. If you are a fan then you've probably already got it but if you aren't, then just buy the singles. Leave this album alone. **M**

Milen

SINGLES

Fat Boy Slim - *The Rockafeller Skank*

Although this song is a tad repetitive, it breaks up the monotony by simply slowing it right down and then bringing back the tempo. This pretty wicked track is let down by its continuous repetitions.

Audioweb - *Personal Feeling*

It sounds like Audioweb have decided to release a half hearted attempt at a strings-backed epic. This is a massive disappointment after the blistering assault of *Policeman Skank*.

Arnold - *Fishsounds*

This is a feeble, boring and bland guitar strumming joke. The single cover just about sums the song up, with a pathetically drawn phone. Why?

Quest - *Initiate the Creative*

It started off with a promising latin beat but ended up turning into a hybrid of pop and soul that just grates after a couple of listens.

Cartoon - *Fade Away*

Isn't this such a cliched title for an indie song? Well don't be surprised because it is an indie song but a pretty mediocre one at that. *'Drift on the ocean and fade away....'* Yeah, fade right out of my stereo.

Insane Clown Posse - *Hokus Pokus*

Are this lot meant to be a comedy version of Cypress Hill. *'Hokus Pokus jokus'* is what you get for the chorus plus a cringe worthy fairground sample. Save it for Halloween guys.

THE ESSENTIAL CHOON

Gomez - *Get Myself Arrested*

This is bluesy and laidback which is basically the recipe for the perfect summer song. What is it with bands nowadays, glorifying criminal behaviour. What will be next?

Ether - *Best Friend*

Pop is the only word to describe this. You get carried along with the cheerfulness of it all as much as you try to resist. Sounding like a mutation between Squeeze and Wham can't be a good thing, but it won't stop you singing along to it.

Pulp - *A Little Soul*

This is *Back For Good* isn't it? Are Pulp turning into Take That wannabes? **M**

THA BOMBI

Yeah, yeah we back, its back, after weeks of chillin' I thought it about time to hit ya with a dose of Tha Bomb and bring everyone back up to date with all the happenings in the world of street soul.

I said fire it up! The Easter break was huge for Busta, the Knight Rider sampling *Fire It Up* did some serious damage in the top half of the top ten. Busta was flavour of the month appeared on numerous shows including Top of the Pops and, strangely, TFI Friday. Then the boy went to The Temple in Tottenham and ripped the place up. People who were there say that Westwood's place will never see a show like that again.

I said fire it up. And Canibus and LL are doing just that, its on! The beef started when LL changed Canibus's verse on *4,3,2,1* and added a cuss on Canibus into his own verse. Canibus didn't sit back, this boy bit back and ripped LL to shreds with the banging *2nd Round Knockout*, but LL got off the canvas and has come back with his retaliation cut *The Ripper Strikes Back*. In *Ripper* LL has a go at Canibus and Wyclef (reportedly the new manager of Canibus), cussing the latter was probably a mistake 'cos now he has both gunning for him and Wyclef has just finished his retaliation cut *What 'Clef Got to Do With It?* Winner? LL's got history, but Canibus is the rawest rapper around, he got the skillz.

Easter also saw the release of Aretha

Franklin's set, after a huge hiatus the original queen of soul has returned and in what style. The album name *A Rose is Still A Rose* is quite fitting since this lady can still claim to be amongst the best, if not the best. The title track from the album is the killer cut, but the rest is still a class act.

During Easter the Gangstarr album *Moment of Truth* dropped. Before its release most were chatta' about this as the hip hop set of the year and after parting with my hard earned cash I gotta say they weren't wrong. This album is gonna feature in the top five of everyone's hip hop hit list of that I have no doubt, my favourite tune is the stunning *Royalty*, featuring K-Ci and Jojo from Jodeci; DJ Premier lays down a wicked melody, Jodeci boys do their thing and Guru, well Guru does what he does best. *Royalty* hasn't got a release date yet, but when it does you better recognize, cause Gangstarr are the kings. If you wanna check Gangstarr for yourself they are coming to England as support for A Tribe Called Quest on July 16th.

What's up y'all!



The Tribe are coming to give support for their new album *A Love Moment* due out on 14 July.

Public Enemy (remember them?) haven't released an album for some time, and suddenly were getting two in one year.....as far as I'm concerned it's all good! The first release strictly speaking isn't a

PE album. Rather, the soundtrack to the Spike Lee film *He Got Game*, but seeing as all the tracks are by Public Enemy..... I think it rates as a PE album. Personally I've only caught one cut from it, the title track *He*

Got Game and boy this is head nodding infectious as hell - this is a tune! The rest of the album I'm told kicks it equally hard and features many guest appearances, most notably from KRS-1. PE's second release for the year will be their album (as opposed to the soundtrack which has PE on every track but isn't a really a PE album) called *Resurrection*. I haven't heard a thing about it or from it and don't really know what to say, so I'm not gonna say shit.

On the future album front, a new album is due from Maxwell called *Embrya*, after the first this has alot to live up to. R. Kelly has

finished work of his new album *VIP*. Rumour has it is hard at work on material for a certain M. Jackson.

This week's single releases see some of the biggest names in hip hop and RnB releasing top tunes, but 'cos of the space constraint i'll tell ya all about it next week. Shout outs to all those who matter!

Milen

West Coast Update

At long last, Death Row have released an album worthy to sit alongside *The Chronic*, *Doggystyle* and the Tupac joint, courtesy of Daz Dillinger. The album went straight into the hip hop album charts at number two, only being held off the top spot by the Gangstarr album. The album's called *Retaliation, Revenge and Get Back*. This gets back to REAL West Coast flava and it has some great tracks on it (even Tupac makes an appearance on one). The latest rumours with the Snoop situation are that he has signed a deal with Master P's No Limit Records for an undisclosed sum of money and word has it that Master P has gone into hiding 'cos he has had death (row?) threats issued against him. Suge Knight may still be in prison but he has a long reach.

Roni

YOU'RE READING ICRADIO!!!

'What is a committee? A group of the unwilling, picked from the unfit, to do the unnecessary.' - Richard Harkness.

Well as this year draws (on a joint) to an end, I think it is only fitting that we congratulate in a mutual brown nosathon all those who have helped to transform the station into one which kicks more butt than Beavis' foot.

Respect goes out to Jon Crabb for making this page (he's a wasp and salivates paper ... really), Ross for getting DJ Hurricane in the studios, John C for all the gigs, Gareth for painting the Back Room a deep lilac, Neel for using the recording studio more than ever before, Kenny for being amusing and to the rest of the crew not forgetting the DJ's and our lively audience!

Good luck to next year's committee who will make ICR bounce further than Zebedee giving Tigger a piggy-back whilst being prodded where it hurts with an IC Radio branding iron (cheers Chef).

This week's highlights are the



Kenny driving a Union minibus (he's under the dog in a "I was controlling the pedals" position). Allegedly.

return of Nelson Frisbee and Spencer Wiggly after a brief interlude in the Andes breeding with Pink Pandas (you should see the photographs). Their show will bring you up on an illegal high of wit to feather dust away those revision blues. Tune in Mondays, 12-2pm for some light relief.

DJ Pugwash and Peter Terry will

be continuing their tradition of giving away far too many cinema tickets for Warner Village every week, as well as playing world exclusive remixes in their unique pir8 style show. Listen up on Wednesdays between 6 and 8 to WIN WIN WIN!

If R&B is your thing, listen to Ed Adoo from Kiss 100 every Tuesday @10pm exclusive to IC Radio.

The masters of mixing, DJ Sianide & Desire, will be up on Thursday @10pm in Promo City. Playing the very latest dance music in an urban style.

Remember there are still slots free everyday (just) so if you want a go, come down, join up, roll up, and play us a tune.

Plus NEW for Next Year - IC Radio via the Internet in CD-quality sound, 24hours a day, 365 days a year.

On a more serious note, there is a REWARD if you have found Kenny Green's stilts (the ones with the concealed cigar compartment). If you have, then please hand them in at the radio station or to security, and claim your free squirrel* autographed by Ginger Spice and Shergar (both sponsored by Winalot). They are needed as soon as possible so Kenny can run for mayor of London.

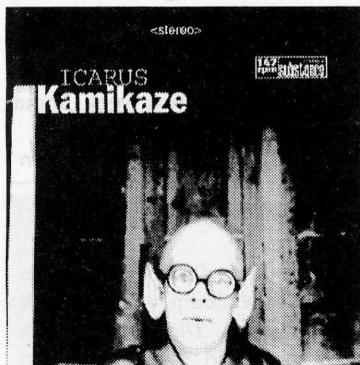
L8rz, Shave the Schedule.

* - Not to be used in conjunction with any other offer. No cash alternative.

CLUBSCENE - COMPETITIONS

ICARUS - *Kamikaze*

Release Date : 1st June ★★★★★



When handed this CD to review, I was worried – very worried. What with a weird alien-cum-human on the front cover and an artist by the name of Icarus, I expected some hour-long assault of Drum & Bass that was the soundtrack to the X-files movie.

The press release told me to listen in darkness, but shit-scared I listened to it in the blazing sunlight surrounded by numerous implements - ready to repel the devil if he came.

Thankfully, he never did, and an hour after starting, I was glad to say that all had changed was my perception of what D'n'B is.

Icarus are cousins Ollie Brown & Sam Britton, and this is without a doubt as fierce as a debut album comes.

The first tune, *Moon Palace* is a dark and mysterious affair. Throughout the CD Drum 'n' Bass normality is suspended, and the duo's shared love of mathematics – phew there's still hope for me yet (But sadly not those on Joint Maths & Computing!) – architecture and industrial development sites leaves nothing to the imagination. Okay, so pythagorean identities don't come flying atcha in tune 3, *Agua Para Mis Abuelos* but the influences of the ruff bassline and melodic tones lead to seven minutes of seductiveness.

Xenotransplantation is as weird as it sounds - a laid back, spooky intro giving way to twisted beats before submerging into a tirade of electronic sounds. Yum!

Baggage Claim, the last track, takes musical styles far beyond the usual D'n'B parameters - having an almost techno feel to it, and all tracks link in superbly - highlighting the skill in this duo's soundtrack composition.

Moth exhibits a haunting, double bass cityscape feel, and the crashing, hypnotic Gordon Detail merge to add yet another more than worthwhile dimension to the Recordings of Substance label.

Chris

Simply Electric.**Mixed by Force & Styles ★★★★★**

This is not a cheesy mixed compilation of 4-beat / happy hardcore anthems as you may think, but consists entirely of Force & Styles own work, quite incredible. I didn't realise how many of the biggest tracks over the past years were down to these two. Although it gets a bit too cheesy for my taste buds towards the end, it starts out in fine style with some of the duo's earlier work that even I've got from a few years back. So if you like your dance music fast and sometimes hectic – uplifting with plenty of piano action and stomping basslines in a hardcore fashion this should be right up your street and bring back plenty of memories.

Mogwai. Kicking A Dead Pig (Eye Q) ★★★★★

Nice title, this album is a collection of remixes of Mogwai's work by the likes of Hood, Max Tundra, Klute, DJ Q and even Mogwai himself. Plenty of originality all pretty much on the experimental side of things. Packed full of novel ideas and clever little touches - but of limited appeal due to this experimental often dark and sometimes plain insane. Tracks like *Helicon 2* starts out with a minute of mind bending noise that isn't at all pleasant. Apart from the odd harsh crazy track this album is quite dreamy and trippy but a little too minimal for most. If your interested in making electronic music of any sort this is well worth checking as some very

innovative ideas on display.

Amon Tobin. Permutations (Ninja Rec) ★★1/2

You won't find this one under easy listening – quite the opposite in fact. The reason for this is that the whole album borders on the side of experimentation, trying new ideas some that work and others that don't. Some of the tracks are challenging to listen to even sounding abrasive and distorted. I feel this is where the problems lie.

With Amon trying too hard to be different, the majority of listeners would simply not bother fighting through the first few strange tracks to the more, dare I say, normal tracks further into the album. Like *Sordid & Nightlife* a clever little D&B number that I couldn't really see working in a club set but fits perfectly with the album, *Escape* is a track that is crying out for a full on D&B mix if you ask me, loads of clever samples and fx just too minimal on the beat front.

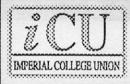
Influences from Jazz, Blues, hip-hop, samba D&B and even Batucada are pretty obvious with tracks like *Switch* which is a jazz piano intro with whaling trumpet etc joining in with computer fx over the top!

Overall I was disappointed with this album there are some good tracks here and plenty of clever ideas but sadly they are in the minority.

Jo Public

What's In The Box - Where We Check What's In The Front Of Top DJs' Record Boxes.**DJ Scott Garcia (Garage)- Top 20**

1. Lenny Fontanna - *Spirit Of The Sun* (Public Demand)
2. Scott Garcia - *This One's For The Ladies* (Conngeted)
3. Dub Monsters - *This Is Serious* (Underground Corruption)
4. Scott Garcia presents The Dark Series - *Wicked Minds* (Underground Corruption)
5. Scott Garcia - *The Ladies* (Conngeted)
6. Lutricia MC Neal - *Standed baffled mix* (Wild Star)
7. Chris Mac - *Rydim 4 Ya* (Confetti)
8. Studio 2 - *Travelling Man* (Mutiply)
9. Jazz Mondo - *Feel The Jazz Flow* (Promo)
10. Skandal - *Wot We Do* (White)
11. Volume 3 - *Do You Wanna?* (Club Asylum)
12. MJ Cole - *I Need Your Love* (Dubz For Kubs)
13. M-Dub Vol.1. - *Over Here* (White)
14. Dem 2 Remix - *Beautiful People* (White)
15. Mustaq - *Over & Over* (Fuzzed)
16. Danny J Lewis - *Spend The Night new horizons mix* (White)
17. Jack & Jill - *Don't Know Baby* (Casa Trax)
18. State Of Mind - *This Is It pt.2* (Ministry)
19. Persian - *Persian Dangerous* (SJL Rec)
20. TJ Cases - *Cheqdagrove* (Cut & Play)



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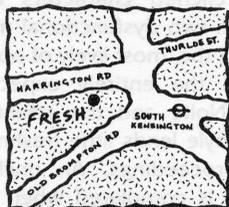
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REVIEWS

THE GENERAL

Starring: Brendan Gleeson, Jon Voight, Adrian Dunbar

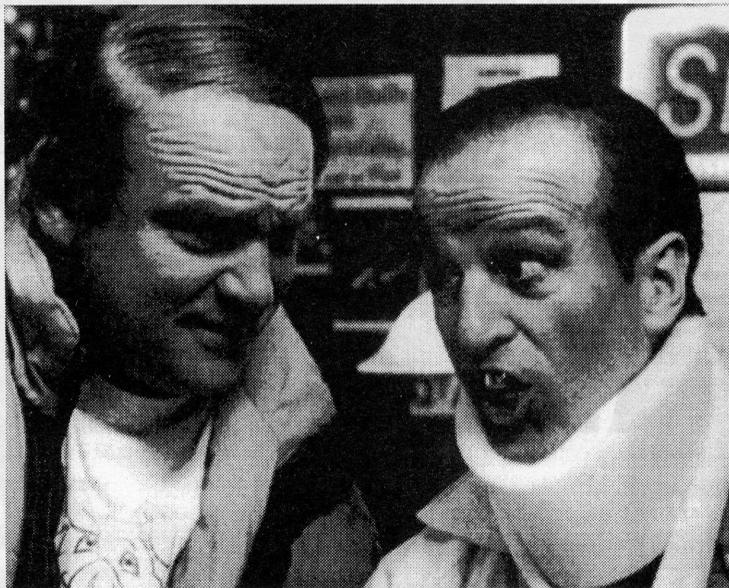
Director: John Boorman

★★★½

Call me a cynic, but after John Boorman won Best Director for this film at Cannes, I was somewhat sceptical about going to see it. You see, the views of those wonderful people at Cannes don't usually agree with mine. This time, however, I was pleasantly surprised...

The General was produced for an absurdly small budget (even by British standards), secured almost entirely on the basis of Boorman's reputation, and is shot entirely in black and white. In a not wholly unoriginal format, the film begins with the final scene and then retrospectively chronicles the life and works of the infamous Irish criminal Martin Carhill, aka. The General.

Played by Brendan Gleeson, Carhill's story begins with his childhood on one of the poorest estates in Dublin, where he spends his days stealing food and escaping the Irish police (the Garda). Coupled with the nostalgic black & white filming, this generates a sympathy for the character which, as the story



The Irish - a very peaceful people. No, honestly.

unfolds, appears undeserved.

Endless conflicts with the Garda, time in a Catholic borstal with the inevitable molestation, and then time in jail fuel Carhill's growing animosity towards author-

ity. Indeed, at times his whole life appears to be a non-stop battle to insult, harass and embarrass the Garda.

It is here that the only fault with the film appears. It combines a

portrait of a gangland criminal, with a caricature of a loveable rogue, testing the audience's loyalty to someone who was after all a bad and dangerous man. This is easily forgivable though, as the dark scenes are suitably dark and the comedy suitably funny. The odd loose end here and there doesn't detract from the film either.

Strong performances by Gleeson and Jon Voight, as the Garda Inspector always one step behind Carhill, along with great support in the form of Carhill's (rather intriguing) family and gang, keep the audience engrossed. Great cinematography just puts the icing on what is already an admirable cake.

My only advice to anyone going to see this film (and I recommend that you do) would be not to expect a big climax. This is after all a true story - the life of a man who, as a criminal (albeit a legendary one), had too much faith that he would never be caught. **F**

Reuben

AFTERGLOW

Starring: Julie Christie, Nick Nolte, Jonny Lee Miller, Lara Flynn Boyle

Director: Alan Rudolph

★★

Repair men eh? When they're not charging you a-hundred-and-fifty quid to replace a washer on a bank holiday, they enjoy nothing more than seducing lonely housewives with the subtle combination of a cocky grin and a little plumbing related innuendo - or so we have been led to believe by thirty years of British situation comedy. However, on the evidence of *Afterglow* things aren't so different in Montreal.

Nick Nolte plays Lucky Mann, a repair contractor whose easy going charm presents him with ample opportunity to break his wedding vows. His improprieties become understandable when we are introduced to his wife Phyllis, played by Julie Christie. She is a former B-movie actress who spends her time reminiscing about her past with the aid of tapes of her old films and the odd gin.

Despite Nolte's good humoured attempts to heal the obvious rift in their marriage, Phyllis seems to derive some sort of masochistic pleasure from her



Afterglow: Old people flirting. Yuck.

woeful situation.

Conversely, Jonny Lee Miller has all the outward trappings of success - a salary large enough to live in a ridiculously flash apartment, and to keep his beautiful wife, Lara Flynn Boyle, in all the designer frocks her heart desires. However, Miller is too wound up in himself to spare any time for his slightly neurotic wife who has little chance of fulfilling her wish to have a baby.

Four cliched characters languishing in two dysfunctional marriages isn't the most lively of openings, and the entirely expected affair of Nolte and the attention starved Boyle lends little freshness to the proceedings. An unlikely symmetry is completed when the pursuit of the unfaithful pair brings Miller and Christie together. Captivated by the older woman, Miller offers her an indulgent ear, and eventually we learn of the

painful episode on which she is dwelling.

The film goes on to relate the conflicting and often ill-defined desires of the principle characters. Unfortunately, *Afterglow* frequently ends up as confused as they are. Christie's self-absorbed melancholy becomes too irritating before we learn of it's cause, and Miller's executive boredom is exceptionally grating. His assertions that he is only 'excited by the impossible' merely succeed in making him sound even more juvenile. In fact, the characters are so unsympathetic that any interest in them dwindles to mild curiosity pretty rapidly.

Perhaps the only saving grace is Nick Nolte's assured performance. His portrayal of Lucky, being forced to question his easy going outlook is far more convincing than Julie Christie's overacting. *Afterglow* is an unusual film, but its purported insights into human nature are far too vague to constitute anything other than hollow pretension. **F**

Simon

REVIEWS AND COMPETITIONS

THE REPLACEMENT KILLERS

Starring: Chow Yun-Fat, Mira Sorvino, Michael Rooker

Director: Antoine Fuqua

★★★

Those of us in the Chinese community will know Chow Yun-Fat as the square jawed man from *Hard Boiled*, *The Killer* and *God of Gamblers* to name just a few. This man is a household name all over South East Asia and like Bruce and Jackie before him, Chow Yun-Fat is making that important leap into Hollywood.

The *Replacement Killers* is an action thriller with a simple plot, but spiced up with high action. Chow Yun-Fat (keeping dialogue to a minimum in his first English language role) is an assassin who finally takes heed of his conscience when powerful underworld figure Mr Wei requests Yun-Fat to be an instrument of vengeance. Realising that his defiance is worse than smoking fifty a day, Chow Yun-Fat plans to return to China.

Now requiring a passport, he meets up with master document forger Mira Sorvino (surprisingly plausible portraying a tough cookie), and the whole film then goes ballistic as Mr Wei sends a small

army of men to tie up loose ends.

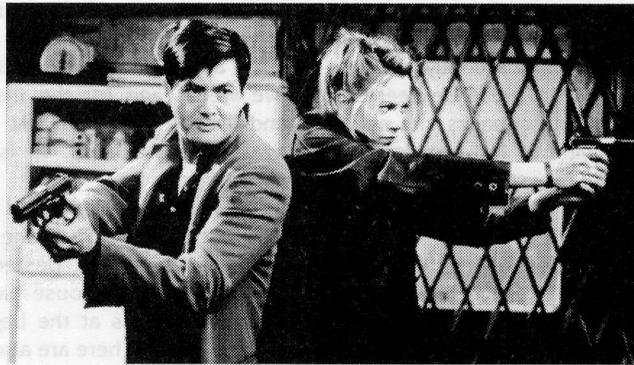
Above the guns and explosions there are some good scenes, with director Fuqua, whose previous experience lies in directing music videos, has added an MTV flavour to the action sequences, using a car wash and a dance floor in key moments.

This Hollywood production tries desperately to have the same essence as Hong Kong action films. However its attempt to emulate John Woo's uniqueness, the sheer

style and flair that *Hard Boiled* and more recently *Face/Off* have established, is way off. Towards the end of the film, *The Replacement Killers* lacks suspense in its action scenes and relies on cat and mouse sequences and heavy pyrotechnics to mask over an implausible conclusion.

The Replacement Killers is like making popcorn - heat in a well oiled pan, add the kernels and then watch them explode. **F**

Magpie



Chow Yun-Fat: Cool or what?

STAR PROFILE:

CHOW YUN-FAT

Chow Yun-Fat is one of the biggest film stars on the planet - yet unless you're a fan of the kind of destruction fest that is the hallmark of Hong Kong cinema, you probably haven't heard of him.

This week, however, he aims to change all that, by emulating Jackie Chan and hitting the Hollywood big time. Quite why is anyone's guess, but the promise of mega pay days presumably has something to do with it. In his own words "in Hong Kong the stunt is very expensive and the star is very cheap"

His fame owes a lot to a long term collaboration with God-like director John Woo, with whom he has made international hits such as *Hard Target*, *The Killer* and the *A Better Tomorrow* trilogy, and perfected his trademark "tooth-pick chewing". However, even with such a high profile collaborator he has yet to make a real break in the English language market, with his fan base primarily concentrated in South East Asia.

Hopefully, this week's release of *The Replacement Killers* will change all that, showing Hollywood how to make action films properly - ridiculous body-count, idiotic cops, ultra violence, hideously scarred villains, and, most importantly, bucket loads of style.

Principle Filmography:

- The Replacement Killers (1998)
- Peace Hotel, The (1995)
- God of Gamblers' Return (1994)
- Treasure Hunt (1994)
- All for the Winner (1992)
- Hard-Boiled (1992)
- Full Contact (1992)
- Prison on Fire II (1991)
- Black Vengeance (1990)
- Once a Thief (1990)
- The Killer (1989)
- God of Gamblers (1989)
- Triads: The Inside Story (1989)
- Code of Honour (1989)
- A Better Tomorrow III (1989)
- Fractured Follies (1988)
- Chasing Girls (1987)
- Prison on Fire (1987)
- Dragon and Tiger Fight (1987)
- City on Fire (1987)
- A Better Tomorrow II (1987)
- Dream Lovers (1986)
- Better Tomorrow, A (1986)
- The Seventh Curse (1986)
- The Phantom Bride (1985)

Tickets & prizes galore courtesy of

ODEON

KENSINGTON

This week, five pairs of tickets for US smash hit *The Wedding Singer* are up for grabs. Starring Adam Sandler and Drew Barrymore, it's a trip through the early eighties, complete with bandanas, mullets, and non stop new romantics soundtrack. Get ready to relieve styles which I'm sure ew all want to forget.

So, without more ado here's this week's fiendishly hard question:

Which film links the stars of *Good Will Hunting*, *Sphere*, *Michael Collins* and *Nixon*?

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



any other email address will **not** be accepted.

The answers to last week's poser was: Renne Zellweger (*Liar*), Maxwell Caulfield (*The Real Blonde*), Liv Tyler (*That Thing You Do*) and Robin Tunney (*The Craft*) all starred in *Empire Records*.

The first five correct entries out of my hat were:

Arosha Bandara
Edwin Chang
Adam Bettinson
J.A. De Los Rios Medina
Ben Hedley

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



HELD IN SUSPENSE

A CHORUS OF DISAPPROVAL THE POWER OF POSTER

Alan Ayckbourn

It's that time of year again. As Spring slowly grinds its way into Summer, and most people's heads are full of differential equations, nematodes and quantum mechanics, the motley crew that is DramSoc take it upon themselves to relieve of us our misery, if only for a few hours, by performing a beautifully acted and wonderfully set play. This year, they've chosen an excellent play, *A Chorus of Disapproval*, an eighties Alan Ayckbourn, about the trials and torments of an amateur operatic society. It is eye-wateringly funny and incredibly moving when read as text, and with the support of a powerful cast, should spring into life and become a masterpiece.

The plot centres around a production of the *Beggars Opera* by John Gay, and features such memorable characters as Dafydd, the Welsh producer, Hannah, his long-suffering wife, Linda, the petulant adolescent, Ian and Fay Hubbard, the swinging couple into wife-swapping parties and a little black-

mail on the side, the seemingly inebriated Rebecca Huntley-Pike and the slightly bemused Guy, the newcomer whose presence seems to jar all the protagonists into action, almost without his knowledge or consent. Messageless, this play takes stock characters that we will all instantly recognise, places them into a situation where their behaviour becomes inevitable, and sits back and watches them work. The play seems effortlessly written, the characters exist, they do not appear to be the product of someone's imagination. This is a play almost tailor-made for a student company, and as such cannot go wrong. The writing is faultless and as the majority of the characters are typecast, it should be excellent.

Do go and see this, it will cheer you up if you've had a bad exam, and will relax you after all the stress of this term. As John Gay wrote in the final song of the operetta, "The Wretch of To-day, will be Happy To-morrow".

Julia

An Arts Editor Writes....

Despite this college being at the forefront of scientific, medical and technological research, people here are woefully narrow-minded when it comes to the more avant-garde forms of art. Certain people have eloquently criticised the exhibitions in the Ante Room Gallery, in particular the 22 club over Christmas, and some people are unaware of the presence of such a gallery in college at all. Yet despite this, despite the apathy towards art, I never expected such a conservative attitude from some of the most forward thinking people I know.

When the last exhibition appeared, I popped in to see it, and was struck by the soullessness and the sterility of the paintings. They were extremely well-executed, but surely to be a successful artist, you need to express something of yourself in your work; it seems pointless otherwise. People don't become artists because they feel like it, they have to do it, their work is their driving force and good painters express this beautifully. The list of genuine, spiritual painters is endless. Even some of the artists in our own gallery have

been good, those who exhibited Office Party, a series of paintings, drawings and sculpture, which I found extremely enjoyable. Perhaps Mr. Baker missed that one.

To write "I never thought I would have a good word for the Ante Room exhibitions," indicates an astonishing level of arrogance and narrow-mindedness. Admittedly, some of the work has not been good, some of it has been truly dreadful, not "the work of an educationally subnormal gorilla", but not great art either. The "paintings [of] obvious form and artistic insight" so praised by Mr. Baker were soulless, sterile, puerile and banal. They gave nothing even to the casual viewer, and would not have stood up to intense scrutiny. To be a good draftsman does not make you a good artist. To be able to reproduce a tree or a vase or a scene with a hill and a cow does not indicate talent or innovation. Mr Baker is entitled to his own opinion, of course, but I personally would rather see an exhibition which showed even a hint of insight than that sort of tacky greetings card art.

V&A

The *Power of Poster* exhibition has been on for quite a while at the V&A. I visited it about five weeks ago for the first time and liked it so much that I went again last weekend. It is really superb.

The exhibition is divided up into different themes. First one strolls through the theatre posters with some of Toulouse-Lautrec's designs for Paris at the beginning of the century. There are also some gorgeous Japanese pieces. The next room has lots of music related posters and covers ranging from Herb Ritts's photo of Madonna for *True Blue* to David Hockney's beautiful poster for *Parade*, an opera-ballet in New York. The film section shows again a lot of diversity: Chaplin's early films stand next to the poster of *The Bodyguard*. One then moves onto the more political side of posters. Propaganda is the key word: pro-army (mainly the US), anti-war, Mai 68 in France, Russia....

In this section there are some amazing works: Keith Haring's painting for a apartheid free South Africa, Saatchi and Saatchi's pregnant man promoting contraception, the posters about women's right of vote. This is particularly fascinating since it is the illustration of

progress and man's preoccupations over these past 100 years: all the big themes are present.

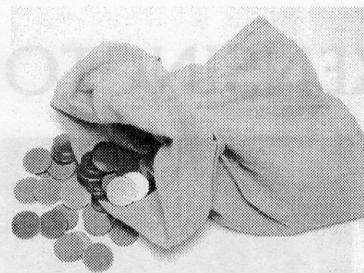
One then moves on to the proper commercial side of posters: adverts for products like Guinness, Bisto and Bovril and a few works by Mucha the Czech artist. The last room hosts a few more recent posters including the hilarious Smirnoff ones and the controversial Benetton advertisements.

This exhibition shows lots of different functions posters have had over the years. In a way it is a brilliant picture of our times and says a lot about our fears, our ideas and our dreams. It wouldn't be surprising if these posters have influenced History. They certainly help to shape our everyday tastes, what we buy, what is cool, where we go, perhaps even who we talk to...These things do have incredible power as the name of the exhibition suggests. The key to it is the poster the V&A have designed for its promotion. I had a great time walking through it and enjoyed it immensely the second time round too. I definitely recommend it.

D.

CORNELIA PARKER

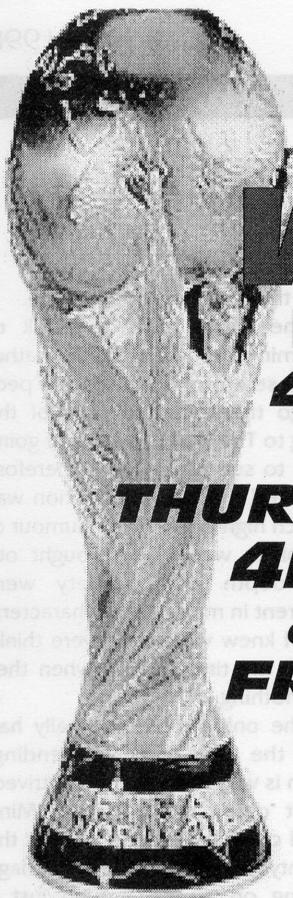
The Serpentine Gallery



This is the first major retrospective of Cornelia Parker's career. As one of Britain's best contemporary artists, all her exhibits have a feeling of matter held in suspense. So, for example, she has a large work consisting of silverware, run over by a steam-roller and suspended a foot from the ground, entitled *thirty pieces of silver*. This might not sound that impressive, but it is. The work that has gone into producing this piece,

the dedication it shows is quite breathtaking. Everything seems to suggest that if you had been here yesterday, you would have seen the bullet go through the dress, seen the lion savage the bowl, seen the wholeness that has been replaced by the incompleteness. She presents us with a fait accompli, and we must fill in the deed with our imaginations. My favourite exhibit were the figures made from coins run over by a train, hung from the ceiling in the shapes of people, moving slightly in the breeze, as if they were breathing. This is a remarkable exhibition, and will make you think deeply about the way we view objects. It is worth seeing, it's free, it's up the road and it's very, very good. What more can you ask for?

Julia



Da Vinci's
Café-bar



WORLD CUP '98

WEDS JUNE 10TH

4PM : SCOTLAND V BRAZIL

8PM : MOROCCO V NORWAY

THURS JUNE 11TH

4PM : ITALY V CHILE

8PM : CAMEROON V AUSTRIA

FRI JUNE 12TH

1PM : PARAGUAY V BULGARIA

4PM : SAUDI V DENMARK

8PM: FRANCE V S.AFRICA

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DAVINCI'S 8PM. WIN CASH OR BEER

WEDNESDAY

X'S

THURSDAY

DAVINCI'S COCKTAIL NIGHT



LEAVES UNDER ICE

NOT OVERLOOKED

Paul Kenny, Purdy Hicks Gallery

It's the ice from our bird bath in the winter", the artist explained to me at the private viewing on 21st May. "I found it defrosting in the kitchen sink when I got home and I liked the look of it." I looked more closely at the Bird Water series. "I put a square of glass on the middle of it for the second one and took it off again for the third. The ice was melting under the lights and you can see the leaf frozen into it."

This is Paul Kenny's debut exhibition in London and runs until 20th June. The artist's subjects are leaves, rocks and ice in this collection of chloro-bromide prints. The majority of the pieces show leaves both in natural surroundings and in the artist's studio. The vein structure is captured and reproduced in exquisite detail, showing the great beauty and complexity of nature. The artist has also folded beds of leaves and used lighting to create an intriguing chequerboard effect in some of the pieces.

The artist's interest in how we perceive the world is apparent in the print Silver Birch. The title suggests that the picture shows the trunks of silver birch trees, as indeed one would think on first sight. The "trunks", however, are actually icicles on a clump of rushes. The artist cleverly manipulates the concept of scale to great effect.

Overall, it is Paul Kenny's great appreciation of fine detail and texture which makes his work so appealing. The subject matter is something we have all seen, and most of us wouldn't really think of examining in any detail; the artist's work demonstrates how much natural beauty goes unnoticed and unappreciated.

JW

Purdy Hicks Gallery, 65 Hopton Street, SE1

Background Picture: Leaf Map Series O.S. 205 © 1998 Paul Kenny

AS YOU LIKE IT

Shakespeare's Globe Theatre

It was an interesting experience to see *As You Like It* being done at The Globe Theatre. It is a venue which allows for rather more audience involvement than most theatres. It was rather unfortunate therefore that I never quite engaged with the characters and did not feel the need to shout abuse/encouragement at them. There was, nonetheless, some audience participation but it felt rather fake.

Being a 'groundling' has its dangers (and not only severe backache from standing up for three hours), there was fighting in and through the audience as well as various actors making entrances through the pit - in one case sending an elderly member of the audience flying backwards into the crowd. In the Sixteenth Century the groundlings were liable to throw rotten fruit at the actors; modern audiences tend to be slightly more restrained, though they may have to duck flying vegetation coming

from the direction of the stage.

The Globe runs the risk of becoming a tourist attraction rather than a serious theatre space if people go there for the sake of the going to The Globe instead of going there to see plays. I was therefore delighted that this production was of such high quality. The humour of the piece was really brought out and depth and subtlety were apparent in many of the characters, I felt I knew what they were thinking all the time - even when they said nothing.

The only problem I really had with the play was the ending, which is very hurried and contrived, but it didn't really matter. Mind you, I could have done without the seventy year old God of Marriage coming on at the end in just a beard, antlers and a pair of birds nest pants!

Tom Dane

ITS COMING HOME, ITS COMING HOME...

EA SPORTS : WORLD CUP '98

Electronic Arts - PC / Playstation / N64 ★★★★★

Hurrah, the World Cup is about to interrupt what would be otherwise an appallingly empty summer. Luckily for all you sofa football fans there are several new footie games to play before, in the gaps between and after the games.

The youngster 3-Lions shows its lack of experience at this level and is dropped from the team, luckily the two older team-members International Superstar Soccer and FIFA '98 have been kitted out for another competition. The ISS release has yet to make it out for training but FIFA World Cup '98 is out on the pitch warming up. The PC version demonstrated on a top Pentium 2 system with a Diamond Monster II card stormed out like a world cup winner. The graphics were superb, most of the England crew actually looked like their namesakes, and the rather fluid motion capture system has been designed to mimic specific moves for certain players - though my complete lack of knowledge of the Brazilian team did prevent me checking this out. The expected



football soundscape as found on TV is all there, from crowd roar to commentary from such experts as Des Lynham and Chris Waddle (obviously for penalties). As for the gameplay, well should you grow bored of England winning the final for the twentieth time there is always the option of playing as an historical team such as the England 1966 team, Brazil 1970 or Germany 1990's teams.

As football games go it is the best yet, not quite the "pissing into the eyes" of the opposition" that PC Zone said it would be, but a step above the previous titles. Would I buy it? Possibly not, I'd wait to see if the Konami ISS game was better and without a decent 3d card I wouldn't risk it.

Gary Smith

GAMING NEWS

Playstation Controller news.

Fed up with your standard pad? Already bought the analogue and game specialised pads? Well perhaps the "Glove" is for you. For just less than £50 it can give the user the refined look of a total idiot and possibly an advanced case of repetitive strain injury. The glove also provides a crucial advantage in competition as human opponents are unable to concentrate and instead are mesmerised, watching your hands wobble in apparently random directions.

Apparently the glove is able to operate in three different modes: as the standard digital pad, as an analogue pad or in simulated analogue mode to give your digital responses a winning edge. Using the glove is actually easier than expected. Flexing the wrist controls the directions, while the buttons are on the tips of your fingers. There is as you would expect a slight weirdness with this but the designer says that it soon becomes almost pleasurable. Hmm one for the Lara Croft crowd then.

For more news, see:
www.su.ic.ac.uk/Felix



DIVERSIONS FOR THE NEXT SEVEN DAYS

events

ICU AGM no. 2
12:30 in dB's. Go there!

EUROVISION SHAFT
All your favorite 70s' and 80s' trash, with Eurotrash giveaways and CDs to be won for best 70's gear. Free BS 9pm, £1 after. Plus chill-out room and cocktail bar.

radio & TV

World's Dumbest Drivers
9pm ITV. Watch stupid Americans driving into wet cement, etc.
Invasion: Earth 9.30pm BBC1. Avoid this turgid sci-fi 'drama' at all costs
TV Offal 11pm C4. Shockingly funny - "Do they live or are they worm food?"

Xena: Warrior Princess
6.55pm, C5. Another chance to see Lucy Lawless in bondage gear, with a big sword. mmm.

Dune 9pm C4. David Lynch's mad interpretation of Frank Herbert's equally loopy grandiose Sci-Fi novel.

F1: Canadian Grand Prix Live 5.20pm, ITV. Yes, there are sports other than football...

RolP's Amazing World of Animals 7.10, BBC1.
aaaaaaaaaaaaaarrgh.
Babylon 5 1.40pm, C4
New slot for the complex but engaging sci-fi series.

Stressed Eric 10pm, BBC2.
Last in series of this excellent cartoon. Regrettably Eric probably won't shoot his au pair, as I would have by now...

Secret History: Dad's Army 9pm, C4. Why the real Home Guard weren't quite so amusing as the TV comedy show.

Delicatessen 10.55pm, C4. An astounding, funny and extremely bizarre film. Watch and discover how films should be.
Fantasy World Cup Live 10.40pm, ITV. Start of Baddiel and Skinner's comic take on the World Cup.

The Human Body 10.20pm, BBC1. Bound to be lots of shots of knobs and tits as this episode is all about Puberty. Compulsive viewing for those who like Biology textbooks.
Fantasy World Cup Live 10.40pm, ITV. Baddiel and Skinner. Again.

A little-known sporting event called **The World Cup** gets going properly today. I expect that will fill all available TV channels for the next month. Shame, really.
Fantasy World Cup Live 10.40pm, ITV. Baddiel and Skinner continue *ad nauseam*.

WORLD CUP STANDING ROOM ONLY
Paraguay v Bulgaria - 1pm. Italy v Chile - 4pm. Cameroon v Austria - 8pm. Plus **DA VINCI'S COCKTAIL NIGHT**

THE ELECTRIC CAFE
The Back Room, Southside Disco. 7-11pm. Free.

music

Midget
+ Snug
LA2, 7pm, £7. See music pages.
Girls Against Boys
+ Delta 72
ULU, 8pm, £8.

FLEADH James + Shane MacGowan + Billy Bragg + The Cors, + The Bootleg Beatles + Sinead O'Connor + John Martyn +++++
Finsbury Park, 11am - 11pm, £28

Madness + Finley Quaye + Space + Catatonia ++
Madstock IV at Finsbury Park. 11am - 11pm, £25
Transglobal Underground
Forum £7, 7pm
Massive Attack
Royal Albert Hall, 7.30pm, £12.50+
Hue and Cry
Jazz Cafe, £15, 7pm

The Wedding Singer
- Relive the decade where style got a thorough kicking.
Odeon Kensington
2.10, 4.40, 7.10, 9.40
Virgin Hammersmith
3.30, 6.00, 8.30
ABC Tottenham Ct Rd
4.15, 6.50, 9.15

The Replacement Killers
- Chow Yun Fat gives Hollywood a lesson in how to administer a thorough kicking.
Virgin Chelsea
12.45, 3.15, 5.45, 8.30
UCI Whiteleys
4.55, 7.15, 9.45
Virgin Trocadero
2.10, 4.20, 6.30, 9.00

National Cinema Day

All films half-price
Ring cinemas for special screenings & previews

Deep Impact
- Effects laden impending disaster flick.
Morgan Freeman stars.
UCI Empire
3.00, 6.00, 9.00
Virgin Fulham Road
12.30, 3.25, 6.10, 8.55
Odeon Marble Arch
12.10, 3.05, 5.55, 8.50

Red Corner
- Richard Gere starrer, moralising about the Chinese justice system.
UCI Plaza
12.20, 3.10, 5.50, 8.50
Virgin Fulham Road
2.10, 5.20, 8.30
Virgin Trocadero
3.20, 6.00, 8.50

Dark City
- Dark, grizzly, gothic sci-fi, from the maker of *The Crow*.
Warner West End
2.20, 4.40, 7.00, 9.20
UCI Whiteleys
4.30, 7.00, 9.30
Odeon Marble Arch
2.10, 4.40, 7.10, 9.40

The General
- Arty, Cannes winner, shot in black & white - but actually quite good.
Virgin Haymarket
2.15, 5.45, 8.30
Virgin Fulham Road
3.10, 6.00, 9.00
UCI Whiteleys
3.05, 6.20

arts

Lucian Freud: New Paintings
Wonderful, inspirational and exciting new paintings from one of Britain's foremost artists.
Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1, Pimlico, Free
Tube: Pimlico
Until July 26

Angela de la Cruz
Exhibits probably the largest oil painting in the world
Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 Tube: Waterloo
Whist you're in the area...
Anish Kapoor
Hayward Gallery, next door. £4.50

Comelia 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.

Copenhagen
Even engineers will enjoy this witty play of the meeting between Bohr and Heisenberg.
The Cottesloe Theatre at the National Theatre, South Bank. SE1 Tube: Waterloo. £17, £12

Much Ado About Nothing
Cheek by Jowl's critically acclaimed production of Shakespeare's tale of two reluctant lovers.
Playhouse Theatre, Northumberland Avenue, WC2 Tube: Embankment /Charing Cross, £10-22

As You Like It
Shakespeare's pastoral comedy, featuring cross-dressing and my favourite speech (The Seven Ages of Man by Jacques)
Shakespeare's Globe, 21 New Globe Walk, Southwark, SE1, Tube: London Bridge/Blackfriars £5-£17

Love's Fire
Shakespeare's sonnets given a brash overhaul by Americans. Sounds bizarre but interesting.
Damn this college for making me do exams and preventing me from going to the theatre.
Barbican Centre, Silk St, EC2, Tube: Barbican, £7

clubs

Skint On Friday @ The End, west central street
Breakbeat Action with DJs Fat Boy Slim, Midfield General, Hardknox + More.
10pm-5am. £10/12 Info: 0171 419 9199

Strawberry Sundae @ Cloud 9, 67-68 Albert Embankment.
2 Air Conditioned Rooms
Playing Upfront House Music, featuring Pete Haslem, Jay Kings, Luis Paris and new resident Slipmatt
10pm-7am. £8 NUS / £10 Info: 0171 735 5590

Twice As Nice @ The Coliseum, Ninie Elms Lane
Garage Room - DJ Spooky, Master Stepz, Jazzy D, Danny Foster, Reminisce Room, Party Room- Rob Wallace & Guests.
9pm-3am. £8 Info: 0171 272 4185

The Box @ The Clinic, Gerard Street, China Town. Drum 'n' Bass from Ray Keith, Junior Buzz, Mr. T & Paul Ibiza.
7pm-2am. £3 all night, £2 NUS / early arrivals
Broadcast Live on the Net on <http://interface.pirate-radio.co>.

Clubbed To Death @ The Gardening Club, Dub, D&B. Hard House. Big Beats with Resident Fabio Paras + Andy Morris.
All Drinks £2 10pm-2am
£5 / NUS £3 Info: 0171 497 3154

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

Mother Brown @ The Fridge Nightclub.
World's Biggest Break Beat with some o the best in the Business 10pm-3am. £4 / £5 after 11
Ultimate B.A.S.E @ Velvet Rooms Charing Cross Rd. Bouncy Techno & Tech-House Fro Carl Cox etc.
10pm-2.30am. £6 /NUS
£4. Info: 0171 734 4687

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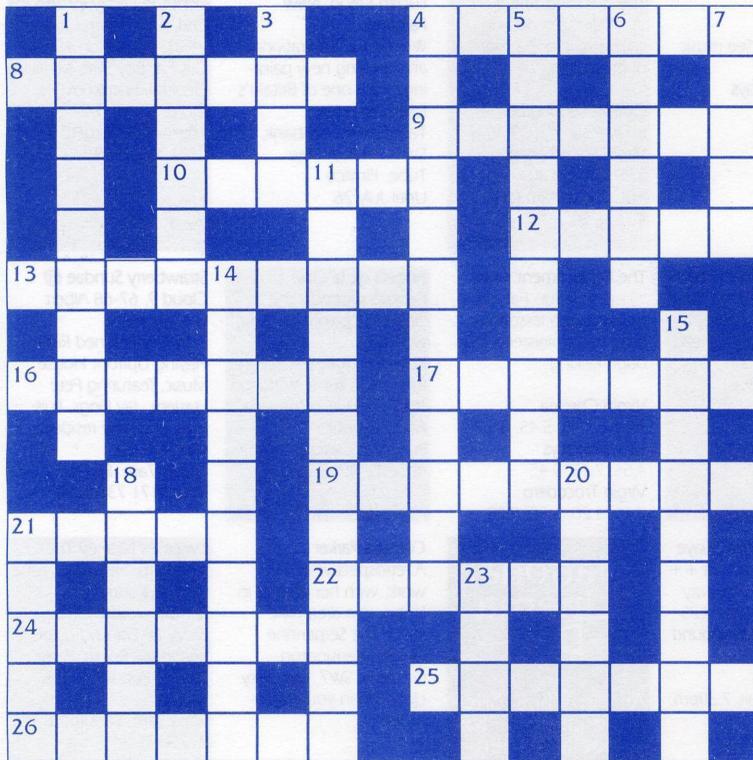
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PUZZLES

CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

By Ed Sexton



ACROSS

- 4 Help reduced in confusion over disease, but with rosy ending (7)
 8 Invalid, yet calm? (7)
 9 Drunk at new weds' gig (7)
 10 Tiger in trouble loses right to burn (6)
 12 Blackbird found in English river with legs first? (5)
 13 Beating half of them while thieving? (9)
 16 Scan hut, perhaps, and discover firm (7)
 17 Abandon perspective for 3D designers? (7)
 19 Area of London made commonplace by Ed (9)
 21 Form fungi (5)
 22 Unhappy and shaken Del arose from seat (6)
 24 Fed up with ocean? (7)
 25 Unstable Pap to praise and congratulate (7)
 26 If edible, use this to sort of try clue (7)

DOWN

- 1 When in trouble, a true chap uses canopy (9)
 2 In library I do hide energy! (6)
 3 A French no-one (4)
 4 Trip could bring CID's icy glare, perhaps (8, 4)
 5 Bins policy in trouble with drug (10)
 6 Calor gas man hides then comes (6)
 7 Starting yesterday, mannequin reduced to song (5)
 11 Emerald spirit? (5, 7)
 14 Zebedee loses 'e, right, with inn tidying up at speed (10)
 15 Sour tunes can be tough (9)
 18 Sounds like line with delay - what a state! (6)
 20 Woman left in New York regularly (6)
 21 Museum half with this college make entertainment (5)
 23 Sip nasty after penny slopes (4)

Angry Fists

They knew exactly what lay ahead of them as they set out early last Sunday morning. The three; Mike Corrigan (ME4), and Paul Watson (CE4) together with Nick "Kick-ass from Hellas" Kassapakis (Phys PhD), having trained for 4 years with the IC Kung Fu club, were going for black belt.

After a fine display of forms (fixed movements), the action began to heat up as the free sparring got underway. The 2-v-1 bouts were fierce with Mike moving so fast around his two opponents that he left a trail of flames burning in the ring and Paul taking a bit of a bruising from two trained thugs. Next came the group sparring with opposition from Manchester and Wales. This event saw Paul trying his best not to accidentally knock people out with his lethal turning kick (unsuccessfully). As bout after bout was fought and

won, the IC boys began to show that it wasn't just big IQ's that they were packing. Having sorted out the animate objects, now the only challenge left to the team was the breaking.



Another batch of perfectly good roofing tiles is dispatched in the name of sport.

All three smashed their way through eight roof tiles with only just enough time to apply the Deep Freeze before having to chop clean through a defenceless house-brick. Now the only thing that stood between the boys and their black belts was two inches of wood, but not for long as the explosive power rocketed from the feet of the IC masters, initiating fast fracture in the organic composite.

Wu Shu Kwan runs regular classes in Southside Gym on Saturdays and the Union Gym on Sundays, beginning at 4.30pm. Beginners are welcome at any time and the first lesson is free!

Korfball (?)

It was some time on a Sunday morning that I didn't know even existed and the UL Korfball team were heading out to Cambridge in search of success and fortune. But what is korfball You must be wondering [Not really - Jacob]. It's a Dutch game similar to basket ball and net ball in that you have to get a ball into a basket more times than the opposition but that is where the similarities end. For a start, it is played by mixed teams. The baskets are moved towards the centre of each half so that when you miss a shot, play continues. This happens very frequently as the baskets are higher than in either of the other two games.

Before we knew what was happening, we were in to the final against our old rivals Cambridge University. The game went into extra time. After two minutes we had managed to creep into the lead 3-4, winning the club's third piece of silverware in 18 years.

Anybody interested in taking up korfball, contact the club president, Marcus (m.scotti@ic.ac.uk) or see our web page at: www.ucl.ac.uk/~dmcbrit/ULK/.

Cricket

IC 1st were playing in the semi-final. As we massed in the union the signs were grim. For a start there were three second teamers. However, it was a talented bunch that arrived at Harlington, after we had disposed of their firsts in the previous years semi-final.

The batting started solidly with Jon scoring about as frequently as his football namesakes and Imran Khan playing nowhere near as well as his. We then attempted England (cricket) style suicide as we lost seven wickets for about fifty runs before Graham rescued the team with a sparkling 42 not out. Our final score of 158 - 8 looked respectable but the gold was yet to come.

Raj started with a superb over into the wind. Mardar took two wickets in his spell, delivering the ball like a tracer bullet, not bad for a guy with a girls' name. Archi and Jon took most of the remaining wickets and IC 1sts are into the final to defend the title we won last year.

The final is Wednesday afternoon and the coach leaves at 12.30pm from the Union. All supporters are very welcome. It will be a great day out.