

SP

23
November
1998

FELIX

KEEP THE CAT FREE EST. 1949

Issue
1127

The Students' Newspaper at Imperial College

College Beit Back

By David Roberts

Despite promises of additional space when Beit Quad is renovated which span at least the last two years, the Union discovered last week that its net gains from the development could be virtually zero.

At a meeting held on 12 November, College's latest design proposals were unveiled by the architects behind the project. Under these plans, the Union will gain the basements in the west wing of the Quad, but it will lose several areas on its East and West staircases - including the Dramsoc workshop, bar manager's flat and dressing rooms - and all of the space currently occupied in the South basement - primarily the ICSF library.

Although the West Wing basements could in theory provide homes for all these needs, they are already earmarked for, amongst others, Felix and IC Radio - who both stand to become homeless in

the next few years. Furthermore, work on the Quad redevelopment will start at the beginning of next July, and the Union will only be allowed to *start* work on renovating the basements a year later. Clearly, space is going to come at a very high premium next year - indeed as it stands Felix could find itself relocated to Portacabins come next Summer.

All this, however, comes in the wake of a promise to dramatically *increase* Union space. In a report dated July 1996, the Rector's Committee on Social & Recreational Space recommended that "When Biology move from Beit to BMS, the IC Union should occupy the basements of the East and West sides of the Beit Quadrangle" (the Union had already been promised some of the South base-

ments). This recommendation came in the wake of figures compiled by College which showed that social space at South Ken represents approximately half that recommended by the funding council. Yet, in their own words, "for the College to have good social and recreational facilities is likely to be a factor in attracting good applicants." Clearly, adequate Union provision makes commercial sense.

As a result of this assurance, the Union has planned for two years to utilise this new space - indeed the forthcoming relocation of Union media to the West Wing allowed this Summer's dB's expansion to take place.

Nonetheless, the group steering the project remain adamant that in order for

the business plan to "work" the Union cannot have any more space. Instead, their plans include space for a grand total of 363 beds - of which, somewhat suspiciously, only 309 will be occupied by students. Of the 263 rooms, 102 will be en-suite singles, and there is also projected space for couples and perhaps even children.

This will produce what the design report describes as "a mix of accommodation favourable for conference/holiday letting purposes." Indeed this drive for top class conference facilities (the driving force behind many recent building projects) looks like producing what has been described as "luxury accommodation" - which raises the question: How much are students going to be asked to pay?

Marching for More Money

By Ed Sexton

A Socialist Worker demonstration against tuition fees was held in London last Wednesday. The protesters, mostly students, marched from the University of London Union to Hyde Park causing many of the West End's central routes to be closed for the afternoon.

Several thousand protesters left ULU at around 1pm in good spirits, braving the cold November air and the threat of rain. Universities from around the UK were represented, as well as members of Socialist Worker and other followers of the socialist movement. The march proceeded slowly, shouting various slogans through London, including "Fight! Fight! Fight! Tuition fees are shite!", "They say cut back - we say fight back!" and "What do we want? Free education! When do we want it? Now!" The demonstrators sat down in the street on several occasions, even starting a rendition of 'Sit Down' in Welbeck Street. Shopkeepers and the business community came out of their offices, curious as to what was going on, with one suit-clad bystander commenting "all this for bloody students." In Orchard Street, a centre for London's commercial sector, the chants



The demonstration

became more political; "Tuition fees - no way! Tax the rich, make them pay!" As the march continued down Oxford Street, approaching Speaker's Corner, Christmas shoppers were treated to repeated cries of "Up yours' Tony!" and "You can stuff tuition fees up your arse".

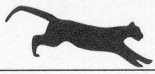
In the Park the crowd was addressed by the organisers and then by Tony Benn MP, who gave his support to the campaign for free education. "The right to education is a basic human right" he argued, before criticising current gov-

ernment policy on education and the welfare state. "How long will it be before you have to have a loan to go to school?" he asked. Attacking the National Union of Students' lack of action on the matter, he jibed that the campaign would be helped "if you can convert the NUS to fight for students." He urged students to join with other groups fighting cutbacks in the welfare state, such as widowed pensioners and disabled persons, ending with an optimistic shout of "We're going to win this campaign!"

Photos: David Roberts

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Rifle Range Draws a Blank in Sports Centre Development

By Ed Sexton

The college's plans for the further development of the sports centre have caused concern recently, as it appears that they may leave the Rifle and Pistol Club without a practice range. The weights gym in Southside, currently used by the Weights Club, is also set to go in favour of a new area within the sports centre. Originally a new sports centre was to be built on what is currently Prince's Gardens tennis courts. The plans, however, are to extend the current sports centre with the addition of a new floor. The proposals include a large sports hall, which will benefit the majority of indoor clubs, as well as a possible fitness studio and weights gym. However the plans appear not to include a rifle range.

The current range utilised by the Rifle and Pistol Club is in the sports centre near the swimming pool, but this is set to be transformed into another facility, possibly further changing rooms. This could lead to problems for the club; Charlie Joynt, Athletics Clubs Committee

Chair and former Deputy President (Clubs & Societies), commented that the removal of the range would "almost certainly lead to a fall off in membership and a loss of interest". He did admit that the archery section of the club may be able to use the new hall, while most ACC clubs would benefit from the proposals.

Meanwhile the planned removal of Southside's weights gym leaves the possibility of the Weights Club having to pay to use the sports centre's facilities. Ben Maddison, President of the Weights Club, stated that he had been informed that the club would be able to block book any times during the week for club use, fearing for his club's future he stated "The upshot of all this is that we will no longer be a weights club but just a figurehead". He commented, however, that the club's expansive membership (over 300 members) made it difficult to restrict use to particular times of the week: "The system we have now is able to cater for all our members but if we moved then there would be serious problems."

Summer Ball '99

By Sunil Rao

Following the grand success of the last Imperial College Summer Ball, a far more spectacular event is being planned for next summer. With the huge influx of medical students, the ball promises to be bigger and better than before.

Last year, over 1300 tickets were sold with nearly 400 people on a waiting list. For this year's bash, plans are afoot to book the main hall of Alexandra Palace - with a capacity of over 5000. The ball presents students with a unique opportunity to herald the coming of the summer - especially for the final years who have finished their courses. Last year's guest speaker, children's TV host Johnny Ball, was quoted as saying that he liked it so much he plans to bring his daughter, Radio 1 DJ Zöe Ball, along next time. Rumours are also circulating that the Union are looking to book Michael Palin as after-dinner speaker for the event. (We've also heard rumours that "Essex Girl" aka "Basildon Babe" Denise van Outen is going to turn up as well.) Of course, nothing has been confirmed yet.

Along with a live band, the organisers are hoping to arrange a full funfair as well. Amir Hasan, spokesman for the event, says: "The Summer Ball is a great end-of-year event. Everyone's finished their exams and is looking forward to starting the summer. It's a great opportunity to get dressed up smartly and head down to an amazing venue with the whole college with good food and great ents."

An arts aspect is to be introduced to the show through the world of fashion and design. The organisers are hoping to give the ball more of a grand appeal - to make a more glamorous and exciting event. The current plan is to hold the event on a Saturday to avoid traffic problems and allow adequate preparation time. The organisers are determined not to repeat the problems of last year with buses - London Underground has quoted prices on hiring entire tube trains for after the event.

The Summer Ball Committee consists of a group of eight committed and enthusiastic individuals looking after everything from corporate and product sponsorship to the entertainments. Any-

In brief...

Careers Galore

Around fifty companies were present at the Careers Fair, held in the Union and Beit Quad last Wednesday. This year's fair was generally more successful than previous years, with the addition of a marquee in the Quad allowing more space for students to see what was on offer. The event was well attended, with several thousand students taking the opportunity to gain information about employment in finance, IT and industry. Companies and student alike seemed satisfied with the event.

Consoc Visit

Last Wednesday Cheryl Gillan voiced her concerns over Nuclear Power safety in Russia and the Millennium bug issues, particularly as she visited power stations in her capacities at the DTI. Leaving Europe aside, the possible abolition of hereditary peers, Mayor of London and Proportional Representation issues were all raised. Gillan was more open about her life in politics than previous speakers, and in addition a little less reserved, resulting in a more informal occasion. She gave the impression that politics can be fun, and wants to encourage more women to enter politics, although at this meeting the fairer sex weren't represented.

Ents News

Who's a bad muthar? That'll be that bloke Shaft again....and he's taking his disco inferno to the sporting masses this week for a very special midweek one-off on Wednesday the 25th, featuring Lovetrain. There'll be prizes for the grooviest dressed sports club, and the funkiest individuals. Best of all it's still free.

For those of you that are wondering about the words "Lion, Witch, Wardrobe" on advertising I'd suggest a trip to the bookshop and looking under C.S. Lewis. If we added the words bands, casino, temporary tattooist, 8 colour laser, snowboard machine, snow, and flying sleighs would that help? The Narnia themed Christmas Carnival is on December 18th, tickets are £6, available from the Union now, at Charing Cross Campus on Dec. 1st, and Gladys' at St. Mary's on a date



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Editor: Ed Sexton

News Editors: Andy Ofori & Jonas Lindsay

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Film Editor: David Roberts

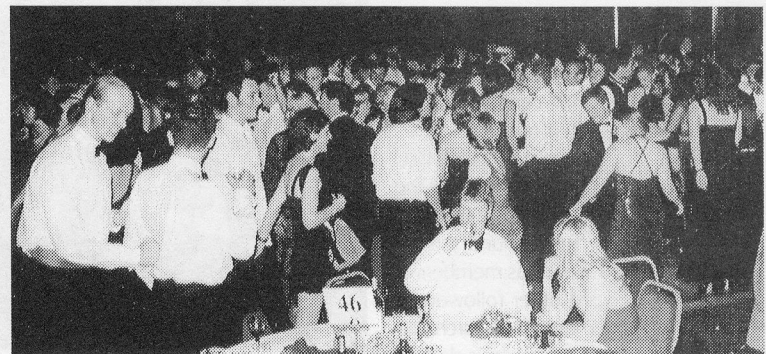
Sports Editor: Gus Paul

Arts Editor: Helena Cochemé

Games Editor: Gary Smith

Clubscene: Giles Morrison

Photo Editing: Joel Lewis



one who has input to offer is invited to get in touch with the Committee at summerball@ic.ac.uk. The organisers would also appreciate comments from those of you who attended last year's event.

"The Summer Ball is a ball for every-

one here at Imperial - from every nationality, from every department, from every campus. It's going to be large - a blinder - and make sure that you're a part of it. We want you all to have a really good time, and believe me, you will!"



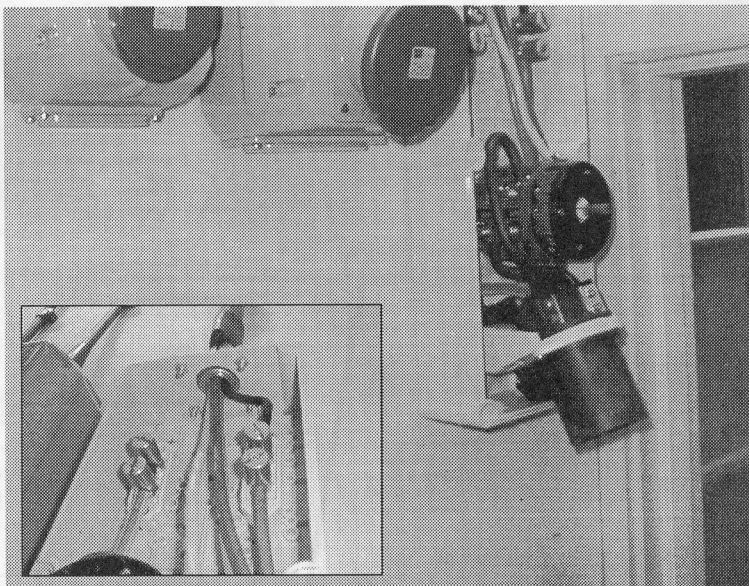
Live In The Great Hall

By Andrew Ofori

An innocuous power socket masked the nasty shock laying in wait for lighting technicians last week - literally. On Saturday 14th technicians from the Dramatic Society were preparing the lighting for today's 'East meets West' show in the newly refurbished Great Hall. When attempting to set up the power supply they discovered the switch for the large 3-phase, 125 amp socket was spinning freely; as a result the internal safety lock mechanism was jammed.

The unrelenting team investigated further, and were astounded to find the plug's circuitry completely unearthed, leaving the system live. This in conjunction with the fact access holes to the wires were left uncovered, presented the possibility of a 415V shock for some poor unfortunate. The root cause was found to be the attachment of the external switch to the internal pin with tape; a makeshift attempt to remedy highly dubious workmanship. The lighting experts then found an adjacent socket to be completely unfused, rendering it useless, one of the DramSoc members commenting the system was "blatantly dangerous."

The incident's significance is heightened by the fact the DramSoc were given the go-ahead by the refurbishment's



The offending Wires

architect, who thought the electricians would leave the sockets in such a state. He profiled the case as a "Health and Safety risk"

The Great Hall's electrical fittings were installed by contractors, leaving some doubt over who currently bears responsibility. Nick Towers from the

Drama Society began with Security in his quest to establish accountability. He was then referred to the defects hotline, Estates, yet more electricians and from there to maintenance who refused to get involved with the work as it was not yet 6 months old and consequently did not qualify as a maintenance job. It appears the problem is finally being addressed by the Supervising Project Engineer.

The summer's refurbishments seem to have turned out well short of the resounding success hoped for, with a number of problems surrounding the controversial installation of manually controlled retractable seating (Felix 1123) as well lighting being attached to fixed length ceiling cables, leaving them completely inaccessible. Problems have plagued the project to such an extent that a 'snag' list has been drawn in a concerted effort to resolve the issues.

Promises of restorative equipment have left the DramSoc quietly confident as to the outcome of this recent setback; things now look hopeful for the East meets West event, although Nick Towers warned, "If we don't get the power supplies it's going to be a very dark show."

Bradshaw Bikes It

By Patrick Hayes

On Tuesday, ICU Labour Society hosted a speaker meeting with Ben Bradshaw, MP for Exeter and a keen and radical campaigner on environmental issues. He impressed many present with his hands-on commitment to the cause, cycling to the meeting from Parliament, then jumping back onto his bike afterwards to table a question to the Secretary of State for the DETR, deputy Prime Minister John Prescott. He spoke briefly about the transport white paper, and the negotiations at the international summit in Kyoto with the aim of reducing carbon dioxide emissions world-wide, praising the deputy Prime Minister's work there, and his hopes for the future.

He then took questions on a range of environmental issues including building on 'brownfield' sites, transport in our cities and moves towards integration, as well as the strategic rail authority. Although a motivated and passionate environmentalist (you'd have to be to voluntarily cycle from Westminster to South Ken) he accepted that there were many other demands on the Government's time in the Queen's Speech, citing in par-

ticular Lords reform. He added that with the overwhelmingly Tory hereditaries out of the frame, Government legislation could be passed much quicker, and priorities such as the strategic rail authority could be addressed.

The next speaker meeting is on the 10th Dec and will feature Mark Leonard of Demos; the man who set out to re-brand Britain and modernise the monarchy.



Ben Bradshaw

Photo: Jonas

Winks World Champ Flicks Into Action

By Andrew Ofori

Amongst IC's numerous sporting virtues lies a world champion who last week attempted to defend his crown. It may seem somewhat of an anticlimax to learn this individual holds his title in tiddlywinks, but the sporting version leaves the widely known children's pastime in the shadows.

Silwood Park's Andy Purvis rose to the mantle of World Champion in April, overcoming his American opponent. The World Society Research Fellow and lecturer in biology picked up his first wink 13 years ago admitting "At first I thought the it was daft...and it is daft, but it is a really good game." He is currently the coach and strategic advisor of the tiddlywinks club at Silwood Park and explained the game's attraction as a mixture of "technical skill, practical ability with a bit of luck thrown in."

Last Wednesday Mr. Purvis was preparing for the next day's clash Cham-

pionship match with a simultaneous display, much like the multiple matches chess masters often undertake; he played around eight games concurrently against his Oxford rivals. The pretender to his throne is the American Larry Kahn who flew specially from Washington D.C., for the scheduled best of seven match. With each game lasting 35 minutes Mr. Purvis was prepared for an awkward match predicting "It won't be close... he'll either stuff me or I'll stuff him," but with a 2-1 record in his favour he concluded that he had the "psychological edge"

The match had not taken place as Felix went to print, but rest assured if given the result is available it will be printed next week. The Silwood Park Tiddlywinks Club meets every Monday at 5pm in the Summer Room.



Assistant Warden

Olave House

Imperial College invites applications for the post of Assistant warden at Olave House, from Christmas 1998. The House accommodates approximately forty postgraduate students. Duties involve pastoral care of the students, and some administrative duties, in return for rent-free accommodation in the House. Any non-undergraduate member of the College may apply, but the post is particularly suitable for someone with some experience of student pastoral care, and who wishes to live in a student environment.

For further information and an application form contact Cathy Cumberland, Rector's Suite, Sherfield Building, Extension 48807, email c.cumberland@ic.ac.uk.

The closing date for applications is Monday 7 December.

Assistant Warden

Holbein/Willis Jackson House

Imperial College invites applications for the post of Assistant warden at Holbein & Willis Jackson House, from Christmas 1998. The House accommodates approximately one-hundred and fifty students. Duties involve pastoral care of the students, and some administrative duties, in return for rent-free accommodation in the House. Any non-undergraduate member of the College may apply, but the post is particularly suitable for someone with some experience of student pastoral care, and who wishes to live in a student environment.

For further information and an application form contact Cathy Cumberland, Rector's Suite, Sherfield Building, Extension 48807, email c.cumberland@ic.ac.uk.

The closing date for applications is Monday 7 December.

Mon: Standing Room only

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

Tues: STA Bar Trivia

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

Weds: SHAFT special

★ 70's Spectacular with live set from Lovetrain, ★
eclectic chillout room. Free with entscard/b4 11/ 50p after

Thurs: DaVinci's Cocktail Night

From sex on the beach to pink fluffy clouds. 5-11

Fri:

HEDONIZM

Club tunes, big beat, chill out room
& cocktail bar, 9-2. £1/free with entscard

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BUSTAGUT
CLUB

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Star of "The Stand Up Show"

Lucy Porter

Plus Open Mic Act

And

Carlsberg Ice

giveaways

£2.50/£2 entscards

Lion

Witch

Wardrobe

December 18th

Tickets

Now

ICU



World AIDS Day

Dear Felix

I am writing to draw the attention of the readership to the major world event that is approaching on 1 December, World AIDS Day 1998. It is the eleventh such day and this year the international theme is young people, 10-24. The United Nations Joint Programme on AIDS (UNAIDS) have decided on this campaign for three reasons:

1. Over a third of those infected with HIV in the world today are young people. (That's about 10 million.)
2. About half of those infected after infancy are under 25.
3. Young people are seen as a force for change.

In the UK the major affected group has been gay/bisexual men, though the reported spread in the straight population has risen dramatically from 9% of all UK cases in 1987 to 31% last year. With this in mind I would like to ask the readers to be aware of AIDS and show this by wearing a red ribbon and putting donations in collection tins that will appear over the next few weeks.

Thanks

Stef Evans (IQ Secretary)

A Final Word? Please?

Dear Ed,

What now? Can it be that Mr Emohare is resorting to muddying the name of one of his fellow medics, in order to try to preserve some degree of authenticity? This wouldn't have the smackings of a man desperately seeking excuses having been humiliated by a balanced editorial? Surely this isn't the same fine upstanding individual, that tried in his 1st year S.U. elections to curry favour with the voters by offering pints for votes?

We freely admit that we and some of our colleagues have in the past found some Felix articles laughably inaccurate, but would like to add that the editorial in 1125 was warmly received by many of our number at the Cross due to its fair appraisal of the situation.

Those that he accused of "defacing" his letter were trying to save him and those he aimed to represent some humiliation by correcting the grammar and spelling, which he subsequently chose to ignore. It seems rather presumptuous then, to say that as 60% of the CX 2nd year signed the letter that it can be safely assumed at least 60% of them must be supporting him.

Yours sincerely,

Alex Fletcher and Mark Ballard
(CX 2nd Year)

Dear Felix,

I was present in the lecture when Mr Emohare handed round his petition and a few copies of the accompanying letter. He did indeed state that no-one was under any obligation to sign it and the letter was circulating for people to read - I have never disputed this.

However the fact remains that some people did sign the petition before or without reading the letter, this is not Mr Emohare's fault but neither is it mine. It reached me having had numerous comments written on it by fellow students, some querying his facts, spelling, grammar and others expressing their opinions. I had not intended to become involved in the matter. However since many comments had been added I added a paragraph at the bottom in which I stated that I agreed with some of the points that he had made but disagreed with others and thought that a petition was not perhaps the best solution to the issues raised. I hardly think that this constitutes defacement. The letter was passed on afterwards along the row and since according to Mr Emohare there were several copies of the letter circulating I can hardly be accused of "hogging" the letter either. From my view, I hope this is the end of the matter.

Yours,

Clare Ashwin
(Medic, felix reporter & letter defacer)

Dear Felix,

With reference to the letter submitted by Mr Karan Kapoor in issue number 1126. I speak, hopefully, on behalf of all the members of Imperial College, in saying that we are in no manner biased against medics, or against anyone in ICSM. We put it to you, Sir, that for your personal satisfaction, you are undoubtedly driving a wedge between all the Imperial faculties. It is purely immature to state the passion of medics is far greater than that of the other students. Imperial College has a history of excellence in virtually all its fields, and it is for these reasons students, such as myself, have come to this institution, to attain not only academic strength, but strength in all extra curricular activities.

Your secret admirer

Dear Mr Sexton,

In retrospect, I suppose it was rather suicidal to take on the Felix Mafia, even with over a hundred signatures backing me. So being up against the likes of Simon Baker, who have a whole page dedicated to the airing of the thoughts that emanate from their musty brains, it came

as no surprise then when he dedicated half his article to slating me. I refuse, however, to be drawn into answering his provocations.

At no time in my famous letter did I accuse Felix or any individuals of being racist. What I was against was the sensationalist tone taken by your articles. Another point which could have been more clearly expressed was the fact that the majority of medical students at The Cross were from the ethnic minorities, not IC as a whole.

I hope we can now draw a line under this episode and move on. No hard feelings (but no apologies either).

Mr O Emohare

Stick It Out!

Dear Ed,

In response to the front page article last week I would like to state that I feel that this was entirely due to lack of commitment from the individuals concerned and not because of failure of the ICSM student union body.

Whilst fully appreciating the work that members of the medics student union do, I think that if elected into a position they should put their heart and soul into the job. I do realise that their work may have been made particularly difficult by some of the students and staff who find the merger a problem, but dropping out because they "did not want to be a part of a union that was failing" just serves to demonstrate lack of staying power.

On the other hand I would like to congratulate the other members of the medics student union for their very hard work in what is not exactly an ideal situation.

My second point is in response to Simon Bakers comment that medics think that they are 'very different' because of the length and nature of their course. Dissection of the human cadaver, caring for terminally ill patients, talking to bereaved relatives etc. are extremely emotionally draining and upsetting things to deal with, and as far as I am aware do not form major elements of any other course at Imperial. Some students often find sharing these experiences with fellow medics, those in other years who have been through the same traumas and problems, a great help.

Yours sincerely,

Alex Cope
(Medic 3rd year SM)

Comic is Cool

Dear Felix

The comic is ace, simple as that. Okay, maybe using the C word was a bit strong, but apart from that it was pretty cool. The bit with the lecturer in a bathtub of baked beans was bloody good I thought. Okay, moronic the comic might be, but remember, not everyone at IC is a complete genius. Some of us only just made it past the A level entry requirements, like yours truly.

Yours truly,

Richard Ferris

JCR Stuck in the Past?

Dear Felix,

I've noticed the LED scrolling message display in the JCR, next to the QT snack bar what'sist a few times now, and find it rather amusing that it is STILL advertising "The Addams Family" at ICU cinema. It also advocates visiting an Anderson Consulting careers meeting. Given that the date is in 1994, I reckon that there's a fair chance that this meeting has been and gone... Heck, even the clock on the display is wrong!

How about running a competition to see if anyone can come up with a more useful message on it. Oh, and correct the clock too.

Cheers,

Richard Hopkins (EE UG3)

More Erroneous Editing

Mr Sexton

I agree with Mr Mark and think you should edit letters for spelling and grammar.

Seriously, it is distracting to see spelling mistakes and basic grammatical errors while reading any document and so easy to overlook them while proofreading one's own work. Unless the meaning of the letter is ambiguous I don't think there is any reason to allow obvious errors onto the pages of Felix. In the case of more subtle points of grammar I would see it as acceptable to leave these in since they are unlikely to distract the reader from the meaning of the letter.

Also, could you introduce Mr Baker to the concept of paragraphs; his last piece appeared to be constructed from 3 huge ones. Although his lucid style allowed the meaning of the first 2 to be clear, the third was rather difficult to follow.

Ross Newell



Money Money Money

Capitalism has us in its competitive jaw. I was listening to the BBC World Service the other night, specifically to a defence expert suggesting that America may be tempted to attack Iraq simply because the military operation has cost \$3 billion so far this year, and not a shot has been fired. People need to see evidence that their taxes are well spent.

Economies in Asia are in turmoil, while so-called 'underdeveloped' nations are being crippled by the burden of debts to World Banks.

Meanwhile nearer to home students are campaigning against tuition fees and a government whose constant response is 'we don't have enough money'.

Consultancy firms, banks and investment companies are enticing Imperial's finest with offers of high starting salaries and regular bonuses. A few decades ago 'naive' idealism would have made us say "no - I want to stay in science and make a difference. Sure I'll get paid less, but if it's enough to get by, I'm happy." Now it seems all we can see is pound signs, secure incomes and pen-

sion plans. I'm not saying I would be happy living off a PhD grant all my life, but £15k before tax would supply all my material needs, even living in London.

So why are we increasingly swapping idealism and ambition for pay cheques? Do we really believe that 'money is the means to happiness'? I freely admit that I'm better off than most students; I've spent much of my life surrounded by wealthy friends, and I can safely say money causes more problems than it solves. Just look at the examples above. Would the abolition of money as Marx advocated be such a bad thing? And for those of you applying for jobs this term, just stop briefly and ask yourself if you want the job, or the money.

Has anyone got any 1120s?

On a lighter note, I have a request to make. Would anyone who has a copy of the first Felix of term (issue 1120) which they no longer require please drop it into the office? We seem to have run out of spare copies, and could do with a few for the archive. Cheers. Ed



The Week Ahead

Monday

Games Meeting 12.30pm
Film Meeting 1.30pm

Tuesday

News Meeting 1pm

Wednesday

Clubscene Meeting 3pm

Thursday

Books Meeting 1pm

Friday

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

Careers Direct

is on Wednesday 2 December at the Royal National Theatre, South Bank. Doors open at 10am and close again at 4pm. It is the only careers event for disabled students and is now in its fourth year.

Contact Dylan White on

0171 631 5100

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please contact JSC Events

on **0171 394 2825** or email

us on jsc.events@virgin.net

The Whitehall Orchestra

(The Orchestra of the Civil Service)

Thursday 3 December

7.30pm

at Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Rd

£7

(£4 concessions)

For further details

please contact

Paul Hayter 0171 219 3151

Natalie Lethbridge 0171 271 5654

during office hours

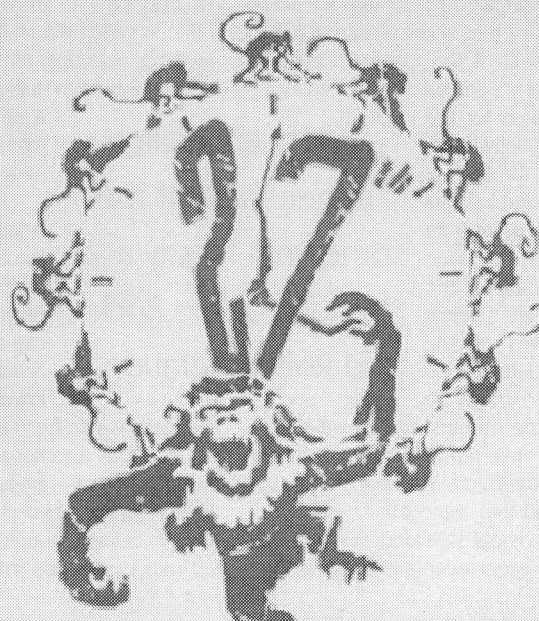
Beit Hall Sub-warden Vacancy

A vacancy exists for the post of sub-warden in Beit Hall. We are seeking to appoint a suitable individual to this post starting from the middle of January 1999. The duties include; pastoral care of students, organisation of social events and involvement in the day to day running of the Hall. The successful candidate is expected to be highly motivated and have a demonstrated aptitude for this type of activity. The ability to take responsibility whilst maintaining friendly relations with students is

essential. Although the post is open to any member of College a post-graduate student or post-doctoral researcher is preferred.

Applications comprising a covering letter, a CV and two letters of reference should be sent to Dr Jon Marangos, LASP 2, Physics (47857 (Work) or 49453 (Flat)). Please give full contact details (including email address). The closing date for applications is the 8th December 1998.

IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION INTERNATIONAL TAMIL SOCIETY



KALLURI KALAIGAL

IT'S COMING

Deadline for letters is 12noon Wednesday. 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.



Right Angles To Reality

Millennium

You can tell that it's getting close to the end of the century. The date is a real give away for a start. But leaving aside rigorous science, there are other signs that point to the arrival of this temporal milestone. In days gone by people used to look for indications of what the future held in the entrails of dead animals or the pattern of cracks that formed on heating a tortoise's shell over an open fire, which sounds bizarre but which in truth is no worse than watching Russell Grant and probably considerably more entertaining.

Such a preoccupation with sooth-saying didn't end with the divination of the ancients. Recently it has become almost impossible to turn on the telly or open a newspaper without coming across a 'what does the new millennium hold for you' - type feature. In the 1950s and 60s, such articles were a thing of splendour - by the year 2000, manned bases would have been built on Mars, whole tracts of the Sahara would have been reclaimed and turned into the garden of Eden, and disease and misery would have been eradicated from the face of the Earth. Admittedly, we made it to the moon by the year of my birth, and I learn from my old friend and sparring partner Simon Baker (aka The Voice of Reason) that about fifteen hundred square feet of the carpark outside of Waterstone's is being turned into a cabbage patch for the good of Betty Windsor and the benefit of mankind in general, but other than that we've all fallen rather short of the somewhat heady aspirations of the Rock and Roll generation. So much so that some months ago a well-known 'adult' comic reported that the official 'Year of the Future' has been put back to 2020 and that flying cars, robot maids and hand-held shrinking ray machines are now expected to be phased in from 2035.

It'll be interesting to see how clothing manufacturers react to the new millennium. Opinion is divided on the subject of what the man/woman/impassive-faced android about town will be wearing in the year 2000. If costume designers for futuristic sci-fi movies from 1950 onwards are to be believed, we'll have two choices. Option one will resemble a cross between Tudor-style court

costume and police-issue body armour, a sort of Cardinal Wolsey meets the NYPD SWAT team, complete with flowing capes, soft felt hats and Kevlar exoskeleton - laser-guided codpieces for the men, bullet-proof boob tubes for the women. Alternatively we'll all be walking around in androgynous one-size-fits-all body stockings, possibly with black plastic utility belts and badges indicating the IMF fermentation broth from which we originated, affixed to our nipples. There will be no fat people as this would cause unsightly bulges.

For the same reason, the male sexual response will have to be bred out of the species. What comes as a mild surprise to me is that nobody seems to have considered the possibility that we'll continue to wear jeans and a T-shirt in the next millennium or that M&S will still be knocking out hideous Fairisle cable-knit sweaters to go with their own-brand Chinos and canvas deck shoes. If you doubt me, try to name a single sci-fi film in which the characters look like anything other than the survivors of the Battle of Bosworth Field or cast-offs from a Jane Fonda 'Shake Up and Dance' fitness video.

Having spent a small fortune in the January sales this year (although not on cable-knit sweaters I can assure you), the news that I'll have to have a complete change of wardrobe in about 14 months has come as a rather unwelcome surprise, although Oxfam are going to have a field day. However, I doubt that I'm alone in being perturbed by this impending radical shake-up in sartorial behaviour.

The loss of traditional fashion lines will mean that high street retailers will be hard pushed to retain their distinctive brand images, particularly if the unisex body stocking option gets the nod. I foresee major job losses in the budget retailing sector in this event, although eradicating the male sexual response seems a small price to pay for getting shot of Cromwell's Madhouse and Mr

Matt Salter

'...nobody seems to have considered the possibility that we'll continue to wear jeans and a T-shirt in the next millennium...'

Byrite. Personally I'm hoping that the Tudor nobleman-cum-Noo Yoike cop look wins through, as I don't think I could get away with a stretch Lycra catsuit and I've always harboured a secret longing for tights and a feathered calfskin cap (this is just between the two of us you understand).

But as well as looking forward, the turn of the century has traditionally been a time to look back and prepare an end-of-era report on the previous hundred years. The recent profusion of 'Top 100...' type listings in the seemingly boundless glossy magazine market serves to confirm that the trend is still alive and well. Maybe it's just me, but for a century that started with the Boer War, moved smartly through World War I and II, took 5 years off before starting on Korea, then with-

out so much as a pause for breath, marched on to Vietnam for a 10-year stop-over whilst simultaneously spawning bloody conflagrations in the Middle East, Central America, Afghanistan and the Falklands before returning to Europe, the home of warfare, for a local derby in Yugoslavia (refereed inexpertly by the UN) which has already gone into overtime and may yet have to be decided on penalties; nominations for 'Best War 1900-2000' have been remarkably thin on the ground.

Whilst 'Best War' is by far the most coveted award, there are dozens of others up for grabs: 'Best Civil War', 'Best Regional Skirmish', 'Best Supporting Army', 'Best Directed Battle', 'Best Popular Insurrection', 'Best Use of Pathogenic Defoliant in a Jungle Campaign', 'Most Flagrant Violation of the Geneva Convention', 'Most Inhumane Use of Lethal Force as an Organ of National Foreign Policy' - the list is endless. Competition for the much sought-after prize for 'Most Murderous Dictator' is expected to be especially fierce, with Hitler, Stalin and Pol Pot amongst the favourites at this stage. The closely related award for 'Ruthless Dictator Most Resembling a 1940s Scat Singer' is likely to go to former Chilean tyrant General Pinochet for his startlingly

realistic impression of Cab Calloway. It is rumoured that the General is even now believed to be considering calling Minnie the Moocher as a character witness in his forthcoming extradition hearings. As always, the identity of the winner of the prestigious 'Kim Philby Award for Espionage and High Treason' is, for obvious reasons, a closely guarded secret. About the only thing known for sure is that the successful nominee will not be present to collect their prize in person. As expected, the 'Lifetime Award for Bringing the World to the Brink of Armageddon' looks like being a straight fight between NATO and the Warsaw Pact. The only bright spot is the cancellation of the award for 'Most Thinly Veiled Advancement of the Cold War in the Guise of International Peacekeeping' (past recipients of which include the CIA, MI5 and the KGB), due to lack of interest.

I'm not being flippant. Our lives, those of our parents and our parents' parents can be charted by what all-star cast was packing them in at which Theatre of War at the time. Understandably however, we prefer to overlook this rather unsavoury aspect of the 20th Century and compile lists of positive things that have happened within living memory. Most interesting of the genre for me was a Best 1000 Pop and Rock Albums of All Time book put out recently by a pub-

'...we've all fallen rather short of the somewhat heady aspirations of the Rock and Roll generation...'

lishing house run by a latter day Phileas Fogg. I was delighted to find that of the top 5 albums - which is as far as I got before being chased out of Dillons by an irate shop assistant - a fab four of them were by the Beatles. To my great satisfaction (but

'...nominations for 'Best War 1900-2000' have been remarkably thin on the ground...'

not to that of the Rolling Stones - they were well down the list), my personal all time favourite album Revolver was no 1 with Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band and The Beatles (aka The White Album) coming in at nos 2 and 3. The Lads from Liverpool also captured fifth place with Abbey Road. Inexplicably, the no 4 spot went to the album Nevermind.

Considering all the great albums released since Nipper heard His Master's Voice, this strikes me as a surprising choice, but at least it irrevocably clears up one thing - it was Nirvana that split the Beatles. Yoko Ono can finally stand absolved.



Medicine Matters

So little time, so much to do...

I never really understand how it is that I can appear to be so busy without actually achieving anything. This last week has been like that.

The week started with the frightening news that the bar in the Reynolds Building was in threat of closure. This was the first I had heard of this particular crisis, but obviously I have been looking at the world through rose tinted glasses because in clinic on Monday my consultant asked if the bar at the medical school was still open. He then went on to talk about how important that sort of facility was and what a shame it would be if it were to close. Senior consultant of one of the main teaching centres of the Imperial College School of Medicine says that social areas are impor-

'Anyone seen or suspected of not drinking as much as they could was branded an IC loving traitor to the medical school spirit.'

tant. It is a pity that none of the paper-pushing bureaucrats in Sherfield listen to people who know what they are talking about when it comes to the more practical aspects of medical school life. The next few days saw frantic attempts to save the bar from closure. Anyone seen or suspected of not drinking as much as they could was branded an IC loving traitor to the medical school spirit. Even at the height of the Stalin pogroms or the McCarthy witch-hunts such random and brutal accusations of treason would not have been considered harsh, but I must add, fair!

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings were characterised by the now comfortable routine of two aspirin and a

Nick Newton

glass of water before hurrying off to theatre where you play a game of one-upmanship with your consultant about how bad you are feeling. The evenings are taken up with rehearsals for the Medics operatic society production of Hello Dolly, which I will start plugging nice and early.

Friday night saw a bop at Charing Cross that was great fun! I was pleased to see some IC students who turned up and, shock horror, actually seemed to be enjoying themselves. The way some people talk about medics, the South Ken lot seem to think that we practice ritual acts of vivisection on any non-medics who dare to cross the threshold. Before you pass judgement on us you should try coming down to Ham-

mersmith or Paddington (which is just across the park anyway) and finding out what we are really like - our beer is cheap, we are, when not provoked, an extremely friendly bunch of individuals and there are some great places to go out in and around Hammersmith.

This is the start of another long hard week with no end in sight - but at least for the time being I will be able to relax and unwind at the Reynold's bar after work each day. It really cannot be stressed enough how important the bar is to IC, and those at Charing Cross should support it. Imagine it as an insurance policy - you may not like paying it but if you ever need it, you'll be really glad it's there.

"...two aspirin and a glass of water before hurrying off to play a game of one-upmanship with your consultant about how bad you feel..."

Presidential Talk-Back

'Dave's Discount Day' has finally happened. Last Monday I spent my time going around shops and phoning up companies in order to save you guys a few bucks. I'm not going to fully report back to you yet, as during my tour of around 80 shops I've picked up quite a few loose ends that need to be sorted out and tens of companies who need to be phoned up. The results so far though have been quite positive, although I still have Gloucester Road, South Kensington, Paddington and Hammersmith to do.

Having highlighted the position of some of our campuses already in this article, I would like to highlight the plight of some of our furthest afield students in Silwood Park. There are about 120 Imperial students living in the middle of nowhere near Ascot, but did you know that they are home to Imperial's most successful society? Last Thursday night Andy Purvis defended his title of world champion of tiddly winks against the former holder Larry Kahn of America, I don't know the result yet, but he is the world record holder so he's not someone to be messed with.

David Hellard, ICU President

The health centre at the moment does not open over lunch times, because of staffing problems. This in my opinion sounds mad - the one time that students are free to go to appointments it's not open. This has been flagged up with the relevant people, but apparently we also need to gauge student opinion, so here I am. Do you think that it would be a good idea for the health centre to be open over lunch times? Email me your opinion at president@ic.ac.uk (the more responses the more likely it is to happen.)

Just a word of warning to end with, last Thursday the Imperial College Union Council discussed a new Disciplinary Policy. If it goes through it means that disciplinary offenses committed by clubs or societies or a recognised subsection of them could have their budgets frozen (i.e. no more money for the rest of the year), be banned from putting on any other events or be suspended from any activities they are currently involved in. It will also come up at the next council, but in the meantime be good.

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WHY SCIENTIFIC PAPERS ARE SO HARD TO UNDERSTAND: A POLEMIC.

A. Jha¹

¹Imperial College of Science Technology and Medicine, University of London.

Summary: Why do scientists feel that they have to write in exceptionally complicated and unwieldy English? Is it necessary for efficient communication to take place between them or is it simply to make sure that no-one else can understand what they could possibly be on about?

INTRODUCTION

Before you go home tonight and start reading that paper for your next lecture or practical (stop laughing, there must be a few of you who do), just step back for a minute and think about what you are about to read. Scientific papers are one of the strangest pieces of communication around. Unless the paper is exceptionally well written and has the reader in mind, you'll need to read it at least twice before you begin to understand anything. At that stage, you will be subconsciously using all the technical jargon that you've learnt over your years of study and incorporating it into your view of the paper. Still, it's unlikely that you'll understand it all without answers to a few questions you may have come up with. Try and get lay people (or even someone from a different field) to read, never mind understand, it and you've got a whole load of new problems. What makes this bunch of words and diagrams that, after all, are meant to represent the nature that everyone lives in seem like a brick wall? A cynic would say that this is the way scientists keep themselves distant from the public. They've done years of study and they need some sort of status symbol to show it. Whether or not this is true, what is certain is the fact that the language of science is a very different animal to that of everyday speech.

METHOD

A paper usually follows a standard-ish format. You probably know this already, but I'll run through it for the uninitiated. It starts with an introduction that sets out the background of the field that is about to be studied. A method section then follows and sets out, in an objective manner, what the experimenters actually did. The results section indicates, well, results in a totally cold and factual manner. There is no room for opinion here. The discussion or conclusion part at the end then gives the writer an opportunity to talk about the significance of what they have discovered.

This structure itself is not what causes the problem. This ordering of information helps more than it hinders. What causes most people problems is the language. Scientific grammar is notoriously difficult to get your head around. Some features of this include noun phrases, excessive use of the passive voice and overdescription.

Noun Phrases. These are, as their name suggests, a grouping together of nouns. Things like 'red light diffraction data' or 'nuclear particle decay rate'. Phrases like these are simple enough on the surface. Look deeper, though, and you open a whole can of worms. Each phrase requires a lot of background information and it would be assumed that if you were reading the paper, you would have it. If you didn't have any background, you'd immediately have trouble. Take the first phrase. Does it mean the data obtained from diffracting red light? Or is it that some light has been diffracted and we are looking at some part that has been labelled as 'red'? To get rid of this type of ambiguity, a much longer statement would be required. This 'solution' does not seem to be any better than the problem itself.

The Passive Voice. This is where the scientist will detach themselves from the experiment. For example, take the following statement: "The two solutions were mixed in the test tube and the gases produced were collected." It is a grammatically correct sentence but something is missing. Who is actually doing the experiment? Did the solutions mix themselves and the gases somehow collect themselves into other test tubes? Of course, this is unlikely but the sentence does not imply that any sort of experimenter was involved. Any active sentences, where the scientist themselves are doing the experiment in the write-up, seem to be positively discouraged.

Overdescription. Quite simply, this adds a lot of description in places where it is not entirely necessary. The sentence then ends up unnecessarily long and contains too many ideas for anyone to actually have a chance of understanding anything. For example, "epidemiological and microbiological investigation of a possible association between infection in sporadic cases and consumption of eggs is

extremely difficult since eggs are eaten often and recall of egg consumption fades rapidly." What does this mean? Well, a lot of people eat a lot of eggs and it isn't easy to work out which eggs cause infection.

There is nothing really wrong, *per se* with these types of grammatical structures. It makes things sound formal and seems to give them a lot of authority. Hey, if a scientist can write in a complex manner, surely he has complex thoughts going through his head and is clever. That's good isn't it? Table 1 shows a nursery rhyme. This will be translated into 'science-speak' and the results are in table 2 and a picture of the subject, Miss Muffet appears in figure 1.

TABLE 1: Nursery rhyme: "Little Miss Muffet"

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
eating her curds and whey.
Along came a spider
and sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Figure 1: Miss Muffet during the spider attack.



RESULTS

TABLE 2: Translation of nursery rhyme: "Little miss Muffett" into 'Science-speak'

An immature female human, M. Muffet, aged 5 years and three months was observed at rest on a small area of slightly raised grass, radius 0.5m. On further observation, it was noted that the subject was attempting to satisfy her appetite by the ingestion of semi-fermented bovine lactatory by-products. The introduction of the venomous black widow arachnid, 2cm span from leg to leg, resulted in a marked behavioural reaction in the subject. Muffet displayed classic fight or flight responses, including raised adrenalin levels and, in turn, increased heart rate, sweating and pupil dilation. The subject accelerated away from the arachnid at the rate of 1m/s² until she reached a steady velocity of 5 m/s in a northerly direction. The results suggest that the subject suffers from the mild psychological condition arachnophobia. We suggest further investigation to determine the extent of this condition, perhaps using choice chambers.²

Even though this exercise is a little ridiculous, the idea is clear enough. Noun phrases, the passive voice and overdescription all play their part in converting a very simple nursery rhyme into a pseudo abstract for an experiment.

CONCLUSIONS

People will argue that a lot of the features present in the writing of scientific papers are very necessary - they need to be filled with jargon and they have to assume some background in the subject, otherwise they would run to hundreds of pages. Papers are written for professionals by other professionals with the intent that if the reader wants to repeat the experiment, they can do so without any ambiguity. All they need is the paper and the equipment. But what's the need to complicate things to such an extent that it takes hours to get through and even then with a massively fine toothcomb? Scientists the world over will tell you that they don't actually read papers unless it's absolutely necessary. They seem to get filed away and consulted as and when necessary - sometimes never again. Surely this can't be a good thing for science. And it's definitely no good for the public image of science, a debate that's far too large except to touch on here. As the scientific paper gets more and more incomprehensible to the lay person, they get more and more alienated. The 'us and them' mentality starts to creep into the public perception of science and the two groups of people simply drift further apart.

And so what's the point of this? No more than to make you think a little more about what you read (and perhaps what you write). You can get back to that paper now.

²J. McNish, Imperial College of Science Technology and Medicine, 1998



The Backroom Launch Party!



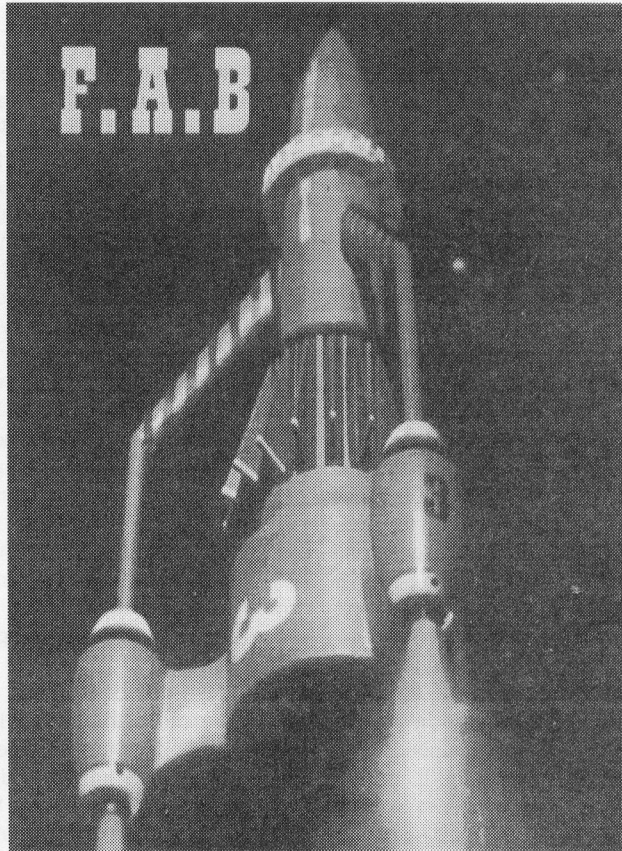
You might have already been there to check out The Electric Café, but this Friday heralds the launch of Southside Bar's premier venue, The Backroom. Boasting a selection of Imperial College Radio DJ's covering the entire musical spectrum, The Backroom is guaranteed to bring you something a bit more off beat than you have come to expect from the other local student clubs.

The launch party will give you a preview of what to expect in future weeks from the two new nights starting up to coincide with the launch. The party begins with an hour-long preview of 'The Rhythm Kitschin', a brand new cordon-bleu musical experience cooked up by your host The Chef. It's a veritable feast of music from funky hip-hop through cool Acid Jazz to smooth Drum 'n' Bass. After the launch party 'Rhythm Kitschin' will be every other Thursday in The Backroom, running in rotation with the ever excellent Electric Café.

The launch party will then give you a full-on feel of our regular Friday night experience. Guest DJ's will be playing out the widest possible choice of music, varying from 70s funk with DJ Phil to the latest happy hardcore mixed together by the one and only DJ Desire. Other nights coming soon include a house night, with guest DJ Clarke playing some relaxed and mellow cuts, and DJ Sianide playing a hard house night for those who like it a bit faster.

On the launch night we'll be giving away loads of free stuff, plus you'll be able to meet the DJ's and give us feedback about what you want to hear. IC Radio boasts DJ's covering virtually every conceivable musical style, so we're certain to be able to meet every one of your demands, whatever they are. You'll also be able to experience our updated sound and light system and renovated decor, as well as the completely modernised music policy.

If you are impressed by the quality of what you hear, our DJ's are available for hire for private functions at a very competitive price. IC Radio will take all the hassle away from organising the music, as we have our very own lighting and sound system which we will set up for you. Our DJ's will cater for your every whim and desire (as far as the music is concerned), from a cheesy 80s disco to the latest cutting edge dance. Whatever your tastes, whatever you want, you know who to call.



'The Backroom' takes off at last

News

Next week the IC Radio page will have a NEW™ and EXCITING® format. Every week we'll suggest a different show to check out on IC Radio, which you can record in the comfort of your own kitchen. Printed in Felix the following week will be a tape box sleeve with the mixlist of the tunes

played. If you put the two together, you'll have your very own free and exclusive IC Radio tape. The first show featured is 'Sianide & Desire' (both Backroom DJ's) on their weekly happy hardcore show. Check it out on Thursday 26 November between 10 and 11pm.

Wednesday brings you a brand new lunch time show, brought to you by Knickers and Pants. Featuring 'The Top

Ten at Ten To', (a top ten of anything from fare dodging to swearing) and 'Felix from the Flames' (a look at 20 years of Felix), it promises to be fairly reasonable. They're also going to experiment with real time cooking - the idea being that we'll tell you how to make a quick, tasty lunchtime snack while you cook - it couldn't be easier. You can then bring a sample down to the radio, and the best effort will get a no expense spared prize. The first recipe will be Spaghetti Carbonara, so to take part make sure you have onion, garlic, bacon, cheese, spaghetti, single cream, an egg, and a good sense of humour.

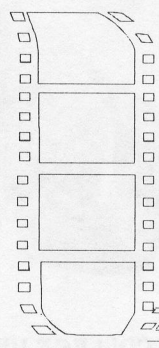
To hire out our DJ's contact Simon at djsianide@hotmail.com, or call in at IC Radio at any time. 'The Knickers and Pants Show' is every Wednesday lunchtime from 12-2pm.

ICR Chart

Compiled from last weeks radio plays

- 1) PJ Harvey- Perfect Day Elise
- 2) Ultrasound- I'll Show You Mine
- 3) Levellers- Hope Street
- 4) Purescence- Sharpening
- 5) Moa- Joy and Pain
- 6) Air- All I need
- 7) Ash- Jesus Says
- 8) Snow Patrol- Little Hide
- 9) Jurassic 5- Concrete Schoolyard
- 10) Beautiful South- Perfect 10
- 11) Snowpony- John Brown
- 12) Idlewild- When I Argue I See Shapes
- 13) Faith No More- Epic
- 14) Psychedelia Smith- Drifter
- 15) LowFidelity Allstars- Battleflag

ICU CINEMA PRESENTS:



lock stock & two smoking barrels

Sun 29th 5.30pm & 8pm

Concert Hall
Union Building 2nd Floor
Drinks available from Da Vinci's

Also Showing
Doctor DoLittle Wed 25th (6pm)
Sling Blade Wed 25th (8.30pm)



Filth

Irvine Welsh

Jonathan Cape

Rarely does the title of a book so aptly describe its content. This book, the most recent offering from Irvine Welsh of 'Trainspotting' fame, is without doubt, one of the most offensive that you'll ever read - unless all of the morals and ideals of society are completely alien to you.

Essentially, the author uses the main character, Bruce Robertson, as a vehicle to put into print some of the most racist, sexist, biggoted and egotistical ideas that have ever passed the censor's pen. It is 'Filth' in the sense of what is written, and then there is the double meaning, referring to the Police. Whilst they are normally undeserving of this title, in the case of Bruce and his colleagues, it is more than apt.

But then why is this book on the 'best seller's' list, lining shelves in W H Smiths up and down the country as an 'essential buy'? The fact is, this book is NOT trash. The skills of the author are clearly demonstrated by his ability to capture the dialect of Edinburgh (beware any one who speaks English as a second language - if you can wade through the

speech and the rhyming slang without pause for thought, you deserve a medal). On top of that, he manages to deal with the topics that he does, without making the reader just give up in disgust.

The plot follows, for a relatively brief period, the life of Bruce Robertson, self-proclaimed 'model policeman' of the Lothian force. A murder, suspected to be racially motivated, has been committed, and Bruce is appointed to oversee the investigation, which is particularly sensitive given that the victim was the son of a diplomat. It does not seem to occur to anyone else that Bruce's racist outlook on life may hinder the investigation. At the same time, a promotion is on the cards for Bruce or one of his colleagues, and very quickly, the investigation becomes a test to see if Bruce is worthy and capable of the post. Bruce however, does not prioritise things as one might expect. His commitment to the investigation is lacking, not least because he resents the fact that Amanda Drummond ('she's nae been polis') is on the team and, also, he cannot see much wrong in the murder of a foreigner (as anyone not of

Scottish decent is in his eyes). Instead, he uses his time to drink, eat and to work out schemes to discredit and destroy any potential rivals ... and to sleep with as many women as he can - Bruce considers himself a stud, and no one is going to keep him from fulfilling that role ... except maybe his rash. Then there is the trip to Amsterdam, the phone calls, Bunty, Claire and the wig, but I've said too much already.

One thing is for sure - I never wanted to put the book down until I got to the last page. At first, I simply had to see what happened to Bruce in the end. The way that he uses every one that he meets, even his 'friends' whom he steers towards self destruction, believing that he is better than the rest, made an indescribable hatred of him develop in my mind. And things just kept going from bad to worse.

Then the end of the book came, and I was poised for the ritual sacrifice of Bruce as a fitting end to this sad person's life. But the tables turned. Suddenly, things appear in a different light. Why is Bruce like he is? All at once, you feel sorry

for the man, and desperately want him to sort his life out and, somehow, pull through.

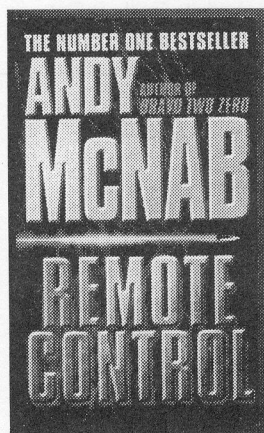
One of the most commendable aspects of the book is the way that the author combines a plot that evokes two contrasting emotions for the main character in such a plausible way. But of course, you have to believe that a worm can think, philosophise and understand! You really should read this book. Buy it as a Christmas present - you'll read it so quickly that it will still be in a decent state to give someone else (preferably not to a grandparent), saving yourself £9.99!

SJB

Remote Control

Andy McNab

Corgi Books



This is an above average page-turner about an ex-SAS soldier now working for British Intelligence on deniable operations. He becomes involved in a formulaic 'one man against the system' chase across the USA. The hero has a standard incompetent heroine alongside, slowing down his progress. The twist is that, in this case, the girl really is one - the seven-year-old daughter of a mur-

dered ex-colleague.

As you might expect, the book is high on non-stop action and fairly low on character. I got the impression that the novel had almost been written as an embryonic film script, since certain episodes are described in slow motion. There were fewer SAS trade secrets than I had hoped for; presumably the writer used them all up in his earlier non-fiction works (Andy McNab, himself a veteran of the Gulf War, recorded his experiences in the best-selling *Bravo Two Zero* and *Immediate Action*).

However, what I will remember most about this book are the amazing textual errors by McNab and his editor. Three passages, relating to some of the leading characters, occur in the prologue and are repeated word-for-word in the first chapter. Indicative perhaps of an author who, while admittedly mastering all the functions of a Dragunov sniper rifle, doesn't know the difference between the 'move' and 'copy' keys on his word processor.

Simon

MUSLIMS
YOUR
UMMAH
"WANTS"
YOU

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ABU MUNTASIR
ON THE ROLE OF THE INDIVIDUAL IN TODAY'S UMMAH
THURS. 26TH NOV. 5-9.00PM
BMS BUILDING LECTURE THEATRE 1



The Right Man

Nigel Planer

If this book were obtained under normal circumstances, it would be either: a) thrown under my bed and forgotten about until the library wrote a letter of complaint, or b) thrown under my bed and forgotten about until I realised it was Uncle Gerald's birthday the coming Tuesday (the ideal opportunity to get rid of unwanted or extremely boring books).

Twenty-two pages of it were just about the limit for any sane mind. However, I had unfortunately agreed to write a review of this novel; therefore custom dictated that I tried to read as much of it as humanly possible. So another 198 pages later, did my opinion of the book change? Yes. It was still boring, but now I found it incredibly irritating as well.

The book is written in the first person by the character Guy Mullins, who is a married father of one with his own theatrical agency. At the beginning of the story he discovers that his wife is having an affair, so he moves out. This more or less seems to be the only event in the entire book, despite the various group therapy sessions and suchlike that Guy attends, and the subplots involving clients of the agency and Guy's family. This is due to the very bland, flat way in which the narrative is constructed - Guy seems to have no emotional ups or downs whatsoever, and treats each area of his life in more or less the same way.

So there we have the boring. Now

we come to the irritating. As some of you may no doubt know, the author of this book, Nigel Planer, once starred in a rather popular comedy television programme, *The Young Ones*. This is his first novel. In the programmes, one of the characters in the aforementioned subplots is supposedly a well known TV personality who is writing his first novel, interestingly entitled *The Right Man*. This, and other similar tendencies (such as saying "I'm sure you remember the last film XXX [a random client of the theatrical agency] was in so and so...") generally makes you feel like screaming at the wall (or whoever) and having a nervous breakdown. At least they had that effect on me.

Despite all these, I have to admit that the book did contain the odd moment of light relief. Unfortunately, I don't think they were intentional. For example, one section of a chapter bizarrely ends with the sentences "I got up and fetched the Yellow Pages. I couldn't stand it in the office any longer." Even more peculiarly, the next paragraph sees Guy visiting a prostitute. I had no idea that the Yellow Pages had expanded its range so much. If I were you, I would nip out and obtain a copy for your next holiday reading. They would be a far better read than this novel.

Rebecca Tupper

Boardersnakes

James Crumley

Flamingo

Boardersnakes revolves around the experiences of two middle-aged guys who both share a common purpose. Revenge. The first of the two that you meet has just stepped out of jail after having spent the last ten years of his life in there. His name, Milodragovitch, gives away his Russian heritage but his friends have it easier and get to call him Milo for short. The story behind his lust for revenge is that he had been scammed out of his substantial inheritance and understandably he was not happy. Sughrue is the other half in this double act and is determined to find the people who gut shot him and left him on the brink of death.

You are taken on the road around the border between Texas and Mexico with a small detour via LA as Milo and Sughrue investigate, in their own way,

the scant evidence at their disposal. Hold onto your seats as you are about to be taken on an action packed, cocaine fuelled and sublimely intricate adventure that is certainly worthy of film material. Especially effective is the interchanging of the two characters. The first part of the book is written from the perspective of Milo, bolder and more of a chancer than his buddy, and Sughrue's perspective is alternated every few chapters.

This sort of book is easily film material, and if a film like 'Fear And Loathing in Las Vegas' can do well then this book, which is on a similar theme, ie. two guys on the road loaded with numerous drugs, will probably be coming to your cinema screens as a major motion picture any day now.

Jason

Habitus

James Flint

Fourth Estate

Perhaps you shouldn't judge a book by its front cover, but the back often makes illuminating reading. The edition I reviewed is in paperback, which should mean that all the proper literary critics of this world have already had the chance to pass judgement on the hardback edition of James Flint's *Habitus*. The usual form is then to plaster the back of the paperback edition with glowing recommendations from gushing Sunday broadsheets, and if possible a respected author writing in the same genre. While your reviewer is not in the habit of slavishly following the mores of the lit. crit. establishment, it is helpful to glance at the back cover before beginning, in order to get some idea of what you're about to wade through. Sadly, however, the paperback and hardback editions seem to have come out simultaneously. Oh dear. I'm already starting to forebode.

Flint has obviously read widely, but sadly he doesn't seem to have understood how a novel works. A decent plot is often helpful, especially if you're trying to churn out an epic, while one-dimen-

sional characters are a burden if the plot is lacking. One of these characters is Laika, the dog that the Soviet Union sent into space in 1957. Defying every law of physics, this dog survives by "drawing sustenance from the barrage of media that encases the planet". Perhaps this is intended to be some sort of biting satire, but it comes across as merely rather silly.

An unfortunate symptom of Flint's literary meandering is random intellectual name-dropping throughout the novel. Each gem of insight is spectacularly inappropriate, adds nothing to the story and is often popped right into the middle of a scene or dialogue. For example;

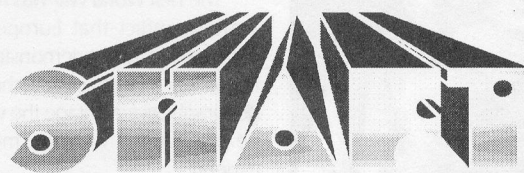
"Certainly the great logicians of Western metaphysics - Plato, Descartes, Marvin Minsky - might well have argued for such an interpretation. Others, however - Heraclitus, the German Romantics, Paul and Patricia Churchland - might have pursued a more complex interpretation."

The publishers imagine *Habitus* to be "an epic satire of the digital revolution". An epic waste of time is closer to the mark.

Etienne Pollard

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DIE YOUNG STAY PRETTY ICA



This is an exhibition of brand new art brought to the Institute of Contemporary Arts by the curator Martin Maloney. Twelve influential artists have come together here to create some very visually strong work. They draw inspiration from 60s and 70s modern art, at the same time conveying their own vision. Dexter Dalwood's paintings are amazingly colourful, very bright and dangerously close to looking a bit over the top. He manages to strike the right balance between old themes, like Sharon Tate's house, and other more futuristic aspects of architecture seen in his *Laboratoire Garnier* piece. Jane Brennan also paints, only her works are very small rep-

resentations of flowers, beads and birds. It's very sweet but quite difficult to appreciate although she does have a funny touch; she paints on the sides of wooden rectangles. Steven Gontarski makes some very bizarre and exciting sculptures out of synthetic hair and PVC, creating figures that seem to be right out of some sci-fi novel (*Wife*, pictured left).

Other interesting features in the exhibition include some painted resin animals scattered all over the gallery, Raedecker's empty landscapes that on closer inspection have a strong impact, and Gary Webb's very clever sculptures, also combining the spirit of the 70s with the futuristic look of the 90s, using different materials including latex and some beautiful colours. Finally, the last painting in the gallery is by Martin Maloney himself: a hilarious work called *hey good looking* based on Poussin's choice of Hercules. Two women are admiring this young man who is very skinny and amazingly unsexy. Perhaps Maloney is opposing the image of the

ideal 90s man to the old cliché of the strong and protective being.

The exhibition is very enjoyable and miles away from the hype of last year's *Sensation* show at the Royal Academy. Here, there is no provocation or intention of shocking. It feels like art at its simplest, as a mode of expression. But the work on show also has meaning and tackles lots of interesting issues like our fear of

the future. Most of it is very inventive, often taking old material or ideas and just injecting new life into them. The visual side is also very striking - all the pieces have a very distinctive character and they do have a strong pull. You automatically stop to look at everything. Several interviews with the artists are also displayed in the

corridor leading to the bar. They try to explain their art a little, giving a few indications on where they get their ideas from and how they decide which are going to be used in their work. This presentation is a rare and very interesting insight into an artist's life and inspiration.

The ICA has once again put on a bril-

liant show, rightly shying away from controversy, concentrating instead solely on the quality and impact of the artists. They have all the space they need and it is refreshing to see such an exhibition within these walls. If you have never been to the ICA, then this is the perfect opportunity to go and check it out for yourself.

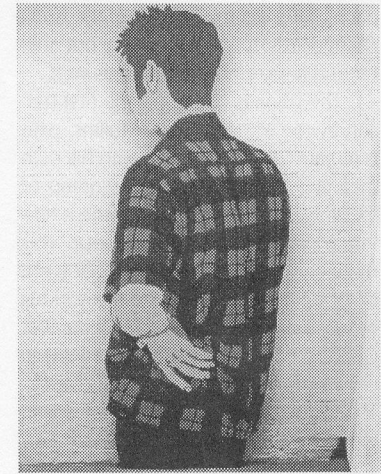
D.

Until 10th January

Nearest tube: Charing Cross/Piccadilly Circus

Admission: £1.50 (£2.50 on weekends)

Opening hours: daily 12 - 7.30pm



R.U.R. Courtyard Theatre



The Industrial Revolution was a not a good time for manual labourers. Automatic looms, steam engines and farming machinery removed the dependency of agriculture and industry on human hands, and consequently caused great hardship for these redundant workers. The landowners and industrialists who had previously employed vast numbers of men saw their own fortunes expand massively and were, with a few honourable exceptions, motivated purely by the balance sheet and untrou-

bled by the social upheaval they had caused.

The First World War was the first total armed conflict that Europe had ever experienced, and it demonstrated that in the absence of any clear technological or geographical advantage the victor would be the country with the most lives to expend.

Working in 1920, the Czech writer Karel Capek combined these two concepts and introduced a third - automated labour. Of course, this is a bit of a mouthful and not overly exciting, so Capek took the Slav word for serfs - robots - and gave the world robots. If you're an early 20th century Minister of War, merchant banker or factory owner, you like the sound of these robots. They don't need subsidised social clubs, the manufacturers only require a one-off capital payment instead of monthly wages for human workers and if a machine gun mows them down it's no big deal. This is great, until the manufacturers give them too much intelligence and the robots decide they're better off without us.

So it's a standard 'technology can

rebound on us in unexpected ways' plot device. This can work well, but only if the ideas manifested in the plot are clearly articulated with a viable scenario given the circumstances. Sadly, with *R.U.R.* this isn't always the case - especially in the final scene, which attempts to suggest, against incontrovertible evidence, that some good can come of the situation.

The actors are all members of the Court Theatre Training Company, and consequently the overall quality is not that of the West End. The crowded first half suffers from the small size of the theatre - Eric Morrison's arrogant Harry Domin needs a significantly larger space in which to declaim and strut. Gemma Barnetson's Lady Helen Glory suffers from an excess of bleeding heart, but the portrayal of her intellectual vapidness suffers from the actress' inability to convincingly portray strong conviction or emotion.

The first half drifts somewhat, and there is no air of suspense at what should be a climatic final scene before the interval. In fact, it was handled so matter-of-factly by the cast that I wasn't even sure if there was going to be a second half.

However, this is where it all changes. The main character for most of the second half is Construction Engineer Alquist, played by Jonnie Barnetson. This man single-handedly takes *R.U.R.* and transforms it from an interesting production to an arresting performance. I'm not going to spoil the plot by telling you the exact circumstances that force Alquist into the limelight, but his portrayal of an emotionally starved and half-crazed prisoner asked to perform beyond his capabilities is utterly convincing.

R.U.R. is an enjoyable evening of accessible entertainment with a strong conclusion, and while the quality is not that of the West End, neither are the ticket prices; on Sundays you pay what you feel you can afford.

Etienne Pollard

Until 6th December

Nearest tube: King's Cross

Performance times: 8pm daily except Mondays

Ticket prices: £7.50, £5.50 for students (Sundays "pay what you can" night)

SITE CONSTRUCTION South London Gallery

As I entered I could not help noticing the broken plasterboard on the floor, which I assumed was connected to the theme of *Site Construction*. After falling through slabs of plaster up to my ankles, I was thinking less about the issue behind the supposed artwork and more about my dirty shoes.

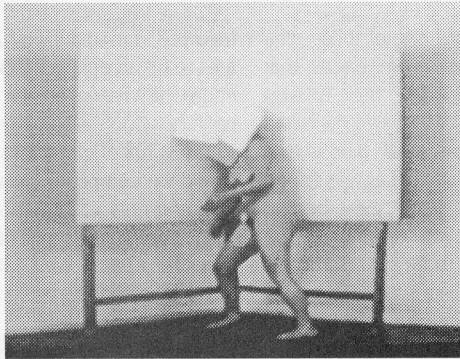
The artists originated from Berlin and as the press spiel suggested we would see some political background to the artwork, however the latent political meaning was probably exactly that.

The luvvies I spoke to had difficulty themselves in determining the ideas behind the work. But with pieces that could be best described as shaped hunks of chipboard nailed together, I understand their turmoil. After attending I learnt about the finer points of installation, in essence it means taking objects

and showing them in a place in which people view art, in this case a gallery. The exhibition included many tele-visual displays depicting everything from cycle engines being dismantled to cargo ships.

Perhaps one of the most provocative pieces was a looped video of a naked middle-aged woman with a metal box in the design of a house over her head, which was subsequently banged against the wall (*Hausfrau swinging*, pictured). Presumably, the artist was trying to provoke domesticity issues (I had to ask), however

my first response was: how much did they reimburse the woman for losing so many of her neurons?



can call this artistic and moreover what am I doing here looking it! Had I found an antenna, I would have tuned into *Eldorado* repeats if they were showing.

The highlight of the evening was a quick rendition of someone German

yelling words, seemingly at random, to the delight of the audience. Much to the aggravation of my inner ear, the yelling was interspersed with a two-tone performance on a tin whistle.

Many moons ago, a lecturer explained that mathematics is very beautiful. At the time, I and the rest of the tutorial thought he was rather mad. But now I realise that I too would rather look at a board full of equations than a picture of turf. Admittedly I was sceptical of modern art before, but this exhibition has done nothing but re-affirm my beliefs.

BTD

Until 20th December

Nearest Tube: Elephant and Castle
Admission: FREE

Opening hours: daily except Mondays

ECSTASY Arts Theatre

On the face of it, the plot of this play is not inspiring. Set in a Kilburn bed-sit in 1979, it is a glimpse into the life of Jean - a singularly moody individual, with a bit of a drink problem, who is trying to sort out her life. Act one details her problematic and loveless relationship with her boyfriend Roy. Act two consists entirely of a drunken evening involving Jean, her friend Dawn, Dawn's husband Mick and their old mate Len.

Do not be fooled by this. The show presented by About Face Productions is a hilarious, touching, brilliantly acted and well directed West-End debut by a new company, which thoroughly deserved the standing ovation that it got on the

Press Night.

Mike Leigh (of *Secrets and Lies* fame) has, in *Ecstasy*, produced a script which is an acutely observed, but also painfully accurate portrayal of real life. It has to be one of the most 'real' depictions of life that I have seen for a long time, underlining the banality of modern existence, particularly in the language which is full of platitudes and clichés.

It is also a play which, although written and set in 1979, has dated surprisingly little, largely because it deals very much with human nature rather than topical issues. The set and costumes are exactly right for the period, but the emotions and sentiments expressed in the play are still extremely relevant today.

The cast made the most of the material, squeezing every last drop of humour and meaning out of the script with fantastically realistic acting from everyone. I was particularly impressed with the drunk scene, which is the best I've ever witnessed (on the stage at any rate). Watching Mick stumbling round the stage, I felt as though I was watching it from the inside. I could remember, rather too clearly, those moments when I too have been in a similar state (though that may have had something to do with the couple of drinks at the interval). I just sat there thinking 'Yeah, it really is like that. That's brilliant!' It was amazing to watch the company construct an intriguing and funny show out of a script which, if

poorly done, could have left the audience bored to tears, or laughing at, rather than with, the cast.

The show is comedic, poignant, and magnificently staged study of the mundane that I heartily recommend to everyone.

Tom Dane

Until 19th December

Nearest tube: Leicester Square
Performance times: Tuesday - Saturday
8pm, Sundays 7pm
Tickets: concessions £7.50

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES New End Theatre

Hardship, hope, affection, tragedy, love, loss, marriage, murder, love again and then death. Tess has all of the emotions and just when you think everything will get back on track... well life simply gets worse.

If you haven't read the book, here's a quick outline of the plot: Tess is a young country girl from Marlott driven by poverty into what she believes is her wealthy relations' home. She is abused by her 'cousin' and is forced to leave and work on a dairy farm. There she and a man named Angel Clare fall in love and marry. On their wedding night she confesses her 'sin' with her cousin, so he leaves her and goes to Brazil. Thinking him dead, she marries her reformed cousin, but Angel reappears. She is so overjoyed to see him that she kills her new husband and she is hanged for her crime.

Classic Thomas Hardy, then. But this production has a musical side. Yes, we were sceptical too, but don't get the

wrong idea. The music, by Anthony Feldman, is appropriate and does not detract from the story or dialogue. The well placed, unaccompanied songs, all in the style of the period, not only smooth over the scene changes but also complement the story and events, portrayed so cleverly by all the actors anyway.

Celia Henebury as Tess is good at pulling the most miserable and tragic faces imaginable, and her skill at playing the part is equally impressive. The cast is excellent without exception and whilst sparse the scenery was extremely dynamic. Four blocks were used as a grain crusher,



horse and carriage, milk parlour and beds. Although they managed to be convincing, it was perhaps slightly hard to follow if you aren't familiar with the story. What could also be confusing was that the seven actors in the company had to play all of the characters of the novel. Having said this, both kept your attention and made for a compelling three hours.

Difficult scenes were portrayed with sensitivity - the rape scene was very tactfully done. However, perhaps not enough attention was paid to Tess' death in the end. Admittedly, Michael Fry's adaptation is faithful to the book, but for the theatre, we felt

almost robbed of an opportunity to really bawl our eyes out.

Considering that The Classic Reaction Theatre Company was only founded in 1996, it showed remarkable organisation and expertise in pulling off a wonderful production. Their ability to spot young, emerging talent seemed to bring the actors together as a real team. They worked so well that we came out of the theatre thoroughly depressed and very introspective. In fact, we were almost ready to end it all until we spotted Dale Winton at Hampstead McDonalds in his leather trousers which cheered us up no end!

Judith and Christian

Until 6th December

Nearest tube: Hampstead
Performance times: Tuesday - Saturday
7.30pm
Tickets: concessions £7



Albums

AUDIOWEB

Fireworks City ★★½



I'm sorry, mate, but those shades are ridiculous.

Audioweb are one of those difficult to categorise bands that emerged after the Britpop explosion ran out of fuel and dwindled into happy memories of Blur versus Oasis hysteria. They have always found themselves a couple of steps behind the limelight drifting around in the shadows of larger more successful acts such as the Verve and Radiohead. Now with their second album they hope to gain a foothold on the ladder to the big time, which they didn't achieve with the first attempt.

The first track off the album, also the first single lifted from it, *Policeman Skank*, gets you into the right mood immediately with just the right amount of energy. The following track, *Test the Theory* continues this trend with Martin's ragga vocals lifting this song from a pretty drab semi-funky rock out to a more in yer face effort. Shame he only starts on the ragga tip at the end of the track - it could have done with it a lot earlier on.

Audioweb seem to be very keen on attempting to write epics, and let me stress that they are attempting to do this. Firstly you have the failed attempt with previous single *Personal Feeling*

followed immediately by *Try* which also tries to be an epic but lacks that certain edge which makes an epic so catchy and uplifting. Don't assume that the whole album is full of dire tracks because you would be completely mistaken - there are moments of brilliance with tracks such as *Sentiments for a Reason* and the beautiful *Control* which has to be the next single - I'd be willing to place most of my money on that.

Trip hop rears its head on *Freefall* (it crops up all over the place nowadays) and seems to just trudge along with the obligatory strings included to produce that epic effect yet again.

To sum up I have two questions for you. One - how can a lead singer who could make you brick your pants if you met him in some dark alley have such a beautiful voice? And two - how can they write such beautiful ballads like *Control* and at the same time write pretty average plod alongs? Overall the album sounds as though it has been rushed and Audioweb were told to get an album out in November. Maybe they should have changed the album name and given themselves that little bit of extra time. **M**

Jason

ESSEN

King Size Blues ★★★

Essen are one of a small number of bands on the Clean Up label, the most successful of them all being Sneaker Pimps. Essen are based in Ladbroke Grove but their music could do much more to live up to the area's reputation. Synthesiser-based, New Age and with a German-sounding lead vocalist they are basically neither hip nor radical. I liked the electronic interpretation of reggae on *Beautiful* - probably the best track on the album. Some songs feature samples and tunes from Arabic music but nothing new is really attempted. With names like *God & The Devil*, *The Vision*, *Rams Red Son* and *Amen* there seems to be a common ancient Egyptian thread linking these tracks - but they don't deliver on the goods. I do think they would do well with a different singer. Alternatively, they could silence the current singer for longer periods of time. On the plus side, this album won't particularly repulse you. I also liked their CD sleeve design; very frozen-over Outer Space-like. It's hardly a reason to endorse it as a musical product, though, is it? **M**

Ahmed

SUPER FURRY ANIMALS

Out Spaced (Selected B-Sides & Rarities 94-98) ★★★★★



If you're happy and you know it, close your mouth

Out Spaced is a slightly weird, but definitely wonderful tour through the Super Furry back catalogue, none of which have featured on the two albums - *Fuzzy Logic* and *Radiator*. Four tracks are from the *In Space* and *The Moog Droog EPs* that were released on the Welsh indie label Ankst, prior to the Furies signing to the Creation record label in 1996. Subsequently all Furry singles have had English title tracks with the B-sides predominantly in Welsh, hence the majority of the tracks on this CD are in Welsh. Language should be no barrier, as the ability to successfully experiment with so many different styles is something that sets the Furies apart from many other bands.

The tracks, which are probably most familiar to the average punter are *The Man Don't Give a Fuck* and *Smokin'*, the latter coming from the recent EP entitled *Ice Hockey Hair*. *The Man Don't Give a Fuck* is the opening track here - it starts gently but then unleashes into the chant-like phrase which has become the standard (and very popular) Furry encore at live gigs. It's just the sort of adrenalin rush that is sadly missing from the large amount of British bands that are floating about the live circuit nowadays. It's tracks and bands like these that restore faith in the musical system by inspiring a new generation to stand up, grab a guitar and make themselves heard.

Guacamole (even though it has nothing to do with a Mexican dip) is a moshing /rock 'n' roll influenced track with vocalist Gruff giving an excellent, *Great Balls*

of Fire impression on the chorus. *Focus Pocus* borders into the realms of progressive rock with Hammond organ and flute-like solo bits in the intro but even this is tastefully done.

The Furies' origins as a techno outfit shine through only slightly in the ambient style of some of the tracks but particularly on *Dim Brys Dim Chwys* and *Arnafio/Glo in the Dark*. There are several tracks thrown in which are in an easy listening vein. These nicely compliment the tracks around them but would also stand well on their own. In particular, *Don't be a Fool*, *Billy* and *Carry the Can* show the Furies laid-back side at their best.

This CD shows the Furies at their most diverse yet, but this definitely isn't the case of bundling together a load of album rejects. If they do have some ropery material in the back catalogue, then they've kept it well hidden. They still aren't the household name that they deserve to be, but this is probably due to their refusal to stick to one tried and tested formula. If you haven't listened to much of them before, this really is an excellent place to start. For the already converted, things just got better. **M**

Katherine

Albums

KRISTIN HERSCH

Murder, Misery and then Goodnight ★



Kristin Hersch
Maths 30/06/99
Student

Hey again, Kristin, you up for a spin? This is hard to write. I really want to like this record but it's not easy. You mean a lot. Through the frantic and at times relentless mania of Throwin' Muses, the output shone with staggeringly accurate insight and observation. Your first solo effort, *Hips and Makers* resonates with an unerring beauty that probably only hints at the demons that haunt your soul. This year's *Strange Angel* is similarly sparse - the fusion of a disturbing, yet engaging, vocal delivery with acoustic atmospherics.

It's not that I dislike folk music. I was there at the front of the Free Trade Hall back in '66 hollering 'Judas!' berating his highness Zimmerman for selling out to the Man. But Appalachian folk songs, Kristin? For crying out loud! I mean, I know Neil Young sang, 'Old times were good times' and these murder and drinking ballads may remind you of childhood - a time before the pain, a time before you looked into the abyss and, well, fell right in, to the very bottom. Or have I just got the wrong end of the stick? Is this an exorcism that I'm listening to or are you confronting the

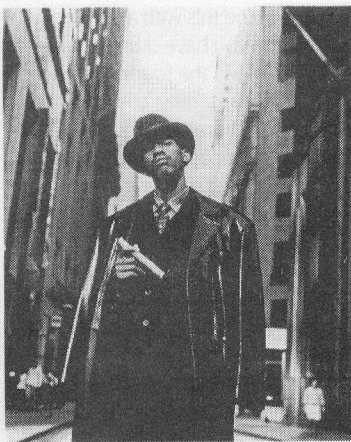
ghosts of the past that have haunted you ever since?

Whatever the case may be, it's not easy to stomach. *Down in the Willow Garden*, *Banks of the Ohio* and *Whole Heap of Little Horses* work, the latter seemingly being reinterpreted as a touching communication to your kids and *Banks...* telling a tale of spurned love evolving into fatal retribution benefits greatly from your countrified twang of a vocal and the simple moan of an electric organ. As for the rest? I'm not sure how to put this but no matter how many times I listen, the music just creates the urge to shout, 'Yee-I-lah!' or tunelessly bellow, 'I'm Popeye the sailor man.' Sorry Kristin. That just isn't good enough. **M**

Chris

KURUPT

Kuruption ★★★★★



He's the kool kuruptioner

A few years back not even US hip-hop was much cop. Originality was lacking and the edge that had made hip-hop so good in the early days seemed to have disappeared. Up then sprung Death Row from the west coast, a recording label with what seemed like that little something extra. Hip-hop heads jumped for joy as they all praised the likes of Dr. Dre, Tupac and Snoop Doggy Dogg. It seemed that a new force was born, and Kurupt was among them.

Sadly, with hindsight, the Death Row output wasn't actually very good. Apart from Warren G's chart classic *Regulate* and Snoop's first album *Doggystyle*, most of what was produced can only be described as good for hip-hops few years in the cold. Thankfully Wu Tang et al finally brought us out of this rut and Death Row and the majority of its artists fell by the wayside. But here we are, five years on and Snoop and Kurupt have both brought out new albums. It would have probably been best for all concerned if Snoop had been found guilty of accessory to murder and his musical output had been halted after *Doggystyle*. But he has carried on in one way or

another and most of what he's done hasn't been worth a second listen, the new album included. Kurupt, however, seems to have moved on.

Rather than getting bogged down, or even killed, in all that east coast - west coast argument rubbish, Kurupt has managed to avoid the trap that has caught most Death Row artists and has produced an album combining flavours from both sides of the states. The album comes in a double CD pack; one for the east coast and one for the west, and the sounds on each represent each of the sounds excellently.

The tunes are pure hip-hop, and west coaster Kurupt steers well clear of anything that might be misconstrued as gangsta rap. Another big plus is that Kurupt takes the chance to introduce a number of new stars on the album rather than relying on the big names to spice up his poetry.

So Kurupt lives on while others have faltered and from what we get on *Kuruption* he'll probably be living it large for quite some time. Tupac is dead! Snoop is shit! Kurupt is king! **M**

James

BEE GEES

Tribute Album ★★★★★

Old music is really coming back with a vengeance. Witness all the 'best of' albums that are around and you'll see what I mean. This album has a slightly different idea, though. Get a load of current pop stars and let them cover classic Bee Gees track in their own inimitable styles. It seems like a good idea and, on the surface, it's great. There's a lot of great songwriting going on on this album - *More Than A Woman* sounds amazing to this day; *You Should Be Dancing* still sends shivers down the spine and *Night Fever* is still there for any potential disco king or queen to get down to. But it really shows up the absolute uselessness of some of the bands here that they manage to make these great songs sound bland.

For a start, 911 have stamped their awful boy-band stink all over *More Than A Woman*. I won't go on about this too much except to say that I wish I had never heard this version and that I wish that 911 would split up. It doesn't get much worse than that but the crapness level is evident throughout the album. Boyzone's contribution is a very Microsoft-sounding *Words '98*. If they could be taken to court for crimes against music, I'd be there in the public gallery shouting for the return of the death penalty. I could go on but there's no point being negative.

Dana International does a relatively good version of *Woman In Love* and even Steps do all right with *Tragedy*. Top marks, though, to Robbie Williams and the Orb for their trip-out version of *I Started A Joke*. Can the boy do no wrong? Monaco slide in with their take on *You Should Be Dancing*. This is a typically dark affair which has all the traditional Peter Dinklage bass-line and bad vocal combinations. Good stuff, though. The best track is a toss-up between Space and their version of *Maschusetts* and the Lightning Seeds' *To Love Somebody*. Neither song sounds like the band in question and the Seeds track is a very bare acoustic guitar and vocal number.

The balance between good and bad is very delicate here. The only thing that gives it a three, instead of one, star rating is that the profits of the album go to the charity Live Challenge '99. If the producers had just thought about it a bit more, it could have been so much better. **M**

Alok



Albums

MINISTRY OF SOUND

The Annual IV ★★★

Ministry of Sound.
Can you not read?

Judge Jules is in charge of mixing CD1. It kicks off with David Morales' presenting *The Face and Needin' U*. I never heard this Original Mistake version before; somehow I always seem to hear the full-on remixes. If you know this one then you're gonna love the slow intro building up to the smash - it just teases so much, and then he lets you have it - classic! A faultless mix takes us into Ultra Naté and *Found A Cure*. I'm sure you all know the follow up to the chart hit *Free* - still sounds so fresh. Bini & Martini's *Dancin' With You* quickly passes by, as does the eighties-sound of Joey Negro featuring Taka Boom with *Can't Get High Without You*. They do nothing at all for the mix.

José-Nunez featuring Octahvia did a good round in the clubs with *In My Life*. Again, this full on vocal mix is one that I haven't heard before. Sounds just as good without the vocals though. The Don's *Horn Song* is a thumping tune but without life. But Blockster and *You Should Be* seems even more of an anti-climax! I just couldn't wait for *Take Control* by State of Mind. The M&S production shines through and the vocals just drive you insane. The beats are all there. Curse the Judge for only playing four minutes of it!

Then, there's The Tamperer featuring Maya tampering with Michael Jackson's *Feel It*. I'm not going to say anything about this one apart from that I think she'll look rather stupid with a chimney on her! The Golden Girls did well with *Kinetic* and they still do. Love the electronics on this one. You can probably see a trend here; some good tracks then some bad, and then some good ones again.

Jules concludes his mix with Blue Adonis' *Discocop*. It's as party-funky as it gets on a house compilation, allowing Boy George to take to the turntables. The old Boy

starts with Fatboy Slim's *Rockafeller Skank*; say no more. He cuts this one up to spin Run DMC vs Jason Nevins. I'm sure you know what *It's Like...*, and who wins. Sau Paulo (*Be Yourself Be Free*) and Baby Bumps (*Burnin'*) sound so used by now. These are definitely not some of the better tracks of this year. Juliet Roberts' *I Like* is hardly house music - the vocals are given too much emphasis and just destroys the track. Since we're talking vocals, you must hear the helium voices on *Thinkin' About Me* by The MPC's. It's hilarious, and shouldn't be here at all. Fortunately Mousse T saves us with *Horny* and his master production. And there's more in the form of Cevin Fisher and *The Freaks Come Out*.

The overall choice of tracks was better done by Boy George. They may not be all wicked but we don't hear no pants. Some of the better tracks are from Ruff Driverz Shame, Furry Phreaks featuring Deva Soothe, Lovestation Teardrop and the unmistakable Freestylers with *B-Boy Stance* - so rough and chillin', and that Oasis sample without permission. Interestingly enough, Georgy boy uses Fatboy again with *Gangsta Trippin'*. Maybe he just put this in to show he can mix this out to The All Seeing I (*Beat Goes On*), and he does so most impressively. The Jungle Brothers scratch in and Jungle Brother spins to an end.

The Annual is always a competition between the two DJs and Boy George wins easily. He ain't MoS resident for nothing! In conclusion, The Annual is a decent compilation, but the tracks that I really like I already have so I wouldn't go out and pay sixteen odd quid for this. Of course, if you don't have them or you're just a fan of MoS material, then buy it before the limited edition packaging sells out. **M**

Asad

THE PSYCHONAUTS

Time Machine ★★★

Time Machine is a retrospective mix album from those demonic decksters the Psychonauts. Featuring various Mo'Wax DJ's and musicians such as DJ Shadow, DJ Krush, Unkle and Money Mark this album aims to ease a new Mo'Wax convert into the label's hallowed halls of massive beats and wicked cuts.

It comes as no surprise then that this album is a mixed bag. There are classics and previously unheard tunes all in varying lengths. The Psychonauts let some tracks play out and only give tantalising glimpses of others - the old Mo'Wax favourite of interplaying weird 50's retro style samples of earnest voices talking about the 'Solar System' with thumping percussion and heavenly, tuneful guest vocalists.

The mixing skills on display on this record are just insane - switching between multiple records and samples with dizzying speed and attention to all aspects of each separate channel. After listening to this album you feel that a lot of planning has gone into the structure

and the progression through the tracks.

The Psychonauts build the beats up only to knock them down again with a blast of chaos and then its on to the next track - with another Mo'Wax classic with a twist. If you are not ready for a lot of variety in your beats don't buy this album - you get the lot here - from african drums, to kazoos, to washboards and some foot stomping too.

The best bits of the album were the (fairly frequent) parts where the Psychonauts got their hands on some DJ Shadow and Unkle mixes - *Rock On* (DJ Shadow) is given a nice twist and my old fave *Organ Donor* (DJ Shadow) starts off the album. The less well known artists from the Mo'Wax stable don't lie as well upon my ears but they do provide an interesting contrast to the more established sounds of Unkle et al. Basically, this album is all about rhythm and the Psychonauts have it, Mo'Wax has got it and they show it all off here. Just be ready for a big variety to go with your big beats. **M**

Joel

JONNY L

Magnetic ★★★½

It has almost been a year since Jonny L's highly acclaimed debut album, *Sawtooth*, was released on the now legendary XL label. After a brief period of producing material such as *Make me Work*, he was back producing breakbeats again, alongside producers such as Roni Size and Carl Craig. Back in the early days of d&b, DJ's such as Fabio, Grooverider and Bukem didn't really pay much attention to Mr L's material and it wasn't until *Piper* was released last year that he gained full respect and was finally regarded as a 'true player' on the drum and bass scene.

His new album, *Magnetic*, is likely to confirm that he still is a very prominent figure on this scene which is slowly beginning to exhaust itself. However I feel if material like this is anything like future releases, then d&b will continue to be a form of alternative music to listen to. He has co-produced a few of the tracks on this album with other artists, such as DJ Optical, to create some excellent sounding music. 'Viper', for example, is a combination of a simple

breakbeat and two minimalistic bass lines. Combine this with a perfect introduction, and you have drum and bass at it's best. 'Focus', the fourth track on the album is a dark, dirty combination of distorted kick drums and muffled snares. It has the most basic of basic bass lines and in conjunction with the eerie samples, it creates yet another brilliant tune from the man himself.

However, the first three tracks do not do the album any justice whatsoever, being monotonous two step beats with a lack of a melodic bassline. I do, however like the interludes (*Hard Clip* and *Exabyte*), which let you chill out to the half speed beats before the next portion of upfront, unadulterated breaks kick in.

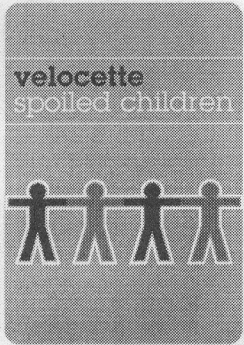
In general, I believe the album has some great potential to do well, and it may well be a good time to use the 'program' function on your CD player to enjoy it at it's best. In conclusion, I think it would be safe to say Jonny L has come a long way since busking in Covent Garden with his Roland TB 303. **M**

DJ Sianide

Albums

VELOCETTE

Four Fold Remedy ★★



Spoiled Children. The mellow single from *Four Fold Remedy*

Velocette supported Kenickie on their recent tour. Kenickie split up soon after. Whether Velocette's dreary dirges had any influence on the break up is debatable, but I must say listening to their new album *Four Fold Remedy* did not exactly leave me invigorated with a will to do great things.

Velocette have obviously put a lot of effort into the production. Too much, in fact. They try so hard to produce what they think is an intriguing patchwork of melodic beauty, that they miss the point that the songs are actually supposed to be enjoyable to listen to. So much concentration is devoted to making each

phrase, bar and note sound 'nice', the whole song suffers as a whole.

So often, the songs start off with a beautiful, mellow intro, only to be ruined by the vocalist's annoyingly "gentle" and "lilting" voice. The lyrics don't do the album any favours either. It was a mistake to have them printed on the sleeve. It just draws attention to how tedious they are.

Maybe I'm being a little unfair. Like all music, it gets better the more you listen to it. There are occasions when it does work, and the music just seems to flow. Notably, *La Sirena* and *Where are we?*, an instrumental piece with plenty of Hammond organ and congas, are particularly stirring. On first listen to the album, I was sure that I wouldn't get any enjoyment from it, so this was a nice surprise.

To give some idea of the style, if you like Kristin Hersh (post-Throwing Muses) or early Belly, you might appreciate this. For me, it was like listening to Kenickie but with all the energy, wit and vibrancy removed.

All in all, there's a distinct lack of originality. This album could have been released ten years ago and nobody would have batted an eyelid. *Four Fold Remedy* is not going to change anyone's life. **M**

Tom Bailess

PLEXIQ

Blech ★★

Hmmm...German electronica. Okay...not really my sort of music. Lots of dodgy samples over the top of wandering, heavy, electronic beats. Mix with it the odd German vocal or too, perhaps expressions about Neo-Nazism or chants about happy hard-core drugs and a persons right to fall over a lot, and you get the kind of music that, frankly, the Germans can keep. Perhaps a little extreme, but this is what I was expecting when I saw the cover of *Blech*, the debut album from Frankfurt outfit Plexiq. I was only partially wrong. It IS a collection of dodgy samples over some heavy beats, both drum and bass, break beat and plain dance. However two or three of the tracks are actually pretty good. *Memories* stands out for its wicked guitar riffing over cool break beats, whilst *Mais* a really funky bass line and some amusing sounds that combine with the sampled lines 'god speed, god speed John Glenn' to good effect. The title track - *Blech* - is a decent, nifty little number, with booming drums and interesting backing that definitely makes your toes tap. Unfortunately, this is about exiting as it gets. Most of the samples sound an awful lot like they have been taken from an old Spectrum arcade game. I was constantly reminded of a small yellow ball bouncing along on top of

music lyrics, whilst a dodgy video plays in the background and some really drunk karaoke singer proceeds to make a complete dick of him/herself. Boing boing bing bang plopppp screech...nice. Okay, it's not that bad, I am just a bit pissed off because I didn't get to review the latest U2 album (thankfully I didn't end up with Robbie Williams), but it really isn't good either. In fact it's a bit neutral really. A few songs begin to titillate my senses but too many are just, plain, boring, repetitive and completely uninspiring. Plexiq should be Swiss, not German. **M**

Eddie

Singles

Rocket From The Crypt - *Break It Up*

Very middle of the road. Sort of walking along the same way as Status Quo. Doesn't appeal to me but if you like your stuff a bit heavier than indie music then you could do a lot worse.

Alabama 3 - *Converted*

Any single that has a 'perverted' and a 'missionary position' mix has to be worth a listen. It's a guy singing about going to church. Actually if it wasn't for the words this might even be able to transform itself into a half decent single.

Cable - *Arthur Walker*

Run of the mill indie song with a not very catchy chorus. Let's hope they don't give up their day jobs. Same old story down Indie Street.

Salanko - *The Midnight Radiates A Purple Glow In His World/Go On Then Enlighten Me*

Mellow toons which are very summery. Reminds me of picnics in the sun. Both songs on this double a side are floral and hippie. Peace man!

The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion - *Magical Colors*

Say hello to the trying and failing new Roy Orbison. Again, a seventies flash back. Not really my cup of Earl Grey.

THE ESSENTIAL CHOON

Snow Patrol - *Absolute Gravity*

Interesting single - Triple A-side with no B's. Very chilled out indie music. Snow Patrol were definitely coming down when they thought this one up. Don't listen to this if you're depressed.

Lebanese Blonde - *Thievery Corporation*

Love the sitar sample! Apart from that all you've got is a drum beat and some woman singing in sultry tones. Good if you're Lebanese, I suppose.

Nine Yards - *Loneliness Is Gone*

Virgin yet again have picked up more potential, commercial talent. Very promising R'n'B tune. Check out *Tha Bomb* in Felix 1126 for a more in-depth look at these boys from Peckham.

Beverly Knight - *Sista Sista*

You get what you expect from Beverly Knight - chill out soul music. Fantastic vocals with a catchy beat.

The Rottentrolls - *The Rottentrolls March*

Apollo 440 meets kiddie tv show. Following in the trend of teletubbies but lacks what it takes to be any good. **M**

Helen

Ash - *Wild Surf*

Sounds a lot like *That Thing You Do* by The Wonders. You know, the one written by Tom Hanks. Has the Ash touch - lots of guitars - with tons of melodious harmonies. Heavy rotation on the MTV loop. Destined to do well.



THE GALLERY @ TURNMILLS

The Gallery @ Turnmills

63b Clerkenwell Road, EC1, Fridays, £10, 10.30pm-7.30am. Capacity=700. Dress code = smart clubwear, no trainers.

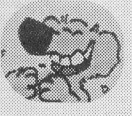
Big, big London night this one. Our rivals at Mixmag (!) reckon this is the best around in the capital at the mo. Maybe they've got it just about right. Well, that's what the huge crowd on Friday night certainly thought. But personally I feel that if the club were a kid (!) its end of term report would say: shows great potential, but is easily distracted by others. Slightly cryptic, I know, but it roughly translates as, "it could be the best Friday night in London if it wasn't for the fact that everyone else seems to think that too!" The club was just far too crowded, especially in the main dancefloor, and there isn't anything more frustrating than listening to some of the best DJs around without being able to dance (not unless you want to rub up against the ten other sweaty people within an inch of you). You just shouldn't let that many people into a club of the size of Turnmills 'cos it takes away from the enjoyment of the people inside. And, after all, that is what counts when you are clubbing and what makes nights legendary. But I suppose that The Gallery is now highly commercial, almost corporate clubbing.

Moaning aside, the highlights of the night, were as usual the two headliners. And with Judge Jules helping out resident giant Tall Paul the roof was practically blown off the venue for a good few hours. The Eclectronica room was also stunning with the men behind the decks sticking true to the name of the room and playing it varied as you

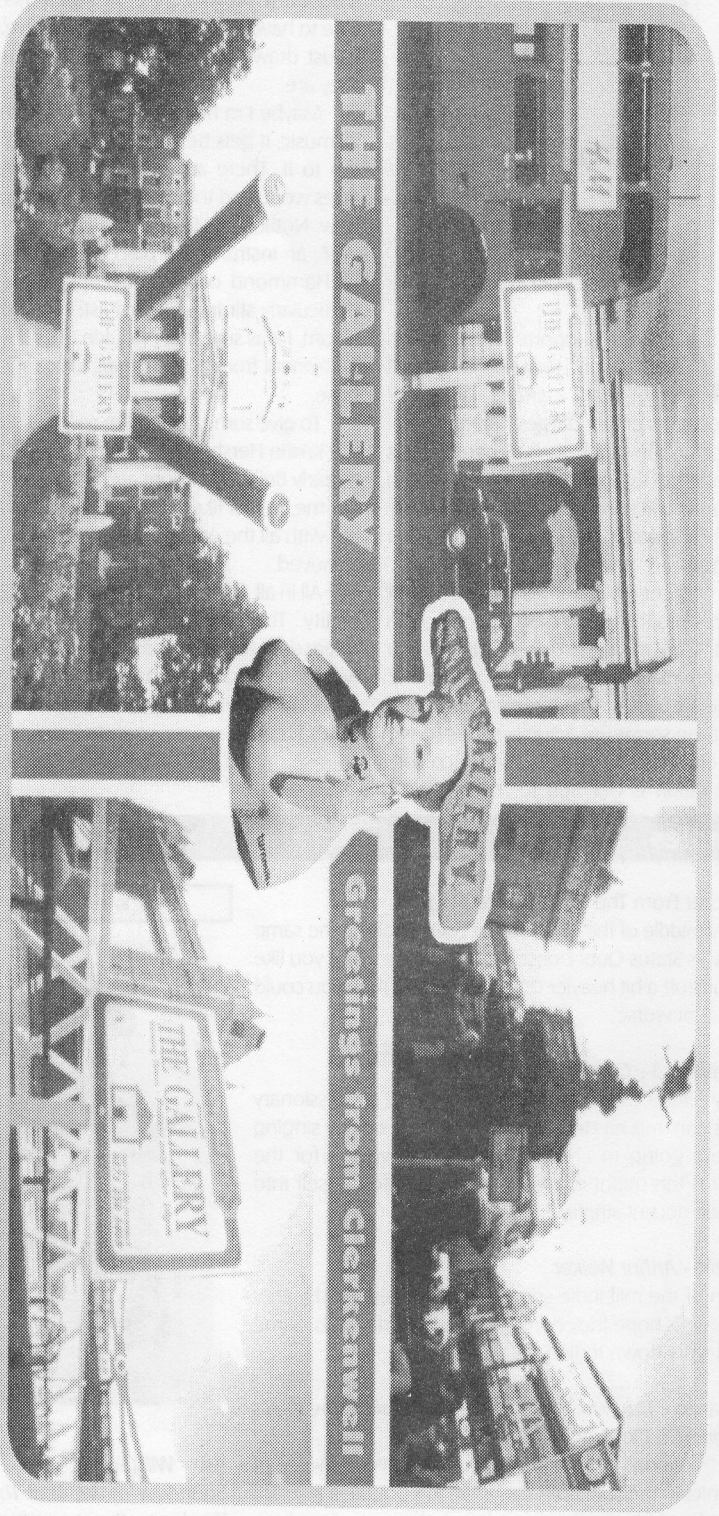
like. From Deeelite to D & B this room was probably the place to be seen doing your grooving, and guess what? There was room to groove too. Definitely worth checking out for large chunks of the time when you go to The Gallery. The music in general is very uplifting house and nu-energy driven tunes that keep you smiling all night despite the prices at the bar. The people in here are friendly too. The Gallery has a large membership following but it is not unwelcoming. People even smile through the cramped conditions on the dancefloor.

Now the club itself is easily the most beautiful I have been to in our fair city. They take pride at The Gallery in changing the decor of the club on a regular basis and usually support new design talent whilst doing this. It was spiky and prickly night when I was there - well cool. There are also plenty of bar areas to chill out in and to get into random conversations with random punters about how spiky everything appears to be.

Go, but don't bring your mates (please!)



Roobarb



THE GALLERY @ TURNMILLS



Singles

JS:16 / Stomping System (Duty Free Recordings)

Chunky tune from Tall Paul's own label. Catchy enough, but this one is better off being listened to on the dance floor than in the bedroom. Tall Paul gives it the Camisra treatment on the flip side.

Best Mix - Camisra Mix
Out Now

16B / Water Ride

Standard epic house fare. Swooping effects and lots of twiddling about, centred around a passable base line. Pretty dull actually, but still quite soothing. Listen to this one just before going to sleep - that's what I'm doing.

Best Mix - the 13th room mix
Out soon

Anjali / Aquilla

Nice single this one, comprising lovely deep beats, Indian tablas and dark seductive vocals. Those of you into Goa will love this. If you want to relax, try the B side - you'll completely lose yourself in the music.

Released 7/12/98

Gerideau / Bring It Back to Love (Inferno)

Quality garage track from up and coming star Gerideau. Comes on a couple of CDs with a host of mixes from,

among others the mighty Joey Negro. Check out these mixes too 'cos they do offer more than the original edit with isn't the most memorable tune in history.

Best Mix - Dem 2's Rubba Soul Dub
Out Now

Jay-Z / Hard Knock Life

This guy is currently one of the hottest properties in the US and this single shows just why he spent 5 weeks at no.1 in the us album chart. Hard Knock Life has been hammered on just about every radio station and features the song from the musical Annie. The single has great vocals on a simple but effective tune which will hit the streets next week. Watch out for the album in the new year.

Released 30/11/98



Roobarb and Gurm

Specimen A /Pulse

For those of you who like the Prodigy and/or the Beastie Boys, then this is for you. Specimen A are a couple of teenage boys who have already been snapped up by a major record label and after you've heard this album, you'll understand why. Influences include the Prodigy and the Beastie Boys, yet the album retains its authenticity by not copying them outright. Each track has a different influence so one minute you could be listening to a dance track, and the next minute you'll be listening to a Beastie Boys influenced tune, so there's a lot of variety over the whole album. Although the guys won't want to be called the new

Prodigy, it's hard to see how they'll shrug off the tag, since that's what they are. Watch out Keith Flint et al.
Out now



Gurm

STOP PRESS - Pulse have just announced a gig at the student union on the 18th December.

Platipus A.R.C.

Various Artists (Platipus Records Ltd.)

Now, I know that this is a howling cliché, but this album really does grow on you after a few listens. If I'd done the review after the first listening I reckon that I would have slated it. "Just another album filled with shitty B-side trance remixes of good originals..." But NO that just wouldn't have been fair. You've got some absolutely classic remixes in this collection. The record may get off to a shaky start with a formulaic remix of Slacker's seminal Scared, but don't let this put you off. At least half of the album gives you trance at its very best - building up like a skyscraper and breaking down like Gazza. Sasha's Magic, Chromium's Chrome (!), and Pob's Strata are stunning pieces of dance music. After intelligent drum & base, do we now have intelligent trance? Let's hope so.

As for the remixes of more conventional tracks, the ground is a bit shaky

with Union Jack's cheesy trance (if that's possible) version of Simple Mind's Waterfront. I'd pick who you choose to remix a bit better next time lads. After all, Simple Minds are a bag of shite. Just on principle, you shouldn't remix a band who's lead singer lost out to an ape like Liam Gallagher. Anyway, Union Jack try their hardest to make it work, so we'll let them off. Anyway, this minor black mark is made up for by the wicked remix of Raze's classic house track Break 4 Love. But it is the presence of Do You Wanna Know by Funtopia that really gets this album going. This is the version that is on the first of the Renaissance albums and captures the vibe that is present in that record. See, you can be trancey and funky all at the same time. Hallelujah!



Roobarb





Reviews

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas ★★☆☆

Starring : Johnny Depp, Benicio Del Toro

Director : Terry Gilliam

For nearly thirty years, Hunter S Thompson's seminal novel has been considered un-filmable - and when you watch it, you'll soon see why. The plot is minuscule, and virtually vanishes after the first five minutes, when all semblance of normality disappears and is replaced by a stream of images of a hideous, hilarious, drug-induced fantasy world.

In any normal film, drugged-up would be a simple enough description - a bunch of blokes out of their heads on the Class-A product of their choice. Take *Trainspotting* for example. In this case, however, it's taken to a whole new level, with more narcotics than you probably realised existed. Gilliam utilises the possibilities that this presents to the fullest possible extent, with images of gentle fantasies rapidly turning into full-on visions of hell when the next dose hits. In cinematic terms, this puts *Fear and Loathing* on a completely different visionary plane to any film you've ever seen.

All this, of course, requires a top-notch performance from Johnny Depp - and this he duly delivers. Stumbling through this crazy world, he is slowly



In the words of Nick Cassavetes in *Face/Off*: "No more drugs for that man".

drowning in a haze of illusion. He portrays Hunter S Thompson's semi-autobiographical anti-hero without a trace of the deliberation or self-belief that fuelled *Trainspotting*. At no point in the movie does he attempt to construct a logical argument in favour of taking drugs - he simply does it because he enjoys it.

All of which makes for a refreshing change, and leaves Depp free to explore the full range of his character. He flies from explosive anger to hyperactive lunacy to delusional coward in a matter of minutes, without a trace of overacting or irony. Of course with Johnny Depp's recent series of visits to rehab, the rea-

sons for his great performance might have more to do with personal experience than talent. Or perhaps I'm just being cruel.

Fans of Gilliam will not come away disappointed, with his trademark weirdness in full effect - indeed *Fear and Loathing* owes far more to his Python cartoons than any of his more recent work.

On release in the States, *Fear and Loathing* received very mixed reviews from critics - and Terry Gilliam himself has described it as "a movie you'll either love or hate". With a paper thin plot it's easy to see why, as your feelings about the movie hang on your feelings about Gilliam's masterly use of visuals. Yet even if you find much of the film unbelievable or massively over the top, you can't help but admire moments like the snake pattern on the carpet crawling up Depp's legs, or his visualisation of the clientele of his hotel's bar as *real* lounge lizards.

Undeniably weird; undoubtedly cool; definitely original. If you don't want to experience madness first hand, this is as close as you're ever going to get. **F**

Dave

Blade ★★☆☆

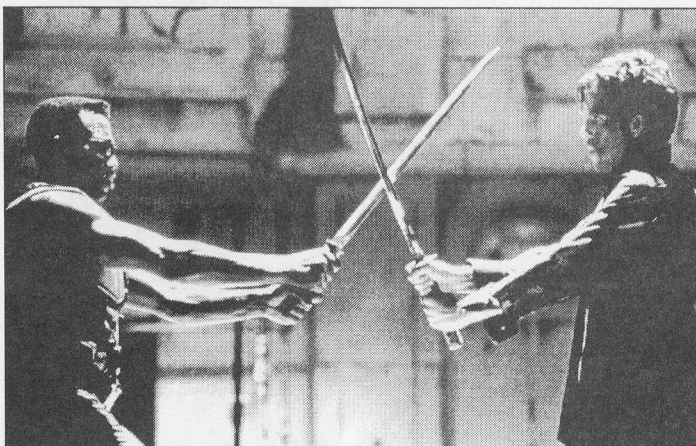
Starring : Wesley Snipes, Stephen Dorff, Kris Kristofferson

Director : Stephen Norrington

Almost everyone must know the rules concerning vampires. Holy water, crosses, garlic, stakes through the heart, rightful owner of the house, kill the head vampire, jumpers for goalposts. Marvellous. *Blade* chucks most of that superstitious stuff out of the window.

OK, so garlic, sunlight and stakes still work. Silver bullets do too, though like the sex machine in *Dust 'til Dawn*, I thought that was for werewolves. But you can forget crosses and holy water straight away, along with most of the other stuff. Plus, modern technology has brought us sun-block and the science of haematology. These are the nineties you know.

Blade himself is a far cry from a medieval witch-hunter too. Based on the lesser known Marvel Comics character, he's got more in common with the sex machine than he has with Stoker's van Helsing. His mother was bitten by a vampire shortly before she went into labour, you see, so he was born a 'Daywalker',



Blade: definitely not to be messed with.

with the strength and regeneration of a vampire. He's still able to walk around in daylight, however, and he's generally a good bloke. Now he whiles away those lonely nights hunting vampires in the hope that he may one day avenge his mother's death...

Assistance is offered by the token

babe and some old bloke who picked him up off the streets in his youth. But let's face it, it's Blade who we came to watch, and Wesley Snipes was perfectly cast in this role. Though his acting may sometimes be on the more wooden side of an exceptionally large block of oak, he makes Jackie Chan look like a rather

quick moving weakling. Stephen Dorff's not bad in the supporting role either, and both contribute immensely to the overall style of the film.

At the end of the day, style is what it's all about. There's probably a plot or something in there somewhere too, but what there is turns out to be patently ridiculous, cheesy and ridden with holes. Yet as Blade minces another army of rock hard, super strong vampires with a flick of his wrist, little will be going through your mind other than "Huh... huh... that was cool!" As for the finale... well, the cinema was cheering for most of it.

Blade is the kind of film which is so stylish and quick paced in parts that you don't want to wait until it comes out on video or even on TV (unless of course you have your own Barco projector) - it just works so well on the big screen. The supercilious amongst you will no doubt hate it, but the MTV generation majority won't be disappointed. **F**

Andy

Reviews & Competitions

Les Misérables ★★½

Starring : Liam Neeson, Geoffrey Rush, Uma Thurman, Claire Danes
 Director : Bille August

No, don't worry, it's not the big screen version of the long running musical - only Woody Allen would get Hollywood stars to sing on film. Instead it's the adaptation of Victor Hugo's classic novel (upon which the musical and countless stage plays have been based).

Sadly, however, the motivation behind the movie becomes clear all too rapidly. Picture the scene: some greedy Hollywood producer is wandering through the \$1 classics section of his local bookstore, looking for the next costume drama to provide a nice fat pay day. He spots a copy of *Les Misérables* and realised that the musical had done all the publicity work for him. Money in the bank, surely.

Well, probably not, thanks largely to a phenomenally dull re-telling of a story that's been committed to film fourteen times before. Obviously, director August (a Danish director who has only made one film in the English language) was under strict instructions not to deviate from the standard costume drama template - decent cast, nice location (Prague pretending to be nineteenth century



Claire Danes sports Chanel's new "Costume Drama" look.

Paris) and stirring strings on the soundtrack. Yet it's such a deadpan re-creation of the original story that you may as well be watching a movie about the history of the French railway system.

You can't blame the cast; you can't really blame the director; all you can do is ponder why on earth this film got made at all. **F**

Dave

Win tickets courtesy of the

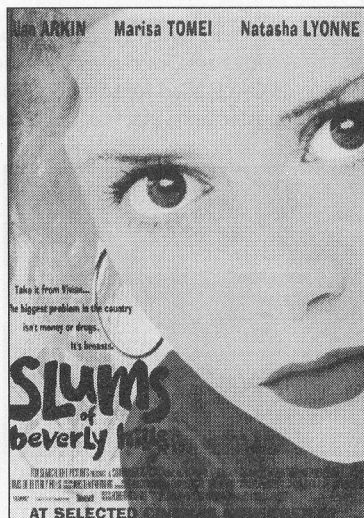
ODEON

KENSINGTON

Think Beverly Hills 90210, and then remove all the gloss, the smiles, the affluence and any semblance of happiness - and replace the lot with mid seventies dysfunctionality. The image you're left with should approximate to *The Slums of Beverly Hills*.

In reality, it's a pretty standard coming of age drama, padded out with quirky humour and all manner of eccentrics. It's also loosely based on director Tamara Jenkins own adolescent experiences, so expect realism at every turn.

Thanks to the Odeon Kensington, we've got ten - that's right, ten - pairs of tickets to *Slums* to give away. To be in with a chance of winning, just answer the following question:



Name any three regular stars of Beverly Hills 90210

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 *Blade* competition were:

Andrew Coates
 Claire Lonsdale
 James Sutherland
 Guido Morgenthal
 Lisa Huhlov

They correctly identified that *Bram Stoker's Dracula* was directed by Francis Ford Coppola. Please drop into the *Felix* office to pick up your prize.

VIDEO NEW RELEASES UPDATE

Austin Powers

Viewing with *There's Something About Mary* for the crown of most gut-wrenchingly funny movie of recent years, *Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery* is one of the funniest movies I've ever seen. Never fearing the blantly obvious or overly crude gag, Mike Myers (writer and star of *Wayne's World*) packs ninety minutes with more comedy than you can possibly take in at one sitting, making this a great movie to buy.

In essence, it's a fairly basic parody of sixties crimefighters (Bond in particular) meets the modern world. Yet it's simply the quality of the writing, coupled with great performances from the leads (Mike Myers, Liz Hurley and Mike Myers) and a top notch soundtrack that make it so nearly perfect.

Tomorrow Never Dies

Bond returns for the 18th time, once again in the guise of Pierce Brosnan. This time around the plot's straight from the land of cheese, with Bond traipsing across the globe (as ever) in an attempt to stop the dastardly schemings of a Rupert Murdoch-esque media barron.

Suffice to say, all the usual elements are there - with Teri Hatcher as the old flame and Michelle Yeoh on duty as the foreign agent who can't resist his charms. But it's the quality of the effects - done for 'real', and as a result so much better than today's CGI fests - that make this a classy bit of Bond. The opening sequence is superbly cheesy, and you'd be hard pushed to find a sequence to match the car-park chase in any of 007's other outings.

Boogie Nights

Having won massive critical acclaim earlier this year, it's time to find out what all the fuss was about. *Boogie Nights* is undoubtedly original - offbeat and downright weird - and it's depiction of the late seventies porn world is balanced perfectly between realism and hilarity. The performances from the leads are damn fine, particularly as the film moves into phase two - what happens to the characters when their world collapses and they're forced to venture out into reality. **F**

Dave



Futurecop - LAPD

Electronic Arts

★★★★★



Diplomatic Police test their new traffic cone theft deterrent

Those red diplomatic police cars with submachine guns, shotguns and pistols speeding to the sandwich shop might look a little bit tasty, but this game is set in the future where red Mondeos wouldn't make it round the corner let alone pick up a rather nice half price sandwich after 4pm.

As a futurecop you get a shiny new armour plated and heavily armed robot, which can transform into a speedy hover-tank, then shoot, dodge and jump your way round the urban dystopia known as Los Angeles. You also get a choice of two games. Precinct Assault is the simplest, where you take on either

an AI or human in an attempt to get a drone tank into the enemy control centre before the opponent does the same. So build tanks to attack, choppers to defend and turn neutral turrets to your side and humiliate your friends.

Crime War is the better of the two games, though, as your robot gets to take on a series of story-based levels in an attempt to make the streets safe until the sequel is finished, or the next futuristic cop game is released. There might be an unfair advantage in having mini-guns, homing missiles and mortars against rocket carrying criminals, but what they lack in firepower they make up for in numbers, so conserving ammo and sneak attacks (sorry, did I forget to shout armed police before mowing down the men on the roof) is the strategy which will preserve the paintwork.

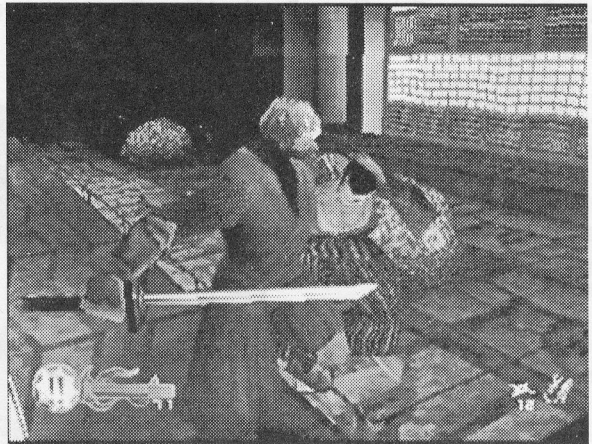
Addictive gameplay is just part of an excellent game. Fortunately the graphics are equally excellent. The lighting effects are possibly the best yet seen on the Playstation where explosions light up the surrounding area, and shrapnel shoots into the air. There is also a complete lack of pop-up thanks to the use of an intelligent following camera and the heavily built up urban levels. Move over Robocop; there's a new guy in town, and this one's built to survive.

Gary S

Tenchu - Stealth Assassins

Activision

★★★★★



'So just a bit off the top then Sir' - stealth hair stylists in action.

Silent assassins, one with the night. Sony has intertwined the legends and deeds of these honour bound hit-men and women with the modern third person action-adventure game. Starting with a simple tutorial level, the assassination of a rich merchant at his home, it then introduces a story where the delivery of secret messages and rescuing hostages are just part of your everyday job - all on the orders of your master.

If you are expecting a fast action, no brain required game, pass on this one; it is definitely more of a thinking game. Escape and evasion from your enemy is much more profitable than charging around attempting to slaughter every-

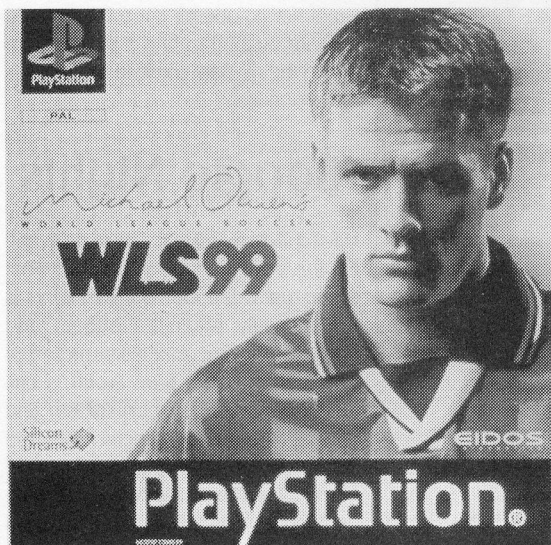
thing in sight.

Unfortunately it is the need to move smoothly and swiftly coupled with rather poor control method which that prevents this game from being an all time classic. In many cases the control method seems to be designed to thwart your ability to do what you need to do, when

you want to do it. Ten minutes scampering across the roof hidden from all will be completely wasted as you fall off the roof directly in front of a pike carrying foe. If you finally manage to better the beast that is the control system, (why there is no analog controller option is a question for Sony) then the secrets of the night are yours. Creep up to foes, and if you get close to them before they hear or see you, watch the grisly execution scenes. Bungle it, though, and they'll charge towards you in an attempt to turn you into a nice ninja kebab. The world of the Ninja is a dark and nasty one.

Gary S

Free Michael Owen win a copy of World League Soccer '99 courtesy of Eidos Interactive

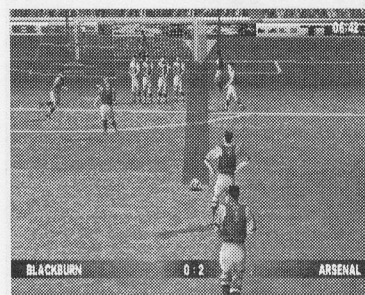


Those fabulous people from Eidos Interactive - the very same people that are going to release Tomb Raider 3 very, very soon, as well as a range of Lara Croft Merchandise - have just released Michael Owen's WLS '99 for both the Playstation and PC. The '99 updated version of World League Soccer now contains both national and league teams from round the world, smooth flowing graphics, and a

motion captured Michael in full flow. There will be a full review next issue, but if you fancy playing games in the snow or a packed stadium in the comfort of your

own home and you own a Playstation, you could win a free copy of this football game. Either email (felix@ic.ac.uk) or hand into the office the correct answers to the following questions:

1. What is Michael Owen's Squad number in the Liverpool team?
2. Who did Michael Owen score a fabulous goal against in the World Cup?
3. Michael Owen plays for Liverpool. Which team knocked Liverpool out of the FA Cup last season, and what was the score?



Arsenal In 2 goal lead fantasy



Arsenal player attempts a fatal wounding

Swimming
Pool

Aerobic
Classes

Squash
Courts

Sauna &
Steam

Fitness
Gym

Imperial College Sports Centre

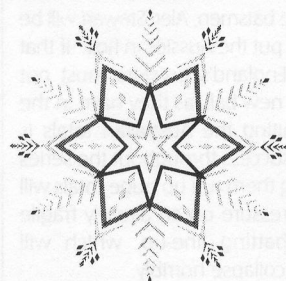
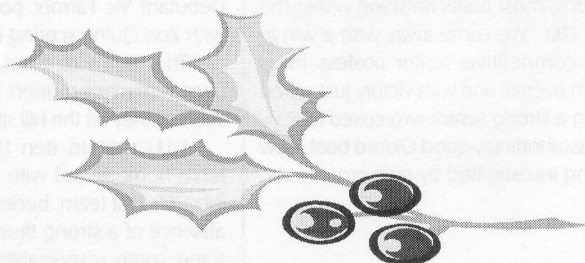
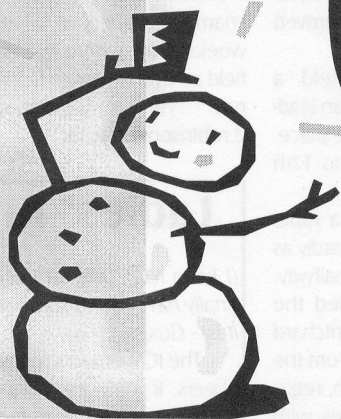
The Sports Centre is open seven days a week and all activities are available to you at great prices. Come and find out what you are missing today or give us a call on 0171-594-8964.

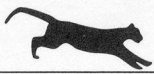
Opening Hours

Mon-Fri - 7am to 10pm

Sat & Sun - 8am to 6pm

Get fit for Christmas





Rugby

SPONSORED BY *UniLever*

1st XV

IC 165 - 0 UCH

We arrived to find that we had our favourite ref. that last week disallowed four tries and he was to persist in this biased manner.

Hopes were high when we warmed up and all expected another thrashing of the sort IC had been dishing out all term.

The term got off to a poor start and we were surprised to come up against a side prepared to run and tackle. The first half ended 18-0 to IC, the players only just starting to wake up. The ref. managed to have his say and overruled the touch judges to disallow a perfectly good conversion. In the second half the tries and the opposition injuries began to flow.

Good tries from Gol, Hogg and Cunel lifted the pace and UCH centre tried to distract them by having his finger snapped in half and impressing all with his contortionism. More tries came from Kaisen & Sven, who finished the day off. Tref scored two tries and was fantastic.

Cricket

"It's November, why is there Cricket on the sports page?" you ask. Well, I need to fill the space and this seemed as good a way as any, so here goes:

The Felix 1998/99 Ashes Preview!

When it comes to cricket most people agree there is nothing better than an Ashes contest. The series started at the Gabba in Brisbane on Friday morning, and England will be hoping for a large slice of luck, going up against an incredibly strong Australian side that lacks only Shane Warne to make it the strongest possible one.

England expected Mike Atherton to play in the match, despite a long-term back injury flaring up. The toss will be crucial and as the Gabba pitch usually favours the batsmen, Alec Stewart will be looking to put the Aussies in first. If that happens England's bowlers must not waste the new ball, as they have in the past. Limiting the Australian totals is crucial to success throughout the series and letting them run up huge totals will just put pressure on an already fragile England batting line-up, which will inevitably collapse horribly.

Even without Shane Warne, I cannot really see England winning the series. My prediction: 3-1 to Australia. *Gus*

2nd XV

No Score Given

Under a blood red sky, the stage of pain was prepared. (*oh dear - Gus*)

Adrenaline pumping, muscles throbbing and veins pulsating the warriors were ready and eager for battle. The score was set for IC 2nd's crushing demolition job. Trys were scored with random ease during a hectic 1st half, with good support play, securing a 46-7 lead after 40 minutes. Expectations were high for a century victory, though a degree of complacency set in during the first 20 minutes, until the flood gates opened and IC II began to show the form we have all come to know and love. The final scoreline demonstrated the continuing form and sexy style of this crack outfit.

Notable tries by the elusive Flying Flo and the mind boggling skills and speed of the park stud, Olly Conga. Well done Olly.

Boat Club

Last weekend saw the "Fullers head of the River Fours" - the first race of the year for the boatclub.

The sponsor's generosity in offering free drinks at the brewery for category winners managed to coax many of the crews into competing in reputedly one of the toughest races of the year. Competition was fierce with over 220 competitors (511 crews) battling out the time trial-style race on the Thames "reverse boat-race" course from Mortlake to Putney. Competitors included World and Olympic champions (including Steve Redgrave), universities, colleges, schools and clubs.

Imperial had several crews entered and all raced well in the fast tailwind conditions, most boats finishing within the top 100. We came away with a win in the competitive senior coxless fours (28th overall) and with victory just stolen from a strong senior two coxed four by an astoundingly good Oxford boat, now being investigated by race organisers.

Basketball

The IC Basketball Club could not have dreamt of a better start of the season in the Men's BUSA Merit League! Four matches, four wins and three of them away, too. Our first match against GKT proved to be tougher than initially thought, mainly because we hadn't had a single practice before it. Yet, even though every player was given court time and a great deal of defensive and offensive experimentation was done, the final score gave us a comfortable win by 71-58. UCH seemed to prove a more competent opponent but when IC put its full force at play the UCL Medics could only watch us...

In the matches against UCL and King's, however, we showed our real qualities this year: tight and efficient defence, as well as ability to retain control of the game, even when the opponents seem to get away. In both matches IC came from behind, 15-25 in the UCL

match and 11-27 in the King's one only to take the lead early in the second half. These two victories seem to ensure our College the first position in the Merit League for the first time ever and what is more, probably undefeated.

Now our thoughts are on December's draw for the knock-out stages. Perhaps this year we will have just the bit of luck we missed in the last two years, when we were narrowly (as narrowly as possible, actually) eliminated at the round of the last 16. Maturity and skills are abundant in this team which could probably offer Imperial a place in the top 4 of Britain and perhaps even more...

RESULTS:

14/10	Imperial - GKT	71-58
21/10	UCH - Imperial	64-81
4/11	UCL - Imperial	50-57
11/11	King's - Imperial	55-63

Snooker

It was a cold and wet Sunday morning when the team members of Imperial's Snooker Teams travelled to their first match of the season - away at Southampton. The team was a mix of old and new and there was an excited atmosphere as they entered the venue of last year's BUSA Nationals where they had put up such a resolute performance. The new look A-team found the going tough as a close match was eventually won 17-15 by Southampton. The B-team were the real success story here with an inspired 23-9 victory including excellent efforts by Peter Cheung and David Elliott.

Tennis

The IC Ladies team participated in the BUSA league this term. We played 4 matches (the fifth was cancelled by our opponents). Results as follows:

Vs Guys	won 5-1
Vs KCL	won 6-0
Vs Royal Holloway	drew 3-3
Vs UCL	won 5-1
Vs UCH	won 6-0

Well done to all who played:

Alessia Toni, Lilaya Perera, Kathy Shair, Maria Emanuelsson, Helen Porter, Annaig Jacquemard and Beatrice Dereume.

Cross Country

Imperial College travelled to Wimbledon College for the third race of the London Colleges League. After negotiating some dodgy tube timetables we finally arrived to kick wobbles.

IC finally managed to field a women's team with captain Bethan leading the team home in second place. Debutant Vic Farmer powered to 17th with Zoe Quinn scoring in 25th.

The men's race set off at a rapid pace with many runners fading badly as soon as they hit the hill situated halfway.

ULU captain Ben Hukins led the team home in 3rd with Andy Pritchard 5th. IC's first team, benefitting from the absence of a strong Brunel team, registered some respectable placings with Tarik (13th), Mike (25th), debutante Dan Carrivick (26th) and Dave (29th).

Paul McKay led home an improving second team (currently fifth in ULU). Our foreign legion - Andreas (45th) and Boaz (88th) - completed the IC line-up, demonstrating ICs strength and depth. We now look forward to the ULU champs/qualifiers at Trent Park in two weeks time where we can hopefully field an even stronger field. Any runners not yet enlightened contact d.robinson@ic.ac.uk.

Ladies' Rugby

(I keep forgetting to put this in, but I finally have found some space so here it is! - Gus)

The IC Women's rugby team needs players. If you want to play come to Beit Quad at 12.00 Sundays, 12.15 on Wednesdays, or 5.45 on Mondays. No experience necessary.



RSM Football

RSM I 1 - 7 QMW

RSM first XI took the field in a dazzling new strip for what surely had to be their first full match back in the top flight ULU football for over five years, with a home fixture against last year's champions QMW.

The disappointment of having an away match with Goldsmiths cancelled and the cruel and crushing injury dealt to former captain Simon Hiscocks (who could now be out of football for up to two years) at the abandoned match with Royal Holloway the previous week made this week's task seem insurmountable. But new skipper Martin Masefield was keen for his new team to get 90 minutes of Premiership football under their belts.

The match started evenly with both sides finding their feet on what was a heavily sodden Harlington pitch. RSM could have even taken the lead after only fifteen minutes when midfielders John Williams and Nigel Milner linked up well, in a move that culminated in a ripsnorter from Milner that slid agonisingly past the post.

The deadlock, however, was broken by QMW after a further five minutes when some questionable RSM defending allowed QMW's number 10 to guide

the ball into the RSM net. Despite RSM's best efforts, QMW had the taste for goals and numbers two three and four followed alarmingly soon, leaving the miners with an even greater hill to climb in the second half.

Masefield rallied his posse and it was in the twenty minutes after the break that RSM enjoyed the most dominant period of the match getting a goal back after another probing run from Williams resulted in a spot kick that the player himself converted.

Yet it was only a matter of time before the QMW frontline caught the scent of the goal again, although only after RSM keeper Mark Dwyers brilliantly saved a penalty.

He was left helpless, though, as fifteen minutes before full time the RSM backline was torn apart like a hamburger in Somalia.

Twice more QMW found the net, making the final score 1-7.

So are the RSM boys doomed to a seasons the Premiership-licking boys? Not from what this reporter saw. With a few more matches to remove the rust, this well-oiled machine could easily hold its own.

RSM II 10 - 0 GKT IV

Business as usual. We absolutely slaughtered the opposition from beginning to end in all areas of the field and despite them getting in a couple of chances here and there, we showed once again that we were not just a cut above the rest, but at least a few divisions higher in standard. They were an absolute bunch of whiners who obviously hadn't played real football before!

OK, we were a bit worried after about 10 minutes because we hadn't scored, but a lovely lofted ball over their defence fell to yours truly who struck the ball in the left corner. It was great to start the steamroller moving. To be fair their defence was crap, but that only made us hungrier for goals. Goals came from Davey Eagle (2), Craig (2), Pieman Phil (2) [great volley Phil!], Donnie Brasco alias Jon Kennard and GHLS Marky Mark, who not only got his first hat-trick but also picked up a groin stain after scoring. Well done Andy Mason for leaving his mark in more ways than one on the TGK defence.

So, we've now won four out of four, with a goal difference of +26. Is there anything that can stop us? We look forward to the challenge. *Mark*

Hockey

IC 1st XI 4 - 0 Royal Vets.

We turned up to the game knackered and pissed off as the journey had taken 2 hours. Fortunately for the opposition we only had half a team and only time for half a game. However, we shafted them 4-0. Legends? I think so. Come on Barbados.

IC Ladies 1st XI No score given

We seemed to have been on the pitch for only a few moments and yet to the opposition it must have seemed like hours. "Amusing Bird" played as good as she smells. "Wife" cooked-up a delicious performance in the circle and the "ladel" of the match was left pissed in the minibus (walkover: Kings).

IC Ladies II 0 - 8 RHUL II

Ladies 2nd team had a great match against RHUL. Patsy drove us to the match in style, Jean Claude and Chunderbird did a fantastic job as umpires. The team spirit was excellent. I haven't mentioned the score yet so it's safe to assume that we lost 8-0. However, RHUL were also disappointed as they had needed to score 10-0 to win our BUSA group, so actually we were very successful and anyway we all had a brilliant time.

Diversions

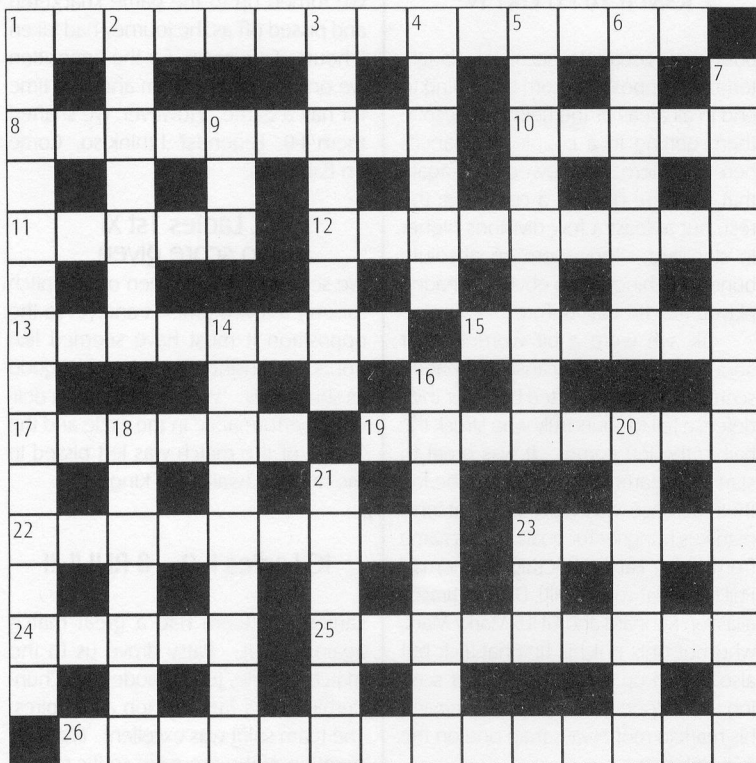
Around IC

Mon 23	Tues 24	Wed 25	Thurs 26	Fri 27	Sat 28	Sun 29
CAG Tools for Self Reliance - Basement of Beit Quad 6pm	Quiz Night - DaVinci's Bar 8pm	Shaft 70s Spectacular - ICU 9pm-1am	Cocktail Night - DaVinci's Bar 5-11pm	Bust-a-gut comedy - dB's 8pm	CLAYPONDS DAY TRIP TO BOULOGNE - leaving at 6.30am, back at midnight. Contact ian.doyle@ic.ac.uk	Standing Room Only - DaVinci's Bar 4pm
Standing Room Only - DaVinci's Bar 7pm	CAG Soup Run 8pm - Basement, Weeks Hall		CAG Soup Run 8pm - Basement, Weeks Hall	Hedonizm - ICU 9pm-2am		
	Caving Club Meeting - Southside Lounge 9pm		Rhythm Kitschin' - The Backroom in Southside Bar with The Chef (funky hip hop through to acid jazz) and guest Jonny P	The Backroom launch party in Southside Bar with DJs Phil (70s funk) and Desire (happy hardcore)		



CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

by Match gnu



Win Two Return Flights to New Zealand!

Give the tuna surprise a miss for once and have a go at cooking this simple yet delicious New Zealand Lamb recipe. As well as feeling gastronomic satisfaction, you could also be in with a chance of winning two return flights to New Zealand!

Minced Lamb Toad in the Hole

1. Preheat oven to 180° C / 350° F / Gas mark 4

2. Dry fry the mince and onion until the meat is sealed. Add the tomatoes and herbs, salt, pepper and bring to the boil.

3. Reduce the heat and simmer the mixture, covered, for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally until tender.

4. Put the Yorkshire Puddings onto a baking tray. Divide the filling between them, sprinkle the cheese over the mince and then bake for 10-15 minutes. The dish should be piping hot and the cheese melted.

Ingredients

- 250g / 8oz New Zealand minced lamb, fresh or thawed
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 200g canned chopped tomatoes
- 2.5ml / half tsp dried mixed herbs
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper
- 12 small ready-made Yorkshire Puddings
- 50g / 2oz Cheddar cheese, grated

While that's cooking, answer the simple question below and you'll be in with a chance to win a trip of a lifetime! Even if you don't win the big prize you'll get a great New Zealand Lamb Recipe Booklet full of quick and tasty recipes.

During which months of the year is frozen New Zealand Lamb available?

- a) February and March
- b) December and January
- c) All year round

All entries should be on a postcard, along with contact details, and posted to;

*Do you remember Larry the Lamb?
Blurb Student Marketing / NZ Lamb
Pall Mall Deposits*

124-128 Barlby Road, London W10 6BL

The outgoing flight to New Zealand will be to Auckland from Heathrow Airport, and the return flight from Auckland to Heathrow. The outgoing journey must be taken between 1 March and 30 June 1999 inclusive. No cash or other alternative will be made available to the winner in the event that he/she is unable to take the flights. All entries must be received by **30 November 1998** and only one entry is permitted per person per household.

Across

- 1 Bone meant I dove headlong over named.(5-9)
- 8 Team from Miami, perhaps.(4,5)
- 10 From you, the younger generation.(5)
- 11 First, North American Airlines normally substitute these breads.(5)
- 12 Egg bombing unruly child is initially mishap.(9)
- 13 German car has it back on for trial?(8)
- 15 A mist falls around US soldier in SE Italian town.(6)
- 17 Former wife and alien surround politician to get excluded.(6)
- 19 Notice: noticed Edward went one way then the other.(8)
- 22 Ancient city, one country pissing.(9)
- 23 Similar fifty in dodgy Ikea.(5)
- 24 Cyril muddles the words.(5)
- 25 Garden one 'as flowers.(9)
- 26 Oo luv, romance it! Perhaps a large progression.(14)

Down

- 1 gets round us after leading at deuce fortunately.(14)
- 2 A right chord correctly played produces apples.(7)
- 3 Equal not left into convoluted formula.(8)
- 4 Double doors sound like they come from Lancastrian stock.(6)
- 5 Nothing coordinates idiot's contradictions.(9)
- 6 North cross to guide rabble giving out.(6)
- 7 Sound alike and cause exert from Macbeth.(5,3,6)
- 9 Preseve our eternal beings?(3)
- 14 Faucet performer goes pitter patter.(3-6)
- 16 Famous painter used rod alone.(8)
- 18 Tie rear of African country.(7)
- 20 Beach in Hawaii, say, wakey key.(7)
- 21 Christmas bells do this in radio intermissions.(6)
- 23 Pilot is a card.(3)

Carling Premiership Competition

Congratulations to

Padraig McCluskey (Chem Eng)

who wins a pair of tickets to a Premiership Game.

Please come to the Felix Office sometime this week so we can arrange getting you your tickets.

Win an iMac computer!

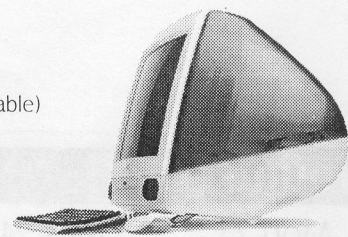
Apple Computer UK Ltd are running a national student competition through selected student magazines. The top prize is an iMac computer (worth £1,000) with the following specification and goodies:

- 233 MHz PowerPC G3 processor
- 32MB RAM
- 4GB IDE Hard Disk Drive
- 24x (max) speed CD-ROM drive
- Built-in 15 inch monitor (13.8 inch viewable)
- Built-in stereo speakers with SRS sound
- Built-in networking
- Built-in 56Kbps modem
- Two built-in 12Mbps USB ports
- 4Mbps infrared technology (IrDA) port
- Mac OS 8.1

Apple USB Keyboard / Mouse

Choice of three Internet providers

Software goodies include; ClarisWorks 5.0, Fax software, Kai's Photo Shop, MDK from Interplay Productions, Pangea Software's Nanosaur, Microsoft Internet Explorer 4.01 / Outlook Express 4.01, Netscape Navigator 4.0.3



Simply answer the following question;

Which 3 Apple products do you find on the front of the UK Apple Store (www.apple.com/ukstore) on the Internet?

All entries should be on a postcard, along with contact details, and posted to;

*One iMac please mister!
Blurb Promotions
124-128 Barlby Road
London W10 6BL*