

COLOUR EXTRAVAGANZA

Sixty-page
Bumper Issue

SUMMER SOUNDS

Guide to the
Festivals

GOT SOME SPARE TIME?

Jumbo ^{SP}
Crossword

Interview with the Rector

FEELIX

The Students' Newspaper at Imperial College

Issue 1119

24 June 1998



Campus Renaissance Game
The Tunnels of IC
Trip to Le Mans

Smashing Pumpkins, Spiritualized
& the Embrace War
Massive Film Preview
Thailand Travel Diaries

**IN GORGEOUS
FULL COLOUR**

20

19

The Rector nicks your parking space. Miss a go.



18

17

Linstead Hall gets 'concrete cancer'



16

15

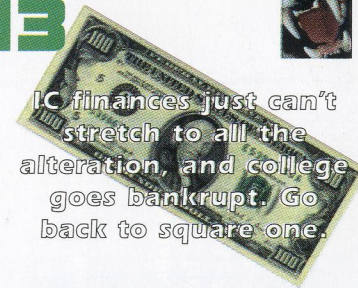
Automatic seating in Great Hall opens unexpectedly during exam, killing fifty.



14

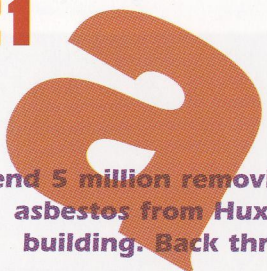
13

IC finances just can't stretch to all the alteration, and college goes bankrupt. Go back to square one.



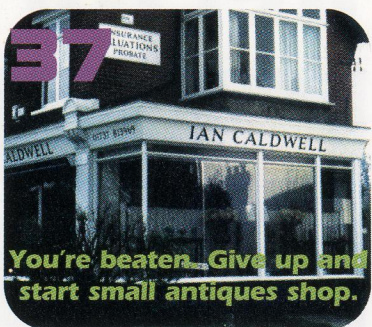
21

Spend 5 million removing asbestos from Huxley building. Back three.



38

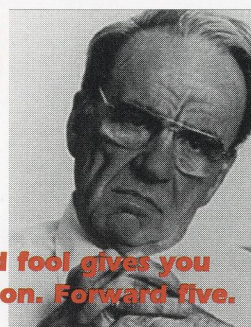
37



You're beaten. Give up and start small antiques shop.

36

35



Rich old fool gives you £2 million. Forward five.

34

33

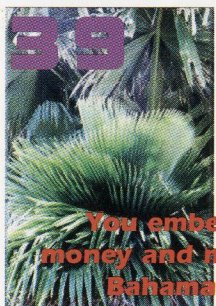
Felix finds out that you bunged the builders to work Faster. Back one.



12

22

39



You embezzle all the money and move to the Bahamas. The End.

THE

Campus Renaissance

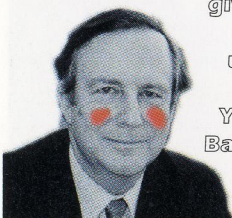
GAME

32

11

John Foster electrocutes himself while cutting IC Radio's JCR feed. Go Forward one.

23



Periodic Table Fountain gives College Secretary unexpected enema. You're fired. Back to start.

40

You've done it!

The campus is a modern, pleasant and functional place! You wake up from dream. Back to Start.

31

You Bung Builders to Work Faster. Forward three.



10

24

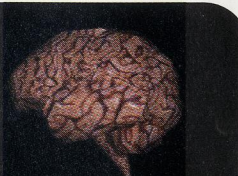
25

Conference Office doesn't buy new furniture. Take an extra go.



26

27

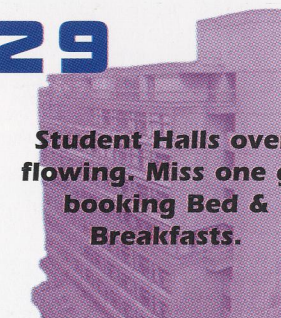


Take over another failing medical school. Move three steps forward, two steps back.

28

29

Student Halls overflowing. Miss one go booking Bed & Breakfasts.



30

9

You give the Sheffield building a face-lift. It still looks horrible. Hey ho, miss a go.



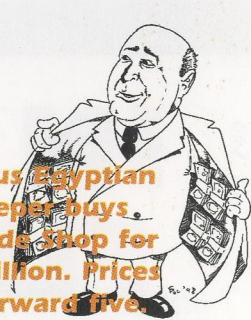
1 To start

Place one chunk of asbestos per player on this square, roll a die, and try your luck at the CAMPUS RENAISSANCE GAME

2

3

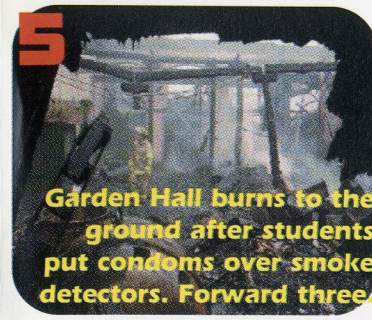
Infamous Egyptian shopkeeper buys Southside Shop for £0.5 million. Prices Fall. Forward five.



4

5

Garden Hall burns to the ground after students put condoms over smoke detectors. Forward three.



6

7

Silwood Park nuclear reactor explodes. Back three.



8



Sabbatical Elections Finally Over (Yawn)

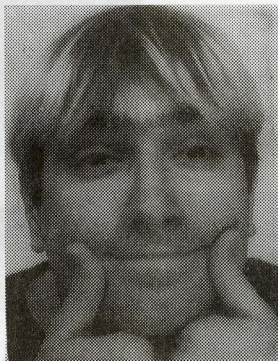
DAVID ROBERTS

With just six days to go before the end of term, the Union has at last completed next year's sabbatical line-up, with Chris Ince elected as Deputy President (Finance & Services) by one of the lowest turnouts in living memory.

The election, which took place last Wednesday and Thursday, was called when the previous DP (F&S)-elect, Dave Wharton, resigned. Mr Wharton was elected last February, alongside Dave Hellard, Adam Cherrington and Ed Sexton, but stood down when it became clear that he would not pass his examinations. Rather than leave the Union in limbo whilst he awaited official confirmation of his results, he decided to open-up the field for new candidates, to ensure that someone filled this vital role.

When papers for the post came down on 9 June, Mr Ince was the only candidate to throw his hat into the ring, and with the result seemingly a foregone conclusion, very little enthusiasm was shown by the electorate. Hustings at both Charing Cross and South Kensington were cancelled, and the traditional IC Radio and Felix interviews did not take place. Consequently, most students were unaware that the election was taking place, resulting in a turnout of just 395 – less than five percent of the registered electorate.

On a more positive note, those who did turnout returned Mr Ince by one of the most comfortable margins ever recorded. Mr Ince beat New Election (the only other "candidate") at every polling station apart from Silwood Park, registering 85% of the votes cast and notching

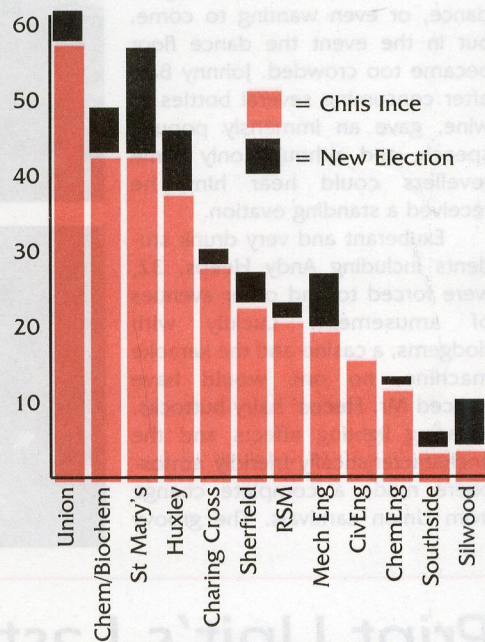


up a 336 to 57 victory.

The result was greeted with relief in Union circles. Senior Union figures have been understandably concerned that a New Election result would leave the Union in crisis, forced to survive without one of its most vital officers until elections could be held in October. Indeed, ICU President Andy Heeps had described the prospect as "more serious than having to do without a President". However, the election of Chris Ince has been warmly received, with Mr Ince (a long-term Union stalwart, now in his sixth year at Imperial) believed to represent a worthy successor to the current incumbent, Rob Clark.

Mr Ince was elected on a platform of financial prudence and review, highlighting student training as one of his principle policies. He promised to organise financial training for every club or society treasurer, and thus ensure proper controls at all levels of Union funding. He has also made manifesto commitments to pursue a thorough review of the levels of subsidy offered to Union clubs and societies.

Whilst the election result itself represents good news for the Union, the pitifully low turnout is symptomatic of a far wider problem. Senior Union figures continue to cite general contentment with the way the Union is run and exam pressures as the root cause, but serious questions still remain as to why so few IC students really seem to care about the organisation which is supposed to represent them. If messrs Hellard, Ince and Cherrington wish to claim a true democratic mandate to run the Union, then their biggest challenge will perhaps be to stop this downward spiral from continuing any further.



STOIC Make Offal TV

JON TROUT

Friday night Channel Four viewers might have had a bit of a fright. For the discerning post-pub punter Victor Lewis-Smith's TV Offal has proven to be compulsive viewing for the last few weeks; genuine footage from assassinations, honest obituaries of unlikeable television presenters and slick jingles from the original BBC Radio



One singers making it an instant favourite. Another feature is the "Crappy Logo of the Week", featuring last week ICU's Student Television of Imperial College. The pictures showed the indeed substandard logo; a revolving cardboard dodecahedron. They went on to show some eternally recognisable Imperial unfortunates, a chap with a poodle haircut and a celebrity interview. It came as quite a shock to Mike Gibbs, STOIC chair, who only became aware of it after the broadcast.

Anonymous Channel 4 researchers had asked to look through the archives a month ago, promising to pay for any footage they used, in the region of over a hundred pounds a second. After a largely unproductive couple of years, the money could prove a godsend in providing funds for a non-linear editing suite, which would make production easy even for beginners. One Publication Board member said: "That the frightful design and hopeless taste of late sixties stu-



dents will ensure the immediate future of the struggling society is sweetly ironic. Hopefully we can use the cash to get a few more people interested in getting STOIC to make television programmes." Mike Gibbs is about 22.

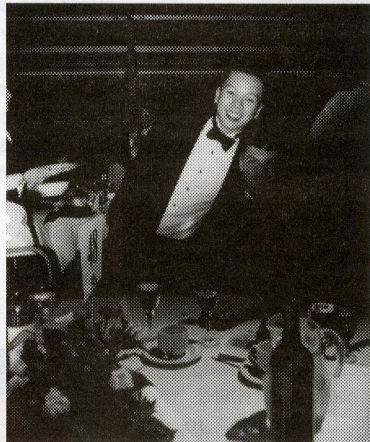
Summer Ball Success

ALAN GEER AND JULIA HARRIES

The first ever Imperial College Summer Ball was held on Friday 19 of June at Alexandra Palace, and proved to be an unprecedented success. The event, which sold out several weeks ago, was attended by over a thousand people. Apart from only seven coaches turning up to take people to the Ball and the ridiculously small numbers of bar staff, the Ball was enjoyed by all. Organisers had not planned on apathetic IC students wanting to dance, or even wanting to come, but in the event the dance floor became too crowded. Johnny Ball, after consuming several bottles of wine, gave an immensely popular speech, and although only some revellers could hear him, he received a standing ovation.

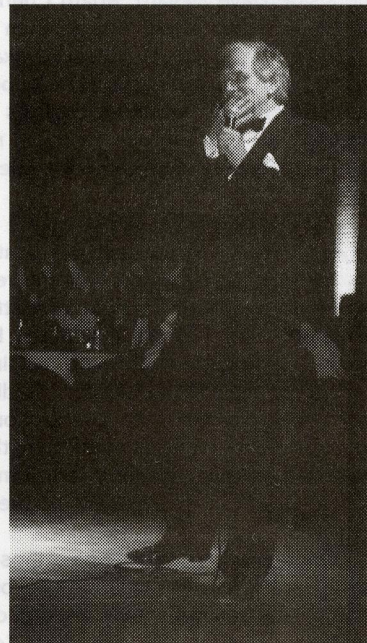
Exuberant and very drunk students including Andy Heeps, 32, were forced to find other avenues of amusement. Luckily with dodgems, a casino and the karaoke machine, no one would have noticed Mr. Heeps' hairy buttocks. Amazing lighting effects and the uncharacteristically friendly atmosphere made a complete change from Union carnivals. The groovy

crowds partied until they were finally forced out in the early hours by weary Ally Pally staff. It looks like the Imperial Ball is here to stay, make sure you get your tickets early next year.



Left: Ling Lee, one of the students who organised the ball;. Below: The dodgems were a big attraction. Right Johnny Ball in the middle of his popular after-dinner speech. Above: The small dance floor was crammed to capacity.

Photos: Mark Baker.



Print Unit's Last Impression

JEREMY THOMSON

After nearly twenty years, ICU Print Unit is set to close. The printshop, which is thought to be the only in-house union printing facility in the country received its death-knell from a unanimous vote from an emergency ICU council last Friday.

The print unit was founded by Felix in order to provide cheap, fast newspaper printing. It continued for many years, growing larger and undertaking jobs for clubs and other organisations. It was run under the management of subsequent Felix editors, until a decision was made in 1995 to expand it into a full trading outlet.

Over the last two years, however, the unit has run into problems. Firstly, the space occupied by the print unit is required for the extension of dBs taking place this summer, and no provision for new space has been confirmed by college. Problems have also been

encountered in training students to print, and lack of profits have ruled out a full-time professional printer. Concern about the newly revealed financial performance of the print unit and the need for major investment brought matters to a head. Further bad news came from the print unit manager, who revealed that he was considering retirement at the end of this year.

Several options were considered by council, including expanding the unit, switching to new printing technology or handing control of the print shop back to Felix, the option favoured by the current Felix editor. In the end, however, it was decided to give all jobs to external printing companies and pull the plug.

The equipment owned by the print unit is being sold, and the proceeds are currently set to fund the 'Animal House' - the new ICU media centre to be built in the west wing basement of Beit Quad next

year. Felix itself looks likely to be produced by East End Offset in Bow, who have also printed this issue.

Concern was raised by both the Felix Editor and the editor elect, Ed Sexton, over the timing of Felix production. The current tradition of a Friday release would prevent up-to-date news coverage, and would delay sports reporting by at least a week. "We will have to seriously consider whether it is worth continuing as a weekly publication", said Ed Sexton. "The Print Unit was created by Felix, for Felix", explained current editor Jeremy Thomson, "We are facing problems, but not insurmountable ones. I think it is a great shame that, because the union has been able to develop the Print Shop into a trading outlet, they have simply closed it."

However, the discussions remained diplomatic, with Andy Heeps recognising the origin of the print shop; "I think that there is a

strong argument that Felix should receive the majority of the proceeds from the closure - though it's all union money in the end", he said. The Print Unit Manager, Andy Thompson, also seemed resigned to the fate of the printshop; "Obviously, my initial reaction was one of disappointment, that the union's development of dBs failed to take into account the requirements of its Print Unit. However, the print industry is fast-changing and without major investment in not only equipment, but also staff, we could never hope to compete. Furthermore, if the Print Unit were to succeed as a trading outlet by taking on major accounts, this would be to the detriment of the union's clubs and societies, which to my mind would be a conflict of interest."



News in Brief...

TO PAY OR NOT TO PAY?

The start of next term sees the introduction of tuition fees, with an estimated one third of students paying £1,000 per year for their education. Current surveys suggest that most would-be students are in the dark concerning how the fees will affect them, and how much they will have to pay. Despite government assurances that the fees will be means-tested, their own figures indicate that student numbers could drop in the next few years as parents are reluctant to pay the fees. The NUS has estimated that universities could be left with £31 million per year of unpaid fees, which begs the question what will universities do with students who refuse to pay?

Oxford University made clear its position on this subject last week. In plans that are bound to upset students, the University has declared that it will expel anyone who fails to pay before the end of the first term. Such students will be denied all access to the University until they have paid off their debt. Other universities can be expected to take a similar stance, although Imperial's position on the matter was unknown at the time Felix went to press.

MINIMUM WAGE

Britain is to have a minimum wage, starting in April 1999. Last week the government accepted recommendations from the Low Pay Commission to set the minimum wage at £3.60 per hour. The rate for 18 to 21 year olds will be lower, however, starting at £3.00 and rising to £3.20 in June 2000. Under 18s will not be covered by the minimum wage.

The announcement of a minimum wage brings Britain in line with other European countries, most of whom have higher minimum rates of pay. There are also no plans to link Britain's minimum wage to inflation, so its actual value is likely to decline over time. Margaret Beckett, President of

the Board of Trade, has denied that the minimum wage is a watered-down version of the government's manifesto pledge: In the House of Commons she claimed that it would help two million workers escape from "poverty pay".

The Conservative Opposition has criticised the concept of a minimum wage: Speaking in the Commons, John Redwood, Shadow President of the Board of Trade, claimed that "a minimum wage policy will not work". Before the announcement was made many small businesses were worried that a minimum wage would damage their prospects, but the £3.60 level is much lower than many expected. Workers' unions had pressed for over one pound more an hour, and many feel betrayed by New Labour. Business groups, however, have accepted the pay level as reasonable.

MOD LIKES A BIT

A defence establishment in Worcestershire has become the latest company to discover its employees are using computers at work to download pornography from the internet. More than 170,000 images were allegedly found during routine security checks on computer systems at the Defence Evaluation and Research Agency. The agency is responsible for developing battle-field technology for the Ministry of Defence: One computer, supposed to be used to communicate with defence experts around the world, was found to have spent 70% of its last three weeks' online time downloading images.

The issue is almost certainly going to be raised in parliament this week, with internet pornography already being a topical political talking point. With the internet now a regular feature of most offices, and the number of pornographic or otherwise dubious websites rising, it is felt that legal safeguards must be put in place. The problem of how to regulate an international network comprised of millions of computers has yet to be satisfactorily answered.

IC Win UL Cricket Cup – Or Do They?

JEREMY THOMSON

IC's cricket first team returned victorious from Motspur Park last Tuesday, after beating Royal Holloway by four wickets to take the University of London League Cup.

However, they are now facing disqualification after a complaint from the Royal Holloway team that they had fielded ringers in the final. The controversy is centred on IC batsman Imran Khan, who opened



play but was bowled out for just one run. Mr Khan is a medical student and, according to Royal Holloway, is not eligible to play in the Imperial College team, despite the fact St Mary's did not field a team this year.

The University of London Union does not yet recognise ICSM as part of Imperial College, although from next year medical students

will be able to play for IC teams where there is no alternative. As the situation is not clear, a ULU committee will meet to examine the rules of the league.

Charlie Joynt, DP(C&S), said that the situation is "ridiculous". "He [Imran Khan] has been playing for three or four years, and they've never complained before." Andy Heeps, ICU President, went further; "It's typical of bloody ULU", he said, "as far as I'm concerned, we're keeping the cup."

In a recent development, it has now been revealed that Mr Khan's performance in a previous match may have been more influential. Apparently, a score of forty while playing for the IC second team could have prevented an all-Holloway final.

For a report of the match, see page 58

£2.5m Motspur Sale

DAVID ROBERTS

The final meeting of the year for University of London Union Council saw the sale of Motspur Park, the ULU sportsground and one of the Union's biggest assets.

The sale has been in negotiations all year, ever since the first offers for the ground were received by the Union. Both Fulham FC and Chelsea FC, who wish to use the ground as a training facility, submitted bids well above the valuation made by the University. However, the offer from Fulham (owned by Harrods boss Mohammed al Fayed) has been viewed as more favourable by the Union's negotiators - importantly, Fulham pledge to ensure no reduction in student usage of the site. Consequently, whilst the Union stands to profit to the tune of £2-2.5 million from the sale, and save up to £95,000 on annual mainte-

nance charges, a rental charge of just £5000 a year should see no change in student activity at the site.

The meeting questioned the proposal at length, expressing concern at the long term implications of the sale. However, a guarantee of a percentage of any profits generated by a further sale of the ground within the next twenty years appeased those present. The President of ULU, Siva Ganeshanadan, also promised that all proceeds from the sale will be set aside to fund a new sports facility, which will probably be a new sports hall in the Bloomsbury area.

A vote on the proposal gave the go-ahead to Mr Ganeshanadan to finalise details of the sale. Contracts should be completed and signed by the end of the summer, so that the deal can be completed in time for the new academic year.



Even Numbers Outlawed

ROSS NEWELL

IC High Command has proposed a plethora of radical cost-cutting exercises including the outlawing of even numbers.

The new ruling is causing a stir all over the college. The new system will replace the even digits, including even digits in decimal numbers, with the Greek letter lambda (λ). The ruling does not yet cover 0, but this is likely to be included in the next wave during the summer. Thus the old digits 2, 4, 6, 8 will all be replaced by λ , λ , λ , λ .

The decision comes after Imperial again made a loss in the 2nd quarter. IC's share price fell by almost 20% as confidence in the college fell. This was compounded

by a rise in cost by the suppliers - student prices have gone up by £3.45 per kilogram over the past 3 months and prices are still rising. The ICHC is considering only purchasing 85% of the normal intake in the coming year.

It is estimated that 15% of all Imperial's academic spending (3% of total spending) is on the use of even numbers. The move has had positive reactions from all over college. The Maths Department, represented by Mr C Broker of Sherfield, said "We are really pleased with the move, as it will reduce our workload by $\lambda 0\%$ ". There was also a positive reception from the Mechanical Engineering department, represented by Mr C Broker from Sherfield, who said "This is great as all our plans auto-

matically convert themselves from imperial units to metric... those metric units always puzzled us". Mr C Broker, speaking on behalf of the Computing Department, commented "We only use zeros and ones anyway".

However, despite the move being officially approved by the departments, there has been some criticism by the Union. Miss D Foster standing in for Mr C Broker said "This is a big blow both for the Union and for students generally. Student grants have now decreased by $\lambda\lambda\%$. This will hit the students hard. Where..." Mr C Broker returned to relieve Miss D Foster and carried on "The Union is delighted by the decision and will support ICHC all the way."

NEWS FEATURE

Sheep Maintenance Failing

Britain has a long and proud history in sheep maintenance. As recently as 1968, the world-leading companies were all based in the UK. Yet foreign competition has caused the practice to all but die out. Ross Newell investigates...

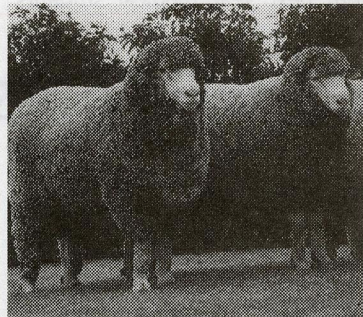
Britain lags behind the world in many ways, but none more so than the vital area of Sheep Maintenance. Britain, one of the pioneers of this important area, has neglected it for too long.

Sheep Maintenance in Britain has a long history. The Fundamental Principle of Sheep Maintenance was developed at Cambridge University by Sir Millford Haven in 1902. Then in the 1970s, when the world had all but forgotten Shep Main, Margaret Terrace of Imperial College laid down the foundations for modern Shep Main when she developed the now legendary Terrace equation.

Shortly after this, however, funding for Shep Main in Britain all but disappeared. Why is it that when Shep Main started to break even, Britain ignored it? Why did Britain look the other way when Shep Main could be seen to be a serious commercial venture? It comes down to pride; the British people think they are too good for lowly Shep Main. Government and Businesses see Shep Main as an industry for inferior countries, but

can we afford to ignore an industry with a turnover of £350 billion per annum?

Prejudice is not confined to government and commercial interests; indeed, here at Imperial, a



Thanks to cuts and underfunding, even prize young specimens like these are being left to suffer rusting, exhaust problems and infrequent oil changes

place renowned for scientific indifference (you know what I mean), there is Shep Main prejudice. One need only look at Imperial's accounts to see that the Shep Main department is seriously underfunded. The budget for IC Shep Main this year is only £4.32 and a McDonald's voucher, whereas Princeton USA Shep Main has a budget of £25.3 quillion and its own nuclear power station. We are seeing the best British Shep Main students head-hunted by foreign universities. How are we supposed

to compete with Barcelona, whose Shep Main Dept has a missile launch centre and two Cray supercomputers, when our own has only a box of soggy fireworks and a Commodore 64 with a broken 't' key?

The under investment in Britain is not confined to Imperial, Cambridge Shep Main has an equally small budget and is forced to use a bus shelter to lecture 1st year students. This problem is compounded by Simon Baker, who uses the shelter to teach 40 five year olds to read using yesterday's copy of the Sun. Oxford Shep Main, among others, has been taken over by the mafia to be used as a money laundering business.

This is one of the problems the government should be tackling head on. Will we stand aside and let our ailing Shep Main industry collapse or will we stand up and fight back? The British Shep Main industry needs your help.

You must stand up and say that you appreciate their work. You must buy British, even though Japan makes higher quality products at lower prices, you must support the British economy. There is still time to put Britain at the top of the pack again, but time is running out fast and the competition is strong.

Briefly...

NEW MASCOT ANNOUNCED

A new College initiative has named serial killer Bob Goodwin (34) as the new unified college mascot. He will replace all the CCU mascots to reduce costs. Bob will attend college events such as inter-university football games and University Challenge matches. He will offer moral support, encouragement and will execute any member of the enemy/opposition who causes an obstacle to IC's team's domination of the game/match/world.

These rules are due to come into effect at the start of next term, but there is still time to object to the proposals. Future cuts on the cards include a reduction in the number of allowable dimensions on campus, revoking Newton's 2nd and 3rd laws, and eventual relocation to Inverness of all non-critical (academic) departments.

FOUL STENCH

Academic research was severely affected on Friday, as a noxious aroma drifted over the entirety of the South Kensington campus. Initially, it was believed that the odour emanated from the Chemistry department, where certain members are engaged in research into non-aromatic heterocycles, but this proved to be false when the real source of the smell was found to be the RCSU office. When questioned about the odour, officers denied that it was their fault, claiming that the recent spell of hot weather had caused the sewer system to overload. When pressed, however, they did admit to not having changed their clothes for the past two and a half years. Disgusted, Security closed the office, and began fumigation procedures. The offending parties were sent to St Mary's Hospital to have their clothes surgically removed and incinerated. Helen-Louise Windsor is 35.



Back at Last
Tricky's Latest
Album Reviewed
Colour
Extravaganza

Union AGM Ends in Farc

It is a sad day for the Union of Students as the AGM ends in farce. The Union has been in a state of confusion since the election of Simon Baker as President. The AGM was a chaotic affair, with the President-elect being elected by a vote of 100 against 99. The Union's finances are in a state of chaos, with the President-elect being elected by a vote of 100 against 99. The Union's finances are in a state of chaos, with the President-elect being elected by a vote of 100 against 99.



FELIX

Issue 1119

24 June 1998

www.su.ic.ac.uk/Felix

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Felix is produced for and on behalf of Imperial College Union Publication Board.

Felix is a registered newspaper
ISSN 1040 - 0711

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Printed at East End Offset, Unit 7, Empson Street, Bromley-by-Bow London E3 3LT.
Phone 0171 538 2521
Fax 0171 538 0018

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Games Editor: Mark Baker
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Letters to Felix...

GENUINE LETTER

Dear Felix,
Hmmm. I had always thought Simon Baker as merely a chemistry student with a big mouth. But now it turns out that he's a world-class economist as well. Wow, what a man!
Yours, A. R. Seface

HEEPS 'FUCKED'

Sir,
As a regular contributor, I have in my three years at Imperial so far restrained from correspondence with the letters page. This being the last issue of the year and, if my exams were as bad as they may well have been, potentially my last, I pray your indulgence in allowing me few words, if I may, on the inaugural ICU Summer Ball. I wish to thank the organising team for an outstanding achievement; their work was exemplary and deserves reward. The Alexandra Palace was a wonderful venue, the food outstanding and the entertainment superb. Minor gripes, though, as all good letters must have. The bus company, who promised to send sixteen buses, provided only eight. This made transport more than a little trying. My main reason for writing though, was the appalling behaviour of our outgoing President, Mr Andrew Heeps. After a competent and largely successful year in office, and a pleasing post after-dinner speech thanking the organisers, Mr Heeps' conduct grew steadily worse. Leching over the outgoing ICSM President (Miss Katie Armstrong) for the majority of the night, his amorous attentions turned to his male company, and he was seen with his tongue down the throat of, amongst others, both Deputy Presidents, a ULU Sabbatical, the Publication Board chair, the Council Chair and unfortunately, this unfortunate correspondent. He sang coarse songs and danced solo for the entire return coach journey, and was described by one friend as being "utterly, utterly, utterly fucked. The man could not have been any more drunk." Is this the proper behaviour of an ambassador for our Union? Or the sad demise which many thought would accompany the gradual move back to the rigours of medical studies? I think that we should be told. Good luck Andy:

Remember; I have the negatives, let's talk business.

Ever yours,
Jonathan Trout, Features Editor
1997-8

MINIMUM WAGE RIP-OFF

Dear Felix,
Last week's announcement by Margaret Beckett that the minimum wage will be £3.60 for most workers but only £3.00 for those between 18 and 21 is another kick in the balls for us 'youths'.
Due to be 'phased in' between next April and June 2000, this proposal will affect some vulnerable groups e.g. students, those trying to hold down a starting job or even raise a young family (those on the New Deal will get something different again). So which of these is only worth £3.00 an hour? Even the Union's basic rate is £3.65 and that's not taxed.
Young people have always been exploited (re: the child labour uproars) but to institutionalise this situation is criminal. It sounds like Mrs Beckett will shortly be getting her come-uppance but like most

big organised crime the bosses will probably continue to live unchallenged in numbers 10 and 11.

Yours, Antoine Jeanson

DIVINE ENGINEERING

Sir
The last few weeks have seen the Genetic Engineering debate increase in pace, thanks largely to some unhelpful comments by HRH Prince Charles. Denouncing the science of genetics as playing God is hardly accurate and, in my mind, an insult to monotheistic religions. Does the Prince think medical intervention at car accidents is also a little too divine? Or, like much of the population, is he simply dismissing something as evil because he fails to understand it? Genetic Engineering, like all new technologies, has the potential to be misused. It also holds the possibility of reducing disease and hunger throughout the world, something I hope the Prince would applaud.
yours as a biologist,
Ed Sexton, Felix Editor Elect



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The Centre for Computing Services (CCS) regrets to inform you that all computing/network services normally provided via the main CCS Computer Room/Network Control Centre, based in the Mechanical Engineering Building on the South Kensington campus, will be unavailable during the weekend beginning 17.00 on Friday July 10th.. It is planned to have services restored by 09.00 on Monday July 13th.

Given the very complex and integrated nature of the College computing and network facilities it is highly likely that if you do come into College that weekend you will only be able to use your computer system to run its own local applications.

There will be NO ACCESS to any CCS or external computing/network services from on campus nor to any College computing/network services from off campus. Examples of services affected are:

Access to the wide area network via Super-Janet
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 Departmental clusters that authorise against the IC domain
 E-mail servers e.g. Charing X, Brompton, Administration, Library
 Networked services e.g. dial-up services, DNS, the Mail relays
 Web servers e.g. College, Library, Student union, School of Medicine
 Administration services e.g. MISE, Administration Web
 Library services e.g. Libertas, ERL server, CD Rom server, public PCs

This loss of service is occurring because the entire power supply to the Mechanical Engineering Building, which houses the CCS, will be switched off for electrical safety checking at the request of the College's Estates Division. Given the problems caused by switching off the electrical supply for maintenance work, only limited maintenance has been completed since 1984. It is now essential to do a thorough check of each building to ensure that the College meets its legal obligations under the Health and Safety at Work Act. These inspections will be carried out in all Campus buildings over a period of time, it is the turn of the Mechanical Engineering Building on the weekend shown. Should you require further information please contact Arthur Spirling a.spirling@ic.ac.uk

Editorial

Ladies and gentlemen, I have failed. A year ago, Imperial College was a place where students' interests were not represented on the key planning and development committees; it was a place where students could flounder, fail and even disappear without any reaction or apparent concern from their department; and it was a disparate and uninterested community where the union existed in name but not in spirit.

Now, the situation is exactly the same. This is my fault. Not because I am responsible, but because it was my aim to change these things, and instead I spent my time gluing things together, swearing at salesmen, completing petty cash claims and emptying the dustbin. In short, I was far too busy running a newspaper to actually use it for anything.

Of all the things I have consistently failed to do over the last year, one of the omissions that has surprised me most is my total failure to have any more idea about how Imperial College actually works than I did when I still thought that Friday nights down the union were pretty neat back in the first year.

I expected to understand the machinations of the administra-

tion; I imagined being able to swagger about Suite Five greeting pro-rectors by their first name and slapping the college secretary on the back and asking him about his family; I thought that if there was anybody who would know what was happening before it happened, it would be me.

I can come up with plenty of perfectly good reasons why this didn't happen, not least that I already had seventy hours a week of less important things to deal with, and almost got sued at the beginning of the year. The real reason has nothing to do with this. The real reason why I never found out what was going on, why Ian Caldwell doesn't even recognise me and why I never met the rector is that I didn't actually, all things considered, want to.

For all my high-minded ideas and idealistic editorials, the truth is that I'm really not interested. I don't really care. I don't like authority, and I don't want it. As far as I'm concerned, you lot deserve all you get.

Goodbye, and good riddance. I'm off for a good sleep for the rest of my life.

Jeremy Thomson.
 Editor, 1997 - 8, apparently.

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SCIENCE IS COMING HOME

By Colin Dale

Just as many of us support a football team and have our favourite football heroes, so too do we all have our own favourite scientists. I have whiled away many an evening talking with friends about the truly magnificent work of Albert Einstein. I have a big poster of him on my wall, and whenever there is a programme about him on TV I wear my special Einstein wig, which is one of my most treasured possessions.

This is a particularly exciting time of year for avid science fans, because the exams bring the promise of glory and success. I for one get worked up into a state of frenzied excitement at the thought that questions relating to the work of my greatest hero might come up this year. I'm sure I speak for thousands of other students when I say that May and June are definitely the most thrilling months in the calendar.

Indeed, the exam period is such a major event that it can be used to justify the inclusion of all manner of pointless statistics: during the summer term, 5,000 students of all nationalities will take approximately 250 exams at venues all across the campus. They will use 6,479 answer books and produce 11,500 buckets of cold sweat, while that guy who always says 'You have five minutes remaining', will have walked a distance of 539 miles supplying extra answer books. Imperial College Catering are expecting an extra £2 million in revenue from the sale of as many as 200 JCR sandwiches.

As we enter the final weeks before the exams, a lot is at stake: success brings glory and the potential of huge financial gain, while failure brings a year of derision from your colleagues and the almost certain sacking of tutors and lecturers. So it is natural for excitement to reach fever pitch. It is quite normal to see large crowds gathering outside the hall before an exam, chanting Faraday's Law of Induction and waving banners with Schrodinger's equation written on them, their faces painted with various assortments of Greek letters.

Those who can't actually be there stay at home with a few mates and drink copious amounts of lager. Often, they start singing raucously about relativity whilst browsing through illicit textbooks. They also watch Open University programmes on TV with the sound turned up very loud, cheering wild-

ly every time someone says 'Fourier Transform'.

Fans may occasionally become rowdy, but most of them are



IC Students flock to see the final of the Bose-Einstein equation competition. Sadly, scenes like this may disappear as Sky TV plan to make the matches pay-per-view.

essentially harmless and are just out for a good time. However, in recent years we have seen the emergence of a new and highly threatening phenomenon: science hooliganism. Some students take things too far and are determined to use what should be an enjoyable day out as an excuse for violence and destruction. Last year, there were a number of disturbing incidents at our College.

One night, a group of drunken physics students, using the name Einstein's Army, scrawled 'E = mc²' all over the front of the Biochemistry building in red paint. In retaliation, a gang of thugs calling themselves the Louis Pasteur Appreciation Society raided the Physics Department in the early hours of the morning and drew large protein molecules on the blackboard in the main lecture theatre. Things came to a head when an exam had to be called off after a violent confrontation between the two groups. Many innocent candidates were hurt after invigilators in riot gear were called in to break up the disturbance. St John's Ambulance crews were kept busy for several hours treating head injuries from flying calculators and test tubes. Fighting also spilled over into central London, as drunken gangs of hooligans went on the rampage. Two such groups met on the Northern line and wrecked a whole train. Regular commuters were only too glad to pitch in and lend a hand.

This year, there were fears that these ugly scenes would once again be upon us. There were reports of a new and highly subversive under-

'Naturally we distance ourselves from this kind of behaviour. Obviously it's OK to get a few beers in while reciting your best loved equations, but this kind of mindless barbarism brings the whole of science into disrepute.'

The Registry was alerted, and this year, stringent measures have been taken to prevent a repetition of previous trouble. Members of staff have been given the authority to detain any student seen carrying large numbers of textbooks in a suspicious manner, and known troublemakers have had special codes imprinted on their swipecards to stop them gaining entry to the more important papers. Exam halls and lecture theatres have been declared alcohol-free zones. However, many law-abiding science fans see this as an infringement of civil liberties and object to being 'treated like animals' by heavy-handed invigilators. But it is a sad fact that this may be the only way to stop friendly rivalry from escalating into all-out war as we approach the climax of the academic year.

ground splinter group of Maxwell fans, who planned to run riot all over the campus wearing prosthetic beards, looking for rival fans to beat up. Mark Walsh, of the Official James Clerk Maxwell Fan Club, said,

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THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

Mein Kampf

Freshers, you are no longer. Try to remember your first day in hall; it probably involved much unpacking, a moment spent deciding how many posters it would take to cover the walls, serious drinking, a half-drunken mental estimation of the male/female ratio, possibly vomiting. Tonsil hockey, if you were particularly blessed. Then there was the week you spent not going to lectures while you met a load of people from your hall, people you haven't spoken to since week three. Freshers' Fair, where you signed up for eighty-five clubs, joined one of them, and then decided that your time would be better spent in Southside. Remember lectures? They were the boring things you attended for the first term only. Believe it or not, but some people have still got them. Some of you will have discovered drugs. Some of you will have discovered sex. Some will have embraced alcohol. A number of you will have done all three.

Following a first term in which you probably saw someone you fancied cavorting with someone else (such a Hall phenomenon that someone in my first year thought he might make a soap about it), you probably spent most of the latter half of the second term missing lectures. Some of you will be worrying about having failed their exams. Some will be panicking about next year's accommodation. Most will be deciding their plans for the summer. I am convincing myself that I won't be going to Glastonbury again.

At this moment in time, the average student's plans for the summer should be something along these lines: pay overdraft; catch up on all missed work from past year; watch a small amount of World Cup / Test matches / Wimbledon (delete as appropriate); sleep; eat; go to Amsterdam; remember to keep in touch with all the lovely new friends from College. By the end of the holiday, all of these aims will have been realised barring just two. I shall leave the estimation of which two as an exercise for the reader.

This year has also seen my rise from a humble engineering student to a revered wordsmith, capable of twisting the English language into such exquisite shapes that unsuspecting students have been known

to die outright on Friday mornings, upon experiencing the pure ecstasy imparted by my writing. When I strolled into the Felix office at the beginning of the year, only barely familiar with how it looked inside, I certainly did not expect to leave it with a regular column. Luckily, I was in the right place at the right time when the harassed editor, placed under the Felix girder for the duration of the year, was desperate for some material to fill a quarter-page. Two weeks later, when I ventured into the office again, I was asked where my contributions had been.

So began my second year, regarded widely as being "the worst year of your life". At first the novelty of becoming a minor celebrity, and having people that I didn't even know recognise me, was sufficient motivation to keep churning out the literary bilge. By the end of the first term I was getting pretty hacked off with my coursework, and even more hacked off writing five hundred words per week. A few punters pointed out that they could not understand where I got my ideas from. They had obviously not seen me pacing a path into the floor for three hours while attempting to chain-smoke a workable theme into my head. It was perhaps not surprising, then, when reported ripples of poor quality, egomaniacal drivel began to spoil the unbroken surface of my half-page's moonlit lake. The less imaginative of these include the Features Editor's poetic description of one composition which made rather too heavy use of the word "shit".

The most notable contributor to these tidal waves of abuse was a certain ex-girlfriend of mine. Rather than greeting me with something gratifying such as, "Hello. I've missed you," I got a comment stating that my material was "nothing more than self-indulgent twaddle", before she went on to steal my cigarettes and take up valuable space on the sofa.

Having known virtually zero about the workings of the Union last year, during all that New Election rubbish, I decided perhaps that readers weren't that interested in the Union or College at all. I thought I'd write about something a bit different. My aim was to turn out something interesting; amusing; occasionally bizarre; not

wrapped up in politics and fairly clean. What eight thousand readers probably got was something eccentric; peculiar; egocentric; politics-free but still rather boring; and fairly clean. Try thinking of thirty different ideas that might be amusing, and then think of four to six hundred words' worth of material for each, and you will begin to see the flaw in the plan.

Having said that, I reckon a few valid points were made on the way. Will sheer processing power conquer Shakespeare? Is an ego desirable? Will Geri succeed on her own? And most importantly, who is Columbo's dealer? Despite epoch-making questions like these, my only correspondence over the entire year came from a medical student who had postulated an intriguing scientific theorem involving curry.

Felix, also, has seen some changes. Sub-editors have come and gone; enthusiastic music reviewers have made the office their own on a Friday afternoon; an IC Radio page has mysteriously

appeared; a premature April Fool's jape has fooled hundreds; the newsteam have evaporated like ideas for a column; and finally the old Felix site has been sacrificed for something far less interesting, aided by some pre-emptive destruction by a homeless student newspaper's staff.

So I carry my column's cross to Golgotha, the Place of the Skull, and see it crucified along with "Digs the Dirt" and "Westminster Eye", one on either side. Not that I claim these scribbles are in any way God-like. On the contrary, TFTD will soon go to hell. And the robbers? Everlasting life.

Ali Campbell

ALL STUDENTS

During the summer vacation, BREAKFAST will be available in the SENIOR COMMON ROOM on a daily basis from 7.30 am - 10. am.

LUNCH (including Quicks and the Curry Bar) will be available in the MAIN DINING HALL.

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

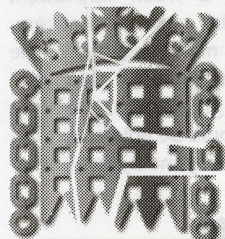
We regret any inconvenience to customers whilst the JCR is renovated

Mr Blair is a pretty straight sort of guy. At least, this is certainly what the Labour publicity machine would have us believe. In Northern Ireland Tony Blair made a simple handwritten pledge concerning the release of paramilitary prisoners which was considered to have had an enormous effect on Unionist opinion of the Good Friday Agreement. When the press lambasted him over the million-pound donation to Labour by Bernie Ecclestone, followed by the exemption of Formula One racing from the ban on tobacco advertising, Tony addressed the nation in a fireside chat about how honest he was and how, like ordinary people, he made mistakes too. He didn't miss the opportunity to upbraid the press for daring to accuse him of basic corruption.

Naturally then the public will relax while Blair and Ashdown announce that they would be working together "to put power closer to the people". They also intend to renew the constitution and strengthen our individual rights. Some of this seems to be genuine. The creation of the Scottish Parliament, Welsh Assembly and Greater London Assembly should bring decision-making down to a more local level. No-one doubts that the Conservative Government drew power to the national government from local authorities on an unprecedented scale and that its Labour successors are looking at ways to reverse this process.

However, the constitutional plans Labour have are far more ominous. Britain is one of the few nations in the world not to have a written constitution, which is made up instead of a patchwork of parliamentary legislation and convention and common law. This puts it in a fragile state, although most politicians respect its status above party political advantage. It seems there are three fronts on which the Government intends to secure increase power for itself. The enormous majority Labour has in the Commons, and the ever-stratospheric public support it currently enjoys gives it a great opportunity to push through changes thought untenable by previous administrations. Lord Richard, the Labour Leader of the Lords, confirmed the Government's intention to remove the right of hereditary peers to speak and vote in the Lords. This has been known previously and has popular support. As detailed in their manifesto, the Government do not intend to replace the Upper

Chamber with anything until they have had a full consultation as to what to replace it with – which leaves an indefinite period of time where the Chamber of Parliament designed to scrutinise the work of the Commons will be filled with Tony's friends and other Labour placemen. It would become 'Blair's poodle' in the same way the Lords was 'Balfour's poodle' in the early 1900s. This would be less likely to happen if Lords reform happened in one go, and it seems discussion is all but exhausted as to the possibilities available in a reform. This



Hamish Common Westminster Eye

regrettably suggests that the only reason for this 'two-part' reformation is to give the Prime Minister effective total control over the membership of the Upper House, meaning that so much as a squeak from its appointed members, and Her Majesty will find herself delighted to summon twenty new Labour hacks to the House.

The next ominous sign is the way the Government seem to have been handling referendums. The manoeuvring over the arrangement of questions for the Scottish Parliament referendum and the prepared timing of the Welsh referendum to be a week after the Scottish one (tacticians calculated that the uprising of feeling after the certain "Yes" vote of the Scottish referendum would persuade the Welsh), combined with some blatant ministerial propaganda suggests that the Government wouldn't be amiss to vague wordings and careful timing to bias the result of referenda. With the Lords as an energetic poodle, legislation for such referenda shouldn't be difficult (it's already happened). The Government has already been lobbying the Neill inquiry, urging legal limits on referenda campaign spending to muffle publicity for the 'wrong' side of a referendum, allowing ministers to create propaganda as required.

To go back to the beginning again, the co-operation between Labour and Liberal Democrats on 'constitutional issues' is far more worrying in the present context where Labour genuinely could push through dangerous measures. Lord Jenkins has been running a review committee (entirely staffed by sim-

ilar-minded individuals) which will without an iota of doubt return suggesting we use proportional representation in Parliament. The Government has already allowed it to seep into political life through the Scottish Parliament (partly elected by PR) and the new electoral procedure for Britain's members of the European Parliament. We will undoubtedly be offered the opportunity to vote for PR in a referendum, which will naturally bring power to the people etc. and with the evidence that it worked in Scotland and Europe, combined

with the steamroller method used to push it through, we may well vote for it in the end.

The main purpose of PR is to keep Labour and the Lib Dems in power. That is all there is to it. Each party talks of the advantages of each system, but essentially the Conservative and Labour parties opposed it because our first-past-the-past system kept them in power and the Liberal Democrats wanted PR, which would give *them* power. Labour's initial opposition has been softened as they have found a way to keep the Tories out hopefully for good.

People may disagree with this column, suggesting that PR would actually work, and that it is disgraceful that the Greens/Lib Dems/whoever else's parliamentary representation is woefully short of its electoral mandate, leaving the two dominant parties in absolute power. However to see the real problems of PR, one has to step back from the plights of individuals and parties. The first past the post system gives the UK and elective dictatorship, where one party (more accurately, one Prime Minister) has vast power for five years. Then the people vote and the government remains in power or is replaced.

With PR the situation will be different. This time, no party will in reality ever have overall control, and will have to form a coalition. This may improve things on the lines that the smaller parties will be able to form coalitions and have some say in the affairs of government. While this may sound fine, it causes a host of dangerous problems. It firstly gives the Head of

State (in our case the Sovereign who is supposed to stay out of politics) the fearsome responsibility of inviting a person to form a coalition, seeing if it can be done, and if not inviting someone else and so on. As far as a person's vote counting for what finally gets into power, the second largest party usually wouldn't be invited to join, so their votes wouldn't matter as much as the votes for the smaller parties.

Assume Labour had got most votes in a General Election here. Then Her Majesty would ask the Labour leader to form a coalition, giving him say, a week to do so (otherwise his Downing Street days are over). He would ask say, the Lib Dems and the Ulster Unionists to do so, otherwise he won't have enough votes and another General Election could be called. Therefore the Lib Dems and the Ulster Unionists could exact whatever they wanted out of them, as happens all the time in countries with PR.

All the people who voted for the opposition party don't get a look in. The small parties receive a voice totally out of proportion with their electoral mandate, the Government governs the country to appease some minute party rather than the electorate, and the whole Government can be knocked down by a small party pulling out of a coalition. Italy's unstable PR system has caused endless embarrassment to it on the world stage, leaving it without coherent policies and decreasing respect by its people for its government. New Zealand is beginning to regret its decision to incorporate PR into its Parliament.

But there is something even more sinister about PR, which explains its support by some of the Blairite Labour apparatchiks. As the number of seats gained in the Parliament is proportional to the number of votes cast, the principle of constituencies and MPs for a particular area disappears. Instead the party would draw up ordered lists of members. Therefore the party would have total and absolute control over its parliamentary membership. Any discordant voices would be silenced by threat of disappearing off the lists for the 'ballot-box' in the next election. Internal party democracy, already badly damaged by Labour in the past three years, would breathe its last. Rather than putting power in the hands of the people and individual members, PR places it in the hands of party leaders, a motley collection of small parties and no-one else. A less democratic system would be hard to fathom.



Before we get started, I'm afraid it's necessary to mention a few basic points of bar etiquette. Firstly, what do you do if you knock over another chap's pint? Two possibilities- 'oh, did that have beer in it,' said after observing an enormous brown puddle on the floor. This is not correct. The proper response is 'I'm very sorry, let me get you another one.' Secondly, the playing of drums in Southside TV lounge while members of the human race are attempting to follow a World Cup game is not recommended. I shall say no more.

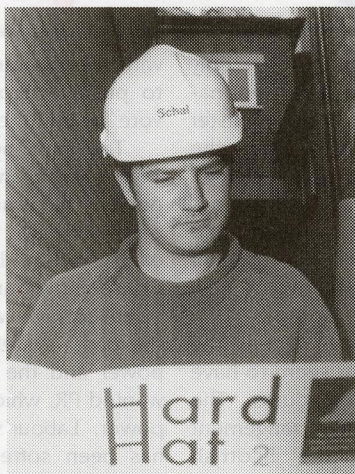
Start spreading the news, I'm leaving today. Well, not exactly, since I have been refused parole again, but the dubious application of Ol' Blue Eyes' lyrics have become a bit of a tradition in this column. Given that the great man is now playing the biggest venue of them all, I could not resist. For many of you, this will be the last Felix you read before you are cast into the cultural wilderness that is the real world. Some of you, now I come to think of it, started at broadly the same time as this column, affording you a glimpse of Imperial College life denied to your predecessors. Ah well, can't win 'em all.

This year has been fairly eventful for Imperial, containing low points and lower points. Ooh, such cynicism is one so young. Only joking. This year has been marked by a few big successes, none more so than the second position of IC in the Financial Times University survey, and first position of Southside Bar in the inter-bar boat race. If one wishes to demonstrate the changes that have occurred at Imperial, one need look no further than the BMS. Regular readers will know that I have been scathing about this project in its early stages, but as time has gone on, it has come together very successfully. Not perfectly, however, as the Rector has said in this issue, but I must say that compared to most building projects at IC, this one has gone like clockwork. The building itself, which I visited last week (thanks again to Phil Hilton and Ollie Clarke of Schal), is quite superb and utterly wasted on medics, who, as new members of the College, would be far better served by occupying a building steeped in the glorious history of Imperial, such as the neighbouring

Chemistry department. As for the biologists, so used to cramped, decaying facilities, they will more likely than not be forced to wear slippers for fear of dirtying the carpet.

So often these large projects suffer from continual compromise that eats away at the intended improvement of facilities, but in this case attention to detail is clear. Though I have obviously not seen the facilities intended for Snow White, her seven dwarves will be delighted with their toilets, particularly the loo roll dispensers that are six inches off the deck. Stranger still is the uncanny resemblance to the Southside toilets. If Sir Norman Foster popped in for a jar, the least he could have done was stand a round or two.

Simon Baker



Signs off

The Union has proved, as ever, to be a fairly eventful place. The carnivals have been very good, the beer has been very bad (stick to the Guinness, which is not bad at all) and the elections have been held at a rate that would give an Italian returning officer work-related stress. When we finally elected Andy Heeps, we got a very safe pair of hands to continue the excellent work of Eric Allsop. Sheffield were delighted when a medic won, since it made the merger that little bit easier, but many of us, myself included, were a bit wary. Fortunately we have been proved wrong. Andy has not displayed the small mindedness and chidlish insularity that characterises so many of his medical colleagues and is perfectly illustrated in the block votes. Hopefully the presence of a medic at the high altar will also help to bring the new BMS intake into the fold next term. While we have certainly had fewer elections than last year, the process has gone without a hitch,

hence the recent second election for DP F&S (bloody acronyms-they've got me doing it as well) caused by perceived academic weakness. This is happening far too often, though I see little solution beyond seeking academic references for candidates. However, I shudder to think what this could lead to. A far bigger problem is the constituency from which most candidates emanate, namely the Union itself. This year has been a little different, and it is good to get people with a fresh approach, unburdened by years of hackery, though this is not to say that some of ICU's golden children have gone on to make great sabbaticals. At this rate, I should be able to get the backs up of everyone by the end of the article...

... which brings me neatly to Sheffield. I sometimes worry that this obsessive interest is unique to me, yet it is the topic that those people who still talk to me mention the most. From the point of view of a humble wordsmith, that building is a godsend. Have you any idea how hard it would be to craft 500 words of purple prose (no sniggering at the back) every week without that lot? They're not all bad, of course, but some of them do give the impression of pausing mid sentence purely to change foot in mouth. All this leads some to say I am out to rubbish Imperial at every opportunity. Not so. If I truly did not give a toss about IC, I wouldn't be here in the first place. Though parts of IC are run well, many areas are managed in a way that is detrimental to the students, the staff and the College itself. Quite why we tolerate such practices in non-academic departments in an elitist institution has always been a mystery. The problem with many of the denizens of

Sheffield is that while they are they are not stupid. Making mud stick on a department made of Teflon is not easy, and even Felix occasionally gets it a little wrong. The Conference Office springs to mind, but I can say no more because on one hand my solicitor is on holiday and also I have booked a room in Evelyn Gardens this summer. Therefore I better say how marvellous the staff are in that department. They know where I live.

Outside College, it has been a funny old year. There is too much change. Ginger Spice has left. Barry Norman has sold out to Sky, and the House of Lords is the subject of a bizarre and deeply unwise reform. New Labour plods on, becoming more sanctimonious and less like the dream that so many endorsed. Against this backdrop, strong opposition is essential. The Conservatives, after an understandably shaky start after 18 years on the other side of the House, are now taking Labour to task in an effective manner. Cometh the hour, cometh the man. Though she has only been in the job a week or so, Ann Widdecombe is already proving her self to be a major thorn in the side of the Cabinet. This woman scares Michael Howard, so what chance does Blair have. I quite expected that Tony Blair would have the decency to announce the Cabinet reshuffle before this article so I could rubbish it, but that's politicians for you.

So much to say and so little space. No time to review the art 'exhibitions', not even time to remind those of you who forgot to get out of bed this year to sample the exquisite beer in Southside That's pretty much the long and the short of it. I've enjoyed this year, and I hope that I have provided something to amuse and infuriate you. Going by the Felix postbag, I suspect the latter, but you know what Oscar Wilde said on being talked about. Farewell, mes amis, be you staff, student or even Director of Estates. As for next year, who knows? All I do know is that next year's editor is a Titan among men, blessed with exceptional judgment and savoir-faire. Another beer, Ed?

Ladies and Gentlemen, Simon Baker has been put back in his box - Ed.



Burning Water

If I was given a lot of money and the afternoon off, this is what I would prepare for a large evening in (with 3 or 4 others). The soufflé is another example of my courgette fetish but its delicately subtle flavour and ephemerally light texture is well worth the effort.

The beef dish is another kettle of fish entirely. Each ingredient has its own strong and distinct flavour but after steaming away together the truffle infuses the fillet whilst the whole is sweetened by the foie gras to create something quite superb. A heady brew to be enjoyed with a heady Bordeaux.

The last course is a very light sorbet designed to revive the senses by its sharp purity. Good luck and have a gastronomic summer.

COURGETTE SOUFFLÉ

- ☞ 2 medium courgettes
- ☞ 50 g flour
- ☞ 50 g butter
- ☞ 1 tsp mustard (powder or paste)
- ☞ 250 ml milk
- ☞ 150 g feta cheese, crumbled
- ☞ 3 tbl grated Parmesan
- ☞ 4 eggs, separated

No self respecting soufflé should have any consistency so first finely grate the courgettes, leave them in a bowl with a couple of generous pinches of salt to bleed for half an hour.

While you're waiting start on the white sauce by gently melting the butter in a thick saucepan. When the butter starts spitting, stir in the flour and mustard. Fry this paste for 1 minute before removing the pan from the heat. Mix in the milk one tablespoon at a time, making sure the paste has become homogenous before adding more. This is to prevent the white sauce becoming lumpy (if despite everything you do get lumps try blending it if possible). Once you've added about half the milk it's probably safe to simply pour the rest in and give a good spin. Return the pan to the stove and slowly bring to the boil, stirring often to stop the bottom burning. Simmer for a minute.

In a spare moment, reach over and rinse the courgette in cold water. Then drain them really well by squeezing all the juice out of the mush with your hands. This is violent, but necessary.

Put the white sauce into a large bowl and mix in the courgettes, cheeses and egg yolk. Season with a small amount of black pepper and give a good stir.

This is probably as good a time as any to put the oven on to preheat. You'll need to get it up to 180°C or Gas Mark 5.

Now for a good egg white beating session. These need to be beaten up until they form "soft peaks". I reckon this silly term means that a spike of the foam sort of curls over and dies away in about 20-30 seconds. Bzzzzz, the best way of achieving this is to use a bzzzzz machine

with the appropriate attachment. If you haven't got access to one, use one of those funky hand-powered whisks that you get your fingers caught in. The last resort is to use a couple of forks held side by side in the hand. This works (with a lot of effort) by whipping the egg whites around the bowl and at the same time lifting the forks up and out to try and incorporate as much air in the liquid as possible. Make sure the bowl you are using is absolutely dry before you put the egg whites in to increase your chances of a class result.

The final preparation is to fold the egg whites into the white sauce mixture. This is supposed to be a delicate operation. Do not try to get a completely uniform mixture: your soufflé will come out a complete flop. Instead pour the beaten egg whites onto the sauce. Then with a wooden spoon scrape along the bottom of the bowl, pull it out and dump your excavations on top of the egg whites. Repeat 5 or six times.

Now for the moulds. You can use one large mould (big enough to contain 1l) or, better, four smaller (1/4 l) ones. They should be round and ceramic which has the most appropriate heat conductivity. Make sure they are perfectly clean and dry and then smother a good layer of butter all over the sides and bottom. Fill them 3/4 full with the soufflé mixture and place in the oven.

The soufflés should take 25 minutes and be a delicate shade of golden brown, puffing out of the moulds like chefs' hats. Do NOT under any circumstance open the oven until the soufflés are done as any draft or cold wave will make the soufflé hang its head and shrivel.

Serve the soufflé straight from the oven



That horse must be around here somewhere ...

BOEUF ROSSIGNY

- ☞ 1 kg prime fillet of beef (sirloin)
- ☞ 250 g foie gras d'oie
- ☞ 1 truffle (tuber melanosporum)
- ☞ 1 roll puff pastry

Unlike the last recipe this is a piece of cake.

Unfortunately you might have to extend your overdraft to pay for the ingredients. They won't be very easy to find either, unless you go to the Phake Pharaoh's Emporium. Foie gras is a goose's liver cooked and preserved in its own fat. Truffle is a black mushroom which grows underground in 1" round lumps. As for the puff pastry, you could mess about making your own (find the recipe at) but I really recommend you find a commercial version. They work fine.

Take the sheet of puff pastry and roll it around the fillet (pat it dry with a tea cloth first). Trim the pastry but leave a 1" overlap to seal. Take the fillet out and spread the foie gras over the pastry (not on the edges). Slice the truffle into very thin (see-through) slices and lay them on to the foie gras. Season with ground pepper and finally place the fillet in the middle.

Swiftly prepare an egg wash (1 egg yolk and two tablespoons of water mixed together), wrap the pastry around the fillet and seal the edges with the egg wash. To make a real impression, draw a pretty picture on the pastry by scoring it with a very sharp knife or cutter (don't cut deeper than about 2mm) and brush with the rest of the egg wash.

Roast in the oven (preheated to 180°C or Gas Mark 5, handily the same as for the soufflé) for 1 hour.

Serve in slices with some light vegetables like runner beans and boiled new potatoes or something.

GRAMOLATA

- ☞ 1kg red currants
- ☞ 1kg raspberries
- ☞ 300g sugar

You need to start this one early. Again the best tool for this is a mixer/blender type thing. The alternative is a large bowl and a potato masher. Either way you need to extract the juice from the fruit. Grind, crush or mash the berries. Drain as much juice out with a sieve and then put the remaining slurry into a thin, clean tea cloth (or muslin cloth if you've got it). Pick the cloth up by the corners and twist it round and round to squeeze as much liquid out as possible. Add the sugar to the juices and stir until it has dissolved. Pour the liquid into a wide shallow container (the dreaded Tupperware is very good for this) and place in the freezer. Check progress every 1/2 hour or so. When a thin film has formed take a fork and break up the surface of the ice by raking it. Return to the freezer and repeat every 1/2 hour. Always rake in the same direction. The aim is to get a fairly dry slush with long thin crystals. I can't tell you how long this should take as it depends on the number of lost frozen pea bags there are in your freezer.

Serve in chilled glass coupes with champagne.



All Campbell's News

Rewind

Another year, another editor, and another group of stories produced by the combined efforts of a new government, an old ICU President, various Acts of God, and a gaggle of over-excited science, technology and medicine students. For those of you who spent the whole year in bed, had a permanent hangover, or decided to go to France instead, we tell you what happened, how it happened, and who was compromised in the process...



Issue 1092: 3 October 97

Flood

You would think that it was reasonably possible, given the whole sphere of human knowledge, to keep water flowing where it is supposed to be. How hard can it be to create a pipe that will not burst? Quite tricky for Southside Hall, apparently, who experienced something of a rupture in their plumbing on the 7 September. The resultant cascade of this Water of Life affected most of the hall's staircases and forced the Linstead housekeeper, Sheena McDonagh, to spend her evening in a less interesting way than she had planned.

Already slightly anxious freshers may have become even more concerned upon seeing Felix's front page depicting the introduction of security dogs on the South Kensington campus, presumably to fight off the crack, organised, criminal squad of muggers, drug dealers and con-artists that patrol Imperial College both night and day. One problem with which these canine policemen seemed unable to deal was the spontaneous combustion of the Sheffield cash machine, supposedly caused by a malfunctioning receipt printer. Mulder and Scully were subsequently called in; Beavis

and Butt-head were held for questioning, after witnesses spotted them trashing the Sheffield coffee stall.

1093: 10 October 97

Homeless

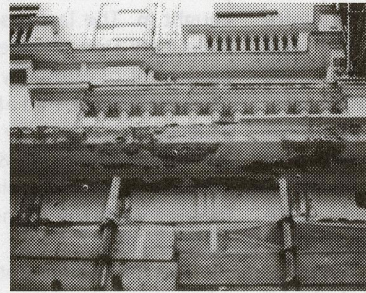
More concern for newly-arrived IC students, upon noticing that one of the Halls of Residence was falling to pieces. Luckily it transpired that only an ornamental section of Garden Hall's "dental course" had collapsed, and the rest of the block was described as "[being] in an acceptably safe condition". This did not help ICU President Eric Allsop, who failed to be anywhere near the masonry when it fell, and hence was not put out of his fifteen-month Presidential misery.

It was just as well that our existing Halls were managing to stand the test of time, though, given the other front-page article this week, "IC Accommodation at Crisis Point", describing the heart-wrenching story of students having to live in Clayponds rather than in nice local halls. Spare a thought for the people sleeping on the Embankment: I read a story once about a student who spent two years in a tent. I am also rather surprised that we did not end up running a story: "Three hundred IC freshers have resigned from their courses after worries about crime on-campus" alongside the pieces entitled "Clayponds Thefts Restart" and "Equipment Nicked", and a potential alcoholic catastrophe: the Union's trouble in obtaining a Public Entertainment Licence.

1095: 24 October 97

Poison Gas

Skipping high over Issue 1094, which seems to have been erased from history, we discover that "Physics Leaks Deadly Fluorine": although not very often, thankfully - this was caused by three disused cylinders of the gas waiting to be chucked out. There were also complaints by IC's Safety Officer that members of staff had been seen gazing out of windows while the alarm was raised all around them. Perhaps they were attempting to



stay as far as possible away from Southside Bar, which saw the first of its many brawls this week.

1096: 31 October 97

Let's Get Sued

The front page story outlined IC's plans to build its own power station, apparently churning out 3.875MW - note that this is still only 0.32% of the 1.21 GigaWatts required to help out a trapped Marty McFly. Cases of meningitis was once more reported at a harassed Cardiff University, and there was seemingly some affliction at the Felix office as well - published in this issue was the infamous story about the Conference Centre which cost the editor valuable apology space for the next two issues. It was either that, or get sued. Other bad news: Blunkett's tuition fee suggestion raised its ugly head for the first of many occasions here, with the news that thousands of prospective students were being discouraged from attending University by the financial pressure involved. It was probably also about this time that Andrew Heeps (not President yet, remember) formulated his cheesy "ability to learn rather than ability to earn" quip. A future in the House of Lords beckons, surely.

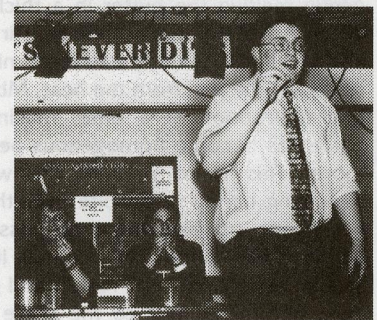


1097: 7 November 97

Bones

One of two news stories written by yours truly this year was emblazoned in glorious technicolour (well, orange and black) across the front page of an issue whose design was described as both "vile" and "great" in subsequent letters pages. This superbly written slice of polychromatic drivel detailed a march in protest against the introduction of tuition fees. A photograph taken at the march depicted the two new ICU Presidential candidates being overshadowed by a skeleton - could it have been the ghost of New Election? Another pipe burst this week, much to the amusement of anyone not doing Mechanical Engineering: a steam pipe on the fifth floor of the building took it upon itself to cancel a few lectures, and create an impromptu sauna.

There were also the hustings for the jobs of DP(C&S) and ICU President, although many would rather have seen it as a vote decid-



ing whether Eric Allsop should be let out of his cell after fifteen months.

1098: 14 November 97

Rag Mag Slagged

Democracy decided that Allsop should indeed be returned to the wild, as Charlie Joynt and Andrew Heeps were selected to climb up the ziggurat of command by those voters that did leave their beds. The defeated Presidential candidate was Mark Baker, and may I say that he has not stopped whining about the kitchen sink since. There were chuckles all round at



the unfortunate Norris McWhirter, who had a slight accident with the barrier in the IC car park resulting in his teeth being "damaged". Hmm. Rag also suffered a setback when their magazine came under heavy criticism for containing jokes of an "unacceptably racist and homophobic" nature. No change there, then.

1099: 21 November 97

Moaning Witch

It couldn't be long before whispers of IC sports teams and their destructive capabilities began to filter through into the office. This week, the first of these incidents was given the glory of the front page: seems the football team (ICUAFC) got a bit too rowdy somewhere along their "Hammy Ten" pub crawl. One of the pubs' staff described the team as "extremely obnoxious" - surely he was mistaken? Also on the front page was the news that Sir Patrick Mayhew had come to educate the impressionable ConSoc flock; he was quoted as saying that he "deserved an Oscar". We pause to consider the quantity of legislation required to award all Conservative MPs an Oscar at the ceremony before going home for some cannabis ... news. Readers will have either smiled or frowned at the blocks of hashish-based enlightenment which have dropped from the purple haze this year, but a small article heralding BMA observations concerning use of cannabis for medical purposes did appear with the most excellent headline: "BMA Deals Blow to Anti-Drugs Lobby". Nice one, Features Editor.

Otherwise, the careers fair received record turnout, and Helen-Louise Windsor was awarded the post of RCSU President. Lucky her.



1100: 28 November 97

Computer Sex

The Principal Sheaf of the Students' Newspaper at Imperial College was the site of mixed fortunes on this particular Friday morning. Firstly there were the Praed Street rapes (bad news; on this we shall not dwell) followed by news of a second large demonstration against tuition fees (good news. Why, I'd show the bloody government a thing or two if I could just get out of this chair.)

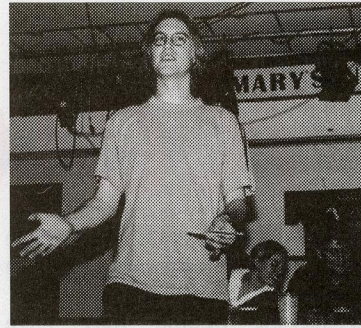
Good news for excitable and sex-starved computing students this week was that DOC were receiving a Fujitsu AP3000 computer. This was (and with luck, still is) equipped with the following attributes: eighty nodes, 12.5 Gb of memory, 336 Gb of internal drive space and a theoretical peak performance of 45.6 Gigaflops. (Steady, now.) Oh, and the Chemistry undergraduate common room was closed: presumably the space was needed for storing more chemicals for fabricating drugs and explosives.



1101: 5 December 97

Bang!

You were no decent student if you did not at least have a quick guffaw at the "Chemistry Computer Meltdown". Felix reported: "On Sunday 16 September... all lights... began to flicker and blow; the air conditioning system failed; dormant electrical appliances eerily switched themselves on and the culmination came with the explosion of electrical equipment" - most apocalyptic. Could this be the end of the world as we know it...? It was quite an amusing week all round for those finding pleasure in cock-ups: apparently new electronic locks fitted in Beit Hall could be opened using the old credit-card trick, which will have pleased a lot of robbers fancying themselves as Clint Eastwood.



1102: 17 December 97

Drugs

A flaming piece of paper stuck to a door, again in Beit Hall, resulted in the residents standing out in their pyjamas for a while. Very fetching. In fact, it seems likely that the words "Look out, Security is coming" might well have been written on the paper. Naughty students who should have known better were caught smoking the old Jamaican Woodbines in both Linstead and Beit, presumably getting into the Christmas spirit rather too early.

1103: 16 January 98

Art Critics

I wouldn't like to be a builder. More particularly, I wouldn't like to have been one of the builders working on Mech Eng renovations this week in January, who discovered a decade-old severed human foot planted as a prank by some medics years before. Many students wished that the foot had belonged to Douglas Trainer, NUS President, as student unions nationwide displayed dissent at the NUS' handling of the tuition fees issue.

Arguably the most dramatic happening of the year was chronicled in 1103: the 22-Club, RCS elective social club, was banned for two years from all College premises following a slight faux pas. Members dining in the Main Dining Hall decided to explore the Ante Room Gallery, not realising that an art exhibition lay ready to be opened in a few days. Felix reported: "...the revellers... began to abuse the artworks... with wine, cigarette burns and vomit. An offensive note was also found ... describing the perpetrator's opinion..." The damage was estimated at about £700 - let's just thank God that there was toilet paper in the lavvy.

1105: 30 January 98

Buses Don't Float

Politics bore many people, so ICU was in for a treat when the papers went up for yet another round of sabb elections. The ICU Boat Club's fortunes improved this week, when some philanthropic part of society decided to hand them £703,500 for restoration of its Putney training site. It is also worth noting that the Boat Club had rather worse luck the week after, when their minibus was found floating in the Thames. Still, I'm sure they can afford a new one.



1106: 6 February 98

Heeps, Andy Heeps

ICU Presidents are like James Bond actors. Each has his or her own classic style to bring to the job. This was highlighted when Andrew Heeps and Eric Allsop described the floundering City and Guilds Union as "a joke" and "a bunch of arse" respectively. So which of the two is George Lazenby?

1109: 27 February 98

Drugs II

Despite the rather fascist democracy sometimes employed by the medical schools to rig ICU elections, four sabbatical posts were filled first time round: Ed Sexton (Felix), Dave Wharton (DP F&S), Dave Hellard (ICU President) and Adam Cherrington (DP C&S) were all blessed by the ballot box. Waterstone's, having cheekily swiped the College bookstore deal, decided it would be quite nice to start selling cards and stationery as well - what's next? Fridge freezers? Men were behaving badly once again: the ICU football Fourths were in trouble for acting in a "drunken, rowdy manner" at Bath Union. A representative of Bath Union was quoted as saying "they won't be very welcome here". Still, at least that means they can't actually lose to Bath again. This was also the memorable week during which New Scientist allegedly



All Campbell's News

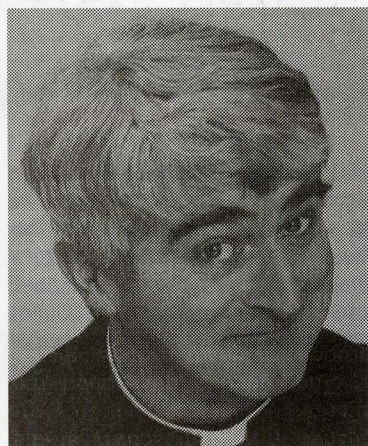
Rewind

uncovered the World Health Organisation's cannabis cover-up. Evil stuff, mate: I wouldn't touch it.

1110: 6 March 98

Ted Dead

Felix was guilty of stating the obvious when an article on page 2 entitled "CCUs - Nobody Cares: It's Official" utterly failed to raise any eyebrows. Crap news of the week was the death of Dermot Morgan, C4's Father Ted: a minute's silence was held in the Felix office, although that might just have been because nobody could think of anything to say.



1111: 13 March 98

Lingere

IC managed to bag more research funding than any other university, including Oxford or Cambridge, begging the question: how much did this cost IC in bribes? Sherlock Holmes was called in to examine a case of blackmail as College demanded 70% of the proceeds from the walkway STA Travel shop: Andrew Heeps described it as "the worst day of my Presidency". Felix suspects that he was just suffering from a hangover. The ICU Football team systematically trashed a hotel, incurring ICU over a thousand pounds in costs - apparently this sum included a bill for "an entire silver cutlery set and a painting, which had been torn down and urinated over". Lovely. Other lovely happenings included a vary fetching picture of one Anjit Chaudhari

on the walkway, dressed in lingerie as a result of being snapped up at the Rag Slave Auction.

Observant people may have noticed the spot above the 'i' in Felix....

1112: 25 March 98

Drugs III

... leading to the shock arrest of Felix editor Jeremy Thomson, who was reported to have impregnated each copy of Felix 1111 with LSD. Luckily it turned out to be a hoax, but this did not stop you gullible lot handing in a large number of copies of 1111 to Security. (Shame on anyone who tried to ingest the cover. You know who you are, you pliable fools.) More drug news this week appeared in the shape of a pro-cannabis march in Hyde Park: various Felixers were present (purely for journalistic purposes, you understand), but none of them could remember what happened.



1113: 1 May 98

Beer

It transpired during the Easter holidays that there was "Trouble Ahead for Campus Renaissance", describing delays in the construction of the £58m Biomedical Sciences building. Hands up all those who didn't predict that anyway. Imperial also managed to leap ahead of Oxford in the Financial Times' University Rankings, but I dare say there was no criterion in the rating system involving availability of women. Or accommodation. Or, for that matter, quality of student newspaper. Also occurring over Easter was good news for the medical schools' bars: a private company stepped in with a tender for both Charing

Cross and St. Mary's, rescuing them from an uncertain future. This came just in time for the students, who might otherwise had to have contemplated a week at College, sober.

1114: 8 May 98

Bomb Scare!

News this week was pitiful: the best front page story we could manage was entitled: "IC Suffers Worst Ever News Drought". Despite this, some amusing gubbins did occur; IC Security, the Bomb Squad and the police were called in to defuse a bomb in the Sheffield Building, which may have been placed to interfere with a Biology final in the Great Hall. The composition of the bomb was not quite as chucklesome as last year's effort: aluminium cans and foil replaced the memorable overhead projector scam.

A burglary attempt in Elec. Eng. was thwarted, saving thousands of pounds worth of computer equipment, but I rather wish they had stolen my coursework before escaping. More important news this week came in the shape of a collection of possible cures for cancer (but don't start smoking yet, kids.)

1115: 15 May 98

Put That Fag Out

A group of Wardens and Sub-Wardens put forward the proposal that smoking should be banned completely in all College residences. This really very cheeky suggestion was treated with the contempt it deserved - the campaign failed. There was terrible news of students being shot in Indonesia, while campaigning for the resignation of President Suharto. Six were killed. Think yourselves lucky.

Physicists might have been interested in the story describing how Australian astronomers had discovered a supposed new black hole. Let's hope they haven't made a Hubble-type mistake, where the scientists forgot to take off the lens cap.

1117: 29 May 98

Resign

There was trouble all round this week. Dave Wharton, DP F&S elect, decided to resign his post due to academic difficulties. The groans around the Union were broken only by the far-off chuckling from those at St. Mary's who voted 'New Election'. Bad news sprouted for King's College, whose Union Manager was sacked for numerous offences "including fraud and drunken behaviour". This man would probably fit in well in America, where students staged protests against alcohol bans, and faced tear gas.

Other negative vibes included the announcement of Tube strikes, and worst of all, no Felix for two weeks...

1118: 5 June 98

Noah's Hall

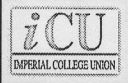
Another indication of the complete lack of student interest in the running of the Union came to light when the ICU AGM was terminated by a shout of, "Quorum!" from Mech. Eng. student Andy Southern. He was supposedly protesting about the lack of student interest at the meeting, but I suspect he was just clearing his throat.

There was more bad news for Brabazon House, the Charing Cross hall, when rain flooded the basement. (Why is it so hard to keep water out? Why?!) This apparently led to a scramble during which people had to fill bags with their possessions and take them upstairs to the safety of dry land. It sounds rather like a game show: anybody fancy the licence?

Issue 1119: 24 June 98

It's This One

You're reading it. Errm... something about STOIC being on television. This week, I did my laundry and caught a horrible cough. Look, just go read the news section, OK?



ICU ents presents

IT'S COMING HOME **FRIDAY JUNE 26TH**

Club rooms
POP TARTS
HEDONIZM
THA' BOMB
Chill out djs in quad

ENGLAND V COLOMBIA
LIVE IN dBS & DAVINCI'S 8PM
REPLICA KITS TO BE WON

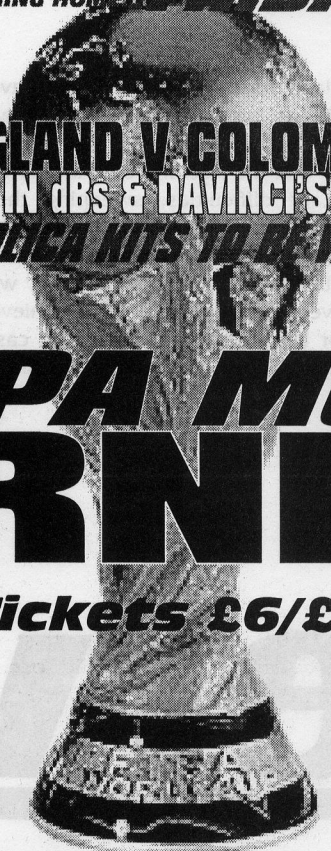
7.30 - 2AM
Live music
Salsa with
ORCHESTRA CACHE
Indiepop with
SHINE

LA COPA MUNDIAL CARNIVAL

Tickets £6/£5

HUMAN TABLE FOOTBALL
Free candyfloss
World Cup Decor

INFLATABLE PENALTY SHOOT OUT
Bouncy castle
evian giveaways



**ADMISSION TO THE MATCH IS STRICTLY
BY CARNIVAL TICKET ONLY**

Imperial College Union RAG Mass Debate '98

Annual General Meeting

Thursday 25th June 1998
@ 12:45 p.m.

Everybody Welcome

Rag Office (Behind the UDH)

I always had the Rector down as a chap of sound judgement, but after he agreed to be interviewed by yours truly for a second time, I'm not so sure. Perhaps I don't scare the Suite Five posse anymore? Surely not. Anyway, I donned the flak jacket and headed for the inner sanctum.

Unlike last year, when the aim was more

the England football squad. There have been problems, as everyone realises, not least the fact that the building is late. Naturally, I assumed that the Rector would attribute this to insignificant difficulties, sweeping the issue under the carpet. I was very wrong. "We have been very disappointed over the performance of the builders... undertakings that we have been given over deadlines and achievements have not been met in a number of cases." In Imperial-speak, this is strong stuff. "Although in

the appropriate sub-contractors have not properly thought out the systems that they were putting in" and were "not co-ordinated by the management... in the last few months, virtually all the changes have been of the latter kind." Penalty clauses have been mooted before, and it was comforting to hear that somebody did, after all, have the sense to put into the original contracts, making payments due to the College in the event of problems. "We shall try to recover unjustifiable costs or increases in cost that were attributable to the unreasonable actions of others." Methinks that Sir Ron may be rele-

ples of academic practice in some universities, inconceivable to those at Imperial. That is not to say that IC is without fault. There are "certain areas where I believe we are seriously deficient," but sadly my skills garnered from the *Ladybird Book of Enemy Interrogation* failed to elicit an example.

The non-academic services offered by IC are a little more clear cut. "I am not satisfied with the facilities that we provide our students"; a statement that many would claim was an affirmation of the blindingly obvious, but it is reassuring to hear such an unambiguous assessment of the situation. Accommodation is being upgraded, at long last, with Southwell and Beit Hall first in the frame. No news yet of Southside, though

bricks and mortar are already in place. This will be done once the money has been found. The biggest project on the horizon is the refurbishment of the Royal School of Mines. Described by Sir Ron as "the biggest refurbishment the

"I am not satisfied with the facilities that we provide our students..."

College has ever done", he predicts that project could cost up to £40 million and in terms of disruption "will be a nightmare." Many people feel that College is already a perennial building site with scant consideration give to

view of old cynics like me, who saw all the classic hallmarks of an asset strip, the "principal reason [for the merger] is that it offers an entry into agriculture", which Sir Ron sees as very important. "I believe that agriculture in the next century is going to be very different to agriculture in this century." Research into crops that goes beyond genetic modification, taking into account considerations such as atmospheric and soil variations, is something in which the Rector feels that IC should be heavily involved. This dovetails neatly with the idea that the two big areas for research in the next century will be environmental and medical science, the new cross-disciplinary areas that he feels should dissolve the boundaries of science more applicable to the nineteenth century. All this should help to boost the College's standing, already indicated by the Financial Times Survey. Though pleased by the result, he made that point that "I can construct league tables just as defensible as the FT's that could put

interview with the rector

by Simon Baker

to stick the boot in, I meant to pose incisive questions, the better to elicit Sir Ron's views on how the year has gone. Clearly the big issue at Imperial has been the medical merger, made tangible by the construction of the BMS. The changes have gone beyond the bricks and mortar, requiring a major overhaul of the existing administration of the medical schools. This was "bigger than we thought. Although we knew the institutions we were merging with, we did not appreciate quite how large the job would be." Particularly with regard to the finances, this has "led to perfectly understandable dissatisfaction within the medical school." This is being resolved by "constructing a new division across the old accounting structure." Sounds fine, but depending on who you speak to, this process is far from complete, with little difficulties persisting. Little difficulties such as not knowing to whom bills should be sent. I trust this will be sorted out before it builds into quite a nasty surprise. All in all, given the disparate tribes that were, in some cases joined in a shotgun wedding, it seems to be bedding down reasonably. "The first year of ICSM has been tougher than most people thought, but although there are still problems ahead, quite a few are behind us... the next mountain to be climbed is the arrival of the freshmen in October", a point on which most people at South Ken would surely agree. Academically, there are challenges as well, he said, the biggest being "ensuring that this new and very ambitious course meets [the students'] expectations and ours."

The BMS building has been the subject of more column inches than the peccadilloes of

a formal legal sense, the obligations lie with those we have been dealing with, some of the fault lies with us", he conceded. The loss of Prof John Archer to Herriot-Watt, former Deputy Rector who was responsible for the project was a particular difficulty. Acquainting his successor, Prof Bill Wakeham, took a little time, and could explain some of the problems. One annoyance highlighted by all involved in the project has been the vacillations of some of the groups destined for the building. Schal says that this has caused considerable hassle, and Sir Ron said that "we probably did not exercise tough enough

"We have been very disappointed over the performance of the builders..."

discipline on the departments... to specify their requirements in sufficient detail, early, and make them stick." To their credit, the building appears to be extensively future-proofed, which is another way of saying that college pitched for twice what they needed and got away with it. The constant tweaking of the design inevitably delays work, and modifications "derived from users changing their mind... are inexcusable." He claimed that recent changes, responsible in part for the late opening were "generated because

gated from Schal's Christmas card premier division. However, in the final analysis, the BMS will come in on budget or thereabouts, which for IC is a miracle.

The Dearing Report affects all universities, but has particular relevance to the Rector, since he helped to produce it. It contains some "Very good points, and some points about which I'm less enthusiastic." Elaborating, he said that the short timescale, coupled with the time to bring the "deliberately inexperienced" committee up to speed left only about twelve months to compile the report. He said that probably the most important achievement was the demonstration "that their claim that universities were significantly underfunded has been accepted" by influential bodies, such as the CBI. On tuition fees, he said that "if you accepted the position that the financial position was bad, and you put that together with the assertion of all the political parties that there will be no more money, there is unfortunately only one outcome... student fees", a decision for which "no one was enthusiastic." It wasn't all negative from the perspective of the students, he claimed. Some were pleased by the "recognition that a number of the assertions that had been made about the poor quality of services some universities were providing was justified." Sir Ron saw "appalling" exam-

there are mutterings on the grapevine that something might happen; for my money, the only refurbishment possible for Southside Halls requires a wrecking ball and dynamite.

Plans for decent sports facilities are back on the agenda, after the failure of the planning application for the Linstead tennis courts. While he claimed that the reasons for rejection - increased traffic - were "bizarre", Sir Ron said it was probably wise not to press the issue as "some battles are not worth winning." Hell hath no fury like the Knightsbridge Association scorned, apparently. Instead, the plan is to build on top of the existing Sports Centre, a non-trivial task given that building's legendary foundations. Lottery bids seem to have gone out of the window, removing the need for a lot of features of minimal use to the College, but essential for such applications. All this should enable a lower cost solution, and the Rector said he expected some action within "three or four years."

On the subject of Lottery bids, he confirmed that the Music & Arts Centre bid, a dead duck from the outset in the opinion of many, has failed. Again, this removes the need to spend a fortune to enable the public to get in and cuts the cost enormously, given that the

the needs of the inmates, who have to work around a constant stream of noise, grime and general tattiness. He replied that he has "never known a situation where it has been remotely satisfactory," but did not offer any specific suggestions as to how this could be addressed. I hope that our friends in Estates will pay particular attention to this as they draw plans for the RSM. When finished, the building will house the Huxley School and the Management School, freeing up their highly desirable Exhibition Road home, which will be leased out as part of a plan "to make more use of academic buildings", turning residential properties "into revenue streams." A very refreshing attitude indeed, and eminently sensible.

As part of Imperial's plan to take over the world, which has already seen the plundering of London's medical schools, our next target is little Wye College, near Ashford in Kent. A report on the proposed merger will go to the Governors next week, but it will recommend the proposal, leading to full incorporation by 1 August 2000, if Wye agree. Contrary to the

Oxford at the top, or Cambridge, or Imperial." Nevertheless, it's better to criticise league tables when you're near the top, a point with which the Rector agrees.

I could go on for several more pages, such was the range of topics that we covered, but space is against us. We discussed my pet subject, Sheffield, and beyond Sir Ron's assertion that "no area is perfect", a view with which I have a degree of sympathy, I was worried to hear that he feels that we probably spend too little on admin. This is something that may well be addressed by in the future. Overall, I sensed that the Rector is, slowly but surely, coming round to my way of thinking(!). It has, by common consent been a fairly good year, topped off nicely by Birthday Honours for Professors Jarman and Kibble and the IC Summer Ball, for which I should now be getting ready. Next year will be a real challenge, when the medical hordes descend. I wait with baited breath.

16/05/98 Saturday.

Mid-day leave Brixton for Victoria Station, the ruck sack is brimming over. This is bad news as it leaves no room for all the bits of Thailand I intend to purchase at the Chiang Mai night bazaar.

Did I really need to pack the padded denim shirt?

Spend all the loose shekels on chocolate whilst waiting for the Gatwick Express.

Horrible realisation that the Gatwick Express does indeed go to Gatwick and not Heathrow our intended destination.

Panic.

Break into a bluey and run for tube.

Tube pulls into Gloucester Road just as a young woman faints on the platform, whilst others rush to her aid I am willing two things: that she gets up now, this minute, no make that second and that the driver closes the doors leaving her prostrate on the ground. Does this make me a bad person? In the event she gets up first, a triumph for positive thinking.

17/05/98 Sunday.

Connecting flight between Bangkok and Chiang Mai.

Yes, yes, yes, yes. I have waited 14 hours for this, the best thing that's happened on the holiday thus far. The man in front of me has a copy of the Bangkok Post and by craftily leaning over his shoulder, not difficult when considering I am at least 5 foot taller than anyone else I have encountered so far, I can read the back page and there it is:

ARSENAL 2 NEWCASTLE 0

I forgive Jools for making me fly on cup final day.

Didn't tell her that though.

The diary of a

As witnessed by recent events in Marseilles, the Englishman abroad is, at best, a loathsome figure. Followed closely by the Antipodeans, Americans and of course the Germans, albeit for entirely different reasons, we are the Kings of the Effluent Treatment Centre and little else.

My problem is that I don't actually enjoy being English. Yes I know that I can say this from the comfort of my own desk having had a privileged up-bringing, wanting for nothing, cocooned in

the wealth and smugness that is for ever Great Britain (and who else would have the arrogance to prefix thus). But that IS my problem you see, for now, when travelling abroad I find myself overly sensitive to the beliefs and traditions of the country to which I have journeyed. It has got to the point where rather than speak English, slowly and loudly of course, I will remain mute until I have sufficient grasp of a language to at least order some food, which has led to near severe bouts of malnutrition. Not good for one

who's natural demeanour is that of an stick insect, and in retrospect probably more ignorant than if I were to use my native tongue, but there it is, my problem, mine to deal with.

So obviously when travelling to a country like Thailand swathed in the mysteries of Buddhism and a language untouched by anything remotely Roman it is not without a little trepidation. However armed with my "Rough Guide" and my "Culture Shock" I can but endeavour to be more than just another Brit abroad.

Settled in at Lai Thai guest house. Decided on comfort till we go native, 450 baht (£7.50) for excellent teak double room and swimming pool.

Huge rain, absolutely amazing, the only thing bigger than the storm are the cockroaches scurrying for shelter. Decide I want to take some home and mate them with the ones I keep as pets in the Union Print Unit and then unleash the mutant strain upon Colledge.

21/05/98 Thursday.

Up at 5.00 a.m to catch train for Phitsanulok. There is only one thought burning in my mind as I awake and that is "I will go to the toilet before I catch the train". This is not a problem considering the fire in last night's tom yam kung. I am now a devotee of the hose down as opposed to bog roll technique. There is absolutely nothing better than an early morning enema for awakening the senses. I guess the boys back home aren't going to appreciate my evolving toilet habits

however.

Check in at the Asia Hotel. We have decided to downshift to 200 baht (£3.20) for the room, which comes complete with bedside condoms, (now there's a give away), and our own bathroom gecko.

Spend the evening down at the night market gorging on delicious seafood, although passed on the crab after remembering that the Thai idea of dressing a crab is to beat it up thoroughly with a large blunt instrument and leave you to extract meat from shell, limbs, eyes etc.

eight hours in Phitsanulok before we spy our first westerners. Actually we almost get run over by a motorcade of about 30 of them in Samlors (rickshaws) and as they are pedalled off into the night our feelings are of disappointment that we are not, after all, alone.

By the time I land in Chiang Mai, bypassing Bangkok for fear of being tarred with the Paedophile brush, I have my list of don'ts committed to memory which is more than I can say about anything to do with the language, except strangely enough the number 125.

- Don't touch a Thai on the head.
- Don't point with your feet.
- Always dress conservatively when in public.
- Don't wear black when invited to someone's house.
- Don't point at all.

- Don't show affection to your partner in public.
- Don't imitate or in any way offend Buddha when posing for your snapshots.
- Don't eat with your left hand.
- Don't put your fork in your mouth.

And a myriad others but you get the drift.

Now as much as I tried to be a good traveller, the last two on the list were my constant downfall and not necessarily for the obvious reason.

Let me tell you about my childhood...

I am and have always been the devil's child. I am

a left-hander. Of this I was constantly reminded during my formative years at Southfields C of E County Primary School by the scourge of my life, one Mrs Hughes. This particular little old lady, a cross between Aunt Flo and the child catcher would delight in whipping the spoon out of my hand during pudding, stand over me (her hot fetid breath on my neck being the only thing stopping me from dissolving in a pool of chilled sweat), and make me spoon custard with my right hand. The consequence of course being that very little ever got within a mile of my mouth. Maybe this explains 35 years of looking under-nourished.

24/05/98 Sunday.

Sukothai. The streets are paved with vegetables.

It is easy when visiting so many places in such a short space of time to confine yourself to the immediate vicinity of your guest house and then regret what you have missed as you pass it in the bus on the way out. To this end we have made a pact that if we see a bridge we will cross it. Last night this paid off handsomely in our never ending quest to eat the best food in Thailand. Phat thais, kung chup paeng, thawt and phak bung fai daeng. I am in love, I am in heaven. When I return to Brixton I must seek out this vegetable called morning glory. That should provide hours of endless entertainment with the staff down at Camberwell Safeways.

Cycled around Old Sukothai, laugh? I won't tomorrow morning. Pass the soothing unctions.

Always wondered what was in the recycled bottles at the roadside drinking holes. Then this guy pulled up and poured one into the tank of his motorbike. From my seat directly adjacent I suddenly had an immense feeling of relief that I gave up smoking last year.

Wandered past the stalls with the deep fried locusts and couldn't quite bring myself to do it. The jumping prawns and the frogs with no clothes on aren't even an option so why am I attracted to crispy insects? They taste like Bombay spice apparently.

Anyway, the consequence of this traumatic up-bringing and the fact that I am European and consequently have always associated the fork with being the implement of choice with which to get sustenance twixt plate and lip meant that on more than one occasion in Thailand, left-hand, fork and mouth were within close proximity of one another. Having read in my travelling bibles that the aver-

age Thai would sooner walk away than display signs of criticism I became sensitive to knowing shakes of the head every time I committed this heinous faux-pas in public. And it began to agitate me to such a degree that I started to pick fault with my hosts. And let's face it if the Church of England had tried and failed I'm damned (probably) if some eastern mysticism was going to succeed.

So over the following three weeks if ever I was caught out then I would bide my time until able to chalk one up for the away team. This would usually be along the lines of something environmental i.e watching polystyrene plates and plastic bottles being thrown with gay abandon by the locals into the streets, rivers, countryside. Petty, I know, but there was an unwritten war taking place here.

Reluctant Traveller

Andy Thompson struggles with his cultural identity

6/05/98 Tuesday.

Tak is without doubt the arse of the world, not even saved by the view of the river and the suspension bridge. We cannot wait to leave. They can't even cook.

6.30 a.m

Buy to Nakhon Sawan

11.15 a.m

Train to Bangkok.

3.30 p.m

Arrive Bangkok

This may sound simple, I can assure you it is anything but. We do however gain some satisfaction by achieving this without more than a one hour wait between stops. Dodgy moment when Jools had to sit on the back seat of the coach with only me between her and what looked like quite a high ranking monk. I know it's a bit taboo this one but I think they let us off because we are farang.

What can I say about Bangkok? We allowed ourselves some luxury after last night in Tak. This room in

Sukhumvit is 750 baht (£12). Even so, the sheets are stained, you still can't find a plug for love nor money, the air-con leaks and there's a German getting a hand job in the swimming pool.

The receptionist is a personal friend of Ian Botham apparently, although I think this will come as news to the great man.

Can't believe it. It's still there. Hope against hope, despite being surrounded by K.F.C., McDonalds, Planet Hollywood and the Hard Rock cafe the Suda is still there. Let the feast commence, bring me everything on the menu, twice.

Tomorrow we head South.

And then, when you least expect it, life will throw something at you which puts such trivialities into perspective. I was, however, unprepared for the object in question being the size of the Island of Ko Samui. Having become used to being a minority, I arrived on the island to be confronted by mile after mile of lardy white flesh with a lurid pink thong up it's arse, bloated and stranded on the sand. This was the culture shock I hadn't been warned about. Every don't on my list was being flaunted openly. My first meal came with a knife and an over-inflated bill, whilst the couple next to me sucked each others tonsils, she narrowly failing to stay in her bikini. I longed once again

to be back in Thailand, proper Thailand that is, where I could put my fork in my mouth or touch my partner's foot and feel guilty about it. Where people would laugh at my abysmal attempts at a foreign language, where I wouldn't feel like I had arrived in Blackpool in the high season and it was then that I saw the light, a genius stroke, a master plan.

Nationalise the whole fucking Island.

Treble the already trebled prices. Make the fat, flabby white puffy ignorant English, Germans, Australians, South Africans et al pay through the nose. Confiscate their passports and if they

want to get off the Island then they must earn the right to. Make them learn the list of DON'TS forfeiting any entitlement to leave until they do. The money would come pouring in, the baht would once more return to the heady days before the crash and the money could be used to supplement the income of the people in the Golden Triangle now being deprived the right to harvest the poppy seed, consequently forcing them into Chiang Mai to beg on the streets. *Fait accomplis.*

Do that for me, no sod that, do it for you and I promise that in return I'll do the right handed spoon thing. Even Mrs Hughes would smile at that one.

Who is this Sexton character?

What kind of man is **Edward Thomas Sexton**, next year's Felix Editor? What are his plans and aspirations? And why is he balancing on a levitating Maltesers box? Jon Trout has a cosy chat with incoming editor Ed Sexton on ethics, embitterment, caffeine and floor pie.

Edward Thomas Sexton, you're Felix editor next year, having beaten Alok Jha in the election. In true journalistic style, tell me how it feels....

Daunting, but I'm looking forward to it. A bit like eating a big chocolate cake.

Tell the readers about yourself...

Apparently I'm an arts student, because I've just done a degree in Biology.

Have you passed it?

Yes.

Go on...

I am an apolitical, philosophical left-of-centre type of chap....

A public school rebel then?

I try my best, generally failing...

Go on...

I don't know anything more about myself. I know about computers, 18th century philosophers and bitter.

Ideal Felix editor's material, then?

S'pose so. I have read the odd newspaper as well you know... I think Felix editor needs to appear stressed while secretly being quite relaxed about life.

Ideally suited don't you?

The only things that really bother me are women and when my cable TV stops working. Oh and death. That's quite important.

Do you like Woody Allen?

No.

What has your input been to Felix this year?

Layout and the odd news article. I've put in about ten hours a week this year, some weeks more than others, but I have had to do sixty per cent of my degree since I was elected.

What are we going to see in Felix next year? In words other than your manifesto:

Errrrrrr. Ooooh god. Informative, student relevant.... articles. And, um, lots of giveaway prize things. Hopefully a greater contribution from the Medical Colleges. We've got someone to keep in contact with Charing Cross, and I'm going to contact the new ICSM president next week. When it comes down to it, what you'll see next year depends on how many news writers, features etc etc we have. We'll have a new office in Beit Quad, with windows. I want to get rid of the 'once a Felix hack, always a Felix hack' image - if people just want to write one thing for one week and not get permanently involved, that's

cool. My predecessor said that to recruit new students he had to "drag them into the vaults, give them a caffeine addiction and train them to become the cynical, embittered old hacks that journalism so desperately needs". Well, not me; the addiction is optional and the cynicism is not required. And there aren't any vaults any more.

How is Felix going to be produced next year?

My end of things will be the same as always: people write for their sub-editors who fill the pages and I make sure that everything keeps happening at the right time. For the first time in several years, Felix will probably be printed outside ICU. This has advantages as well as drawbacks. It will be easier to do things like full colour but won't be as versatile and probably not as reliable as Inky. Hopefully it should remain a thirty-something page newspaper with more than a couple of pages of news.

Tell me about the new office?

I wish I could. It is going to be on one or other side of the Beit Quad arch, hopefully in what is now the biology common room. Natural light might be a shock to some of us. And we haven't yet got a proper dark room. The sink is alright though...

Right... what will you do when it all gets too much for you.

Find my girlfriend and cry on her shoulder. That's what usually happens.

What are your personal views on the following subjects? Start with the legalisation of cannabis; I think that there is no medical argument that cannabis should be illegal whilst alcohol and tobacco are legal. Ban the lot or legalise the lot.

New Labour?

Very good at organising committees. ICU has a lot of committees which only ever reach conclusions to reconvene. Looks good in the media but doesn't necessarily get a lot done. New Labour that is. Not ICU. I think that they are a bit sinister to be honest. He smiles too much.

Student finance?

I can see why people become drug dealers. I think that it is really difficult to supplement your grant in London and do well in your degree at the same time. I think that it is a sad fact that we're heading towards an American system of university funding. Then again, education costs money, and every government wants to save money. What happened to "Education, Education, Education"?

What about ethical advertising? Will you do business with companies who invest in oppres-

sive third world governments?

If I can avoid them, I'll try to. Then again, everyone with a bank account is investing in oppressive regimes, even the Co-op, I found out the other day. We have a policy of charging less for advertising for good causes, which I intend to uphold.

What is your opinion of the way that IC is run?

More emphasis at IC seems to be given to keeping in profit than other universities, but that is a direct consequence of being tied so closely to industry. On a related vein, students doing academic work at IC over the summer often don't get Hall rooms because they've been given over to the Conference Office, and I know that all the rooms will not be used. Students' interests should come first.

How can you change it?

By highlighting any examples of such behaviour over the next year. This won't work on its own; it is up to the students to put pressure on the College.

Are you intending on starting a student rebellion?

No, but I would like to encourage students to make their opinions known more actively. Not enough use is made of the organisations already in place, like academic representatives, or CCUs.

How far are you prepared to go to protect editorial freedom?

I won't accept pressure from the College or from the Union. If the Rector or President don't like what Felix has to say, they are more than welcome to write a letter. As long as my writers remain within the bounds of the law, I will defend them.

What criticisms might people have of you next year?

In terms of my personal writing, I tend to sit on the fence on many issues, and try to see both sides of the argument. This could mean that people are disappointed with my editorials.

Will you continue printing Simon Baker's column?

I haven't spoken to him personally yet, so we'll see. I know that he is in the last year of his PhD, and I'd rather have a good column from time to time rather than a poor one every week. We'll see.

Do you like cake?

I prefer floor pie.



A Long Time Ago, in a University Far Far Away...

OR: HOW TO GET A SMALL AND INSIGNIFICANT THING DONE AT IC

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>>>> Subject: [Fwd: Alternative prospectus website]
>>>> Date: Mon, 12 May 1998 21:02:42 +0100
>>>> From: Fred Felix
>>>> Re: Lynda
>>>> Has anything happened about these links yet?
>>>> Jeremy
-----
>>>> Subject: Links on the IC web site
>>>> Date: Wed, 13 May 1998 16:33:25 +0100
>>>> From: Lynda Davies L.Davies@ic.ac.uk
>>>> Dear Jeremy
>>>> Thanks for your note. Lis (Care) is looking at all this, but it is joining
>>>> a queue behind the Annual Report and the UG Prospectus on the Web!
>>>> Will get back to you by Friday, we hope.
>>>> Yours
>>>> Lynda
-----
>>>> Subject: Fwd: [Re: [Fwd: Alternative prospectus website]]
>>>> Date: Tue, 12 May 1998 19:07:42 +0100
>>>> From: Fred Felix <felix@ic.ac.uk>
>>>> Dear Lynda,
>>>> Could you take a look at the messages below concerning a link from
>>>> the IC web site to Felix and the alternative prospectus? Sorry about the
>>>> ridiculous electronic 'paper trail' - perhaps there is an end in sight?
>>>> Thanks,
>>>> Jeremy Thomson
-----
>>>> Subject: Re: [Re: [Fwd: Alternative prospectus website]]
>>>> Date: Tue, 12 May 1998 17:23:49 +0100
>>>> From: "Aleksander, I." <i.aleksander@ic.ac.uk>
>>>>
>>>> Hallo Jeremy
>>>> Lynda Davies needs to take a look and comment.
>>>>
>>>> Best wishes
>>>> Igor Aleksander
-----
>>>> Subject: Re: [Fwd: Alternative prospectus website]
>>>> Date: Tue, 12 May 1998 16:01:42 +0100
>>>> From: Fred Felix <felix@ic.ac.uk>
>>>>
>>>> Dear Prof Aleksander,
>>>> Please find below my request to the IC webmaster for a
>>>> link to the new Alternative Prospectus from the IC site. As you can
>>>> see, has referred me to you for some reason. Could you check the
>>>> new AP site, and give Tom permission to create the link?
>>>>
>>>> Thanks,
>>>> Jeremy Thomson
-----
>>>> Subject: RE: Alternative prospectus website
>>>> Date: Mon, 11 May 1998 17:00:55 +0100
>>>> From: "Weil, T.J." <t.weil@ic.ac.uk>
>>>>
>>>> Dear Jeremy
>>>> Suggest you raise this one directly with the Pro-Rector for External
>>>> Relations (Prof Igor Aleksander)
>>>>
>>>> Cheers
>>>> Tom
-----
Subject: Alternative prospectus website
Date: Mon, 11 May 1998 16:35:10 +0100
From: Fred Felix <felix@ic.ac.uk>

```

Dear Web Master,

For the first time in... ohhh seven years, IC now has an alternative prospectus. Not only that, but it's on-line at <http://www.su.ic.ac.uk/ap/>. Could you provide links to it from the main college pages? An obvious (if not very prominent) place would be the place in the college prospectus where the existence of the alternative prospectus is mentioned <http://www.prospectus.ic.ac.uk/ug/scripts/pagedisp.asp?dept=Life+at+imperial&fn=icu.inc>).

Come to think of it, Felix is mentioned on the same page - could you link that too? (<http://www.su.ic.ac.uk/Felix/>).

Thanks,

Jeremy Thomson.

What's Beneath

REPORT OF 1997 QUEENS TOWER ATTEMPT

It is late on a Tuesday night, nearing closing time in Southside Bar, and three intrepid explorers, Colonel Wicky, Sergeant M'arse and Petty Officer Jism (Names have been changed to protect the guilty) are finalising their plans for the evening's assault. Their aim; to scale the Queen's Tower Extensions of the Imperial Cave System to its highest point - Green Dome Peak - and leave a flag to stake their claim to the first ascent. The assault is set to coincide with the graduation day celebrations for maximum exposure of their crafty endeavours. Once the detailed plans are finalised they make their way to their storeroom for a final equipment check. "SRT kits? CHECK. Climbing equipment? CHECK. Photography? CHECK. Caving Helmets? CHECK. Jolly Roger? CHECK. OK looks like we are ready to go lads" blurts Sergeant M'arse.

The three head towards a discrete entrance to the system on Exhibition road. Waiting until the street is deserted, they jump the gate and climb down to the doorway entrance. Once in the system they clamber down the iron ladder to the tunnel which heads west towards the QT. Quickly making their way down the large passageway, they pass a large piece of graffiti ('RAT SOC', a mysterious club who's aim was to

explore the tunnels, have left their mark) to a corner and a series of pipes. Duck underneath, down a small passage and a two-metre belly-crawl and they are directly under the base of QT. Within this quadrangle four shafts lead up to the inside of the tower.

Donning SRT kits (a type of climbing apparatus) and helmets they climb into the shaft, which had been bolt-climbed previously, and prussiked into the Tower. The room they arrived in was a sort of disused, falling-apart museum with a number of 1960s pictures and plans including pictures of the old Imperial Institute and pictures of the 'Colcott Tower' (The old name for the QT)

From this small room leads a narrow ascending staircase into a series of disused rooms, and more stairs until the first dome is met. From this vantage point it is possible to see across the London and hear the noise of the city. A metal winding staircase in the centre leads up into the wooden interior of the green dome. This area is full of graffiti from the years when it was open to the public (it is now out of bounds even on open days). Climbing a further set of stairs leads to the small balcony which is the highest point reachable on foot.

Here, they stop to make a quick recon of the area. A spotlight on

the tower makes them rather conspicuous to anyone who happens to be looking at the tower - but soon this would be going off for the night. The exposed nature of the top makes it gusty and isolated. Sergeant Wicky, the accomplished climber in the group, dons his leading kit and looked for suitable belay points. As he begins to scope out the climb, P.O. Jism secures himself to a number of handrails to enable a safe belaying stance.

"Right lads - I'll see you on the other side", says Wicky, and with a grin he begins to climb the dome. Standing precariously on the top of the balcony he secures his first extender and starts to pull himself on to the top of the tower. All of a sudden, a voice booms from below - "OI WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?". Their hearts start racing and Wicky descends to discuss the situation. Do they still have time to sneak down the shaft without anyone noticing? Can they hide in the tunnels until the commotion was over? Swiftly, they tie the flag to the balcony and exit. They wait in the tunnels for a time before slipping into the unsuspecting campus grounds at around 3.00am.

The ascent that seemed so close would have to wait for another day, but with the rope still in situ it seemed that day would not be too far away...

tain members of the adventurous clubs around college listened to these tales. They made it their aim to find out more, and over a period of a few years, exploratory trips have been made around the campus.

At first it was necessity which lead M'arse, Jism and Goss who were living in **** stores to a familiarity of the tunnels north of Prince Consort road. The need to get into the stores when there was a function going on at the union lead to the discovery of a tunnel leading under Prince Consort Road, conveniently reached by climbing through a window into the stores itself. A desire to attend the Freshers' Ball without paying led Goss on an obscure route through the Biology Department to the roof of Beit, around the roof and down North East stairs into the Ball walking past the back of the security guard. Exploration of the course of the pipes lead to the back of the S+G store room and a further set of nasty crawling passages leading right around Beit

quad.

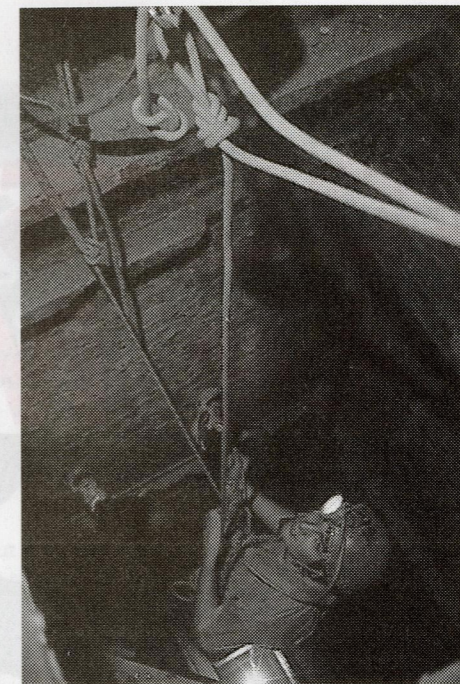
Wicky and Friends were more interested in the climbing potential around college, and over a series of excursions managed to climb the front of the union as well as the front of the RSM building. Working on a lab in the basement of Mechanical Engineering, Jism and M'arse began to explore this area - they found that it is possible to access the main tunnels very easily from the inside of Mechanical Engineering during the day, but even at night when the main door is locked it is possible to get in via an obscure squeeze past a pipe. The tale of the river was cleared up when a large pipe spouting water into an open tank was found. It did indeed sound like a river from a distance. The source of this flow is not known, but is unlikely to be caused by the combined toilet flush of the building!

After a while the explorers started sharing stories, and a few combined trips were undertaken. The most convenient entrances to the

system were found to be Mechanical Engineering, Chemistry (this is now covered by the medical building) and at the base of the Queens tower. The tunnel under Exhibition Road was found, which leads directly into the back of Southside bar as well as to a shaft to the roof of the halls. One excursion through chemistry happened to coincide with the burglar alarm at the science museum going off and we were caught by a snooping policeman as we were going in - some fast talking being necessary!

During a Last Night of the Proms filming session at the Royal Albert Hall, Jism Wicky and M'arse managed to bullshit their way into the car park under the RAH. While Jism diverted the Guards attention Wicky and M'arse took a look at a doorway at the back. It seemed to have that familiar smell of disused tunnels and would be worth further explorations.

But the most exciting lead of all was a 20 metre shaft leading into what looked like a grating and then the lights of a room in Queen's Tower. Looking at this, we realised that it wasn't possible to climb it, but with the help of a bolting kit and a few etriers (miniture flexible ladders), it was possible to get to an intermediate ledge about 4 metres up. The noise of the bolting hammer was clearly audible from the outside of the tower, but as it wasn't clear where it was

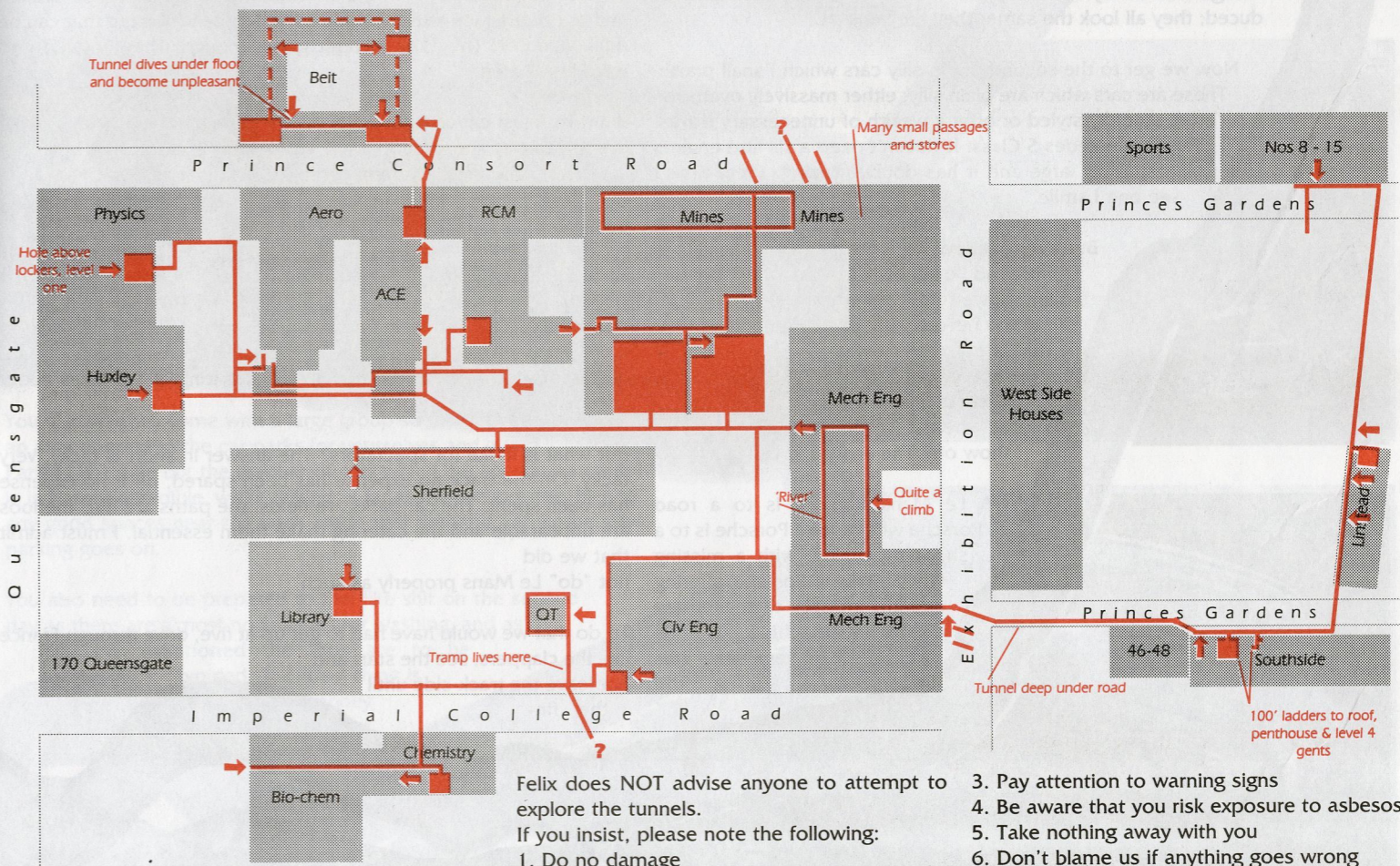


coming from, no one seemed to care- no one would have imagined what we were actually trying to do.

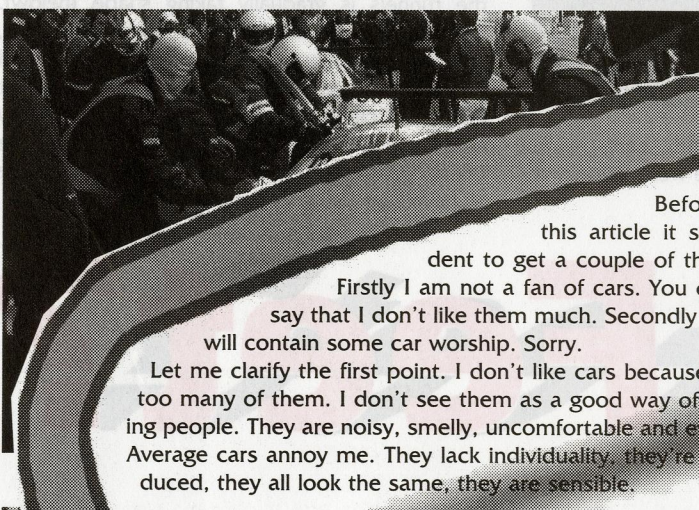
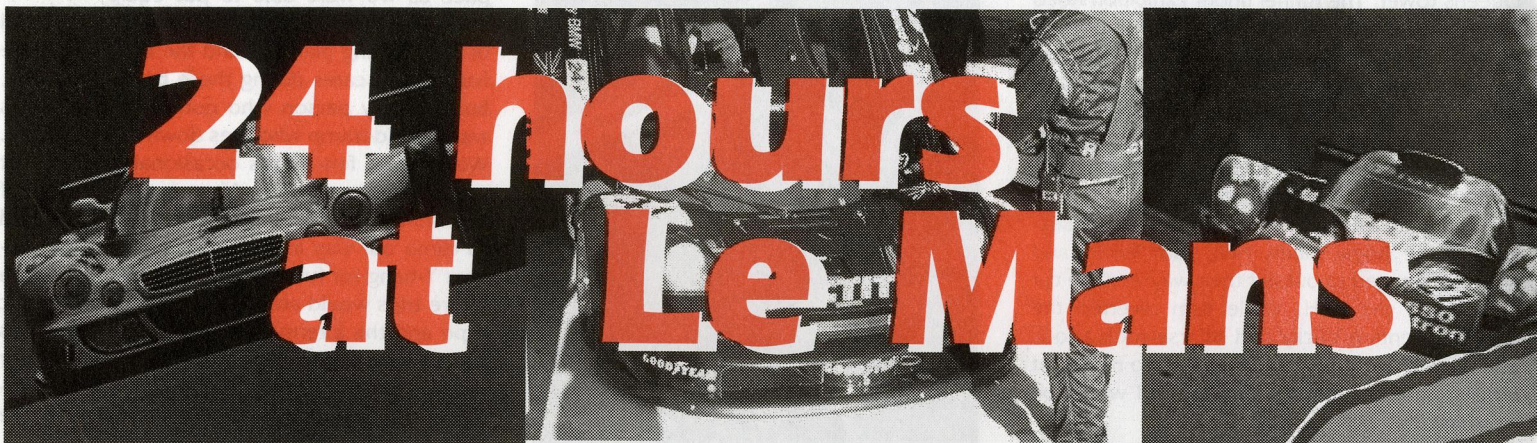
From this point Wicky did a bit of hairy acrobatics and managed to gain a few more meters. Exploration went a pace as we were able to put equipment bought for the ***** expedition to good use - a bolting platform and the Bosch drill! We had a few scares during these bolting sessions, but the only person who noticed our activities was the old tramp who lives down in the tunnels. We spoke a few words occasionally to him but generally just said hello. After about two years of occasional exploration trips we finally managed to climb our way into the QT, rigging a permanent Y-hang for future trips. The first person on future trips would always use a second dynamic rope and the intermediate bolts with extenders so they could check the rope in safety. On a later trip, Froggy took his full cave photography equipment and took some excellent photos of the shaft - before dropping his camera down it!

Assorted excursions continue, and a plan of the tunnels is gradually taking shape (below). There are many unknown leads still to investigate, and the continuous building work destroys and reveals new passages all the time. Not just Imperial College, but also the Natural History Museum, the Albert Hall, the Post Office, the London Underground and the Ministry of Defence all have tunnels on or next to the campus.

Your Feet?



24 hours at Le Mans



Let me clarify the first point. I don't like cars because there are too many of them. I don't see them as a good way of transporting people. They are noisy, smelly, uncomfortable and everywhere. Average cars annoy me. They lack individuality, they're mass-produced, they all look the same, they are sensible.

Now we get to the second point, silly cars which I shall praise. These are cars which are plain silly, either massively overpowered, stupidly styled or offer a wealth of unnecessary extras. Take a Mercedes S Class. It doesn't need a six litre engine, it's stupidly large and it has double-glazing. Every time I see one I smile.

But even that seems reasonable when you see Ferraris and Porsches. These really are unjustifiably powerful, and expensive. There is no way you need one in South Kensington. And that is exactly why they are so good. They are one of the few remaining things that can be acceptably shown off in public. But where do car manufacturers go to show off? The answer is Le Mans.

A Le Mans Porsche is to a road Porsche what a road Porsche is to a shopping trolley, with a missing wheel. This is Porsche offering to the masses their ultimate driving machine. This is their very best. This is the

And lets face it the Porsche 1998 911 GT1 is cool. It's fast, it corners, it costs £600,000, it doesn't do speed bumps and it has a 24-hour guarantee. It is, in short, useless on the road. But that is not the point. Because now when you buy a Porsche you buy a part of the car that came first and second at Le Mans, and did it in style.

But the road is not always rosy when you enter Le Mans; you could have an absolute shocker. Mercedes entered two cars, both looked superb, both had just won the GT championship, both were broken and out of the race after two hours. And there is nothing that can be done about it. They just weren't good enough. They entered and were humiliated.

But it isn't just car companies that enter. The ultimate show-offs are the privateers. These people will go and buy a car, tune it, pay drivers, enter the race, fix damaged parts and finance it all from their own pockets. And if they're lucky they can come fourth, as one did this year.

But enough about the cars, what is Le Mans? It is a town south west of Paris, where every year a 24-hour race is held for three categories of car, from 3pm to 3pm, Saturday to Sunday. The aim is to complete as many laps as possible in 24 hrs. The course is part road, part dedicated track and is about six miles long. A lap takes about two minutes.

But what is it like for spectators? The answer in short is tacky, very tacky. On the track no expense has been spared, off it no expense has been spent. The car parks are fields, the paths are dirt, the loos are unbearable and the catering make them essential. I must admit that we did not "do" Le Mans properly as such.

To do that we would have had to get up at five, drive through France like the clappers, see the start and not leave the track-side until the fin-

combination of all that they think we could possibly want. This is what their engineers dream of. This, as far as they are concerned, is IT, the dogs bollocks.

ish, when we would have partaken in the post race festivities. What we actually did was arrive after the start, spent most of our time away from the track, and leave before the finish.

The reason is simple; watching the racing is fun, but only for about twenty minutes. Firstly you don't actually see much, after all the cars average about 120 mph. Secondly the noise is incredible. When something like a McLaren, Panoz or Chrysler accelerate you have to protect your ears, even if you are a hundred metres away.

There were some people who were doing it properly. They had arrived early and staked a claim to a certain vantage-point. They had their chairs and sleeping bags. They had their thermoses and sandwiches. In my opinion they were taking it all slightly too seriously.

We didn't go specifically to see the racing, we only needed an excuse to run away from London and Oxford for a while. The four of us, all school friends, needed a break. We weren't even sure we had the right weekend, and it was decided that if we had the wrong one we would continue down to Monte Carlo, or go and chill in Paris. We were on a road trip of the best kind. Le Mans was an excuse to get away and catch up on each other, and what was going on in our various lives.

This, in my opinion, is the only way it should be done. We came expecting nothing, we were grateful for whatever we got, and we had no obligation to anyone. When we were hungry we went into town and ate, when we were tired we slept. There was no nagging feeling that we were not doing it right, that we were not making the best of the event.

To make the best of Le Mans requires planning. You should get a pit lane pass (rumour has it these are about £200). With one you can wander around the pits and chat to the mechanics, you can watch the change overs being done. As Le Mans is much more relaxed in the pits that F1 you can get a really good view of the teams at work.

You also want to come with a large group so that you can stake out an area of grass in the car parks for yourselves and guard it fiercely. Parking is ample but the number of cars which the spectators come in is simply incredible, we're talking as far as the eye can see. Hence any good spaces near the track are in real demand and some silly parking goes on.

You also need to be prepared to feel like shit on the second day as there are almost no facilities for washing, and as mentioned the loos are to be avoided. The ideal thing is to spend money and to

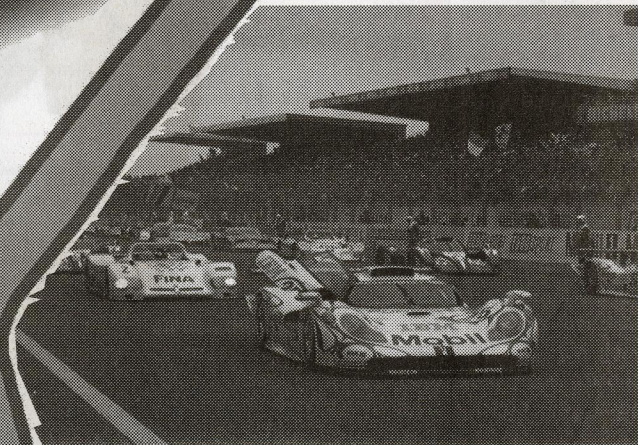
get into the executive areas; being invited by a car company is also a good idea. Here you get the full VIP treatment.

You also need to be keen. If you're not interested don't go. There is nothing at the track for non-racing fans so life would get very dull. If you know what you're talking about it is quite easy to get a conversation going on the merits of carbon brakes etc. with another spectator, as the crowd is very friendly, and mostly British.

In short Le Mans is very cool, but can't really hold it's own for two days. It is definitely something that should be done once, but is unlikely to become a permanent fixture on your calendar. If you go enjoy it, but don't hesitate to do something else if you get bored. After all it is only a couple of hours to Paris.

Oh, and for those of you who are interested but don't already know the finishing order for GTIs was Porsche, Porsche, Nissan, McLaren. Ferrari won the prototypes. Notably Mercedes and BMW both failed to finish any cars, so much for German reliability.

EvdB



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE SPIRITUALIZED...

Ladies and Gentlemen, let me introduce you to Spiritualized. Four people with a thousand ideas cramming their albums. Rock (maybe), dance (not really), angst (a little), moody (sometimes) but definitely one thing above all else, original. Songwriter and guitarist Jason Pierce (occasionally called Jason Spaceman when the mood takes him) is the main force behind the band and the story of Spiritualized starts with his former band, Spacemen 3. This was a band that liked to create a wall of sound with subtle changes overlaying the mix. This may sound like a remnant of the Jesus and Mary Chain or My Bloody Valentine era but Pierce liked to show his own influences through his music at that time. Therefore a lot of the Stooges, Velvet Underground and Suicide fill the albums with their drone-like loops and noises. When he formed Spiritualized, Pierce said it would be a band with which he would try and fill the gaps between all of his individual influences. He felt that creating music that sounded like the Beatles or The Beach Boys would be easy enough but that that kind of music was only 'superficially' good. It did nothing for originality, anyway.

When *Lazer Guided Melodies* came along in 1992, he set the scene for his style of music. Repeating riffs and melodic bass lines became his trademark. Underneath all of this was always a landscape created by keyboards and samples that ranged from the completely serene to those that were aggressive and almost evil. Every time, though, the emphasis was always on the whole sound, rather than any individual instrument or sample. Even Pierce's voice was treated like an instrument which tilted and swayed from gentle and breathy to harsh and hard.

Another hallmark of the band is their weaving of different techniques to create a sound that is hard to describe but not by any means

work. On their latest album, *Ladies and Gentlemen We are Floating in Space*, you will hear a Gospel choir singing together with distorted guitars and (sometimes dissonant) horns sections. On one song, the lyrics talk about Jesus and there are others that deal frankly with drugs. There are songs that cry from their hearts and others that stamp all over you with their sheer pomposity. When you put this album on, prepare to be swept up.

Pierce's music is soul. Pure soul, mixed with a tranche of blues and sprinkled with gospel. In fact, it was once described as 'Electric Gospel' and the term fits very well indeed. Take a listen and see how many different artists you can recognise. If you know the work of Otis Redding, Dr. John or even Elvis, then you will get something out of the music. If the descriptions so far make them sound like a pastiche of sounds (and therefore, by definition, mediocre and dull) then think again. Radio One DJ Jo Whitley recently described them as one of the most important bands this year - a recognition of the fact that they had been enjoying a relative popularity in the commercial music world recently but that this was not something the band themselves aimed towards. It may well be a cliché to say that a band plays music, 'just for the music itself - not the money', but it really is true with Spiritualized. Pierce considers the whole system of charts contrived since they only measure speed of sales. He has often said that he couldn't care less if his albums sold a million in ten minutes or ten years. It's just about the music, man.

Spiritualized really come alive when they play live. In the Royal Albert Hall last year, they produced one of the most startling shows the world had ever seen. The atmosphere inside was one of calm punctuated by moments of intense light and music - unmatched by any other band around today. The relaxation arose from a combination of the (perhaps illegal) intoxicants that filled the air as well as the fact that no one member of the band was singled out for crowd adulation. No-one was there to see just Jason Pierce or just Kate Radley or just Sean Cook or just Damon Reece. They were there for *all* of them. At once. And the Gospel choir and the horns and strings sections that actually made a difference to the sound as opposed to being merely cosmetic.

Make sure you listen to Spiritualized live at some point and now is the best time - they are playing virtually every festival this summer. Even if you don't end up liking the music, you'll still be astounded.

Alok

Floating Somewhere in Musical Space



WELCOME TO THE HUMAN EMBRACE

Arrogant, brilliant, over-rated, best debut since The Stone Roses, a cynical attempt to occupy the middle ground created by Oasis and The Verve. Embrace's album has caused quite a stir amongst fans of music. We let Dennis and Ed tell us what they think...

EMBRACE

The Good Will Out ★★★★★

Caught in a wave of premature adulation, Embrace look to be set up for quite a confrontation with the most fickle of corporations known to man: You, the British public. With all the surrounding hype, Embrace will stand or fall on their debut, which has already drawn comparison with *The Stone Roses* and *Definitely Maybe*. This may come across as a bit harsh on their career should they fall short of the mark but it's the McNamaras and Co. that have engineered this coming together. Danny's already admitted that he boasted before recording the album that it was going to be fantastically good in order to push himself to make sure that it was. And it is.

Truly, it is. You're greeted with forty-odd seconds of orchestral tuning, gradually rising in volume. There's some indistinguishable chatter, a rattle of kettle drums and the now familiar *All You Good Good People* bursts its way out of the speakers and into your ears. It's here where a lot of people will have

to start making decisions about how they feel while Danny adds some persuasive advice, 'Lose all your fears. They're keeping you down. You won't have to fake it while I'm around. All you good people, listen to me.' Did somebody say epic? There must have been a 'Big Chorus' switch in the recording studio that's been wedged down with copies of various music press publications. *My Weakness Is None Of Your Business*, *Come Back To What You Know* and *One Big Family*. They all resonate with anthemic grandeur.

It's all a bit personal, as well. Lyrically, you can spot their ideas and beliefs very quickly. The line, "The good will come out," features in three different songs. "Don't wanna let you down," (*My Weakness Is...*) and "I'll never let you down," (*Come Back To... and Fireworks*) demonstrate their commitment to not disappointing people. As well as the vulnerable side, there's also the constant reminder that we're here to make the most and best of things: 'If you're alive,



'Group hug, anyone?'

then why aren't you living?' (*I Want The World*), 'The view's too good to jump. Now let me talk you down.' (*You've Got To Say Yes*) and the triumphant, 'It's the way I feel!' (*The Last Gas*)

The Good Will Out is a touching album crammed with at least seven or eight pure gems of which *Retread*, *Higher Sights* and *That's All Changed Forever* are probably the best. The only lulls on the emotional plane come ironically in the more hedonistic numbers. It's not

that they can't pull them off, it's just that other bands that begin with the letter O would probably be able to be more fierce about it. However, this is splitting hairs. This is a shamelessly optimistic album that is both musically grand and lyrically beautiful. Journalists, cast aside your cool attitudes. Cynics, open your hearts. Fellow people, open your ears. Embrace Embrace and rejoice! **M**

Dennis

LOST IN MUSICAL DISGRACE

EMBRACE

The Gods Will Shout **No Stars**

A few points before I listen to the album. Apparently, 1997 was a great year for British music. The Verve and Radiohead finally hit the big time, The Prodigy and Oasis went supernova and Radio 1 told us about exciting new bands such as Mansun, Hurricane #1 but mostly Embrace. Over 12 months ago Steve Lamacq called them "The greatest find of the year." I assumed he must have been taking the piss when he played a demo of *All You Good Good People*, for what followed was a load of distorted guitars underneath a tone deaf singer with a cold. When it emerged that Mr. Evening Session was being sincere, comments of the 'I could sing bet-

ter than that' variety could be heard emanating from my mouth. So began my ill-fated relationship with Embrace. It seems strange that so many people are not only convinced that Danny McNamara isn't tone deaf but is actually a fantastic singer. He claims that, 'I could sing like Gary Barlow if I wanted to' (by which he means in tune) opting instead for a voice that, you know, means it. Listen, Danny, thousands of people 'mean it' when they sing in Karaoke bars, but it counts for nothing if you can't hit the notes. The album cover shows Embrace in typical self-loving fashion: their high-held heads shadowed as they hold back the force of the sunshine. I mean, God's gotta come from

somewhere, so why not Huddersfield? Anyway, on to the music.

Embrace re-worked *All You Good Good People* last Christmas with overblown orchestral enhancements. In clichéd style, the song starts softly and gradually builds to a climax near the end, then finishing all quiet and subdued. It received a totally undeserved Top 10 hit. And why mess with a winning formula? Recent single *Come Back To What You Know* follows exactly the same path (the vocals are a bit better: he's still tone deaf but at least his cold has gone) as, in fact, does the whole of their new album. Debut albums are first attempts to show the world what you're about. They shouldn't take 15 months to record (lack of ideas, lads?) and should show at least a bit of variety. The problem is that every song is either a near car-

bon copy of *AYGGP* (re-worked again for the album; still rubbish) or, like *One Big Family*, a bit more shouty. Hearing one Embrace song is bad enough, but being subjected to a monotonous album-full is painful. Embrace's grandiose style has gained them comparisons to Oasis, but in truth they share more with Shed Seven (both musically and vocally). When Embrace are called upon to produce a follow-up album, the world will finally realise how pathetic the group are - a pub band trying to take on the world. Their songs lack any true feeling; a fault that they have tried to make up for by dropping syrupy strings everywhere. But strings are no substitute for emotion. Save your money people and listen to some debuts that you already know are of established quality. **M**

Ed

FESTIVAL MADNESS IS UPON US ALL - BUT CAN YOU SPOT THE MYSTERY BAND LURKING AROUND THESE PAGES THAT WON'T BE APPEARING IN ANY OF THESE FESTIVALS (WELL, NOT TOGETHER ANYWAY)?

Glastonbury

26, 27, 28 June

Friday 26

Kenickie, Catherine Wheel, Carrie

Dance Tent -Plastikman, Lo-Fidelity Allstars, Adam F, DeeJay Punk-Roc, Spring Heel Jack

Jazz World Stage - Roni Size/Reprazent, The Roots, Zoot Third Stage-Cornershop, The Jesus & Mary Chain, Gomez, Drugstore, Theaudience, Sunhouse, Idlewild

Acoustic Stage -Taj Mahal, Nick Lowe, The Montrose Avenue, World Party

Sunday 28

The Other Stage - EMBRACE, Super Furry Animals, The Warm Jets, Ultrasound, Rocket From The Crypt, Rialto, The Supernaturals, Matchbox 20, The Montrose Avenue, The Young Offenders

Dance Tent -The Chemical Brothers, Moby, Fat Boy Slim, Luke Slater, Monkey Mafia, Fluke

Jazz World Stage -Portishead, Cornershop, Faithless, Bim Sherman, President Bongo

Stage Three - Ian Brown, Asian Dub Foundation, Unbelievable Truth, Dawn of the Replicants, Six by Seven

Acoustic Stage - Squeeze, The Australian Pink Floyd, Rolf Harris



Saturday 27

Main Stage -Blur, Tricky, Robbie Williams, Stereophonics, Tori Amos, Hothouse Flowers, Meredith Brooks, Jools Holland

Other Stage -Underworld, Placebo, Deftones, Catatonia, Ben Folds Five, St. Etienne, Monaco, Marion,

T in the Park

11 & 12 July

Saturday 11

Campag Velocet, The Dandys



Sunday 12

Main Stage - Pulp, Beastie Boys, Garbage, Finley Quaye, James, Stereophonics, Chumbawumba

NME Tent -Portishead, Ian Brown, Natalie Imbruglia, Bernard Butler, Asian Dub Foundation, Scott 4

SLAM Musik Tent -A Tribe Called Quest, Propellerheads, Monkey Mafia

Radio One Evening Session Stage - Fat Boy Slim, Cornershop, Unbelievable Truth, Money Mark, 60ft Dolls, Gomez, Carrie, Regular Fries

Booking Information-0141 339 8383. 0141 2875511. Day Tickets £29:50. Weekend Tickets £54. Camping Tickets £7:50 per person.

Main Stage - The Prodigy, Seahorses, Robbie Williams, Space, Catatonia, James Taylor

NME Tent - Spiritualized, Audioweb, Ultrasound, Rialto, Theaudience, The Young Offenders

SLAM Musik Tent - Darren Emerson (from Underworld), Plastikman, DJ Harri, DJ Q

Radio One Evening Session Stage - Bentley Rhythm Ace, Lo Fidelity Allstars, Warm Jets, Arab Strap, The Montrose Avenue, Idlewild,

V98

22 & 23 August

LEEDS CHELMSFORD

Saturday 22

Main Stage - The Verve, Seahorses, Green Day Lightning Seeds, Iggy Pop, Chumbawumba, Marion, Whale, The Young Offenders

NME Stage -Underworld, The Jesus & Mary Chain, Catatonia, St Etienne, Lo Fidelity Allstars, Gomez, The Montrose Avenue, Midget

Dance Tent-TBA

Sunday 23

Main Stage-The Charlatans, Texas, Robbie Williams, Space, James, Stereophonics, Feeder, Rialto, Headswim

NME Stage-Fun Lovin' Criminals, Ian Brown, PJ Harvey, Morcheeba, Republica, The Dandy Warhols, Theaudience, Heather Nova

Dance Tent-TBA

Leeds Booking Information: 0113 244 4600. 0115 912 9198. Day Tickets £30. Weekend Tickets £55. Camping £9.

Saturday 22

Main Stage-The Charlatans, Texas, Robbie Williams, Space, James, Stereophonics, Feeder, Rialto, Headswim

NME Stage- Fun Lovin' Criminals, Ian Brown, PJ Harvey, Morcheeba, Republica, The Dandy Warhols, Theaudience, Heather Nova

Dance Tent-TBA

Sunday 23

Main Stage-The Verve,Seahorses, Green Day Lightning Seeds, Iggy Pop, Chumbawumba, Marion, Whale, The Young Offenders

NME Stage- Underworld, The Jesus & Mary Chain, Catatonia, St Etienne, Lo Fidelity Allstars, Gomez, The Montrose Avenue, Midget

Dance Tent-TBA

Chelmsford Booking Information: 0171 287 0932. 0171 344 4444. Day Tickets £30. Weekend Tickets £55. Camping £11.

Reading

August 28,29,30

Friday 28

Campag Velocet, Snug



Main Stage - Page & Plant, Ash Mansun, The Deftones, The Afghan Whigd, Symposium, Rocket From The Crypt, Monster Magnet

Melody Maker Stage - Super Furry Animals, Mogwai, Kenickie, 60ft Dolls, Arab Strap, The Delgados, Soundtrack of our Lives

Dr Martens Stage -Gomez, Scott 4, Formula One, Sunhouse, Kerb



Rivermead Centre -TBC

Vans Warped Tours - Skate punk bands TBC

Saturday 29

Main Stage - Beastie Boys, Supergrass, Foo Fighters, Echo & The Bunnymen, Asian Dub Foundation

Melody Maker Stage -Travis, Bentley Rhythm Ace, Warm Jets, Unbelievable Truth, Idlewild,

Phoenix

Cancelled!

This one's been cancelled for one reason or another. If you have a ticket, then you can either get a Reading ticket in exchange or a full refund. Call the above numbetr for more info. Anyway, here's a pic of Ian Brown to help ease the sorrow.



Sunday 30

Main Stage - Garbage, The Bluetones, Shed Seven, The Divine Comedy, Gene, Monaco, Audioweb

Melody Maker Stage - Spiritualized, Ultrasound, Curve, Death in Vegas, Smash Mouth, Dust Junkys, Six by Seven, The Interpreters

Dr Martens Stage -Fu Manchu, The Peadilloes, Mover, Satellite Beach, Huckleberry

Rivermead Centre -TBC

Big Beat Boutique -Live Acts and DJs TBC

Booking Information: 0541 500 044. 0171 344 0044. 0181 963 0940. Day ticket: £30. Weekend Ticket: £75



Miscellaneous

All the time...

Womad

July 24,25,26

Rivermead, Richfield Avenue, Reading, Berks

Friday - Pandit Shiv Kumar Sharma, Ananda Shankar, Te Vaka, Istanbul Oriental Ensemble

Saturday - Cornershop, Ladysmith Black Mambazo, Abdullah Ibrahim Trio

Sunday-Flaco Jiminez, Faithless, Paco Pena Flamenco Company, Celtus

Booking Information-0118 939 0930. 01225 744 494. Day Tickets: Fri-£17, Sat-£27:50, Sun £27:50. Weekend with camping:£58.

Pulp in the Park

July 25

Finsbury Park, North London



Pulp, Bernard Butler, Catatonia, Bentley Rhythm Ace

Booking Information: 0541 500 044. 0171 344 0044. £23.

Party in the

Park

July 5

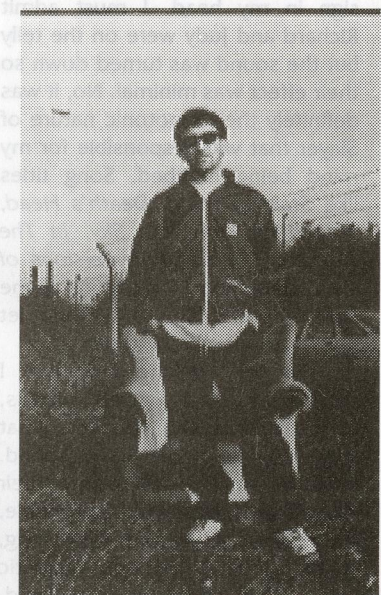
Hyde Park

34th Charles Wells

Cambridge Folk Festival

July 31, August 1 & 2

Cherry Hinton Hall Ground



Friday -Levellers, Eddi Reader and others.

Saturday-Taj Mahal, Nick Lowe and others.

Sunday-The Blues Band, Kathy Mattea and others.

All Saints, Lightning Seeds, Boyzone, James, Kula Shaker, Natalie Imbruglia, Simple Minds

Booking Information: 0171 420 0958. 0171 420 1000. £15.

ALBUMS

SMASHING PUMPKINS

Adore ★★★★★½

It's been a long two years since the Pumpkins released their last album, *Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness*, and I have been waiting with bated breath for *Adore* to hit the streets. The 'Pumpkins haven't really been up to much since *Mellon Collie*, only releasing the mediocre *The End is the Beginning is the End* for the Batman soundtrack. The band was commissioned to do the complete soundtrack, but at the last minute their contributions were tossed aside leaving only the aforementioned single. Billy Corgan, the lead singer, on the other hand, has been fairly busy by himself composing for the Ransom soundtrack, and James Iha has released a solo album of what sounded like light country music and I advise people to steer clear of it.

Adore is a complete change in tack for the sound of the 'Pumpkins. This has been attributed, by many critics, to Billy's mother dying, his marriage breaking up, the dismissal of the band's drummer and the death of their

keyboard player from a heroin overdose. I personally feel that it is just the band exploring another facet of their musical genius. On a recent TV interview the band had said that they felt that all of their work since the release of *Gish*, their first album, had been forced to stay in the same vein by their record label executives. Billy feels that the band has an essentially orchestral core and they certainly explored this in the album. Gone is the bleeding sore of hate and anger that earmarked most of *Mellon Collie* and certainly all of the second CD, *Starlight to Twilight*. What has emerged is an album which is much more mellow, even if it is a bit introspective and gloomy. It has a rich variety of pianos, strings and a whole variety of instruments usually associated with the Royal Albert Hall rather than the mental mosh pits of 'Pumpkins' gigs. What they have also made use of are drum loops giving some of the tracks a distinctly dance-y feel, which works surprisingly well with *Appels and Oranjes*, the excellent

Ava *Adore* and the darkly brilliant *Pug* being the best examples.

Unfortunately, in searching for a new sound or as they put it, exposing their core, the band has lost some of the magic gained by the use of a hugely distorted guitar sound and monumental overdubbing of up to 40 separate recordings of slightly different guitar riffs on the same track. Despite this, the album is amazing if not quite up to the standard of *Siamese Dream* and *Mellon Collie* and you don't have to listen to any of James Iha's songs either, which is a bonus. I thoroughly recommend this album to anyone who is already a 'Pumpkins fan, or who just likes a bit of something slightly heavier than awful commercial rock. Just as something to push the frontiers of music a seventeen second track is included, imaginatively titled 17, at the end of the album. Billy and the band give the execs. the birdie. **M**

Simon



'Pumpkins in the house! Well, just outside, actually.'

SLAYER

Diabolus in Musica ★

Sometime, somewhere in my past, I drank bottles of 20-20, got pissed off at anything and anyone and always, without fail, believed that I was right about everything. I also listened to Anthrax, Megadeth and Slayer. Now, I'm quite partial to a pint of Caffrey's, get pissed of at slightly less stuff and always, without fail, believe that I'm right about everything. I do not, however, listen to the aforementioned bands anymore. Possession of an acoustic guitar has thrown me into more of a Bob Dylan/Embrace/ Bernard Butler category. Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe I should have never changed the way I listen. Perhaps this Slayer album will pull me back into the clutches of heavy/thrash/speed/death or whatever type of metal Slayer fall into nowadays. Something tells me though that this is unlikely to happen.

Listening to the screaming, shouting and seven thousand notes a second soloing, I could feel my senses dulling while my creative thoughts scrambled for the exit

sign in my head. I must admit Richard and Judy were on the telly but the sound was turned down so their effect was minimal. No, it was definitely the monotonic nature of Slayer that was responsible for my mind being numbed. Song titles like *Stain of Mind*, *Death's Head*, *Screaming From the Sky*, *In The Name of God* and *Perversions of Pain* are all good indications of the sort of sound you're likely to let your eardrums be battered with.

To get a balanced opinion, I decided to ask some friends, acquaintances and strangers what they thought of the Slayer sound. What follows is a collection of their responses: fuckin' terrible, horrible, the masters, grotesque, disgusting, fuckin' gods, I feel sick, fantastic and head-splittingly splendid. Slayer seem to have a knack of polarising camps so it really is your decision to make. I made mine early on in the album but gave them one star for old times' sake. **M**

Dennis

MELYS

Rumours and Curses ★★★★★½

Melys are a new four piece band from Wales, who have been signed to the same label as Gorky's Zygotic Mynci. They mix simple melodies with gentle St Ettiene style synth beats and borrow some experimental keyboard work from Stereolab to create a unique mel-low electro-folk sound. The music is built around the delicate voice of Angela Parker, whose angelic vocals conceal dark and often disturbing lyrics. 'I want to kill him, gouge out his eyes, write my name across his face, with Stanley knife...' is just part of the seething plan of revenge outlined in *Acid Queen*. Accompaniment is provided by synthesisers, guitar, and a multitude of strange electronic effects, which are fused into simple rhythms and melodies that perfectly complement the fragile vocals.

It is unfortunate that Melys do not really fit in with the current musical fashions and will probably not get much airplay, as the tracks on the album are of a very high

standard. *Diwifir*, a haunting melody sung in a mixture of Welsh and English, is a track that will get stuck in your head for days, while *Lemming* combines sleigh-bells and electro-twang with wonderfully psychotic lyrics. My favourite tracks on the album have to be the beautiful acoustic *When You Put Leonard Cohen On* telling the sad tale of a couple drifting apart and the final track *Matryoshka* which adds the Llanrwst Male Voice Choir to a vast electronic ocean of swishes, buzzing, echoes and distortion. *Rumours and Curses* is a promising debut album and I would recommend it to anyone disillusioned with the same old guitar bands. Buy it now and be smug when they appear on Jools Holland. **M**

Phil



ETHER

Strange ★★★



The Bootfreaks have returned repackaged and with one extra, as Ether. Originally intended to be a boy band, they have gone indie, with the quirkiest lead singers (Rory Meredith winner of the John Lennon Song writing Scholarship) around. To coincide with the launch of their album, they have also released the single *Best Friend*, what the band considered to be their crossover hit, to do what *Alright* did for Supergrass. This is a very unusual song from the album and promotes a stereotype that isn't true in the least.

She Could Fly, in contrast, manages to hit the balance of pop and near rock. The band somehow manage to create a completely full sound with only a three piece followed by a Ben Folds Five-style piano rhythm and an Elvis Costello voice. After such a strong opening track, the rest of the album is pushed to deliver but only *I Love Her Anyway* comes close as an anti-climaxing love song.

The first album may be more of a lesson to them than a maker or breaker. A few singles that only your die hard fans can't launch an album and neither can one song that has been written in an attempt to tap into the feel of the charts. They are, however, the fullest sounding three piece around and if they can exploit this, there's nothing to stop them.

David

POP TARTS

Woman is the Fuehrer of the World ★★★

The Germans. They're famous for efficiency, Frankfurters, penalty shoot-outs, their sense of (ahem) humour and poppy little lo-fi punk outfits. OK, maybe not but that's what the Pop Tarts are. Woman is the Fuehrer of

GARBAGE

Version 2.0 ★★★



the World could be described as a sort of mix between our very own Kenickie and the All-American female trio, Sleater-Kinney. Not as glossy and professionally produced as Kenickie but not quite as rough and emotionally raw as Sleater-Kinney. This could probably be put down to the fact that they're not singing in their native tongue for a portion of the time. It's a shame really, as the German language is probably well suited to punk with its pronunciation of harsh consonants.

Saying this, there are several tracks with German titles and a couple sung in the Deutsche lingo. There's *OK Vollgas*, where the chorus consists of one person just saying 'OK' in a quirky German accent and another screaming 'Vollgas'. Apparently, it's the equivalent of saying, 'Hit the gas.' or 'Floor it.' And they admirably do stick their engine into overdrive on this track and on *Hallo Franzi* and *So'n Scheiss* which roughly translates to 'So Shit!' Others worthy of mention are *Buro* and *Kindheit Jugend Sex*, Office and Childhood Youthful Sex respectively. Basically what you've got here is ten short, catchy and noisy songs. It's not really offensive and it isn't going to start a series of riots in the German capital. However, it is a nice little snack that you can eat between major pop punk releases without spoiling your appetite. **M** Dennis.

Why fix what ain't broke? That's certainly the ethic that Garbage have employed with this album. With their last offering, Garbage gave the world an interesting new band format that produced some memorable classics like *Milk* and *Queer*. Three 'old' producers and one 'young' vocal talent that brought the whole sleazy sound together brilliantly. Samples and loops littered the record and the band lent themselves very well to re-mixes that, quite often, surpassed the originals.

And that's the same with *Version 2.0*. Again, samples and loops cut through the heavy guitars but only *Push It* reclaims the glories of the past. The rest of the album is good, but tends to merge into one in the search for something new and different. It's no dirge, but it does get a bit tiring listening to Shirley's voice rasping through more effects than you could possibly imagine. A couple of simpler tracks that didn't rely so much on electronics would have provided a great contrast to the rest of the album. More than anything, it would outline more of their talent.

But instead of complaining, join me in welcoming back the innovators of the goth/dance/indie/rock sound. **M** Alok.

TOM WAITS

Beautiful Maladies ★★★

This enormous compilation of twenty two tracks has been released under the subtitle "the Island years", something of a boast from the record company which has allowed Waits to produce some of his most strange and twisted material to date. Tom Waits is a prolific artist, who has experimented with a wide variety of musical styles from swamp blues to Rio samba, touching all of them with his unmistakable (and pretty disturbing) presence. It's clear from the subject matter of these songs that Nick Cave owes Waits a huge debt, as they deliver a succession of pimps, murderers, messianic saviours and whiskey priests. Most striking, however, is the voice. 80-a-day rough with a Southern drawl, he still manages to contort his vocal chords in displays of cunning mimicry. On *The Black Rider*, he's the spit of Marlene Deitrich groaning away in a smoky Berlin nightclub to a theme lifted directly from *The Flintstones* ('We'll have a gay old time'). Later he's King Louis from *The Jungle Book* singing about a stop-over in the most dangerous port in the world, 'Singapore'. I can smell the salt, the wet ropes and rotting meat as he tells us 'The captain is a one-armed dwarf! He's throwing dice along the wharf! In the land of the blind the one-eyed

man is king'.

Musically, there's more than a hint of Beefheart experimentalism at work, and Waits is at his best when perverting blues and jazz, such as on the strangled Billie Holliday moan of *Temptation*. He is just as convincing when he acknowledges the roots of his music in the old blues standard, *Jesus Gonna Be Here*, a morbid anticipation of the final Judgement trump. Similarly, his love for shit-kicking folk music is clear in *I Don't Wanna Grow Old* and *Cold Cold Ground*, both of which could be from the Shane MacGowan canon. But I have to give special mention to *Frank's Wild Years*, an old favourite riddled with black humour. Waits plays the lounge bar sot, telling how his good friend Frank 'Settled down out in the valley I Hung his wild years on the nail he drove through his wife's forehead She was a spent piece of used jet-trash, made good Bloody Marys, kept her mouth shut most of the time, had a little Chihuahua named Carlos that had some kinda skin disease and was totally blind they were so happy'. Frank's story alone is sufficient reason to kill yourself getting a copy of this album, but if you ask real nice, Tom may well do it for you. **M**

Norm

ALBUMS

IMOGEN

HEAP

I Megaphone ★★

She sings like Tori Amos on a bad day. She writes her own songs, and she's younger than me. If she was a bit better, she'd be fantastic. As it is, her angst ridden songs are just irritating. Some of the lyrics are great (*I am your whore/without a name/you took me in again*), but most of the songs on this album are fairly poor. Don't waste your cash on it, buy the new Tori Amos album instead if you really need an injection of angst ridden female vocals. Alternatively, you could come and listen to me whinging about my problems. It'll only cost you a fiver. **M**

Julia

BRAN VAN 3000

Glee ★★★

This Canadian born gathering is State Side in every way. They have the narration's and mixing of the Beastie Boys, combined with the sampling and many short tracks style of Beck.

Bran Van 3000 is the brainchild of Jamie Di Salvio, a DJ, re-mixer and video director. He gathered 20 Montreal musicians, producers, singers and rappers together and just started recording. Since then the 'band' has gone on tour with six singers and as you've probably guessed the result is an album full of many flavours.

It isn't until the third song, their single *Drinking In LA* that the tracks have any individuality. The first two just jump from sample to sample, and if the *Drinking In LA* didn't come along most listeners would

just give up. *Drinking in LA* pulls the listener back in, with its easy listening rap and strong chorus line. It clearly stands out on the albums being one of the only radio-friendly songs.

The rest of the album lurches between rap, reggae, rock, pop, dance and indie and is difficult to get into. Bran Van 3000 obviously have the talent to be a good band, but in an attempt to combine contrasting sounds, they have cut up and over-produced their songs to much. You get the feeling that they haven't fully thought out what fits with what else. If you are interested in sampling or just experimenting with music, however, then *Glee* will give you plenty ideas to play with. **M**

David

DEEP PURPLE

Abandon *No Stars*

Cool, the rock gods are back! I thought when I was handed this CD. Having misspent many hours of my youth moshing away to such gems as *My Woman from Tokyo* I was really curious about this new album. Three tracks and quarter of an hour later, I had to switch off. This album is arse. It's glam rock at its most pathetic, the vocals sad/comic, the riffs seemingly random. Richie Blackmore's replacement Steve Morse who has, otherwise, done some decent stuff is insufferably dull and Jon Lord's new Hammond needs many more miles of touring before it regains its former glories. Unfortunately this would also do him in. There's nothing new or interesting here even for a die-hard soft rocker caught in a 1985 time warp. **M**

Antoine

SINGLES

Black Box Recorder - *England Made Me*

Dark lyrics of the Beth Gibbons variety in an altogether Portishead sort of song. Possibly jumping on the World Cup/Cool Britannia bandwagon.

Wamdue Project - *King Of My Castle*

Easy trance beats behind the watery vocal "Must be a reason why I'm king of my castle" makes this a pleasing, if slightly bland, single.

Bernard Butler - *A Change of Heart*

Bernie's new song is exactly halfway between his previous singles *Stay* and *Not Alone*. Prone to adding those cheesy air-guitar bits from Bill & Ted, I doubt this will add to the sizeable credit he's been building up this year.

Space - *Begin Again*

While Space's previous songs have all had a certain charm lying behind their quirky exterior, this "Phoney Valentino" attempt is just plain annoying.

Lodger - *Always Round Here*

The follow-up to their tremendous debut *I'm Leaving* shows co-singer Pearl Lowe being a bit too Bjork-ish. The song's still great though, showing signs of a certain band's influence: Danny Supergrass is Pearl's husband and co-songwriter.

Velocette - *Spoiled Children*

Very similar to early St. Etienne but with a harder edge, this lushly harmonised song is quite endearing. A lay back and chill in the sun song.

Chumbawamba - *Top of the World*

Oh my God I hate Chumbawamba and this is as bad as it gets, a world cup song that has been linked to the Spanish team due to the OLE's in it! So this is one you should go no where near. I wish Chumbawamba were on top of the world, literally.

THE ESSENTIAL CHOON

Beastie Boys - *Intergalactic*

After four years away the Beasties are finally back with their amazing new space aged single. It's typical Beastie's rapping with the much envogue electro speech being used for the chorus as well as an addictive Rachmaninoff loop in the background. Simply brilliant!!

Del Amitri - *Don't Come Home Too Soon*

Another World Cup song but at least this one is for Scotland. Del Amitri sing a moving ode to Scottish football misfortune that isn't too bad at all. Certainly not rousing, one for the boys to cry along to when Scotland come back home in a few weeks.

Electrasy - *Lost in Space*

Electrasy are going to be big allegedly. They appeared on TFI Friday a weeks ago and didn't particularly impress and neither does this single. A bog standard indie/pop song with no real imagination or particular style.

Girls Against Boys - *Park Avenue*

A single that certainly is heavy American guitar

based dance. GAB are crazy live, produce scary music that sounds a little like Rage Against the Machine, and are certainly not mainstream. But that's not necessarily a bad thing at all.

Ed Propellerheads - *Bang On!*

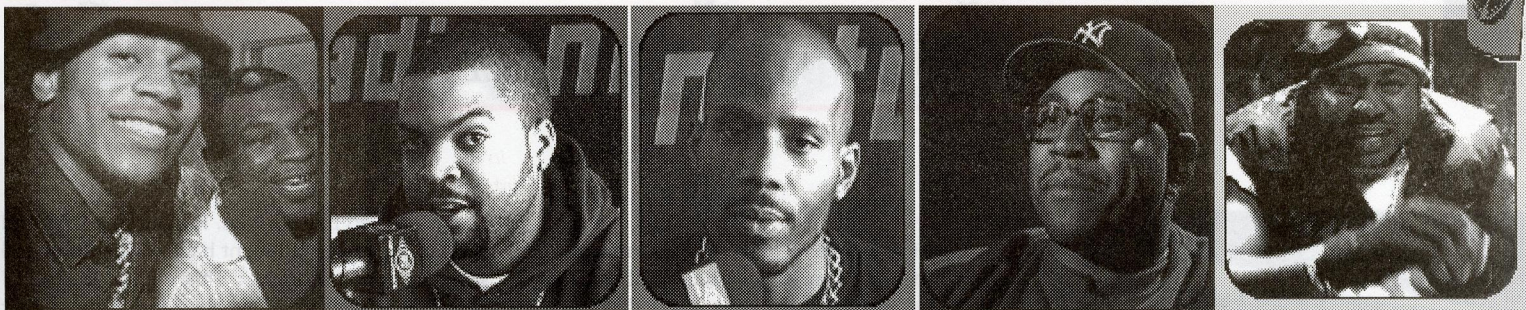
A manic electro-laced race through a computer generated landscape on coke and speed, with the occasional guitar solo breather. Mad completely mad. The excellent B-side, *Velvet Pants (Spare Pair Mix)* is far more groovy I guess, a tune that's definitely of the jazzy cigarette variety!

Superior - *Being You*

A well produced, carefully thought out tune that is well sung by the female vocalist. Kind of an intelligent, melancholic indie track that is reminiscent of the Levellers but definitely not as cheesy. The B-sides are good too with a minimalistic 80's feel to them. May be a band to watch out for.

Ramzi.

IF ITS NOT LOVE, THEN ITS THA BOMB THAT'LL BRING US TOGETHER!



Welcome to the final Bomb of this term! First up is some news on Tupac...Orlando Anderson, the suspected killer of Tupac, has himself been killed in an altercation at a car wash. Apparently he owed some guy money and they got into a fight and guns were pulled. Tupac's mother, Afeni, plans to release an album of tribute songs on Amaru Records. It is rumoured to be remakes of Tupac songs by many different artists, and Madonna may even be involved! I get around, indeed. The album should be released on the second anniversary of Tupac's death, September 13th 1998.

There will probably be a Biggie tribute album from the Bad Boy camp as well, although I have been hearing that Puffy is planning to record a gospel album! You have been warned.

Lauryn Hill and Wyclef do not seem to be on the best of terms. Lauryn's new album apparently doesn't have any Wyclef production, and her first few lines on her new single, Lost Ones, seem to be aimed at him.

Nate Dogg's album should be out somewhere but it will be officially released in the States at the end of the month, so expect HMV Virgin etc to flood us with overpriced imports. The album is entitled G Funk Classics and contains 2 great songs with Snoop and Tupac. It's G Funk like it is supposed to be. Also, Nate has a track out with Warren G (don't know if this is on his album, but it is on the Woo soundtrack) and it's what you expect: laid-back funk.

Master P should release a clutch of albums on his No Limit Records. Watch out for P's The Last Don, C-Murder (suspiciously sounding like 2Pac but it ain't him), Silk the Shocker, Fiend and Snoop's The Game Is To Be Told Not To Be Sold will drop on August 4, featuring the No Limit Soldiers and others. Don't front, you know his last album he was stranded on Death Row, now he got the real deal expect him to make a good album at least.

NBA Lakers superstar Kobe Bryant is set to record an album. I hear he can rhyme, so check it out when it comes. Apparently he won some rap contest before he made the NBA.

A quick note on the west coast group, Jurassic 5. I have listened to their album, and it's pretty good. They have instrumental tracks and

the regular hip hop tracks, combining old skool flavour with the new skool. The only bad thing I find is that it is too short! Clocking in at just under 40 minutes, you better make sure you like it.

Brandy has a new album out now, and the song with Monica, the Boy is Mine, is huge! It reached number two in the charts over here and is number one in the US. The album is supposed to be pretty good and has a few guest rappers on it like Mase. Kinda strange having a comeback at the age of 19? Also R. Kelly has produced and co-written much of the new album from Sparkle. Peter Gunz & Lord Tariq of Uptown fame hit us with their new album, Make It Reign, featuring guests such as Big Pun, Fat Joe, Kurupt, Sticky Fingaz & new jack Cam'ron and production ranging from Jermaine Dupri to Teddy Riley. Ex-NWA member MC Ren has a good album out called Ruthless for Life, showing he still got it after 10 years. Queen Latifah should be dropping her album anyday soon, and has some good songs on there.

Singles out now are Imajin featuring Keith Murray, Janet Jackson, Canibus featuring Mike Tyson, Jay Z, Pras featuring ODB and Mya, the Jive All-Stars, and coming soon should be LL Cool J & Dr Dre (Zoom), Aretha Franklin (Here We Go again), Public Announcement (Body Bumpin'), Bust and Erykah Badu (One), Mary J Blige (Round & Round), Another Level (Freak Me), and possibly Destiny's Child (With Me) and who knows if Puffy will release Victory over here.

SUMMER ALBUMS

Look out for the following releases this summer:

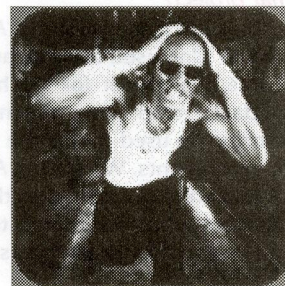
- Def Squad - *El Nino* 30/6
- King Tee - *Thy Kingdom Come* 30/6
- Sunz of Man - *Sunz of Man* 30/6
- Black Eyed Peas - *Behind the Front* 30/6
- Noreaga - *N.O.R.E.* 14/7
- M.O.P. - *First Family 4 Lif* 14/7
- Tribe Called Quest - *The Love Movement* 14/7
- Xzibit - *40 Days & Nights* 14/7
- P.A. - *Straight No Chase* 14/7

- Jermaine Dupri - *Life in 1472* (21/7)
- Cam'ron - *Confessions of Fire* 21/7
- Fat Joe - *Don Cartagena* 21/7
- MC Lyte - *7 & 7* (28/7)
- E-40 - *Element of Surprise* 28/7
- Snoop - *Da Game is to be Sold...* (4/8)
- Lauryn Hill - *The Miseducation of...* (18/8)

Also expect albums from Canibus, Kurupt (Kurrupption), Mack 10 (the Recipe), Inspektah Deck (Uncontrolled Substance), Rza, Ras Kass (Rassassination), Cypress Hill (IV), Crucial Conflict (Good Side/Bad Side), Bizzy Bone, Heltah Skeltah (Magnum Force), Charli Baltimore (Ice), Devin (the dude), Cormega (the Testament), a Flip Mode compilation and All City (Metropolis Gold).

Roni

Catch Tha Bomb Live at the Summer Carnival on 26th June



Da Bomb explodes in the Union on the last day of term, Friday 26 June. Be there. We got the whole bomb squad givin' it to ya raw!



the electric café



Who are you? What do you do with music?

I try to make electronic music; psychedelic stuff. The most important thing about me is that I'm from Cologne.

You're in a group called Air Liquide. Can you tell us about that project?

Jammin' Unit and myself founded Air Liquide in 1991. Jammin' Unit used to be an audio engineer and I was a producer for hip house and commercial dance crap. After the music was used in the night we used to use the studio for psychedelic experiments. We started Air Liquide at this time and we just had fun in the studio, not thinking about what we wanted to do, just freaking out with the instruments; making sounds.

Why the name Air Liquide?

This is a kind of cool story. I had this fucking poser car (Oh yeah! Fucking, that's a bad word in the UK); a convertible; really fast. I was going home in this car at 160 mph and I was going on the autobahn in Germany and there was this truck called Air Liquide (a French chemical company) and another car went in my lane so I had to swerve so as not to hit the truck.

I missed the Air Liquide truck by about 15 cm. It was really fast, really close and I didn't hit it. So I saw this sign Air Liquide and I didn't hit it, and I thought that maybe we should do a band like this.

What were your roots? What music inspired you into Air Liquide?

Ah that's really bad! Jammin' Unit comes from rock; psychedelic rock music and I come from NWA, Public Enemy. That's really bad to say but actually it's true...

Why is it bad?

Because I have to tell everyone I'm not from the ghetto and I'm kind of happy about that. I don't like burning trash cans and I don't like to shoot people. I don't like to diss people or whatever, but the energy from Public Enemy is amazing. Public Enemy six years ago was like modern can music; like cut-up techniques, insane psychedelic electronic music. I didn't like the attitude, but I liked the sound, the groove and the funk. So this was mind-blowing for me. Actually everyone said that white people cannot be funky. I said "Yeah sure honey! You're right. Let's do it!"

So do you consider your music is funky?

Hopefully! Maybe not live, but when I produce records, I'm working hardcore. Someone asked me how I can describe my music and I said, "It's insane music from insane boys for insane girls. I make girls music!"

Just for girls?

Yeah. Actually yeah! I really love it when they



all shake their asses in front of the stage. This is totally important for me.

Is that what funk is?

Yeah sure! It's sex.

Apart from that is there a message? What is your music about?

My partner says no message, actually my message is sex.

In what way?

Psychedelic, like fucking on LSD. That's big fun! I try to make music like that.

And tonight you're playing live. Can you explain your live style?

It's really funny because we jam together on electronic instruments, and if everything works out fine, we press start and all the machines work. So we start to combine electronic sounds; make rhythm, make atmosphere. Yesterday night I saw a live PA from another UK act, and this was full playback and I had to

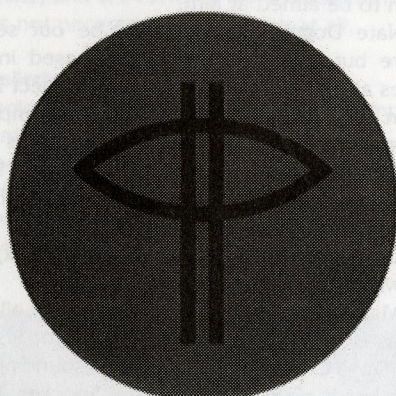
leave. I felt so bad for him. He put in a DAT and tried to play over it. I went back to the hotel and went to bed. I thought, "This cannot be true! I saw that it was full playback, and I guess that lots of other people saw that."

So yours is totally live and totally unrehearsed?

Yeah if you give yourself a chance to be totally bad, you have a chance to be really good, and if you put in a DAT and press play you cannot be bad or good, you can just be boring. That's all. If your only artistic contribution is to change volume and IQ, I'll see it and I'll die.

What do you think when critics say that electronic music cannot be raw and live and dangerous?

In this case they have no idea. I mean electronic instruments are instruments. You have to learn instruments, and you have to play and perform with instruments, and I don't care if these instruments have five strings or two hundred knobs or whatever. So you can play on a mixing board just like on a guitar. You have to love it.



I performed in Zurich, Switzerland. There was a hardcore girl; a lesbian with short hair and tattoos everywhere, and she was standing behind me and when I stopped performing she came and gave a big hug to me. She started to kiss me and said that it was the most amazing thing with electronic instruments that she had ever seen. She was the singer of a Zurich punk group. She said, "That was so cool! I never knew that was possible with electronic instruments."

Do you also DJ?

No! I'm too stupid to do that! You need to have money in your pocket to buy new records and stuff. I don't have that. It's too difficult for me to go into a record shop and buy new records and listen to new records. It's not my deal.

You release your music on many different labels. Why is this? Why don't you make music for one label so people know where to find your music?

I don't believe in labels. I believe in friends. When friends come to me and want to release a

talks to Air Liquide

certain record I say, "Oh yeah, sure. Let's go!" If business people come to me and say, "We have to release this and this and this." I say, "OK. How much?"

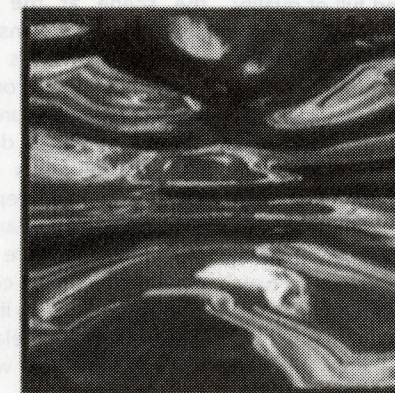
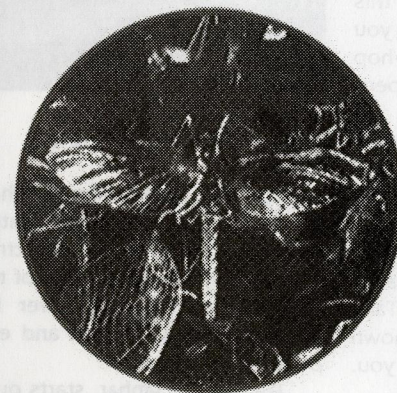
I read that you were a student of an academy of electronic music...

That's true but it's not important.

...I also read that you went through tough times before Air Liquide? You had sounds you invented stolen, and a company that you made hit commercial records for went bankrupt and you never saw the money of your work. Music journalists have justified your hard and raw sound to this sequence of events. Is that true?

No. As I told you we're lying the whole time. Every day a new truth. But we are really bad sarcastic people. Actually I think this is kind of Cologne style to have really bad humour. We put this in music.

A good friend of mine plays in a band and he said, "Whatever any newspaper writes about you, make sure it's not the truth!"



Why?

Because the more people people can talk about you, the more important this is for your publicity. If you tell them the truth, it's kind of boring; like, "I was born there, and I think this, and I did this!" It's boring! But if people start to talk about you and it's not true and there's a big rumour and some hype, then this is fun!

But don't you think that there are people who were influenced by your music and want to know about you because of your music; the truth?

I definitely appreciate that people like our music, but they don't know what's going on if they haven't been in Cologne and went partying with us for six days. And they don't know how to die. It's true. It sounds dramatic.

We've been out partying every day for a couple of years, and at six o'clock in the morning when we are totally blasted we go and produce some tracks, and then we go to sleep, and then we invent ourselves again. So everyday we

have a new truth. It's really difficult to explain it. People who haven't been in Cologne for a few days, hanging out with us don't believe it. We tell them, "It's easy to drink 400 bottles of beer in two days." They say, "You're fucking idiots. You don't know what you're talking about."

Apart from this party-vibe thing, you made a track called Twice Zero is Zero, with a vocal track that contained some quite deep sayings. Is your music also about that in some ways?

Mary Applegate who did all the vocals for us is my ex-girlfriend. All the lyrics were about our relationship because at that time she was married and I was married, and this was a really bad relationship. She got divorced and I got divorced. I'm not allowed to see my children anymore because of this relationship. All these vocals from this time, like "This is not a mind trip, this is a body journey" were really coming from the heart. It's not like psychedelic bullshit, it's an honest rock'n'roll vibe. It's about our lives.

It's a really bad thing to talk about!

music or played with violins or whatever.

What do you think of DJing as a live spectacle?

DJing is not live. It's like painting a wall. You can paint a wall perfectly; like white or green or whatever, and you don't see any drops on it, no shades. That's a DJ! There are musicians. They make records for DJs to play. They are inventing the colours and shades for DJs to play.

In the record industry people say that DJs are musicians. Do you agree?

I don't want to diss DJs. They do a good job to bring music to people but they are not producers.

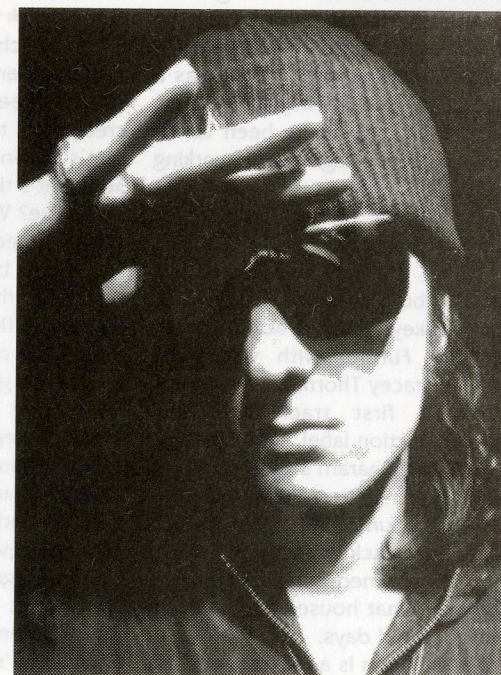
Does it not make you angry that some DJs get all the attention and make all the money if they're not being creative?

That's OK with me! It's not my way. I've nothing against someone like Sven Vath who makes lots of money by putting together other people's tracks. I don't care. It's good to promote to electronic music to the masses. But when these DJs think that they are God, I have a problem.

In the end it doesn't matter, because if people come together to have a good time, you shouldn't have to worry to tell them, "Oh actually I made this track!"

I don't think I want all the credit. I feel bad. I have a problem when kids come to me and say, "Actually I came from Sweden to see your show tonight!". I feel that it was a bad idea. Why did they do that? They should have stayed in Sweden and watched MTV. It puts a lot of pressure on me. They came from Sweden and played a thousand pounds to see me live, so I have to be really good. I cannot do that!

Al/ck



CLUBSCENE - ALBUMS IN BRIEF

SONARTRIBE. SIGNALS

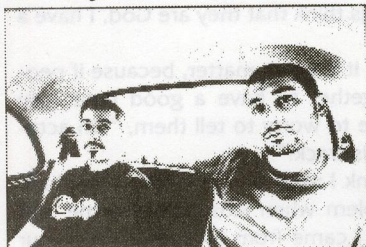
22 July ★★★★★

Welcome to Sonartribe's debut album. This is, without a shadow of a doubt, one of the most innovative D 'n' B projects of recent time. From the off, *Signals* provides an awesome fusion of techno-style melodies with rough bass-lines.

Straying from the D 'n' B norm, Sonartribe are Fulham based Mike Marsh and Lorna Lewis. When they are not programming for the BBC or teaching Aerobics, their shared love of the weird and wonderful leads them to produce some of the darkest Drum and Bass around.

Mike and Lorna's ability to wander through a journey comprising of hardsteppin' breaks and beats, slammin' sub-hooks, Balearic guitar riffs and techno-edged electro beats leaves you wondering what else they are going to unleash.

All ten tunes are top notch, and those such as *Night Acoustic*, *Everyone else* and *Rays* are an essential for any DJ box, although the only slight criticism is the lack of variety from tune to tune.

**DEEP DISH JUNK SCIENCE**

Out Now ★★★

Deep Dish, contrary to popular belief, is not a cooking utensil needed to follow along with Ready Steady Cook but the hottest thing ever to come out of Washington.

Ali and Sharam have rocked the house scene since collaborating in 1992. Their first major work was a lead remix of *Hideaway* by De'Lacy. Since then, they have been asked to spin their magic in re-working tracks by artists such as Janet Jackson, Tina Turner, Paula Abdul and Everything but the Girl (EBTG).

Deep Dish are musicians. This debut album features live guitars, sax and keyboards. Track 2, *Future Of The Future*, with vocals by EB TG's Tracey Thorn, is a reworking of their first track with the Deconstruction label, *Stay Gold*.

Ali and Sharam's diverse music taste is no better illustrated than between *Summer's Over*, which has a laid back, trancey feel to it, and *Mohammed is Jesus*, which is arguably what house used to be in the good old days.

This album is a masterpiece. All

tunes live up to the duo's high standards, and eventually it is said that this album will be taken fully live. Until then, roll a reefer, turn up your system and chill out.

P.S. To D Clarke (Physics 1) who in Issue 1115 voiced his disgust at the lack of grammar in these reviews. If you feel as though you have something to offer, then please come and show us your stuff - but in the meantime, is my colon in the right place? - you seem like the sort of person who would know....

Chris

Dope Dragon. Wayz Of The Dragon

22 June ★★★★★

Dope Dragon, coming out of the Full Cycle camp (you should know their names by now!) bring us a collection of out and out Drum and Bass tracks with enthuses on the dance floor. The first couple of tracks *Came and Conjured* and *Who Are You* set the stall out for how the rest of the album is to follow. It's a bit hard to judge just how good these tracks are as I've only heard it on tape, but what I could tell is that it is packed full of quality and originality from the Bristol crew. Plenty of rolling and hardstepping business going on here and, if you've been out recently, you're bound to have heard at least one of these tracks. As with all the recent Drum and Bass albums, it has the standard *Warhead* sounding track. Overall very impressive, so much so that I'm going to have to track down the vinyl before it's too late.

Made Great In Britain Mixed by the DreemTeem (4 Liberty)

Out Now ★★★★★

A much-hyped album from those leaders of garage music, the Dreem Teem, show-casing the cream of the UK garage scene that's blown up over the past year. So, what's this latest mixed compilation like? Well at first I was a little disappointed as I know what good DJs these boys are and I understand that the enthusiasm is on the tunes with the mixing taking second place. The album rolls along seamlessly with great tune selection and impressive mixing skills still on show, if kept to a minimum. Not quite as hard as their club sets but instead focusing on the more vocal side of underground garage. That said, however, there are plenty of true underground anthems on here like: *Dubz 4 Kubz - I Need Your Love*, Dreem Teem's superb mix of Shola Ama's - *Much Love*, Ramsey

and Fenns - *Style*, TJ Cases - *My Inspiration*, I could go on but I won't. Plenty of underground action with a nice mix of more vocal numbers, it should go down with train-spotters' and the occasional clubber equally well.

**Black Whole Styles. Big Dadda Compilations 8th June**

This is a compilation of previously released, exclusive and remixed tracks from the Big Dadda label. Drawing on MCs and producers ranging from New York to York. *Black Whole Styles* features some of the realist hip-hop I've heard in some time. If you've grown disillusioned by the mass of more commercial hip-hop flooding the scene at the moment, this could be just the answer, taking you back to the roots when hip-hop was original, upfront and experimental: this captures all that and more. Phat beats, dark atmosphericals, dope lyrics and plenty of scratch action keeps it lively but then again, there are so many different styles here (nearly every track is different) I couldn't possibly sum them up in so little space. Take a chance on this relatively unknown label as I'm sure it will surprise you.

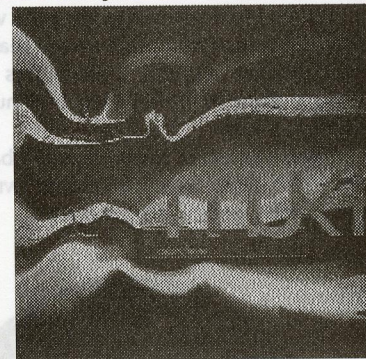
Freestyle Files 4. Crackers Delight (K7) 6 July

This starts off with a distinctive summer feel to it, in a down beat style you could call it happy hip-hop. Laid back grooves over easy going beats, and a summery feel. I found a few of the tracks a little to light and fluffy, for want of a better expression, for my taste. But with tracks from such labels as R&S, Ninja Tunes and Nuphonic and even a Drum and Bass track from the Dub Club again with a summer vibe, you don't know what to expect next. Then you get to the second CD which I expected to continue in the same up lifting sort of styles, but instead you get a dark minimal down beat number to get the CD started - in total contrast to the first. You have to be very open minded to appreciate this assorted collection of beats.

Rough Technique Mixed by the Freestylers (Freskanova)

29 June ★★★★★1/2

You should know what to expect from the Freestylers by now, block rocking break beat/nu skool action, showing us that they don't just make shit-hot tunes but also can more than hold their own behind the turntables. If you've been lucky enough to catch their DJ outings all over London and beyond, then this CD will not disappoint. Made up entirely from the Freskanova back catalogue, unbelievable how many rough tunes they've put out, featuring many firm party favourites and new unreleased material. With the undisputed scratch DJ talents of J Rock putting the finishing touches to a faultless 70 odd minutes of nu-skool mayhem.

**Muki. Cabin Fever (Mantra)**

6 July ★★★★★

As with most albums these days, this one defies any distinct style of music other than electronic. Based mainly in the area of trip-hop but often spilling over into Drum and Bass, Techno and even Deep House.

Track two - *Jahbar*, starts out in a style reminiscent of Orbital's sort of sound and gradually builds (over nine and a half minutes) to a trancey deep house sort of thing. Plenty of live instruments are also incorporated to create this unique sound that is Muki: flutes, sax, keys and in track three what sounds like a kazoo! But it is all done so well, they seem to get it just right every time, getting quite musical in places. Which helps create the blissed out atmospheric grooves that fill this album - described in the press release as lush laid back electronica and I can't think of a better way of putting it so I won't.

So Luke Mullen and Jules Evans who make up Muki have made an interesting and entertaining album and, as they have only been making music for just over a year, it just shows either how talented they are or how easy it is to make electronic music!

Jo Public

CLUBSCENE - SINGLES

DRUM & BASS

Seba. *Planetary Funk Alert* (Looking Good) Out Now

Another faultless piece of work from the Looking Good camp, which is why it's no surprise that it's been getting plenty of plays at the Logical Progression parties, sending the crowd into a frenzy everywhere it's been dropped. Absolutely killer key line in the break and I can still hear Conrad's lyrics floating over the top, hands in the air stuff. Also featured on Bukem's Progression Sessions mix CD. What more need I say, this is a must.

Big Bud. *Emotionography* (Good Looking) Out Now

If you're a fan of previous Big Bud releases this shouldn't be a disappointment, as it's pretty much in the same vein. With those familiar crisp rolling beats, dubbed out bassline and dreamy atmosphericals and effects. Another one getting maximum support from LTJ himself, also featured on his mix CD. Just adding to the long list of innovative and progressive tracks that is Good Looking Records.

M.T.S *Hard Disk/Revolution remixes* (Juice) 13 July

Decoder gets on the mix of *Hard Disk* and gives it that distinctive dark, fairly minimal rolling treatment. Clashing beats injecting in now and then over the drowning bass tones and chopped up rolling beats. But I actually prefer A-Sides mix of *Revolution* which feels a little harder, plenty of additional beats thrown in over the main drum pattern which keeps you interested and clever fx and samples give it the finishing touch.

Prisoners Of Technology. *One Two - World Cup Mix* (Fresh Kuts)

Another two strong releases from P.O.T, but I fail to see what it has to do with the World Cup! They keep surprising me with the consistent quality of the material released to date, that fits neatly in between Jump Up and more Intelligent and Dark styles. Not a hint of cheese on either track, as I keep expecting. *One Two* is an intelligently made fast paced track with clean crisp beats and they show their diversity as they dispense with the massive bass-line and go with fucked with effects. Top marks once again.

Low Down (Trouble On Vinyl)

This latest release has been a while coming, the first since their highly impressive album *Code Of*

The Streets. Echoing bass tones sets up the break with eerie effects and you expect it to drop like a bomb but it doesn't. Instead it comes back with light, cleverly cut, skippy beats that are constantly building. Quite minimal really but works very well the way the three or so different beat patterns interchange.

Embee. *Power* (Splash) 6th July

A firm favourite with the likes of Hype and Grooverider. A hectic pace is set with *Power*, loads going on, rough metallic beats sounding a little like Babylon in the bassline department if I'm not mistaken. *Damage* has a wicked intro that sounds like a laser pulse being fired (*Golden Eye N64?*) then comes in the broken beats again fast and furious and in an off beat stylee.

Fellowship. *Mombassa / Quartz* (Creative Source)

In a very musical style that Creative Source have been championing for some time now, strong piano riffs run alongside quite a hard sounding drum pattern with little stabs of trumpet and flutes. Definitely one for those long summer nights ahead. *Quartz* is a little harder and you could be mistaken for thinking it was on Good Looking records, it's in that sort of style.

Digital. *Express* (Creative Source)

Digital is one of my favourite producers of the moment after a string of wicked releases. This latest offering is pretty minimal, with intelligent use of the drum patterns backed up by depth giving effects. His fairly unique tight beats are difficult to explain, so I won't try. If you're looking for something a little different, it's well worth checking out. Flip-side in a totally different style reminiscent of one of Decoder's dark rollers.

Breakbeat Era. *Breakbeat Era* (Full Cycle/XL) 29 June

Breakbeat Era are Lennie Laws, DJ Die and Roni Size and, as you might expect, all these tracks are breakbeat driven. The original mix has a full song from Lennie Laws, with a double bass. More of a song than a out and out Drum and Bass track, very well done if you like that sort of thing. The Full Cycle mix is rather disappointing and feels very weak overall. DJ Die mix is my favourite, totally breakbeat driven with double bassline, those full cycle style beats. It gets a little tinny for me, though.

GARAGE & HOUSE

Grant Nelson Project. *Step 2 Me* (Swing City)

Out of the three mixes on offer, I'd go for the Future Dub, which totally cuts the vocal down to little stabs and starts off with an intro taken from an old Drum and Bass track, if I'm not mistaken. Slightly overwhelming piano that, if it wasn't cut out when it is, would sound rather dodgy indeed, but they get away with it. Nice scratch taking you back into it. On the first few listens I wasn't convinced by this track but after repeated listening it has grown on me, yet it still seems to lack something. At the risk of sounding sexist I'd say this was one for the ladies, especially the full vocal and two step mixes that have a soul diva type of vocal.

Davis and Sweet. *Muzik - Can u Feel It* (Weston Village) 3rd July

Title track *Muzik* has pretty subtle beats and bass, relying on keys, effects and title vocals to get you moving, but feels a little weak and, dare I say, boring. It keeps threatening to do something to spark it off but never does. But I've a feeling it's meant to be this way, an easy going roller. *Destiny* is more lively due to tougher beats again, pleasant key interchanges and good mix of the two vocals working hand in hand. This one has that little something that grabs your attention and gets you moving.

Pursermel and Sons. *Ain't What You Do* (Swing City) 3 July

Slightly dubious vocal that lets this track down for me, as clever beats and mid bass tones are quite effective but always feeling a little mainstream for me. But then Swing City do seem to nestle between out and out underground garage and more vocal, classic garage. Grant's Deep and Deadly mix has to be my favourite, chunky beats and he manages to make the vocal sound all right via cutting the fuck out of it. I wouldn't call this a blinding track but it's OK.

The Memzee. *Funky Love* (Vinyl Distribution) Out Now

This has to be one of the best tracks I've had sent through this year and I haven't stopped playing it. And I actually prefer the vocal mix to the dub (that is a first), with the amazing vocal talents of The Memzee are unreal. Right up there with Roy Davis Jnr's *Gabrielle* for vocal content but much more danceable and club friendly. Not so much tuff beats but percussion and

off key piano tones get you grooving. Wicked track perfect for the summer months ahead.

Pob. *Boller* (Platipus) Out Soon

This hard in your face tech-house sort of stuff, with trancey tinges and contains all your favourite animal sounds, honestly it does. Getting plenty of support from the likes of Sasha, Oakenfold and Nick Warren to mention but a few. It's deep, hard, trippy and well put together: all in all a fierce track. Also a remix by Humate, who minimalises the beats action and darkens it up some in a typical German trancey style.

Conscious. *Northern Lights* (Platipus) Out Soon

Original mix has massive intro of atmosphereicals, effects, bird calls - very deep and dreamy then eventually the bass drum rolls in with skippy percussion lines. A pleasant trancey number in a rolling fashion. Pod mix is hard house bordering on funky Techno, starts off with jungle animal sounds. Squelchey beats and a driven bass drum accompanied by wobbly acid sounds that mess with your mind as it keeps building. Sure to keep any floor pumping.

Don't forget all the singles featured here are based on 12" Vinyl not CD releases and many will only be available in small independent records shops not the large chain stores. Also the release dates are just a rough guide as many are put back, brought forward etc. Even though this is often the case there are always a few promo copies floating around well before official release dates.

Jo Public.

CLUBSCENE - NEWS & REVIEWS

Well, this is the last Clubscene of this term and we've got plenty of stuff to keep your summer bubbling, with all the freshest album and single releases for the next few months, as well as all the clubs that are worth a look.

But before we get into it: I must apologise to you all for my appalling use of the English language, and since D Clarke, (Physics 1) pointed it out in no uncertain

terms, I have been attending an intensive training course, in a attempt to bring myself up to his/her obviously very high standards. I hope this has help your reading pleasure.

First up the Flex Kru: (interview issue 1115 - pictured) after their massive club hit *Watch The Flex*, they have decided to release future material on their own label Marvel City Records instead of using Bullion Records who released their first track. Now they have more control over their material, and after a little break, they guarantee that the releases will be coming thick and fast, with the next release *Summer Time Blues* due in about 1 month. I heard this hot off the press, well hot off the DAT actually, as it hasn't even been finished yet alone pressed up yet. This is going to be even bigger than *Watch The Flex* - it's looking set to be one of the first true summer anthems. So

remember where you heard about it first. *Summer Time Blues* is set for release around end of July, it's going to be massive. If you can't wait till then, check out Upfront 99.3 FM where you can hear The Dexter, amongst others, playing all their new releases.

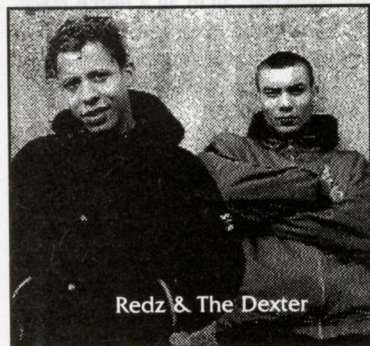
Next up; Ninja Tunes have changed the location of their first Thursday of every month club nights to 333 Club Old Street, so you now get three floors of the freshest breaks and beats for your money. In the basement, you get the four decks mash up from the likes of DJ Food, the first floor brings the likes of Coldcuts and Hex Audio Visual Experience and finally, on the ground floor you get the likes of Mixmaster Morris and many more of the finest itchy, scratchy DJs in the business. One not to miss!

Finally there's a little treat being set up for the 3rd July for people

who love their music real: the Logical Progression Crew LTJ and Family join up with the purveyors of quality house music, Sasha and Digweed and Danny Rampling amongst others - a truly unique event combining the best of both worlds in two arenas. The only problem is that's it's all the way out on the coast and Hastings Pier - but I know I'm gonna be there. For further info call: 01424 715207

That's about it from me and don't forget you can catch me alongside the DJ Roast every Thursday 12pm-2am on the one & only Upfront 99.3FM. Also look out for club appearances over the summer. Just leaves me to wish you all a hot and sweaty summer and all the best until we meet again. See ya!

Jo Public



Redz & The Dexter

CLUBSCENE - DJ BOXES

WHAT'S IN THE BOX WHERE WE CHECK WHAT'S IN THE FRONT OF TOP DJs RECORD BOXES.

Jo Public - Top 10 (Garage)

1. The Memzee - *Funky Love* (Vinyl Distribution)
2. Anthill Mob - *Set You Free* (Makeshift)
3. Jack & Jill - *Don't Know Baby* (Casa Trax)
4. Gruesome Twosome - *Tracks* (Checkmate Masters)
5. Prime Suspect - *Case 1* (Rise n' Shine)
6. Martha Wash - *Catch The Light*, Dub mix (Logic)
7. Curtis & Moore - *Never Give Up*, Bumpin' Dub (Swing City)
8. Ray Hurley - *Treat Me Right* (Quench)
9. M.A.D Productions Feat. Carroll Thompson - *Too Late* (E1)
10. Dem 2 remix - *Beautiful People* (White)

DJ Risky - Top 10 (Garage)

(Catch these and many more on Risky's radio show Sunday Nights 8pm-10pm Upfront 99.3 FM. Big up all the hit the Hit Squad, Lee Valentine all Upfront massive, Emily, the Flex Kru & DEA massive)

1. Mr Jones - *Mad Changes* (Bug Rec Promo)
2. ? - *Fresh Kutts Vol.2* (White)
3. M Dubs - *Over You* (White)
4. Guy Simone / MJ Cole - *Your Mine* (Prolific Rec)
5. MJ Cole - *Sincere* (Meterix)
6. Flex Kru - *Don't Front Us* (Acetate)
7. Lenny Fontana - *Spirit Of The Sun* (Public Demand)
8. Groove Chronicles - *Do To Me* (White)
9. D.E.A - *Music's Hypnotising Pt4* (Booby Trap)
10. Ray Hurley - *Your Love Remixes* (Quench double pack)

Jo Public - Top 10 (Drum & Bass)

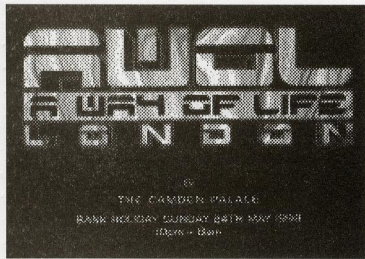
1. Calyx - *Double Zero* (Audio Culture)
2. Shimon & Andy C - *Live Line* (Ram Rec.)
3. Jonny L - *Moving Thru Air*, Optical Mix (XL)
4. Seba - *Planetary Funk Alert* (GoodLooking)
5. ? - *Low Down* (Trouble On Vinyl)
6. Prisoners Of Technology - *One Two* (Fresh Kutts)
7. Fellowship - *Mombassa* (Creative Source)
8. Decoder & Mark Caro - *Eko* (Tech Itch)
9. Peshay - *Miles From Home* (Mo Wax)
10. Trace - *Sonar* (Prototype)

Fabio - Top 10 (Drum & Bass)

(Don't forget you can check Fabio on Radio 1 every other Friday evening)

1. Endemic Void - *Down The Line* (Dubplate)
2. Solid State - *The Electric Ballroom* (Dubplate)
3. Fellowship - *Quartz* (Creative Source)
4. E-Z Rollers - *Hold On* (Moving Shadow)
5. Primary Motive - *BluePrint* (Creative Source)
6. Matrix Mix - *Unknown* (White Label)
7. Photek & Peshay - *Rings Around Saturn* (Dubplate)
8. Voyager - *Beatnik* (Dubplate)
9. Grooverider - *River Of Congo/ On The Double* (Higher Ground - Unreleased Dubplate)
10. State Of The Art - *Mrs Warren's Profession* (Dubplate)

AWOL @ The Camden Palace



After hearing so much about those now legendary AWOL nights down the Paradise Club of a few years back, hearing the tapes but never actually going to one, when I saw they were doing a one off night down the Camden Palace I just had to go. I knew it would be nothing like the original nights, but it was as close as I was going to get without the aid of time travel. For those of you who don't know, AWOL made their name during the early '90's, putting on regular all-nighters playing a unique blend of ground-breaking with trend setting drum and bass.

This one-off night was also being held in conjunction with Public Demand records, a fast emerging Garage label who took over the second arena to celebrate the launch of their new album, *Backed By Public Demand*. I attended a night down here a few months back but never made it to the second arena: no wonder, it's hidden away at the very top of this massive venue, up five or six dodgy back stairwells. To be honest, in comparison to the vastness of the Palace, this second arena is pistakingly small. Fifty people nearly filled it, but that said it was still rocking in there and the DJ, who ever it was, was rolling.

For those of you who have never been to the Camden Palace, it was a theatre before being converted into one of London leading venues with a capacity of at least 1,500. The set up is a stage/DJ box with a large dancefloor splayed out in front of it, then about six rows of

balconies of varying width going up to the ceiling.

We took up position on the second from top balcony, where we could see the breathtaking view of thousands of people having it, the DJ mixing and the stunning light display - most impressive. Last time I was here, I was knocked out by the light display, and they have done it up again since then - with the centre piece being the most powerful laser I've seen, and I've seen plenty. Everyone I spoke to mentioned how shit-hot it was - it really needs to be seen to be believed.

DJs on the night were JJ Frost, Rap, Zinc, Grooverider, Andy C, Kenny Ken, who played a wicked set that just rolled along, and the scratchmaster Hype, who got straight down to business and totally blew up the place - the ultimate entertainer. It was a little harsh putting the up and coming newcomer DJ Scope on right after

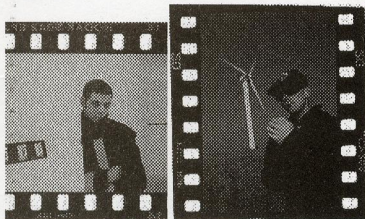
Hype, and making such a big thing about him being a new DJ, which could have only made the geezer more nervous than ever, and how do you follow Hype? Well, not badly really from what I heard and considering records were jumping all over the place after Hype had fucked the needles after going crazy on the decks, he sounded as good as anyone to me.

Overall an excellent night with a great atmosphere not always associated with Drum and Bass nights - especially when they stopped serving alcohol before we even got there (Sunday license). Shock horror, even a fair number of ladies in the place. Be sure to look out for some more dates in the not too distant future.

Jo Public

CLUBSCENE - FEATURED ALBUM & CLUB REVIEW

Emotif presents - THE METHOD



Blim

T-Power

Before starting a review of an album, I generally listen to it jotting down the tracks that stand out for some reason, good or bad. With this one, I found myself putting down one track after another. If it wasn't for the slightly more experimental numbers toward the end, they would have all been put down as outstanding tracks. It's OK, I'm not going to try and explain each one in detail, instead I'll tell you about a couple of my favourites and some that are so nearly great tracks out of the twelve, but just miss.

Click and Cycle - *Trippin'* (Tonic remix) starts things off in fine fashion: dark, hard and definitely tripping on those haunting key tones, killer beats, breaks and effects. Next, L Double and Acetate bring in the jazz lick with *Style Wars*: droning bassline runs alongside jazz trumpet or something similar then after the first breakdown this is dispensed with and a drum pattern

not all that dissimilar to *Warhead* takes over: wicked track. Dylan of Droppin' Science Duo has produced another tearing track, hard, even fierce and dark: loads going on: awesome. T-Power brings in a more experimental style of track as does Basic Unit, music for the mind not just the body.

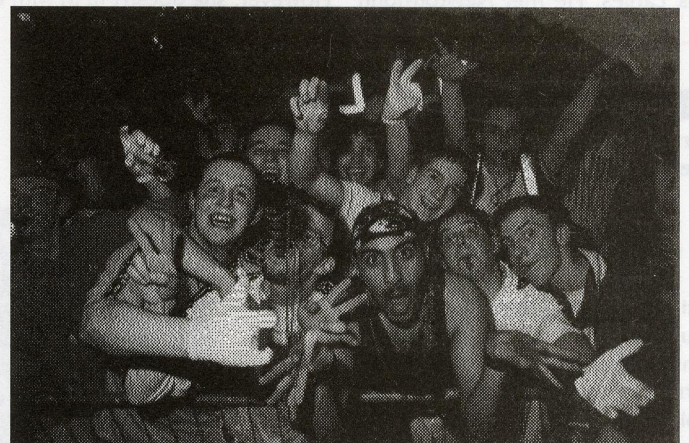
Next up Elements Of Noise. This starts off with a similar experimental feel, then halfway through it drops big time, transforming into a more dance floor number: clever stuff.

Although I haven't got any of these on vinyl, they all sound familiar due to them being played in the clubs. Most of the tracks here have a dark edge, yet all are interpreted in different ways. In general, it's amazing how these people manage to get such feeling and emotion out of a bunch of transistors and processors.

So, an upfront account of where Drum and Bass is today, if slightly distorted towards the dark side. Oh, did I mention that this comes on either an un-mixed or mixed CD: nice for us to be given the choice for a change. The mix is taken care of by Ray Keith, bringing the sound of Movement (Thursday's at Bar Rumba) to your living room.

Jo Public

HELTA SKELTA @ The Sanctuary



To the person I sent down to review Helta Skelta, got in for nothing (saving you £25), jumping the extensive queues, thanks for not even bothering to write down a few words about it. You know who you are - I'll break your legs later.

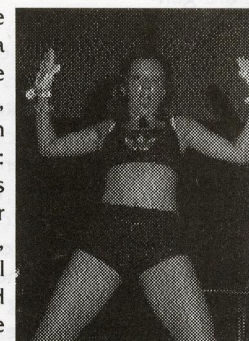
Nevermind, I've been to plenty of Helta Skelta events before now at the Sanctuary, Milton Keynes and I can tell you what to expect: two massive arenas with a capacity for 5,000 party people, friendly and helpful security, fuck-off sound and lighting rigs and the best hardcore and drum and bass DJs. Well, the

pictures pretty much tell their own story.

If you're around the Stoke-On-Trent area on the 17th July, look out for their first ever club night at the Void Club.

Most promoters start off by doing club nights then go on to do huge warehouse style parties. Not Helta Skelta. They prefer to do it the other way - do you think they're Irish or something?

Photos courtesy of Gary Clarke.



It's how Big?

REVIEWS

GREASE

Starring: John Travolta, Olivia Newton-John., Stockard Channing
Director: Randal Kleiser

I thought I'd seen *Grease*. I've certainly seen *Grease 2* and *Saturday Night Fever*, I recall most of the songs and the image of Olivia Newton John in tight leather trousers has been with me since pre-puberty. But the minute the cheesy cartoon intro began, I suddenly realised. I have never actually seen *Grease* - the greatest disco flick ever made.

The truth is, that's not such a bad thing. All I ever needed to know about *Grease* I knew well before I came to the cinema. There's no Hitchcock-like suspense, no intricate sub-plots like a Ridley Scott film and no trademark Tarantino violence. It's just a musical like any other: a series of set pieces, very loosely tied to a cheesy story that you've seen far too many times already, thank you very much.

If you really want care, then it goes something like this: Travolta is the 'coolest' of the T Birds, a high-school gang who hang out with the Pink Ladies. He met Newton-John

during the summer holiday and now she's moved to his school. However, she doesn't fit in with the

'cool' scene. Meanwhile, rival gang the Scorpions want to race the T Birds, and there's a National Dance



John Travolta - style on a stick

TV show coming to Rydall High. But to be honest, none of that really matters. If you want an intricate, clever story, rent out *The Usual Suspects*. *Grease* is not about the story, it's about 'avin' a larf.

You may have heard about the cult following of *Showgirls*. People just watch to take the piss out of it. *Grease* is all that and so much more - it has a universal "So cheesy, it's great" appeal. When it came to classics like "Greased Lightning", everyone did the clappy bit. You know, THAT bit. And who could forget the hot-dog cartoon in the background during "Stranded at the Drive-in"?

It's not quite as groovy as it probably was twenty years ago (before some of us were even born) and at times you'll probably feel really sheepish while watching it. If you know the songs and take a few like-minded mates, then just go along and have a laugh. After all, you've only got your credibility to lose. **F**

Andy

RED CORNER

Starring: Richard Gere, Bai Ling
Director: Jon Avnet ★

Imagine waking up in Beijing next to the corpse of an exotic beauty with whom you spent an entirely pleasant evening just a few hours earlier. Then you are not so gently removed by a significant portion of the local police force to a place of detention where, having only a whiskey clouded recollection of the previous night's events and a few words of Chinese, you can do nothing except pray for the mercy of a judicial system not known for its leniency. By now you're probably pretty confused and altogether terrified, while the news that those guilty of a capital offence are generally shot within a week of sentencing is unlikely to help lift your spirits.

Jack Moore, though, is made of sterner stuff. Played by Richard Gere, he is in Beijing to close a hugely lucrative satellite television deal, the first to be sanctioned by the Chinese government. The fact that this makes him a prime target for a set-up is not lost on Gere, so when he is arrested he rather rapidly resolves to clear his name. Against the wishes of his court-

appointed defence lawyer Bai Ling who knows that a confession will bring a lighter sentence, Jack insists on an innocent plea, even threatening to defend himself if she will not capitulate. The scene is set for an extremely conventional courtroom based tale of conspiracy, albeit one in which the cultural differences of the leading characters could add a little interest. Unfortunately, they don't.

The issue of the contrasting

background of the lawyer and the accused is crowbarred into their conversations in the form of largely irrelevant exchanges on the subject of the murder rate in America and the like. What is more, the conspiracy which is sometimes enough to hold one's attention in a film of this sort is pathetically poorly hidden. When we find out who is responsible for Gere's misfortune, it comes as no surprise at all. Presumably, the novel setting is supposed to

excuse this, but it really doesn't come close.

Gere's cocky reaction to his predicament is irksome in itself, but the impression that it is born of the righteous indignation which any American would feel makes it even harder to swallow. Rather than serve as an aspect of his nightmarish situation, disturbing footage of an execution seems to be included mainly to highlight the swift severity of the Chinese legal system. After all, it's far more humane to keep prisoners on death row for years while their lives hang in the balance, isn't it?

All this turns what could have been an affecting personal story with some political significance into a deeply awful film with a bit of crass soap boxing thrown in. Richard Gere has been outspoken in the past on the human rights record of the Chinese government, particularly their behaviour in Tibet, and here he finds himself in a position to make a difference. Sadly, however, *Red Corner* does no one any favours. **F**

Simon



Richard Gere's award winning "confused" look.

PRIMARY COLOURS

Starring: John Travolta, Emma Thompson
Director: Mike Nichols ★★★

John Travolta, overweight and greying, is governor Jack Stanton, a doughnut chomping, womanising, quick-tempered politician with skeletons climbing out of every closet, including a tampered police record and women accusing him of adultery. His wife, Susan, (a perfectly accented Emma Thompson) is a no-nonsense lawyer determined to make him president who refuses to believe the scandals.

If this description makes you think of Bill and Hilary Clinton, then you wouldn't be too far from the mark. Based on the novel of the same name, *Primary Colours* is a "completely fictitious" account of the presidential campaign of a governor of an unnamed southern state, and the allegations that constantly hamper his attempt to become president.

We witness the story through the eyes of their new campaign manager, Henry Burton, an idealistic young black man, desperate to find something to believe in. The



No, of course they're not Bill and Hilary. Oh no.

film unfolds around him and his discovery of the real world of politics, as we see the way a governor runs for office and the people who are part of the frenzy.

Adrian Lester, a young British actor, does a fine job of playing the film's pivotal character, standing up admirably to the two excellent leads, and the supporting cast are all on top form, from Billy Bob Thornton's troublesome political strategist to Kathy Bates' fiercely

loyal campaign trouble-shooter.

Mike Nichols directs with aplomb, not distracting a strong story with too many showy cinematic flourishes. With an overly long and a dragging last act, it is hard to see what appeal such a film would have in this country, but *Primary Colours* is an intelligent and well-made look at politics in the US, and an alternative to the traditional brainless blockbuster. **D**

David

Twice the chance to win, courtesy of the

ODEON

KENSINGTON

With a mountain of summer blockbusters on the horizon, those lovely people at the Odeon Kensington give you the chance to win tickets to not one but two big films.

First up is *The Object of My Affection*, starring Jennifer Aniston as a pregnant mother falling in love with her gay flatmate (see summer preview for more info).

To win one of five pairs of tickets, simply email film.felix@ic.ac.uk with the answer to this terrifyingly simple poser:

Jennifer Aniston starred alongside Kevin Bacon in which 1997 romantic comedy?



The second competition offers five pairs of tickets to the new

Harrison Ford action comedy *Six Days, Seven Nights*. Hollywood's most bankable star is a pilot who crash lands on a desert island with only Anne Heche for company. Unsurprisingly, romantic entanglements ensue.

To win tickets, simply tell us:

In what seminal Vietnam story does Harrison Ford appear in a supporting role?

All entries must be in by midday Thursday, so that winners can collect their prizes before the end of term. The answer to the last competition was *Hook* (with the stars being Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman, Julia Roberts and Bob Hoskins respectively). All winners have been notified by email.

STAR PROFILE:

JOHN TRAVOLTA

John Travolta represents that rarest of all Hollywood residents - the star who successfully makes a comeback - and for that alone he deserves enduring recognition.

Having found fame in the seventies, capturing the feel of a generation in disco classics *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*, he all but disappeared during the eighties, only to return to A-list status thanks to *Pulp Fiction*. Alongside co-stars Samuel L Jackson Uma Thurman and Ving Rhames, he shot to nineties success courtesy of Tarantino's masterpiece.

As a result, the man who once admitted he could see out the rest of his days in the increasingly sickening *Look Who's Talking* franchise is now worth \$20 million a picture. Thus, he can command lead roles in big studio productions such as this month's *Primary Colours* and recent hits such as *Mad City* and the brilliant *Face/Off*.

This may all sound a far cry from Travolta's cinematic roots, yet if you watch *Saturday Night Fever* again, the ease with which he slips into the gritty, swearing, violent persona of Tony shows the first signs of his future career. And of course, his first mainstream movie was *Carrie*...

Yet the real Travolta is a far cry from the hell-raisers he tends to portray on screen. The forty-two year old star is married to actress Kelly Preston, has a four year old daughter named Jet, and is a leading proponent of the "Church of Scientology".

Primary Colors (1998)

Mad City (1997)

Face/Off (1997)

Michael (1996)

Phenomenon (1996)

Broken Arrow (1996)

White Man's Burden (1995)

Get Shorty (1995)

Pulp Fiction (1994)

Look Who's Talking Now (1993)

Eyes of an Angel (1991)

Look Who's Talking Too (1990)

Look Who's Talking (1989)

Staying Alive (1983)

Two of a Kind (1983)

Blow Out (1981)

Urban Cowboy (1980)

Grease (1978)

Saturday Night Fever (1977)

Carrie (1976)

JULY

GODZILLA

Stars: Matthew Broderick, Jean Reno, Hank Azaria
 Director: Roland Emmerich
 When: July 17

As well as blockbuster biggies *Godzilla* and *Lost In Space* and a heavy dose of schmaltz from *Six Days, Seven Nights* and *City of Angels*, July also sees the release of *Dr. Dolittle*, starring Eddie Murphy as the eponymous animal talking scientist. Think Babe meets Nutty professor, and you're probably heading in the right direction. Its a remake of the 1968 Rex Harrison musical in the loosest sense of the word On the subject of musical adaptations, *Les Miserables* finally gets a proper big screen outing. It's a direct adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel though, so don't respect stars Liam Neeson, Uma Thurman and Geoffrey Rush to break into song every five minutes The regulation Low Budget British Entry™ comes in the form of *Metroland*, an adaptation of the Julian Barnes novel. Christian Bale stars as the 60's twentysomething escaping his married life by fleeing to France Looking to relieve those halcyon teenage days? Then catch *Love and Death on Long Island*, and remember just how much you hated that smug git Jason Priestly For the horror fans out there, this years major Hollywood offering comes in the form of *Mimic*. Mira Sorvino is the young scientist who creates a cure for a killer disease, but in the process creates giant killer bugs, lurking in the New York sewers. The twist is that the bugs can alter their form to become that of their pray. *Invasion of the Bodysnatchers* style events ensue *Chubby Goes Down Under* is another outing for Roy Chubby Brown. Watch it and we kill you ... *A Thousand Acres* is billed as "King Lear in the Prairies". Bizzare as that may sound, it's attracted a top notch cast, including Jessica Lange, Michelle Pfeiffer and Jennifer Jason Leigh Re-release gems this month include Hitchcock classic *Psycho*, giving you the chance to watch a lovely new print of the adventures of Norman Bates and his mum *Grease* also gets the re-release treatment. A prime opportunity to terminally embarrass yourself by strutting your funky stuff. Just watch Travolta go!

Roland Emmerich and Dean Devlin, the producer-director combination responsible for *Independence Day*, return with another sure-fire box-office smash, almost sinking under the weight of its own effects. However, this time they have chosen to go without any of the usual A-list actors, opting for a combination of eighties hero Broderick (*Wargames*, *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*) and Gallic hardman Jean Reno (*Leon*, *Mission Impossible*).

There will also be disappointment for fans of the original Japanese man-in-a-rubber-suit spectacular, as Emmerich readily admits to ditching the entire feel and plot of the original, in favour of a more nineties friendly storyline. He describes the movie as "The fight between nature and technology....it's much more about people than the original movies". So, nothing



like Jurassic Park then. Oh no.

In essence, the storyline is hideously simple. Large monster appears and starts to trample its way through New York, destroying everything in its path. Only a combination of gritty US Military types and brilliant young scientists can save the day....Basically, Emmerich and Devlin re-tread *ID4*, only with one big monster replacing lots of

aliens.

Without doubt, this will be the biggest film of the summer, setting umpteen new box office records in the process. But be warned - in the states it has (unsurprisingly) taken a critical drubbing, and after just two weeks has started to slip down the top ten, overtaken by popular favourites *City of Angels* and *The Truman Show*.

CITY OF ANGELS

Stars: Meg Ryan, Nicolas Cage, Dennis Franz
 Director: Brad Silberling
 When: July 10

This summer's Meg Ryan film promises all the usual ingredients - sweet, soppy romance, characters forced to put love before life (or, in this case, immortality), and a heavy kleenex quotient.

Nicholas Cage is one of the heavenly host that occupies Los Angeles, unseen by the millions of non-believers who live and work in the city. They congregate on Malibu beach or perch atop churches and skyscrapers, watching over and protecting the citizens. And all the time, the populace remain unaware of their presence, unable to see Cage and his fellow spirits unless they "will you" to see them.

One day Cage encounters unhappy heart surgeon Meg Ryan, and, instantly smitten, wills her to see him. She realises that he is somehow different, but (quite sen-



sibly) can't accept his claims to be a disciple of God. Yet how can she explain her inability to feel his touch....

Unremarkable schmaltz this may sound, but with weepie-queen Ryan and the always likeable Cage (trying to escape his action-junkie persona) in the starring roles, *City of Angels* should have those of a more romantic disposition bawling their eyes out - particularly when

Cage is forced to choose between immortality and the woman he loves

For those who prefer a little more substance to their movies, a minimal level of effects, amusing cameos from *NYPD Blue*'s Dennis Franz and *Homicide*'s Andre Braugher and a script adapted from Wim Wenders *Wings of Desire*, should combine to produce the hot favourite for chick-flick of the year.

THE AVENGERS

Stars: Ralph Fiennes, Uma Thurman, Sean Connery
 Director: Jeremiah Chechik
 When: August

In a summer of cult TV reincarnations, *The Avengers* promises to be the only one true to its roots. The trailers and pre-publicity promise the original blend of kitsch fashions, kung-fu and utterly implausible plot-lines, all delivered in a thoroughly Victorian style - stiff-upper lips are definitely the order of the day.

Ralph Fiennes and Uma Thurman star as aristocratic crime fighters John Steed and Emma Peel (the roles originally made famous by Patrick McNee and Diana Rigg), complete with lethal umbrella and leather catsuit respectively. They must save the world from the diabolical Sir August de Wynter, played by Sean Connery who clearly relishes the chance to ham-it-up magnificently as a kilted madman.

De Wynter has stolen 'The Prospero Project', a device with which he can control the world's



weather, and consequently threatens to hold the world to ransom. Steed and Peel are the only force capable of stopping him, and to do so they must face various other foes including: knife-wielding nannies, 6-foot teddy bear-suited ninjas, and a robotic double of Peel who is determined to destroy the agents. Move over James Bond....

Probably the most stylish and individual of the summer's big releases, this has the potential to either become a mass phenomenon, or die in shame. Fortunately, the makers have for once accepted that the kitsch styles and overt Englishness were what made the original great, and based the film around them.

X-FILES : THE MOVIE

Stars: David Duchovny, Gillian Anderson
 Director: Rob Bowman
 When: August 21

With the plot a tightly guarded secret - the script has been printed on red paper so that it can't be photocopied and the set is constantly surrounded by rabid security guards - it's very difficult to rate the first big-screen outing for Mulder and Scully.

However, rumour suggests that the plot will be pitched as both a stand alone episode and an end to series five (currently airing on satellite). Likely plot lines include Mulder's sister, his parents, little green men and, of course, government conspiracy. Basically, it looks like it's designed as an extended episode of the hit series, with an effects budget only slightly above usual (the entire movie has a budget of £30 million - economic by Hollywood standards).

Series regular Rob Bowman is in the directors chair, so the usual



tense feel and fast pace can be expected, and of course David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson are on hand to dish out the usual winning brand of unshakeable belief and scepticism, topped off with that all important sexual tension. Indeed, there have even been rumours sneaking off the set of a romantic liaison between the stars.

In the words of series creator (and co-writer) Chris Carter "We thought we had to make it bigger,

but we really didn't want to make this a \$100 million movie. We're striving to do what we've done so well on the series, which is to scare you by only showing little bits".

Which all suggests the usual healthy mix of action, aliens and extraordinarily convoluted plot that we've all come to know and love. And whatever happens, however, the massive cult following behind the series virtually guarantees good box office returns.

AUGUST

August will undoubtedly be dominated by *The Avengers*, with *X Files: The Movie* in a supporting role. However, with the football over there are loads of other releases waiting in the wings, including Bruce Willis starrer *Mercury Rising*. The Die Hard-ster is a lone FBI agent, trying to protect an autistic kid who manages to hack into the Pentagon's most secretive code. It's all loosely based on Ryne Pearson's novel *Simple Simon*, and co-stars Alec Baldwin as the evil government agent on their trail

Land Girls is this summer's big Brit Com offering. Anna Friel (late of Brookside) stars as one of a trio of women who take on farm labour when the men go away to fight World War II. Of course, they all fall for the rugged farm lads, and much female bonding ensues

The Gingerbread Man is the latest from the John Grisham stable, with Kenneth Branagh in the lawyer-in-peril-role. However, this one promises to be a cut above the usual fare, with Robert Altman in the director's chair, and a bizarre plot centring around Embeth Davidtz attempts to consign her dad to the loony bin None too subtle political satire comes in the form of *Primary Colours*, with John Travolta as the pants-down Pres and Emma Thompson as his put-upon first lady

Eddie Murphy stars as *The Holy Man*, advocating the pursuit of life, laughter and love Robert Redford is on sickly sweet form as a cowboy type who who breaks-in wild horses by whispering to them in *The Horse Whisperer*. Kristin Scott-Thomas is the city-girl who enlists his help when her daughter is injured in a riding accident. It's adapted from a best selling novel, so big things are expected And on the subject of pregnancy, Madeleine Stowe and William Hurt dabble disastrously with surrogacy in *The Proposition* *The Object of My Affection* has already kicked up a fuss in the States, with its depiction of a pregnant woman lusting after her gay flatmate. *Friends* star Jennifer Aniston takes the lead, with a performance best described as "A woman with a cushion stuck up her jumper".


 SEPTEMBER

LOST IN SPACE

Stars: William Hurt, Matt Le Blanc, Gary Oldman
 Director: Stephen Hopkins
 When: July 31



Professor John Robinson (Hurt) and his family are selected to be the first family to colonise outer space. Just as they are beginning to settle into work, their state-of-the-art spacecraft (piloted by *Friends* star LeBlanc) strays off course, marooning the Robinsons and their saboteur, Dr. Zachary Smith (a deliciously hammy Gary Oldman).

Now, in the original Smith was

a slightly camp, decidedly non-scary villain. Here, he's a creepy evil mastermind. In the original, the robot was a shambolic, laughable object. Here it's a huge, imposing, multi-million dollar creation. But hell - who cares about comparisons with the original. *Lost in Space* promises huge effects and high adventure - what more could you possibly want?

With *Saving Private Ryan* the only big Hollywood offering this month, it's tie for all the indie films to emerge from hiding ... Terry Gilliam meets hunter S Thompson to produce the trippiest movie you've seen in years, *Fear and Loathing In Las Vegas*. Jonny Depp plays the drug-fuelled writer, journeying across the mid-west in search of the American Dream Running it close for the tittle of strangest concept of the year is *Velvet Goldmine*, a roadmovie following a 70's glam-rock band and starring Ewan McGregor and Eddie Izzard. Personally, I can't wait Hot on it's heels comes *Still Crazy*, which follows the reunion of a glam rock group, twenty years after their heyday. Billy Connolly, Stephen Rea and Jimmy Nail star Back on the mainstream path, Gibson and Glover return in *Lethal Weapon 4*. Expect huge explosions, massive body count and absolutely no pretensions of plot. Joe Pesci and Rene Russo also return *Species 2* is this summer's other big studio sequel, with Natasha Henstridge returning as the killer alien babe. This time around, the top scientists create a "good" Natasha to destroy a Martian foe Richard Attenborough retreads the life of *Elizabeth* (the First, that is) with an all-star cast including Cate Blanchett and Eric Cantona. He suggests she wasn't the "Virgin Queen" that history records, so expect controversy *What Rats Won't Do* is another British courtroom based entry With Elmore Leonard novels currently guaranteed box-office gold (*Get Shorty*, *Jackie Brown*) *Out of Sight* may finally represent George Clooney's break into the big-time. Steven Soderbergh (*Sex, Lies and Videotape*) returns from the dead to direct The wonderfully titled *Men With Guns* charts the history of the Mexican guerrilla war, and is (somewhat impressively) delivered in a mix of six different languages Strangest of all, Wesley Snipes stars as the eponymous half-man half-vampire in *Blade*, looking to avenge his mother's death at the hands of Stephen Dorff.

Take one hit sixties sci-fi serial with a big cult following, ditch the entire style of the original and, hey presto, you've got a sure-fire hit on your hands - how many times have we seen that premise in recent years?

Looked at from an alternative point of view, *Lost in Space* promises stunning visuals, big explosions and a top class adrenaline rush. Once again, special effects wizardry has been pushed to new limits, including a robot which weighs in at one and a half tonnes, and is operated by eight people, and one member of the cast who has been entirely computer generated. In the words of director Hopkins "This makes the effects a character within the film, rather than an added layer on top of the action". Hmmm.

The plot is roughly based on the the movies sixties namesake.

SAVING PRIVATE RYAN

Stars: Tom Hanks, Matt Damon, Tom Sizemore
 Director: Steven Spielberg
 When: September 11

Bring together the most successful director in Hollywood history, one of the most popular A-list stars, and this year's hottest new sensation. Then roll them all into an intensely patriotic war film, and what have you got? Sure fire box-office gold, that's what.

Tom Hanks stars as the leader of a crack squad sent in to rescue the eponymous Private Ryan (*Good Will Hunting's* Matt Damon), after he is trapped behind enemy lines during World War II. So why go to such trouble to save one man in the midst of such a devastating conflict? Well, the US government has discovered that three brothers have all died in battle, and their mother will receive three notifications on the same day. But then they discover that there was a fourth brother - a fourth member of the Ryan family. The call goes out



to find him and bring him home....

Clearly, this is going to be more of a tearjerker than a traditional blood-and-guts war movie, but with Spielberg's impeccable track record in just about every genre known to Hollywood, that's hardly cause for concern.

Filmed in Hertfordshire (in a disused British Aerospace hangar) and on location on the beaches of

County Wexford, Ireland, *Saving Private Ryan* promises a gritty, realistic depiction of World War II, with a huge budget allowing the D-Day landings to be fully utilised as a backdrop to the supposedly true story. Hopefully this should all finally add up to a big (and much needed) success for Spielberg's Dreamworks studio, breathing new life into the war movie.

ARMAGEDDON

Stars: Bruce Willis, Steve Buscemi, Liv Tyler, Ben Affleck
 Director: Michael Bay
 When: October

As far as pointless action and violence is concerned, this is the big one. Jerry Bruckheimer, producer of *The Rock*, *Con Air*, *Top Gun*, *Crimson Tide* and a hundred-and-one other adrenaline ride movies, teams up with *The Rock* director Bay to bring you the undoubted winner of "Stupidest movie of the year, 1998".

In a chain of events suspiciously similar to Mimi Leder's *Deep Impact*, scientists spot a meteor heading toward earth, threatening to obliterate mankind. Queue deep miners Bruce Willis and Steve Buscemi climbing aboard a space shuttle strapped to a nuclear missile, to show a lump of rock the size of Texas that America's the boss.

Of course, with no previous training as astronauts, these guys are going to have to be pretty hero-

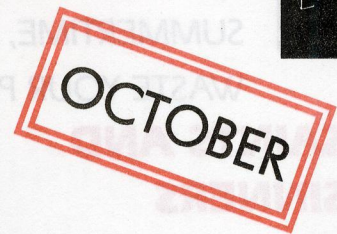


ic - but with an all star cast led by Bruce Willis, Steve Buscemi, Liv Tyler (somewhat bizzarely cast as Willis' wife), current hot talent Ben Affleck and a host of other familiar faces, how could they possibly fail?

This being a Bruckheimer picture, however, what really matters is the effects, and with a \$100 million budget combined with a plot which allows for mass devastation and an H-bomb strapped to billion dollars of space hardware, how can *Armageddon* be anything less than

jaw dropping?

Obviously, if you're one of those weirdos who doesn't think ninety minutes of death, destruction and mindless violence is worth the price of admission, then you should avoid *Armageddon* like the plague. But then you'd be missing out on the real point of summer releases - escapist entertainment, explosions and a complete absence of plot. After all, what's the point of summer if you're not going to relax and enjoy yourself?



Moving into the colder months, the blockbusters still keep on coming, with destruction fest *Armageddon* pencilled in for release Current US sensation *The Truman Show* stars Jim Carrey in his first "serious" role. He is Truman Burbank, star of the world's most popular TV show - but he doesn't know he's on TV. His entire life has all been a sham and his wife, his friends and his parents are all actors Toy Story style effects return in *Small Soldiers*, with Kirsten Dunst caught-up in a war between two factions of toy soldiers The worrying prospect of a live action version of *Cinderella* hits the multiplexes, with the unlikely casting of Drew Barrymore as the much put-upon Cinders Hitchcock's *Dial M for Murder* is remade as *A Perfect Murder*, with Andrew Davies (*The Fugitive*, *Chain Reaction*) in the director's chair. Gwyneth Paltrow stars in role Grace Kelly made her own John McTiernan (*Die Hard*) steps in to direct *The 13th Warrior*, the latest Michael Crichton adaptation to hit the big screen. Battles featuring Viking warriors taking on Neanderthal cannibals promises a healthy gore quotient. And apparently it's all based on a true story Disney puts a different spin on old folk tales with *Mulan*, an ancient Chinese tale given the animation treatment. Advance word suggests that the Mousedom may finally be back on track after their recent shoddy efforts Nicholas Cage is a rogue cop, forced to shoot an awful lot of bad guys in order to save the day in *Snake Eyes*, the latest from Brian de Palma As Bryan Singer's first stint in the director's chair since the brilliant *Usual Suspects*, *Apt Pupil* promises to be a source of much media attention, particularly as it's adapted from a Stephen King novel However, it's up against serious horror opposition, in the form *The Exorcist*. It's still banned on video, so see this object lesson in film-making while you can Hugh Grant returns to the comedy fold in *Mickey Blue Eyes*. Hilarious consequences ensue when he discovers that his girlfriend's dad is the Godfather.

SIX DAYS, SEVEN NIGHTS

Stars: Harrison Ford, Anne Heche, David Schwimmer
 Director: Ivan Reitman
 When: July 3

This year, Harrison Ford - the world's most reliable and bankable star - lends his not inconsiderable talents to this knockabout comedy, as a pilot marooned on a desert island with high-and-mighty magazine editor Anne Heche.

Heche is an ambitious decisive New York girl, taking a week off with her boyfriend in Tahiti. To justify the holiday, she agrees to help her magazine out by covering a story on a neighbouring island. Enter the Fordster, the only pilot available available, a laid-back heavy drinker with whom she shares a mutual dislike. But Heche has no choice and he can't refuse the money.

And, of course, this being the movies, the plane then decides to crash land on a remote island, deep in the Pacific. Abandoned and with no hope of rescue, the pair are



forced to put aside their antagonism in order to survive. As the days go by, they learn to like each other, until finally....

Of course, it all sounds utterly predictable (and it probably is), but that's hardly the point. The mix of Ford, sparky comedy, the regulation action quotient and a bizzare combination of stars (Anne Heche is probably most famous for being

Ellen DeGenres girlfriend) should see *Six Days, Seven Nights* firmly ensconced in the box office charts, returning a happy profit. Moreover, the promise of seeing Harrison Ford try his hand at the style of lighthearted comedy preferred by director Reitman (the man behind *Ghostbusters*, *Twins*, *Space Jam* etc.) is surely worth the price of admission alone.

EXERCISE YOUR BRAIN THIS SUMMER:

SUMMERTIME, AND THE LIVING IS EASY. WITH FLAGARANT DISREGARD FOR OUR WASTE YOUR PRECIOUS SUMMER ON...

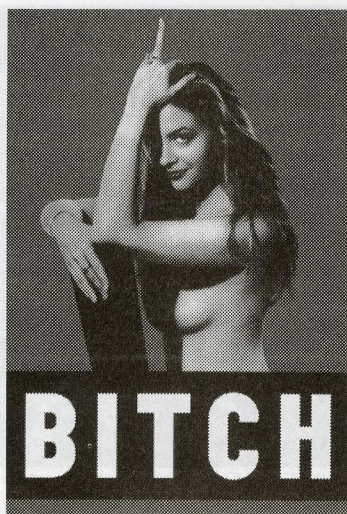
SAINTS AND SINNERS

Marcelle Bernstein

Janie Paxton, journalist and recently divorced alcoholic, agrees to write the authorised biography of Madga Lachowska, the charismatic spiritual leader of the Chalice. Although Magda Lachowska, otherwise known as Mama, is considered a living saint in whose footsteps lavender plants had been seen to bloom, Janie takes the job for other reasons. She sees the opportunity of writing Mama's biography as a means of making money and restoring her reputation to its former glory. As Janie investigates Mama's background, discrepancies begin to emerge in the official version of Mama's history and Janie has to choose whether to listen to her instincts and uncover the real story or not.

Bernstein's strength is her ability to create believable characters and then develop those characters throughout the novel, using flashbacks to keep the reader interested. On the whole this is a very good book, the kind to take on holiday to read on the beach. If that was the case I would happily fork out the money for it but if not, this is the kind of book I would enjoy taking out of the library.

Published by: Bantam Books. Out now



BITCH

Elizabeth Wurtzel

A lot of people (men) will buy this book simply for the picture of the naked woman on the front. They will then read it, and discover that *Bitch* does not refer to a stripper with a penchant for doing it "doggy style", but to the state of women today. Elizabeth Wurtzel takes hundreds of examples of women who have suffered and presents them to us in this lucid collection of essays on modern women. She reminds us of the pain felt by poets such as Sylvia Plath and Annie Sexton, of the terror faced by Nicole Brown Simpson, and celebrates some of the most infamous women in history, defending their outsize desires, describing their exquisite loneliness, championing their take-no-prisoners approach to life and to love.

Thanks to their past sufferings, this is the first time in history that a woman can exist as a viable entity without the support of a man. Hooray for feminism and down with the rotters, they're all bastards. A good book to read and then talk about. At length. Loudly. Not for the boys though.

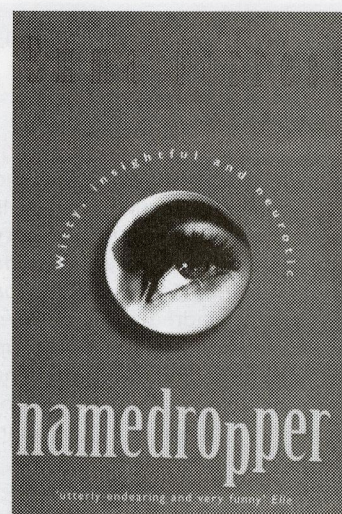
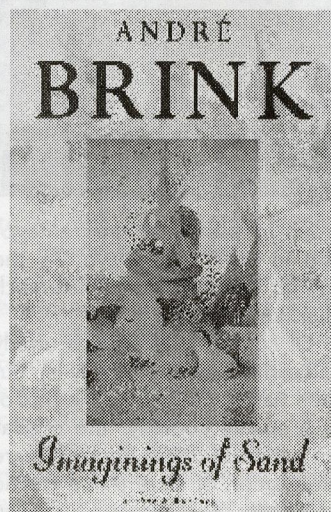
Published by: Quartet. Out now

IMAGININGS OF SAND

André Brink

N'kosi sikelele! i-Afrika. The lead-up to the birth of the New South Africa was nothing if not traumatic. Countless people, both black and white, were killed in violent attacks on humanity and property. The tension mounted as many of the old-style Afrikaners refused to abandon their long held traditions. The men in particular felt a great deal of resentment towards the changes and towards the emerging government. Despite the changes being obvious to everyone in the world, many denied that the black Government would win. Back into this claustrophobic society came Kristien, to care for her dying grandmother and to absorb her memories of their family history. Eleven years had passed since she ran away to England to escape her future, and she hadn't been back since. The book charts her acceptance of her family and her history. This book is amazing. The story flows in an almost romantic way: the stories of the veil fit beautifully alongside the tensions of contemporary South Africa. Reading it made me feel as if I was back in the least tolerant and the most beautiful country in the world. Buy it, read it, love it. God bless Africa.

Published by: Random House. Out now



NAMEDROPPER

Emma Forrest

I've done the teen thing. It was fun while it lasted, but was not an experience I'd like to relive, so reading this book about a self-proclaimed iconic sixteen year old was not always a pleasant experience.

Viva Cohen has a blissful life with her uncle, her lettuce-chewing best friend, her favourite song and her Elizabeth Taylor posters. After the summer, she has a lot of Elizabeth Taylor posters. Whenever her life goes wrong, she turns to her Marilyn Monroe or Audrey Hepburn posters for comfort and cries along to "The Boys of Summer" by Don Henley. She's also a neurotic, paranoid, spoilt brat, who prefers to be thought of as an icon, rather than to do anything to merit it. She dreams of how she'd commit suicide, has a distaste for sex, (although she never really gets any offers), travels to America with her slightly successful rockstar friend and generally daydreams her way through life, until she's brought down to Earth with a bump.

The book is funny and quite touching in parts, good but not great, and an enjoyable read whilst bored.

Published by: Arrow Books. Out now



DEGREES, THE FELIX BOOKS TEAM HAVE COMPILED A LIST OF THE BEST BOOKS TO

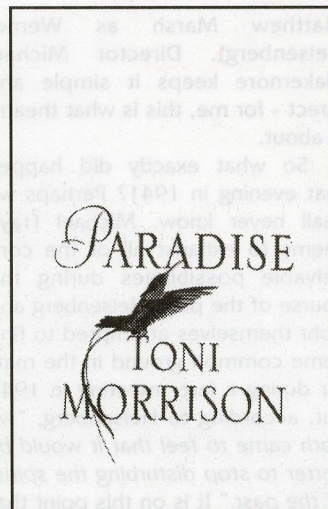
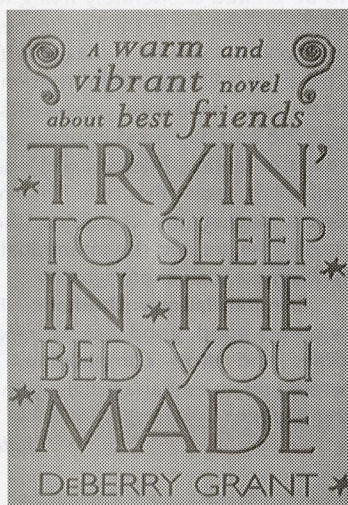
TRYIN' TO SLEEP IN THE BED YOU MADE

DeBerry Grant

This book is terrible. Basically, it's pulp fiction from the States where all the characters are black people making an impression on a predominantly white US society. This is the only good thing about the book; it touches on the miserable life that poor people can have in the slum-suburbs of New York. In itself the book is well written, with a good ear for street slang and vaguely realistic characters, but is ultimately let down by the slushy plot. There's loads of action in the book: fires, deaths, abortions, marriages, all hurriedly dealt with. The two soul sisters both discover the hollowness of love and the emptiness of their dreams. It isn't just blood that makes women sisters. As I said, this book is really poor.

It's very readable, however; much to my irritation I couldn't put it down, I read it on the bus, at meals, in lectures, between tutorials, whenever I had a moment. I even stayed up late to finish it, and I haven't done that in a long time. This is a beach or airport novel, not as serious read. It's light, frothy, pleasant with a feel-good ending, but is ultimately a terrible book.

Published by: Bantam. Out now



PARADISE

Toni Morrison

This is a very difficult book, exploring our views on race, gender and the void between good and evil. Four women are shot dead by nine men in a seemingly unprovoked attack. Were they shot because they are evil, because the men want to suppress any women who stand out from the crowd, or because they are willfully misunderstood by a small town who like to remain blinkered? There are no easy answers to these questions, and the book doesn't insult our intelligence by providing any.

This is Toni Morrison's first book since winning the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1993 and is a regular *tour de force*. She writes with amazing clarity and fluency, and her ideas are beautifully expressed. Right from the first sentence, (*They shoot the white girl first*), we are flung into a difficult and dangerous world, full of inequalities both between races and sexes. By forcing us to confront our own racism, she presents us with a challenging read which is ultimately extremely enjoyable.

Published by: Chatto & Windus. Out now in hardback

TWO FOR THE LIONS

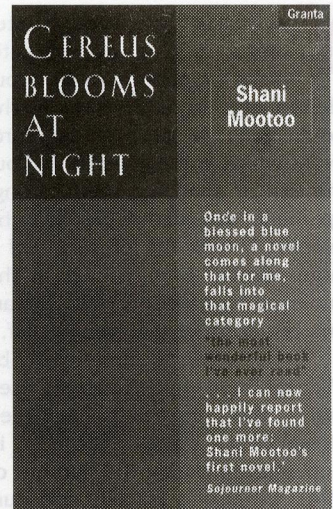
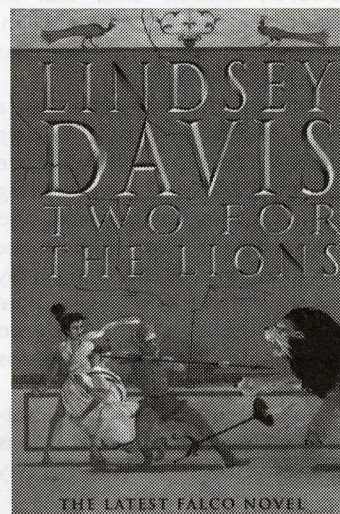
Lindsay Davis

This is the latest bestseller in the Marcus Didius Falco series. Devotees will know what to expect, as Falco, Helena Justina and Julia Justinilla travel to North Africa to unravel the mysterious death of a champion criminal eating lion, in company with Famia, Falco's alcoholic brother-in-law, Thalia, the super-tough circus manager and Jason the sleepy python. Whilst they're there, they uncover scandalous behaviour in the gladiator world.

Will Camillus Justinus, Helena's younger brother, end up skewered by the gladiator with the large spear? Will Falco manage to solve the crimes before the Emperor Vespasian loses patience and recalls him to Rome? Will Falco manage to lose his partner Ancrites without incurring the wrath of his mother?

It's worth reading if you're a fan, and is very enjoyable. If you haven't read anything by Lindsay Davis, then it won't really appeal to you. Anyone with only a glancing interest in Ancient Rome or crime fiction will enjoy this series: the first is *The Silver Pigs* and is available in paperback from Century Books.

Published by: Century. Out in hardback now



CEREUS BLOOMS AT NIGHT

Shani Mootoo

This is not a book I would have voluntarily chosen. It is an unusual book about love, separation and alienation. The plot is twisted, with a small town feel, where everyone knows everyone else, and doesn't have that high an opinion of him or her.

As everyone knew, Mala Ramchandin was mad, and most people were slightly afraid of her. No one ever bothered to discover the reason for her madness, except for Tyler, the only male nurse on the island, with his uncomfortable feeling of being in the wrong body. He narrates this evocative story of sexual and mental abuse, of one woman's slow collapse into total insanity.

This is a sensitive and thoughtful book, dealing delicately with controversial issues such as father-daughter incest, exploring gender identity and violence in a celebration of the capacity to love, and to survive despite immense cruelty and black despair. Unfortunately, the plot rather tails out, leaving one with a strong sense of disappointment.

Published by: Granta Books. Out: August

COPENHAGEN

Cottesloe Theatre, National Theatre

Yes, that's right fellow IC students: a play (n. dramatic piece or performance) about Heisenberg. In a theatre on the South Bank. At last - an arty farty event which you can go to without the risk of shedding your "boring, apathetic scientist" label. On the evening I went the presence of a large number of physicists in the audience was indeed quite apparent, but don't let that put you off.

Copenhagen is the new play by Michael Frayn which concerns itself with the meeting between Heisenberg and Bohr in Copenhagen during the autumn of 1941. What was actually said during that visit and do we really care?

In answer to the latter question, the play's suggestion that this meeting affected the course of history, in particular the effect on the Nazis' atomic programme, should arouse the curiosity of even that

mythical character known as the Typical IC Student. Another reason why you should be interested is that the play deals with issues which are directly concerned with the consequences of what we all do. As well as raising such ethical questions it also confronts the existential issues which concern Man's place on this planet and what drives his pioneering spirit.

If it sounds like the play might be quite intense at times then that's because it is. There is no skirting around or dumbing down of the science involved which makes me wonder how the non-scientists found it. One's attention is constantly engaged and, by the end, I felt mentally quite exhausted. This is not only due to the dramatic and intelligent text but the committed and totally absorbing acting (Sara Kestelman and David Burke as Margrethe and Niels Bohr, and

Matthew Marsh as Werner Heisenberg). Director Michael Blakemore keeps it simple and direct - for me, this is what theatre is about.

So what exactly did happen that evening in 1941? Perhaps we shall never know. Michael Frayn seems to exhaust all of the conceivable possibilities during the course of the play. Heisenberg and Bohr themselves attempted to find some common ground in the matter during a later meeting in 1947 but, according to Heisenberg, "we both came to feel that it would be better to stop disturbing the spirits of the past." It is on this point that Michael Frayn departs from the historical record and in this meeting they do disturb them further. The contempt with which Heisenberg was treated after the war seems to be a bit harsh since he faced a dilemma in trying to explain his

actions: had he deliberately lost his fellow-Germans the War and been a traitor to the Nazis, or was he not such a brilliant scientist after all and truly believed that the building of a nuclear bomb was impractical? Either way, he didn't end up with the blood of many tens of thousands on his hands.

The other factor raised by the play is the extent to which Heisenberg was aware of his own intentions at the time. When looking into oneself one comes up against limitations on what one can observe and know; one then becomes restricted in being able to measure or judge accurately what is going on. Rather like the theories about the nature of scientific measurement proposed by certain physicists earlier this century.

Stephen Tarlton

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Courtyard Theatre

As this is my first review, I felt lucky that in my debut as a "critic" (how grand!) I saw a play that I enjoyed. I found the treatment I received from the people at the CourtYard so polite it bordered on embarrassing. I was spoken to individually, being told that "the House is now open sir", given a free drink and a whole bunch of blurb about the cast. The reason that this made me feel oddly awkward was the fact that I am only a farty student who has done a Theatre A level and am now damning or praising the extreme hard work of twenty people as my mood takes me. But, given that I am a farty student, I will tell you why I liked this play. (It had nothing to do with the free drink.)

The Taming Of The Shrew does not hold dear to it's heart the ideas of equality or even the slightest respect for women. It was interesting to observe how the production coped with this problem of showing a modern audience ancient, even offensive, ideals and ideas. Their method was through a substantially adapted script, the work of Phil Willmott. The character of Petruchio, played by Dean

Moynihan, is an example of how changed the play is - Petruchio brags about the fact that he will break the women whom no other man is able to. Yet in this production, he seemed to be less bragging about his forthcoming conquest, and more attempting to convince himself that he had not bitten off more than he can chew, giving the play a more comic flavour. At the finish, after much sparring with fierce Katherina, played by Michael Cussen, he manages to obtain her affection. It always, however, remains clear that he respects her and she respects him. In short this light adaptation was fun, pacey and witty.

The Courtyard Theatre has a lovely setting. The small theatre opens out on to a courtyard (hence the name) and its size and spacing make the action intimate and intense rather than In-your-face and intimidating. The whole play was set in front of a Café in rural Padua, very realistically designed and built. The costumes and props were suitable and colourful.

The production never attempted to be more than it was, always smoothing over what is a nasty

edge to the play. Some will argue that the adaptations and modifications, which did fundamentally alter the very essence of the play, are not justified within the text. It may be said that The Taming Of The Shrew is either about the breaking of the strong female or nothing. I am not approaching this on literary grounds, whether or not the adaptation was "artistically justified" (whatever that means), all I say is that it held my attention and made me laugh; I never felt that it was at all contrived. The company grabbed hold of the play and kicked it in to a shape acceptable to a modern audience; a Fringe Theatre recommendation.

The production had the kick and spark which is only possible when the cast are bouncing off each other, communicating well and having a great time. So if, like me, you have ever had the yearning in your heart to enter the unpredictable, exotic world of drama and sod the sensible science degree, well be warned - seeing this will make you wish that you had.

Ben Fisher

(Pay what you can on Sunday nights)

A CHORUS OF DISAPPROVAL

Dramsoc

What I wanted to do, and intended to do, was write a glowing review of Dramsoc's excellent performance of this play, slyly being rude about the almost type-casting, and praising them to the skies in rose-tinted prose. A whole page feature on those talented and dedicated actors, who also happen to be a bunch of scientists and engineers, complete with pictures and names of the stars. What I end up doing, however, is sitting at 8pm on the day before the entire paper's due to be printed desperately trying to fulfill my promise in the two inches of column space I have left. There's just enough room to mention my favourite moments: Daffydd and Raymond improvising over the lighting, Bridget and Linda half-killing each other over Crispin, Enid's singing, the costumes, the music, the set and the intentional(?) amateurish choreography.

Congratulations Dramsoc, it was very good, good luck for next time, and stop complaining, I wrote you an embarrassingly gushing preview.

Julia



DANCING GALLERIES

ALAIN PLATEL'S LES BALLETS C DE LA B: LETS OP BACH

Queen Elizabeth Hall

A few weeks ago I wrote about the exciting dance season in London and gave a little advice on the best companies to go and see. One of these was Alain Platel's *Les Ballets C de la B*, from Ghent in Belgium.

He was over here in May last year with his work *La Tristeza Complice*: one of the most incredible things I have ever seen. It had an amazing success all over Europe. Dance fans have been eagerly expecting his latest offering. Well, this is no disappointment, in fact it goes a step further than *La Tristeza Complice*.

It's called *Lets op Bach*. It's in the same vein with a mix of all sorts of arts: Bach's music played by a group of eight musicians, three

opera singers, the dancers of course and the odd circus number too.

The scene takes place in some kind of garden with chairs, a paddling pool, sun beds on the roof of the house...a very down to earth, simple surrounding. The small orchestra mark the beginning by playing a very emotional piece creating a very palpable sense of beauty and serenity. As they finish, the chaos starts: the dancers appear, all in different shapes, colours and ages along with two cute little girls. From then on and until the end, Alain Platel stages life: the interactions between human beings, life in a group, friendships, and relationships. There is such a strong sense of pas-

sion in this guy's work. The emotion is so present in the way the dancers move: they are complete actors. I have rarely seen such fascinating performers. They seem to be suffering in their own souls. The scenes, at times, are hilarious, for example when they all start dancing on "One of us" sung by Prince, led by a very tall black man in drag. Although comic is never far away, it always depicts the saddest things, the desperation these people are feeling, the lack of communication, the loneliness. Platel shows life as it is: an endless isolated struggle. At one point, the four women end up screaming political slogans at the audience, with a very funny reference to Kofi Annan, before letting a little girl say: "*yo quiero a todo el*

mundo". (I love everyone)

The dancers are absolutely perfect, the ideas in the choreography so inventive. The singing and music work very well with this. Platel has created a piece with extraordinary impact, both visually and emotionally making us laugh and cry, watch in disgust and admiration. He is a true artist, one of that rare kind, like Maurice Bejart, who can make dance exciting and innovative, within our context, yet giving his ideas such space to breathe and to mature. If you weren't there last week, then do look out for Platel's next visit to London. This is not pretentious and inaccessible art. Anyone with a taste for something a little different will love it.

D.

THE CANON PHOTOGRAPHY GALLERY

The Victoria & Albert Museum



In all their leaflets, the V&A have been saying they own "one of the finest collections in the world". So off I went to check this big statement out. My expectations were very high and I had imagined I was going to see the most breathtaking display of photos I had ever seen.

Well I must admit that I was a little disappointed by the whole thing, although there is some great art on show. The gallery follows the first steps of photography as early as 1839 up to the latest cutting edge ideas by artists such as Adam Fuss. The "New Art" room exposes the two major photographic

inventions: the French Daguerreotype, an image on polished metal and the English counterpart, which was to become photography as we know it (with the idea of a "negative"). The first steps seem to be quite focused on landscapes and buildings and then quite a few pictures of the colonies, mainly India. The interests of the Victorian era....

As we progress in time, the subject gets more interesting and famous names like Cartier-Bresson, Man Ray and Bill Brandt begin to appear developing very personal themes with apparition of the model as object of beauty and way of experimenting (a beautiful portrait of Lee Miller). The pre-war days also bring a more political aspect to photography, with pictures of Africa. This has continued to be one of the many faces of this art: there is a very emotional photo of a black girl and a white boy together in South Africa taken in 1964 by David Goldblatt.

The 70's go even further into the experimental vein with an amazing portrait of Francis Bacon by John Deakin. It is also time for further explorations into fashion with people like David Bailey. In the last rooms of the exhibition, the V&A seems to have concentrated more on the odd and wonderful things made in the past decade.

They have recreated for us Helen Chadwick's "The Oval Court". It is extremely interesting to look at, very different but quite powerful. Using a Canon photocopier, she has made a cycle out of several self-portraits in different positions, including little animals and fruit. It feels like her interpretation of what it is to be a woman. Finally, we are offered some of the most recent ideas in photography, including a return to the sources by Adam Fuss. He uses primary techniques with a 20th century twist to it. David Hockney demonstrates the possibilities of mixing photography and painting and there are a few other original things there.

I seem to have now convinced myself, after all, that this gallery is very good. I thought there would be much more. There will be nothing new for most people but it's still nice to have 140 years of photography in such a small place. This is a great addition to the art scene in London and we can only hope there will be plenty more later.

D.

MATERIAL WORLD

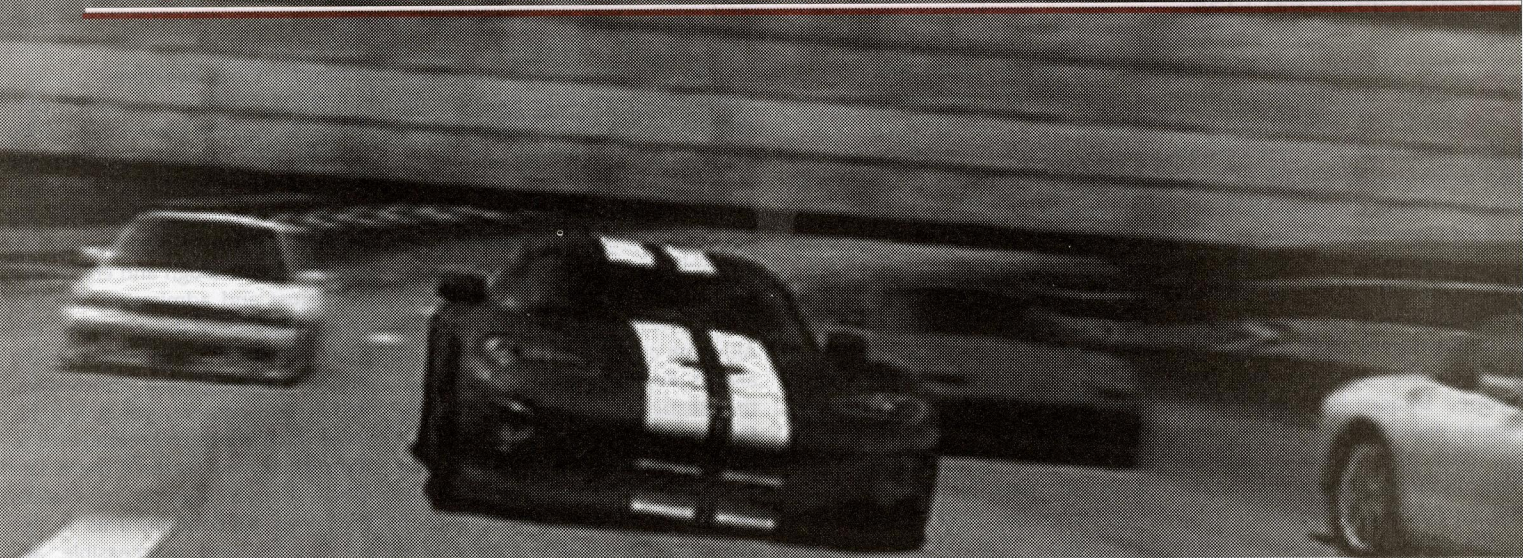
Science Museum

Materials may sound like the most boring course on Earth and one can only take so much talk about concrete from Civil Engineers but the latest exhibition in the Science Museum is of genuine relevance to every degree discipline. On show are some stunning examples of *haute couture* using the latest artificial materials, including a dress made from a plastic with the properties of paper, part of a collection commissioned for Bjork. Motorbike fiends will be surprised to see the racing leathers that protected Carl Fogarty from a 100mph crash during the World Super Bike trials, though you do need to look closely to spot the scuffing. Perhaps the most visually striking exhibit, which will make it into the next edition of the Guinness Book of Records, is a giant molecular model of diamond. It is intriguing that as you change viewing angle, moiré patterns play over the surface, more a work of art than science. Finally, I truly hope that the touchy-feely exhibit, giving comparisons between natural and man made materials, doesn't get the animal rights lobby too excited. It only looks like three otters worth....

Peter R.H.

BRRRRMMMM BRRRRMMM.... EEEEEERRR! BRRRRMMMMM...

GRAN TOURISMO



SCEE, Playstation ★★★★★

Every once in a while the driving game leaps another level up the evolutionary ladder. Sometimes these little leaps are unnoticed, rather like Top Gear Rally on the N64. They are not perfect and they die unnoticed and without descendants. In others these leaps are shouted from the poster and advert. They attract attention and their lineage is guaranteed. This is

Gran Turismo. The simulation side has attracted all of the attention and after ten or so minutes playing it using an analogue dual rumble pack controller, it is hard not to want to go and buy a playstation purely for this game. The game starts with 10,000 credits and a series of open races ready to race. No car though, that's where your credits will purchase a basic used family saloon and a series of modifications so that

on your first race you might not qualify too far down the back of the grid. Get placed in the race and the money you earn can go towards more modifications or another car. Pass a racing driving test and you can try racing for more money.

So what? If you wanted a simulation of the car scene you would buy F1 manager, except here you race the car, and each car and modification does handle differently. It

is very easy to produce a car with fast acceleration and top speed but absolutely no cornering or breaking ability – basically the saloon version of the Jordan F1 car. With the Dual Shock pad you feel each rumble strip and judder as the car bucks under acceleration and breaking. It is simply the best console racing game – until its descendants arrive.

Gary Smith

PC HARDWARE REVIEW

SIDEWINDER FORCE FEEDBACK PRO

Microsoft £130 ★★

In this world there are joysticks and then there are joysticks like this one. At £130 pounds it is probably the most expensive single stick package available. Why so expensive? Is it gold plated? Will it make games easier to play? Well neither but the hint is in the title. Where the Nintendo and the Playstation controllers vibrate away happily on batteries when you get hit or shoot at something, this caged tiger plugs directly into the mains. The joystick responds to pretty much everything and this is shown in the demonstration games. One of these games, *Interstate '76* – the 'Mad Max'-style car war driving game, responds not only to what weapon you are firing and what weapon is firing upon you, but what road conditions are and slope you are driving on. It also reacts to the loss



of grip you experience if you corner too quickly. It does not make the game easier by any means, being jolted as you attempt to make a

precision shot through the side window of your car is almost impossible on anything but the smoothest of roads. What it does is

provide the same experience you would expect from an arcade game.

Don't worry that you might have invested money on something that will not work for anything else, most of your favourite games have at least some controls that can be responded to. *X-wing Vs Tie-Fighter* was brilliant as your fighter bucks and reponds to the world around you. But I suppose the big £130 question, is it worth it? As a toy yes, as a gamers tool no. For the same money you can buy some serious sound and graphics hardware and a cheap £20-30 joystick that will control the same games. But I've already got a good enough graphics and sound card. I think it's a hoot, an expensive pointless hoot – perhaps that's the point.

Gary Smith



PC 2D & 3D GRAPHICS HARDWARE

VIPER 330

Diamond Multimedia, £69 ★★★★★

In the dark distant past PCs bleeped their way through low-resolution games. First the soundcard removed the bleeping and added FM music; millions of soundcards were then sold. Next high resolution graphics cards allowed us to play games with decent graphics. Now the 3D accelerated graphics card seem to be following the same path as games start to demand a 3D card. These graphics cards come in two main groups, the pure 3D accelerator cards and the more general 2D/3D cards. The difference between the two groups can generally be compared to the difference between owning a sports car or a hot hatchback. Everyone knows that a sports car will generally beat the hatchback, but the hatchback is something you can use everyday. So hatchback test number one, the Viper 330. Is it Peugeot 306 Gti or MG metro turbo?

The Viper 330 is powered by a

128bit NVIDIA Riva 128 with a 230 MHz RAMDAC – impressive specifications. The 4MB onboard memory allows you to run resolutions of 1600x1200 at 65,000 colours at a high refresh rates 85Hz. The 2D performance is not especially fast compared for 2D cards. However, PC Magazine's tests showed that it is within 12% of the 2D/3D leader, the Matrox Millennium II.

This card though is not optimized for the graphical "school run and shopping trip" but it is the 3D performance where the card is seriously good. The image quality is almost up to 3Dfx level (the current top sportster) and though there were the odd incorrect polygon clipping errors, they were not enough to irritate. It doesn't support Glide (the low-level interface supported by 3Dfx cards and used in many games) but is able to run some OpenGL (ie. quake) and all DirectX (ie. Tomb raider 2) games,



and run them at speed. Even on a Pentium 120 resolution changes didn't really compromise the high frame rates. Tomb Raider 2 was tested using resolutions from 320x200 to 800x600.

Where the Viper 330 has a real edge is in price. At the sub-£100 level it beats the other 2D/3D cards hands down, making it an affordable hot hatchback. At this price it also competes against the older pure 3D cards. Here the car analogy is back again – while everyone would love a sports car on their drive sometimes your head has to rule your heart and you buy the hot-hatch because it is almost perfect. Anyway you can always buy that sports car later and so too with the pure 3D card.

Gary Smith

GAME REVIEW

MEN IN BLACK

SouthPeak Interactive,

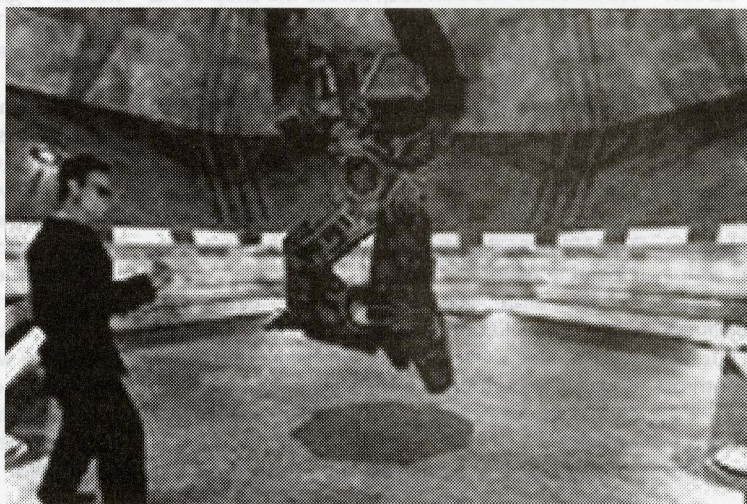
PC / Playstation **no stars**

With, I believe, the slimmest exceptions of Batman, Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade and the odd Star Wars titles, games under film licences are unadulterated, indefensible slurry. Et, quelle surprise, here we are with Men in Black. Maybe this would be the one? The mould breaker? Could Southpeak Interactive be the ones to pull Men in Black out of the cesspool? Well, no.

It all looked bad from the start; very slick menu system, expensive TV adverts, MiB cartoon influences in the intro sequence; just not what you'd want. And then the game. You (Will Smith) investigate a break-in a New York apartment building. At least you do when you persuade your at fuck-utterly badly animated irritation of a character to point in the right direction at the door handle. Progressing through the door, you are greeted by the piss-poor sample "Som'in tells me this mus' be da place". And that is the best in the game. The objective, I learn, is to kill the baddies and disarm the bomb. Ah yes, a fight scene. I was looking forward

to this. There are two ways of scrapping, both dreadful to control, one being 'stand still and kick them in the shins until they die' and the other being shooting them from long range (you miss from anything shorter than about six feet). Enemies have no intelligence whatsoever, running straight towards you and crouching, punching badly in the direction they crouched in, allowing even the least experienced gamer to run behind them and boot them up the arse. The animation - mentioned before - is astonishingly bad. When the character jumps it is an undisguised rehash of the walking

animation moved linearly upwards then downwards, with normal gravitic motion effects abandoned mercilessly. Making use of anything requires camp arm-waving for several seconds in the vague direction of the object like Kenneth Williams chastising a small child with a light slap around the ear. But less funny. The puzzles are not even slightly challenging, relying exclusively on a drab combination of tricks and oh-so obvious clues, and suffering from the dreaded find-the-pixel disease. I'm afraid that seemed incurable. The intentional "humour" is stretched at best, the unintentional more so



MORE GAMES

TREASURES OF THE DEEP

Namco, Playstation ★★★★★

Diving suits, sharks, submarines and really excellent 3D graphics. Treasures from the Deep has pretty much everything including excellent strategy/action gameplay. As a navy seal you have to complete a series of missions from the shallows of the Caribbean using wet suits and chariots to the deep sea antics of the Arctic oceans. Fortunately decompression sickness is not a feature as you soon afford proper subs. Against you, the denizens of the deep, along with an army of divers and their submarines. On your side your basic weapon, a spear gun might seem a bit wet, but soon you will be buying nets, torpedoes and homing missiles to even the odds. Take too many torpedoes or air though and you have no extra capacity for bonus treasure found near wrecks but take too little and you are shark bait. The graphics are crisp, and the distance fogging removes most of the nasty pop-up events. The fish and sharks also show some intelligence (or lack of it). Fish tend to mind their own business while sharks are attracted by blood – either yours or someone else's. So don the wet suit and snare, shoot and maim but avoid the endangered species because they're not big or clever.

Gary Smith

after the first couple of glitches. To give a little bit of credit, the artwork on the backgrounds was well executed, notably the competent and stylish vistas and movie-faithful attention to detail. The point of view, a Resident Evil style third perspective was a good idea for the game, but the effect was spoiled by slightly obtuse camera angles. You can change characters once you've completed the first level and are indoctrinated in the MiB, but it doesn't change the gameplay a touch. You are still a badly animated, witless and infuriatingly stupid figure, be you a thin black man (Smith), a stocky white man (Tommy Lee Jones), or a poorly pixelated and overly wide female (apparently Linda Fiorentino).

A complete waste of time, money and licence. Arse, arse, arse.

Jon Trout



Two kids were playing with a rubber ball. They were standing outside a hi-fi shop, it was winter, cold & crisp, usual winter stuff. One of the kids caught the ball and threw it hard at the ground towards his friend. He was on the pavement and it was frozen solid, the ball bounced high off the sheet black ice, across the front of the shop.

The shop was like many of the breed scattered around London. Small, cramped but well lit and with enough stock to fill a supermarket. And it was by supermarket rules it operated, well the cheap ones anyway. The owner was a Mr Skanket. A short, brown fat man. Dark eyes, piercing, no bullshit sort. He knew almost nothing about hi-fis, in fact before coming into ownership of this property he worked selling windows, which he was equally good at. What he really knew about was people, he knew, as you say, what makes them tick. Particularly he knew about the English. The English he loved, he might have been English himself or Asian, it didn't matter. He was a different breed. What he loved about the English and particularly the older 'more English' generation was their politeness, their manners and their mannerisms. An Englishman if he is a gentleman can't say 'bullshit' when you tell him some second rate piece of junk, second hand in a car boot sale is the latest technology. An Englishman will say 'really, is that so?' and do his best to believe. He knows he's being ripped off, he knows you are going as slowly as possible, making him waste your time, but to contradict you would be impolite. It would break that code which he hangs his whole life on. If you swear, say 'shit' or 'fuck' or even 'you stupid arse wipe, get a life, go get laid, do something. For fucks sake stop pretending you're so god damned self controlled.' He'll say 'Hold on a minute, don't you dare use that sort of language on me'. And storm out. However play by the rules, loosely maybe but go by them and you'll be fine. Fine, fine, fine.

So it was unsurprising when the middle aged, weather beaten, pink, thin to the point of wasted, balding with white hair swept across, half mooned glasses, old tweed suited man peered through the glass, Mr Skanket was pleased to see him. Mr Skanket showed his gratitude by starting to scribble numbers on a pad in front of him. The bell rang loudly and Mr Skanket looked up. The man looked from the open door, into the shopkeepers eyes, for a full half second and then quickly looked down. Embarrassed he started to work his way around the shop. There wasn't far to go so the shopkeeper waited for the inevitable. The man looked up, perhaps to see some of the products more than a foot above the ground, but he looked up and caught Mr Skanket's eye. Both of them.

"Can I help you sir?" He put down the papers firmly.

"Err. Well. Yes... Um. I hope that you can do that" he laboured it out. Tittering nervously at the end. Mr Skanket answered fiercely,

"Do what? What can I do for you?" This threw the customer. He wasn't that old, maybe senility struck early in his family. He tittered again. Then with another burst of courage,

"It's for my sister, she writes poems and I'm looking for an organiser for her. An electronic one, not too expensive..." He trailed off into silence. The store keeper got off his stool and walked stiffly around the counter.

"I show you what I have got."

He passed close to the customer, standing by each other the old man despite his stoop stood a good foot taller. In spite of this he seemed to have no presence at all. To hardly take up any room in the shop. He shuffled mis-

TWO KIDS TOM STEVENS

erably as Mr Skanket rolled around him and bent down to open one of the glass cases. He reached inside and pulled out a large box from many stacked in a helter-skelter pattern, giving the impression of a monkey's attempt at Tetris. He laboured the box back across the shop to his desk. The retch shuffled around keeping his eyes on the proprietor at all times.

"Here, this is what I have for you", he said shaking the personal computer from its foam prison. The man stammered,

"I'm not sure you understand me, that's far too much."

"This! This. Too much. Let me show you." The old man opened his mouth to protest, then closed it again.

The store keeper found the catch and opened the lid of the lap top. The thing came on with a bleep. No doubt surprising both men equally. He turned the machine so it faced the shrinking customer on the other side of the desk.

"Here." He read from the box. "Personal computerised, Pentium processor, 60 MHz,

wide screen, Windows." The customer frowned and made a weak attempt at looking stern.

"This isn't right, I need an organiser. And would you kindly sell me one or I will leave the shop." Mr Skanket looked tired.

"This is an organiser. See." With a fat finger he typed 'WIN' onto the screen. Windows duly appeared.

"Now, put your finger on the pad and move the pointer here." The man looked red but put a thin finger onto the black roller pad. The store keeper clicked the button for him and some organiser program was loaded.

"There, see." The customer muttered mutely but Mr Skanket was not going to be stopped now,

"You say your sister writes poetry, well look. Look." He loaded the word processor. "Modern technology. Isn't it wonderful."

"That it maybe," the victim muttered, "but how am I to afford it?"

"You want to know the price?"

"Yes. That would be good of you."

Mr Skanket ignored the answer and looked into the box. "Let me show you this first. With it you get this." He pulled out an instruction manual. "I give this to you free, others wouldn't. I do. And this, here is the battery, 'long lasting' a special model."

The man looked away, perhaps for means of escape. He looked at his watch.

"For you 1200 pounds." The blotchy man looked down and half stepped away.

"I really must be going now. Its late and surely you should shut your shop."

"I keep it open for you. 1200 pounds. What is wrong? Is it the price?" But the man dragged himself away. "I must go."

"Just tell me. You don't like the

price?"

The man shuffled a bit. "It is rather a lot."

"I tell you what." He picked a box of disks off the counter. "I give you these. I throw them in. Worth 20 pounds. Buy today. I'm in a good mood. I give you 10% off too, £1000. How about it?" The man returned to the counter.

"It's really too much. I'm not a wealthy man."

"Well maybe we can make a deal. It's too much you say. Your sister like music. See, CD ROM attachment. It can play music."

"She loves music."

"You want a CD ROM. I get you one" He walked purposely across the shop and returned with another box. "CD ROM normally £500 pounds, with the computer only £200."

The customer watched, almost rooted to the spot, while the charade of setting up the diskman took place. Mr Skanket pressed play and tinny Strauss floated out of the machine and across the shop. The man was visibly impressed.



"Gosh," he increased his stoop and pressed his face towards the screen. "And you say you can write on it."

"You can indeed, Sir."

The man tapped a finger tentatively towards it, pressing a key. The music stopped.

"Oh God," the man mocked with a forced levity, "I hope I haven't broken it." Mr Skanket played along,

"Oh no sir, here." The music started.

"And how much was it?" A note of cunning in the voice now,

Mr Skanket took up a large calculator that inhabited his bench and typed numbers into it. "I'm in a good mood today. It's Christmas after all." He caught the customers eye. "With the CD ROM and disks £1350. Cash, excluding VAT."

The old man looked at his hands. "I'll give you £1000. And you can keep those." He pointed to the disks. The store keeper looked heavenward. "One thousand. It cost me more than that. My lowest offer £1250, that's £100 off."

The man reached into his top pocket and quickly pulled out his wallet. With the grim smile of one who has won a battle of wills, hard fought.

"Twelve hundred and fifty it is then, do you accept cheques?"

The nod was to the ascent. The frail man laboured over the writing, ending in a clear prestigious Mr Locker.

"I'm afraid I don't have a bank card, will an address do?"

"Of course, of course. Now you must be getting on." Mr Skanket looked at his watch sternly. "Look at the time." Mr Locker after his moment of glory shrunk back into his shell.

"Yes, yes. I'm so sorry."

"Sure, sure, let me help you with these."

The storekeeper piled the equipment back in its boxes, remembering the disks but forgetting to put the discman in. He handed Mr Locker the pile and bundled him out towards the door.

So when Mr Locker left the shop. Laden so high with boxes he could hardly see the path he walking on. He was wearing a strange smile, a look even of deep satisfaction. Perhaps it was brought on by a sudden infusion of Yule tide spirit, or perhaps the simple pleasure of seeing children play brought back memories of his youth. But had Mr Skanket seen it he would have detected something else there, something else entirely.

The ball whistled through the air and hit Mr Locker squarely on the top of his bald head.

But he always knew it, like the cheque, would bounce.

"It's all a complete disaster." I'm bel-lowing hysterically down the phone.

Bridget's conciliatory. "Its not that bad. Nothing that happens to you it is THAT bad."

"It is. And it's worse." I exclaim wildly. "She hates me and with good reason. She hates me cos I'm stupid and cos I'm a crap shag."

I pause. This is out of control.

"You had one bad session. So what it happens. It happens all the time. It's happened to me often enough. Perhaps you just don't fancy her.

God my sister's stupid; I should never take any problems to her. She always has a really obvious explanation that leaves me feeling trivial and silly. Or worse she just tells me something a hundred times worse that happened to her the day before. Don't get me wrong, I mean I love her to death and every-

normal activity for me and Brigit. We're the two youngest in a family of four and having been despised by my two older and eviller sisters - from which we stole the limelight, inheritance, chocolate biscuits from -has pretty much made us into soul mates.

I can't talk to my parents about sex. Dad never even got as far as to tell me about the birds and the bees. I don't quite know why not. Maybe he was shy, more likely he just forgot. He probably realised I'd get much more intimate knowledge than he could provide, courtesy Mr Heffner. I certainly can't talk to my friends. They just give advice on the basis for the size of her cleavage. Anything less than 34C. Whatever it is she's done (taken me to Paris, bought me a car), it was unforgivable and she should be dispatched on the first train to let's-be-friends land. If they're bigger than a double D she's wonderful and I should put up

MELONS FOR TEA, AGAIN

ANON

thing. It's just I don't want solutions. I just want some sympathy and for her to tell me I'm wonderful and everyone else sucks.

"Maybe I'm gay," I suggest. That should mix it up a bit. "That's why I haven't had sex for ages, and when I do I don't come and then wish I hadn't bothered."

"Tom you haven't had a ride for yonks cos you never meet any women and you had a crap shag cos your willy's been out of use for so long it's probably forgotten what it's there for. It probably thinks its a carrying handle, or a pink banana. Or a loofer."

"A loofer?"

"Ok, forget the loofer bit."

Now she was enjoying this. Christ I ask for sympathy and just become the centre of amusement.

"Oh, its ok for you to laugh. You're a girl, you can have sex whenever you want to. And you don't even have to do anything. You just lie there."

"That the case is it? Who've you been sleeping with?"

"Bugger off, you know what I mean. " Bitch. I hate her.

Before you get all weird on me and think I'm a social deviant I'd better explain. This is

with anything and everything. Then go shag her. So Bridget was my only source of sympathy, sort of.

"Tom she sounds nice. Why don't talk to her about it, let her know your worried." "Yeah great idea 'Hey, Rachael. Shagging you was a bit crap the other night. I was thinking it was because I don't fancy you that much. What do you think?' Slap, dump."

"If you're so smart why ask me anything?"

"Why indeed you big dumb arse?"

"Look don't get arsy with me, just because you can't perform in the sack"

"Yeah, just because I don't spend my whole time horizontal surfing with every dolt I meet."

"You just wish you did" Double bitch, she had an answer for everything

"Ok, ok. I'll just end it. Say I need to spend some time by myself. Or alternatively I could take sex lessons."

"You can have sex lessons? Fine take them, just stop wingeing so much. I'm going. See you adopted one."

"See you drunken mistake"

And people ask me why my love life's on the rocks.

DIVERSIONS FOR THOSE ABOUT THE CAPITAL THIS SUMMER

music

Money Mark + Sean Lennon
25 June, Astoria, £10
Jah Wobble
26 June, Islington International festival, £10
Bob Dylan + Van Morrison
27 June, Wembley, £30
Ben Folds Five
29 June, Forum, £12.50
Sonic Youth
26 June, Shep Bush Emp, £10
John Peel's Meltdown: Comershop + Gorky's Z M
30 June, R Fest Hall, £10
John Peel's Meltdown: Spiritualized + Sonic Youth
1 July, R Fest Hall, £10
George Benson
1 July, RAH, £20
John Peel's Meltdown: Ivor Cutler
2 July, QE Hall, £10
John Peel's Meltdown: Jesus & Mary Chain + Suicade
4 July, R Fest Hall, £12
John Peel's Meltdown: Damon Albarn + Graham Coxon + Silver Apples ++
5 July, R Fest Hall, £12
Blues Brothers Band
15 & 16 July, R Fest Hall
Chuck Berry + Little Richard + Jerry Lee Lewis
22 July, Wembley, £20
Marc Almond
20-25 July, Ameldia Theatre, £11.50
Notting Hill Billies, with Mark Knopfer
20 July - 1 Aug, Ronnie Scotts, £15 - £25.
Sparklehorse
22 July, Hackney Emp.
James Brown
22-23 July, Barbican, £15
Phil Collins Big Band
23 July, R Fest Hall, £20
Lo-Fidelity All-Stars
24 July, Astoria, £7.50
Pulp + Catatonia + Bentley Rhythm Ace
+++ 25 July, Finsbury Park, £23
BB King
29 July, Fairfields, Croydon, £15
Run DMC
31 July, Forum, £12.50
BRITISH SUMMER TIME
Paul Weller + Finley Quaye + Ian Dury + Rialto
8 Aug, Victoria Park E3, £26
The Merry Pranksters: Ken Kesey + Ken Babbs
14-15 Aug, Barbican Centre, £10
Bee Gees
5 Sep, Wembley, £50!!!
Arab Strap
21 Sep, QE Hall, £9
Depeche Mode
29-30 Sep, Wembley, £21
BACK TO COLLEGE!

music festivals

GLASTONBURY
Pulp + Blur + Tricky + Nick Cave + Primal Scream + Underworld + Spiritualized ++
26 - 28 June. Worthy Farm, Pilton. Sold out - climb fence.
BRACKNELL FESTIVAL
Mad Proff + Loop Guru + Third World + Sitarfunk +++
3 - 5 July, South Hill Park, Bracknell. £38 weekend
PARTY IN THE PARK
All Saints + Gary Barlow + Julian Lennon + Lionel Ritchie + Simple Minds + Natanlie Imbruglia +++
5 July, Hyde Park. £15
PHOENIX FESTIVAL CANCELLED
Tickets will be refunded or exchanged for Reading.
WOMAD FESTIVAL
Comershop + Faithless Chumbawumba +++
24-26 July, Reading Rivermead, £53
CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL
Levellers + Taj Mahal + Nick Lowe + Capercaille +++
31 July - 1 Aug, Hinton, £43
GUILFORD 98
Lightning Seeds + Dodgy + Beth Orton + Ian Dury + The MAD Professor +++
7 - 9 August, Stoke Park, Guilford, £47
JAM IN THE PARK CANCELLED
V98
Verve + Green Day + Chumbawumba + Lightning Seeds + Underworld + James Brown + Comershop + Ian Brown + Space + Texas +++
22-23 Aug, Hylands Park, Chelmsford. £64
READING
Prodigy + Page & Plant + Beastie Boys + Garbage + Supergrass + Foo Fighters + Spiritualized +++
28-30 Aug, Little John's Farm, Reading. £75.

See music pages for more information.

film

JULY
Six Days, Seven Nights
3 July. Stars Harrison Ford, thus excellent.
City of Angels
10 July. Stars Meg Ryan & Nicholas Cage
Godzilla
July 17. Stars Matthew Broderick & Jean Reno
Lost in Space
July 31. With Matt Le Blanc & Gary Oldman.
Dr Dolittle (Eddie Murphy)
Les Miserables with Uma Thurman & Liam Neeson
Metroland, a UK film adaptation of the Barnes novel
Love and Death on Long Island with Jason Priestley
Mimic Sci-fi horror
Chubby Goes Down
Under will be rubbish
A Thousand Acres with Pfeiffer as a red-neck
Psycho re-release of the all-time Hitchcock classic
Grease is also dusted down and re-released.
AUGUST
X-Files, The Movie
21 August. Directed by Rob Bowman
The Avengers Stars Ralph Fiennes, and Uma Thurman in a skin-tight leather one-piece. Woof!
Mercury Rising with Bruce Willis. Yawn.
Land Girls British sort of war-film with Anna Friel
The Gingerbread Man
John Grisham directs
Kenneth Branagh
Primary Colours
John Travolta finally makes it to US president
The Holy Man Stars - yet again - Eddie Murphy.
The Horse Whisperer
Another novel-adaption with Kristin Scott-Thomas
The Proposition is naff
The Object of My Affection is only slightly better.
SEPTEMBER
Saving Private Ryan
11 Sept. Stephen Spielberg casts Tom Hanks in this patriotic war film.
Also in September:
Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas the Terry Gilliam .adaption of Hunter S. Thompson's famous gonzo classic, this is going to be one huge trip of a film. Do not miss.
Velvet Goldmine also a 70s roadmovie, this time with Ewan McGregor and Eddie Izzard.
Still Crazy glam rock reunion with Billy Connolly and Jimmy Nail
Leathal Weapon 4
On dear oh dear.
Species 2 more sex with aliens.
Elizabeth Attenborough's historical drama with an all-star cast.
See the film pages for more information.

theatre

Closer by Patrick Marber at the Lyric Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2
Tube: Piccadilly Circus
Performance Times: Mon-Sat at 7.30pm, Wed & Sat at 3pm. Ticket Prices: £7.50 - £27.50 (evenings), £10-£15 (matinees)
Booking until September
Rent by Jonathan Larson at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2
Tube: Holborn
Performance Times: Mon-Sat at 7:30pm, Sat & Wed at 3pm. Ticket Prices: £32.50-£12.50 Front two rows are sold on the day of the performance at £10.00 per seat
Matinees - all prices are reduced by £2.50
Chicago at the Adelphi Theatre, Strand, WC2
Tube: Charing Cross
Performance Times: Mon-Sat evenings at 8:00pm, Wed & Sat matinees at 2:30pm
Ticket prices: £32.50-£15.00
Booking until 30th January
The Real Inspector Hound by Tom Stoppard & Black Comedy by Peter Shaffer at the Comedy Theatre, Pantom Street, WC2
Tube: Piccadilly Circus
Performance Times: Mon-Sat evenings at 7.30pm, Wed & Sat at 3pm
Ticket prices: £7.50-£27.50
Run extended until 8th August
Art by Yasmina Reza at the Wyndhams Theatre, Charing Cross Road, WC2
Tube: Leicester Square
Performance Times: Tues-Sat at 8pm, Wed at 3pm, Sat & Sun at 5pm
Seat Prices: £9.50 - £27.50. Booking until 5th October
Sweet Charity at the Victoria Palace Theatre, Victoria Street, W1
Tube: Victoria
Performance Times: Mon-Sat at 7.30pm, Wed & Sat at 3pm. Seat Prices: £15-£30. Booking until 15th August
The Things We Do For Love by Alan Ayckbourn at the Gielgud Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1
Tube: Piccadilly Circus
Performance Times: Mon-Sat at 7.45pm, Thur & Sat at 3pm. Seat Prices: £10.50-£25 (Mon-Thur), £12.50-£27.50 (Fri-Sat)
Booking until 26th August

arts

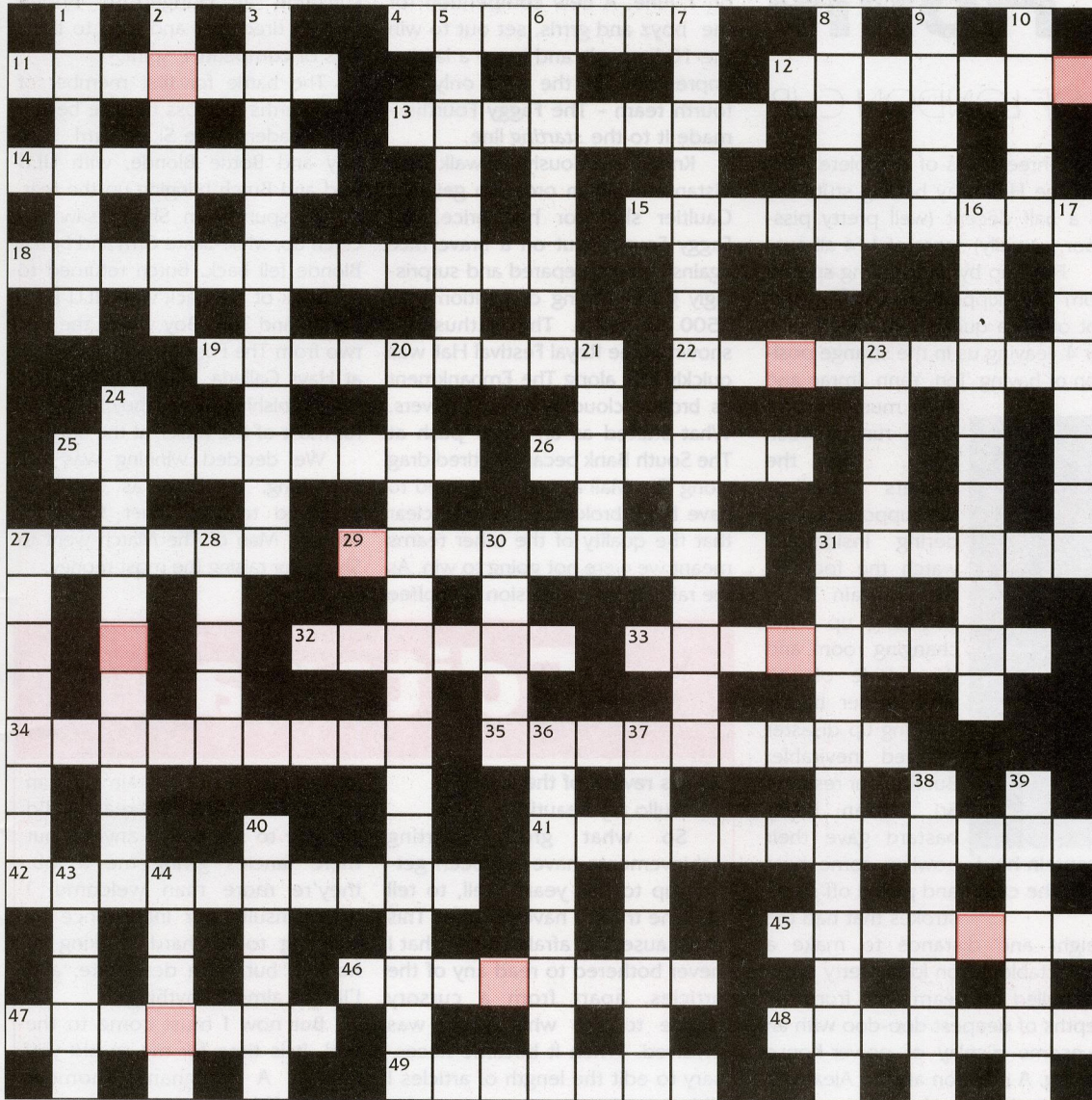
JUNE
Lucian Freud at the Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1, Tube: Pimlico. Admission free, runs until 26 July
Summer Exhibition at the Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1, Tube: Green Park. £5. Runs until 16 August.
JULY
Sophie Calle at the Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1, Tube: Pimlico. Admission free. Until 16 August.
Lari Pittman at the ICA, The Mall, SW1, Tube: Charing Cross. £1.50.
Marc Chagall: Love and the Stage at the Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1
Tube: Green Park. £5. Until October.
The Warhol Look at the Barbican Centre, EC2
Tube: Barbican. £4. Until August.
AUGUST
Mariko Mori at the Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gardens, W2
Tube: South Kensington. Admission free.
Andy Warhol and Josef Beuys at the Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1
Tube: Pimlico. Admission free. Until September.
Group Show at the Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gardens, W2
Tube: South Kensington. Admission free.
SEPTEMBER
Picasso: Painter and Sculpture in Clay at the Royal Academy of Arts, From 27 September. Piccadilly, W1, Tube: Green Park. £5
Chris Ofili at the Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gardens, W2
Tube: South Kensington. Admission free.
Speed: A Celebration of Fast Moving Culture at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, Whitechapel High Street, E1. From 11 September. Tube: Aldgate East. £2.50, free on Tuesdays.
Also at the Photographers Gallery, 5 & 8 Great Newport Street, WC2
Tube: Leicester Square. Admission free.

SUMMER HIGHLIGHTS:
La Costa Nosta @ Camden Palace, Camden, Sat 18 July. The cream of UK Garage DJs. In the main arena Back 2 Back Specials from: The Dreem Team - Mikee B - Spoony - Timmi Magic. Plus loads more. 10pm-7am. Strictly Over 23, £13.50 + booking fee for advance tickets, more on the door
Info: 0958 378 545. Ticket essential.
Summer Melt Down @ Ministry Of Sound Thur 2nd July. Main Room Garage with Upfront 99.3 FM DJs Para, Risky, K.C.K, MCs Asha & Wicked. Main Bar - Hard House. Space Bar - Soul, Swing & Hip-Hop. 10pm-3am. £8 on the door.
Southern Comfort @ Scene Night Club, 516 Old Kent Rd (next to Macdonald's). Sat 1st August Underground Garage with the Hit-Squad (Upfront 99.3 FM) DJs Para, Risky, K.C.K, JayDee & The Dexter + Guests Hermit & Daniel Ward. 9pm-4am £10.
Earth Wind & Fire @ Colosseum Bar & Night Club, 12-18 Crown Hill, Croydon. Last Tuesday Every Month. With the likes of DJs: Jason Kaye, Para, Mike 'Ruff Cut' Lloyd, Stevie B & Ray Hillier playing Upfront Garage grooves. 10pm-3am. Ladies £5 all night, Gents £6 b4 11pm / £8 after. Info: 0956 168410
Underground Frequencies @ The Cross, Kings Cross, Friday 3rd July. Bumpin' Underground Garage with Residents Matt 'Jam' Lamont & Karl 'TuffEnuff' Brown. 10.30pm-4.30am. £12. Info: 0171 837 0553
Weekly Favourites:
FRIDAYS:
The Gallery @ Turmills, Clerkenwell Rd, EC1. 2 Rooms 9.30pm-3.30am. £8 all night. Info: 0171 494 2998.
Labyrinth @ The Pleasure Rooms, 604 High Road, Tottenham. £7 students, £8 guests. Info: 0181 808 4558.
SATURDAYS:
Trinity @ The Chunnel Club, Vauxhall SE1 10pm-6am. £7 b4 11pm, £10 after. Info: 0181 305 2017
Pure Silk @ SW1 Club, Victoria. £ 8 Men/ £10 Guest. 10.30pm-6am
Info: 0171 357 0004.
SUNDAYS
Sunny Side Up @ Chunnel Club 7.30am-8pm. £8 all day. Info: 0171 820 1702
See clubscene pages 39 - 41 for more info.



Jumbo Cryptic Crossword

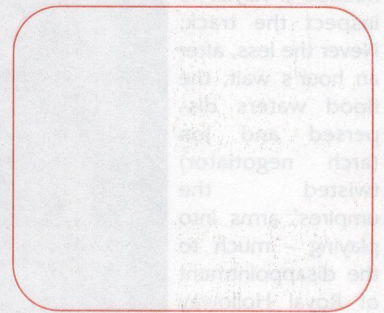
By Ed Sexton



ANSWERS TO 1118

Across: 4 Leprosy, 8 Patient, 9 Swigged, 10 Ignite, 12 Ousel, 13 Throbbing, 16 Stauch, 17 Cubists, 19 Hackneyed, 21 Mould, 22 Saddle, 24 Seasick, 25 Applaud, 26 Cutlery

Down: 1 Parachute, 2 Libido, 3 Anon, 4 Lysergic Acid, 5 Psilocybin, 6 Orgasm, 7 Yodel, 11 Irish whiskey, 14 Bensedrine, 15 Strenuous, 18 Kuwait, 20 Evenly, 21 Music, 23 Dips



WIN £30 OF MUSIC

Complete the crossword, then solve the anagram hidden in the red squares, and you could win £30 of HMV music vouchers. Just hand in / email your entry to us at felix@ic.ac.uk by 4pm Friday 26 June. Good luck, you free-thinking bunch of anti-establishment dissidents!

ACROSS

- 4 Final dividing line? (7)
- 11 Works usually require four movements (7)
- 12 Wave initially to sun and then miss aim (7)
- 13 Reps back without fabric, making fracture (8)
- 14 Ceylon pastry? (7)
- 15 H... h... is the answer (10)
- 18 Capital bonds? (6,6)
- 19 I am reduced to awaiting decision about to happen (9)
- 22 Person who takes tuned clarinets (9)
- 25 Perhaps scary aunt seeks refuge (9)
- 26 Call for repeat in French centre (6)
- 27 Old man sounds like spring? (6)
- 29 Cutter ruins washed-up derelict (9)

- 31 Trophy in setback if stick taken from chicane at start (6)
- 32 Feed expert, then edit it badly with Ian (6)
- 34 Dance with significance? Use it to write answer! (4-5)
- 35 Make assertions that pet is initially engaged around mat (9)
- 41 Then rum trail confused theologian (6,6)
- 42 Super cooked meal, sir, for the subconscious (10)
- 45 Saint blemished when mixed-up with Ed (7)
- 46 Retired with hat and drink (8)
- 47 Drainpipe gas used to conceal horse (7)
- 48 A red van in trouble alongside house (7)
- 49 Green French sea surrounded by nasty metal

DOWN

- 1 Dig out small dome with weariness (7)
- 2 Case surrounding scoundrel falls (7)
- 3 Station difficult regiment where one pays (7-5)
- 5 Cheap pen dedication added in concealment (8)
- 6 Prime set of loaves (8)
- 7 Ceramic obstacle? (5,4,2,5)
- 8 Forgot to mention donations for songs (6)
- 9 Irritate girl when the French lost, ending with eighteen (5)
- 10 Morning gent in Jordan (5)
- 16 Diana, once in trouble, reveals water (6,5)
- 17 Half give FT to cover fancy paper (4,4)
- 20 Point oar shipment, perhaps, to region of England (16)

- 21 Moved right and lost (5)
- 23 Concluding words sound like messenger (5)
- 24 Transparent painting? (11)
- 27 Farewells for excellent runs? (8)
- 28 Prepare Ed's first clever saying (5)
- 30 Quietly guide and beg (5)
- 31 Someone who quibbles about mop ripping (4-8)
- 36 Measured resistance from them; more trouble! (8)
- 37 Draw up left-plan for financial aid (8)
- 38 Chalet I built upright
- 39 Mythical inscriptions (7)
- 40 Support reverse (6)
- 43 Dude used right to source of milk (5)
- 44 Greek letter-chap loses head initially concerning city (5)



Cricket's Coming Home

IC SNATCH UNIVERSITY OF LONDON CUP

Given that last week the final had been rained off, Tuesdays forecast was scrutinised by everyone. Surely we were in luck this time – the TV weather map didn't show a raincloud anywhere in the greater counties. Sadly, Ketley had had it coming out of his arse again and by the time we got to Motspur park we needed a Kayak to inspect the track. Never the less, after an hour's wait, the flood waters dispersed and Jon (arch negotiator) twisted the umpires' arms into playing - much to the disappointment of Royal Holloway who were busy watching Neighbours.

The early Holloway scorecard made delightful reading with Steve Trussells' raw pace and Rajs tricky seaming proving too much for the upper order and they were reduced to 24 for 3. A successful rear-guard action was staged by some of the Holloway middle order big hitters but owing to some fine catches (especially by Andy, managing to keep his eyes on the ball as it returned from the upper troposphere) and to Nigel who, with his uncanny ability to pitch the ball right in a batsmen's gonads, soon reduced their batting lineup in number and fertility. Things were going well it seemed until skipper Andy came on and felt sporting enough to

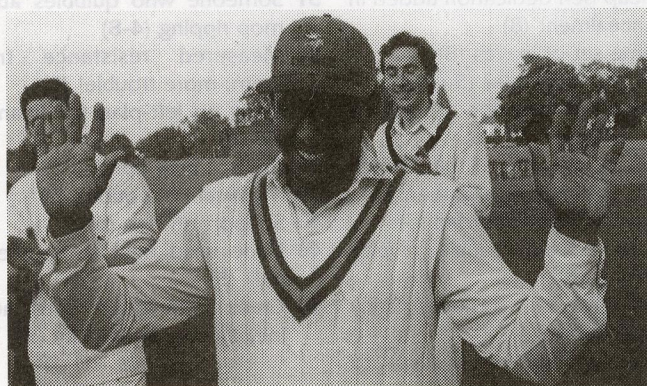
bowl three overs of complete pies, and the Holloway batting stuttered to a half decent (well pretty piss-poor, actually) score of 114 all out.

Fired up by an inspiring speech from the skipper, our own innings got off to a questionable start of 5 for 4, leaving us in the strange position of having Jon, Yann, Imran and Andy muster only a single run between them. With the wickets tumbling, the supporters wandering inside to watch the football, the captain busy smashing up the changing room and the whole of the lower order hastily padding up disaster seemed inevitable. But Raj, our resident Sri Lankan beefy bastard gave their bowling some heat and pulled off some strokes that had the height and distance to make a respectable 3-iron look pretty poor. Raj pulled the team out from the depths of deepest doo-doo with an awesome display of power-house batting. A mention also to Alex who supported the other end of the wicket with equal style and power, but who was very badly dropped by a man in a black velvet shirt standing just in front of the scoreboard.

So the day was ours, Holloway skulked off back to their union (lucky bastards) and for the fourth time in 69 years the IC 1st XI (or as we call it now, the Raj Honourary 1st XI) returned as UL Champions



The joyful cricket captain hold aloft the cup.



Man of the match, A Rajan (66 not out) makes light of praise.

IMPERIAL QUEERS LIMP (WRISTS ?) HOME

Q's Walking Club training for the last fixture of the year had been intense right up to the big day on 7 June. A new competition for the boyz and grrrls, set out to win the 10 km walk and leave a lasting impression. In the end only the fourth team - The Faggy Fourths - made it to the starting line.

Known previously to walk long distances only in order to get that Gaultier shirt for half price, the Faggy Fourths put on a brave face against a well prepared and surprisingly good-looking opposition - all 2500 of them. The enthusiasm shown at the Royal Festival Hall was quickly lost along The Embankment as broken cloud became showers. What started as an eager push at The South Bank became a tired drag along The Mall as spirits seemed to have been broken. It became clear that the quality of the other teams meant we were not going to win. As the rain set in, a diversion for coffee

at Trafalgar Square guaranteed our 'Also Ran' position but revived lagging spirits. The half-way water and sunshine at Hungerford Bridge revived tired feet and lead to lashings of competitive spirit.

The battle for first member of The Fourths to cross the line began. Clear leaders were Skate Grrrl, Tom Boy and Bottle Blonde, with ULLU Bod and Butch bringing up the rear. A late spurt from Shorty saw her catch up, while Skate Grrrl and Bottle Blonde fell back. Butch returned to the back of the pack with ULLU Bod. Shorty and Tom Boy were the first two from The Fourths across the line at Hays Galleria, with ULLU Bod and Butch finishing where they had been for most of the walk - at the back.

We decided winning was not everything, especially as they had managed to raise over £500 for Crusaid. Man of The Match went to Shorty for raising the most money.

Editorial

Sports review of the year.

Hullo my beauties.

So what great sporting achievements have we been getting up to this year? Well, to tell you the truth, I have no idea. This is because, I'm afraid to say, that I never bothered to read any of the articles, apart from a cursory glance to see what sport was involved. When it became necessary to edit the length of articles I did so not in any attempt to maintain their narrative structure, but rather I did it in such a way as to make the page look aesthetically pleasing. For the most part I did this by creating abstract patterns. However if you have a copy of last week's Felix, hold it at arm's length and stare at it fixedly. After a few minutes you should be able to make out a rudimentary reproduction of Leonardo Da Vinci's Last supper. Jesus' head is a bit elongated but other than that it's surprisingly accurate.

"But hang on Jake" you may be saying (if so, please refrain from being so familiar, it's Mr Thorne to you) "if you couldn't be bothered to read any of the articles, why did you become sports editor in the first place?" There were two reasons. Firstly in order to chronicle the exploits of my beloved Rifle and Pistol Club (as you cannot fail to have noticed) and secondly to

further my own selfish aims. As an example of the latter reason, I'd just like to say that if anyone out there fancies giving me a job, they're more than welcome. I won't insult your intelligence by claiming to be hard working or honest, but I am desperate, and I'll take almost anything.

But now I must come to the end. It is time for me to bid you adieu. A poignant moment indeed. If I were a character from Neighbours there would now follow a montage sequence in which important moments of my life are briefly shown, accompanied by some shockingly tacky piece of 'pop' music. Sadly I'm not a character from Neighbours, I'm a real person, of sorts, but never mind. I'd like to finish by thanking all those who were kind enough to aid me on my way, particularly my collaborators Niall and David, not to mention my friends who were kind enough to pop in and help. I'd also like to thank all those who contributed articles. May I say that for the most part your articles weren't good as such but they were at least lengthy. Jesus Christ were they lengthy.

Goodbye forever
Jacob.

P.S. everything I've ever written has been true.



FELIX CONTRIBUTORS, HELPERS AND FRIENDS

Front to back, Right to left: **Ed Sexton** (news, crosswords & editor elect), **Jon Trout** (features), **Jeremy Thomson** (editor), **Julia Harries** (arts), **Danuta Pieter** (arts), **Clare Ashwin** (news & arts), **Demelza North** (arts), **David Roberts** (news & film), **Ali Campbell** (columns), **Mark Baker** (news, games & IT), **Dave Cohen** (old hack), **Andy Thompson** (printer extraordinaire), **Jake Thorne** (sports), **Jon Jordan** (Another old hack), **Ivan Chan** (photography), **Antoine Jeanson** (columns & printer), **Andy Sinharay** (news), **Wei Lee** (films and games).

Notable Absentees: **Jason Ramanathan** (music), **Alok Jha** (music), **Helena Cocheme** (columns), **Simon Baker** (columns), **Tom Deltombes** (photography), **Trevor Morgan** (music), **Chris Hickey** (film), **Dennis Patrickson** (music & feature), **Will Lorenz** (books), **Hamish Common** (columns), **Kent Yip** (news), **Andy Ofori** (news), **Simon Dunsby** (decd.) (sport), **Starvros** (cartoons), **Colin Dale** (columns), **Alick Sethi** (music), **Tony Ofori** (news), **Milen** (music), **And many more.** My sincere thanks to everyone who has made a contribution, how ever small, this year - Ed. Photo: Robin Riley.

