

SP

16
November
1998

FELIX

KEEP THE CAT FREE EST. 1949

Issue
1126

The Students' Newspaper at Imperial College

Cook cops out at last minute

IC Union is still left without a Deputy President (Clubs and Societies) due to the withdrawal of the only candidate, Stuart Cook, only an hour before the close of voting on Tuesday.

In his letter to the Union, he described his reasons as "numerous", but named the refusal of the Executive Committee of ICU to change his contract as a major one. He had asked Exec to allow him Wednesday afternoons free to continue playing football for an ICU team. Mr Cook, a materials science student, took this as a vote of no confidence in him personally, stating that "I feel that I could not undertake such an important position if I do not have the support of either my colleagues or my prospective employers."

Mr Cook claimed that the change would not have meant that he worked fewer hours, just different ones. However, according to one member of the Executive Committee, they refused his request on the grounds that "it would set a dangerous precedent ... if ICU is to be

seen as a professional organisation then its staff must accept professional standards".

Mr Cook's success in the election was by no means certain. Following a tough examination at St Mary's on Wednesday 4 November (*Felix* 1125), where amongst other things he confessed that he had decided to run because he was "a bit bored", a 'New Election' victory seemed likely. However, David Hellard, ICU President,

By Andrew Brown



Stuart Cook before his demise Photo: Joel

stressed that there should be no speculation about the possible outcome as no counting took place: all of the ballot papers were destroyed immediately.

Among the consequences of Mr Cook's late withdrawal from the election is a not insignificant financial loss. His decision to stand down in effect after the elections had been run has cost the Union an estimated £600 for the hire of ballot boxes, manning polling stations and

transport etc).

With the sabbatical post still open, the elections process will be forced to run its course once again. Nominations for the position will be re-opened today, and will remain open for two weeks. If a fully seconded candidate has been found by this date, then campaigning can begin, and another election will take place shortly before Christmas. Consequently any successful candidate would assume the post at the end of this term - hardly a convenient time for most undergraduates, who would be put out of sync with the academic year.

As a result, David Hellard is "not optimistic" that a DP(C&S) will be found for this year. If that is the case, then the duties of DP(C&S) are likely to be split between Messrs Hellard and Ince, adding to their already heavy workload. The ICU President regretted that the Union had lost "a lot of time and effort - time and effort that could have been spent on more productive challenges. But at least he had a go."

Medics reel from resignations

The chaos that has hit the Constituent College Unions this year would seem to be spreading, with the resignation of one of the IC School of Medicine Union (ICSMSU) Vice Presidents leaving serious questions hanging over the Union.

The resignation of Seif Ahmad, the ICSMSU Vice-President (Internal) at Charing Cross, comes on top of Andy Heeps' decision to stand down as ICSMSU Secretary two weeks ago and continuing suggestions of unhappiness amongst members of the Medical School Executive. Various reasons for the two resignations have been put forward by senior sources, but the common thread of problems caused by the on-going merger between Charing Cross and St Mary's runs through them all.

Wade Gayed, the ICSMSU President, accepted this problem "Last year there was a sabb at each site, and the students were used to a large union all under one roof. Now we're spread across three campuses". This, he said, had led to a level of apathy amongst Charing Cross

By David Roberts



students that had been seen as unacceptable by certain elements who had "used it as cannon fodder against Seif". Consequently, Mr Gayed felt that he had been forced out by certain elements at Charing Cross - both students and staff.

However, a more worrying side effect of the pressures created by the merger has been a growing personal animosity that has developed amongst

various senior members of the Med School Exec. IC Union President David Hellard explained that "tensions were running high, causing splits to occur", and Mr Gayed backed up this opinion, noting that "members of the Union definitely weren't happy with each other ... for the last few weeks our Exec meetings have just been slugging matches". It is these divisions which have been rumoured to be the real cause behind Mr Ahmad's resignation. Indeed, Mr Gayed went on to say that "the pressure was far more than we imagined when we took the job on ... I've thought about resigning several times".

Certainly Mr Heeps' resignation was related to the problems faced by the Union, with Mr Gayed accepting that the cause of the resignation was that "Andy didn't want to be a part of a Union that was failing". Whilst he accepted that this was true two weeks ago, he added that thanks to the work done in the intervening time "the Union is finally getting its act together, so stay tuned".

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Activists Picket Tunisian Embassy

By Ed Sexton

On Saturday 7 November a protest by human rights demonstrators was held outside the Tunisian embassy in Kensington.

The protest was intended to coincide with the 11th anniversary of Tunisian President Ben Lai's Coup. Since he seized power there have been many arrests of political activists and various human rights violations. Amnesty International have reported that "detainees are tortured by being suspended in contorted positions, having their heads plunged into buckets of water and chemicals while being suspended on a pulley; electric shocks, beatings especially on the head and genitals, and sleep deprivation for up to seven days".

Two thousand so-called 'prisoners of conscience' have gone on hunger strike to mark the anniversary, and the protest outside the embassy was intended as a show of support for their action.



Tunisian protesters campaigning outside the embassy

Photo: Ed

Between fifty and one hundred people stood on the pavement by Hyde Park holding banners demanding Ben Lai's removal from power and an end to the regime in Tunisia. Several police officers were present outside the embassy, but the afternoon passed peacefully and without major incident.

Oppression of religion in Tunisia has also been common, with women being dismissed from education and work for wearing the Islamic veil, which is regarded as a criminal offence. The demonstrators feel that the international community has not done enough to help the Tunisian people, while in Europe

and America Tunisia is often seen as little more than a tourist destination.

The situation seems unlikely to improve in the foreseeable future, with the last report from the Committee for the Protection of Journalists including Tunisia as one of its top ten enemies of the press.

FELIX
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Issue 1126

16 November 1998

Editor: Ed Sexton
News Editor: Andy Ofori
Photographic Editor: William Lorenz
Music Editors: Jason Ramanathan and Dennis Patrickson
Film Editor: David Roberts
Sports Editor: Gus Paul
Arts Editor: Helena Cochemé
Games Editor: Gary Smith
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BBC Play Big Brother over Mandy's Outing

By Ed Lanyon

The past two weeks have seen a massive row blow up over Peter Mandelson's 'outing' as a homosexual, live on the BBC's *Newsnight* programme. The ensuing media circus illustrated the BBC's seemingly intrusive stance on censorship. Following Ron Davies' Clapham Common escapades, Jeremy Paxman was interviewing Matthew Parris, *The Times*' political columnist, discussing homosexuality in the Labour cabinet. During this discussion Parris announced that Mandelson was "certainly gay".

Parris, who later said that Mr Mandelson's sexuality was "a matter of public record" was accused of "attention seeking" by Tony Blair's official spokesman. Further claims of hypocrisy were made by others, as Mr Paris chose to keep his own homosexuality private throughout his parliamentary career as a Tory MP. Mandelson himself complained to the BBC and to the Press Complaints Commission. Paxman was seen hand-delivering an apology to Mandelson's house, while Mandelson wrote to Paxman accusing him of maliciously orchestrating the incident.

The following day the BBC issued an

internal memo saying "under no circumstances whatsoever should allegations about the private life of Peter Mandelson be repeated or referred to in any broadcast". This internal censorship annoyed many within the BBC and was flagrantly ignored by the *Have I Got News for You* team who, amongst others, implied that Mandelson's friendship with BBC director general, Sir John Birt, might be earning him favourable treatment.

The BBC was quick to deny any favouritism, claiming that the memo simply reinforced their existing policy to "not report speculation about the private lives of public figures unless there is a wider issue of public concern". The very same day the memo was issued, however, the BBC questioned Ron Davies about his private life, asking him directly if he was gay. When questioned about these apparent double standards BBC sources said that Ron Davies' sexuality was a matter of "national significance" but Mandelson's was not.

So who decides what is significant? This is a crucial question as the judgement of this individual will be used to justify both wholesale censorship and future intrusions into private lives.

Space Age Mirror Makes Light Work

By Sanjay Sikdar

On 1 November a cargo ship docked with the Russian space station Mir in order to deliver a nine pound piece of equipment. However, come February this plastic object coated with aluminium will be unfolded to form a 30 metre wide mirror. The same cargo ship will be used to align the mirror by remote control so that it will beam sun light to several areas between 30 and 40 degrees latitude.

It is planned to complete around 16 orbits before falling into the atmosphere and burning up. In the sky it will resemble a shooting star but on the ground it will illuminate an area a mile and a half wide. Unfortunately, at this stage the Russian scientists may not be able to precisely control where this light beam will fall between these two latitudes.

The idea behind this grandiose plan, in light of the economic minefield afflicting the country in its transition to capitalism, is to illuminate the perpetual darkness of northern Russian cities. For instance in Siberia, a lack of sunlight through long winter nights can lead to full blown depression.

The experiment was tried before in 1993, but the mirror was not visible from the Earth. However, if this test proves successful and if the poverty stricken Russian space agency can afford it, it may be just a prelude to a 'necklace' of mirrors orbiting the entire globe. This could lead to other avenues such as using the night sky for advertising.

Like most things launched into space, the plan has its detractors. For years, astronomers have implored city authorities to use lighting that does not brighten the cities because it is hard to look at the stars unless it is really dark. Problems with light pollution have worsened as cities expand towards sites occupied by observatories. As a result astronomical enthusiasts are often forced into the depths of the countryside in the quest for a reasonable view of celestial bodies. Instruments designed for low light levels could be destroyed by the mirror's brilliance.

If more such mirrors are employed, other possible future calamities may include an increase in the current rate of global warming or a disturbance of the hibernation patterns of various animal species.



In brief...

Southside Arrest

Last week Security "detained a person in connection with criminal damage to the Southside barrier", according to the security chief, Ken Weir. Three individuals were escorted to the security lodge, where they refused to identify themselves. Their obstinacy left security with no choice but to call the police. One of the individuals unwisely became abusive and was arrested for public order offences. The reveller suspected of breaking the barrier also earned a free trip to the station for criminal damage. All three were later identified as students, but it is not yet known whether charges will be pressed.

Mr Weir stated "alcohol was involved" and was keen to emphasise the futility of withholding identity from College staff and officials. He explained that if the students involved in last week's incident had disclosed the information when asked the entire matter could have remained within the College.

Wilson Update

Security chief Ken Weir recently met with the police's crime prevention unit as a result of last month's burglaries on the ground floor of Wilson Hall (*Felix* 1125). Subsequent recommendations have been referred to the College Residences Committee. It has been confirmed ground floor CCTV coverage has been ruled out due to the potential invasion of privacy. Instead more physical measures, such as fencing, have been agreed upon.

Weeks Break-In

Weeks Hall has been subject to intruders on "a couple of occasions recently", explained Chief Security Officer Ken Weir. The unfortunate victim was a pool table from which a "very small amount of cash" was stolen. The hall staff and security are, however, taking the matter seriously, and intend to analyse video evidence in an attempt to identify the culprit.

Cash for Questions

Bill Cash MP attended a ConSoc meeting last week. He is renowned and often shunned for his views on Europe, and his stance is best described by his phrase: "European Trade: Yes, European Government: No". One of his major concerns is that of the possible domination

by Germany that would in his eyes, occur if we were governed centrally.

An interesting issue raised was that of subsidies to German and other European companies which, in his opinion, compete unfairly with our markets to their advantage. The talk was all the more salient for the questions asked by Germans in the audience. Cash described a single harmonised tax policy as heading for the rocks and expressed his doubts over European Monetary Union. In addition to the talk, Cash signed a number of copies of *The European Journal*.

The next speaker will be Cheryl Gillian MP in room 342 Mechanical Engineering 1-2pm.

RCSU Dinner Rocks On

Last Tuesday, the Royal College of Science Union held its annual departmental dinners. Due to a lack of first year response, however, a Constituent College Union wide dinner was formed, encompassing all of the science departments: Biochemistry, Biology, Chemistry, Maths and Physics.

The evening started off well with a sherry reception, generously sponsored by the RCSA (RCS graduate association). After the arrival of the RCSU mascot Theta and the recently acquired Mike (ICU's mascot), the dinner could begin in earnest. Since formal dinners require participants to remain in the room and not remove their coats or smoke until the Queen has been toasted, the RCSU adopts the same rules, and several pint penalties were paid by transgressors.

After the food, there were two bands for those who resisted the temptations of Le Scandale. First up were Hors D'Uvet, who played a pleasant selection of rock, ancient and modern. Finishing off with a blinding grungified rendition of Postman Pat, they had a small crowd bouncing enthusiastically. Next up were The Men On The Grassy Knoll, who played another diverse selection, from Jamiroquai to Rage Against The Machine. The bar stayed open until 1am, though, so the night was a great success.

Bike Branding

Many students took precautions against bike theft and brought their bikes along to the ground floor of the Sheffield building to get them stamped. For those who missed out on the security campaign last Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, and who want their bike stamped securely can be contacted on ext 58900.

A Steamy Affair

By Andrew Ofori

An eerie mist would have greeted those strolling past the BMS building on Thursday 5 October. Further investigation would have highlighted the bowels of the Queens Lawn as the source.

All college buildings are linked via underground tunnels, which hold the local area's central services. Joints in a concrete section of a tunnel were leaking water. The level rose above that of the heating pipes which run from the Science Museum and water was boiled off. The particularly cold conditions on Thursday compounded the situation as the resulting steam billowed out from an access hole in the Queen's Lawn.

Initial reports of steam emanating from a closed man-hole were ignored on the Wednesday night as steam is often produced in the tunnels; but the gravity of the situation was clear by the following morning. Areas beneath the BMS building, amongst others, were flooded with 4ft of water and have warranted an extensive clean-up operation involving a number of days of pumping. The maintenance manager explained the submersible, portable pumps currently installed in the tunnels were simply

unable to cope with the sheer volume of water caused by the recent downpours, as well as building work, which alters the natural route of the water. Maintenance have experienced problems finding extra pumps that are powerful enough to raise the water the 30ft necessary to reach ground level.

The incident is the latest addition to the rapidly growing catalogue of incidents surrounding the unfortunate BMS building. "There are so many things with the Fleming building, I lose track of them" was the Director of Estates estimation of the worrying trend.



A mist forms

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A Final Word on Medics?

Mr Editor,

I am writing both to clarify a couple of inaccuracies in your editorial of 9th November, and make an additional point, or two.

Firstly, as regards the content of my earlier letter, in the build up to my writing it, I stood in front of the whole year group and stated that I was going to write a letter to Felix expressing my displeasure at recent Felix articles, and the following day, I again stood up and addressed the year group, specifically stating that no one should feel under any pressure to sign it and that they should only do so if they wanted to; in addition, multiple copies were available in the lecture theatre for people to read, but unfortunately as these were hogged and defaced by one of your journalists, Claire Ashwin, and her associates, it is of no surprise that not as many people got to read them as should have.

Secondly, I was pleasantly surprised by the attitude taken by many of the students, who after reading the letter in Felix expressed their support, but their knowledge of the exact details was impeded by reasons stated earlier, so please bear in mind the fact that over 60% of the 2nd at Charing Cross signed this, we are not to be ignored.

Thirdly, my initial letter was handed in with about 110 signatures so could you please find out what happened to the others. **[I have no idea - we typed in all those we had at the time, but a page may have gone missing. Sorry. - Ed]**

Finally, there is nothing in my letter that insinuated an active intention to stop integration, and this can be safely assumed to be the case with at least 60% of medical students as my letter's supporters show. My last paragraph stated that it is in everyone's interest that we get along, and as such, I will try in anyway to ensure a harmonious existence between medics and non medics regardless of what you or anyone else may think.

Mr Osa Emohare

Dear Felix,

I am a first year medic and I have to side with the editor on this one. You have to feel sorry for the first year as we seem to be rejected by all of IC. It's no wonder that medics form a tight community if only for defence.

The real problem that we face is the rivalry between Mary's and CX students as we belong to neither. Medics nights out usually turn into a "who can shout the name of their medical school loudest competition!" We are just left stood about looking bewildered as to where to put ourselves.

IC need to think that if all they are going to do is give medics abuse then

medics aren't going to want to integrate with them and the older medics need to realise that they are part of IC too and all a merger does is to broaden the traditions of the medical schools and not to take them away.

Can we stop the torrents of abuse going in both directions now?

Joe

Dear Felix

I must come clean. Your editorial in issue 1125 was right - certainly with regard to me. The first time I read the letter from Osa Emohare which I had 'signed' was in the pages of Felix a week later. Obviously this only reflects badly on me and not at all on Osa.

The first year medics have the opportunity to enjoy belonging at IC, and to their credit they do so. For second year medics who live and work mainly in Hammersmith, it was never practical for us to make Southside or the Union our home when the Reynolds Bar at CX is so much closer (and cheaper).

We said goodbye to Charing Cross last year at our now infamous ball and our future lies with Imperial - what I wanted to say by signing Osa's letter was: We're not here very often so when we do come, please be nice to us!

Yours

Tom Evens (2nd Year Charing Cross)

Dear Felix,

I seek what is best for the students who elected me, but also try to make sure that we integrate with IC. The latter is a difficult process, as the old guard see what were vibrant and friendly campuses, slowly loosing their immense history to a building that they never use. Therefore some animosity sometimes is misdirected at IC, but at no time whatsoever has this become a public display.

As for the accusation of arrogance from the medics; this is mistaken jubilation at achieving a life's ambition. The difference between medicine and many courses is that you become part of a profession from the day you start.

No medic would honestly say to a fresher not to socialise with non-medics. They are living together and so should learn from one another, and at the same time keep the passion alive in the medical school, so that we can once again raise over £40,000 for charity, put on amazing productions, and achieve the highest sporting accolades. I hope that people will forgive the medics for such passion and not mistake it for arrogance, maybe we can instil such passion in IC one day?????

Mr. Karan Kapoor
Social Secretary ICSM

Dear Felix,

I wish to apologise for the factual inaccuracies of my article in Felix 1122. What I wrote was true to the best of my knowledge at the time - I thank Nick Carter for the correction of my errors.

I have nothing against medics. Indeed, I have several friends who study medicine and I have a great deal of respect for the profession.

The only campaign that seems to have taken place is Mr Emohare's quest to find every article published in Felix with any reference to IC medics and to blindly pick fault with it.

In addition, I find his accusations of racism against my colleague completely unfounded and, quite frankly, libelous (if you ask me).

I hope that this is the end of the matter.

Andrew Brown
Felix news team

Beware of CulTs

Dear Felix,

I am writing to draw your readers' attention to a big problem faced by universities: CulTs. There is no strict definition in law of a cult, but it is helpful to think of a cult as any organisation that attempts to practice some form of mind control over their members or extort money from them. They don't all match the stereotype of grinning madmen in flowing robes some can be very organised, effective and above all subtle.

We have information that several groups are active in London, targeting universities, specifically freshers. We cannot name any specific groups (for legal reasons), but if anyone has been approached by someone they think is suspicious, then we urge them to check it out before signing up to anything - in the first instance they can contact the Union Welfare officer, Rene Frank (rene.frank@ic.ac.uk), or myself (simon.lewis@ic.ac.uk) with their concerns. There is also a National Cult Hotline (01689-833800) and a website which can offer advice. Remember: If in doubt, just don't get involved.

Yours truly,

Simon Lewis
ICU Equal Opportunities Officer

Comic Comeback

Dear Felix,

Concerning the centrefold cartoons that you have published in the past weeks: These two master pieces of ugliness and vulgarity have greatly offended our sen-

sibilities. How anybody could find this amusing is beyond human understanding. We therefore request a public apology from the cartoonist, and their immediate expulsion from Felix.

Yours sincerely,
Flat 2B, Pembridge Gardens.

Dear Ed,

Having read the contentious cartoon in Felix 1122, I would like to add my support to the undoubtedly talented cartoonist. As a woman, I can see nothing offensive in the cartoon, except towards men. The humour is fairly puerile, but the main character is a sad individual who fortunately won't get the chance to reproduce.

It's important not to confuse something you find offensive with something you find boring, and despite the evident skill, the cartoon is unfunny. I can only hope that the subsequent cartoons will be funnier and equally well drawn.

Yours sincerely,

Ms Julia Harries
Former Arts Editor & now School Teacher

Erroneous Editing

Dear Felix,

I would like to complain about your policy of letter editing. Apparently, letters are edited for length but 'not... in any other way'. It seems to me to be most unfair to leave obvious grammatical and spelling mistakes uncorrected, as this policy can only discriminate against those for whom English is not a first language (and against those who can't type..!)

On several occasions, both this year and last, a writer's point has been obscured by what are obviously accidental typographicals. When left uncorrected these annoy readers and undermine the intellectual position of the writer by showing his/her writing skills to be inferior to those of the editor; who, after all, is a full-time journalist working with all the benefits of spellchecks and proof-reading.

I find this particularly relevant in cases where the writer is opposed to a position held by the editor; eg. last week's letter from the medics that was critical of Felix.

Yours

Mark, Physics IV

Letters deadline is noon Wed

Letters may be edited for length, but will not be altered in any other way.

Letters need not be signed, but a swipe card must be shown when submitting anonymous letters.



Reply to Erroneous Editing

To answer Mark's point (see page 4), the reason letters are not edited is precisely because we do not want to risk altering the meaning. True, in many cases it is obvious what the author intended, but this is not always so. If we did 'correct' letters it would be difficult to know when to stop, especially when we honestly are unsure as to the nature of the point being made. If it is an "obviously accidental typographical" then the point is unlikely to be obscured, and if the point is obscured we may interpret it incorrectly. Hence we leave all letters well alone (except, as Mark points out, for shortening them). This policy extends to all letters, whether or not I agree with their contents.

Back to Comics

It seems that the general feeling among you is that the now infamous comic strips should remain absent from these pages. Fair enough - I'm a democratic man, and am willing to put my hands up in defeat on this one. I would just say that discrimination and causing serious offense were not my intentions. I honestly believe that no one could take the way women are portrayed in *Felix* 1122 seriously, as (I hope!) no man at this college holds such a ridiculous attitude towards the fairer sex. I know that several women, including Ms Harries (see page 4), found the cartoon inoffensive, but obviously several more felt that they

were being discriminated against. Hence I would like to apologise for any damage done. Finally, I would just add that it is often difficult to gauge the views of nine thousand students and staff, so please do write letters if you disagree (or agree) with anything controversial in *Felix*.

Can we Close This One Now?

I hope the string of letters on page 4 go some way to resolving the Medics issue. Certainly I have nothing more to say on the subject itself, but I would point out that you can expect Medics to be in *Felix* news quite often. There are likely to be problems with the merger and new BMS building for some time yet, and we have a duty to report such news. So please don't take the article on this week's front page as an attack on every Medic at IC.

In terms of non-Union news, the medical campuses form a large and very important part of IC's research facilities, so it is hardly surprising that they are in the news so often. Anyone who subscribes to IC's daily news digest will know that ICSM or its staff are mentioned in the national press almost every day.

Is Homosexuality an Issue?

Apparently so. I think *The Guardian* summed up the current debate quite nicely last week by asking "What percentage of gays think it's moral to be a politician?"

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The Week Ahead

Monday

Games Meeting 12.30pm
Film Meeting 1.30pm

Tuesday

News Meeting 1pm

Wednesday

Clubsce Meeting 3pm

Thursday

Books Meeting 1pm

Friday

Arts Meeting 12pm
News Meeting 1.10pm
Photographic Meeting 1.20pm
Music Meeting 1.30pm



Superfluous Elections?

When it comes to elections, Imperial makes Italy look like rank amateurs. The last time the whole election process ran smoothly, I was wearing short trousers. Still, we had a nice twist this year. Stuart Cook, stalwart of IC Football, pulled out at the last moment, as it were, because of ICU Exec's rejection of his request to have Wednesday afternoons off. On the face of it, this seems a reasonable decision. It would set a precedent and before you know where you are, you have sabbaticals asking for unacceptable things like sleep and a loosening of the ball and chain. However, the upshot of this is that once again we have no DP (C&S). This is becoming the rule rather than the exception, which raises several questions. Since my career as an Olympic middle-distance runner finished some years ago, I have little contact with the sports clubs, so I do not know how they have coped in the past with such situations. Things do not seem to have ground to a complete halt, with people screaming blue murder, and I doubt that it will happen this time. The real question is not whether Stuart should have done the job - I am sure he would have taken care of things admirably - but should anyone be in that post? Downsizing senior management at Imperial is a truly revolutionary idea, the very mention of which will lead to cardiac arrests in Suite Five. It would do the Union enormous credit if this unfortunate hiccup was used as an opportunity to look at the deployment of its sabbaticals. So often ICU has, quite rightly, attacked the mismanagement of the College, but these assaults have lost some of their impact because of the charge of hypocrisy. Now, of course, if the Union was as badly run as the rest of IC, it would have closed down shortly before the War, but the innumerable committees, borne of a misguided desire to be 'democratic' and inclusive, do not help the case. As I have said from time to time, the fact that committee members are not paid is an irrelevance when considering their situation. Sabbs earn a fortune (only joking, chaps),

as you know, and their deployment is vital to the smooth running of ICU. For instance, we could end the DP (Clubs & Societies) and create the post of DP (Common Sense). A minor alteration for those enamoured of acronyms, the incumbent could ensure that daft ideas such as the Union approval of posters never saw the light of day. Could one person assume such a big job? Ooh, you are awful.

A Point on Petitions

Apathy, being what it is at Imperial, means that petitions are rarer than hens' teeth in this parish, so it is always nice to see one gracing the pages of Felix, even when it is as badly written as the effort from Osa Emohare and co. I was fully aware that doctors, like me, have appallingly bad handwriting, but I never realised that standards of literacy had fallen so sharply in medical schools. To be fair, I suppose the spelling can be attributed to the difficulties that text recognition software has with letters written in crayon, but the rest is inexcusable. It's not easy to extract the point they are attempting to make, but it seems that they are having a pop at me and the way that the old College treats our new medical brethren. While I have in the past had cause to make comments about the medics that, while justified, may have seemed a trifle brusque, the article to which they refer was completely inoffensive. The idea that I have a deep-seated prejudice against medics is cobblers, as offensive

as the suggestion that Felix is racist. By the way, the majority of students are not from ethnic minorities, though IC benefits from enormous diversity. In 1996/97, 19.2% of IC students were from outside the EU, representing 107 nationalities. You don't get much more diverse than that. As for ethnicity statistics, I suspect the percentage is nearer 25%. You would do well to remember that playing the race card in a situation like this is the surest way to undermine fatally what was already a paper-thin argument. I don't wish to go on and on about this - it's very familiar territory - but it does raise an important point. My esteemed colleague, Nick Newton, unwittingly made the same mistake last week as was made in the ill-conceived petition. A number of medics seem to think that they are very different from the rest of us. Not superior, just different. This view

Simon Baker



Voice of Reason

Stems from the nature and length of their course. Yes, the medical degree is longer than most degrees, but this does not place medics in a unique position. Having done a BSc, I stayed on for a PhD, a fairly common arrangement. This means that I will spend over six years here - I don't know exactly how long, but if you wander into Sheffield, you can see them crossing them off. Someone is bound to write in saying that I'm talking rubbish, but while they are clear differences between 'them and us', they are smaller than some would have us believe. This self-ghettoisation is very unhelpful and, I suspect, unrepresentative of ICSM as a whole. It is high time that people just got down to the serious business of drinking in South-

side Bar, irrespective of their academic department. Some medics seem a little too sensitive about the inevitable digs from the South Ken indigenous population, but this has been going for years; it has been suggested by certain elements that the RSM is full of Neanderthals, C&G is little more than an apprentice school for mechanics and the RCS is full of geeks and gardeners. Of course, I would not agree with any of that, but that's the way it is, and nobody really minds. So, Mr Emohare, chin up, buy a dictionary and stop being so silly. Go and talk to those nice biologists in your new building. They won't bite.

Financial Technicalities

I am troubled. Things seem to be afoot, which is not good. The Catering Department, of which I have said much, is now having to pay for its electricity and other services. Not an unusual state of affairs I hear you cry, but for a department that is as unprofitable as this, it will cause them considerable problems. Perhaps it seems like a good time to overhaul the department, now that costs have just increased sharply? Don't be daft. Penalise non-profit-making organisations like the Holland Club? Ah, now you're talking. If the College thinks that subsidising its non-academic staff social club by waiving the recharging of electricity is wrong, it is another example of the misguided priorities that so bedevil this place at the moment. While Catering is also a non-profit-making operation (for less acceptable reasons), it is stupid to treat the two similarly. It is the latest example of petty sniping by this department - Southside Bar, the jewel in the crown, was told that 'College Financial Regulations' prevent the acceptance of guaranteed £10 cheques, so that ended over the summer. Last year, the Holland Club was again in the firing line when John Foster made suggestions that Catering should take it over. That silly idea was soon quashed, and I'm sure we can do the same this time. Just remember, John, that I eat my lunch in the Holland Club, and if the price of my jacket potato rises, I shall not be a happy man...

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Medicine Matters

Last week I sat on the admissions interview panel as the token student and it was an enlightening three hours.

Interviewing people is a lot harder than it sounds - and this may sound a very crass and arrogant thing to say - but I honestly went into the room expecting each case to be clear cut in or out. I suppose I had gone in with the belief that everybody who got to interview would be a good candidate and that the interview was more of a formality than anything else. How wrong I was!

I have been through the admissions process twice now, I have braved the roller-coaster ride that is the six months between sending off the UCAS form and finally getting the grades that mean you are now a student and I think I'm pretty

well up on all the rubbish that people put in their personal statements to make them look good. I know that about seventy five percent of my first personal statement was truthful in fact but not really truthful in spirit. Frankly, seeing the way that some of the candidates were judged, I am afraid that the registry will send me a letter saying that there was some dreadful mistake in my acceptance and that I am not really meant to be here at all.

My other great nightmare came when reading the second page of the UCAS form under the academic achievement section. I think that my generous helping of GCSEs with plenty of Bs, the odd A to show that I could read, write and do Chemistry, the solitary C to show that a

Nick Newton

career in France would be a bad idea and a three As at A level prediction (even

a suspect one) was perfectly adequate. How wrong could I have been. The first half dozen candidates clocked a C, a few Bs, a comfortable number of As, and about a million A stars. How lucky I was that these insidious grades had not been invented when I did my GCSEs.

Finally, the straw to break the proverbial camel's back came when I looked at the date of birth. These people made me feel really old. They are children of the eighties - and fine, the cynics among you will say that I was hardly in a position to appreciate the seventies - but I was there in body, even if it was only for a few years

and I wasn't really in any fit state to appreciate what was going on.

Anyway, the old medical hands among you will be glad (??) to know that

"Anyway, the old medical hands among you will be glad ... to know that I am doing my best to maintain the intake standard of students..."

I am doing my best to maintain the intake standard of students that made Charing Cross, Westminster and St. Mary's great. We can only hope that in the cut-throat world of league tables and academic super-excellence a few normal people will be lucky enough to make it through the admissions minefield; those who have enough left of whatever it is that

makes a good medical student and a good doctor; enough left to make it through medical school. We can but hope.

You think you've seen all of Southside Bar? Think again. Go towards the toilets and then walk past them and you should hear the music.

You're entering Southside's Back Room, so pucker up because you're about to kiss your prejudices goodbye.

This place looks as appealing as any empty room, but come Thursday and Friday nights it metamorphoses into a melodic and rhythmic haven; a haven for people from all walks of life, who strategically place themselves around the "Back Room" to watch the positively brilliant array of DJs playing a brilliantly positive array of tunes to the people who know what's good and what's rubbish.

The bar's just a moonwalk away, so while you shuffle your feet waiting for your Tango, don't forget the tunes you're missing. Quickstep back over there and dig in to alternate Thursdays, with the most acoustically edible of tunes being spun on the platters by DJ

IC Radio bring music to the masses in more ways than one. Back Room DJ The Chef explains ICR's disco activities. What's all this about food, anyway?



the night that dishes up the choicest of cuts: fresh, flavoured and avec pas de fromage.

Have a bite of Back to Back on Fridays and your weekends will never taste the same again. Our DJs on rotation include the award-winning Back Room and external functions manager Simon Hayhurst, and a plethora of diverse talents from the IC Radio stable, turning their bits of plastic to the immense delight of some beveraged punters. A great appetiser before any main course!

Well, that's about as much as I need to say apart from the following: One man's meat is another man's poison, but there is food for everyone here!

Contact simon.hayhurst@ic.ac.uk

Alick Sethi in The Electric Cafe, a Banquet of Electric Electronica (What a mouthful!). Every other Thursday my good self, The Chef, presents Rhythm Kitschin',

the night that dishes up the choicest of cuts: fresh, flavoured and avec pas de fromage.

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Presidential Talk-Back

An issue that inevitably comes up every year is money and the lack of it. With tuition fees and general living prices rising in London it would be a safe bet to say that people will be desperate for whatever money they can get, especially if they don't have to do anything for it. For some reason this doesn't seem to be the case though.

Every year Imperial College receives about a third of a million pounds from the government, which goes into an access fund for UK students, if it's not spent it goes straight back, so it stands to reason that we would want to give it to our students; shouldn't be hard right? Wrong. To get your hands on this all you have to do is apply to it with some justification as to why you need it - couldn't be simpler. Last year 690 students received an average of around £500 each from this fund, but this year only 60 people have applied. Does this worry me? Well yes and no; its great that nobody seems to need any financial support - maybe everyone's ok - but I am worried that people are out there who desperately need this money just to remain at University. The deadline for autumn has already passed us, but

David Hellard, ICU President



you can apply in spring. If you really need more money just to survive, please apply; to find out more just ask in room 334 of the Sheffield building.

Still on the issue of money the Dillons Hardship Book Fund is a fund that gives students money to buy books that are essential to their course, but they can't afford to buy. All you have to do is fill out an application form that you can obtain from the Union Office and send it off by the 27th November. This may seem like a waste of time, but the fund is worth £8000 and last year only 11 people applied; the message is they're gagging to give you money, why not let them?

I'd just like to say thank's to everyone for the feedback as to which student discounts you want, keep them coming. I'm on the case of a few of them already, but I'll give you a full report of the results next week (although I'm not that confident about getting the buy one get one free offer with Aston Martin that someone asked for; student hardship?)



Fighting Poverty in the Third Millennium

"There is no greater power on earth than an idea whose time has come" - Victor Hugo

Unless you never watch television at all you cannot have failed to see the often disturbing news reports from Africa and various other places around the world of diseased, malnourished children being clutched by their emaciated parents. It seems to be somewhere new every week. Probably most of you have felt that something should be done about it. So sometimes we part with a chunk of cash when asked for it by one of the many charities trying to alleviate such poverty. But if you are anything like me you will sometimes despair; the problems seem to get worse and more frequent, the appeals for money more desperate, and you imagine your small donation being swallowed by a black hole of poverty that never grows smaller however much you throw at it. The charities involved are of course admirable, and indeed very necessary, but it is true that the huge poverty problems will never be solved simply by their aid and development projects. Something else must be done, and many people are now coming to realise that something else can be done.

In recent years a campaign has been gathering strength in 40 countries around the world, initiated by groups such as Oxfam, Christian Aid, The Guardian and Third World First. The name of the campaign is Jubilee 2000 and its aim is the one-off cancellation by the year 2000 of the backlog of unpayable debt owed by the world's poorest countries. If you missed the link there between dying children and debt please let me explain.

In Ethiopia, 100000 children die annually from easily preventable diseases. Ethiopia spends four times more on debt repayments than on health care. It spends scarcely one pound per head every year on education.

In Tanzania over half the population live in absolute poverty (i.e. earn less than 60p a day) and 40% of people die before the age of 35. Tanzania spends six times more on debt repayment than on healthcare. They give about \$100 million of their precious foreign currency to pay back debts every year. Unfortunately they should be paying more than twice this, so the debt is actually growing, crushing the hope that future generations will be able to escape the burden.

These kinds of trends are repeated again and again around the world in dozens of other countries. For every £1 of aid given by the high-income countries to the Third World £9 is taken back in debt repayment. In 1997 the UN estimated that debts would cost the lives of 21 million children by the year 2000 in Africa alone. I could make comparisons to deaths in the Second World War, or

the number of people killed by Stalin, but it would be pointless. Our minds refuse to try and comprehend how much suffering there is involved in that one statement of statistics.

So to whom are they repaying these debts then? Well, you and me really. The vast majority of the debts are owed to governments of wealthy countries, notably the G8 countries: Britain, Canada, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Russia and the USA. Some of the debts are directly owed to the governments, some to multilateral groups such as the International Monetary Fund (IMF). The total of all such debts is measured in the trillions, but it is estimated that only about £100 billion will have to be cancelled in order for real development to occur in the 52 poorest countries.

So how much will this cost us in Britain then? The total debt owed to Britain by the poorest countries is about £8.8 billion pounds. Of this the Jubilee 2000 campaign is suggesting that around £2.5 billion needs to be cancelled urgently. To you that may look a lot, but we live in a wealthy country; it is less than the £3.1 billion spent on National Lottery Instant since their launch, about one fifth of the annual spending on cigarettes, as a fraction of the annual government budget it is almost insignificant. In fact a lot of the money to cancel the debts is already at hand. 95% of the debts are owed to the Export Credit Guarantee Department (ECGD), which realised some time ago that a lot of the debts were unpayable and has been stockpiling cash in order to soften the blow. But the debts have not been cancelled. In case anyone thought the ECGD was being altruistic when it lent the money, around half of it was given out for contracts with the British defence industry.

Given the above statistics Western Governments have been unable to ignore the debt problem. They have set up the Highly Indebted Poor Countries (HIPC) initiative, under the authority of the IMF. The initiative will lead to very limited and inadequate debt cancellation for a few qualifying countries. To qualify it is necessary for the country to follow a six-year 'austerity' programme under the IMF. It will be too little, too late. Let us also think carefully about the meaning of that word 'austerity'; to you or me it means going without our daily packet of Mince or some other luxury; to someone who has no luxuries it means cutting back on necessities. To someone already on the verge of starvation that just means one thing. As one Peruvian economist said: "I don't like western solutions to the

debt crisis - they kill too many people."

The fundamental flaw in the HIPC initiative is that it is not designed to relieve poverty; its aim is to reach sustainable levels of debt repayment. The Jubilee 2000 Coalition is calling for unconditional cancellation of debt, to a level where the countries will become capable of development and will be able to lift people above the poverty line. The idea of imposing economic reforms on the countries needs to be dropped immediately before more people die of it.

A small aside now, for the cynics. It has been suggested by some that the cancellation of debt will be of no help in some countries because their governments are corrupt and will pocket the money for themselves. No-one is denying that there are corrupt governments in the world but a few points need to be made. Firstly, poverty itself is one of the worst causes of corruption - a man brought up on a handful of grain a day will feel a strong temptation to steal. To withhold cancellation because of corruption would simply make the corruption worse. Secondly, as anyone clued-up in world affairs will tell you, many of the infamously corrupt governments have

in recent years either been toppled or are pursuing new open-government policies. Thirdly, in cases where the government is still corrupt the loans were given in the knowledge that the governments were corrupt, why can they not be cancelled in the knowledge that they are corrupt? After all, it is always the poverty stricken populations who pay for non-cancellation, not their leaders.

Clearly, there is something that will make a difference - so what can you do about it? The Jubilee 2000 Coalition is gathering a petition. They are aiming to get 21 million signatures, to make it the world's largest ever petition. If you are not among the millions who have already signed then feel free to come to the Third World First desk in the JCR 12-2pm today to do so. There will be a chain-link petition to sign which will hopefully be displayed somewhere in College at a later date and there will be more information on what you can do. We live in a democracy so take advantage of it and write to your MP, to Gordon Brown, to Tony Blair or to anyone who represents you and tell them what you think.

Jacob Stringer


Imperial College Union

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Albums

OASIS

Masterplan ★★★★★



All around the Heathrow Baggage Reclaim Department.

What can be said about Oasis that hasn't already been said before? Washed up has-beens. The last representatives of rock n' roll before we're washed away in a wave of new millenium music. Tossers,

geniuses, intelligent, dumb, etc. It would be easy to just rehash these old media gems. In fact, much like the big O have done here by cleverly repackaging over a dozen 'classic' B-sides in an effort to deviously disguise the fact that

they haven't actually written any new songs since the Crimean war. OK, so that's an exaggeration but you know what I mean.

But wait, isn't this what people have been crying out for? A chance to get their grubby little paws on fourteen of the best Oasis B-sides without buying nigh-on fifty quids worth of what can only be described as good singles. Despite cries from the irrational Oasis haters, this is a fine crop of songs - all the way from the sublime *Talk Tonight* to the sloppiness of Noel's guitar on a boozed-up, live *I Am The Walrus*. It's the usual Oasis fare of jangly Beatles-esque pop rock with the odd whiney vocal thrown in for good measure, and if this is your bag, the album as a whole is hard to fault. There's something for every Oasis junkie: for the aspiring rock star we've got *Going Nowhere*, for the moody 'dark clouds on the horizon, the glass is half empty' type there's *(It's Good) To Be Free* and then there's *Stay Young*... for your dad. **[Hey, I like that! - Music Ed]**

If you're less than impressed with the contents of the album, the contents of the case are wonderful. The booklet that you get when you had over your cash is superb - it's a real bonus for any

true fan. Included are lyrics for each song and a veritable cornucopia of facts for the Stattos amongst you, comprising (among others), what the A-side was, the release date, where it was recorded and, well, you get the idea.

Some of you buffs out there may know (and some of you may not) how this album actually came to pass. If you don't I'll tell you, and if you do, tough, I'm going to tell you anyway. The story goes like this: it was decreed by the brothers Gallagher that a mighty poll was to be held over the medium of the internet, where followers of the band could, if they so wished, place a vote for what they thought was the best B-side. Upon reading these heart-pourings of their most die-hard fans, Oasis released *Masterplan* for their delectation. And the world did rejoice, for it was good.

Yes folks, you heard it here first (nearly). Just don't tell anyone that it was Felix who told you that this is a commendable album. Granted there are no new tracks and it's the same Oasis formula but for sheer listenability, to have all these rarities in one place and such treasures as *Stay Young* and the title track, it's bloody hard to beat. **M**

Christian

PORTISHEAD

Roseland NYC Live



Portishead - some people say they're atmospheric.

Portishead stalk the darker recesses of life, aurally sculpting Harry Lime's Vienna and Philip Marlowe's *Mean Streets* into rich orchestrated textures imbued with edgy sound effects. Beth Gibbons' vocals chronicling unremitting yearnings, stories of loss and portents of doom that Ashcroft would kill for and Drake died for. The eleven tracks are culled from the genre-defining *Dummy* and the low-key but equally impressive eponymous follow up, the emotive weight of the songs enhanced through the presence of a 30-piece orchestra. Pretentious? No, just bloody gorgeous and somewhat fresh considering some of the songs have been doing the rounds for a few years now.

Humming sounds like an imminent Martian invasion, the soundtrack to Wells' War of the Worlds, until metamorphosis heralds a lesson in soul-bearing allusion to a state of painful confusion. *All Mine* is John Barry by way of Bristol, epic strings gliding like Ali, horns jabbing like Foreman, the great lost song of a James Bond film. *Half Day Closing* is Pink Floyd playing *Echoes* underwater, washed-out vocals and reverberating guitar. *Glory*

Box provides perfect evidence for the ripping-off of another's work, the Isaac Hayes-pilfered-strings sounding born-and-bred in Avon. The actual Roseland Ballroom recordings climax with a truly sublime *Sour Times*, coming over all Ry Cooder, Paris, Texas style, before a bass-driven rock-out coda.

What follows are *Roads and Strangers*, recorded elsewhere and duly suffering from the change of locale with a crowd recruited from Luddites 'R' Us. However, inane hand-clapping aside (and I bet some of them had lighters aloft) the inherent beauty of *Roads* is enhanced in the live arena gaining a whole new touching aura outside the confines of the studio. This is essential listening. **M**

Chris

BALLROOM

Day After Day ★★★★★½

There's an inherent problem with Ballroom. On the one hand, they have an ability to be fuckin' good. Take the single, *Don't Stop* as an example. Majestic, emotionally overloaded, soaring, searing. In short, effortlessly inspiring and uplifting. On the other hand, they have the knack of sounding crap as well. Take the track, *Believe*, appropriately placed at the end of the album. Dull as shit. So, the only point of debate for this album is what the proportion of sexy sonics to arse rhythms is.

Thankfully, it swings the right way. Opener, *Take It* is fantastic. A jangly undertow of rhythm guitars are the veins that the optimistic lyrics are pushed through resulting in a gorgeous rush of us versus them pop. *Through The Day* continues to please. Vulnerable and touching, it shows how they can do slow songs without sounding as dull as student dishwasher.

All in all, though, they're a band that won't be stepping up in the charts just yet. However, the potential to waltz to the top is there. Ballroom are a band to be watched. Don't say you weren't told. **M**

Dennis



Live

AIR

Shepherd's Bush Empire



Air - Sexy Noise!

At the start of '98 when Air released their most recent album, *Moon Safari*, a delightful trip through synthesized lounge core grooves with a Gaelic twist, a brand new musical sound had descended upon us and without a doubt we were hooked. Air have decided to wait for nearly a whole year before allowing us the pleasure of sampling the mellow *Moon Safari* live, which if you had to be honest does not contain a strong live feel. Did it work on the open stage?

Read on....

Three blokes dressed in uniform white entered the stage and arranged themselves amongst the four sets of keyboards, drums and guitars. Without warning the two on the keyboards started to produce bizarre ethereal sounds in unison and the notes cascaded throughout the hall signaling the arrival of the two immense talents who ARE the Air sound. The first track of the night washed over the hall with synthesized glory proving that on hearing Air live, the music sounds more powerful and majestic yet at the same time laid-back, aided by the stunning lighting effects. Air had the right approach to their live set, instead of just plodding through the album (which would have been the same as listening to it at home minus the lighting display), they decided to experiment with some songs, mutating *Kelly Watch The Stars* into a manic punk guitar rollercoaster ride while sticking with the vocals fed through a

vocoder effect. *Sexy Boy* was given similar treatment but this time Air moved forward a few years into a Gary Numan-esque early '80s style with the bass guitarist imitating the slow motion robotic movements much loved by Kraftwerk.

The first time Air ventured to speak to us with their thick French accents, an aspiring comedian burst out, 'It's inspector Clouseau', so from then on small talk was kept to minimum. The absolute highlight of the night and the most highly anticipated event was the arrival of Beth Hirsch, who guested on *Moon Safari*. As soon as the opening seconds of *All I Need* began we were all a few steps closer to heaven, with her incredibly beautiful voice lifting us higher with every passing second. Air led us by the hand and took us on a safari to the moon, and under their spell we would be powerless to resist even if it was only a trip to Windsor. **M**

Jason

Album

IDLEWILD

Hope Is Important ★★ ★ 1/2



Idlewild looking clean-cut. I guess soap is important.

Idlewild, possibly the only British punk band of any note around at the moment, unleashed a brand of rock that's been rare around these parts lately on the unsuspecting public with the *Captain* EP a while back. *Hope is Important* is their eagerly awaited debut album. Opening with *You've lost your way*, a few discordant notes, the threat of feedback and a predictable start to the album. Like many of the tracks on the record it's all a bit too short by half.

Uncooked, unpretentious, natural, passionate, uplifting, enraged, *Hope is Important* demands to be heard with the volume cranked up to a nose bleed inducing level. Ostensibly this record takes the skewed meandering sounds of the (godlike) Pavement and sporadically buries it under a filthy, heavy barrage of noise last seen sometime in the 1980s (in case you are wondering this is a good thing). Particularly *Low light* and *I'm a Message* all demand the highest respect. Yet even the obligatory slow ones on the album stand out, particularly the acoustic and poignant *I'm Happy to be Here Tonight* and *Safe and Sound*. The use of more subdued melodic verses followed by raw, unleashed choruses is an idea patented and used to exceptional effect by The Pixies and is not the only American influence on the record. (We've

already mentioned Pavement haven't we?) It would be unreasonable to expect the poetic greatness of Yorke, Cobain or Malkmus when the best things about this record all stem from its simplicity and lack of consideration.

On the down side *Hope is Important* is the not the strongest album lyrically. Idlewild seem content to punctuate staple rock lyrics (soul selling anyone?) with the odd memorably abstract phrase. Impressive sounding track titles and an undeniable grasp of all things of a rock/punk persuasion can't completely cover the gaping holes. The ultimate comparison comes when you listen to *Captain* and *Hope is Important* consecutively. The over-riding impression you get is that *Hope is Important* just doesn't live up to the promise of the excellent lyrics like *Song is a Beautiful Lie* and *Self Healer* from *Captain*. The rough edges that made *Captain* a masterpiece have been filed off allowing a more polished, more melodic pop sensibility to emerge. Those expecting a band and an album ready to take the lead towards a punk revival and ultimate revolution in British music will have to wait for the new Oasis album (ha).

Ignoring the frankly awful *Close the Door*, *Hope is important* is a gratifyingly noisy, unfashionable, anachronistic, coherent beast of an album. **M** Craig

Singles

Unkle - *Rabbit In Your Headlights*

Calm mellow tune from Mo Wax with an alternative jazz flow. Pretty cool.

Stereophonics - *Bartender And The Thief*

This is an OK effort from the 'Phonics but I have heard better from them. Tune still kicking but a little too repetitive.

Lo-Fidelity Allstars - *Battleflag*

Bit of a catchy alternative pop tune with some interesting lyrics and big back beats.

Freestylers featuring Navigator - *Warning*

Those Freestyling boys are back with their new banging single *Warning*. It comes after their recent success in winning the Best Band Award at the Muzik Awards. Look out for the mellower Jay-Rocks Remix.

Monk and Cantella - *Son*

This is a weird wacky kind of alternative indie track which sounds a little too unoriginal and lacks any real sort of tune. Just not my bag of chips, really.

THE ESSENTIAL CHOON

Jungle Brothers - *Because I Got It Like That*

The boyz have come out another top tune delivering the wicked verses that just make you want to get up and dance. It's got a bit of an oriental flavour with the big beats that lead the tune on.

Rae & Christian feat. Veba - *Spell Bound*

This a cool crisp tune with a D-Influence kind of flavour, featuring some excellent female vocals and wicked flute background. Bit of a tune!

Waste - *Hang on*

Tune starts off well with lots of enthusiasm but this brit-pop tune gets too repetitive. There some other tracks on this promo that have more potential but this tune is a bit too deflated.

Fuzz Townshend - *Get Yerself*

This track comes out and gets your attention and has a catchy back beat but the lyrics and the chorus then start getting on your nerves. Apart from that the track is OK.

Dope Smugglers - *The Word*

This is an annoyingly catchy pop tune which has a bit of bounce to it but it just goes on and on too much. They are similar to Daft Punk in their style but just lack the delivery. **M**

Nim



Tha Bomb!

The Peckham boys Nine Yards Hit The Place While Faith Blows Ya Away



release of the tune of the year, you gotta know what I'm talking about, I mention it every week.....*Love Like This* from Faith Evans. This is a dancefloor monster that has been blowing up since the start of the year and at last gets a UK release, you know the score.....Buy it.

The Darkchild (Rodney Jerkins) brings us a banging remix of Brandy's last offering *Top of the World*, with Fat Joe and Big Pun on rap duty. This one is perfect for the car, rolling down the road with a light funky up beat pumping out the back, beautiful.

British is back, *Sista Sista* from Beverly Knight, this young lady has been blazing a way with her second set *Prodigal Sista* and this is the third track to be lifted from it following on the wicked *Made It Back* and classy *Rewind*. The album mix is laid back with some really impressive vocals laid over the top, although not up to the standard of the first two it's still good.

Still with the British skills we got Another Level with *Guess I Was a Fool*, this is more than an adequate follow up to the excellent *Freak Me*. *Guess I Was*. is a dreamy slow jam that has confirmed these guys as the top boy band. Watch out for their latest number featuring Shola Ama (tune) and their album still to drop.

But those guys better get ready for my boys - *Nine Yards*, these boys hail from Peckham (so you know I gotta represent for them). They were signed up to Virgin in a second because Daze, Step and Flake (their namesfucked up?yep) look the part and most certainly sound the part. They've just dropped their first single *Loneliness Is Gone*, a chunky debut that should do well and will follow it up with their album *Where Do We Go From Here?*, should go straight to the top.

The shiny headed one, R Kelly, comes at us with the second bomb from his long play set, the single *Home Alone* featuring Keith 'banged up in jail' (and gonna be banged up in jail) Murray. This a wickedly infectious tune that has got to be a hit, it's funky, it's uptempo, got a badass beat and it's gonna be a monster. The long player *R* has been acclaimed as the best album to come from the man, it holds the hits *I Believe I Can Fly*, *Half On A Baby*, *Home Alone* and *Gotham City* as well as new shit featuring Foxy, Kelly Price, Nas, Jay Z and many more. A double album that's definitely worth a check.

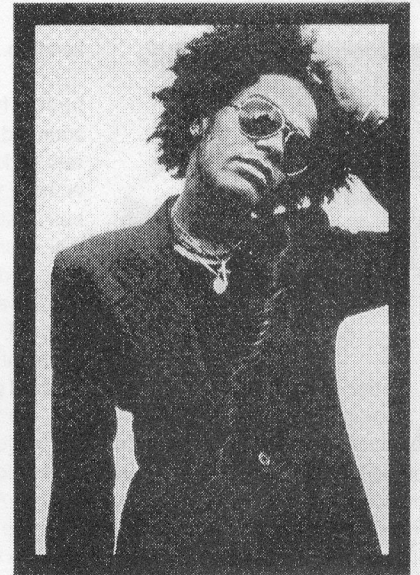
Some two years after his death Tupac is still releasing tracks and this week sees the release of *Happy*

What up people! This week I'm bringing ya the low-down on the most recent single releases.

Let's get straight to it, we start off with *Incredible* from Mr Mostbeautiful Keith Murray and featuring LL Cool J. This is the first track to be taken off his - soon to come - third album, but if you're expecting the boy to come over for promotion chores, think again, he's been banged up and we probably won't see him till well into the next century. As for *Incredible* it's good, not quite incredible, but definitely worth a check if you haven't heard it yet. LL and Keith combine well over some steady beats.

Next up we look at the least talented of The Fugees - Pras - and his new single *Blue Angels* coming off his solo album *Ghetto Superstar*. After the huge success of *Ghetto Superstar* featuring Mya, this is bound to get into the charts first week out, it's already been getting heavy airplay on the pop radio stations. Only thing is that it's shit, besides a pretty catchy chorus its got nothing going for it, Pras fills the spaces with his usual rambling over a sample from *Grease*, but it all ends up as shit. Pras could only get worse if he was to sample ABBAguess what? Rumour has it he's done a little number around ABBA's *Dancing Queen*fucking hell!!!

Moving swiftly on to something else we got the UK



Home, this was recorded while at Death Row and is surprisingly good. The single is apparently acting as a taster for the new forthcoming album *You Never Heard*. Death Row are said to still have numerous tracks under lock and key in the vaults, but I'm hoping they put the best ones out now, although they're probably gonna hoard 'em.

Maxwell released his sophomore set just before the summer break up and I rushed out to spend my cash, only to be disappointed, I was expecting something that could at least sit on the same rack as *Urban Hang Suite* instead I found *Embrya*. Now don't get me wrong *Embrya* is good, but its not on the same level as his debut set and apparently many agreed with me because its sales were well down on the projections. Staying with Maxwell, he recently cancelled his concert dates in the States, the official line is cos of personal problems, initially people said this was a front and it was actually because of the poor sales. Now though rumour has it the soul man has suffered a mental breakdown.....because of sales? Hope not.

See ya.

Milen



Nine yards coming at ya, all the way from Peckham.....hair done at Desmonds?.....I think so!

Phat Selection

Devils Pie - D'Angelo

RAW, DJ Premier lays down the beats for soul maestro D'Angelo to do his stuff to devastating effect.

Keep The Faith - Faith Evans

Tune of the year came first, now we have album for the year. God damn!

Loneliness Is Gone - Nine Yards

The new boyz on the block kick it off with a stunning debut single.

Sweetheart - JD feat. Mariah Mariah looking fine.

Mon: Standing Room only

Live premiership footie. DaVinci's. From 5pm.

Tues: STA Bar Trivia

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and entered a world”**

December 18th



In the last eight years Richie Hawtin has produced some of the most intriguing techno from the Detroit area. He uses a variety of guises to release his music; Fuse, Concept and most famously Plastikman. As a DJ, his status is world-renowned. With the release of the third in the trilogy of Plastikman albums (Artifacts), the Electric Cafe caught up with the man behind the music.

Who are you? What do you?

I look at myself as being some sort of electronic musician, also a DJ. I've been creating electronic music since 1990 and doing a lot of travelling and DJing. But really what I'm doing is just producing and playing music that really grabbed me in the late 1980's.

So you're making a continuation of that music?

Sort of a continuation. I'm not someone who sat down and decided to be a musician or an entertainer or anything like that. I was just going along, going to school studying film and video. Nothing to do with music. Then along came electronic music; Detroit techno, Chicago acid house music and like a truck hit me over the head and the next thing kind of engulfed my life, and nine years later here I am talking about it still.

Tell us about how you would play in a club, normally. What are you looking to achieve when you are DJing?

A lot of DJs think their main goal is to make people dance. That's something that is important to me but I think I'm more interested in giving people something a little bit different. Of course I keep that in the back of my head, 'yes I'm here in a club atmosphere to make these people dance', but I don't want to give people exactly what they want or make it easy for them. I want to give them some twists and turns. If the crowd is into harder-edge techno I want to give them some of that but something else that maybe they think they don't like or maybe it's just that they never really heard it played well or heard the right music before. So everytime I play; whether it's a mix for home, or in a club or for a big festival it's more an experiment and exploration in front of people, and hopefully there's some type of reaction between you and them and you go somewhere with it.

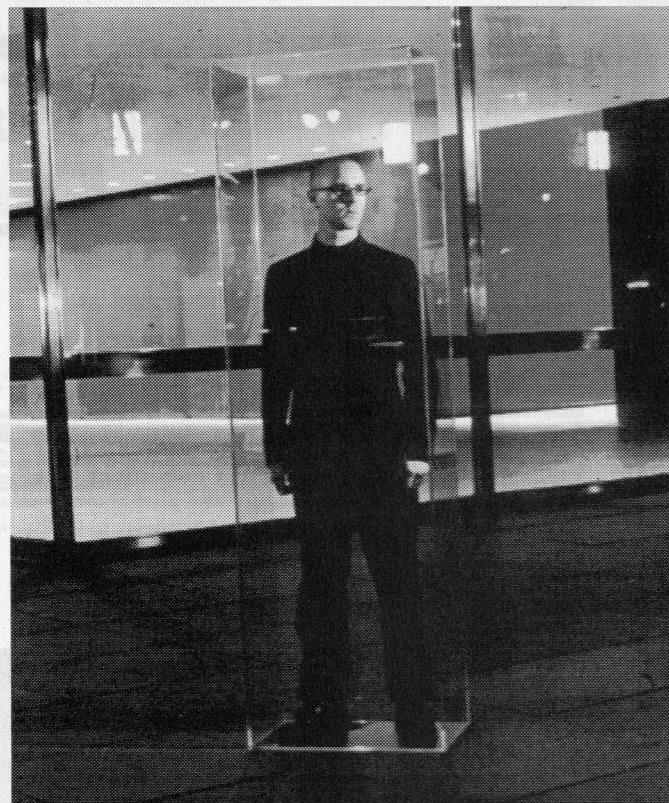
So it's a form of communication?

Yes. I think any good DJ is someone who communicates and with all communication it must go there and back. It can't be one-way flow. I guess when you're DJing you could just get up there and hammer your point down to people. But to make your point, whether as a DJ, or a verbal communicator or a writer you have to take into considerations the feedback and use that feedback to understand how to get your point across.

So what feedback do you get back

and use to read the crowd?

It's the people, the atmosphere, even the space you're in. Certain things seem to work better in confining areas rather than big areas. You can see people really start to get into things and you know that you can continue on with that. If sometimes people stop dancing that also can be good feedback, because maybe you've gone too far one way but maybe also people are thinking 'this is different'. And if they start to react again



"People are trying to create a much more purer form of music one person can get his message directly across to a lot of people."

or walk away, you have to take all these things into consideration. With anything you want to take people through different experiences. You don't want to give them 4/4 techno all night. You don't want to give them house music all night. You want to take them to different places and sometimes to the brink of exhaustion or boredom, and then take them somewhere else. It's always about using the reaction back from them but keeping one step ahead of them.

How did you get into this music?

The main reason was radio. I live in

Windsor, Canada. From my house to downtown Detroit is five minutes, just crossing a river. It's like north and south London. So a lot of the radio airwaves we get are from Detroit. In the late 1980's there were a number of key players in the area. There was a guy called the Electrifying Mojo. There was also a guy who everyone knows now in the techno

'this is really cool'. That's when I really started to like music. But it wasn't until Jeff's show when I heard these stripped-down acidic techno tracks especially a lot of them from Detroit that I was really grabbed. That was when it all made sense and get serious. In the sense that everything got even more exciting.

What do you think it is about this music that grabbed you? Was it because it was electronic and new? Or what the early artists were saying with their work?

Partly it was what they weren't saying. I liked the fact that it was stripped down to the bare minimum, not in a minimalist way, but that it was very pure. I liked the idea that there wasn't the typical verbal communication as in vocals. So each person could take something out of it, personally. There was still a feeling there, but it wasn't preaching to you and that was something that I didn't find attractive in other music. Also the futuristic part of it. The part that when you turn the radio on or put the needle down on the record, you were basically getting into this world where you had never been before. It was always a new sound. It's basically the only sound that can be a futuristic music. This is music that even if you don't like or understand it, is created by technology. There is a human element in there of course, but anything that is created with technology moves along with technology. And technology is one of the fastest moving things on this planet. Something that you can only imagine today will be created tomorrow, and along with that the sound you can imagine in your head today that you can't create today will probably be possible tomorrow.

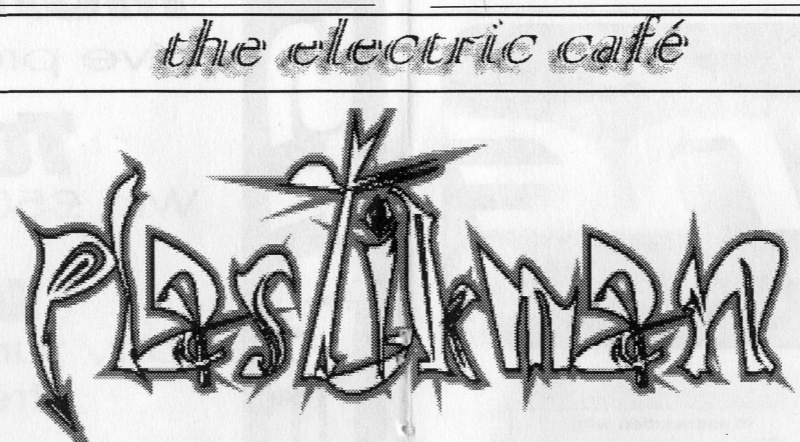
Do you think this music actually is technology or is it a way of conveying technology?

Maybe it's more of a mish-mash of technology! Technology has always represented the future to man. It represents a better tomorrow, to make our lives better, to make us happier, to improve the planet we live on. Maybe in that way, it is apparent in the music. People are trying to create a much more purer form of music than has ever been created. Classically there were always bands or symphonies. There were always multiple players. This is the first type of music that you can really do intricate melodies

arena whose name is Jeff Mills. He used to go under the name the Wizard. On these shows each of these guys was playing a crazy mixture of new music. Everything from a Chicago acid house track to a German industrial track to a B52's track, then to some hip-hop, then to some Detroit techno music. Just new music. I remember tuning into it and it was exciting. You were always hearing new things, things you hadn't heard before, things twisting. To me it was the first time that I really got into music. It was as if this was what I had been waiting for and it grabbed me and pulled me right in.

You talk as if all your musical history started at this point. Do you think that things from before came into it?

It wasn't as sudden as it sounded. Also in the early 1980's I was getting into other things. I was into other music like New Order, some early electro music. A lot of my friends were into music at early grade school, but music never really interested me, and then as I started to get exposure to some of this electronic stuff, even in a pop format like Erasure or Yazoo, then I started to think



and layouts and scores, but by one person. So even in that way it's become very pure, that one person can get his message directly across to a lot of people.

You talk in terms of technology. Lots of people talk of music in terms of this irrational artform that doesn't make logical sense. How do you see this dual thing?

Well, if the machines were making the music themselves then it would be more of a black and white thing; a zero and one digital nonsense! But man is creating this technology so there is part of him in it already, no matter how mechanical it gets. The technology still needs some type of human intervention to get something out of it. It's not automatic. You don't press a button and something comes out. And so that's the unknown factor. Each person is different, each person uses a piece of equipment differently, each person has different ideas in their heads. So when you sit all these people down with the same piece of technology they're all going to pull something completely different out of those boxes. That is where the extra colours in the palette come from.

In your introduction to the music, you said you were listening to radio shows. What happened from there?

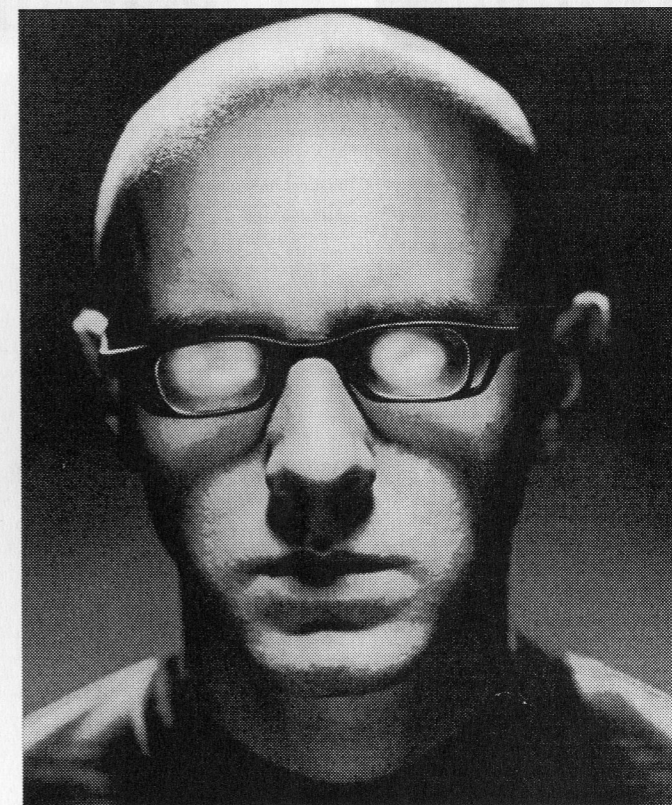
After listening to these DJs on the radio I started to heavily collect a lot of these records, just for my personal collection. I liked to play them at home. Because a lot of this music was dance music I had a lot of friends who started to get into it, and we came to a problem. There was a lot of clubs in Detroit that you could go to to hear the music. But in Windsor, where I was from there really wasn't anything. Basically my friends and I got together to throw some sort of party. We didn't really know what we were doing. We just wanted to play the music loud so we could have some sort of dance. The only problem with that was a disused club, in the sense that there was no one going there, so it was a failing club. Instead of giving us a one night party pass and letting us do whatever we wanted, the deal was that they wanted us to DJ every Friday night. I'd never been a DJ before. I didn't even know if I wanted to DJ every weekend, but I thought 'Let's go for it and see what happens!' So it was really something I just

fell into, probably similar to you. You love this music, and you really want to get other people into it. And you want to make sure that play the right things so that people have the right conditions to say, 'yes I like it' or 'no I don't like it'. You obviously don't want people saying, 'I hate techno!' when they've never really heard the right kind of track. So that was why we wanted to do it. We wanted to dance. We wanted to open up new people to this.

So when you started, could you mix?

I was trying, but it wasn't very good. It was a mish-mash of everything. I didn't become a DJ to play crazy underground techno tracks that no one knew. It was all over the board, but all very electronic.

After that we started to go to more clubs. We got fake ID to get inside clubs in Detroit. Again, I met the right people and ended up getting a DJ job at the Shelter in downtown Detroit. That's really where it all started to happen for me. It's where I met the other Detroit producers. I finally met Jeff who I'd been listening to on the radio. I met Derrick May and people like that. It's where there was more of a creative atmosphere. In 1987 in Detroit there was a lot of producers making a lot of stuff. These were the years where it really picked up in England and all these producers were starting to travel and get recognition and record deals. So that affected a lot of people. Everyone saw that and got more interested in DJing and maybe even taking a step up from DJing, in terms of making



their own records. And that's what we thought of next.

So everything for you was just a shot in the dark. You didn't know whether it would work but you just tried it.

Yeah. Isn't that what most people do? If you put money into school you don't know if you'll succeed or pass.

You've travelled the globe as a DJ. When you were talking earlier about interaction and communication, is that universal in every country or does the 'language' change as you travel?

There are slight variations from country to country, especially from the East to West. There are differences in the crowd, but only slight cultural differences. The one thing that you have to remember about this music is that because there are no vocals and it is very pure and instrumental, it can speak to many people at the same time across many cultural differences. It doesn't matter about your colour or what language you speak. It's really about the sounds and the feeling it gives you. As you travel, people might dance differently, they may line up a lit-

Why do you use so many different pseudonyms to record your music?

When I started out recording, the pseudonyms gave a sense of being behind the scenes a bit more. When we talk about the purity of electronic music, another part of the purity, especially at the beginning, is that there wasn't really names or faces out there. It wasn't so much about the personalities, and it still isn't. It's more about concepts and ideas, than with a lot of other forms of music. The pseudonyms enabled me to release a lot of records in a short space of time, with slightly different ideas. Each music coloured things differently, and enabled me to step back and let the records do the talking. It's nearly like a sonic form of communication, and enabled me to move faster.

"A lot of DJs think their main goal is to make people dance -that's important to me but it's more an experiment and exploration in front of people."

tle more concisely, but when it comes down to it, the music is really hitting these people, and you don't have to really change it at all. If a certain track works in one place, the feeling is usually picked up everywhere. In any other music, it doesn't really happen. Especially the typical pop format or music with vocals. That's where everything breaks down in communication. Even people who understand different languages don't understand the nuances. You can say different things in different ways and reverse the words. With electronic music I really do find that most places do pick up on what's coming through on the track.

Artists who use pseudonyms release different types of music under each separate identity. Do you do that too?

Yeah. The Plastikman definitely has a certain sense about it. A certain atmosphere. That's something I try to stick to when I do that. I recorded under some other names, Fuse which I did some years ago, Circuit Breaker. They all had their purpose I guess.

Are they all different parts of your psyche?

Everyone has so many different pieces to themselves. We're all like these jigsaw puzzles, and really only your closest friends know a bigger portion of those. But I don't think anybody truly knows what makes you up except for yourself. And so with electronic music I think people are able to show a lot of different versions of those pieces. As those pieces start to come up through the equipment and the moods of the producer they start to get different sounds and perhaps different ideas. So I think it is an interesting idea to have different sounds or different tags on those different moods. It's nearly like you're pre-sorting what you're doing.

When I see photos of you as the Plastikman, it's always a very strange atmosphere. The eyes and the glasses are central. It's quite serious, but in a way whacky. Do you feel with each pseudonym like an actor slipping into a part?

(continued in Clubscene)



Reviews

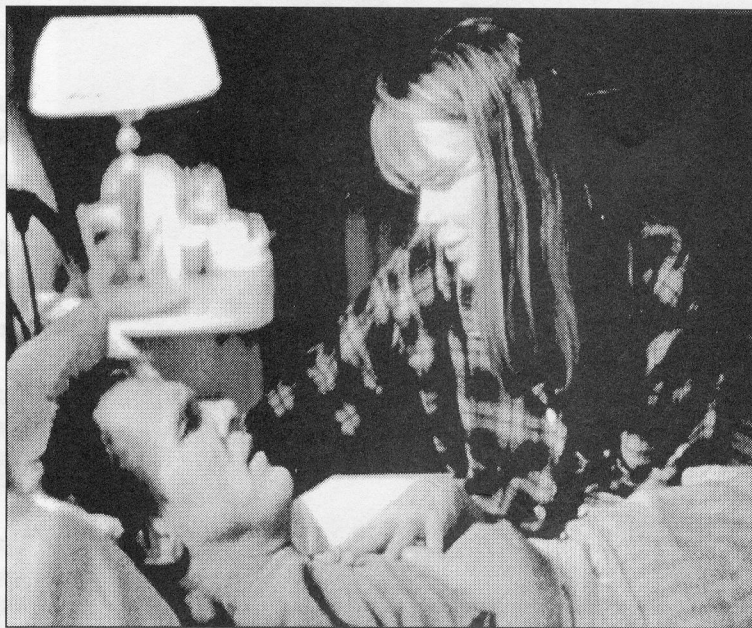
Affliction ★★

Starring : Nick Nolte, James Coburn, Sissy Spacek, Willem Dafoe
 Director : Paul Schrader

Affliction is a deep, dark, heavy-going drama about the impact of childhood family violence on a man's life, and the aftershock which this produces in his adulthood. What the director is trying to show is that family violence and abuse is a hereditary disease - hence the title *Affliction*.

Much like previous movies from the same writer/director (such as *Taxi Driver* and *Hardcore*) the plot focuses on the pressures of a man's life; the death of his mother, the paranoia which he feels about his friends and the loss of his job. He has to come to terms with bad relations with his ex-wife and the fact that he is not perfect in the eyes of his daughter. Being set in a snowy, frigid small town in New Hampshire USA adds to the bleak hopelessness that the film tries to portray.

James Coburn (as the father) and Nick Nolte (as his son) make for a good on-screen pairing. Nolte plays his part well, after recovering from a shaky, somewhat wooden, start. Sissy Spacek also acts well, although her role is a very typecast portrayal of a tormented woman. In fact, the overall standard of



Stop faking it. Just because you've got games this morning...

acting was convincing, but this unfortunately cannot detract from the mediocrity of the movie.

The script leaves a lot to be desired,

and thanks to several seemingly unnecessary sub-plots the film feels far too long. Whilst these add to the overall mood of the film they do nothing to

contribute to the overall direction of the film. *Affliction* tries too hard to make an impact, and all it succeeds in doing is putting its audience to sleep.

None of the characters provoke an empathy, and although the film tries to achieve some sympathy for Nolte's character, towards the end you simply don't care whether he lives or dies. It becomes increasingly obvious how the film is going to conclude, and eventually you're left praying for the film to come to an end.

For its genre, *Affliction* is not a ground-breaking movie. Instead, save some money and rent out Paul Schrader's classic *Taxi Driver*. *Affliction* is simply a made for TV movie with a better-than-average cast. **F**

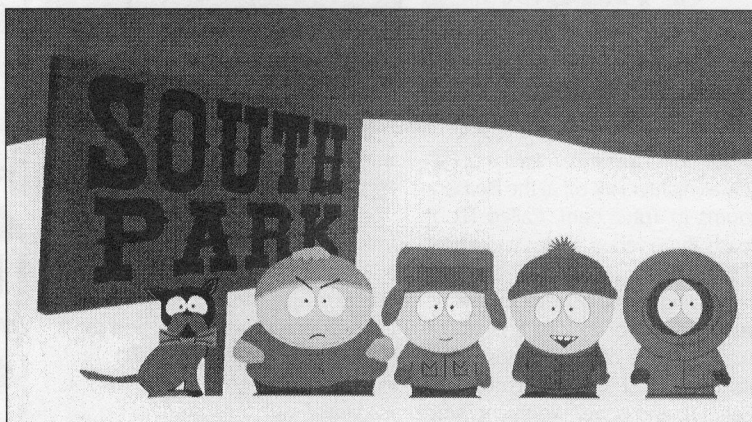
Jon & Alex

South Park Volumes 4 - 6 ★★

Almost everyone I know loves *The Simpsons*. But there are pretenders to the throne of the "adult cartoon" genre. *Beavis and Butt-head*, *King of the Hill* and now *South Park*. To compete with the champion, any series must offer something a little different. *South Park* offers us foul-mouthed, irritating little kids.

For the benefit of those who haven't yet been victims of the hype, *South Park* features four elementary school kids. Cartman is the token fat kid from a single parent family. Kyle is a misunderstood Jewish kid. Kenny (of "Oh my God! They killed" fame) and his family are poor because his father is an alcoholic and Stan is physically sick whenever any girl he is attracted to speaks to him.

If you've ever been to school, you'll find something to relate to here. Maybe you weren't quite as foul mouthed as these kids, but I'll bet there was one or two kids at your school who got picked on or a common obsession with a particular TV show. No stone is left unturned in *South Park*: everyone gets the piss taken out of them at some point. It's not a show for the easily offended. Take a



look at the saintly public access show run from *South Park*: "Jesus and Pals".

The other supplementary characters are great too. There's Chef, who's like a cross between B A Barracus and Barry White. If you've got a problem and no one else can help, Chef's bound to have a spirit raising song on offer, probably involving laying someone down and making sweet lurve. Mr Garrison is the kids teacher. His glove puppet friend, Mr Head, accompanies him everywhere and his 'persuasion' is a little dubious to say the least. My favourite is the old man

who lives up in the hills on the South Park Genetic Engineering Range, breeding new species for the common good as well as monkeys with four butts.

Volumes 5 & 6 cover two episodes each. Volume 5 includes *Starvin' Marvin* and *MechaStreisand*. In the former, the kids accidentally get delivered an 'Eth-ernopian' (sic) child instead of their Tako™ sports watch. Cartman gets returned to Africa in his place and uncovers the truth behind the relief campaign. In *MechaStreisand*, Cartman discovers an ancient triangle at an excavation site.

Once Barbara Streisand discovers that it is in fact the Triangle of Zendar, she desperately tries to get her hands on it so she can complete the Diamond of Pantheos and become the most destructive force in the world.

Volume 6 begins with *A South Park Christmas*. The Jews are offended by the inclusion of the nativity in the school Christmas play and boycott it. Enter Mr Hankey, the Christmas Poo, who comes out of the toilet every year to give presents to those who have a lot of fibre in their diets. Finally, *Jesus vs Satan* features the final battle between good and evil, only on pay per view at the cut price of \$49.95.

The problem with *South Park* is that once you've got over the initial shock of just how offensive it is, there's not much left. To be fair, I've watched *MechaStreisand* about five times and still enjoy it. But the rest just don't do it for me anymore: they're not really re-watchable, which kind of defeats the point of buying the videos. And with only two episodes per tape, it's difficult to recommend them. **F**

Andy

Reviews & Competitions

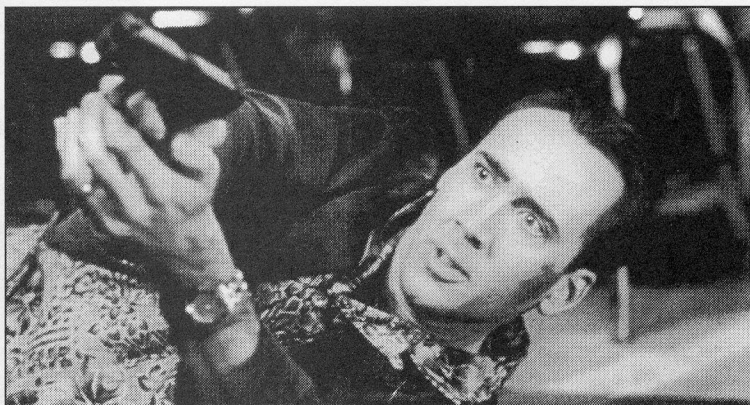
Snake Eyes ★★ ★ 1/2

Starring : Nicholas Cage, Gary Sinise
Director : Brian de Palma

You would expect something a little bit special from the director of such cinematic wonders as *Carrie*, *Carlito's Way*, *The Untouchables* and *Mission Impossible*, and that is exactly what you get with *Snake Eyes*.

The seedy gambling world of Atlantic City provides the backdrop for this tense thriller in which a cop gets unwittingly caught up in a story of military conspiracy, murder and deception, when all he wants to do is enjoy his front row seat for fight night. Cage, as in the wonderful *Face/Off*, is a cop, only this time he is several summits short of the moral high ground and is in fact more bent than a pre-EU banana. Everybody loves a rogue though, and this only adds to his charm.

This latest offering from de Palma diverges slightly from his tried-and-tested style of visually graphic blood, gore and mutilation, whilst still retaining the tension of his earlier work. The cinematography is brilliant, as ever. This is especially so in some of the flashback scenes, where the audience is mentally displaced into eyes other than those of the main character - an original and unusual experience, only made possible by the robust



Nic Cage. With a gun. Lying on the ground. How original.

plot. This type of audience translocation is not a new approach for de Palma, however unlike the 'saying one thing, thinking another' scenes of *Mission Impossible*, this time it actually works!

Cage performs well, and his emotional torment is believable, although the part is not as demanding as *Face/Off* and it seems as though he is not pushed to his limits. With great support from Sinise and Stan Shaw who plays the boxer (who's only fault is a slight lack of

emotion when beating the hell out of a defenceless man), the plot is held together well. However, there is definitely something missing from this film, but assuming you are reading this to decide whether or not to go and see the film, it is very difficult to tell you what that missing factor is without spoiling the film for you. Let me just say that the casting of one of the main characters could be a little less Siniseter. **F**

Reuben

Henry Fool

★★★

Starring: James Urbaniak,
Thomas Jay Ryan
Parker Posey
Director: Hal Hartley

Despite a relatively successful career that has spanned more than fourteen years, you probably haven't heard of writer/director Hal Hartley. Although films like *Amateur*, *Flirt* and *The Unbelievable Truth* won him critical acclaim on the arts circuit and in underground circles, his films are a million miles away from typical box office fodder. Likewise his latest film, *Henry Fool*, is hardly representative of modern mainstream US filmmaking.

The film centres on examining about how a seemingly 'common man' can possess unexploited talent while another can delude himself of possessing it. The story is about a binman, Simon Grim, who lives a rather depressing life with his mother and over-sexed sister.

Along comes Henry Fool to live in their basement. Loud, chain-smoking, beer-guzzling, a colossal egomaniac and self-styled intellectual, Henry Fool believes he will blow a big, wide hole in the literary establishment with his 'Confession' opus - only he hasn't finished it yet. He takes Simon under his wing and inspires him to begin writing. Pretty soon Simon, the binman, finishes what is at first a badly-spelt and slightly muddled book-length poem. Henry teaches Simon how to polish it and the plot unfolds to some unexpected surprises at the end, with occasional spots of comedy and some interesting sexual tension.

Hal Hartley made his reputation with a string of independent productions that generally carry intelligent observations on life, wild humour, and engaging analyses of human behaviour. This film is no exception, I liked it and enjoyed the observations and analyses. I also liked Hartley's proactive stand; though he doesn't issue judgement on his characters, he lets them see truths about themselves. My only complaint about the film is its length - clocking in at 2 hrs 20 mins it feels dead slow at times. **F**

Ais

Win tickets to Blade courtesy of

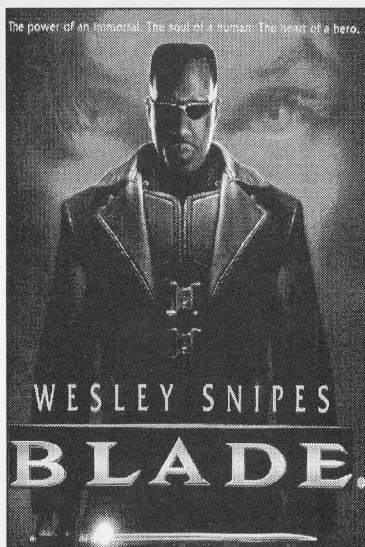
ODEON

KENSINGTON

With comedy horror all the rage in Hollywood, cheesy vampire flicks couldn't be far behind. Consequently, *Blade* is offered up to the great cinema-going public.

Wesley Snipes stars as the eponymous hero, half-man half-vampire, and sworn to the complete destruction of Transylvania's finest. Thus, he dons a huge layer of body-armour, grabs some comedy weapons and sets out into the night...

Thanks to those lovely people at the Odeon Kensington (at the other end of High Street Ken, just past the junction with Earls Court Road if you're interested) we've got five pairs of tickets to give away. For your chance to win, simply answer the following question:



Who directed "Bram Stoker's Dracula"

Email your answer to film.felix@ic.ac.uk before 6pm on Tuesday to be in with a chance. Winners will be drawn at random from the virtual hat.

The winners of last week's *Snake Eyes* competition were:

Reuben Conolly
James Ash
Chris Coote
Andy Royal
Nicky Grimer

They correctly identified that *Snake Eyes* director Brian de Palma worked with Tom Cruise on *Mission: Impossible*. Please drop into the Felix office (in the Quad archway) to pick up your tickets.

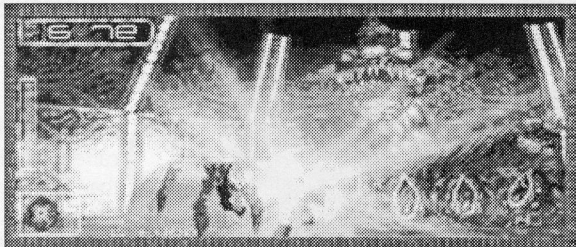
Assault

Telstar

★★★

Aliens really have had some really bad press at the moment. When they're not installing anal probes into cartoon characters or popping down the universe for a late night snack they're infecting the world with deadly red viruses and performing major architectural changes to major cities.

This game is no exception with some dirty, low down aliens having invaded the city of Arcadia and generally gone about clearing the rabble of humans in a way that certain Balkan leaders would feel was truly justified. This time the UN have sat this one out and instead you get heavily armoured troopers - Mr Washington or Ms Doyle, who are perfectly capable of dealing with this sort of thing themselves. Dropped into the city it is their job to hunt down any alien transport by running, jumping, picking up powerups and mowing down any aliens with the impressive amount of firepower at your disposal.

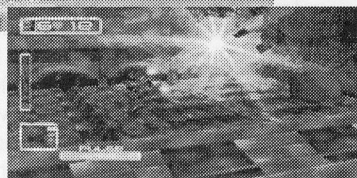
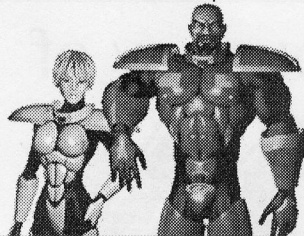


Yes it's the return of the 3rd person shoot-em-up usually well done by the arcades but poorly executed on the consoles. Forget strategy, the aim of this game is to keep the gun red hot and Alien blood flowing. The graphics and

the lighting effects set the scene as the rollercoaster of destruction flows from explosion to explosion. The arcade flavour is strengthened as the rumble effects from the Dual Shock gamepad add to the experience. If Sony did want a game to show the playstation as an arcade emulator this would make it into the top 5. An excellent blast and kill game that you might well find difficult to stop playing.

GS

Kelly Doyle and Reno Washington take time out to admire their new 80's style shoulderpad set.



News

Michael Owen in Bed with Lara.

Now the World Cup is a distant memory of disappointment, it's time for the usual seasonal releases to surface above the dug out. Not the first out but closely shadowing ISS is Eidos Interactive's little Michael Owen's World League Soccer '99. They have motion captured the lithe line runner to give genuine Michael Owen action. Peter Brackley and Ray Wilkins are the other big names pulled in to hurl abuse whenever the ball disappears into row Q. Kick off is on the 20th November at the usual PC and Playstation grounds throughout the country. We will be running a competition for a lucky Playstation owner to get a free copy later this month.

Park Life :

PC Screensaver Alert

South Park is officially big. It's bigger than Cartman on bulking agent. Now those nice people from Telstar are about to release a plague of epidemic proportions with the forthcoming release of the South Park PC theme and screensaver.

This handy little package also contains a calendar allowing you to have a character of the day, as well as providing icons and wallpapers from South Park scenes. So after Xmas expect PC's throughout the world to echo to the cries of "Kick Ass", "Howdee Ho!" and "Oh my God! They've killed Kenny". It's due out on the 13th of November - remember 1.5 million viewers a week on Channel 4 can't be wrong!

The Unholy War

Eidos

★★★★

Is it a beat-em-up? Is it a strategy game? Is it a role playing game? Well, yes, it is all three and its pretty good at most of them too. Once again alien invasion is the cause of it all as the ceasefire between the native Arcanes and the newcomer Tecknos has broken and all that is left is for one race to drive the other into oblivion. All that you have to do is choose whether you want to do so in a simple arena driven beat-em-up, or prolong the anticipation by playing a strategy game based on a 3-D map, moving your characters and fighting it out when you meet the enemy on the same grid tile.

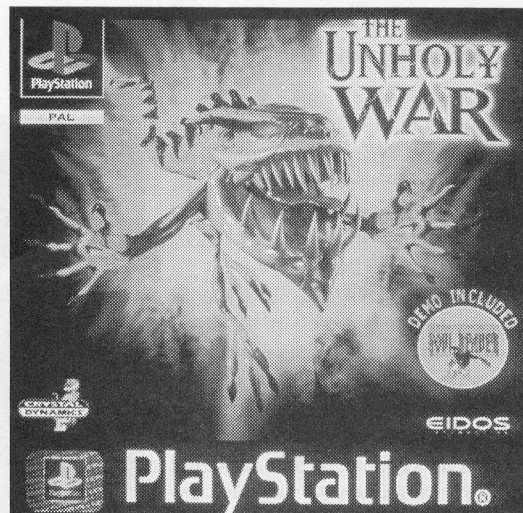
As a beat-em-up it doesn't really match the aggression of say the Tekken release as close in combat can generally be avoided. This is where a bit of the strategy element seeps into the straight fight as each of the characters have their own specialities. Some of them were never built for the rough and tumble of bar fighting and prefer throwing items and running. These little cowards can get really annoying when your opponent realises that your rhino is little quicker than a C5 at full speed. Choose wisely, corner the buggers and they will soon

stop their anti-social ways. The animation should you get close in though is as sharp as a pair of speeding shears though silk, with the camera managing to capture most of it without zipping about too much.

As a strategy cum role playing game it once again loses out against some of the more specialist games. It is not chess and does not have the sophistication and range of moves of similar strategy games. It is really a modern, well executed and animated 3-D version of the classic 1980's 2-D strategy game Archon. Instead of the Dark and Light you have two tribes, but both allow the characters to cast spells between turns and fight over the grid tiles.

If you do fancy something to engage both your primal and intellectual parts this could be it. Five minutes to spare and you can practice your special moves. Got an hour or two to spare and you can pretend you are being intellectual while spilling blood in the arena. It is effectively two above average games for the price of one.

GS



Harvest for the World

Gremlin's time traveling alien shooter Body harvest has finally been released. Your genetically enhanced hero has to battle through five different levels of alien incursion in order to prevent the human race from meeting a messy end as a series of late night take-aways.

Choose to run about the level or if you can't be bothered to run about like a headless chicken you can take vehicles without consent and drive about the

uncongested streets. Progress to the next level by saving locals and blowing up the shield generators, and allowing the rest of the world to become involved in the fight - The aliens are basically southern universe shandy drinkers.

Talking to some of the locals will also be useful as they provide hints and and tell you where the super hidden special weapons are kept. Use these and you can go on killing aliens in drive by shootings. It looks good and popped into existence at all time consistant software shops last Friday.

Actua Golf 3

Gremlin ★★★★★

What is all this about releasing summer games in the grip of winter lark about eh? First Actua Tennis (which was actually very good) and now Actua Golf 3. It must be a marketing scam that hopes memories of warm afternoons will encourage the product to shift from the shelves, oh and of course the thousands of Xmas gift's bought by Great Auntie Eldrich.

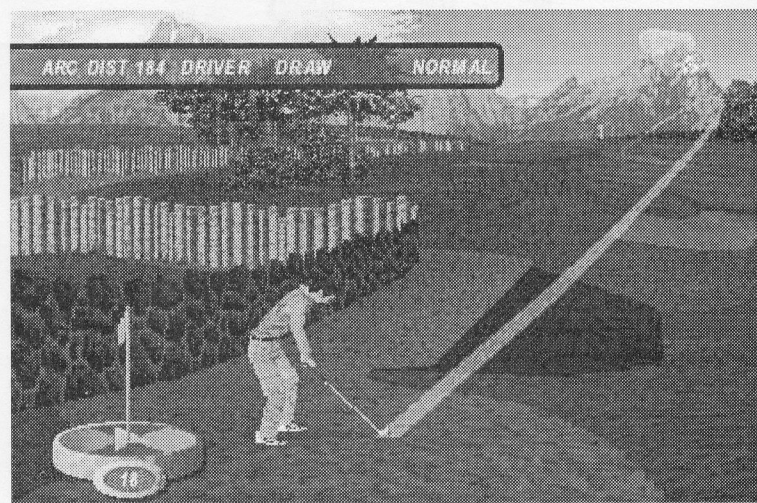
Golf explained as simply as possible. See white ball. See big stick. Stick hit ball. See ball fly. Ball hit ground. See flag flutter. See smaller stick. Stick hit ball (again). See ball roll. See small hole. Ball in hole. Now for those who have progressed past the golf remedial class Actua Golf 3 offers both the traditional stroke play, match play, foursome and fourball games but for those wacky late night golfers in a hurry there is clock golf (play quickly or lose a stroke).

So what new features have Actua included, a free pair of baggy plus-fours or some rad baseball hat perhaps. Err, well no not really. Apart from the AI improvements and a new graphics engine giving an increased frame rate of 20-25 frames per second (compared to Actua Golf 2's 12-16 fps), they have also completely redone the control system. Using the Dual Shock or Analog controllers allows complete control of the power, swing and the point of impact on

the ball. Perhaps it does take some time to truly get used to the swing method but after a while you too can be smacking the ball into those sand pits of joy on the edge of the green bits as efficiently as the real world beginner. They have also managed to lock up Peter Alliss and Alex Hey in a recording studio and refused to feed them cake until they came up with some new comments - luckily Amnesty became involved and they are now both living out a new life at the house of a Mr Kipling. Finally in the true spirit of the new Actua range you can customise your player in whatever fashion crime you wish them to parade about the course in.

So at the 19th green and looking back on a particularly hard afternoons golf it is possible to perhaps suggest it is a golf game, and this is the problem. Unlike the Actua Tennis game it really is not going to convince the non-player to look at it, which is a shame because like most of the rest of the Actua range it is a good sports simulation that plays and holds the interest as well as it looks. Golfers with Playstations are going to buy or more likely get it bought for them, but if you are a non-golfer go and rent it - it might not change your life but you might find another sport simulation worth a place in any collection.

GS



Settling Down Nicely

Last Monday was the press launch of Settlers III. For those who can not remember the earlier releases it was one of the better 'god sims' that seemed to rule the PC gamer world before the first person shooter or the Command and Conquer genres took over.

The successes of C&C and Warcraft have obviously influenced them and ongoing battles can now be directly controlled rather than just waiting for a

group of soldiers to wander into enemy territory and straight into a battle. The graphics look superbly well detailed, it will run on a Pentium 100 with no problems and with over 30 types of characters to control. It also contains a tutorial aimed to get you building you empiers as quickly as possible as well as the usual lan and internet game options for you to be a true imperialist.

if it plays as well as it looks it might dispoe the current caesar of classical based build plan and fighting games : Age of Empires.

Pocket Fighter

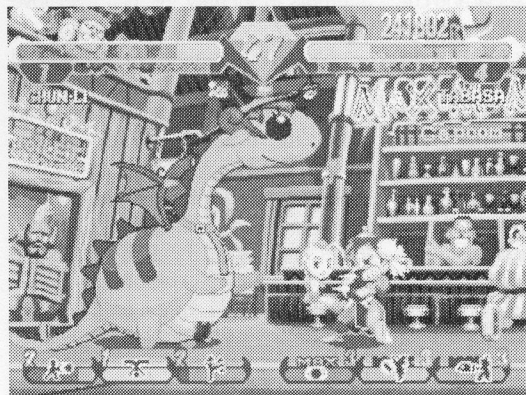
Virgin Interactive ★★★



Beat-em-ups, we've had 2-D, 2.5-D, 3-D, motion captured players, cartoon characters, even dinosaurs, and now its time to introduce the kids. Ok so its not original, a long time ago a game called Virtua Kids existed on the long departed Sega Saturn and as that had characters based upon the Virtua Fighter series. This Playstation game has its characters based upon their Capcom rival Street Fighter and Darkstalkers series. Using the same 2-D stylised cartoon appearance seen in such titles as Super Puzzle Fighter II Turbo you get to control little tyke versions of

Ken and among others, Felicia and a young succubus, Morrigan - exceedingly well developed for such a small child.

This is basically a conversion of the



And Finally

Just to show that we have interests other than games, we will be covering next weeks Digital Media World '98 expo at the Wembley conference and exhibition centre. It runs from tomorrow to Thurs-

arcade game of the same name and as such seems to hold the same appeal and gameplay. They have added some extra modes to the Playstation version : Training, Running battle (see how many opponents you can knock out against the clock), Free battle (smack seven bells out of a human without worrying where the next 50p is coming from), and a Edit mode (where you choose your players's moves, save them to the memory card and then take them round to a friends for a virtual U-12

rumble).

The game's nice touches involve the combo and the special moves where the character will make an impromptu costume and prop change and proceed



to do damage in a unexpected way; donkeys and footballs are involved - though Tony Adams is not credited with an appearance. You also get to select

between fast and frantic, or slow and smooth animation - the slow will be fast enough for almost all except possibly Billy Whizz. As beat-em's go it is possibly one for the younger audience or the true enthusiast of the 2-D genre, though the odd 3-D fan might like its almost innocent ways.

GS

day and will be covering a wide range of topics from computer animation to web design.

New for this year include the Digital Video Pavilion displaying various non-linear video editing packages, and a Wired World section with seminars on the future of web design.



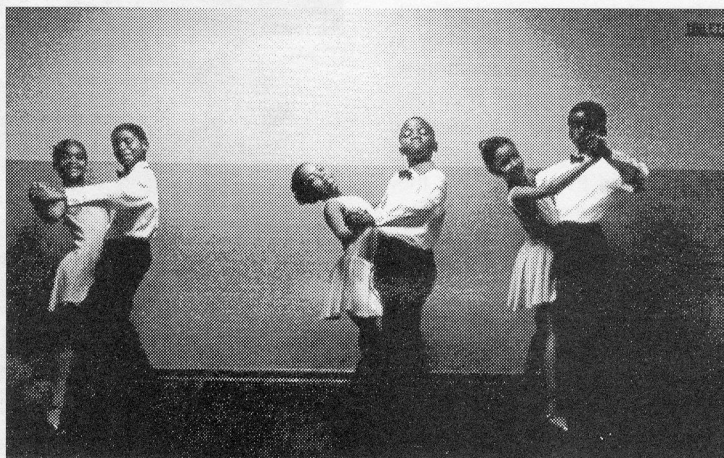
WORLD PRESS PHOTO

Royal Festival Hall, Main Foyer

The World Press Photo exhibition finally reached London a few days ago. It shows the best of world-wide photography from 1997. The event covers an amazing variety of subjects: scientific progress, tragedies, funny situations, sport exploits and many others. However, the most striking picture remains the one advertised all over the world: the power image of an Algerian woman in pain crying outside a hospital. In fact, emotions appear throughout the exhibition: a picture of a woman from Afghanistan shying away from the camera, children in Africa being taught about AIDS, Kurds fighting for their lives, tragedies in Albania or Israel. There are also lots of laughs to be had: priests getting changed to play a football match, gay rodeos, Gilbert and George standing on Brighton beach.

Each photo had a particular effect on me. The exhibition includes only about 200 pictures, narrowed down from the 36000 original competition entries, so the work presented here is bound to be

the most striking and influential. The photos address major issues in the world and are often more descriptive than any



written text. They touch a very profound part in us without going over the top like television so often does. Some are also just artistic works without any particular message like the Russian Bolshoi dancers, the portraits of the actor Willem

Dafoe or the touching picture of Taiwanese newly-weds sleeping in the back of their limousine, their heads pointing

ing photos: Evander Holyfield's bitten off ear after his match against Mike Tyson, Craig Golding's series of sumos in action and, most touching of all, a young baseball team's life on the road travelling from game to game.

You might have seen a few of these pictures in papers or magazines, but it's brilliant to be able to view them all together in one room. They're a good reminder of the events which occurred during 1997 as well as an indication as to why photography is so important to us. Which other medium can boast being an art, an entertainment and a way of touching human conscience in such a natural way?

D.

Until 29th November

Nearest tube: Waterloo/Embankment
Opening hours: daily 10am - 10.30pm
Admission: FREE

THE INVENTION OF LOVE

Theatre Royal Haymarket

The critically acclaimed playwright Tom Stoppard (*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*, *Arcadia*, *Indian Ink*) is renowned for his meticulous research when embarking on projects. His plots are generally inspired by historical events or real-life characters; this latest piece, a dramatised biography of the poet A.E. Housman (1859 - 1936), is no exception.

Stoppard explores the social and cultural climate at the end of the nineteenth century, in particular with respect to homosexuality. Indeed, "boy worship and buggery" were then rife in the male dominated universities. The trial of Oscar Wilde serves as a background, illustrating the enforcement of the 1885 amendment to the Sexual Offences Bill, which criminalised homosexual acts until 1967.

The play, directed by the esteemed Richard Eyre, opens in a ripple of dry ice. Charon, a Grim Reaper type ferryman in Greek mythology, glides on stage in a punt to collect the recently deceased Housman. Our hero is transported back to his youth, from which point the audience witnesses his life in flashback. As he revisits his student days at Oxford, the unexpected encounter between cynical senior and idealistic junior (intelligently performed by John Wood and Ben Porter) occurs. The spectators are sympathetic to Housman's personal turmoil



- his unrequited, gay affection for his best friend. He suffers through repressed passion, disguised behind camaraderie, and heart-breaking rejection by finding solace in professional achievements. Housman is a dedicated textual critic (correcting faulty translations and unfaithful copies of antique literary manuscripts) and an accomplished scholar in the field of Classics (his attempts to identify the first ever love poem explain the title of the play).

Sadly, the moments of sparkle and sensitive humour are clouded by a long-winded script. Although delivered with gusto, the dialogue, which contains extensive passages in Latin, is often tedious and overly intellectual. The subject is genuinely interesting, not only in terms of the poet himself, but also in view of the turbulent historical period. It therefore seems a great shame to somewhat drown this potential in pedantic details.

Helena

Until 24th April

Nearest tube: Piccadilly Circus
Tickets: half-price standby places for concessions available 1 hour before the performance

ONE WOMAN (part 2)

Battersea Arts Centre

This week is the second article about the *One Woman* festival of theatre and music. Again, I saw two shows and both were

very enjoyable. The first one, *Bondage*, described a night in the life of a London prostitute performed by Sarah Brignall. The play's script was very powerful; Liz talks about her clients as they stop along side her. One man in particular returns continually asking to do it "without a rubber". And every time she refuses although he offers her a lot of money. She then starts telling us about the different types of men she has business with; some are very violent, others have their particular perversions, most of them are old, for some it's their first experience. Liz gradually becomes more personal and shares deep feelings about her job and her sacrifices. She left her son with foster parents somewhere in the countryside and it's obviously really hurt her. The text and situations are very striking. The only thing that doesn't really fit in properly is the actress. Brignall doesn't have the right tone or manner at all. So the best way to enjoy this production is to ignore her performance and concentrate instead on what is being said and done.

The second performance of the night was *Greetings from Hollywood* played by Cyndi Freeman. Here on the



other hand, the actress is amazing. She does the most brilliant impersonations of all her friends as well as of some famous people, frequently making the audience laugh out loud. Her story begins with "when I first moved to LA", followed by the most crazy and hilarious anecdotes imaginable - the day that she decided she was going to act in a TV soft-porn movie for example. She goes through all the rehearsals, detailing how ugly and nasty her co-star is, how pretty and dumb the other girls are. She then proceeds to tell us about her Monday night group therapy - she is apparently a regular visitor to such sessions! She always realises too late that all they do is steal her money. I enjoyed this play tremendously thanks to Freeman who really comes across as a natural comedienne.

I can only urge you to go and see some of these *One Woman* shows at the BAC. They all have an interesting edge to them, often making them more exciting than any West End production.

D.

Until 22nd November

Nearest tube: Clapham Common
Tickets: concessions £5.50 (Tuesday 17th November "Pay what you can night")

NATIVE NATIONS: JOURNEYS IN AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY

Barbican Art Gallery

Prepare to be convinced - next weekend, you're going to a photography exhibition. But first, it's important to locate where this amazing event is happening. Have you ever heard of the Barbican Centre? Well, it's in that huge labyrinth of a building. The collection is described as the "Native Nations" of America. (Basically, pictures of Indians, more pictures of Indians and guess what? Even more Indians! Sounds boring, but it really isn't.

Why should you bother?

As I browsed through the different rooms, these pictures of people with feathers in their hair and funny clothes kind of appealed to me. Strange that, pictures having an effect on me. After all, I'm a typical male IC student interested in playing Quake, hoping to have a girlfriend before I reach 25 and dreaming of going out with Lara Croft! So why did these photos move me? I mean, they're not even high-tech, mainly black and white (even if the stereograph technique, resulting in primitive 3D images, was sometimes used), we're a long way from computerised photos. So WHY then? The whole idea of the exhibition is to show how the "white settlers" colonised the native Americans. The story starts in the 1880s and is told only by photographic means. It's therefore very visual, so the best way to see what I mean is to go there... However, if I have not yet managed to convince you, try to read the following paragraphs.

The Indians refused to be colonised and "move out of the train's way", but



were incapable of stopping it. The result was a systematic extermination of tribes either by moving them or just by fighting them. Peace treaties were signed but not respected. A sentence that really shocked me was "killing Indians is a pastime". Poor Indians, they were happy hunting and picking strawberries until the ugly "white settlers" arrived to bother them. I have to admit that I feel very strongly against these bad guys. Even worse, once defeated, the Indians were showed to the world as circus attractions, especially in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. They were not even considered as

humans but just as "objects of desire". Pictures of them on postcards (nothing to do with the ones you find in phone boxes though) and photo albums flourished everywhere. Nowadays, kids collect football stickers not Indian cards. Or am I completely in another world? The exhibition has original footage of the Buffalo Bill Show on TV and numerous postcards on display. This is where you start feeling sympathy for the natives, since they were unable to pick strawberries anymore!

Anyway, it was thought back then that Indians would soon be wiped off the face of the earth (a bit like dolphins these days) and therefore some people decided to keep evidence of their existence. This is what Edward S Curtis did; he basically spent 30 years of his life photographing Indians. This is where the exhibition gets really interesting. This guy knew how to take a very scenic picture; some of his portraits reminded me of Doisneau's work - outstanding! Often, it's the lighting that makes a picture - he obviously knew that. I also appreciated the medium he used: albumen prints. It gives an orange

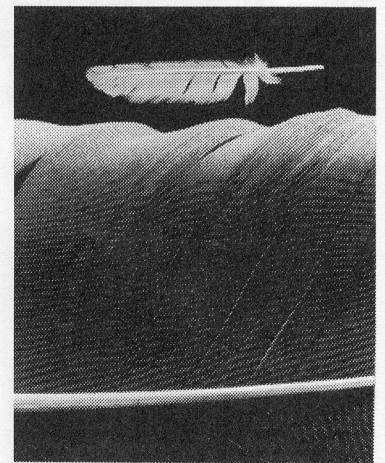
colour a bit like sepia toning. It's worth going just for the Curtis shots. Moreover, if you have never seen a stereograph or a photogravure before, maybe you should also consider a trip to the Barbican Art Centre.

In conclusion, this exhibition is almost moving. The pictures are of good quality, the subject is interesting and it gives you an idea of Indian history and what they've been through. From riding in the open plains to being in a circus. All you have to do is take the tube and then follow the yellow line. Feel free to send any feedback.

Froggy

Until 10th January

Nearest tube: Barbican/Moorgate
Admission: £6, concessions £4.50



MY LIFE IN ART Etcetera Theatre

The plot of this play follows the trials and tribulations (mainly the latter) of a small theatre company which is rehearsing for a stage adaptation of Byron's *Don Juan*. When I realised that the production followed the "play within a play" format, I have to admit I was very sceptical. I have always been of the opinion that productions of this type were overly clever and the parallels between the characters and the characters that they play were contrived and forced. As it happened, my thoughts turned out to be a load of pretentious kak and my scepticism was quashed within a few minutes of the beginning.

The story is farcical and enjoyable. The leading man begins to identify a little too closely with his character (Don Juan, the great and famous lover) for the leading actress' liking. She has her own ambitious ideas of seducing the director but, alas, his plans in the seduction line involve the leading man! A most enter-

taining love triangle - square even! (Although the fourth corner always remains hidden.)

The play throws many a different theme to the fore: young love, old love, gay love, love vs lust, staying with your partner only through the fear of being alone and our starry-eyed perception of those we love compared to the real "them". I suppose that the common ground on which all these subjects grow is the incompatibility of us all and the confusion, passion, misery and hilarity which often ensues.

Damn, I have just made this production appear heavy and a drag to watch - totally unjust. Let me throw in

some more suitable adjectives; sharp, witty, cutting, pacey, clever (very clever), slick, modern and oh so, so funny. Yep, all of these descriptions apply.



This is my favourite type of theatre - exploring its real and deep topics fully and intelligently. No glibness, no piety, no easy answers and still the complex plot was conveyed deftly and lightly. The play is not overly "arty" - like so many on the fringe, yet it is not without substance - like so many in the West End. A very entertaining balance that made me laugh.

There are no breathtaking emotional performances; the play does not require

them. The acting at times was hugely natural and at other times very Brechtian. The stylised sections fit in well and are just as funny, particularly the three-way phone calls. The use of the original poetry from *Don Juan* seemed to me, bearing in mind I had no knowledge of it before this play, to be well chosen and it was certainly moving.

The theatre is situated above a busy pub, *The Oxford Arms*. Camden is the coolest place to spend an evening, so it's well worth a fiver.

Ben

Until 29th November

Nearest tube: Camden Town
Performance times: daily 7.30pm except Mondays (Sundays from 6.30pm)
Tickets: concessions £5



Jim Acord, a self proclaimed "nuclear sculptor" poses in front of his lead reliquary and displays his distinctive neck tattoo (Inset)

Organising an exhibition on the university campus is a bit like bringing the mountain to Mohamed. This controversial collection of sculpture, film and photography was gathered by the Arts Catalyst, an agency dedicated to the promotion of innovative collaborations between artists and scientists, in association with the IC ARTLab. However, the three artists involved each approached the recurring technological, nuclear and spatial themes in contrasting ways.

james acord

Whilst carving sculpture from granite twelve years ago, he discovered that this particular rock was the most radioactive of all traditional media, containing a high proportion of uranium. Since then, he has been absorbed by the nuclear issue. Indeed, Acord is the only private individual in the world licensed to handle radioactive materials. Officially the "artist in residence" at Imperial, he's actually been working in a basement workshop of the Blackett labs.

His studio is situated in the Hanford Nuclear Reservation in Washington State. This site, which happens to be the most contaminated location in North America, is where the plutonium for the first atomic bomb was produced. His *Atomic Stonehenge* project serves as a warning against the toxicity of the nuclear industry, dismantling the idealism behind this "white heat of technology".

He applies the principles of physics to the world of art, "defined by symbolism and metaphors". By exploiting the nuclear process of transmutation between elemental substances, he aims to transform lethal radioactive waste into safe societal sculptures.

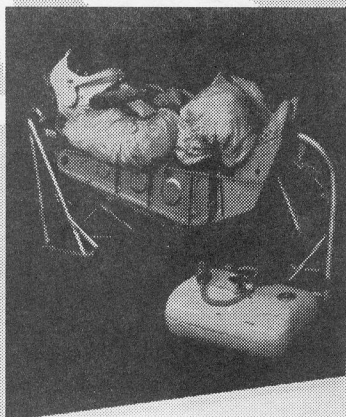
His nuclear reliquaries are exhibited in the Queen's Tower (a wonderful opportunity to take a peek inside this usually locked monument). Presented as gothic arches, the iconography is inspired by medieval, religious concepts. "Especially for individuals working within the

sector, the nuclear age represents a religion, with nuclear physics as its bible. They have appointed themselves as the priesthood of the atomic era."

carey young

A London based artist, her *Legacy Systems* series is a project reflecting the Space Race and the technological fervour during the Cold War. "Life is richer than anything I can invent, although sometimes I do set up the shot. In this sense, photography amounts to collecting fragments of the world." She captures the moment when the item in her viewfinder appears suddenly to morph into the unfamiliar and ambiguous, thus projecting feelings and phobia.

From a compositional point of view, she has a longstanding interest in the grid. "It's an aesthetic icon of the 20th



Carey Young stands beside her favourite picture *The Columbiad*. "Even though the spacesuit is empty, it still retains a certain human physicality."



An Image from the film *Glow Boys* by Mark Waller (Inset)

century, symbolising rationalism, faith in scientific progress and belief in purity." Her prints are mounted on aluminium, a space-age material that elegantly complements her subject.

Young spent time in Russia, which she describes as a country of extremes.

During her research, she was forced to confront "the grinding Soviet-hangover bureaucracy and mistrust of Westerners."

As for future projects, her recent travels have whetted her appetite. She wistfully concludes, "then there is always NASA beckoning..."

mark waller

Making a film is rather like a marathon - you have to pace yourself." His pride and relief at completing his latest project are self-explanatory: he spent two whole years immersed in his work on the video instal-

lation *Glow Boys* in the capacity of scriptwriter, director and co-producer. He does however admit to conducting the less intensive parts of his research in pubs, interviewing and mingling with the locals.

He uses the nuclear industry (where contractors work short shifts yet earn huge salaries) as a stepping stone to explore areas of high capitalism and the psychology of social extremes. The power station is associated with an invisible risk - the intangible, almost ghostly hazard of radioactivity.

The film opens with a blast of electronic music and a computer graphics sequence. The viewer is propelled through a void into an orifice and plunges into a grid before entering the detached nuclear world.

Parodying the superhero comic strips of the 1950s (Spiderman was bitten by a radioactive arachnid, the Incredible Hulk resulted from a laboratory accident), the workers eventually believe that they too have developed superhuman strengths through nuclear "abuse".

Although described as a science fiction hybrid, this surrealist film contains traces of dark humour. For instance, the title *Glow Boys* actually stems from a nickname given to nuclear workers. These welders are also called "spongers" because of the extensive radiation they are subjected to. An obscure couple hunting mutated animals (freaks apparently prized by collectors) in the nature reserve surrounding the nuclear plant typifies the absurdity of the piece. "This film is for people who are prepared to look away from the direct line of thinking, who on a journey are attentive to the details that occur between the departure and arrival."

Helena

Photo credits during the opening: Alike

Until 26th November

Atomic is showing at the Sheffield Building Gallery and the Queen's Tower.

Opening hours: daily 10am - 6pm (except Mondays)



Sailing

Having proved that we were the best of the rest by winning the silver fleet trophy at the six-pack the weekend before, it was time to go and play with the big boys (and girls) at the Student National Sailing championships in Plymouth. With the Met Office bringing out the special top-draw big red arrows for the weekend's weather forecast, nerves were frayed on the way down. Despite Late-boy pulling both of his usual tricks, and Verge-girl causing traffic chaos, we managed to get to our Plymouth digs in plenty of time to get locked in the bar. Nice.

Saturday dawned far too soon, but nice and breezy. With a force 4-5 coming in across the bay and the forecast being for force 8 gusting 9 later in the day our hosts decided to sail only one fleet at a time, a good move considering the carnage that resulted from this sort of weather last year. The Lark fleet was out last, giving us plenty of time to sort boats and drink tea. Finally we were off in the early afternoon with Tony muttering 'I'm not going home in a Plymouth Ambulance'. Andy+Tony secured themselves a good start position only to be foiled by fickle fate as a mechanical failure put them out before the gun went. Chris*2 and Alex+Simon took up the challenge and stormed round virtually neck and neck, until the kites went up and Chris*2 went swimming. Alex+Simon decided to stay dry and stormed round the course to finish a superb second, demonstrating to the rest of the fleet behind them who didn't have the balls to get the kite up how it should be done.

Sunday started sunny with the forecast gales being replaced by a light breeze. Tony was left high and dry for the first race, as Andy couldn't be bothered to get out of Nicky's bed - and to be frank who can blame him? Simon+Alex mixed it up at the top of the fleet again to prove that Saturday's result was no fluke and Tim+Bean got a top twenty finish that was cheekier than most people realised. Race two and Andy+Tony finally manage to storm over the start line and lead for part of the first leg. The fleet catch-up during the beat, but Andy+Tony hold it together down the run as Tim+Bean stomp over the fleet and Simon+Alex stealth their way through to another good result. With two boats finishing in the top ten IC went into the final race with plenty to play for. The heavily port biased start line for the final race, coupled with the outgoing tide meant that most of the fleet was over the line when the gun went. Following the general recall IC mixed it at the top again, with Andy+Tony doing well until they got trounced up the second beat, Bean+Tim wishing they had a thermos of tea with them and Simon+Alex consolidating their position near the top. Top ten finishes from Bean+Tim plus Simon+Alex rounded off the days sailing nicely. Congratulations to Simon+Alex who finished fourth overall in a fleet containing many world class sailors and were the top University owned boat, with only the spangly privateers boats ahead of them. Chris*2, Andy+Tony and Tim+Bean all put in consistently good results demonstrating the depth of strength in the IC Sailing Team.

Ultimate Frisbee

No score given (IC lost)

On Sunday 8th the IC Ultimate Club played its first ever game. For those of you who are not already familiar with this excellent sport, here is a quick explanation: Like American Football crossed with Netball, played with a plate-like plastic disc most people would call a Frisbee. Really you just chuck a Frisbee around and do a lot of running.

We were playing away to the Southampton Skunks, and the coach was leaving at 10:00am. Jon said 10:00, I didn't know. At 8:00 my alarm went, so I got up to turn it off and sat and played Tekken for a while. Jon emerged from his room, and we slowly got ready. Ket was up too, 'cos he had a snooker match in Southampton, it was a rare sight. At 8:41 Ket suggested I checked the departure time, so I called Tom on his mobile. "Alright" says me, "Elo" say Tom. I check the meeting time, "8:30, coach leaves at 9" says Tom, then "Where are ya?".

Jon and I ran to the station, bought tube tickets at 8:48, no train on the platform. Shit. A short taxi ride later and we were at the Victoria coach thing, sitting in a coach with 15 other Frisbee chaps.

Two and a half hours later (or maybe three, I dunno) we arrived in Southampton. First stop was Burger King, where we fuelled up on burgers and shite food like that (well, some of us did). Then it was off to the Common for a bit of practise before 'The Game'. The Common wasn't such a definitive meet. We wandered round it or an hour or so 'till we found a couple of young people in stripy black and white tops throwing a disc around. "Elo, I'm Tom", "Alright, I'm Marv!". Greeting over, we started limbering up.

Cos we had enough people - 18 in all after Al had arrived (he lives down there and was home for the weekend) - we split in to 2 teams of even skill, and the Skunks did the same. Most of our members are relative beginners, so we were relieved to hear that they had loads of new guys too. We were gonna play up to 12 with half time when one team got to 6. They had two pitches marked out,

so we got on with it, and had a laugh. We scored some points (good!) and so did they (not so good), and in the end they just managed to beat both our teams (but only by 1 and 2 points). Then it was time for standing round in a circle and having both captains say a few words (some ritual type thing, or so they said). Since we didn't have a captain (as such) I thanked them for the games etc. "To the pub!" they cried, and off we went. An hour or so later we had to get going, cos the coach was returning, and then we were heading back. On the way back the main topic of conversation (apart from how goddamn good we were) was what the team name should be. There were reservations about a preliminary name, which had been chosen, so we wrote a few new ones down, and laughed at Jon's pathetic attempts (they were BAD!).

Tom

Fellwanderers

Seventeen Fellwanderers set off for the Brecon Beacons on Friday evening, undeterred by a dodgy van. The gearbox was back-to-front, the handbrake was on the right and it had all the acceleration of an elderly hippopotamus on tranquilisers. The police were patrolling Prince Consort Road in preparation for the Remembrance Day festival, so we parked the van outside the Union hoping they would tow it away. But sadly they ignored us, obviously on the assumption that anyone choosing to drive such a vehicle must be too stupid to pose a threat to national security. So we had to drive the bloody thing all the way to South Wales. We made it in the end, and there was just time for a cup of tea before bed.

There was no messing around on Saturday. Everyone was up bright and early, with much enthusiasm for a monster hike up Pen y Fan and on to Fan y Big (the name alone was enough incentive for some of our more easily pleased members). So we breakfasted quickly and were soon on our way up the flank of Pen y Fan. Morale remained high despite steep climbs, howling gales and relentless Fan y Big jokes, and we were soon up high, admiring the impressive

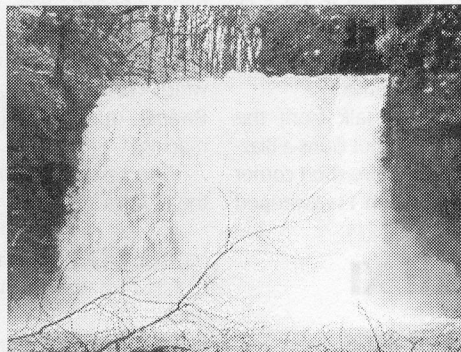
sweep of the Beacons and the surrounding panorama.

After lunch it was back down, out of the wind, for an epic stomp back to the hostel along winding country lanes. Darkness fell, but a combination of flawless mapreading and Rob's incandescent new hairdo ensured that no-one got lost. Our 21 miles were rewarded with a huge chilli, our culinary expertise never in doubt. This was duly washed down at the local pub.

After the previous day's exertions, a more moderate walk was called for, particularly by our feet: we settled for a mere 10-mile stroll. This was at a lower level, but took in a wide variety

of scenery. In the morning we followed the path through the woods and behind the roaring Sgwd yr Elra waterfall (see picture) where Tim won the wet T-shirt competition hands down. This was followed by an afternoon excursion into the Porth yr Ogof cave (which turned out to be a very short excursion because there was a huge river flowing through it) and a squelch through a large bog to get back to the van.

This was a trip for any walker to be proud of. It had everything: mountains, forests, waterfalls caves, bogs and even



SCOREBOARD

FOOTBALL

Wednesday 4th November
ICU IV 3 - 0 UCL IV (BUSA)

Saturday 7th November
ULU League Division III
ICU IV 1 - 1 St. Georges IV

Wednesday 11th November
ICU IV 3 - 2 Goldsmiths IV (BUSA)

WOMEN'S FOOTBALL

Wednesday 21st October
ICUW AFC 3 - 1 Royal Free (BUSA)

Sunday 9th November
ICUW AFC 3 - 2 St. Georges (League)

Sunday 11th November
ICUW AFC 0 - 9 Royal Holloway (League)
They beat us well and truly.

RUGBY

ICU 3rd XV 36 - 0 QMW



Hockey

1st XI

IC 2 - 0 LSE

Having got the wrong bus and arriving 30 minutes late, we knew LSE would be one of those annoying public boy squads. We dominated the initial moments, winning short corner after short corner.

After setting up camp in LSE's D, cross after cross was fired with little joy. This pattern of play continued leaving the game scoreless at half time.

After an inspired talk from the injured Mr. T, we came out Guns-a-Blazing. Our second successive short corner led to the first goal when 11+ swept

it across the goal with Spag Bol finishing nonchalantly. The previous pattern of play continued but LSE started being more dangerous as IC tired and became more and more frustrated with the score line. IC were obviously better but we first couldn't score to make the game more secure.

Then LSE had a dangerous attack with Red Helmet saving well, followed quickly by the second goal that IC so badly needed. Pink Gash sent Blue Underpants sent on a run down the wing by Pink Gash, put in a great cross, which was finished superbly by Jambo Bwana, our newly discovered goal machine!

The result, was undisputed 2-0 to the IC boys.

2nd XI

IC 3 - 0 Barts

This game was a classic - majestic skill, pinpoint passing and enough creativity to make Gazza cry. Or get drunk.

Carlos, the one named wonder, finally made his mark on a game. His first

hat-trick for IC almost made up for the fact that he was wearing a poncy bandana.

Barts' defence seemed to have been training with Liverpool FC and only IC's generous finishing kept the score down. Mentions go to Captain Chunder for some amazing misses and Fluke for squaring up to a fight. Come on you wee dancers!

Fencing

ICMFC 17 - 10 UCL
ICWFC 9 - 9 UCL

The mens fencing team arrived at Southside almost complete: mens foil - Dave "Taff" Davidge, Henry "Jock" McMorton, Eddie "Crazy Legs" Rysdale; mens sabre - Mo "Mr Animal" Mansooni, Dave "Cap'n Phil" Hughes and Henry again; mens épée - Robert "Big Pappa" Numberg, Nigel "Even Older Geezer" Davies and Eddie.

Foil first and our men's team started out well with all our fencers winning their first fights with ease (except for Eddie who was a bit shit today (or as he said "utter wank"). He blamed it on fancying the UCL women's team captain, we realised he was lying - she was too ugly even for Ed). Our other slight disappointment was Henry losing our last foil fight - I suppose he can be allowed to be a little cocky. Foil score: IC 6 - 3 UCL.

Sabre next and with the men's team lacking the expertise of Thorsten "Never Here" Meyer (again!) we weren't expecting to do well. But with an amazingly good set of wins by Dave (all fights) and an OK performance by Henry (for a foilist), but a bit crap from Mo, having lost a fight as the resident sabre-wielder - being the only one that turns up. Unfor-

tunately Mo couldn't use the same excuse as Ed as he has better taste - he admitted he was crap. Sabre score: IC 6 - 3 UCL.

Épée followed and with such a lead the team relaxed and Rob won all his fights, Nige won two of his (good for his first match of the season) and Eddie lost all his fights - at least he won one foil fight! Épée score: IC 5 - 4 UCL.

Overall very good - signs are good for another BUSA team win.

Women's team: Foil: Katherine "Jailbait" Sissons, Candy "Sweetshop" Tang, Leucha "Arising" Venger; Épée: Vivienne "Barbie" Ting, Katherine and Leucha.

Due to a strong UCL women's foil team the birds didn't do too well. Only Katherine managed to win her fights. Foil score: IC 3 - 6 UCL.

The épée went a lot better as our women dominated it. All of the team lost one fight each that meant scoring went on hits during fights. Unfortunately the slightly poor performance in the foil meant our women's team did not win as we received 8 hits more. It was a very good épée performance by the women. The only bad thing is that the UCL women were offended when we suggested they were cheating by getting their men's captain to give them tips between points in a fight.

Football

4th XI

IC 3 - 2 Goldsmiths

After a disappointing draw against St Georges on Saturday from a last minute equaliser, the "notorious motley crew" were expecting a better outcome from today's game against a team a couple of divisions below us.

Missing a key player (deep heat) following his "detainment" last night we were clearly all suffering from our visit to Hombres. Wishart hadn't slept and Ricki was so rough he had to be substituted after 20 minutes for Chris. Too many shandy's eh!

The game was a little unsettled at the start, with Taylor quoted as saying "I don't know which ball we're playing with as I can see double." John D notched up his second of the season with a clinical free kick, but then Goldies took advantage of our dazed state scoring two goals in quick succession.

At half time heads were low, but a stern "kick up the arse" team talk by the captain Elliot, who dominated the game in the air, led to a "Gary Lineker" goal from Gurm (the teams top scorer). After this the mighty fourths played like the team they actually are, commanding the game until the third goal finally came, and what a goal it was. Aidan picked up the balls about 35 yards out, dribbled through their defence like a wizard and finished with a superb strike.

The fourths really had to dig deep today and although the fire in our bellies was only ignited at half time, how it burned. All together now.....From the pubs of South Kensington.....

Women's Football

IC 3 - 1 Royal Free

Despite not being accustomed to playing on pitches wider than they are long and on a 30 degree incline, IC settled into the game well and Ginger put us a goal up before long. Jazz scored after a goal mouth scramble resulting from a Hacker cross. It was all too clear who the better team were. Hedge, Froud and Wannabe Yank had little to do in defence until Free put a Wimbleton style ball through to pull one back. Elhosh put one in after skipping past the butch Free defenders to make it 3-1. And that's how it stayed.

IC 3 - 2 St Georges

A daunting task faced us with SG having a full team and subs but after a prep talk from Hacker and the decision to play without a midfield, we were assured that the midgets couldn't dent us if they tried. And we were right. Boris put IC a goal up within 10 minutes, but SG caught us off-guard and stuck one in past Melody (despite the attempts by Baldrich to hack their players down) to level the score and it remained 1-1 at half-time. Some nice passing between Hacker and Chesire Cat resulted in Boris's second goal of the game, which tricked over the line just past the SG keepers reach. SG equalised again and just when we thought it was all over some superb individual skill from Boris in the last 5 minutes made the score 3-2 to IC and a well deserved win!

Marie 'Hacker' Nicholaou

Volleyball

IC Ladies' 11 - 15 UCL

This might have been a defeat but we are not at all discouraged by it! The ladies' volleyball team lost against UCL last Wednesday 4th November in what was an exciting and enjoyable match. The first set started out well but then silly mistakes and careless serving made us lose the advantage we got during the first few minutes and ended 9-15.

Set 2 saw a great revival and we played with enthusiasm and determination winning the set by 15-13. Finally, we lost morale and our opponents took advantage of our increasing carelessness. Towards the end though we were slowly gathering up strength again... but then it was too late. We look forward to playing good matches like this in the near future... hopefully we will change the score to our favour!

Women's rugby

IC Virgins 37 - Kings 10
WE WON!! (1st win in 2 years!)

Despite this handicap of having only 12 players, we were 12-0 up after 5 minutes, due to a try from big Claire and a converted try from little Clare. KCL couldn't cope with the sheer power of our forwards and quickly changed to uncontested scrums. Two more tries followed by little Clare and Cecile and we went into half time 22-5.

The second half went just as well, with Wendy weaving past 5 players for her first try in 3 years, and another try each for Cecile and little Clare. The only disappointment being a lack of concentration which let them in for an easy try. Well done to everyone concerned, especially the outnumbered backs.

PS - boys watch out for the perv and the flasher.

ICU Rugby

SPONSORED BY *UniLever*

2nd XV

IC 67 - 0 QMW

Across the windswept plains of Harlington, the IC Warriors strode. Sinews strained, muscles taut. After the battle horn sounded for kick-off, Ally "Bully" Jeffrey chipped a sweet ball up for Dunc "The Spunk" Rainey to notch up his first. 8 minutes into the conflict UUUgood sidestepped through to score. After 15 minutes "Flying" Flo, having sprinted from the halfway line planted a momentous try between the posts. Moments later the Spunk struck again with a beautiful, sidestepping and handing off at least 9 people to put his second past the Queen's defence. With 22 minutes on the clock a gorgeous back-line move saw Simon blast his way through to touch his first down. Flo's blistering acceleration baffled the opposition leaving the way clear for a score under the posts. On the stroke of halftime Simon G. bosched through the opposition defence with a war-cry to hammer home his second making the score at the break 45-0.

The second half started off slowly, with a try by Spunk disallowed. After 55 minutes the tide swung our way again, with "Jolly" Olly Conga tearing through the Queen's defence, sending IC's moral soaring. Seconds later No 8 Duncan Brett skipped over the line to dishearten the opposition further.

The opposition were caught napping when the Spunk attempted an acrobatic dive, but was sent sprawling, knocking the ball on, thus failing miserably to score an easy try. With full-time rapidly approaching, Joe the No 5 smashed through to score. Final play saw Rich the flanker pace over the line after a fantastic forwards move. In the harsh conditions Bully's pukka boot rung true, converting 6 tries.

1st XV

IC 64 - 0 QMW

A total thrashing of the ponces from Epping Forest, Dave "God" got twat of the day award for having two left hands and a mother who comes from Delhi. Daa "Pharoah" Higazi got Man of the Match for dancing with Lloyd's sister - the difference today is he scored. Dave "Annabel" Hogg led by example and was crap. He will be substituted by Virgins' fly-half Clare "Cockayne" next week. The pack were rampant and the backs penetrating and also showed superb rear-guard action, especially Chris "Dickinson" who missed all his kicks but munched the poncy wingers. (Errmm...Can whoever was previously writing the 1st XV results please come back - the above was the best I could extract from their match "report" - Gus).

ICSM Rugby

IMPERIAL MEDICALS GO TOP!

ICSM 32 - 17 Brunel

This Wednesday Imperial Medicals went top of the BUSA rugby premiership with a convincing win over University College Brunel, the winners of the competition three years ago. The match, played at Teddington, where IMRFC remain unbeaten for 18 months, is guaranteed to send shockwaves through student rugby in this country, as Brunel were unbeaten up until this point.

The match started well with a try for the Medics by James Platt, the student international left wing, which was converted right from the touchline by Oliver Kayes. Brunel only managed a penalty in reply before half time, where they made three changes.

However, after half time Brunel scored a converted try to take the lead 10-7, putting immense pressure on the Medics. Roused on by excellent support, the pack quickly re-established its authority on the game and two tries, one by the number eight Simon Neequaye, and the other by the blindside flanker Mark Grant, following a complicated back row move, plus another Kayes penalty saw the lead stretched to 22-10. At this point the Brunel team started to resort to stamping and kicking as they saw the game ebb away. The best response to this tactic was two more tries, one by Fielding, and a well deserved try for Kayes, which saw the game dead and buried.

Brunel scored a converted try with the last play of the match, but nothing could wipe away the smile on the Imperial Medicals faces as the final whistle blew, knowing that they had gone top. Both teams will now know that there is no team that cannot be beaten on the way to the very top of this championship.

Astonishing Comeback!

ICSM 2nd XV 22 - 20 Brunel

A more closely fought match than the firsts, saw IMRFC 2nd XV beat Brunel after coming back from 0-20 down, an astonishing comeback. The win included two tries by the second team hooker Justin Hughes, reminding the selectors of his presence and a great all round performance by the young Imperial Medic Fresher Rob Jeff at open-side flanker. The team captain, Mr William Tuff commented "All the boys were brilliant today but we couldn't have won it without Rob, he had a blinder!"

The team in total contained four freshers, one of whom was taken to hospital after dislocating his shoulder, something that only acted as a further spur to his team mates, who held on at the death under immense pressure to make this one of the most successful days in this young clubs history.

Oliver Warren

Diversions

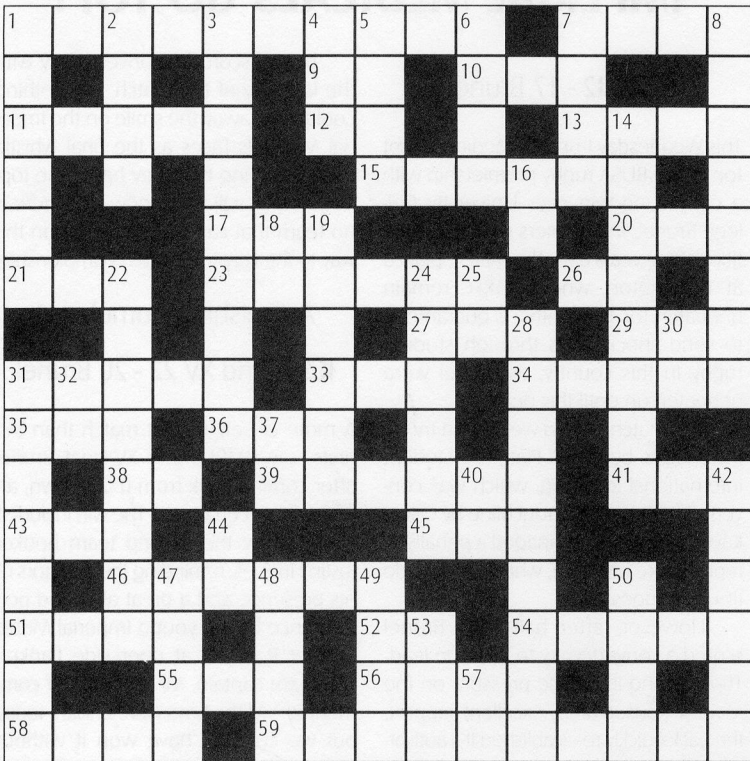
Around IC

Mon 16	Tues 17	Wed 18	Thurs 19	Fri 20	Sat 21	Sun 22
ConSoc - Oliver Letwin MP, Huxley 213 1pm	LabSoc - Ben Bradshaw, Pippard Lecture Theatre 1pm	Careers Fair, Union Dining Hall 10am-4pm	Cocktail Night - DaVinci's Bar 5-11pm	Abandon - dB's 8-10pm	Tha Bomb - dB's 8pm-12am	Standing Room Only - DaVinci's Bar 4pm
CAG Tools for Self Reliance - Basement of Beit Quad 6pm	Quiz Night - DaVinci's Bar 8pm	ConSoc - Cheryl Gillan MP 1pm	ICU COUNCIL 6pm	Common People - ICU 9pm-2am		
Standing Room Only - DaVinci's Bar 7pm	CAG Soup Run - Basement, Weeks Hall 8pm	Club XS - ICU 9pm-1am	CAG Soup Run - Basement, Weeks Hall 8pm			
	Caving Club Meeting - Southside Lounge 9pm		CLAYPONDS CINEMA TRIP TO EALING BROADWAY - contact ian.doyle@ic.ac.uk			



CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

by Moist Turret



Answers to 1125

Across: 1. Elliptic 5. Batman 9. Anastasia 11. Racer 12. Steak Tartare 15. Hail 16. Aggressive 18. Magic Wands 19. Bail 21. Occult Ritual 24. Inane 25. Pitch Fork 26. Gutsy 27. Assassins

Down: 1. Roam 2. Tear 3. Rotate 4. Nostalgia Trip 6. Air Brush 7. Mechanical 8. Nerve Cells 10. Altered States 13. Shampooing 14. Siegecraft 17. Scullery 20. Raphia 22. Gobi 23. Skis

Across

- 1 Rank of occupier after French leave (10)
- 7 Ta-da! Explosion yields information (4)
- 9 Fourth Roman in glass, initially (1,1)
- 10 I'm past consuming sour teal (3)
- 11 Tarzanian Westwood proclamation; skirmish (5)
- 12 Chinaman's eleven (1,1)
- 13 One female, useful to a Bedhouin to keep his hat on (4)
- 15 A soiled rag in the backstreet did wonders for my sex life (6)
- 17 Posters held up without a distressed cat (3)
- 20 Hick unlikely to get one (3)
- 21 Wailing, stumpy, son of a bitch (3)
- 23 Los Angeles Police Department go back after shitzu (6)
- 26 Dead Princess' backward primal urges (2)
- 27 Queen backs around ring of spawn (3)
- 29 How long does a letter take to get to Athens? (3)
- 31 Perfunctory drinking salutation to Republican Special Investigator (5)
- 33 Chemical firm here in France (3)
- 34 Elementary removal of a Xena tagging on (5)
- 35 Tease from alternate key (3)
- 36 Girl seems to lag behind (3)
- 38 Hark! 'Tis not on hi' (2)
- 39 Hermit follows five score to the genetics lab (6)
- 41 Delhi statesman in a broken jar (3)
- 43 Pretentious? (3)
- 45 Praise the Lord! A pizza restaurant! (3)
- 46 Short haired lady has a booty in a thousand (6)
- 51 Layer of wedding cake spelt almost rite (4)
- 52 Stunted stomach muscle in a bind (2)
- 54 Perfect excuse will make sure I bail eventually (5)
- 55 Lotion for leg injury (3)
- 56 Ripping fart keeps one dry (4)
- 58 Carnage awaits in newcomer's layout (4)
- 59 Scrambled, a mail remit is largely irrelevant (10)

Down

- 1 Mel's on shredded fruit (6)
- 2 Back and forth, she is French (4)
- 3 Shaken Trimble gun deal excludes you (9)
- 4 Nothing begins with N before nine (3)
- 5 Venables not be found in Israeli financial centre (4)
- 6 Thank you, my fellow Scouser (2,2)
- 7 The opening of a letter makes a poor read (4)
- 8 Dead civilian gets tan at LAN party (8)
- 14 See 19 Down
- 16 Originally, Gandalf incited an American soldier (1,1)
- 18 Al is back in angelic territory (1,1)
- 19 & 14 Bigger me! You've finally reached high ground with your lawnmower! (6 & 8)
- 22 Crafting a cake from American diet notation on an artificial surface (8)
- 24 No tire change East of India (6)
- 25 Move purposefully in a raging orgy (2)
- 28 Broken crate; exit from tricky situation (9)
- 30 Initial London publication preceding infinitive (2)
- 31 ET's remit eaten by insects (8)
- 32 It's fine to reverse a quick knockout (1,1)
- 39 First letters currently lacking direction (1,1)
- 40 Weightless egg, for example (1,1)
- 42 By Jupiter! Aren't we in a good mood? (6)
- 44 At first, the Test Match was copyright protected (1,1)
- 47 Sexual adventure leads to gory splatter (4)
- 48 Exotic failure to make bail (4)
- 49 Teeside village attached to y'hand (4)
- 50 Feathered fruit? A world away! (4)
- 53 Noise made by Heeps? (3)
- 57 At the ends of flight, you're in the pink (1,1)

Win tickets to a top Premiership match



Carling, sponsors of the FA Premiership, are offering you the chance to win a free trip to a top match at our nearest top-flight ground - which my GCSE Geography suggests would mean the chance to see Chelsea in action for the expenditure of exactly nought pounds, nought pence. Pretty impressive, I think you'll agree.

This competition is only a small part of a massive give-away that those oh-so-generous people over at Carling are running at student bars across the country. Buy yourself a pint of Carling betwixt now and November 26 and you'll receive a scratchcard. Correctly answer the hideously easy question, and you're in with a chance of winning a trip for two to a Series A

game in Italy, copies of Premier League Manager 98, six months subscription to Match of the Day magazine or one of hundreds of instant prizes.

To enter the competition simply answer the following question:

How many seasons (including the current one) has the FA Carling Premiership League been running?

Once you've thumbed through the *Grandstand Book of Sport* or whatever reference bible happens to be lying around your flat/house/caravan, simply scribble down your answer, along with your name and department, on a postcard, and drop it into the *Felix* office by noon on Wednesday 18 November.

