

Liverpool to leave NUS?

Live in The Great Hall

Dodgy Accommodation

Rifle Range Draws a Blank in
Sports Centre Development

Nicholaou to stand unopposed

Marching for More Money

Bradshaw Bikes It Wade in Resignation Nightmare College Beit Back

Fire in Union Tollers

Meningitis Claims IC Student Designer Drugs a Menac

Biochem Blaze:

Fire Crew's Six

Hour Labour

Cook cops out at last minute

Two Stand in

Union Elections

V&A Revamp

Malaysian Total Recall

Open Verdict on

Stude

Merger Miffs Microsoft

Mundane Hustings Hassle Cook

Forged Notes

Replacement Vice President
and Secretary Elected

Meningitis: What to Watch For

Winks World Cham

Flicks Into A

Fight Closes Tamil Night

Bring Back Back Beat!

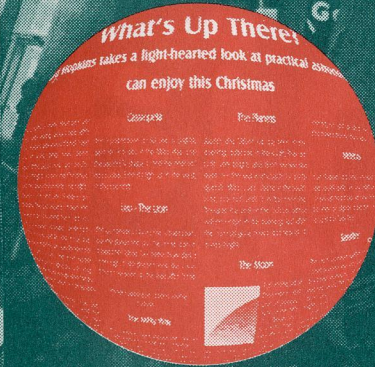
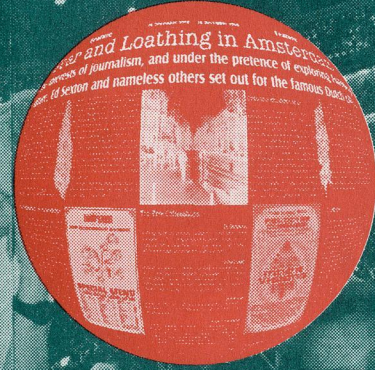
An Uncertain Future for NUS

ICSM top the league

FELIX

KEEP THE CAT FREE EST. 1949

16 DECEMBER 1998 CHRISTMAS SPECIAL EDITION ISSUE 1130



SE Threatens UL
Freeze
Fees
Charing Cross:
Massive Loss
RCSU
Who?
Medics reel from resignations
The House that Schal Built
Southside Arrest
STA to be Superceded
IC Cricketers
Stump Royal
Holloway
Tamil Show Sells Out
IC Inspires
That Campus

Saying it with Flowers

Caldwell, Caldwell, Why does your Garden Grow?

President Expelled

Space Age Mirror
Makes Light Work
Summer of Discontent?
BMS Sounds Bad
Deputy
Deficiency
Cash for Questions

A Steamy Affair

Where Did
Those Buses
Go?

London Transport Announces Student Discount

Unstead Carpet Nicked
BBC Play Big
Brother over
Andy's Outing
Suspect Speakers Back Again
More Suspect Speakers

King's Lose Their Roar

Med School Sport Hangs in Balance

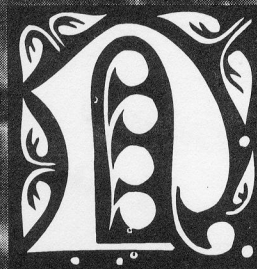
fastrack to IC PhD

ICU Ents, with help from Dramsoc, presents...

"They opened a door and entered a world"

The story so far...

**Live Music from
The Replicants
& Specimen A
Casino, Tarot Reader,
Temporary Tattooist,
Snowboarding,
Snow Machine,
8 Colour laser
Guest Djs,
Ice Palace Decor
Music from POP TARTS,
Hedonizm
& The Electric Cafe**



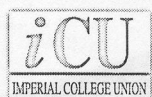
Friday 18th Dec. 9-2

Narnia

The Christmas Carnival

Tickets £6/£5 with entscard now from ICU Office

Get them NOW before it's too late!



Your Union - Run for You



Health Centre Cut-Backs

Cut backs in Health Centre opening hours are putting students and staff at risk, according to senior College safety officials.

Unbeknownst to the majority of staff, students and even departmental first-aiders, the College Health Centre no longer opens on Tuesday afternoons. As a result of a serious incident on 1 December, this decision is now facing stern criticism. A member of the technical staff in the Biochemistry Department suffered serious cuts to her hand, which resulted in one ligament being completely severed and another being 90% detached. Following standard practice, the technician was taken over to the Health Centre, in Princes' Gardens. On arrival, however, she discovered that the Health Centre is closed on Tuesday afternoons, and there is no emergency cover. Although she was eventually taken to casualty by taxi, according to one safety rep "there was still a dangerously large amount of time wasted before the injured technician managed to get to hospital".

The decision to reduce opening

hours, for 'administrative reasons' has been attacked by Keith Hatch, the Chemistry Safety Rep, as "disgusting ...

claimed that the closure was publicised in both Felix and IC Reporter. However, no such notices would

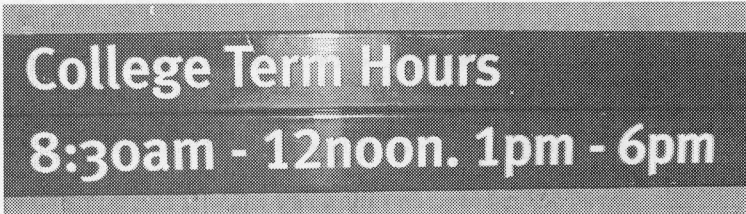


Photo: Alikl

The publicity campaign has not yet reached the front doors

there can be no justification for putting staff and students at extra risk by reducing the provision of emergency treatment". He goes on to criticise the notification that the Health Centre has given those responsible for College safety, "though I've heard that the Health Centre is shut on Tuesday afternoon I don't recall getting anything official".

Dr Weinreb, the Clinical Services Manager at the Health Centre, has

appear to have been published until this week (in response to a request from Dr Weinreb, which was received last Monday). Paul Garden, the Joint Trade Unions Safety Rep, has also noted that "apart from some of the security, no others in the on site first aid and emergency aid know of the reduced medical cover...at the moment there is complete confusion after the event because of the lack of information that has been issued".

This, he feels, is "putting students and staff potentially at risk".

In her defence, Dr Weinreb has suggested that the problem has arisen only as a result of the technician's decision not to contact the cover available via the Health Centre answerphone service; "the Health Centre cannot take responsibility for those who chose not to follow these instructions". She goes on to add that "there is emergency cover on Tuesday afternoons and there are very clear instructions both at the Health Centre and on our answerphone as to how to access it".

Nevertheless, both Mr Hatch and Mr Garden feel that the closure of the Health Centre during official College hours is inherently dangerous, with Mr Hatch describing it as "something I feel is totally wrong". Moreover, Security Chief Ken Weir has informed Felix that the closure of the Health Centre "doesn't make any difference to our response". The present situation has been summed up by one senior figure with the words "just remember not to have an accident on Tuesday afternoons".

Spate Of Thefts Plagues Campus

A succession of thefts took place across the South Kensington campus on the night of Tuesday 8 December. Two video recorders were stolen along with a sizeable amount of cash, from Beit Quad and Electrical Engineering.

Beit Hall lost a VCR machine, which was taken from the Old Hostel's common room. According to Ken Weir, Chief Security Officer, there was no sign of forced entry into the hall.

Violence was definitely used in the Union, however, as thieves stole a VCR machine from the International Enrichment Office in the north-west corner of Beit Quad by making a hole in the plaster-board wall.

The intruders penetrated the outer door, behind the Union Dining Hall, which had apparently been left open, before trying to force the RAG office door. When this failed they cut through the wall, pushed over the bookcase behind it, and took the VCR. Unfortunately for them it is an American model which isn't compatible with the UK system.

Meanwhile the drinks machine on the second floor of the Union was forcefully broken into and almost

By Ed Sexton and
Gareth Morgan



Photo: Dave

The vandalised vending machine

entirely emptied of its coins. Evidence was also discovered which suggested that the coffee machine in the Union foyer (on the ground floor) had been tampered with.

Over in Electrical Engineering, thieves gained access to the undergraduate common room just inside the main entrance, and broke into the pool table and coffee machine, stealing the cash within. As the machines contained only coins the thieves' takings are unlikely to come to much, but Ken Weir explained that there was no way to account for the exact amount stolen.

Although the incidences in Beit Quad and Electrical Engineering are not necessarily related, Ken Weir did comment that there were "similarities in the damage done to the machines". He added that "some forensic evidence was obtained from the scene of the crime", but could not comment further, as "it is a police matter now".

If anyone saw anything suspicious in the vicinity of Beit Quad or Electrical Engineering on Tuesday night, they should contact Sheffield security on Ext: 58900

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IC Researchers Test Killer Cure

By Andrew Ofori

A major battle has been won in the ongoing war against meningitis. It appears that scientists in Cuba have succeeded in eradicating the killer infection that previously plagued the population of the island.

The team has developed a cure for the strain of meningitis B that infects 2,000 people each year and kills 200 of those. The symptoms appear flu-like, but can rapidly result in death as IC experienced first hand earlier this term with the tragic death of a first year medic.

The infection afflicted Cuba in the 1980s, when epidemics had a particularly devastating effect amongst children, killing hundreds every year and leaving others crippled or maimed. Since the 1959 revolution Cuba has invested in education, healthcare and science, and is now the only country with a national

vaccination programme. Mass immunisation has resulted in an astounding transformation and the scientists have almost exterminated meningitis B, with now only three cases per million people, a tenth of the British equivalent.

An IC team has been sent to Cuba in order to assess the vaccine and the immunity it provides. Their work was featured in last Wednesday's 'Tomorrow's World' programme where Professor Mike Levin, Head of Paediatrics, stated "a British Research team in Havana is currently studying the data gathered on results before and after vaccination, so that only a relatively short time would be needed for tests in this country." The team, funded by the Meningitis Research Foundation, will appraise its pertinence

in the development of a British vaccine. Dr Michael Levin, the UK team leader commented "All our team working on the intensive care unit would like nothing better than to see another child rid of this disease." Their results are due for a 1999 release.

Unfortunately the Cuban vaccine is obsolete in Britain as explained by the medical officer for the Meningitis Research Foundation, Linda Glennie: "In the 1980s Cuba had a big problem with meningococcal disease which it appears to have solved. The situation in the UK is more complicated because we have many different types of B strain. However, we hope that this research project will provide vital clues which will enable scientists to develop a vaccine against B strain which accounts for about 60% of cases of the disease in this country."



Issue 1130

16 December 1998

Editor: Ed Sexton
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 Clubscene: Giles Morrison
 Books Editor: Kent Yip
 Photo Editing: Joel Lewis
 Delivery Last Issue: David Roberts

Back Beat Busted

By Sanjay Sikdar

Six months of surveillance on the Back Beat Club on Denmark Place culminated in police storming the notorious drug den, on Tuesday 1 December.

A large proportion of the club's clientele were tourists. Instead of code words, to gain entry it was only necessary to purchase a £2.00 laminated membership card. Once through the armoured entrance guarded by 4 - 5 heavyweight custodians one would find

However, at around 5.30pm, the tranquillity of the inhabitants was shattered in the most dramatic manner. Police stormed the drug fortress by abseiling through the roof, negating the steel doors with stun grenades. Club goers at the time were clearly distressed by the efficiency of the execution of the raid. Some managed to discard the offending articles, but all were caught by the heavily armed team. As one Kings student present at the time said; "They [police] told us to get down on the fucking floor, many of us just sat there blissed out, we

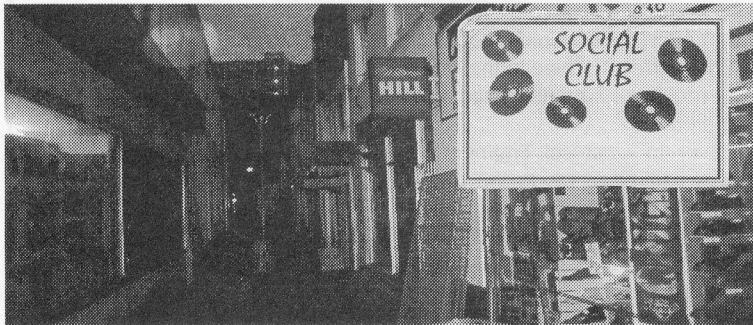


Photo: Jonas

The dubious alleyway entrance
 Inset: The £2.00 membership card

the bar on the first floor with pool and chill-out rooms on the level above. However, it was the third floor that supplied the club with its infamy. By handing your money to a man sitting there, you would take your £10 or £20 plastic bag of cannabis from a letterbox in the wall without ever seeing the identity of the person working in the background. People were 'spliffing up' openly whilst some would watch the televisions in the bar in a zombie like state. One IC regular described the club as "A really good place as it has a really good atmosphere and everyone's relaxed and friendly".

were brutally restrained with plastic handcuffs. There was just dead silence as they pointed the guns at us and read out the search warrant. Next there were the uniformed Metropolitan police, with two officers searching each person."

Senior plain clothed policemen later questioned the clubbers further. So far the confiscated haul stands at £100,000 of cannabis and £70,000 in cash. This, coupled with the fact that no Class A drugs or firearms have been discovered has somewhat tempered the initial euphoria that had accompanied the raid.

CCU Clubs Come Home?

By David Roberts

Imperial College Union President Dave Hellard surprised last week's ICU Council meeting with his controversial proposal to change the way in which Constituent College Union clubs are run.

Mr Hellard has suggested that all RSM, C&G, RCS and ICSM Union clubs should move from CCU to ICU control, to "ensure better communication, more financial responsibility and more contact with the chair". Under the plans that he outlined at the meeting, all clubs

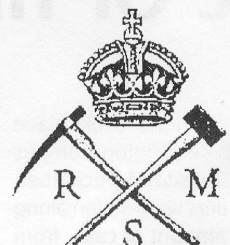
(with the exception of Departmental Societies and mascotry) would move into the relevant Clubs & Societies Committee. Predominantly, this will affect CCU sports teams, who would thus move into the Athletics Clubs Committee. Whilst C&G, RSM and the RCS only stand to lose a handful of clubs between them, the Med School will see a large number of clubs, representing a wide range of interests, move out of their control.

Whilst many of the CCU reps present at the meeting criticised the suggestion, on the basis that it would lead to the diminishing of participation in the CCUs, Mr Hellard countered that it would lead

to the strengthening of the clubs, as they would move closer to like-minded societies; "It's very hard to compare club success and budgets when they aren't surrounded by clubs with similar interests". Speaking in response to one delegate's suggestion that this proposal would only "punish the best clubs for the behaviour of the worst", Mr Hellard noted that "the CSC system is proven - it works".

Mr Hellard was keen to point out that this proposal is not designed to alter membership or budgets. Club activity need not change, and in fact the average member would not notice any difference; "It won't change the status of the club in any way - just the way they are administered".

With a lot of work still to do before he can produce any concrete proposals, Mr Hellard was keen to point out that this proposal has only been brought forward for discussion. Nevertheless, it is one which has awakened very strong feelings amongst certain CCU figures. Eventually, however, Council finally agreed that Mr Hellard should return with more solid proposals in the new year. Anyone who wishes to express their view on the subject should contact Dave Hellard at president@ic.ac.uk.





In brief...

Ragmag Back

The ICU Ragmag is back! After some editorial difficulties last year (something about unacceptably offensive jokes), there will be a new magazine out for January's RAG week, Drunken Swine '99.

At least, there will be a Ragmag if I can collect enough material to fill it, and that's where you come in. Jokes, cartoons, stories, amusing (short) articles and the like; The Ragmag has a long tradition of printing anything it can get away with.

Please send anything to ic_ragmag@hotmail.com or drop it into the RAG office - up the stairs at the back of dB's, or through the UDH. There should be a box up outside the office for contributions. The mag will be on sale throughout RAG week, for of a small donation. All the proceeds from the Ragmag go to RAG's five charities; Shelter, Imperial Cancer Research, Avert, Trinity Hospice and IC Community Action Group.

Lilley visits Consoc

Consoc almost reached the top of the party hierarchy with their latest guest, Peter Lilley. He is the deputy leader of the opposition and formerly held a position as minister for social security.

Lilley made substantive efforts to convince the audience that a single currency is not simply an economic project but a political one and a single currency may be the instigator of political coalition. He spoke of the economic consequences for the UK and said that we need not be bullied into a single currency by virtue of being situated next to a large trade area working in Euro's, quoting Canada and America as an example.

Jerusalem Day

The new BMS building was host to the 'Jerusalem Day' organised by the Islamic Society on Wednesday 25 November. The event was aimed at raising awareness and appreciation of the rich heritage of Jerusalem as a holy city for Muslims and followers of the other monotheistic religions, and the current changes to the identity of the city.

It was presented by Mr Alistair Duncan, freelance photographer and writer. The history of the city, as seen from its architecture, was characterised by variety and pluralism, thriving particularly under Muslim rule. The last part of the event was a talk by Dr Daud Abdullah, senior researcher at the Palestinian Return Centre. Dr Abdullah gave a summary of the main steps in the ongoing development of the architecture, population and identity of the city.

Referee!

New legislation in Birmingham could spell the end for students' drunken exploits and bring a new meaning to the words 'You're off'. West Midlands police are introducing a yellow card system to curb inebriated students in the pre-Christmas weeks. Any behaviour judged to be irresponsible will result in a yellow card, essentially a letter of complaint to the student's home. If the student is caught again a red card will result and the University will be notified. The relationship between local residents of South Kensington and Imperial College students could be deemed strained at the least, but there are hopefully no plans for such a system to be introduced at Imperial.

Minibus Update

Felix would like to clarify some points concerning the minibus incident on 22 November, as reported in last week's issue ('Fellwanderers fall victim to minibus fault', issue 1129). The minibus in question had in fact been looked over by a mechanic on the day before the club hired it, and had passed a road test performed by the garage. The bus was thus hired out by the Union in what was assumed to be a drivable condition.

The exact cause of the accident, in which "wobbly" steering caused the driver to lose control and career across the hard shoulder of the M1, remains unknown at the time of going to press. What is known, is that one of the tyres was flat when the emergency services arrived at the incident. The insurers are currently inspecting the bus to find the cause of the accident. If the steering was indeed faulty, questions will have to be raised concerning the competency of the garage that performed the road test and inspection before the fellwanderers set out.

Top Marks From Europe

According to the lead story in the reputable German weekly news magazine, *Der Spiegel*, IC comes out extremely well in a special league table for engineering courses. Overall, Imperial was ranked in joint second place (tying with Oxford and Cambridge), with the Dutch university of Eindhoven being awarded the top position.

In this survey of European Higher Education institutions which carried the title Uni-Test Europa, Imperial was particularly successful in the categories of 'academic expectations', 'personal contacts and advice' and 'access to computers'. The language courses available were also singled out as especially commendable.

Weird Wide World

Interesting facts from around the globe

By Andy Brown

Beer Bladder

The greatest volume of beer drunk before going to the toilet was 45 pints of various weak lagers by George Wingfield between 12:15pm and 2:38pm on 22 December 1986. On the same day he set the record for the longest urination: 36 minutes 24 seconds in a newsagent's doorway. He was arrested and charged with a public order offence after 17 minutes, but the police had to wait a wee while before they could take him back to the station!

The Beauty Within

"There are far too many pretty women in the government offices at the moment, distracting male workers and lowering business efficiency with their pert and yielding tightness. We must be ever watchful for possible immoral activities, and it is well known that pretty women cause unhealthy activities that lead to insanity, blindness, sickness and bends. That is why from now on thorough ugliness must be considered a deciding factor at all job interviews. Since the prettier candidate has already been blessed by God it is only right that we should hire the uglier one. After all if we do not choose the ugly candidates, who will?"-Abdul Aziz, Chief Minister of the Malaysian State of Kelantan.

Subliminal messages?

Everyone who read comics as a child will identify the letters 'zzzz' to mean that someone is sleeping. However, Bill Gates & co seem to think that it has a more sinister meaning. Go into Word, type in 'zzzz' and do a spellcheck... you might be surprised by what it turns up!

IC prospects?

All of the following are taken from 11 year old's science papers:

Artificial insemination:

when the farmer does it to the cow instead of the bull.

For fainting:

Rub the person's chest or, if a lady, rub her arm above the hand instead. Or put the head between the knees of

the nearest medical doctor.

To prevent unwanted pregnancy:

Wear a condominium.

On water:

H₂O is hot water, and C₂O is cold water*

For drowning:

Climb on top of the person and move up and down to make artificial perspiration.

For a nosebleed:

Put the nose much lower than the body until the heart stops.

Suicide Ring

The coroner concluded that Ronald Opus died from a shotgun wound to the head. However, a fraction of a second earlier he had attempted to kill himself by throwing himself from the top of a ten-storey building - but he was shot as he fell past the ninth storey window. Suicide? The coroner thought not, as his attempt would have been thwarted due to a safety net erected for window cleaners. The shotgun was fired from a room occupied by an elderly couple, where the husband regularly threatened his wife with a shotgun - although he swore that it was never loaded. He got so upset that he pulled the trigger, but completely missed his wife and shot Opus through the window. If one intends to kill someone, but accidentally kills someone else instead then, theoretically one is still guilty - he had murdered Opus.

Further investigation found a witness who saw the couple's son loading the gun about six weeks earlier after his mother cut off his financial support. Knowing his father's habit of using the gun threateningly, he loaded it in the hope that his father would shoot his mother, thus making himself responsible for the death of Ronald Opus. However, the son became depressed over the failure of his attempt to engineer his mother's death so he threw himself from the top of a ten-storey building, only to be shot in the head with a shotgun as he fell past the ninth floor. A case of suicide was recorded.

Sex Shop Scandal

The owner of a sex shop in Rouen, France, placed a list of debtors in his shop window - all accounts were settled within two days.



STA a Step Too Far?

Dear Felix,

I am writing with regards to the article by David Roberts in your 7/12/98 issue of Felix entitled: "STA to be Superceeded".

From this article, I was struck by the described dealings between the College and the Students' Union. My arguments will take a more basic legal approach, as the simple concept of a union does not seem to suffice.

It is clear that the union is having difficulties with the college's financial dealings. I must highlight several key items to the union and college alike:

1) The union represents the interests of this college's students.

2) Students are customers of the university - not part of the university's hierarchy (LEA's are sponsors, and fees paid are still for provision of a service).

3) The college is not part of the civil service, and is therefore legally treated as any other organisation/corporation: charitable or not.

4) The union is an integral part of the university and is there to ensure, as elected by students, that the service provided meets the service advertised by the college, and indeed the University of London.

5) By no means is the College legally entitled to allow external organisations to have commercial practice on campus without the agreement of its customers, the students. This is a breach of contract as the provision of a service we all sign for each year is that of being provided with an academic course and academic-related services - not for on-site commercial facilities. These may only be provided with the agreement of the customer (student) as

a ratification of the initial contract for provision of a service.

5b) Assuming the academic service is argued to include these commercial services, it is still necessary for the customers to agree to a change, as a such change is not stipulated in the original service provided by the college and signed for by each and every one of us.

6) Each student in college has the right to sue the college for not providing the service signed for (in this case, the use of STA, or the inclusion of a non-agreed change in service) - or the union may do so on behalf of the student community.

Yours truly,

Ashley Herrenschmidt-Moller (Aero)

It's great that there are people who care enough to contribute like this, but I feel that the Union probably know their legal rights. - Ed

Gayed: "Time... to Resign"

Dear Felix,

I have just attended last night's meeting of the ICU Council [8 December - Ed], where we discussed the possibility of CCU clubs coming under the administrative control of CSCs rather than their respective CCUs. Without going into the details of such a proposal it seems such a move would affect about 3 or 4 clubs from each of RCSU, C&GU and RSMU, it would also affect about 25 ICSMU clubs. You might think therefore that representatives from each of the CCUs would be present, and they were with one glaring exception, ICSMU.

Not one of the elected ICSMU rep-

resentatives was there, including the sabbatical president Wade Gayed. It is outrageous that someone who is paid to represent the students of the Medical School should not turn up to a meeting of such importance or at least manage to send a representative from the Union (or have they all resigned?). Perhaps they were all at the ULU Medical Council meeting being held that evening at St. Mary's? To my amazement I then returned to Mary's to find myself one of only three ICSM representatives present at this meeting.

Unfortunately for the students of ICSM, this is not a one off fuck up, it is just the latest in a long line of botches including poorly run elections, hustings that don't happen because they haven't been advertised, highly respected members of the exec resigning in disgust at the way the union is run, and sorely needed financial reserves that are lost in ill thought out social events. This is compounded by the fact that there has been no General Meeting held this term for the President and his committee to be held accountable for their actions. In fact it would seem that the President is more accountable to the Medical School hierarchy than the students he represents.

'Teething problems' is a much used phrase used to try and explain these problems, but the fact is that the President inherited a strong Union from last year and a good committee elected to serve this year. The President has now been in his job for six months and if there are teething problems then it is time he stopped acting like a second rate social secretary and started acting like a sabbatical president and worked his butt off trying to sort them out rather than relying on feeble excuses. If he has tried and

failed to overcome these problems, then perhaps it is time to admit defeat and resign, rather than let the current state of affairs continue.

Perhaps it is now time to see some action.

Yours sincerely,
Andy King

Words Lost for Linux

Dear Ed

I recently asked you to put a sentence in Felix's In Brief Section drawing attention to a new society at Imperial, the Linux User's Group. You said there wasn't any space, but there must be a good inch or so of empty space on Page 4 of this week's Felix [Issue 1129 - Ed].

cheers,
Marc (Computing 4)

Fair point, but please note that 1) a news page is for news, not free publicity and 2) as far as I am aware, this group isn't an ICU society. Anyway, I hope *this* free publicity, and that below, helps. - Ed

Deadline for letters for Issue 1131 is 12 noon Wednesday 6 January.

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.

HEALTH CENTRE OPENING TIMES

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday

8.30am - 12pm

1pm - 6pm

During Imperial College Vacation the Health Centre shuts at 5pm.

Please note that the Health Centre shuts at 1pm on Tuesdays and is closed for the rest of the day.

At any time when the Health centre is shut, in the event of a genuine emergency please telephone Health Centre Reception (Internal telephone 49375/External line 0171 584 6301) and follow the instructions on the answerphone.

Do not come to the Health Centre when it is shut, unless by prior arrangement with the duty doctor.

Volunteers needed to help with Christmas Carnival cloakroom.

Help needed for hour shifts, all proceeds go to Rag.

Please contact Sarah on ext 58099, or at sarah.coburn@ic.ac.uk

Linux User Group Meeting

Every Friday in the Upper Lounge of Southside

For further information contact hltang@ic.ac.uk

Sinfonia 21 Resident at IC presents a concert

Friday 29 January 1999, 7.30pm in the Great Hall

Conductor -	Stefan Asbury	Soprano -	Rosemary Hardy
Britten - Prelude and Fugue		Julian Anderson - Poetry Nearing Silence	
Jonathan Harvey - From Silence		Shostakovich - Chamber Symphony	
Charles Ives - Three Places in New England		(arr. Barshai)	

Booking and information line open from 29th December 0171 594 9359
£10/ (concessions £4)

Imperial College Student Price £3 (Student number must be supplied)



Time's Up for CCUs

There's trouble brewing, make no mistake. Mr King's letter on page six shows that the bubble, which many of us knew had burst weeks ago, has finally settled in a soapy mess. Badly constructed metaphors aside, Mr Gayed must respond to the comments and accusations made as soon as the Spring term begins. May I suggest that he thinks very carefully about what he wants to say in his defence. This is not the same as asking him to 'consider his position'. I have no opinion on the subject - I am not a medic and as such have no right to suggest a course of action. That decision is for Mr Gayed, and those that elected him, to make.

It is not only ICSMSU that has to do some hard thinking, however. May I suggest that all CCU exec members read David Hellard's column this week. I think the message is clear enough - the CCUs could be an important and lively part of student life at IC, but only if they are correctly managed and don't isolate themselves from ICU. Us sabbaticals (well, Dave and Chris anyway) are here to help. Use us and the facilities the Union has to offer before it's too late. I'm sure this is an unnecessary reminder, as you undoubtedly read Dave's column every week anyway...

How do Drugs Feature

I can assure you that wasn't the idea. Deadlines are deadlines, however, and printers are very keen on them. For some reason drugs seemed so much easier to write about than museums, galleries, parks and the like. You can find out about that stuff in guide books anyway. I would like to point out that not *all* of that feature was written from personal experience - it was an amalgamation of many friends' tales (well, a few at any rate).

Seriously, though, I don't think people realise how easy and relatively cheap it can be to get out of London for a weekend. Amsterdam is just one of several places you can go to for a weekend costing £150 or less (not much when you consider a decent Friday night out in the West End can cost £20-30). Nearer to home there's always Edinburgh and other such cities (Newcastle and Bristol spring to mind) that are definitely worth a visit.

Oh, and before you guys in college start complaining that I am encouraging the consumption of illicit drugs, consider this. People are going to take them whether you like it or not. Now they can either take substances of uncertain composition on or around college premises, or save up their Dionysian tendencies for a hedonistic weekend in Holland where it's safer and legal. I know which I would prefer.

Christmas? So soon?!

It seems mere days ago that I was lying on a cliff in Dorset basking in the week-end sun on the hottest day of the year. Moving on from my ever-slowng body clock, however, is it me or did Christmas advertising start even earlier this year? It won't be long before special price Christmas hampers are sold in the January sales and Easter Eggs come with free mince pies. Anyway, I hope you all get your Christmas cards out OK - for those of you who don't know, the last date for UK 2nd class post is this Friday (1st class next Tuesday), so you'd better get a move on...

The first years among you are undoubtedly looking forward to going home and telling your parents how much knowledge you've gained, and your mates how many people you've pulled (or not, as the case may be). Well, you've survived a term here. Don't worry, only eight, eleven or more to go. Those of you with exams early next term have my deepest sympathies. Those of you off skiing for a week (or the Middle East, Mr Hellard) have my strongest curses. Break a leg. I mean it.

Thank you and goodbye

I was going to talk about philosophy (re the Nietzsche feature on page twenty-eight), but I can't be bothered at

7.30am so it can wait till next term. If you're offended by it, please don't come complaining to me. Write a feature on Thomas Aquinas instead.

Before I go, a few thank-yous. Firstly, thanks to the people who emailed me regarding the possibility of using Linux (gosh, that non-Microsoft operating system is getting good publicity in these two pages, isn't it?) to run the Felix network. If I can run the server on it while keeping NT on the terminals I'd be very happy. Answers on a post (or Christmas) card.

I would like to thank all of you who have been involved with Felix this term - you've helped make the first eleven issues this year a damn sight easier than I expected. Special thanks goes to Jon Trout, for designing this issue's cover; Andrew Ofori, for taking care of news even when there isn't any; Helena Cochemé, for being determined to finish the arts pages even if it is past 2am and, most of all, to David Roberts, for writing, laying-out and proof-reading anything and everything, regardless of the time or his physics degree. Cheers also to all at MCP Litho for putting up with my late arrivals every Thursday. Absolutely no thanks to all those advertisers who handed ads in late / on mac discs / in the wrong format, but cheers for paying.

That's it from me. If anyone wants me, I'm back on 4 January. Merry Christmas, and don't eat all the pies. Ed

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Right Angles To Reality

Christmas

Your starter for ten. Which of the following is the most difficult and unenviable job in the world: a) Music reviewer for the RNID magazine b) Chairman of the Grimsby Tourist Board c) PR executive charged with masterminding Rose West's campaign to become president of the NSPCC?

Actually, it's a trick question, because the correct answer is d) Me, Christmas shopping in HMV, trying to find a Daniel O'Donnell LP that my grandmother hasn't got. Those of you with superannuated female relatives will sympathise with my plight - a plight so desperate that it makes options a), b) and c) look as difficult as being a Parisian guillotine manufacturer during the French Revolution. Now, normally, I wouldn't be in this predicament, but the tragic and somewhat inconveniently-timed death - just prior to the completion of her last book - of Catherine Cookson earlier this year means that my gift plans for granny have been thrown into a state of disarray. My parents' recent renegeing on their promise not to install a power shower in her sheltered accommodation "for the foreseeable future" - with the result that bath cubes have suddenly been rendered obsolete as a present option - has done nothing to ease matters. If the truth be known, I've been hoist by my own petard. I should have been much more proactive in broadening my portfolio of gift ideas for the over 65s whilst I still had the chance, rather than hoping against hope that The Spinners might re-form and record an album of Vera Lynn covers. But my grandmother is tricky to buy for - she's at that funny age (70) when they're too old for water-skiing lessons but still a bit too young for incontinence pants. I've been living on borrowed time ever since I completed her collection of "charming and whimsical" porcelain West Country cottages by getting her "No. 57 - Detox Clinic and Health Farm" for her birthday last year. So unless Ms. Cookson finishes her novel from beyond the grave, or Lilliput Lane extend their range into the nineties, to include "58 - Urine drenched multi-storey carpark" and "59 - Secure Training Unit for Young Offenders", that's the way it's going to stay.

I suppose that I could adopt the strategy that my grandmother employs when buying Christmas presents for my brother and myself. It's simplicity itself and she has used it to good effect every year since 1982. It consists of striding purposefully into the nearest branch of Marks and Sparks, accosting the first male shop assistant one sees and in

ringing tones, reminiscent of Julia Pargiter out of The Archers, calling out "Ah, yes young man. Be good enough to show me the most hideous V-neck polyester double-knit sweater that you have in stock. Something that Val Doonican wouldn't be seen dead in. Pus-yellow if possible and with a design that frightens cats. No, no young man, that won't do at all - that one would go with jeans. No, that's no good either. Look it's quite simple for heaven's sake - they're for my grandsons and I want to destroy any remaining vestiges of self-esteem they may have. That one? Good God that's repulsive - I'll take two". I shouldn't really complain as times are hard for the older folk in our society - my immediate family included - but I can't help feeling that she's partly responsible for her current financial condition. Six horse accumulators rarely come up even at Chepstow and I just think that the insurance money she got after her bungalow burnt down could have been more wisely invested. Still, there's no telling some people.

When the subject of fiscal outlay in this particular context comes up, it's practically de rigueur amongst us columnists to express profound cynicism towards the institution of Christmas, to decry the commercialisation of the whole affair and bemoan the gluttony which the festive season typically entails. Making a principled stand against the gaudy and hedonistic binge that Christmas has undoubtedly become makes us feel morally cleansed and intellectually superior. It allows us to feel that our Christmas is somehow better, more authentic and less adulterated than that experienced by the plebs. Ironically, it seems that far from bringing people together, the festive season divides the nation into two opposing camps. On the one hand there are the people who celebrate "Xmas" by spending more than the GDP of some African nations on presents, going carol-singing and pigging out on turkey with all the trimmings, and on the other is a quite different crowd who enjoy a frugal "yuletide" by going "a-wassailing" and sitting down to roast goose and a selection of vegetables that are normally reserved for use in animal fodder, followed by candied fruits and a glass of a 'rather decent port actually'. I'm sure that for every "Ten Ways to Snog the Co-Worker You Fancy at the Office Party this Xmas"-type article in magazines and tabloid newspapers this year there'll be a Sunday broadsheet feature on how to "Create Your Own Victorian Christmas" written by an effete

Matt Salter

history graduate from the Home Counties with a double-barrelled name.

It's true that Victorian scenes of happy revellers clad in mufflers and heavy overcoats, going a-wassailing in the snow with shiny green holly wreaths present a most attractive picture of a bygone Arcadia. However, when you consider that at the time central heating was yet to be invented and thus the persons in the scene were forced to wrap themselves up in that charming way to avoid hypothermia, and bear in mind that with infant mortality rates being what they were in Victorian Britain the merry-makers concerned were lucky to have made it past their fifth birthday, the picture loses some of its rosy glow. On the whole I find the "if it's old, it must be better" school of thought deeply irritating and I'm willing to bet that given the choice between the over-indulgent, back-pocket-slapping ASDA Christmas of the late twentieth century and the archetypal Dickensian yuletide that launched a thousand Hallmark greetings cards, Bob Cratchet would at least have to give the matter careful consideration ("Well 'pon my word Tiny Tim, it do appear that these modern folks have but little regard for the birthday of our Lord. I am sore obliged to confess to feeling mortified as to the frightful expenditure on victuals, presents and the like that this modern Christmas does entail. Contrariwise, I do hear tell as how in this new era, infant mortality is all but vanished, that the pox has been greatly curbed and that every man's dwelling is warm and dry and lighted, such that they do more resemble a place fit for habitation by God's children and not the mortuary. And what's more besides, we would not be obliged to eat stringy goose flesh and this disgusting figgy pudding, neither would it be incumbent 'pon us to stand around glowing braziers roasting chestnuts to keep from freezing to death"). By the same token it's a mistake to assume that commercialisation of the festive season is a phenomenon of the post-war era. It's a little-known fact, but Santa, the main man himself, is only pictured wearing red because of the demands of the marketing department of Coca-Cola - before they ran a Christmas ad campaign featuring the said Mr Claus in the 1920s, he was in fact dad in green.

I'm with Bob Cratchet on one thing though. I don't have anything against fiscal and dietary excess per se (and I will be enjoying plenty of food and drink this Christmas, never fear) but when

attending someone's birthday party, it is customary at least to make a token reference to the guest of honour. As every infant school child knows, Christmas is fundamentally about the birth of someone who a significant percentage of all the people born in the last 2000 years believe was the Son of God. I well remember the sense of wonder that I felt on hearing the Christmas story for the first time (although the moment was slightly spoiled by my being publicly censured for remarking, on learning of the difficulties experienced by Mary and Joseph when trying to find a place to stay in Bethlehem, that it was silly of them not to make a reservation in advance as hotels are always chock-a-block at Christmas). That feeling of specialness has never left me. As this is a column and not a sermon, I will say no more save to note that it is now widely considered unacceptable to use the word "Christmas" when referring to the event. In America for instance they call it the "holiday season", which considering some of the other things they've done to the language must rate as a lucky escape. But I was shocked to learn that in Birmingham (England, not Alabama) it has been decreed that Christmas should now be known as "Winterval" for fear of causing offence to followers of other belief systems. Whilst attempts at religious tolerance are laudable, this strikes me as being a bit OTT. I don't feel in the slightest bit threatened by Hindus celebrating Divali, adherents to Judaism having Hanukkah or Moslems from observing the festival of Ramadan and I get the feeling that the motivation behind the renaming of the festival associated with the birth of Christ arises more from overzealous political correctness than in response to the real concerns of non-Christian groups. A close friend of mine, who is a follower of Islam, is of the same opinion - you can take things too far. He and I might not be from the same religious background, but on this point we see eye to eye - even if we don't meet faith to faith.

So let me wish you all the very best for the holidays. I'm sure we'll all find our own way to enjoy Christmas, which is how it should be, but I hope that amongst all the fun you'd find just a little time to join me in raising a glass to the birthday boy. Incidentally, you'll be pleased to know that I finally found that CD for my grandma - "Daniel O'Donnell and Jimmy Page - Together Again". She'll hate the music, but love the sweaters they're wearing.



Go Go Girl

So you didn't win the National Lottery Superdraw no surprise there then. But here is the story of a woman who won the corporate equivalent. Meet Barbara Cassani the Chief Executive Officer of *Go*, the new low cost airline from British Airways. Unless you have been living underground for the past seven months, or you have been so into your course that you haven't left the lab, you cannot have failed to miss *Go*'s massive press and poster campaign. (I've got my own poster courtesy of a certain jubilee line train).

So the question is what would you do if you had £25 million to start a brand spanking new airline? *Go* opened for business on 2 April this year with six planes and three destinations; Rome, Milan and Copenhagen. However, it's been no easy ride. Competition in the airline industry is fierce. The high fixed costs mean that this is definitely an industry for the big boys and girls. Having

invested so much to get their businesses off the ground the existing players are not going to quietly walk out. The budget airline market is starting to look distinctly overcrowded with companies such as *EasyJet*, *Dedonair*, *Ryanair*, and *Virgin*

“...what would you do if you had £25 million to start a brand spanking new airline...”

Express vying for passengers. The extent of the competition is demonstrated by the fact that *EasyJet* has taken legal action against *BA*, accusing it of cross-subsidising *Go*. It is a fair bet that five years down the line some of the present companies will have

been squeezed out of the market.

So what strategies is Cassani employing to ensure that *Go* will be a major force in the coming years? *Go* is attempting to be the standard by which all other budget airlines are measured. Its aim is to provide an outstanding service, reliability and flair in addition to the low fares. It is also spending heavily on advertising to create a strong brand awareness. Hence, you see its posters blazoned over buses, underground trains and taxis.

A remarkable feature of *Go* is the rapid rate of expansion it is attempting. Since its inception earlier this year *Go* has been adding new routes and new planes, and increasing the frequency of flights to existing routes at a breakneck speed. *Go* has more than doubled its fleet to thirteen aircraft and is intending to double its workforce over the next two years. This would challenge the management skills of even the most competent executive. Apart from managing the new staff

members and the inevitable teething problems of expanding any business there is the question of finance. You had better get your cash flow projections right when operating in such a capital intensive business. Cassani is fortunate that instead of relying on bank finance she is answerable to *BA*, who obviously has a greater understanding of the airline business. However, targets are targets no matter who is providing the finance. If they are not met you can be

sure that questions will be asked.

Go is, however, very much Cassani's baby. She was *BA*'s General Manager in the United States when in May of last year she was offered the chance to develop a business plan for a new low-cost airline operating out of Stansted. From her experience in the States, where she had witnessed the large operators ignoring the new lost-cost airlines until they had taken a significant chunk of the market share, she knew some of the mistakes to avoid.

Therefore, she accepted the offer on the proviso that if the show did get on the runway she would run it. She has been involved in every aspect of *Go* from the detail of the cabin crew uniforms to developing the *Go* corporate identity and ethos. The former management consultant and big company executive has got the job most managers would dream of; running their own company. In that sense she is as fortunate as any Superdraw winner.

Presidential Talk-Back

I was going to talk about the price of Imperial College's catering today, but something far more controversial has come up.

First some background. The Constituent College Unions (CCUs) have traditionally had certain clubs and societies under their wings. Some of these have been seen as appropriate for example a CCU sports team, but others less so. All of the other clubs and societies of the Union are looked after by a Club and Societies Committee (CSC) of which there are six, based on the type of club or society they are (for example athletic or recreational).

The problem has been that over recent years (possibly due to the demise of the CCUs themselves or just the inappropriate position of these clubs) the clubs and societies of the CCUs have not been run as effectively as those in CSCs. This raises quite a few issues.

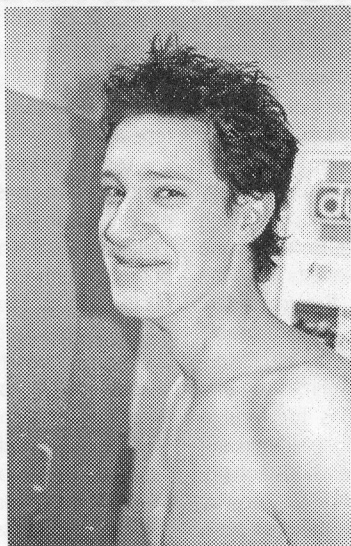
As a sabbatical it is extremely frustrating for clubs or societies to either lose money, not follow financial procedures or put us in positions where something has to be done immedi-

ately, because of a lack of planning, taking up a great deal of our time that could be avoided. The other issue is Health and Safety. As President of the Union I am ultimately responsible for the health and safety of every student that takes part in a Union activity.

The CCUs slow up the flow of information from and to the Union, and this results in major problems. Financial responsibility forms are not signed, subs not paid in, events not properly planned and as a result the clubs and societies are not run as effectively as they could be.

One concern of the CCUs is the loss of identity of the clubs if they are

David Hellard, ICU President



financially controlled by the CSCs, which could cause a drop in participation, but quite the reverse is true. Effectively run clubs will be more successful, their money will go further, their events better and this will encourage participation, lifting the image of the CCUs, something that is desperately needed. Removing control of the finances of the clubs and societies from the CCUs does not sever the links between them. They will still have the same membership, alumni, traditions and input into the CCUs if they so desire.

A very worrying aspect of the clubs and societies being under the control

of the CCUs is that we have no idea if they have done risk assessments, if they are following the health and safety policy or if they are taking adequate precautions. I am not happy being responsible for clubs or societies activities when I have very little control over their health and safety. Under CSCs this is not a major problem.

If the CCUs are to survive in the future they will need participation at the grass root level which can filter up, and the most obvious way to do this is through their clubs and societies. If these continue to cause problems with health and safety and are not effectively run they will die and with them the CCUs. We are offering them a lifeline, please take it.

Now it's your chance to have your say. Send me an email about your views (president@ic.ac.uk), as it will be coming up at Council in the future, and could be passed as policy to move them all in time for this year's budgets, in February.

Happy Christmas, and I hope to see you all refreshed in the new year.



Fishy Finances

Time flies by when you're the driver of a train or, for that matter, a humble wordsmith. Without so much as a by-your-leave, Christmas is upon us, which means a couple of weeks holiday for you lot. I'll try to get out of the lab for ten minutes to watch Her Majesty's address and have a sherry and mince pie, so remember those less fortunate etc. All in all, it has been a fairly busy term, with the usual melange of triumphs, cock-ups and outrages. The BMS was opened, but not finished, and is undoubtedly a major asset to the College. Not sure about the heavy duty plasterwork, capable of withstanding everything save for Blutak and paper, now you mention it. We've had more elections than Italy, less consultation of the populace than North Korea and as much petty bureaucracy as Brussels. Another typical chapter in the Great Imperial Story.

Last week's Felix raised a few interesting points, though whether Suzanne Agrain's letter falls into that category is not for me to say. I shall limit myself to saying that some of the figures I quoted from the World Bank were taken from UN sources, undermining her point, but since this has all the hallmarks of a very tedious slanging match, I shall say no more, assured in the knowledge that I am right and she's wrong. That's quashed that one, eh Simon? Much more worrying is the news that the STA Accademic travel agency is being replaced. I have no particular loyalty to the incumbents, though it would be interesting to know why they were deemed unsuitable to continue. The concern stems from the Union's isolation from the whole episode. Given ICU's financial dependence on this outlet, this is worrying, particularly the fact that the Union Manager was denied access to important paperwork associated with the matter.

A less charitable soul than myself would suggest that the smell of Siberian hamster was on the breeze. Exclusion of sabbaticals, because they're just students, is understandable if one considers the Sheffield mindset. Don't get me wrong, it's disgraceful and hypocritical, when we consider how superbly they manage their affairs, but I have a nasty suspicion that marginalisation of ICU is not the College's main aim. It seems more like an attempt to claw back JCR refurbishment money denied, quite rightly, by the Union at the time. In other words, the chances of the Union's share of the rent being the same after this deal are slim to zero. The time and effort wasted on this trifling issue at the highest level in Sheffield is laughable. The JCR funding is and always was a matter for the College; if one extended the ludi-

crous principle, would ICU be expected to pay for refurbishment of the Great Hall, given that it is used at times by students? The provider of travel services at Imperial is irrelevant as long as the service is competitive and reliable, but this all looks a bit fishy. I hope I am proved wrong, but don't hold your breath.

Health Centre Disgrace

When I joined Imperial shortly after the War, I resolved to register with the Health Centre. However, since I bother the medical profession as often as your average turkey invites Bernard Matthews round for mince pies, I have still yet to fill in the forms. However, I recently heard mumblyings in the SCR about the cessation of a full service on a Tuesday afternoon. Were you aware of this? Did anyone tell you? Of course not, you're only students/staff/First Aid co-ordinators/Heads of Department. I first heard of it because of a fairly serious accident in Biochemistry, which was unnecessarily delayed by confusion over a new policy that nobody outside the Health Centre

appeared to have heard of. This in itself is disgraceful. In an organisation such as Imperial, where the smallest detail has to be dissected by an endless stream of committees and steering groups, it seems inconceivable that such a vitally important policy change can go through with seemingly no recourse to anyone else in College. So, you ask, how do the overburdened people in the Health Centre want to use the time made available by this alteration? Health education? Non-emergency treatment, such as the provision of immunisations for foreign travel? Don't be daft. Administration and meetings. We now have a substandard, ill-defined medical service on Tuesday afternoons in order that they can push paper around. This is an intolerable situation, which calls into question the usually sound judgement of those involved. The correct solution has three stages. Firstly, don't have an accident on Tuesday afternoons. Secondly, inform all the

relevant people of the exact procedures, so delays are avoided when dealing with casualties. Finally, scrap this stupid idea and get back to running a proper service, for which a huge amount of money has been spent in the last few years. With rumours about the withdrawal of certain services provided for College staff, it is time people on this side of Exhibition Road took a look at those on the other.

Leave the Lords Alone

It may have escaped your notice, but this has not been a good few weeks for the Conservative Party. Things were going so well, and then we had the Cranborne incident. To cut a long story short, the Government was offered a compromise involving the retention of ninety-one hereditary peers until the mystical Stage Two reform, in exchange for an agreement not to scupper Labour's whole legislative programme. Viscount Cranborne made a number of errors, both in his suggestion and approach, for which he was rightly criticised. As for sacking, William Hague was in the perfect catch-22. His only real failing was bringing

up the whole subject, rather than continuing the attack on Europe. I imagine he may do things differently if history repeats itself.

Lord Cranborne's offer was far too generous. The Conservative peers would never stall all of the Government's legislation, since it would breach the Salisbury Convention, which prevents the obstruction by the Upper House of a manifesto-pledged bill. Secondly, his compromise runs the risk of removing all serious debate from the last chamber prepared to challenge the idea that Tony Blair has papal infallibility. The debate to date has been too narrow, and has missed some very important aspects. For a start everyone assumes that the Lords must be reformed. This is a generalisation, but if the popular will is behind reform (most people couldn't care less), let us look at the bones of contention. Leaving aside the overarching class war politics of certain Labour MPs, the main

irritation seems to be the perceived inbuilt Tory majority caused by the hereditary members, which is occasionally exercised by dragging old duffers out of the woodwork in order to block a Government bill. This problem, in principle, is easy to solve. Minimum attendance and voting requirements should be established, thus preventing peers appearing once a decade when instructed to. If you discard those hereditary peers who have no interest in voting on a regular basis, the majority for the most part disappears.

The House of Lords is principally a revising chamber, rendering it very different from the primary legislative body. In order to strengthen this further, the party whip system could be removed from the Lords. Some feel that the press-ganging of Honourable Members damages its credibility, and so such a move would help to address this point. I don't feel that either is particularly necessary, but both suggestions are more constructive than the damage currently being wreaked on this country by Blair and his cronies. At the end of the day, the Lords' biggest failing is that of tradition. It does not sit comfortably with this Cool Britannia rubbish, so must be 'rebranded.' Trouble is, it looks like He'll get away with it, because the strength of our parliamentary system is that it doesn't adversely affect people's lives. If things were bad, people would take notice. Oh, to be Italian...

And Finally...

Many of you know that I have had a enormous bee in my bonnet of late, namely the polythene wrapper stuck in a tree by the Central Library. It arrived there about two years ago, and has survived wind, rain and snow. I expected that it would be removed in the run-up to the Royal Visit. Alas, while the budget for Chinese granite and exotic bedding plants approached that for missiles in the US, there was no money left for a bloke with a long stick.

It has now, however, miraculously disappeared. It can't just have fallen from its perch, it must have been pushed (or pulled), and only one man could be responsible for this, Ian Caldwell. If you were that man, then congratulations are in order, otherwise we have a mystery character intent on Campus Renaissance, albeit on a smaller scale. I shall muse on this over the turkey this Christmas and give you an answer in the New Year. On that note, have a Happy Christmas, watch a few programmes recommended by that bloke Baker elsewhere in this august journal and, if the Devil drives, have a quick flick through those lecture notes. See you in '99.

Simon Baker



Voice of Reason

The New List Power

Electronic mailing lists are a convenient and valuable form of communication between like-minded people. A 'list' allows a member to tell the other members of events or opinions relevant to the subject of the list, thus possibly opening up a discussion. There were days when the mere idea of being on a list was exciting, as for running one, that was outright prestigious. Today, almost everybody's running a list or two, or are they? What are the repercussions of this new-found 'list power'? A list requires a central account, an email address, to which members address their emails. Furthermore, at that address a software program needs to be set up to send out incoming messages to the members. In the old days, to run a list, you had to get the central account, then you had to either set up some software or write your own software to do the mailing-out of messages. Then, once the list is launched and people (mostly friends at first) have joined up, you needed to draw up a constitution and define the list's etiquette. You also had to decide who would have the 'executive' power of removing someone from the list. Why all this bureaucracy? Because it was such a 'power' thing!

Whether you should do all of the above by 'populist' means or by 'absolute' means was the subject of intense debate on many a list's 'traffic'.

You see, if John were the absolutist-type 'list manager', he would argue that since it was he who started the list, he has the right to exclude those he deems unwelcome in it and to decide the list's stand on issues. I am not depriving people of any human rights, or treating them less equally, John would say. Go and start your own list if you don't like mine, he would beckon knowing full well that it is quite difficult to start a list. Helen, a 'common' list member would respond by saying that after joining the list she has become a virtual partner with the manager. The list is what it is because of her and other members like her, she would say. Cue intense debate and possible flame wars. Most lists share a pattern; the 'founding fathers' draw up more or less the rules of the list and effectively control it by consensus among them. But watch out if those guys fall out! Many a 'war' for control of a list has erupted!

Well, things have changed. First it was free email address hosting: usa.net, hotmail, yahoo, netscape, and so on. Now it is free list hosting: egroups, onelist, and coolist. You log on to one of these sites, and within minutes you're ready to launch your own list. Your friendly, free, list service providers are doing all the technical work. And this time, it is clear, it is acknowledged; you

Ahmed Shihab

own the list. This means if you don't like someone's 'contributions' you remove them and this time no feelings of self-doubt or others doubting your integrity can be too strong. If anyone is not happy they can go on to create their own list, and this time you mean it. It is free and open for all. You are not providing a special 'service' to which people are entitled by virtue of your humane responsibility of reaching out to them. You are seizing an opportunity to network with other people and volunteering your time to manage that effort.

There is a downside to this revolution: fragmentation. Keen underwater photographers would join a 1000-strong world-wide underwater photography list, despite getting flooded with emails from photographers all around the globe, simply because it is the only specialist list of its kind. Now a London underwater photographer can have his own UK list. Another chap may think the UK list is too London-centred and start his own Yorkshire Underwater Photography list. Pretty soon you may begin to wonder why you need a list service if you're only mailing about ten other people! Indeed, this new 'list power' is taking away from the real power of mailing lists; communicating with large numbers of people, most of whom you don't know.

One of the facilities I found power-

ful in the one of the services (egroups) was that of polling members of a list. As a member of a list, you can poll the list members on any subject of your choice. Of course, it is up to them to take part, and they can choose not to. However the possibilities of using the polling results are very interesting. Imagine a poll conducted on the fore-mentioned 1000-strong underwater photography list on recommended cameras plus accessories. Imagine the marketing potential of selling specialised products to these people. Of course, nothing's new here, you could have always done that before, but now it is ever more convenient.

The internet continues its march of empowering users not only with information but with free web pages, email accounts, and now lists. All of this so far is at the expense of the sponsors, keeping in mind that a lot of these free-service companies are in it for the long term rewards. I don't think the freebies that users are currently getting will stop soon. Meanwhile, companies are collecting huge databases of who their users are, their email addresses, their interests and activities, and so on. But let's not get too cynical, a lot of what is happening on the internet is fantastic, too good to be true in some ways. The new list power is one such happening. Let's communicate!





Imperial College Sports Centre Christmas and New Year Opening Times





Monday	21 December 1998	7.00am - 8.00pm	Monday	28 December 1998	10.00am - 4.00pm
Tuesday	22 December 1998	7.00am - 8.00pm	Tuesday	29 December 1998	10.00am - 4.00pm
Wednesday	23 December 1998	7.00am - 8.00pm	Wednesday	30 December 1998	10.00am - 4.00pm
Thursday	24 December 1998	Closed	Thursday	31 December 1998	Closed
Friday	25 December 1998	Closed	Friday	1 January 1999	Closed
Saturday	26 December 1998	Closed	Saturday	2 January 1999	9.00am - 5.00pm
Sunday	27 December 1998	10.00am - 4.00pm	Sunday	3 January 1999	9.00am - 5.00pm

**THE SPORTS CENTRE STAFF WISH YOU A HEALTHY
CHRISTMAS AND A SPORTY NEW YEAR!**

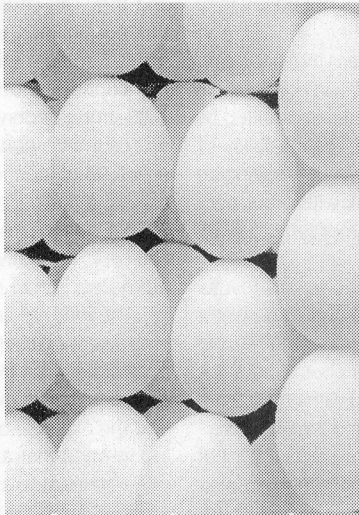





ROSEMARIE TROCKEL

Whitechapel Art Gallery

This show, entitled *Bodies of Work 1986-1998*, is the first retrospective of Rosemarie Trockel's work in Britain for over a decade since her famous and critically acclaimed exhibition at the ICA. She was recently selected to represent Germany at the 1999 Venice Biennale. The collection is very large with a total of seven rooms, each one having a particular theme. The first room is full of photos and a video that explore the relationships between lovers. Most of the work is in black and white, making it very intimate. *Beauty*, the only colour print, portrays ten women with beautiful long hair and one man with very short hair. Finally, the video is displayed in an enclosed area. The screen is divided up in two, with a couple in each section. They are having a conver-



sation but most of the sentences are in different languages, as they repeat the words of Warhol, Freud, Bachmann and Marguerite Duras. The overall idea is very bizarre but somehow Trockel pulls it off.

The next room is the oddest of the whole exhibition - all the works here have something to do with eggs. Egg wallpaper, curtains and shells used as ashtrays. Trockel has come up with very imaginative ideas that have a lovely magical touch to them. Another room explores the sea; a very clever sculpture made of seashells and a poetic installation of a boat with slides about fishermen's lives projected on the sail to brilliant effect. The following room is a very different take on wool and Plexiglas; it includes some very funny foam and

wool balls hanging from the ceiling. Then we're presented with a set of sketches and drawings, some about Jackie Kennedy. Trockel also mixes, within the same work, elements of drawing and photography. In other places, she takes a plaster head as a model and sketches different angles of this same head using charcoal. Finally, the last room is a celebration of Brigitte Bardot. Again Trockel fuses all forms of arts; a video of BB's fans, photos and written text comparing BB and Bertolt Brecht as well as beautiful sketches of the actress and sex icon's face.

Trying to make sense of such variety is probably a vain exercise. It is much more rewarding to consider each room separately for its quality or imagination and then just sit back and admire Rosemarie Trockel's art as a whole. This is one of the most exciting and chal-

lenging exhibitions I have seen for a while, with the artist involving the spectator tremendously. She also manages to attract a very large audience because of the excitement and the humour of her work. Eclectic artists always end up being luminaries of their time. We can only hope that Trockel will continue receiving the credit and acclaim she so obviously deserves. By the way, have you ever seen a bronze seal hanging upside down from the ceiling with blond artificial hair round its neck?

D.

Until 7th February

Nearest tube: Aldgate East

Admission: FREE

Opening hours: daily except Monday
11am - 5pm (8pm on Wednesday)

MACBETH

Union Concert Hall

The plight of the ill-fated Macbeth was played out last week by IC's drama society. The great Shakespearean tragedy placed the new promoted Thane of Cawdor in a self-inflicted world of deceit and treachery, with an ominous web of prophecy contracting and eventually consuming the floundering warrior.

Director Simon Myatt attempted to highlight various elements of the play for those of the technological persuasion, dispensing with the legendary three witches in favour of a suited trio sounding out their divinations. In a bold move, the director explained he had "discarded some of the original themes of the play, most notably the belief and influence of witchcraft". Shakespeare masterfully employed the pernicious, yet ubiquitous supernatural presence as a linking thread throughout the play, consequently the witchcraft is one of the underpinning issues and it was clear the play merely suppressed rather than removed this characteristic. The director "tried to compensate by bringing in some new themes" which were not immediately apparent due to the script's integrity to the original drama, but manifested themselves in the staging.

From the opening scene the cellular phone used by one of the 'witches' established the shift from Jacobean regality to executive officiality. Although to

some extent, it was eerie seeing the good King Duncan sitting at a desk in a pin-stripped suit writing next to a phone, this peculiarity soon fades as the subtly updated script develops. The innovation did not stop there, with Duncan's heir Malcolm being played by a female. This point was not laboured, but simply pre-

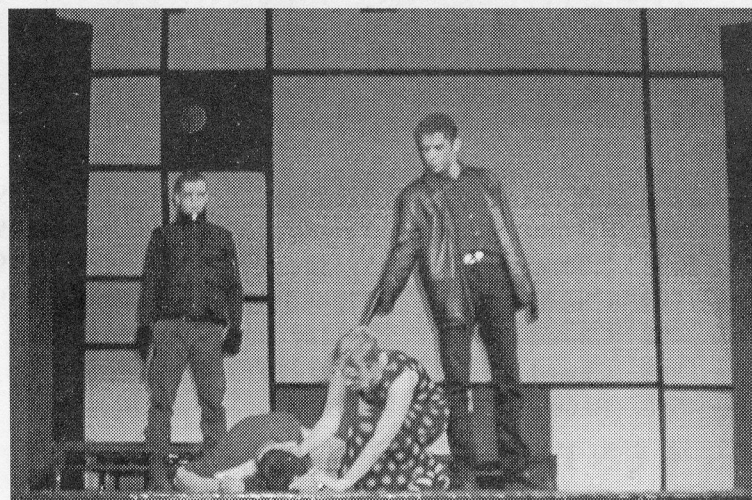
the production. The pallid business clothing complemented the drama's sinister undertones, while alluding to the wearer's elevated social status.

Piet Mondrian's interpretation of Trafalgar Square was the constant backdrop for the play, firmly yet subconsciously linking all that took place before

as his wife. It showed how the pretence of their public life, which often took place in the light was slowly decaying into the darkness of their private misery. This imagery was consummated with the selection of music; tracks like 'Over' and 'Half Day Closing' from Portishead's second album, the play's inspiration, filled the Union Concert Hall with the malevolence of Macbeth as he invests all his efforts into escaping the prison of prophecy.

The performances were for the most part sound, with particularly strong interpretations from King Duncan who did appear master of all he surveyed and Lady Macbeth who captured the character's colossal descent from single-minded ambition to an almost pitiful neurosis. Macbeth was far more convincing as the hallucinogenic malcontent rather than the all-conquering jubilant warlord.

The play presents its material well, leaving the audience with a heartfelt sense of sorrow although it fails to draw them into the iniquitous world of Shakespeare's hero and so much of the emotion is lacking. The directing is highly intelligent in places and heightens its impact. Along with the understated contemporary dimension, the production provides a laudable education.



sent to the audience for their perusal and acceptance. Often 'Shakespeare à la 1990s' productions have a tendency to engross themselves in risky convoluted interpretation that can mask or detract from the original power and meaning. In this case a simple but effective updating method was adopted that only added to

it with the contemporary. It added strong flashes of colour to an otherwise overcast stage.

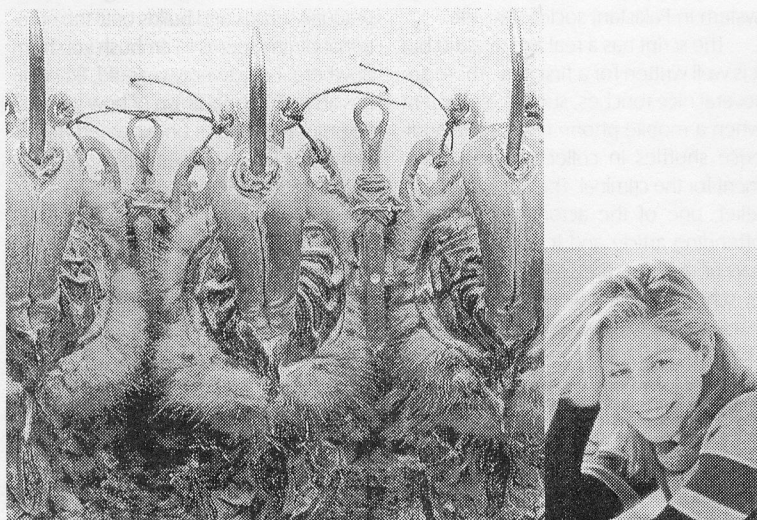
The skillful use of lighting breathed life into the production. The dominance of the dark, contrasting with the startling brilliance of the light simulated the introspective conflicts of Macbeth as well

Andy

1998 TURNER PRIZE EXHIBITION

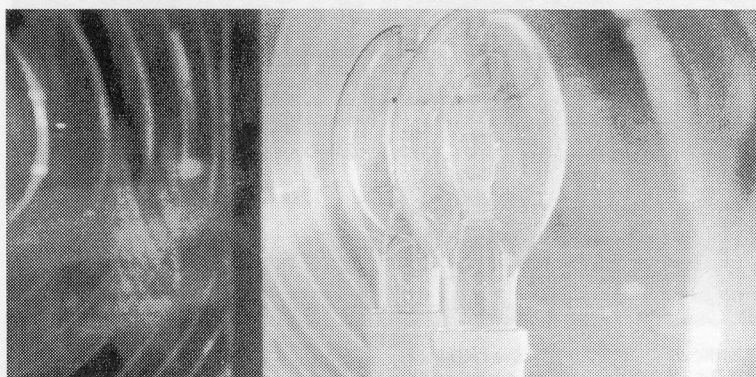
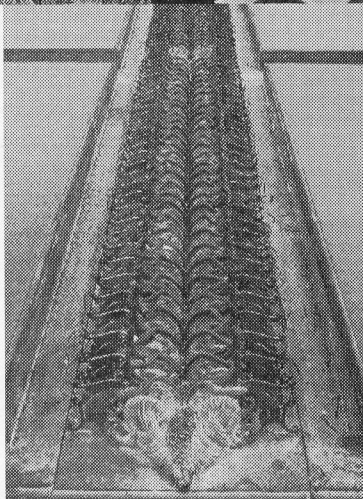
Tate Gallery

Established in 1984, the £20,000 Turner Prize is by definition awarded to a British artist under 50 for an outstanding recent exhibition or presentation of their work. This prestigious annual event of contemporary art is always surrounded by scandal, hype and controversy, fuelling tremendous public curiosity. Previous winners include Howard Hodgkin, Gilbert & George, Anish Kapoor, Rachel Whiteread and Damien Hirst – all now established household names. The judges announced the results earlier this month with French fashion designer Agnès B presenting the prize, but why not decide for yourself?



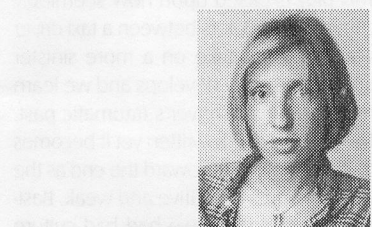
Cathy de Monchaux (1960)

Her sculptures are fascinating, exploring elegant motifs with challenging originality. With unusual combinations of media such as brass, leather and chalk, de Monchaux creates intricate, organic designs with incredible texture and visual impact. Each metal mount is loaded with sexual connotations, from subtle lilies and shells, to explicit representations of female genitalia in rusty shades of pink. Her central installation, entitled *Never Forget the Power of Tears* (pictured right) covers the gallery floor and is a symmetrical arrangement of polished lead slab 'tombs', with a 'backbone' of pulsating Venus flytrap hearts.



Tacita Dean (1965)

Through her three submitted pieces, Dean displays a talent for draughtsmanship as well as film directing. *The Roaring Forties: Seven Boards in Seven Days* (detail pictured right) is a movie script drawn on a sequence of eight-foot-square blackboards. Each atmospheric, ultimately amusing chalk sketch captures a dynamic instant during an adventure on stormy seas, leaving the observer to imagine the interlinking scenario. The slow motion video *Gellért* is shot at a thermal spa, with mature naked women wandering, chatting and showering in the rejuvenating water - a engaging evocation of time passing. *Disappearance at Sea* (pictured above) is a visually hypnotic film of a lighthouse. As the search lamp rotates, the glass lenses produce a dazzling kaleidoscopic effect.



Sam Taylor-Wood (1967)

Her *Five Revolutionary Seconds* series, complete with soundtrack, (detail pictured left) utilises a special revolving camera which scans a complete 360° panoramic view of an interior, capturing incidents of human interactions. This inventive technique is visually polished and perfectly stages, although the poses are perhaps overly artificial. However the distorted perspective and impressive dimensions of the elongated photos, which measure some ten metres in width, are certainly thought-provoking. The three screen projection *Atlantic* centres around a couple on the verge of a break-up, rowing in a crowded restaurant. She elaborates on the complexity of dysfunctional relationships by concentrating on a pair of fidgeting male hands and a frustrated, teary-eyed female face. The nervous body language alludes to the acute emotional turmoil.

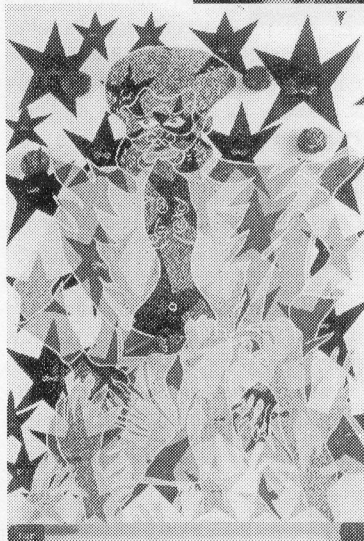


H.&D.



Chris Ofili (1968)
PRIZE WINNER

The token shortlisted male, he was the bookie's runaway favourite at 5-4. His critically acclaimed solo exhibition at the Serpentine was reviewed in issue 1123 of *Felix*. Ofili's unique canvasses are an explosive riot of acrylics, glitter, collages... and resin coated elephant dung collected from London Zoo, which he humourously describes as "ready-made". His references include pornography, hiphop, black culture, African history and psychedelia. Comic strips also influenced the painting *The Adoration of Captain Shit and the Legend of the Black Stars* (pictured left) depicting a superhero and his intergalactic backing group ambushed by eager fans.



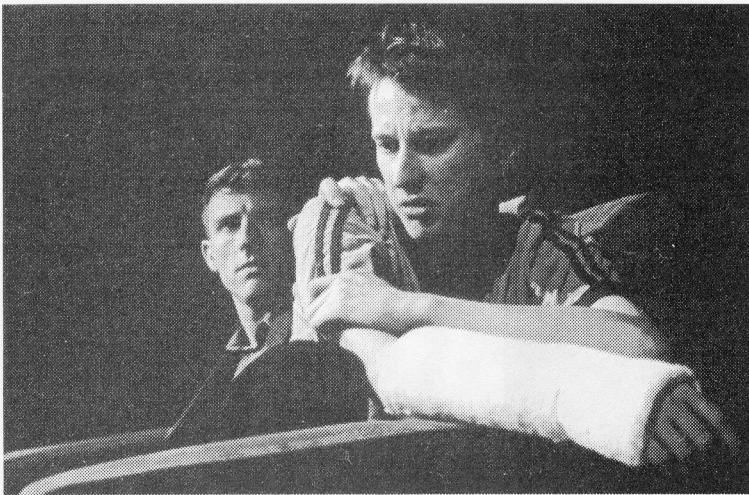
Until 10th January

Nearest tube: Pimlico
Admission: £1.50
Opening hours: daily 10am - 5.50pm



CHOICE: NEW PLAYS BY NEW WRITERS

Royal Court Theatre



I write this with a stomach which feels as if it's full of wriggling eels and a head which feels like it's been trampled by a herd of wildebeest, but a deadline is a deadline. My condition has nothing whatsoever to do with these two plays I saw and everything to do with a heavy drinking session last night.

That's the excuses out of the way, now for the review. *B22* is a first play by Ranjit Khutan, founder and editor of *The*

Spyce News, the newsletter for Birmingham's black and Asian gay community. He is twenty-two and the play is set in *B22*, an imaginary postcode in Birmingham. The two characters in the play, who are also twenty-two, meet at twenty to ten. Do you sense a common theme? Very subtle, don't you think? Anyway, twenty-two is Khutan's lucky number. The play is about two friends meeting up for the first time since a brief encounter

three years previously. One has been at university, the other is now lined up for an arranged marriage. So what's the point? Well, the play tries to open a real can of worms – gay issues, arranged marriages, useless arty degrees, the caste system in Pakistani society etc. etc.

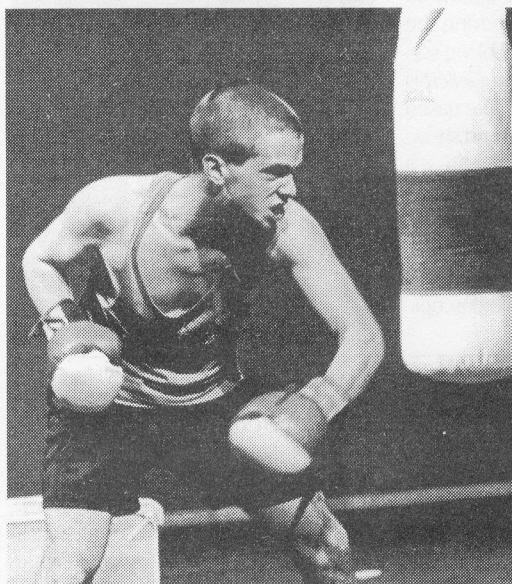
The script has a real axe to grind but it is well written for a first play. There are several nice touches, such as a moment when a mobile phone rings – the audience shuffles in collective embarrassment for the criminal. Then to everyone's relief, one of the actors pulls out the offending article and it turns out to be part of the plot. The script is not helped by schoolboy-like acting from the 'back-from-university-discovered-I-was-gay' character and the male-male kiss at the end shocks no one as it is seen coming from the first seconds of the play.

Much better was *About The Boy*, the story of Trev, an awkward teenager, Kev, his hard-nosed derivative trading brother (pictured left together) and Nev, their widowed father. An outstanding performance from Lee Ingleby as teenaged Trev stands out in a witty production that had the whole theatre in stitches. Christo-

pher Ettridge plays the loser father who reads railway timetables on the phone for a living. He epitomises a mid-life crisis stricken figure whom we pray we will never become.

Between the laughs a tragic storyline gradually builds and builds until the emotional climax seems to ambush you from nowhere. For a twenty-year-old, Ed Hime has an exceptional grasp of how to write. Seemingly spurious unexplained details in the staging, effects and plot gradually reveal their significance as the play proceeds. One example is the plaster-cast which Trev seems to put on and take off his arm for no apparent reason. Later we discover that he breaks his arm saving his father from a mugger, making the audience realise which sections have been in flashback and which sections are 'now'. There is too much good stuff in this play to write about. If you only see one play outside the mainstream this year (what's left of it) see this one. You won't be disappointed and there is another play thrown in to make sure you get your money's worth.

Iain



Royal Court Theatre.

The four plays that we were due to see were 'new plays by new play writers' ranging from ages 16-26. Namely Sarah Barr (22) (apparently she won't get out of bed for less than £3.50), Richard Oberg (23) (charming, good-looking and from Hull!), Alice Wood (16) (the youngest of the four) and Simon Stephens (26) (a guy with an unhealthy interest in football, who lives with his girlie, a man called Terry and a cat).

The first play that we saw was called *In The Family*; this was Ingrid's particular favourite and was all about the reactions of three relatives to the death of a family member. Aiden McAndel (Paul) and Amelia Lowdell (Teresa) play brother and sister from a poor limb of the family living in Ireland and Sarah Churm (Gabby) the richer counterpart. The actors especially Amelia and Aiden expressed brilliantly the strong emotions of both love and hate toward their cousin. More than this, we cannot say, for the play was quite short yet still gripping. We both found ourselves drawn into it to the extent that when it was finished it was

almost a shock.

On a lighter note, the second play *Trade* also showed the diversity of attitudes toward life held by members of the same family. The acting was generally good and Annabelle Apsion gave a particularly amusing performance as a menopausal caf owner/mother of two. Actor Paul Chequer (pictured left in full swing) treated Pascale to the novelty of a near full monty and Ingrid fancied her chances with the lecherous yet poetic pool owner (Danny Webb).

The interval left us both feeling somewhat intimidated following a humiliating experience with some 'proper' journalists. Temptation nearly got the better of us when we were presented with copious amounts of free wine. Nevertheless, we struggled along in our vain attempt to appear cultured and made our way back into the auditorium.

The next play *When Brains Don't Count* was similar to the first in the sense that it was relatively short and only had three characters in it. This took us back to our years at school because it was about skiving class and adolescent insecurities. Despite the fact that we at first felt some association with the subject matter, we were disappointed that the script did not do the story-line justice. There were funny moments and the acting was good but it was really too short for either of us to form a strong opinion.

By this time, our legs were squashed, the seats felt like concrete and we were becoming increasingly aware of the strange man sitting next to Ingrid. However, the battle for culture had not yet been won, for there was one more play to go. Pascale thought that this was by far the most involving. Ingrid thought that this was by far the longest. *Bluebird* named after the Nissan driven by the principle character in this play was like a series of short but amusing role-plays. This play is based upon how seemingly comical encounters between a taxi driver and his 'fares' take on a more sinister note as the story develops and we learn more about the driver's traumatic past. The play is cleverly written yet it becomes quite monotonous toward the end as the story line gets repetitive and weak. Basically, by this stage we had had culture over-load.

In retrospect, we were both glad to have had our theatre 'experience'. Along with excruciating leg cramp, we were left with the memories of a performance that was lacking in some parts and entertaining in others. We would recommend it to those of you who are regular theatregoers and/or aspiring playwrights. So go ahead, do as we have done and venture into the vast wilderness of culture - you just might like it!

Pascale & Ingrid

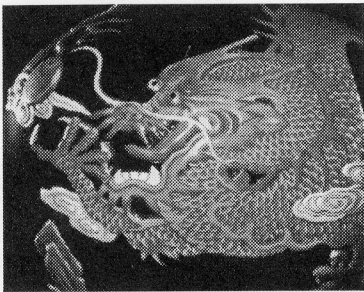
The 1998 Young Writer's Festival is running until 19th December

Nearest tube: Leicester Square

Performance times: daily 7.15pm and 9pm, Tickets: concessions £5 (10p standing benches)

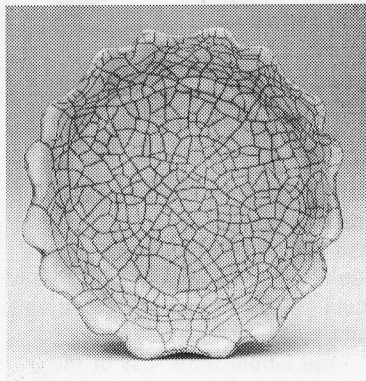
100 MASTERPIECES OF IMPERIAL CHINESE CERAMICS FROM THE AU BAK LING COLLECTION

Royal Academy of Arts



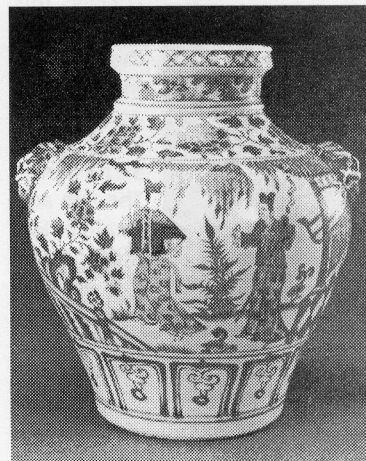
Porcelain's closely guarded secret recipe was only disclosed to the Western world in the 18th century. In contrast, China's ceramic production originated during the Bronze Age. With such a flourishing past, craftsmen attained incredible levels of technical proficiency. Under the influence of the emperor and senior court officials, potters and decorators experimented profusely, exploring form and function in accordance with fashion.

This legendary collection, which opened as part of the 'London Asian Week' arts trade festival, was assembled



over the past 25 years by the entrepreneur and connoisseur Au Bak Ling. This eagerly anticipated event was its first ever public viewing. The exhibition outlines the highlights of Chinese porcelain

manufacture, as well as reflecting parallel developments in cultural history. The displayed pieces, hailed as unique national treasures, date from between the 12th and 18th centuries, covering the Song, Yuan, Ming and Qing dynasties.



The varied designs are either sophisticated with simple glazing or vibrantly ornamented, with fiery dragon emblems and colourful floral motifs. In view of the highly specialised subject matter, this stylish exhibition is basically geared towards Sinophiles or dedicated enthusiasts.

Helena

Until 20th December

Nearest tube: Green Park/
Piccadilly Circus

Tickets: £3, concessions
£2.50

Opening hours: daily 10am
- 6pm (8.30pm on Fridays)



CINDERELLA

Lyric Theatre Hammersmith

With the countdown to Christmas in full swing, this section would be shamefully incomplete without mentioning that most sacred and venerated of festive traditions - the inimitable pantomime.

Admittedly, I was slightly dubious on surveying my fellow spectators, since I estimated the average age of the audience to be about eight! (after all, this is blatant family entertainment) Undeterred by my fidgeting neighbours however, I settled down to watch the production billed as 'a new telling of an old classic'. Although during one worrying scene, the excruciatingly shy Buttons threatened to ride into the sunset with the comely crumpet (much to the horror of the distraught and disillusioned crowd!),

Angela Carter's interpretation remained reassuringly faithful to the classic. Well, most of the time at least... Somehow, I don't quite remember the evil step-mother brandishing a carving knife (previously concealed in her cleavage!) and hacking off her daughters' toes or heel in a desperate attempt to squeeze their feet into the celebrated glass slipper.

The actors, with the exception of the bland and amateurish dead mother cum fairy godmother, worked enthusiastically as a team, improvising liberally to suit the audience's responses. Cinder, sporting ragged petticoats and charcoal smudges, was perfectly irritating with her goody-two-shoes naivety and her unwavering habit of exclaiming "weird" during her magical adventures in

pantoland. In contrast, the cross-dressing ugly sisters duo was extremely farcical in curlers and pink negligés with fake-fur trimmings. Their antics and snappy dialogue (with lyrics such as "The prince will be thrilled to bits/By the size of my... personality") raised much laughter rivalled only by the snog finale that caused a wave of snickering amongst the junior clique, accompanied by murmurs of "kissywissy".

Probably the most impressive aspect of this production, staged by the Improbable Theatre, were the inventive special effects and resourceful props. Giant cardboard cut-outs were surprisingly effective as scenery, creating an almost illusory atmosphere whereas crumpled newspaper sheets were moulded into ghostly creatures, further enhancing the fantasy.

Tuneless musical interludes and puppet sketches were integrated into this amusing extravaganza. Perhaps the highlight of the evening was a ridiculous rendition of 'Cheese in the Moonlight' performed by a squeaky chorus of marionette mice. Pantomimes definitely rank beyond the ridiculous, obscure and corny, yet they're genuinely enjoyable if you join in the formulaic spirit along the



condensed lines of "Once upon a time...behind you...oh! yes he is...happily ever after".

Helena

Until 9th January

Nearest tube: Hammersmith
Tickets: from £5





Simon Baker's Christmas TV Guide

Sheffield isn't big enough for me. Nor is the European Union. Not content with pronouncing on those two old chestnuts, my opinions spill over into the world of Television, and what better time to foist them on you than at Christmas. And you don't know the sacrifices I make for this newspaper. In order to write this article in advance of the publication of the Radio Times, I was forced to buy the Sunday People. The Sunday People! I'm too good to you people.

This year, I sense a greater proportion of films, particularly on BBC1, but it doesn't affect the overall quality of the schedules, which are pretty good. Starting at the top, the Christmas Day viewing looks pretty solid, though it should be said that at the time of writing, ITV had not fully disclosed their film listings. **Babe** (BBC1, Christmas Eve, 6:05pm) is definitely worth watching, but,



good as it is, it pales into insignificance against possibly the greatest of them all, **Casablanca** (BBC2, Christmas Day, 3:10pm), just after Her Majesty's Address; Bogart also crops up later in **The Maltese Falcon** (BBC2, Christmas Day, 12:25am). Elsewhere, the brilliant Peter Sellers stars in **Two Way Stretch** (C4, Christmas Day, 3:15pm), the story of planning a perfect robbery. Aside from films, the soaps are ever-present-



Eastenders (BBC1, Christmas Day, 5:35pm and 8:30pm) and **Coronation Street** (ITV, Christmas Day, 7:00pm) - but of more interest is the first part of a trilogy of **Men Behaving Badly** (BBC1, Christmas Day, 9:50pm; Boxing Day, 9:35pm; Bank Holiday Monday, 9:00pm), which will end the marvellously successful series. A Christmas Day's viewing would be woefully incom-



plete without **Morecambe and Wise**, and thankfully we are safe this year (BBC1, Christmas Day, 11:10pm).



Luckily, this will not be the only outing for Eric and Ernie. **Bring Me Sunshine - The Life and Death of Eric Morecambe** (BBC1, Wednesday 23rd, 9:30pm), **That Riviera Touch** (BBC1, Sunday 20th, 11:00am) and **The Magnificent Two** (BBC1, Thursday 24th, 12:45am) are all well worth watching. Other titans of the comedy world are featured this Christmas in the flawless **Heroes of Comedy** series, namely Tommy Cooper (C4, December 30th, 7:00pm) and Benny Hill (C4, New Year's Eve, 8:45pm).

I expected that after last year, the schedulers would have realised their grave error, but bizarrely **The Italian Job** is nowhere to be seen again. All is not lost, because there is a short feature on the making of the film, **Mini Job** (C4, Christmas Sunday, 6:00pm); Michael Caine fans can find further solace in the showing of **Funeral in Berlin** (BBC2, Saturday 19th, 12:05am). Thankfully, that other stalwart, **The Sound of Music** (BBC1, Sunday 20th, 2:00pm) is safely installed, as are **Gunfight at the OK Corral** (BBC2, Monday 21st, 4:00pm) and **The Wizard of Oz** (BBC1, Christmas Sunday, 2:45pm). Bond aficionados are unusually well catered for, with three films, the reasonable **A View to a Kill** (ITV, Boxing Day, 7:45pm), **George Lazenby's On Her Majesty's Secret Service** (ITV, Bank Holiday Monday, 2:30pm) and **You only Live Twice** (ITV, New Year's Day, 8:00pm).



Rapidly establishing itself as a Christmas institution is the Naked Gun series, to wit the screening of **Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear** (BBC1, Boxing Day, 11:05pm). You've seen it a dozen times, but it remains as fresh as the proverbial daisy.

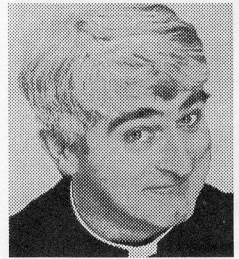
You would think less of me if I did not pick out the Carry On films showing this Christmas. This year, there are slightly fewer than usual, name **Carry On Again, Doctor** (BBC1, Christmas Eve, 12:40am), **At Your Convenience** (BBC1, Boxing Day, 12:25am), the excellent **Cleo** (ITV, Bank Holiday Monday, 11:15pm), **Girls** (BBC1, Wednesday 30th, 1:35am) and the dreadful **Columbus** (BBC1, New Year's Eve, 12:35am). I shall only be watching the latter since I have not yet seen it - not exactly the strongest recommendation, I grant you. Of undoubtedly more quality is **Perfectly Frank** (BBC2, from Bank Holiday Monday). To detail the features of this tribute would fill pages, but essentially it consists of a number of Ol' Blue Eyes' films interspersed with five minute segments throughout the day, in much the same mould as the James Stewart tribute last year, which, in a link worthy of Pebble Mill at One, reminds me that **It's a Wonderful Life** (BBC2, Christmas Eve, 6:15pm) should not be missed.



It may seem that I am concentrating mainly on films this year, but that is because there seems at first glance to be less in the way of Christmas one-offs and suchlike. Of course, we have the usual range of specials, such as **They Think It's All**



Over (BBC1, Christmas Day, 10:35pm), a repeat of **Father Ted** (C4, Christmas Eve, 9:30pm), **Have I Got News For You** (BBC2, Saturday 19th, 10:00pm), **Christmas Countdown Final** (C4, Christmas Day, 4:45pm), **Jo Brand's Christmas Log** (C4, Bank Holiday Monday, 10:45pm) and **The Bill** (ITV, Friday 18th, 8:00pm), featuring Leslie Grantham and Denise Van Outen, an odd couple if ever there were. Speaking of odd, there is something by the name of Dale 'if only I could be Larry Grayson' **Winton's Wonderland** (BBC1, Wednesday 23rd, 10:40pm). Considering the late time of transmission, I shudder to think what the content will be.

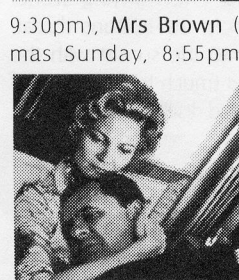


A quick flick through my notes shows that I have forgotten a few big films, such as **Speed** (BBC1, Tuesday 22nd, 9:30pm), **Indecent Proposal** (BBC1, Friday 18th, 9:30pm), **Mrs Brown** (BBC1, Christmas Sunday, 8:55pm) and **Nixon** (BBC2, Christmas Sunday, 10:00pm). The latter has been wickedly scheduled on the same night as **The Clinton Complex: How To Live With A Dysfunctional President** (BBC2, Christmas Sunday, 8:00pm), the content of which seems pretty self-explanatory. So there you go, that should keep you busy over the festive season in the gaps between pub opening hours. Eat, drink and, well, you know the rest. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, my dears.



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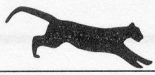
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Combat Flight Simulator (PC)

Microsoft

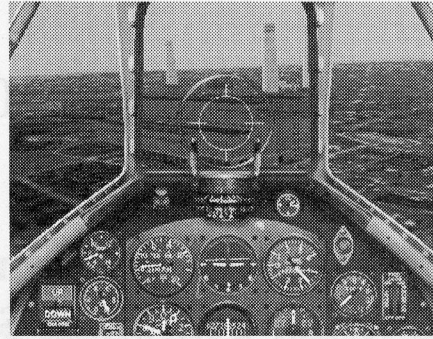
★★★★

In a continuation of their flight simulator series Microsoft has released *Combat Flight Simulator*. At first glance it seems nothing has changed from the original, however there is one significant difference. Yup, you can now kick ass when you fly! Unlike its predecessor, where you have to study the manual just to work out how to get the plane off the ground, I managed to take off successfully with only a little help. Microsoft have realised that the average games player doesn't want to spend hours working out how to start the game!

So what does the game offer? Surprisingly, for a flight simulation it offers a significant amount. The game has five modes. Free flight is where you can practice flying and shooting without anyone else getting in the way. Quick combat starts the game in the air where you

take on a series of aircraft - you can test the skill of the other pilots and the type of aircraft. Single mission is where you choose a 'real' mission from a list and complete it. Campaigns are where you have to fly a series of missions chosen from either the Battle of Britain or Battle over Europe. Oh, and there is the usual network features allowing multiple players to fight it out. The game comes with software to allow you to play in the MSN gaming zone against other WWII air aces.

In terms of graphics it has improved significantly from *Flight Simulator* as 16-bit colour graphics are supported. The degree of realism is impressive, considering that virtually all aspects have been considered, such as haze, fog, light glare and even tracer from both friendly and enemy machine guns. It even has famous landmarks, which will guide you when you're lost, as there is no map feature in the plane. But is the game any good? The answer is yes and no. Considering all these cool features it takes a lot of skill and willpower to master the art of shooting another plane down. You can put this down to the fact that the weapons at your disposal are machine guns, cannons and a rocket launcher or two if you're lucky. So if you're into high tech-



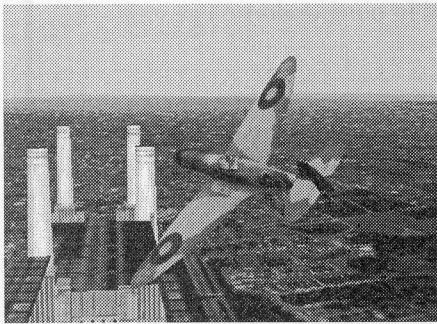
nology weapons such as laser targeting, or fire and forget missiles then this game isn't for you! Along with the graphics, the sound is lush too. Plug your soundcard into your stereo, turn up the volume and it sounds like you're in a plane. There is even a pilot radio so you can either have an American, English or, if you download a patch, a German voice informing you how badly you are doing. So what else is left to baffle the senses? Yup, Microsoft has made the game compatible with the force feedback *SideWinder* (the £100 version) which will let you feel the G forces whilst pulling tight turns! (and firing the weapons produces satisfying recoil - *Games Ed.*)

I personally am not a fan of flight sims, but I was pleasantly surprised how the game has solved the old problem of sims. If you make the game too detailed only a few dedicated souls would ever play it, make it too simple and the game won't last longer than a week. By allowing the user

to control the amount of realism (G forces, wind shear, glare and ice forming on the wings are all user controlled) you can play as a complete beginner or as a veteran flight sim pilot. This game should be to everyone's taste but the main problem is the cost. The quoted price is £44.99 which is steep for a PC game, but it is in some ways justified considering the detail of the planes and simulation (there is also a £10 rebate if you already own the latest *Flight Sim* from Microsoft).

If you've got a 3Dfx card in your PC and want a new game which uses it apart from *Quake* then MS *Combat simulator* would certainly be a good buy. Otherwise I would suggest beefing up your PC and then buying the game.

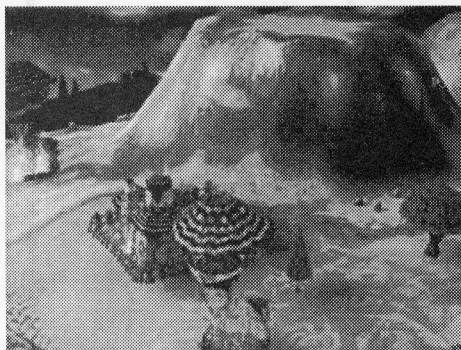
Beel



Populous - The Beginning (PC)

Bullfrog

★★★★★



For those of you who came in late, *Populous* has something of a heritage in computer gaming circles. It was a game in which you were a god, worshipped from afar by a tribe. You had to use your powers to overwhelm a neighbouring tribe, controlled by a rival god, and conquer a (square) area. It was innovative in its time, but very remote and ultimately really rather samey. It spawned two sequels (*Populous2* and a game called *Powermonger*), and a few inferior imitators.

'*Populous - The Beginning*' is the latest revision of the original *Populous* concept - and it's a damned fine one, taking

elements of games as diverse as *Command & Conquer* and *Civilization*. Instead of a remote god, you control a shaman. This shaman is the focal point of the tribe, worshipped by the tribesmen. When not worshipping, these tribesmen can be ordered to build huts of various types, train to become warriors and priests and generally get on with increasing your tribe by non-violent means.

The gameplay (which in *Populous* tended to be rather linear - get mana, cast spell, get mana, cast spell and so on) has been expanded. Besides sending your armed warriors off to knock seven shades of shit out of your enemies, you can despatch priests to convert them, or increase your tribe by casting spells at the wildmen who creep around your village. The spherical game area also vastly increases your options. Instead of building a land bridge from one corner of the world to the other (as in the original *Populous*), you can set off to attack your enemies by balloon or ship. Of course the same options are

open to your enemies, which means that you have to be focused on developments both in your raiding parties and in your village. There is also an increasing amount of reliance on lateral thinking - why lead a raiding party at your opponent's village when you could sneak round the back and achieve your objective that way?

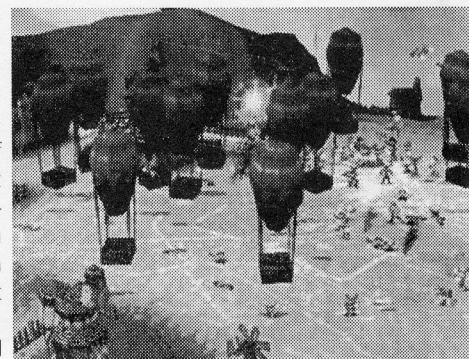
There are some very neat touches, both in terms of gameplay and graphics. In the original game you could cast spells anywhere in the game area. In '*Populous - The Beginning*' each spell can only be cast within a certain range of the shaman, which means that, unless you want to rely on brute force to crush your opponent, you have to take your shaman along with you. This in turn puts her (another nice touch - the shaman is female) in danger of being killed herself. Don't fret too much, as she will (eventually) be reincarnated; but you will have to play a certain amount of the game without her, which can get a bit hairy.

The graphics are fluid and

well-defined, even without a 3D accelerator card, and the control system simple to use. There's also a rather impressive opening sequence, which sets up the game nicely. I haven't yet seen the ending sequence - contact me in about six months time.

I desperately wanted to dislike this game (partly because our beloved *Games Ed* likes it, and partly because I always thought the original *Populous* overrated), but I can't. There may be some out there who think that *Populous* is getting a bit long in the tooth now - I disagree. I think it's just come of age.

Danny





Close Combat 3 - The Russian Front (PC)

Microsoft

★★

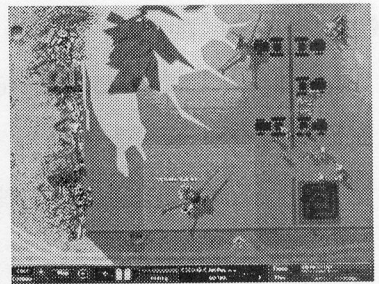
The Germans and Russians had a hard time battling against each in World War II, conducting warfare in the most extreme conditions - deep mud in spring and autumn, boiling heat in the summer

and freezing cold in the winter. Luckily for you, Close Combat 3 re-creates the campaign on your PC, in the comfort of your own home. This may be the only comfort you get from the game though...

Taking the role of either nation, one can opt for single 'historical' battles or the more arduous campaigns. Campaigns allow you to select your troops from a central pool and fight from 1941 to 1945 with troops, tanks and support units available at that time - so no Tiger tanks for Barbarossa. This combined with the promotion idea, allowing you to command more troops the more missions you complete, adds

purpose to the campaigns. Warfare is conducted from the top-down perspective tinged with a little 3D isometry, setting the scene for what could be a good real-time strategy game - although the game-play unfortunately does not live up to its potential. At least we can blame Microsoft...

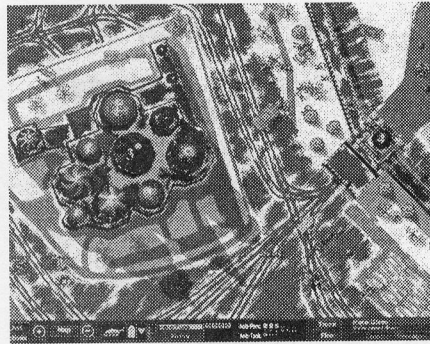
The background map graphics are plain yet satisfactory, but the units are a little small which leads to confusion as to which are yours. If you 'zoom' in to try to rectify this problem you are confronted with the nightmare of blocky low-resolution graphics (Aaarrrgh!). Gunfire exchange is surprisingly lame considering the brutality of the real war, although



you do get to hear the death cries of wounded soldiers in both German and Russian - or English if you prefer.

Altogether, the game bases itself strongly on the strategic approach, without immersing the player in the atmosphere of chaotic madness found in real war, and on this it falters. If you're a patient die-hard strategy fan, or are looking for a history lesson, you may be more sympathetic.

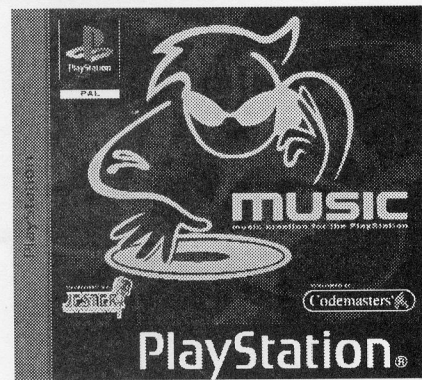
Viv



Music (PSX)

Codemasters

★★★



system, complete with a 16 track editing and mixing system twinned with a 3-D video generator.

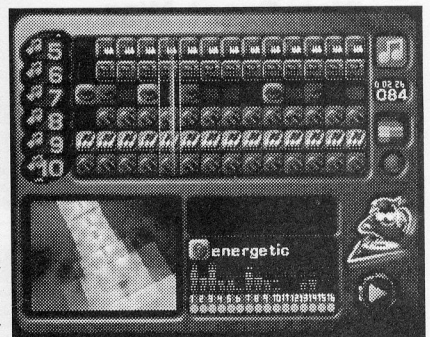
There is a vast array of samples to choose from including vocals, percussion, kickdrums and loads more. All the samples are placed under five headings of ambient, drum and bass, house, techno and trip hop. I found the huge selection overwhelming at first, leading to a great deal of testing of which sounds mixed together well, however at times samples you would expect to find under a certain category are not there at all. For example, under trip hop I went to look for some smart chilled out vocals and instead I found a choice of extremely full sounds, much more like house.

If you are of the more creative persuasion there is a riff creator which is linked to a library of over 3000 stored sounds and samples, and it allows you to mould each sound into your own particular flavour. The riff creator was extremely annoying and not at all user friendly, and I wouldn't be surprised if you damaged your playstation through sheer frustration of not creating the riff just the way you would like it.

The loading of the sounds was a little slow and in terms of longevity, I would give this a very short shelf life. It claims to be a must for any budding producer, but I don't see how anything you create on the playstation can be transferred to a CD or com-

puter, which seems to defeat the whole purpose of buying this piece of software. If you've got about 35 quid lying around and don't know what to do with it, then go out and buy this, but for most of the rest of you just stay well clear.

Jason

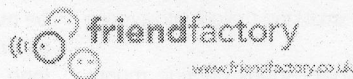
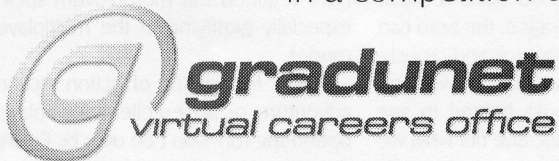


Music is not a game. You should be clear about this from the start. It is the most serious piece of software I have ever experienced on the Playstation. In essence it is a music and video creation

Get online - and win a Playstation !

(Well five Playstations, just read on, log on and win one)

in a competition organized and run by



If you want to pack your Christmas stocking with more action than Jackie Chan's pyjamas then we've got a kicking competition for you - Gradunet and FriendFactory are giving away five Sony Playstations to the lucky winners plus 50 fab runner-up prizes of either a Friend Factory yo-yo or a Gradunet T-shirt. To enter the competition, join free on the FriendFactory website (www.friendfactory.co.uk) then fill in the competition entry card on Gradunet (www.gradunet.co.uk). If your name is pulled out of the virtual hat on Monday 11th January 1999 then you'll be thumb-dancing your way to games-heaven with the world's favourite console.

Entry details:

Once registered on FriendFactory you will have a new FriendFactory email address. Simply enter this address into the competition card on Gradunet and name three game titles for the playstation. Competition closes on January 10th 1999.

Only one entry per person. Terms and conditions apply.

ActuaSoccer 3

Gremlin

★★

Oh dear oh dear, what has gone wrong here then. Gremlin's Actua series was doing so well. Soccer looks good, taking a different viewing angle from most of the competition. The problem is that this view is too far away to control the players accurately. The dodgy goalkeeper is also a problem.



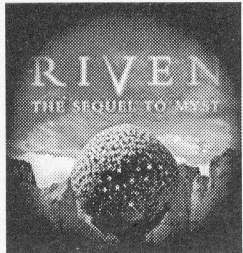


Once again the time has come for the game gurus at Felix to sit down and plough through the vast array of PC, PSX and N64 (ahem vast array Nintendo) games that have arisen in 1998 and come up with the top five games for each genre. So just relax and reminisce about those late hours of hardcore gaming...

Riven

(Adventure-Puzzle)

Riven is one of the most visually stunning games ever made, and the level of interaction with the game's characters is higher and more realistic compared to the host of Myst-clones. Your job is to enter an unstable utopia created by a maniac, solve a series of tough puzzles, and save your sweetheart Catherine before the world collapses. You will need



every ounce of your intellect and an extremely inquisitive mind to save the day in this game.

Descent Freespace: The Great War (Simulator)

Get ready for more gut-wrenching, stomach-churning action as you burst from subterranean caverns into freezing



space, zapping agile enemy fighters and colossal motherships out of the night. Unlike the Wing Commander series, Freespace has managed to steer clear of excessive storylines and poor acting in its cut scenes. In addition, the graphics are superb; just watch the armour plating peel off from the enemy ship when your torpedoes hit home.

Starcraft (Strategy)

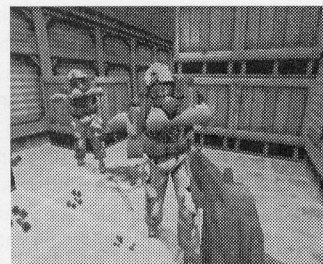
Did the most talked-about game of the year live up to the hype? A definite yes! For the first time, Blizzard has put three



races in a real-time strategy game, each lined up with totally unique units. A multitude of battle tactics are required as you take on the ravenous wormy Zergs, the mysterious and powerful Protoss and good old Terrans. Not only are the campaigns well linked by a strong plot, the sight of a Zerg Spore Colony exploding in a pool of slime is simply awesome!

Half-Life (Shooter)

You are Gordon Freeman, who has accidentally stumbled upon a secret government experiment involving aliens ala X-Files. Therefore, trying to be a hero, you attempt to stop it, but they have other plans for you. From here begins a long chase as you, armed with an impressive arsenal of weapons, battle against the aliens and human commandoes. What makes this game really stand out is the high resolution graphics, which do not blur out even when viewed close up,



unlike in Quake II or Jedi Knight.

FIFA: Road to World Cup 98 (Sports)

You thunder down the pitch like Jurgen Klinsman, dribble past four defenders with the flair of Ronaldo and finish the run with a well-aimed bicycle kick. Impossible? Not in FIFA 98, if you can master the controls that is. Player simulation is marvellous as you see players acting realistically like scratching their heads or panting after a run. Even the crowd cheers the way you want. Throw in veterans Gray and Motsons' lively commentary and you will have the best soccer game this year in your hand.

Ronny



Asteroids (PSX)

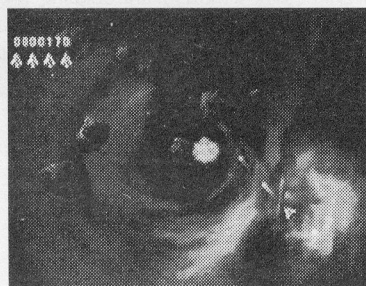
Activision

★★★

Asteroids eh. Vector graphics and ten pence off your parents. Dark dirty seaside arcades. Minutes and minutes of fun before those green asteroids mashed your ship into fragments.

Zippping forward to the late 90s, Activision have decided to update those lines and turn them into pseudo 3-D graphics on brightly painted backdrops. Not only do you have to worry about the Asteroids, but this time they've brought some of their mates from the pub, regenerating crystals, flaming comets as well as the nasty bullet spitting UFOs.

Nostalgia aside the game will last longest on the two player game. Unfor-



tunately you can't shoot each other, but you can fight it out for who gets to pick up the power ups - it normally ends in one player smacking straight into a rogue asteroid.

With some shops offering money off vouchers you could manage to pick up a classic for less than £20. Do it and tell me where the hidden asteroids level is, oh go on.

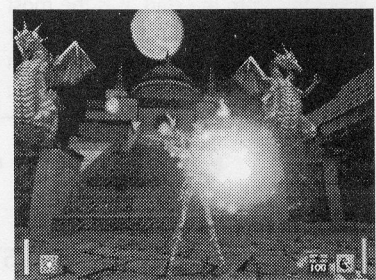
Heretic II (PC)

Activision

★★★★

Corvus (the hero from the first in this series) has finally made it home. Unfortunately home has become a plague infested flea pit and everything from rat size upwards wants to chew strips off him.

So begins this rather special 3rd person 3-D shooter. Based upon a much improved Quake2 engine, the hero can be made to run, jump, roll and crouch, all with impressive animation. Wait too long and Corvus looks behind to see what's up. All very impressive but what we want are kick ass weapons. Fortunately Corvus carries both offensive and defensive weapons (and yes for all of you that



like turning baddies into chickens they have retained the morph-ovum spell - especially gratifying in the multiplayer mode).

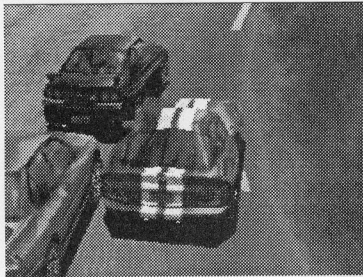
With the choice of action, action-adventure or an excellent multiplayer option the fun won't be over by Boxing day. Just make sure the turkey sandwiches are on tap and you will be whooping ass all the way to next year.

Activision Xmas Competition

Those nice guys and girls at Activision and Beatwax have got together and are offering some rather neat prizes. There are copies of Sin (reviewed in Issue 1124), Heretic II (both for the PC), and Asteroids for the PSX. There are also runner-up prizes of T-shirts and yo-yo's.

To win these fabulous prizes just come into the Felix office between 12 and 1pm today. The first people to say the magic phrase "Come and see my Christmas Log" will choose their prize.

Have a good Xmas Everyone - Games Ed



**Grand Turismo
(Racer)**

If old goldenspecs is the reason to own a N64 then it is this game that was responsible for masses of Playstations and dual shock controllers walking off the shelves and into homes everywhere. 166 different cars to drive. Forward, rear and four-wheel handling, as realistic as you can get not using a steering wheel. This

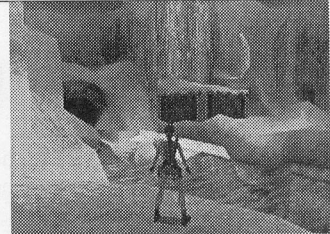
was and still is the driver's driving game. With all this handling you would expect compromise in the graphics or perhaps the sound. Oh no, not in this simulation, the graphics are crisper than the chips at the bottom of the packet, the sounds of the engines are almost sexual, and for once the soundtrack matches the game with Garbage and Ash contributions urging you onto faster lap times. F1 '98 might feature faster cars but racing Nissan Bluebirds against Dodge Vipers is much more satisfying.

**Tenchu
(3-D Platformer)**

Dark dank urban settings. Extreme ultra-violent executions. Set in honour ridden 17th Century Japan you are set on a path of assassination, evasion, and postal deliveries where the least of your worries are dogs called woofie. Excellent scenery, smoothly animated fight scenes - the all out lunge will see you impaled like a cocktail sausage on some pikeman's pole - and spooky sound can lead to some very late nights. Even better news is the Tenchu 2 project. Bloodier and bigger. Let's hope they've sorted the controls out.

**Tomb Raider 3
(3-D Platformer)**

Well what more needs to be added on this subject. It is still the best general 3-D platformer, with just the right balance between the athletic timed run and jumps, the puzzle element, and the pure reaction shooting parts. Tomb raider 3 is not a revolutionary jump and as the old maxim goes 'if it works - don't fix it'. They have tinkered slightly with the graphics engine, put in some nice graphical effects and allowed Lara a few more slinky moves but it is still the queen of the street, the jungle, and pretty much every historical site where big dangerous creatures hang out.

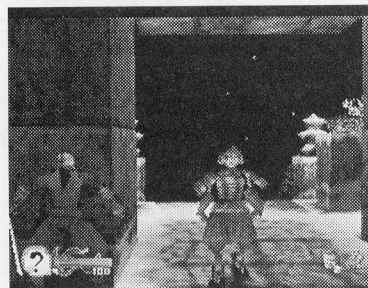
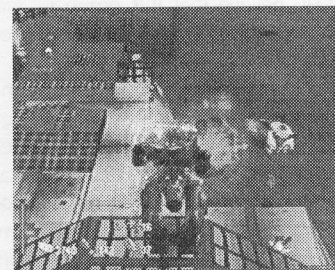


**FutureCop LAPD
(3-D Platformer)**

Not another platform game you all scream at me. Yep, Tenchu had stealth, Tomb raider has its puzzles, FutureCop has its heavy weapons and its two-player options. Better living though heavier firepower would be its motto as the Police robot pacifies street riots using mini-guns, rockets and mortar rounds. Lots of blood, lots of special graphics and lots of fun. Gary S.

**Point Blank
(Big Gun Game)**

The most legal fun you can have with a gun (especially an over sized plastic pistol). A console copy of an excellent arcade game. With the standard Time Crisis gun all that is missing is the recoil. There are two ways around this. Either go out and purchase the new recoil gun (a gun with a rumble pack inside) or get a relative or flatmate to hit your hands hard.



**Goldeneye
(Shooter)**

The film was good. It introduced a new Bond, a new era. The game, which is only available for the N64 (much to the annoyance of the PC and Playstation faithful), is better. In fact it is quite superb. Upon its release it was hailed as the pinnacle of the first-person adventure shooter genre, if not the pinnacle of the entire games market, and to this day there have been few games to challenge for its title...

Generally speaking, Goldeneye bowls you over not by any single aspect of its amazing game-play, but rather the professionalism and quality that endorses its every detail.

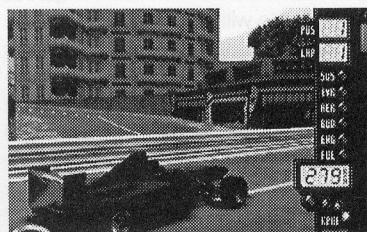
Each mission asks you to perform certain tasks that will not only require the pummeling of enemy guards but also the use of stealth and initiative. The huge variety of weapons comes complete with an aiming sight, and in some cases this is telescopic, allowing you to pick off targets from a distance and with

one shot to the head. Drive tanks, rescue the Bond girl, infiltrate enemy bases, visit the jungle - the whole film plot is here.

Needless to say, the multi-player mode is excellent and it's great fun trouncing your mates into a bloody pulp, using any of the characters and weapons. it could well make you go out and buy the console for this game alone. After all, that's what happened to myself...

**F1 World Grand Prix
(Racer)**

Following the drivers and teams of the 1997 season, you can drive a single race, against a pal, against the clock or for an entire season. What makes this simulation rule above all others are the unbelievable graphics and the wonderfully realistic car handling. Grab a steering wheel and there's no stopping you...



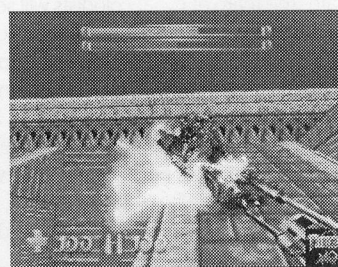
**Banjo Kazooie
(3-D Platformer)**

Honey bear and bird respectively, Banjo and Kazooie star in this colourful and cute 3D platform-adventure game. Boasting a huge world to explore, numerous baddies to stomp on and some puzzle solving too, this is one fantasy adventure that'll last.

from ghastly aliens and monstrous dinosaurs. Graphics are lush, weapons are plentiful and enemies have advanced AI and will hide or run if attacked. Also the levels are bigger than Wolverhampton and Dudley put together. Unfortunately to play the game in the best possible graphics mode you will need the nintendo memory pack. But like buying a rumble pack for Goldeneye you just will not regret it.

**Turok 2
(Shooter)**

A 3D shooter with a difference, Turok 2 sees you setting off to save the Earth



**1080° Snowboarding
(Sports)**

At last there is a decent snowboarding sim to shout about. Compete against the console or another player in a race to reach the bottom of the slope, and while you're at it take your opponents out (not all that sporting but very good fun), do some fancy tricks (useful for impressing your parents and young relatives during those long Xmas evenings) or just marvel at the graphics!





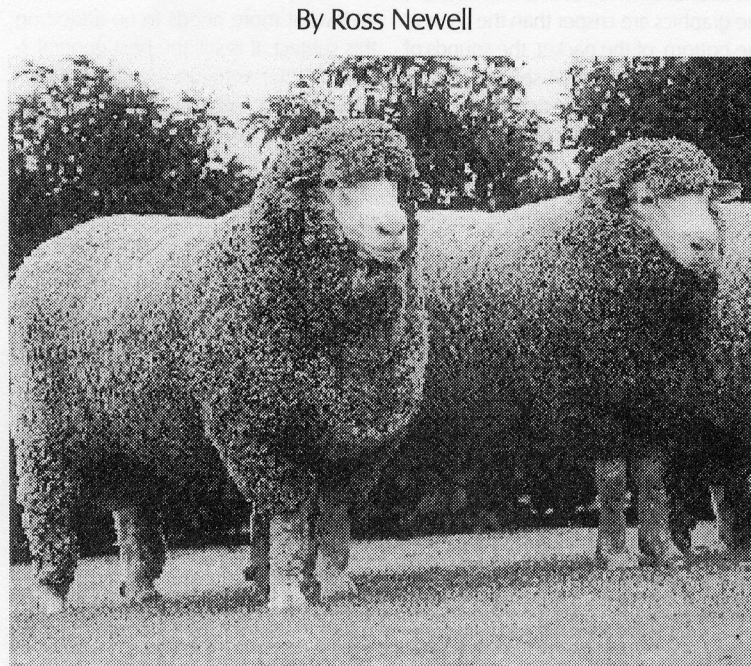
Threat of Air Strikes Still Strong

Last Tuesday Imperial came within one hour of a major military attack against the Sheep Maintenance department. After weeks of failed negotiations Imperial College High Command (ICHC) ordered a full-scale attack on the Terrace building. The attack was only called off 47mins before the appointed time when Dr G of Sheep Main wrote a letter to the chief high commander of ICHC, agreeing to let ICHC inspectors onto the 5th floor of the Terrace building.

ICHC believes that the 5th floor may house documents that could be used in an anti-ICHC manner. There have been repeated reports from undercover ICHC operatives working inside Sheep Main that a group is being formed with the intention of taking control of Imperial. ICHC believe that this group is under the control of Dr Pratt, part-time Sheep Main lecturer, part-time egomaniac.

Dr Pratt has for a long time been of concern to ICHC; he has been trying to raise his profile within the college through a series of propaganda campaigns. Although these have been largely unsuccessful, he has gained a small group of hardcore followers, albeit ones on Dr Pratt's payroll.

On 29 December last year Dr Pratt tried to take control of the Maths department, to bring it under Sheep Main High Command (SMHC) jurisdiction. Taking advantage of the lax security over Winterval, he launched the Sheep Main 1st



By Ross Newell

Sheep - Innocent bystanders in this war of attrition

and 4th tank regiments against the Huxley building at 2am and succeeded in taking control of the lower two floors.

ICHC quickly launched air strikes against the Terrace building, cutting off supplies to Dr Pratt's front line and forcing him to surrender. Under the terms of the surrender Sheep Main should have allowed ICHC inspectors access to the 5th floor so that it could make sure Sheep

Main was not withholding any patent that could be used by ICHC to fund Imperial's activities.

Dr G and the head of department, both oppose this since, they argue, ICHC already controls 90% of Sheep Main's academic activity, and thus should not need more access. They say the real reason for the demands is to undermine Sheep Main's command structure, with the even-

tual objective being the removal of the present SMHC and their replacement by a puppet command controlled by ICHC. They also denied any association with Dr Pratt and said they were going to "kick his head in" that afternoon.

ICHC say that their only concern is the well-being of college and all its members, pointing out that Sheep Main has repeatedly flaunted college rules by taking over smaller departments unable to defend themselves and several times breaching interdepartmental rules.

Sheep Main's reply to this is that they have only taken over departments that are academically related and are thus able to benefit from a merger. And the only rules that they have broken are ones set down by ICHC with the express purpose of advancing ICHC's command over the academic departments.

Other departments are split over the issue. Some of the bigger departments have moved away from the official college line to defend SMHC's stance; perhaps fearful of their own position should ICHC become too powerful. Most departments, in particular the smaller ones, have backed ICHC and offered military assistance should it be necessary.

It seems that for now the threat of military action has gone, but only time will show whether it will return. ICHC will remain wary of Dr Pratt and his activities, while Sheep Main will continue to resist ICHC intervention.

Derek Found in West London

A new area of London was discovered on Tuesday. The new area, situated between Chelsea and Westminster, is thought never to have been walked on by a human foot. It had previously been blocked from view by a large wall. However the wall was knocked down last week in order to build a new car park, and behind it the new land was discovered. The land, provisionally called Derek, covers about 4,000 hectares. Gynaecologists believe this area may contain prehistoric flora and fauna that has not been seen since before modern man. There is even speculation this area may contain dinosaurs. The authorities have already issued warnings not to enter Derek until more is known about the indigenous wildlife.

A team of Britain's finest Gynaecologists and some foreigners are being prepared to enter the region to do some serious scientific stuff. While the team is inside they will perform a thorough study of all the wildlife found.

The lead member of the expedition was going to be Dr G of Sheep Main, but unfortunately he was called away to save

twenty astronauts in orbit around Jupiter from asphyxiation using only a Spitfire plane and a Sony Walkman. Instead Dr Pratt elected himself leader of the group. Suggestions were made that the wall should be rebuilt while Dr Pratt is inside, however this proposal was rejected on the grounds that there would be no one left to kick in the head if one was piss'd off.

Derek is currently covered in jungle and thus almost impenetrable. Heavy cutting equipment has been moved in to try and clear a path through the area so that experts can study it in a pristine state. The team of gynaecologists will set up base camp just outside the Houses of Parliament and enter the area in groups of three, each equipped with provisions to last at least three days, as well as a specimen bag, walkie talkie, shovel, machete, and a five person camera crew complete with 500kg of gear.

The groups will move rapidly towards the centre of the area to set up a Princess

Diana memorial that can be used to raise money to fund the rest of the expedition. Once the memorial is in place they will start by making a basic geographical survey of the area to establish whether there are oil deposits for their sponsors to exploit.

Once the preliminary preparations have been completed the group will start on the main purpose of the expedition, to study the fauna and flora in this untouched area of great scientific value. Derek will be split into 4 sections, with each section studied by separate team. Dr Pratt will command the operation from outside Derek to avoid dangerous animals. He will enter Derek only to be at the scene of any major discoveries attended by a TV crew.

On such occasions he will explain at length how he found the discovery and will go on to explain how this proves any and every theory that he has ever thought up including: Dr Pratt's theory of relativity, evolution, the uncertainty prin-

ciple and Christianity. He will finish up by explaining what a wonderful person he is and how the world would fall apart if it weren't for his continued presence. He will then have his head kicked in by the producer of the TV crew.

The research team will be given two weeks to make a thorough study of the area before it is burnt and cleared to make way for commercial developments. The government is discussing what to do with the land with several major international firms hoping to build a Princess Diana industrial estate. The sale of the land will raise over £100million for the treasury.

An eight part documentary following the exploration of the area will be screened over the next few weeks. The documentary could follow the trials and tribulations of the group as they battle with the difficult scientific task that they have been given. It may show the battle against the authorities in an attempt to gain more funding and time, but is more likely to focus on the divorces of a pair of scientists who were found in close contact during an excursion into Derek.

By Ross Newell



Orange Flying Things...

"Aaargh", exclaimed Bob, "It's those damned flying orange things again." It was a new sport and it pissed Bob off. They were really noisy, and came in at around head height, never actually hitting you, but they never failed to make him jump out of his skin. And you know how hard it is to get back into your skin.

Bob was on his way to see Oli. Oli was a great friend but had recently stopped coming out on the piss so much and Bob wanted to find out why. "How is a man meant to get pissed and make a fool of himself on the dance floor if you can't rely on a friend to carry you home!" thought Bob as he narrowly missed stepping in some dog shit on the pavement.

When he arrived at Oli's there was a horrible stench, but this was normal because Oli lived in a condemned abattoir. The firm that owned it had gone bust and just shut all the doors; Oli was always finding a new carcass as he explored around the vast depot. Bob crawled under a fence, pulled at a door and, when it finally yielded, made his way in. Oli's front room had many strange things in it, not least a crystal chandelier. When Bob had asked where it came from he had shrugged, "I always 'ad it" he'd said. The room was clean and the odour less strong but still apparent, waiting to catch you as you went into the corridor beyond. From there you could see onto the main floor of the abattoir, one storey below, where many beasts, plump and ready for slaughter, must have lowed their last. A lost orange thing was floating around the vast room; Bob smiled and went to get Oli's 'doorbell': A 12 bore that he kept by his front door. Bob shouldered it as he walked towards the balcony. He leant over and started to track the orange thing as it drifted randomly about. He clipped off the safety catch then continued to track. Bob felt good to be able to end one of these infuriating things, he savoured the moment. Then he squeezed the trigger, Blam, the sound echoed around the vast, deserted room; bits of orange spread started to fall down to the ground below. Then there was a shout, "Hey there, Bob? Yeah it is." Bob looked for the owner of the voice, Oli. He saw him at the far end of the corridor. "I've been sorely tempted to do that myself, but I knew how much you hate them and I thought you'd be round soon."

"Yep well 'ere I am. Where you been recently, I've been missing you down the Three Crowns" Bob said three as is if the crowns were free.

"Yeah well I've been busy lately, I'm setting something up here you know."

"Well no, actually, cause I haven't spoken to you cause you've not been down the crown 'ave you."

"Fair point there, but come down 'ere and I'll show you."

Bob followed him down a manhole that he had never noticed before. He came to the bottom of a ladder and looked around for Oli. He could see nothing. There was a loud thump and a scream, then silence. The smell here was worse than ever, but then Bob realised that he had lost control of his bladder, he smiled, it was warm and he was prepared, his incontinence pants had arrived last week from the ad in the

back of the Mail. "Oli you twat, quit arsing around, and show me what you have been up to."

"Damn, I thought I'd have fooled you."

"Well maybe you did for a minute" Bob kept quiet about the accident; he would nip off to the loo when it began to cool down.

"OK, back up the ladder then and on to the garage."

"You what? You brought me down here just to try and scare me?"

"Well yeah, but is that not OK?"

"You're an arse!" The pair arrived at the door to the garage, which used to be a lorry loading port. Bob paused to let Oli open the door, he did not trust him not to have planned another elaborate practical joke, but Oli went straight in. Bob followed, not knowing what to expect.

There was the normal garage clutter, tools spread out over every horizontal surface, newspaper spread out covered in drips of paint and oil. The dominating feature of the room, however, was a large shape in the centre of the room with a huge heavy blue tarpaulin draped over it. The shape looked like a great fish, but surely not.

"Well?" said Bob

"Give us a hand with the tarpaulin." The pair struggled to pull off the blue wrap. It seemed to be a fish with wheels, a big fibreglass fish with wheels. "What the ffffu...?"

"Mobile fish and chips" cut in Oli; "I can start making some money at last."

"Oh..." thought Bob, "I was expecting something a little more exciting, really. Anyway what's wrong with carrying on nicking stuff like you were."

"You know me too well, this is all part of a plan, I am tired of nicking from houses and little corner shops, I want one last robbery then I can retire."

"Retire? It's not like you work for a living anyway."

"Well you know what I mean."

"Do I?"

"Just being able to own a house, do what I want and not having to worry about the next bill."

"What bills?! You live in a condemned abattoir, the electricity comes from the factory next door, water direct from the mains underneath and you don't have a phone."

"There are other things, and I need to eat, and go out on the piss as you said earlier."

"Yeah OK, but how is a chip van shaped like a fish going to help?"

"I am going to steal all the drain covers, manhole covers, and hydrants in London."

"How can you retire on cast iron?"

"Don't you see? It will be such a hazard with all those holes in the ground that the council will be desperate! Then I will hold all the covers ransom."

"You nutter, how much for?"

"That depends, half a million to lots more, depends on demand."

"Demand?"

"Yeah, if lots of accidents happen and it gets a lot of press coverage then I can expect loads."

"Wow, but why the chip van?"

"I can park above a drain, sell chips and nick the cover."

"You can't do both at once."

"That's why I am telling you!"

Bob and Oli are both in jail. They share a cell and a four year sentence. They were the laughing stock of the press for about a week; after they asked for a ransom it took the police a day to track them down. The fish, the police said in a press report, had been spotted round London and they were about to be collared for operating without a license anyway.

Last week, due to popular demand, the government issued all prison inmates an orange flying thing.

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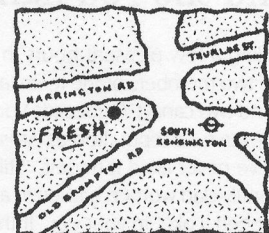
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Fear and Loathing in Amsterdam

In the interests of journalism, and under the pretence of exploring European culture, Ed Sexton and nameless others set out for the famous Dutch city...

5.15pm Took mushrooms, it appears, a couple of hours ago. I am experiencing astonishingly vivid hallucinations. Light seems no longer merely that which illuminates things around us. It is living, breathing, pulsating, bringing on its own interpretation to things. I cannot judge the distance from my eyes to this page. The music is making the light between me and the paper dance at 150bpm.

So begins, and possibly ends, a hedonistic weekend in Amsterdam. Stepping out of Centraal Station on a Friday evening and across Prins Hendrikkade, the icy wind hits us moments before the trams. Make no mistake - to survive in this city one must understand two things; trams and bicycles. There is a ridiculous number of both of these environmentally friendly vehicles, and none of them stop for dazed tourists stuck in the middle of the road.

We find our fellow journalist in Coffeeshop 222, on Oudezijds Voorburgwal, in the red light district. Normally we'd

go nowhere near the place, but it has the advantage of being next to our abode, the recently opened Bulldog hostel. Paul flew in to the city earlier in the day, and has clearly been sitting in the green leather seats for some time. We later discover that he has been following the Cannabis Cup, which finished earlier that day, and has foolishly bought and smoked the winning weed. Poor man - it'll be some time before we get sense out of him.

The princely sum of f60 (about £20) gets us two nights in a clean dorm, surrounded by the winter consignment of backpackers, inter-railers and general wasters from around the world. More will be joining our merry band soon, but for now the only course of action is to set out for De Dampkring, and the delights that await within.

The place is heaving with Americans enjoying the last few hours of this year's Cannabis Cup, but we find our way to the bar, and by 1.7grammes of Jack Herrer.



Onto the mushrooms...

It was a mistake. I knew it was a mistake. Playing with psychedelic drugs is never a great idea, let alone when you've been smoking the finest skunk in the world for twenty-four hours and have only a vague idea which way north is. We were somewhere on Leidsestraat on the edge of a canal when the drugs began to take hold. I remember saying something like "the pavement's flowing; maybe you should navigate..." And suddenly there was a terrible roar all around us and the sky was full with what looked like huge yellow fangs... It was a tram.

Gonzo journalism aside, Dr Who's Mushroom shop (on Kerkstraat) can provide an afternoon of entertainment. Apart from the illegality of it, taking mushrooms and other drugs in England is always going to be dangerous - you never know exactly what you're getting. If you must indulge, try the

Dutch mushrooms - they are carefully grown in incubators, so quality control is not a problem. They even have mushrooms with the 'type' of trip written on the box; do you like 'social and colourful', or is 'strong visual' more up your street? A lack of English writing on the box is a good sign - it shows that locals use them.

I entered the bar, on the corner of Dam Square, with Pete, to meet Paul and Jon. That was the plan. When I entered, though, when I pushed the door ajar I was thrown, and was there, in the middle of it. The intensity of the colours was extraordinary. I never located their source, I presume it was a spotlight, but intense red light was seeping from Jon and Paul's faces. Jon showed me his hand, which was shimmering from the sheer magnitude of colour and detail it contained. A burning red star was slowly pulsating on his palm, with dark lines meandering across it, like sunspots or old gnarled fingers...

In consideration of coffeeshops

Most people think coffeeshops are just smoking dens. Some of them, particularly the ones around the red light district, fulfil this stereotype adequately. Wander further afield, however, and you'll find an enormous diversity in décor and attitude. In the first instance, they are genuinely pleasant cafés, serving good espressos, hot chocolate, milk shakes, fruit drinks and often a selection of hot and cold snacks. Some of them are well lit, with light pastel colours and a Parisian café feel to them. Some of them are dark, filled with deep music and spotlights, and look more like clubs than cafés. All of them are friendly establishments where locals and drugs-war refugees alike can smoke dope, exchange stories, make new friends or simply chill-out.

There are a few basic rules of etiquette that, if followed, will separate you from an average tourist. Firstly, if you are passing time in a coffeeshop without buying any dope, it is polite to buy some drinks every so often. Don't smoke on the streets - many Dutch people still resent legalisation, and smoking is generally confined to recognised coffeeshops or private residences. The locals don't appreciate loud, hysterical tourists, especially in the more chilled establishments, so try to keep the giggling fits under control. Coffeeshops are usually quite small and friendly, so be prepared to share a table; you'll be chatting with them in minutes anyway.

Around the red light district...

After spending a few pleasant hours in De Dampkring and The Grasshopper, and meeting the final two members of the team, a quick tour of the red light district seemed in order. Based around two canals, Oudezijds Voorburgwal and Oudezijds Achterburgwal, this area does not deserve its reputation as Amsterdam's central attraction. No Dutch people go there and I've never liked it myself. Still, in the interests of journalism, we set out, walking past scantily-clad women bathed in a seedy red glow, and dark figures continually whispering "E, speed, coke" in your ear. If there's one bad trip in this city, you can find it here. At night the con men are out in abundance, playing off the paranoia of stoned tourists for the sake of a few guilders. Never go around Nieuwmarkt on your own at night, and it's best to avoid it altogether if you're under the influence. Amsterdam can seem quite threatening at night, but it really is no more dodgy than London - being stoned in a dark strange city will always be difficult to handle.

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PRINCE OF PEARL	12.00	15.00	FRUIT	12.00	15.00	ROCK	12.00
SMITH WAGON	12.00	15.00	OPPER	12.00	15.00	COCHIN	12.00
MONSIEUR BOULE	12.00	15.00	CHOCOLATE	12.00	15.00	ROCK	12.00
CHAMPAGNE BUBBLE	12.00	15.00	ORANGE	12.00	15.00	ROCK	12.00
OPPER STIJL	12.00	15.00	ROSE	12.00	15.00	ROCK	12.00
PROBABLY	12.00	15.00	ROSE	12.00	15.00	ROCK	12.00
OPPER JACK HERRER	12.00	15.00	ROSE	12.00	15.00	ROCK	12.00
OPPER SMOKE	12.00	15.00	ROSE	12.00	15.00	ROCK	12.00
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Bring Back Back Beat!

Augustin de Bettignies looks at the raid on the Back Beat Club earlier this month, and asks whether such aggressive police action is really the best way to deal with the drugs problem in Britain...

On Tuesday 1 December five hundred London Police officers made a quasi-military assault on a club in a back street off Charing Cross Road, in the most important or rather aggressive anti-drugs operation in the capital ever. Back Beat club was under discrete police surveillance for five months for being suspected of being a large-scale drug den. The place was known by an increasing number of people of all ages for being an important complex where cannabis could freely be bought and smoked. The seizure was actually quite disappointing for such a major operation: 'only' £100,000 of cannabis (herb & hash) and £70,000 of cash were reported by spokesmen.

This 'raid' opens yet another debate on the use of cannabis as a recreational drug. Developed countries have led a 'war on drugs' for the past forty years, by repressing consumption, especially in

the US where they have in fact sent planes to burn down fields in Columbia. But no approach has managed to effectively do something about the 'drug phenomenon'. In fact, the number of users has never stopped increasing.

So maybe we could try to think about the philosophy behind the use of recreational drugs. Diverse plants and mushrooms containing mentally active substances were used in the most ancient civilisations during rituals to 'enlighten' minds and bring people together, and even Aldous Huxley thought of his 'ideal' society in "Brave New World" being based on the universal but limited use of a drug to ensure the happiness of the people and public order. So why are governments so keen on repressing the use of recre-

ational drugs? Why are drugs illegal? The 'official' answer is that most drugs affect public health and can lead to death, both in the long and short term. But the other answer is that the money going into the drugs industry is money being pumped out of the business cycle, and reduces the consumption of manufac-

tured, taxed products; thus reducing growth and employment. Some say "why not legalise cannabis like the Netherlands?" so that the State would make

money, with which it could maybe fight more efficiently against 'harder' drugs, as cannabis is now recognised to be less harmful than tobacco and alcohol. However, most governments are very far from the idea of adopting a similar drug policy to that of the Netherlands (that has actually proven to

be 'positive' as there are similar proportions of smokers and (hard) drug addicts in Holland as there are in its neighbouring countries). Actions like the one carried out earlier this month confirm how British drug policy is stubbornly kept as stupidly repressive as ever.

The point is, even without changing the law, although it is being quite hypocritical, as people do and will always smoke dope, why not tolerate places such as the Back Beat club? Only an esoteric community of people 'already into it' went there, as the place was difficult to find and know about, and practiced their favourite hobby without harming society in any other way. They were NOT buying booze on Friday nights, and littering the streets with cans, broken glass, piss and puke...

"...people do and will always smoke dope..."



What's Up There?

Richard Hopkins takes a light-hearted look at practical astronomy you can enjoy this Christmas

You've eaten too many mince pies, are fed up with hearing about Uncle Jeff's Loft conversion, and all your friends have gone off skiing. What now? Don't despair! If the sky is clear, and you're stuck for things to do over the Christmas break then take a trip outside one night. The winter is the best time of year to go stargazing. The cold weather makes the sky very clear (assuming there are no clouds of course!), as water condenses on tiny air borne particles (like smog and dust haze), and they are literally washed out of the sky. Also, the short winter days mean that the nights are both long, and very dark. These things allow fainter objects to be seen, and many more stars become visible.

So, what can you expect to see, and what equipment will you need? The answers are: lots, and just your eyes! (And perhaps some binoculars as well). Some of the constellations, approximate times, and approximate directions to look are outlined below.

Orion - The Hunter



This beautiful constellation is easily recognised by the 3 stars that make up Orion's belt. Look SE any time after 19:00. Just next to Orion, you will find his trusty dog, Sirius, the 'Dog Star'.

This is the brightest star in the sky, and twinkles all sorts of pretty colours due to refraction in the Earth's atmosphere.

The Plough (or Saucepan)

Handy one this if you get over enthusiastic about your stargazing and get lost in the middle of the night. The two end stars away from the 'handle' of the saucepan point towards the pole star (North). Look for the plough low down in the NE, at any time of night.

Cygnus - The Swan

The constellation looks like a cross, and lies in the middle of the Milky Way, pointing along it. Look for it in the west in the early evening.

Cassiopeia

This constellation looks like a slightly bent 'W'. It is also in the Milky Way. Use the second 'V' shape to find the Andromeda Galaxy. Find it high up in the west, in the evening.

Leo - The Lion

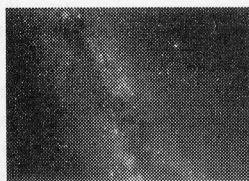
This constellation looks like a trapezium, but the darker the sky, the more stars in it become visible. No matter how dark it is though, it still doesn't look like a lion. Find it low down in the east after 22:30

Other naked eye objects visible include...

The Milky Way

This stretches right across the sky, all night. It passes through the constellations of Cygnus and Cassiopeia. On a dark, moon-less night, it can't be missed and is a beautiful sight. Forget seeing it in London though, the sky isn't dark enough!

The Andromeda Galaxy



This object is quite faint. Look for Cassiopeia, and then follow along the

line that the second 'V' is pointing. If you are lucky, then nearby you will see a faint fuzzy object in the sky. Congratulations, the light you are seeing left the galaxy 2.2 million years ago!

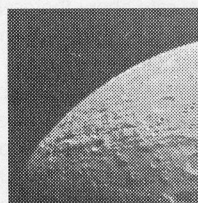
The Pleiades

This is a star cluster, and contains many young, blue, stars. Most people can see at least 4 of them, but some can see more (there are seven bright ones, hence the popular name of 'Seven Sisters'). A look at them through binoculars reveals many more. Look any time in the evening, roughly south, and quite high. At a first glance, the cluster looks like a smear, but a careful look reveals that it is in fact many stars very close together.

The Planets

Jupiter and Saturn can be seen in the evening, quite low, in the south. They are both very bright, and don't twinkle like stars. For the real enthusiasts (or party-goers!), Mars is also visible in the southeast, but not until 3 in the morning. Towards the end of the holiday, Venus will be visible in the evening, just after the sun has gone down, and near by. It is very bright.

The Moon



Full on the 3rd of December and 2nd of January. New on the 19th of December and 17th of January. If you want to see the Milky Way, and other faint objects, go when the moon is nearly new, because then the moon is small, and sets early in the

evening (or gets up late at night), and this makes the sky much darker.

Meteors

Can happen any time, any place! They are usually quite rare - you might see one or two an hour if you are lucky. There will be ever so slightly more than normal around the New Year.

Satellites

The most common satellites are spent rocket boosters and other junk - only a few things orbiting the Earth actually do anything useful. They move across the sky in about 10 minutes, and can be brighter than stars.

Do try to have a look outside, weather permitting. But wrap up warm, and take a friend to chat to, or you'll end up spending all night there just gazing! If you have an interest in astronomy then join Astrosoc! Email the Chair, Tim Wild (timothy.wild@ic.ac.uk) for more information.

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Nietzsche's Ghost on the Cross

by Matteo Floris



Friedrich
Wilhelm
Nietzsche
1844 - 1900

Nietzsche's works have been said to have had an influence on contemporary history, to have been the inspiration of Nazism. This was somehow predicted by Nietzsche himself, who wrote:

"I know my fate. One day my name will be associated with the memory of something tremendous... I am no man, I am dynamite"
from Ecce Homo

What lies behind the mysterious aphorisms of this man, who ended his days in complete madness?

Among the most important features of his thoughts is the need for the common human being to be overcome, so that a new breed of 'demi-god' men can take their place. All the old virtues must be overcome; compassion, piety, love for the weak ones. The new men must be fully aware of themselves and their potential, they must pursue continuous self improvement and achieve *power*.

"What is good? Everything that rises the sense of power, the will of fulfilment of the human being. What is bad? Everything that comes out of weakness. What is happiness? To feel that the power is growing, that one resistance has been overcome"
from Antichrist, preface

According to these statements, during his life Nietzsche fought the most powerful aspect of European culture, whose roots have influenced us for millennia - Christianity.

Nietzsche's philosophy is essentially egoistic - but this word must be considered in its original Greek meaning; "Myself and not anything else, as the fulcrum of everything." Nietzsche therefore refuses every kind of 'superimposed' form of morality:

"There are no moral phenomena, but only moral interpretation of phenomena"
from Beyond Good and Evil

He underlines that the human being must love *this* world and not live thinking of heaven:

"The Christian resolve to find the world ugly and bad has made the world ugly and bad."

Christianity, according to him, is an illness which drives us to some form of paranoia, it makes us spend hours praying to an ill-defined God, it teaches us that if we cannot achieve something, or even when we can, it is just because of the will of God. Christianity says that God must be at the centre of our minds, of our hopes, of our lives and that God loves most the weak

and poor, and dislikes the strong. Nietzsche wishes for a recovery from this 'illness':

"What is the seal of attained freedom? No longer being ashamed in front of oneself" and "I call Christianity the one great curse, the great intrinsic depravity, the one great instinct for revenge for which no expedient is sufficiently poisonous, subterranean, petty - I call the one mortal blemish of mankind."

These ideas somehow recall Feuerbach's thoughts: God is the puppet made of all the frustrations and manias of men. Man has put in this illusion all the virtues that he cannot achieve; being good, being omnipotent, being immortal. The only cure is to throw away this puppet: Men can improve themselves only if they care about themselves, not about God. There is a link here with Marxism; "Religion is the opium of the people".

Both Marx and Feuerbach's ideas came from the same 19th century Hegelian philosophy. Nietzsche is somehow different: He doesn't call for a socialist society as Marx and Feuerbach did; in fact his philosophy is totally adverse to concepts such as mass, community and sociality. His hero, the wandering Zarathustra of his masterpiece "Thus spoke Zarathustra", is a wise hermit who has learned from nature and wants to teach men how the common human being can be improved. His complete hate of doctrine (and the brainwashing that sometimes follows it) is revealed in the part of "Thus spoke Zarathustra" where some disciples want to follow the prophet in order to learn more. Zarathustra, however, says

"if you want to improve, now that I taught you something, you must learn how to hate me. After you will have achieved this, we can get well again. This is because I want you to be the teachers of yourself, there must be no guide for you, not even myself"

- a clear attack to the figure of Jesus.

Nietzsche does not regard Jesus as a charlatan who wanted to cheat and trap men in Christianity, but sees in him a guide who tried to teach something to humanity (as Zarathustra did); a guide who never pretended that the focal point in being a Christian was the need to continuously worship Christ. In his view, men should not worship Jesus, they should improve and become super-humans as he was. It is humanity who has misunderstood, and made an idol of a demi-god who had just found *his personal way* to 'superiority'. Why did this happen? Probably because

"madness is rare in individuals - but in groups, parties, nations and ages it is the rule"
from Beyond Good and Evil

In his opinion, the Church (which is an 'organised worshipping society') is hence made of charlatans who are ready to manipulate consciences in order to become richer and more powerful:

"Vicious is every thought against nature. The most vicious is the priest: everything he teaches is against nature"
from Law against Christianity

If I were to analyse these ideas, first of all I would say that Nietzsche could hardly have been the inspiration for Nazism. Although ideas of power taken by a new breed of men are present in it, Nietzsche's philosophy calls for complete individualism and refuses any kind of external influence on the single human being. This obviously does not match with the complete faith and obedience that was typical of the Nazis towards Adolf Hitler.

In my view, Nietzsche underlines the need for men to improve, to look inside themselves and to solve their problems using their own resources, without the need for external help - hence the hatred for Christianity (in which the focus of the mind is God), the hate for socialism (in which the focus of the mind is on the mass, not on the individual), the need to become different, stronger, completely self-confident, brave in front of everything:

"When you look inside the abyss, the abyss looks into you."

There is a need to recover from this 'Christian illness':

"If the Christian dogmas of a revengeful God, universal sinfulness, election by divine grace and the danger of eternal damnation were true, it would be a sign of weak-mindedness and lack of character not to become a priest, apostle or hermit and, in fear and trembling, to work solely on one's salvation; it would be senseless to lose sight of one's eternal advantage for the sake of temporal comfort. If we may assume that these things are at any rate believed true, then the everyday Christian cuts a miserable figure; he is a man who really cannot count to three, and who precisely on account of his spiritual imbecility does not deserve to be punished so harshly as Christianity promises to punish him."

No matter how much we agree or disagree with Nietzsche, nobody can deny that his thoughts are intellectually challenging with respect to everything we believe is right and fair.

Is it possible for a Christian to share some of Nietzsche's views on the need for self-improvement without 'external help'? I think so, as long as Christianity is considered a struggle against man's selfish and weak nature and not a comfortable refuge from human miseries. It is a battle that the fellows must fight within themselves. Confession with a priest, compassion towards a weak personality, prayers to God in order to obtain help must be banned in completing this task. In my view, Christians should raise themselves alone and let nobody else, neither a priest nor Jesus, do that.

What we talk about when we talk about love

by Raymond Carver

Harvill Press

Short and not so sweet stories make up this collection of tales set in midwest America, by the late Raymond Carver, who has been described by Salman Rushdie as "One of America's most original, truest voices", with this particular collection of stories being acclaimed in the literary world as a 'masterpiece' of much influence in the 1980s (when first published).

After reading this on the front and back pages I was, of course, tempted to open it up and read on. Now in my review I am glad to say I don't disagree with the fact that these stories are very good and of a different style than I am used to reading, which makes me feel better and restores some faith in my literary appreciation skills!

The title story of this collection is a good example of the hidden depths of these stories, with their insightful dialogue, usually written in the first person describing relationships between men

and women, the emotions and differences of opinions between both, which is clearly a recurrent theme.

Carver writes as either a lonely, tired housewife or a self-centred travelling salesman in situations that otherwise would seem benign, but there is always an element of intensity and darkness in each story which makes it memorable and in some cases quite disturbing. There is, however, demonstration of a wry sense of humour linked to Carver's observations of human behaviour which made this collection entertaining and light in places.

Perhaps one of the more disturbing tales is 'Tell the Women We're Going' which is in effect an account of a man, Bill, who ends up being witness to his childhood friend, Jerry, killing two women randomly after what started as an unplanned drive along the highway to get away from their wives and children at home. Throughout, it offers little explanation and doesn't reveal the

horrible outcome until the last paragraph of its nine pages; "He never knew what Jerry wanted. But it started and ended with a rock. Jerry used the same rock on both girls, first on the girl called Sharon and then on the one that was supposed to be Bill's."

The abrupt endings remind me of the X-Files (excuse the comparison!) where even though it can be irritating not to know the actual outcome and consequences, it is still addictive and enjoyable, with the darker side of ourselves being strangely satisfied.

The stories evoke emotion and intrigue and in general I appreciated Carver's real sense of people and life and interpretations of relationships.

This is certainly worth a read or maybe more than one, as proved to be the case with me, to pick up on all the messages and to fully appreciate what this collection potentially offers.

Tanya Baqai.

The Tesseract

by Alex Garland

Viking Books, £9.99

Take six cubes and arrange them into the shape of a crucifix. Take two more cubes and stick them either side of the crucifix, at the point where the cross is made. Now you have a tesseract. A tesseract is a four dimensional object - a hypercube unravelled.

It isn't necessary to understand this definition to read the book (thank God) but this defines Garland's latest novel - and in case you are wondering, it isn't an origami book. The Tesseract is not just one story but several which initially seem as far removed from each other as stories can be. It is a true 'Pulp Fiction' style book in the way that the book hops from one storyline to another with no apparent initial connections between them. To start with, this can be disconcerting as you just get into one storyline when suddenly a whole new story begins. However the links between one storyline and the

next soon become apparent, just small details to begin with but enough to keep the reader hooked. Each aspect of the novel is set in Manila with each character following their own life completely unaware of the others, but all this is about to change.

Sean is waiting for the arrival of Don Pepe in a derelict hotel on the outskirts of Manila, the phone is dead and there are blood stains on his sheets. Rosa waits for her husband to come home whilst patiently dealing with her mother and children. She remembers back to her childhood and through her memories, there are disturbing revelations. Vincente is a street kid whose life is inexplicably interwoven with that of a strange man who pays street kids to hear their dreams. Three people who have nothing in common but whose lives are intricately threaded together by the author to end in a grand finale.

This is Garland's second novel fol-

lowing his earlier success with 'The Beach'. It is a unique style of writing and your enjoyment will ultimately depend on your appreciation of this style. The second storyline is linked to the first and the third to the first and second before the final chapters reveal the outcome. The novel is undoubtedly well written but I feel it is something that may need to be read several times before the full impact of the novel hits home. I found there were several loose ends that didn't quite tie in at the end, leaving unanswered questions for the reader, something that could be quite frustrating.

So would I recommend this book? Yes, because I haven't read anything quite like it and it certainly has the potential to be the next Tarantino film (perhaps with a little more added violence). A possible Christmas present for all the family.

Clare Ashwin.

Jingo

by Terry Pratchett

Corgi Books

Pratchett never ceases to amaze. His latest paper back release 'Jingo' adds to his continuing line of success, and is the 21st novel in the Discworld sequence. It sees the return of the famous Ankh-Morpork City Watch. This time commander Vimes and his fellow officers Captain Carrot, Sergeant Colon and Corporal Nobbs, to name a few, have the prospect of war to deal with.

A mystery island suddenly appears in the Circle Sea. Being Discworld, there is a major dispute whose territory it comes under. It is proclaimed in the name of both Ankh-Morpork and Klatch. Old wounds between the neighbouring countries are re-opened. Then, to make things worse, a Klatchian envoy Prince Khufurah is shot at Unseen University's degree ceremony procession. It is up to the City Watch, the Ankh-Morpork Police to discover who the assassin is and to prevent a war.

You are taken on a wild journey beginning in the city of Ankh-Morpork and travelling across the sea to the desert country of Klatch. Watch out for ocean chases, bedstead storms, fearsome battles, weird delicacies, a football match with over four thousand players and lots more.

I can't think of a better way to relax than to sit down and get cosy with a Terry Pratchett novel. I am a huge fan of his and finished this novel in two days. Pratchett's humour takes logic past the point of absurdity and round again and never ceases to amuse. It is a must read for all good fantasy novel fans, as are all his novels.

The novel follows Pratchett's usual style of being outrageously funny and a thoroughly good read. Also, all you Pratchett fans out there, watch out for his next novel 'Carpe Jugulum'.

Hectan Patel.



CLUBSCENE

Shpongles - Are you Shpongled?

(Twisted Records)

When I first heard this LP and ploughed through the seven tracks on it I was going to slag it off for all I was worth. But then I left it for a while, and the bastard began to grow on me. And not like a bad fungus either. This is quality ambient, fucked up, drug induced, epic stuff. Shpongles are twisted engineer Simon Posford and "space-techno astronaut" (their definition, not mine) Raja Ram, and the pair first got together in India. You can certainly tell. Apart from the out-of-it nature of the music that they have produced the album is laced with hints and tones from the sub-continent. And I'm always a fan of a little bit of eastern influence - it usually adds depth and flavour to any Westerner's

music (just look at the Beatles).

The album is chilled to the extreme in many places, and just plain weird in others. Definitely one for when you are partaking of a little Bob Hope, with a nice side plate of fungi. In parts it is just so relaxing, whereas at others it verges on the madness of the Ozric Tentacles. Never a dull moment. Simply lie back and let the sounds take you away to a better place (cheese on a stick or what? But still true!). This is intelligent music, or maybe music for the intelligent. This and a fat one - better than yoga?

Out late December



Roobarb

Locked On III - Various

Mixed by Ramsey & Fen, (Phuturetrax)

This is all about the underground garage scene (and especially the healthy London scene), and is made up of all the biggest and best tracks from '98. That's why it's packed full of garage anthems and why it's mixed by up-and-coming stars Ramsey & Fen, who should soon be going overground to rival the likes of CJ Mackintosh.

Listen to this whilst chilling out at home or when grooving around at a club - it doesn't matter 'cos it's varied enough to offer you anything you might want. This music can be both relaxing and up-lifting at the very same time, and that doesn't happen too often. Cool, laid-back garage tunes everywhere - they even make a bag of shite song like The Heartists sound groovy, and believe me that takes talent! You get large doses of soul. And that's not surprising 'cos Ramsey and Fen say that they have been heavily influenced by soul, R&B, and electro, with all these elements being important in the creation of their very own "sweet but bumpy groove."

The mixing here is as smooth as the men in a Gillette ad - completely seamless, without a single fault. It could just as easily be one very, very long song. Seeing these two at work in a club would be a great experience, 'cos anybody who mixes like this and has that certain feel for song selection (that not all jocks have) is onto a winner.

This mix is also fairly long and believe me you will get more than your money's worth. So, if you haven't sampled much garage before then definitely go out and buy this album, and you might just be converted. And if you are a devout follower already then this really needs to be on your post-Christmas shopping list. You don't get more funky than this. If you don't buy it for yourself then go out and buy it for one of your mates 'cos everyone should hear this. Do it for the children!

Out January



Roobarb

milkn2 sugars



The Best of 98.....

Gum

Best Night: Big Beat Boutique

Best Venue: The End

Best Single: Stardust - Music Sounds Better

Best Album: Paul Van Dyk - 45 RPM

Best DJ: Carl Cox



Roobarb

Best Night: Freedom 2 Party

Best Venue: The Cross

Best Single: Art of Trance - Madagascar

Best Album: Northern Exposure 2 - Sasha and Digweed

Best DJ: Sonique



Win tickets for Pushca's New Year's Eve Party

Preview: Pushca - New Year's Eve 1998
Venue - Millenium Dome, London
Dress policy - glamorous at it's best!
Price - £36 members/ £40 non.

You may remember, a few week's ago, I reviewed a night called Pushca - London's premier glamour night. Well, Pushca are doing a New Year's party, pulling out all the stops, and are giving away 2 pairs of tickets (worth £40 each ticket) to a couple of lucky Felix readers!!!

Pushca's party will be called 'Brouhaha' (?) and will take place at the Millenium Dome, Greenwich. Pushca's main floor will boast state of the art sound and light systems, an imposing tiered central stage (which will play host to the surprise midnight show) and a dramatic wallpaper of 30ft high projections, with emphasis on sex, fashion and glamour. Pushca will be creating a highly "pumping party floor".

Another playground adorned with the spectacular dome vista will take on a different mood - a space of luxury and comfort for a debauched social whirl, heightened fabulously by a proper party sound of disco trash! I guess they want it to be the best ever New Year's Party.

DJs on the night will include Frankie Foncett and Darren Darling amongst loads of others. Now for the competition. Pushca are giving 2 Felix readers the chance to win a pair of tickets each for this spectacular event, all you have to do is answer the following question:

**"sex, glamour
and fashion"**

What does
Pushca's New Years
eve party title
Brouhaha mean?

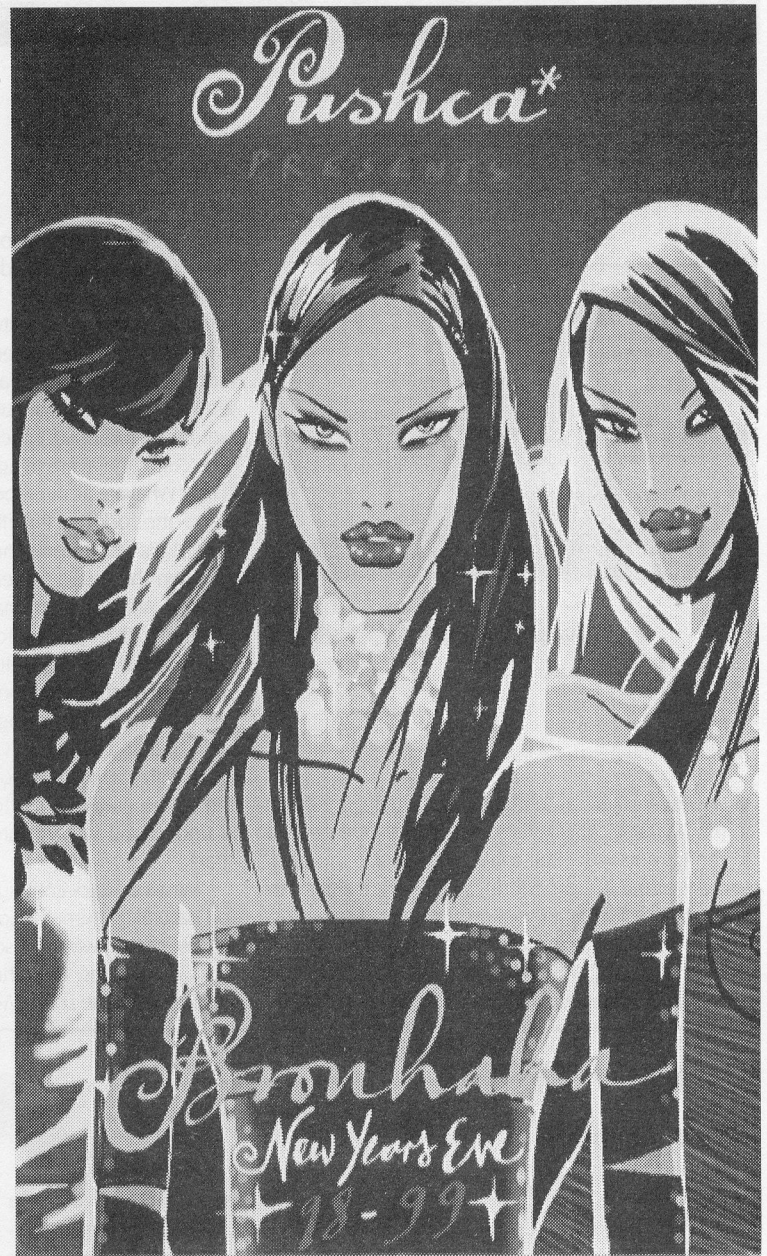
Send your
answers on a postcard
(along with name/ address/ phone no./
uni. department and year) to:

Pushca, (Pushca's Felix Giveaway),
National House, 60-66 Wardour Street,
London, W1V 3HP.

The funniest/ wittiest answers will win, and winners' names will be published in the next edition of Felix. For more info on this and any other Pushca events give them a ring on (0171) 7347110.



Gurm



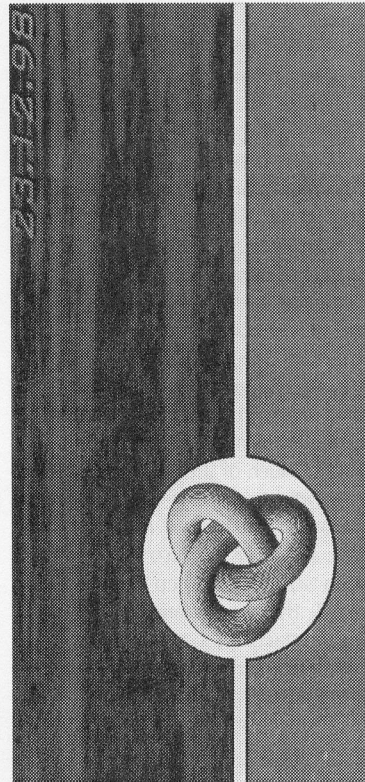
Swallow @

The Gardening Club

Venue: Gardening Club, Covent Garden
Price: £2.50 all night
Dress: no policy
Time: 8pm - 4am

Last week I previewed Swallow, but since then there has been a change in policy. Swallow will be host to an Xmas party on the 29th December at the Gardening Club in Covent Gardens. Tickets will cost £2.50 all night and students are most welcome. There will be loads of DJs playing all kinds of hard house, techno and drum and bass tunes - each DJ spinning the decks for 45 minutes. It's a non-profit night and so the tickets are very cheap and there's no real dress policy - just go to Swallow and have a great night!

For more info. about Swallow, give them a ring on 0956 940097.



Singles Reviews

Emmie - More Than This (Manifesto)

Emmie is the young lass from Manc. who brings this cover of the 1982 Roxy Music track "More Than This". The single comes with three mixes, the best of which is the Translucid mix (by Lucid) which is a very deep vocal house tune. It's a great single, which explains why it's doing so well in the club charts and why Judge Jules and Pete Tong have played it loads recently. **Out Jan. 11th.**

JamPack - love.com (Edel)

love.com is one of those euro-house tunes, that once you've heard you'll not be able to stop singing. The single is written by Vanessa Paradis and produced by the guys who produced Aqau's recent album! For those of you who like euro-house, you'll love this. It comes with 8 mixes which all sound the same - don't say I didn't warn you! **Out 2nd February.**

Albums, Singles and Swallow by Gurm

Album - Sleepless Nights

For those of you who like the Ibiza Balearic sounds, then you'll know that the Xtravaganza label is one of the leaders of the genre. They've produced huge Ibiza anthems such as Chicane's 'Offshore' and 'El Nino' by Agnelli and Nelson. It's also not surprising that most balearic compilation albums feature tracks from this label. Well now Xtravaganza has released their own compo. and it's absolutely brilliant. Mixed by label head and DJ, Alex Gold, 'Sleepless Nights' incorporates all that is unique about both Ibiza and the label. The album comes in double CD format. One CD features a mix of all the best Ibiza anthems of the last few years, whilst the second CD has a dreamy, floaty, spacey vibe and is the perfect start to an evening out. All the tunes are from artists signed to the label, and the album is worth the money. **Out January 25th.**



Live

MASSIVE ATTACK

London Arena



What is it with popstars and shades?

I've never been quite able to get my head around the Massive Attack live experience. Although I can't argue with their musical brilliance, the environment of the live experience always seems alien to the music Massive Attack perform. In their own words, *Mezzanine*, their last album, fitted into that section of life when you're too tired to party, but too awake to sleep - chill out time. So a Friday night in Docklands

with a six-thirty to eleven o'clock time schedule and fifteen thousand people didn't quite seem right.

On arrival, however, things seemed to look up. Although in true student style I missed the support acts, the light and sound system was excellent, and there seemed to be more gear being smoked than was seized at Backbeat last Tuesday. Nevertheless, some aspects of the environment were extremely strange. How come the average age in this place is way above thirty?? What are all these people wearing suits for?? And where the fuck has this fifty year old man in front of me got his sexy purple and brown jumper from??

Then the music started, and with *Angel* (the one from the Adidas advert) Massive Attack blew me away.

Rather than just performing the track as on the album, Massive Attack belted out a new improved version, with unabashed emotion and even more incredible dynamics. The rolling bassline boomed around the arena and the eerie vocals began to possess my mind. With each crescendo, the effect increased further and as the guitar began to swell and distort, I began to understand why no arena is too big for Massive Attack.

Massive Attack continued with a mix of electronica and natural instruments so perfect that I was listening in awe. In the two hour set all the classics came out. From *Blue Lines*, their first album, the crowd was blessed with *One Love*, *Hymn from the Big Wheel* and

the superb *Safe From Harm*, possibly my favourite Massive Attack live track: *Tricky or no Tricky*. Again, as in their last tour, *Protection* didn't feature on the set-list, but the encore version of *Eurochild* with interactive crowd light show more than made up for it.

Another often-controversial point with Massive Attack live is the performance of *Unfinished Sympathy*, considered by many to be the greatest dance tune ever. You see, since Shara Nelson and the band parted company the replacement vocalists have never been able to come up with the goods on this timeless classic. Friday's performance, however, closed the book on this story. The new vocalist coped easily with the vocal range and scratched samples of the original voice were occasionally added that improved the track further.

So I was very happy with my Friday night chill out session with fifteen thousand people. Massive Attack couldn't be have been any better. They filled an arena big enough to fit the whole of Imperial College and then some, with a performance that simply shaped the arena to the music.

I think I now understand. Massive Attack are the greatest band in the world ever. By miles. **M**

James

SPACE + STRAW

Brixton Academy



This is Straw

Bristol-based Straw comprise a vocalist, organist/backing vocalist, bassist and guitarist and for those who were too far away to see, or who couldn't be bothered to look, each were labelled by a neon street sign behind them. They have been together for just over a year and have only been gigging since March but have so far supported the Seahorses and now Space. Given this rather meteoric rise I did expect a bit of arrogance on stage, but no, they kept interactions with the crowd to a pleasant minimum and just got on with the job.

Their opening track *Wake Up* was punchy, catchy instantly likeable indie pop which should have got the crowd moving far more than it did. Their forthcoming single *Aeroplane Song* followed this, which although I don't think will make the charts, will be sure to get them noticed. The highlight for me was halfway through the set - *Anthem for the Low Self-Esteem*, dedicated to those with low self-esteem, which was a real uplifting "feel-good" song. It was difficult to see how anyone could feel bad after listening to that.

Straw finished with *We Don't Belong* which combined the occasional poppiness of the Lightning Seeds with the

somberity of Radiohead and was occasionally backed by Queen's *We Will Rock You* drum riff. This was indeed a high point with the initially unresponsive crowd having been won over by the sheer effort and high quality material. Straw put 100 percent into every one of the forty-five minutes of their stage time, showing a level of confidence and professionalism belying their short time together. Their organist Duck informs me that they hope to be getting their own shows together in the early part of next year - Happy New Year indeed!

Space came on the stage to the tune of *Something Stupid* (Frank & Nancy Sinatra) and performed their set in front of a large video screen accompanied by video footage of, amongst other things, cornfields, planets, satellites and Elvis Presley. Much of the early material was non-single tracks and was surprisingly lost on all bar a small minority at the front. However the dazzling lights and video screen did keep people entertained. The accompanying light show was spectacular too proving that Space really have come of age in terms of presentation as well as music.

The first song to provoke much audience reaction was the hugely popular *The Ballad of Tom Jones*. Space were

accompanied by a pre-recorded Cerys from Catatonia (bearing a somewhat uncanny resemblance to Red Dwarfs Holly) on the video screen. Apart from *The Ballad of Tom Jones*, the singles from the albums *Spiders* and *Tin Planet* were kept until the latter part of the set. Frontman Tommy Scott filled the bits between songs with well-worn and pre-rehearsed statements that made it all look a bit stale, while the rest of the band kept to the background.

Later when the singles started rolling things did improve - the sociopathic *Female of the Species* being one of the highlights of the night. Space then dedicated *The Unluckiest Man in the World* to Prince Charles and *Avenging Angels* turned into one large singalong. The recent cover of The Animals *We Gotta Get out of this Place* was similarly well received.

It wasn't until the latter half of both sets that the majority of the crowd unfolded their arms, stopped politely tapping one foot and generally got into the spirit of things, after all, they had paid for these tickets (unlike myself). Overall a pretty average performance by Space and Straw are definite names for the future. **M**

Katherine



Live

BJORK

The London Palladium



Here's Bjork trying her hardest not to look like a pagan ice goddess

It has been a busy summer for Bjork, playing 42 concerts over five continents, and it is the last leg of this tour which brings Bjork back to London. The reason for the tour is *Homogenic*, Bjork's third and most accomplished album to date. It rose above most of its competition with its innovative mixture of classical string arrangements and multi-textured beats, which perfectly complimented Bjork's extraordinary vocal and song writing talents. Part of the reason for her continuing success and the excitement surrounding her music is due to the company she keeps, people on the forefront of experimental music like Alec Empire and Howie B.

Tonight is no exception with first support coming from μ -ziq, a one man noise machine, whose pounding music encouragingly made a group of men in front put their hands over their ears for its duration. Next on came Magga Stina, another impish Icelandic singer, with a backing band that included a slide guitarist and bongo player. As she played a frantic violin and stomped around the stage in pink party dress and sparkling tights, she obvious comparisons with Bjork in the Sugarbushes era. However,

tonight the seated audience was not in the mood for their brand of pop-rock music, and there was only one Nordic diva who could satiate them.

Sticking close to her description of *Homogenic*, strings and beats, Bjork's accompaniment came from the Icelandic String Octet and Mark Bell of LFO, who co-produced most of the songs on the album, and operated a mass of gadgetry to produce the samples and rhythms that make up Bjork's songs. Following these onstage came Bjork, looking like some kind of pagan ice goddess, barefoot in a long sleeved dress with pleated wings and white face makeup. The seething beats kick in for the first song *Hunter*, and the backdrop begins to pulsate in an eerie red light. As Bjork sings "I'm the hunter" and the String Octet strike up the powerful theme, it's clear that the intensive tour has only served to sharpen their performances. This is followed by two songs taken from *Debut*, the delicate *Come to Me*, and the ever delightful *Venus as a Boy* are both rendered faithfully and fully benefiting from the rich string accompaniment. The fragile beauty of the music is sustained through an Icelandic version of *You've*

been Flirting Again, and the dense orchestral forest of *Isobel*, before it plunges back into the darker more vivid sounds of *Homogenic*. *Immature* and *Five Years* are followed by a blinding version of *Bachelorette*, where Bjork's soaring vocals and lush strings lifted the auditorium far from the cold London November night outside. When the song ends, she asks in her kooky Icelandic accent, if people would mind standing up, which is followed by a general migration to the front of the theatre. From here onwards Bjork can do no wrong, skipping, shuffling and dancing through her back-catalogue of excellent songs, including a particularly fine version of *The Anchor Song*, and her new single, the remixed *Alarm Call*. The set peaks with *joga* where the Octet are used to their full potential, creating a whirling vortex of sound into which Bjork wails "State of emergency, how beautiful to be," and it is a magnificent end to a superb night of music. **M**

Phil

ASIAN DUB FOUNDATION

Shepherds Bush Empire



Asian Dub Foundation caught on camera doing their funky stuff

You have probably heard all the hype about ADF's phenomenal live performances, and if you just go out and listen to their album *Rafi's Revenge* you'll get the whole live feel in your own bedroom. Having never seen ADF in the flesh before I was expecting an exhilarating full on onslaught, and I was not disappointed. They delivered the goods without any trouble.

Sitting upstairs was not the most ideal location to experience the power and energy of ADF and as you would expect no one could remain seated, with some over zealous fans doing their moves in the aisles to the annoyance of security. After an obscure and convincingly off beat set from Soul Coughing, Asian Dub Foundation made their entrance, and the reception they received was incredible. The familiar keyboard riff intro to the drum 'n' bass / reggae mayhem of *Charge* descended onto the adoring masses and the whole place erupted while Chandrasonic wreaked havoc with the crowd, using his guitar to raise the pace. The lead singer, Deeder, who has previously been rapping with The State of Bengal was his usual energetic self, jumping around all over the stage, and urging the audience on with intermittent political statements calling for 'unity'. Occasionally the guy doing the samples would come out from behind his array of equipment and demonstrate his bhangra dancing, with Deeder rapping and jumping around him like a crazed lunatic.

The crowning moments of the night were *Buzzin'*

and *Naxalite*, with Free *Satpal Ram* up their with them. There were set backs a couple of times when Chandrasonic and Dr. Das mistimed the sampled intro to a couple of the songs, leading to a rollicking from Deeder. He sorted them out in no time. The best track off *Rafi's Revenge* is by far, 'Culture Move' and unfortunately they didn't play it (probably due to the fact that they needed Navigator rapping on it, and he wasn't there on the night). Although this put a dampener on the night, ADF truly showed that they have plenty to say (you can probably count on your fingers the number of other bands which can boast this claim), and they have an all encompassing presence on stage that permeates into the gathered crowd lifting the atmosphere above many gigs I have seen in the past.

ADF just won the BBC's Asian Awards as 'Best Band' last week, and they deserve every single bit of praise they get. In the words of the Tamperer, 'If you buy their record your life will be better'. **M**

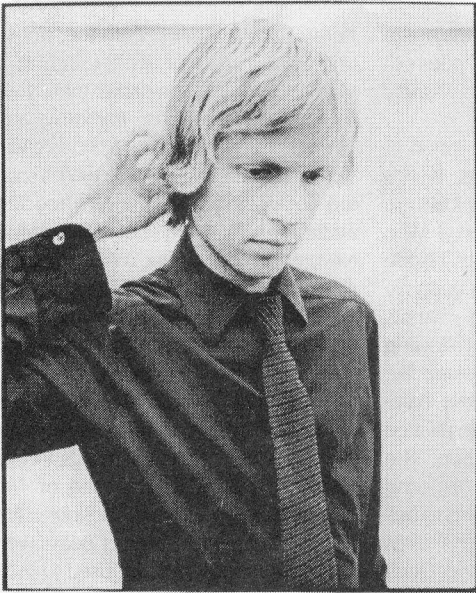
Jason



Albums

BECK

Mutations ★★★★★



Beck checks for lice.

The album is called *Mutations* and Beck certainly must have been in an altered state of mind when he wrote it. All the tracks were written whilst he was on tour for his massive album, *Odelay* and it's clear that these sort of things must have a pretty big effect on him.

Gone is the characteristic cacophony of samples vying for your attention and attacking your brain. In are more mellow lyrics and disguised beats. Don't get me wrong, this album has rhythm but it's not Beck's trademark style. In songs such as *Cold Brains* and *Tropicalia* we hear Beck producing work sounding pretty similar to the Eels, which works really well. It puts across the mind-numbing boredom that comes with being on the road with lyrics like, 'No thoughts, no mind, To rot behind' and the apparent disgust with which he views the metropolis' of America, 'All the streets, They reek of tropical charms...Where tourists snore and decay.'

It seems that Beck has taken a step back and concentrated more on the message of his work and its content, whilst producing some truly great songs for this album. He has surpassed himself in the blinding tune that is *Diamond Bollocks*. This is classic Beck with the harder beats and monumental musical flair with which he puts a tune together. Half way through the track,

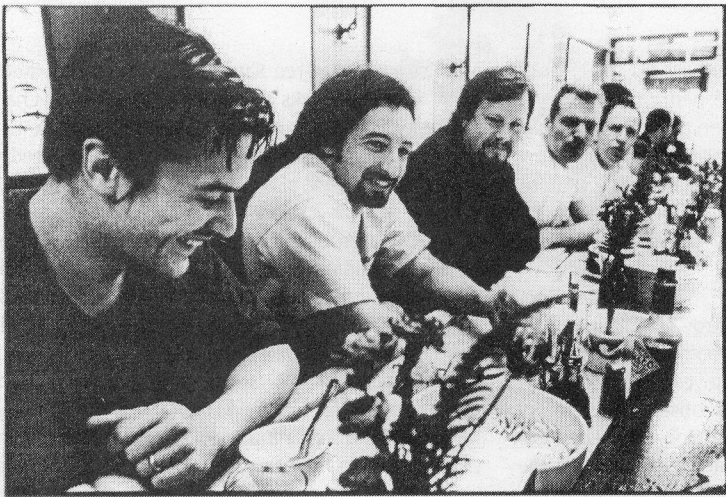
because he is just so good, he takes a time out and inserts 10 seconds of bird song. Superb. It's flashpoints like this that make Beck appealing today. Fresh-ness, innovation and a touch of eccentricity is so rarely found around these musical parts nowadays.

On the other hand, this album could also be seen as patchy but Beck himself admits that this album is effectively a scrapbook of songs written before his next major release sometime next year. However, if you really want to see another side of this genius then I recommend this album. Those of you that would rather save your money for something important this winter, like heating, then wait. If you don't mind sleeping in the entire contents of your wardrobe to stay warm then buy this album. **M**

Simon

FAITH NO MORE

Who Cares A Lot? ★★★★★



Mike Patton (Left) is challenged to down the chilli sauce in one.

When I got this album to review I was ecstatic! Faith No More were my heroes of adolescence. I couldn't believe it when I read the one line in NME, 'Faith No More have split up.' Here is a collection of their best songs all on one CD. I would hate to be the guy who had to select these fifteen 'greatest' songs from the Faith No More back catalogue, but whoever it was has done well. This compilation provides a well-rounded view of the band's different phases and styles through the years. This is not easy, because each of FNM's albums is dramatically different. This is partly to do with the arrival and departure of several band members following the band's legendary in-fighting which makes the Gallaghers seem cute and cuddly by comparison. Even Courtney Love fronted the band briefly in 1983, and it's a shame no recordings were made at this time.

The compilation starts, naturally enough with the anthemic *We Care A Lot* with original singer Chuck Mosely sounding hoarse and shouty. Mike Patton took over the vocals for the rest of their career, and his arrival started a period which had some of their most commercial songs. This was when the band gained most success, especially when their single *Epic* reached the US top 10.

The next three songs, *Midlife Crisis*, *Small Victory*, and the darkly cynical *Easy* all come off the album *Angel Dust*, recorded when the band was probably at its most fragmented, especially with Mike Patton often putting his project *Mr Bungle* before his FNM duties. Guitarist 'Big' Jim Martin left soon after the album was released, and the next album *King For A Day... Fool For A Lifetime* showed a huge difference in musical style without Martin's influence; being much more basic, head-down rocking but with more production polish than earlier recordings.

The final few songs are from the ironically titled *Album of the Year*, released in 1997. This has them becoming more conventional, although never losing that FNM magic.

Overall, *Who Cares A Lot?* is a great collection from a great band. It offers an excellent introduction if you haven't heard much FNM before, but the older fans will probably find it more useful to buy the re-released back catalogue, now all on mid-price, to fill in the gaps in their collection.

It is almost impossible to sum up a seventeen year career with one album. Any band that can survive through all the trials and tribulations that being in a music band entails and come out the other side deserves credit. As I said, it's difficult to condense into one album but this seems to have done the job quite well. **M**

Tom



Albums

PAUL WELLER

Modern Classics ★★★★★



Paul Weller: Chair-Rock Pioneer.

As everyone knows, Christmas is getting closer and closer and this is Paul Weller's go at trying to get some more royalties for himself to pay for the festive season. Although this makes good business sense, this album is probably only ever going to reach those of you who are already fans. Saying that, if you are not a Paul Weller fan or you think you have never heard of him before I would recommend this to you, as it is so easy to listen to. This would make an ideal Christmas present for that 'I'm-so-laid-back-that-I-fall-over' person or maybe your Dad.

Just imagine lying in a park with the sun shining and a cool drink with some music floating in the background. If you can imagine this then that is what this album is like. It isn't a 'Christmas-y' album but it will bring a bit of sunshine into your otherwise wet, miserable December.

This is an extremely mellow album with plenty of cool tunes such as *Wild Wood* and *Changing Man*. It's the sort of music you know you have heard some where but you're not sure where. The music is that familiar it makes you feel so very comfortable. In total, there are sixteen tracks of pure summer bliss. *Broken Stones* is my personal favourite as it makes me want to warble along to my heart's content.

These are definitely the greatest hits of Paul Weller so just hit the repeat button and relax! **M**

Helen

THE BLACK CROWES

By Your Side ★★★★★

This album has been seen by many people as make-or-break time for The Black Crowes. Their first two albums, *Shake Your Money Maker* and *The Southern Harmony Companion*, are both regarded as classic bluesy rock albums. Next came *America* which was mainly remembered for its cover and little else.

The worst was yet to come, first the band unleashed *Three Snakes and One Charm*, an album that was far too self indulgent for its own good. The gigs in support of it were even worse; the band would simply jam for most of the set with little in the way of recognisable material. Fans were starting to worry that weed and other substances were starting to affect the band. Thankfully this album suggests that the band's head/arse interface is at an end and they are ready to write some feel good, southern boogie rock once more.

The album kicks off with *Go Faster* which is an infectious speedy number with a catchy chorus. Next up is *Kickin' My Heart Around*, the first single taken from the album, which comes at you at the same pace. Then the band slow down - nothing reaches the pace that the opening two numbers set but most of the time you won't even notice it. This album is filled with hooks and choruses that claw their way into your brain and

won't let go. Virtually every song on here just makes you want to get up and dance. This is a great return to form.

That said, not everything is perfect. For starters the vocals veer a bit to close to Rod Stewart at times, particularly on *By Your Side*, which may be alright if you like the pseudo-Scotsman but I suspect that many fans won't. It doesn't ruin the songs, though, it merely tarnishes them slightly.

The other problem is that on *Welcome To The Good Times* there are hints of the band of old - the song being pretty much a display of how well the band can play. This in itself is not a bad thing. It's just that the track is too long and attention starts to wane. On the good side the arrangements are firstclass in every song with harmonica, electric organ and what is probably a gospel choir really adding to the overall feel. The album ends with the excellent combination of *Go Tell The Congregation* and *Virtue and Vice*. The former being one of the best songs to end an album that I've ever heard. This really is a fun party record. **M**

Jamie

Singles

Twinkle - *Dogs Die In Hit Cars*

This song is typical of the kind of music that was commonplace four years ago, all thumping new-wave guitars and Elastica vocalisms. The only thing convincing us that this is a new record is the blatant pilfering of Super Furry Animals' unique wailing synth-guitar sound.

The Saw Doctors - *Sugartown*

One of the country's most consistently popular live acts, The Saw Doctors use the give-the-public-what-they-want premise on their records. Hence their new songs are not dissimilar to their old songs, limiting the need for any fans to own this bland slice of Irish folk/pop.

THE ESSENTIAL CHOON

Belle And Sebastian - *This Is Just A Modern Rock Song*

The latest single from *The Boy With The Arab Strap* is not as instantly loveable as the album's title track, but succeeds in the way that many of their songs do - by making you feel great about yourself. The 7-minute length of this song may suggest it as being an epic, but Belle And Sebastian are the antithesis of epic, always supplying prolificness as a more than welcome alternative. Hence the B-Sides here are superb. From the cutely-titled *I Know Where The Summer Goes* to the more-accessible frolicking of *Slow Graffiti*, it is surely only a matter of time before the record-buying public turn on to this understated group.

P.M. Dawn - *I Had No Right*

What, you're joking right? It must be, like, 7 or 8 years since we last heard from these guys. Remember *Set Adrift On Memory Bliss*? Anyway they're back now, signed to trendy new label V2. And you know those other comeback kings, E-17? Well, their new single sounds exactly the same. Except that here we have the intriguing prospect of a Tin Tin Out remix. Surely a contradiction in terms.

Joyland - *Starkiller*

With band members called Shaun, Bez, Gaz and Danny, it appears that Joyland are an unlikely merger between Happy Mondays and Supergrass. Unfortunately this is not the case. Starkiller shows the group going over the same old post-grunge West Coast sounds that we were long tired of before Weezer came around. **M**

Ed



Black Crowes - Horticultural experts, you know.



The Bomb!
LAST ISSUE OF THE YEAR AND WE GOT ALBUM OF THE YEAR &
ALL THE ESSENTIAL TUNES OF '98

Album of the Year

The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill

One of the most anticipated albums of the year finally drops, and the first thing I noticed was that, like fellow Jersey native Queen Latifah, this is an album that is part hip hop and part out-and-out R&B, with some songs being a mixture of both. The accent is rather on R&B with a pinch of hip hop... be warned.

The album is based loosely around some class-room skits, questioning the meaning of love, the different forms of which are the main subject matter of this album. The set kicks off into the harsh ragga-influenced tones of "Lost Ones", which is softened with the sung chorus. Throughout the album, where you would expect a guest rapper or singer to appear, Lauryn Hill takes care of it herself, switching effortlessly from one form to the other. The sparse beat of "Lost Ones" allows L-Boogie to display her thoughts, and some say that this barrage is aimed at Wyclef (who is noticeably absent on this album, as are the rest of the Refugee Camp), although she has denied this.

A song such as "Ex-Factor" begins with a Wu-Tang sample, but this is soon forgotten as the song builds up and the chorus "care for me, care for me, i know you care for me, there for me, there for me, said you'd be there for me, cry for me, cry for me, you said you'd die for me, give to me, give to me, why won't you live for me" is so touching and heartfelt, and as the song ends with an elegant guitar solo, you can't help but feel for

her.

Her parenthood is obvious on "To Zion" where her voice soars as she sings happily about her love for her son over a string laden track. The way she sings here is so moving that you can't help but see how her son has changed her life, and he is the main focus for her. The single "Doo wop (That Thing)" is one that is likely to do well in the pop charts without being a straight up pop song as it contains a message warning men and women to watch out for the opposing sex. The amalgamation of the rapped verses followed by the sugary singing of the hook over a track full of horns and that simply nagging piano leads to a result that will be huge everywhere: on the radio, in the club, worldwide. Great to see something like this. Lauryn showing people what is happening without them realizing it.

There are many other good songs. "The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill" could be a look at herself, "Forgive Them Father" with the chorus "forgive them father, for they know not what they do" could be an enlightened look, or can come off preachy. Retro-soul is combined with a distinct 90s feel, breathing new life into songs like "EveryGhetto, Every City". "Superstar" is another quality R&B/rap combination without sounding cliché. The hook "Come on baby, light my fire/Everything you drop is so tired/Music is supposed to inspire/How come we ain't getting no higher?" is a poignant look at the state of music nowadays. Even though Lauryn crafts an album to her high standards, she latches on "Can't Take My Eyes Off Of You" at the end, although hidden, it is easily found and is in a similar vein to "Killing

Me Softly", in that it will have major commercial rotation. Even so, this album is a glimpse into the mind of Lauryn Hill, a very personal look at times, and while it does not extend the boundaries of hip hop or R&B, it is a great collection of songs featuring her unique voice that cats have been fiending for since day one. The wait is over.

Roni



Whats up boys and girls, its the last issue of this year, but don't worry we will return in the new year to continue giving you your shot of R&B and hip hop. The years been pretty hectic and theres been plenty going on in 98.

Just wanna give props to all the people who've helped us out, and wish everyone whos reading this a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Keep It Real!

Milen

1999 canu you fucking believe it!!!!

Phat Selection of '98

Sweetheart - ID feat. Mariah
For the video, Mariah looking fine.

Sexy Cinderella - Lyden David Hall
Wicked slow tune

Gone Till November - Wyclef Jean feat. R Kelly, Cannibus & Destiny's Child

The Boy Is Mine - Brandy & Monica
Tune of the summer

No, No, No (Remix) - Destiny's Child feat. Wyclef
Catchy sing along chorus from the new girls on the block

Superthug - Nore
Hard!

Fire It Up - Busta Rhymes
I said Fire It Up! Floorfiller!

Second Round Knockout - Cannibus
Fuck U!!!!

The Roof (Mobb Deep Mix) - Mariah Carey
Bangin' remix

Ghetto Superstar - Pras feat. ODB & Mya
Commerical hit of the summer

Lost Ones - Lauryn Hill

The album was the Bomb and this is the tune from it.

A Rose Is Still A Rose - Aretha Franklin
Orginal first lady of soul returns with the skillz

Who Am I - Beanie Man
Who got the keys to my Blinma - Zim Zimmer!!!!

How Deep Is Your Love - Dru Hill feat. Redman
The boys represent with their smooth vocals

Deja Vu - Lord Tariq & Peter Gunz
The anthem of '98 - Uptown Baby!

Do For Love - 2Pac feat. Eric Williams
Back from the dead and still releasing classy tunes

You Make Me Wanna - Usher
Hit underground in 97, blew up commerial in 98 Tune

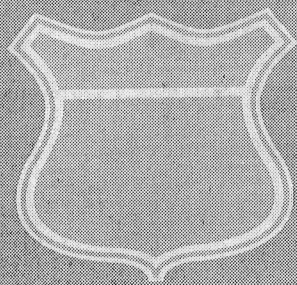
Made It Back - Beverly Knight
British soul killing it!

Are You That Somebody - Aaliyah
Is this a tune... yes!

Swing My Way - Kp & Enyi
Shorbe Swing My Way.....you gotta move it!

Sitting On Top of The World - Brandy feat. Mase
Tune!

Feature



D.E.A project

DUB ENFORCEMENT AGENTS

The D.E.A Project are coming straight from the streets of South London and is made up of the three strong crew of DJ Para, Lalee & Lloyd - and they not only own the label but are also the main, well only artists on the label, for now anyhow.

I'd describe this label as the Creative Source / Goodlooking records of the Garage world, a label that hasn't been influenced by passing trends, just sticking with and exploring their own distinctive sound. Taking influences from all musical styles, but most noticeably from the Drum n' Bass scene - they're making music for the body and da mind. With a strong musical presence and a subtle depth of sound - from the use of original breaks, beats and more n' more original vocals. This stance has already won them a strong following, as most are just starting to realise...

If you needed convincing of their impact on the scene over the last year, or of their influence over others just look at how many of the ideas have already been advanced upon/copied - the vocal samples they used for their 1st & 3rd releases were both copied within weeks and there's also a tune on white label which sounds so much like a D.E.A tune it's unreal and these are just the ones I can think of off the top of my head. This is a sure sign of a label coming with original ideas and the boys themselves take this as a complement.

We met up at Lalee's house, I arrived to find a rather bedraggled looking DJ Para (he'd been in the studio all night) and Lalee looking lively as ever, before long Lloyd and Pypee arrived with the curried chicken but they seemed to have forgot mine, but never mind aye... (now in case you were wondering who this fourth member is, Pypee I'm told takes care of the business and promotional side if tings, ok)

Para do you think being one of the top DJs on Upfront 99.3fm has helped the label?

Para "Being on Upfront in general has helped, people are getting to hear the music out on the streets. It's helped and

Upfront have given us full support from the word go, big up to them."

Lalee "But it ain't down to the radio for our success, that's down to the quality of the tracks, but the support from the pirates has helped, Upfront, London Underground, Freak, Taste, they're constantly on the phone to us for beats and they're playing um."

Para "Anyone talking about DEA helps, weather it's talking to ya mate in the street, it don't matter it all helps."

With Para playing out so much, I take it you use this as an opportunity to test the tunes on plate before going to press. Have you ever pulled anything back - saying 'that don't quite work' or whatever?

Para "Yeah we have done tunes that started off as one thing, then completely changed um due to the reaction."

Lalee "Certain tunes, they're not ready for yet - if we gave it to um now they wouldn't appreciate it. They've got to keep hearing it before they can get to grips with it."

My mate DJ Milan went to Kinky @ The Blue Orchid the other night and they where all there Matt, Karl (Tuffjam) etc and someone played Circles (D.E.A's vol.4) and it got wheeled up 3 times. He rang me to tell me what happened, saying "they were going mad for it", but I already know these things. I gave him Circles on dub a long time ago and only now he starts playing it. Some people take time to realise these things, but if I give a tune to Jason Kaye he'll say straight away weather it's bad or not, cause he knows yeah or EZ he'll tell ya there and then, that tune's bad, they know what sounds good."

He continues "Also with Karl Brown, we went to the Coliseum and gave him a dubplate and he played it straight away, just banged it in like EZ right on the bassline 'Don't You Realise...' and the crowd went crazy and he had to jack it up."

Pypee "And the MC had gone for a drink or something, so there was no-one telling him to, it was just from the crowd reaction - that's what you call a reload..."

Lalee "Yeah that's what I'm saying we know it's bad but you have to let things sink in for other people, with Circles - we

made that in January - February and it's taken too Sept- Oct for people to be ready for it."

This probably has some thing to do with the subtle nature of your tracks, they have a certain quality in depth that isn't that evident at first listen.

Pypee "You know what it's like, it's like a Salvador Dali painting - one minute you see something and say 'wow that's fucking amazing' then you look again and see something else and something else."

Do you ever get sick of hearing your own tunes?

Lloyd "After a couple of weeks a little, but when it's finished - it's like musical bliss."

Para "You've got to make ya tunes so you can hear um enough times, they've got to be able to stand the test of time."

That's surprising, as most people I've interviewed have said that by the time they've finished a tune they're sick of hearing it, as they've listened to every minute detail so many times.

Pypee "Well I've got a tape at home with all the DEA tunes on it and it gets played every morning when I get up after Steve Jackson's show."

Lalee "If we get sick of hearing one of our tunes whilst making it then we'll scrape it."

Pypee "Speaking of Steve Jackson, we've done a dub for him, he plays it everyday on the Morning Glory show, the one they play behind the News n' travels reports & stuff."

Lalee "Big up Steve Jackson cause he's representing D.E.A everytime."

What we got coming up next then?

Lalee "We got 'Nasty Bitch/ Devil Woman' D.E.A vol.5 coming in November, then we got 'Ghetto Child' coming out soon after and a remix of D.E.A vol.1 'Love Me' that's smashing it everywhere at the moment." (believe me it is)

Any plans for an album then?

Para "Yeah, the albums nearly done, but it's not coming out until next year - Feb-March sort of time, it's better to get it done properly than just rush it out there. We've got lots of things in the pipeline,

so many tracks to come."

How many tracks our going on the album?

Lloyd "Twelve too fifteen"

All new?

Lalee "Stuff that's been released from old to new."

Para "plus a couple of exclusives"

Lalee "Cause you know enough people love those old tracks like 'Crazy', 'So High', 'Friends n' 'Love Me' we can't let um down, and it will be value for money."

Doing many live Pa's?

Pypee "Have you ever been blinded by beauty, that's what you get when you see D.E.A on stage."

Para "We've done a few this year; Club Space, Dorringtons, La Costa Nostra, Cookies & Cream, we've got Bliss lined up, Aquarium, Coliseum, Climax @ Imperial Gardens, we did some Halloween things and some Guy Forks things, we got lots coming up. We're also doing Pure Silk on New Years Eve @ Wemberly Arena and Astoria Boxing Day n' remember D.E.A come complete with there very own DJ."

(general laughter from the boys)

Pypee "Yeah we don't do any PA's without are DJ, DJ Para he's got to set the crowd right - ya know what I mean." (more laughter)

Lalee "We've also got a Kiss radio show coming up with Steve Jackson on the Morning Glory."

Para "We're looking to expand D.E.A & expand our music, take it to it's limits, to the next level. Do some shows in America - spread the word."

I'll leave you with some shouts from the boys

Big ups to all the Upfront 99.3fm family, Jo Public, Mr Reaper, DJ Milan, Taste FM, Magic FM n' all the pirates supporting us.

Words Jo Public.



Albums Of The Year

Some might say that 1998 wasn't too hot a year in the tropical paradise that is the album world. There hasn't really been an album that has captured the nation's mood like, say, The Verve or Radiohead did last year. However, the Felix music reviewers have compiled a top five with a Christmas Turkey for good measure. From this, Felix have constructed a top three. So, when Christmas is over, you're flush with cash (Ha ha!) and you'd like something to remind you of the best of 1998, you could do a lot worse than buying the following recommended albums. Merry Christmas and a Drunken New Year!

Dennis

1. *The Good Will Out* - Embrace
 2. *Bring It On* - Gomez
 3. *Isola* - Kent
 4. *Day After Day* - Ballroom
 5. *Almost Here* - Unbelievable Truth
- Turkey. *The Tamperer* featuring Maya

Jason

1. *Rafi's Revenge* - Asian Dub Foundation
 2. *Moon Safari* - Air
 3. *Colours* - Adam F
 4. *Isola* - Kent
 5. *We Rock Hard* - Freestylers
- Turkey. *Said and Done* - Boyzone



EMBRACE 3 *The Good Will Out*

.....*The Good Will Out* is a touching album crammed with at least seven or eight pure gems of which *Retread*, *Higher Sights* and *That's All Changed Forever* are probably the best. The only lulls on the emotional plane come ironically in the more hedonistic numbers. It's not that they can't pull them off, it's just that other bands that begin with the letter O would probably be able to be more fierce about it. However, this is splitting hairs. This is a shamelessly optimistic album that is both musically grand and lyrically beautiful. Journalists, cast aside your cool attitudes. Cynics, open your hearts. Fellow people, open your ears. Embrace Embrace and rejoice!

(Felix 1119)

AIR 2 *Moon Safari*

.....If you're looking for a sublime, laid back excursion into the realms of toned down ambience captured within the space of forty four minutes, look no further. Air have blended together an astonishing array of mellowed down grooves and sweet melodies to create a masterpiece of drugged out magic.

Starting off with a subdued bass led groove and staying clear of anything more complex or potentially mind-scrambling, they make use of moogs, organs, bass, strings and effortlessly smooth vocals. Sit back, relax and close your eyes.....

(Felix 1105)

Jamie

1. *Cruelty and the Beast* - Cradle of Filth
 2. *Pulkas* - Pulkas
 3. *The Haunted* - The Haunted
 4. *Something's Gotta Give* - Agnostic Front
 5. *Garage Inc.* - Metallica
- Turkey. *Spiceworld* - The Spice Girls

Ahmed

1. *The Space Between Us* - Craig Armstrong
2. *Decksanddrumsandrockandroll* - Propellerheads
3. *Isola* - Kent
4. *Psyence Fiction* - U.N.K.L.E.
5. *NYC Live* - Portishead

Chris

1. *Deserter's Songs* - Mercury Rev
 2. *Good Morning Spider* - Sparklehorse
 3. *Moon Safari* - Air
 4. *More You Becomes You* - Plush
 5. *Mutations* - Beck
- Turkey. *Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie* - Alanis Morissette

Albums Of The Year

Craig

1. Good Morning Spider - Sparklehorse
2. Under the Western Freeway - Grandaddy
3. Up - REM
4. Bring It On - Gomez
5. How To Operate...- Lo-Fidelity Allstars Turkey. People Move On - Bernard Butler

David H

1. Bring It On - Gomez
2. Return To The Last Chance Saloon - The Bluetones
3. Psyence Fiction - U.N.K.L.E.
4. Push The Button - Money Mark
5. Best of 1980-1990 - U2 Turkey. Solex - Solex

Katherine

1. Without You I'm Nothing - Placebo
2. Strange - Ether
3. Pixies at the BBC - The Pixies
4. This Is My Truth, Tell Me Yours - Manic Street Preachers
5. Celebrity Skin - Hole Turkey. Neo-Wave - Silver Sun



Copo

1. Bring It On - Gomez
 2. The Good Will Out - Embrace
 3. Return To The Last Chance Saloon - The Bluetones
 4. Decksanddrumsandrockandroll - Propellerheads
 5. Moon Safari - Air
- No turkey. Can't afford it!

Music Editorial

This year has been a pretty different year to the last one, just look at last year's top three albums, namely Blur, The Verve and Radiohead leading the way. OK, they are all student faves and this year is no exception. Well what did you expect? We are all students after all. There hasn't been any significant trend to the various albums released this year as you can quite clearly see from the selection of our reviewer's top fives.

To all the music reviewers, just a quick word to say thanks for turning up to the meetings. Without you, the music pages would be empty - Cheers, Ta! To those wishing to review music next term - just turn up to Felix on Friday at one-thirty. It's that easy!

Finally and once again, Merry Christmas. See you on the other side.

Jason and Dennis

1 GOMEZ

Bring It On

After their huge impact on the student radio chart with 78 *Stone Wobble*, Gomez have released their debut album, which carries on from where their single left off. Unusually the band has two lead singers; one a Commitments styled voice, perfect for the blues with its gravelly texture and the other in contrast very soft in sound and these are used in tandem to perfection. They go through the songs interchanging the singers to suit the mood of the songs, which all hint at different types of guitar playing, ranging from Country to Mexican.

Their lyrics give a lot of the energy to album, about going down to the Union, hanging out in Piccadilly or just plain trying to get arrested which sum up life at the moment for the average student. You feel that their style is always allowed to flow throughout and that it was just written and recorded because they enjoy it.

Get Myself Arrested, possibly the

best song on the album, encapsulates the essence of the band. The great harmonies achieved, where you're not sure who is the lead singer, as both voices are so assured, combine with the bounce of the rhythm and care-free-ness of the song. I would have thought that this will be their next single.

The band quite often slow the songs down, becoming near acoustic for a large portion of the album, allowing the singers to show you just how good they are and what power they're capable of. *Free To Run* is the best of these tracks shows the blues side of the

band and you have to admit that their diversity is admirable.

For a debut album, it's everything that you want and shows originality and innovation that is now so rarely found. The easiest way to generalise is that it is a student album through and through, and definitely doesn't take itself too seriously. The singers are great, the lyrics perfect and everything else just falls into place around them. It's at a special low price for a limited period, make use of it.

(Felix 1115)



Reviews

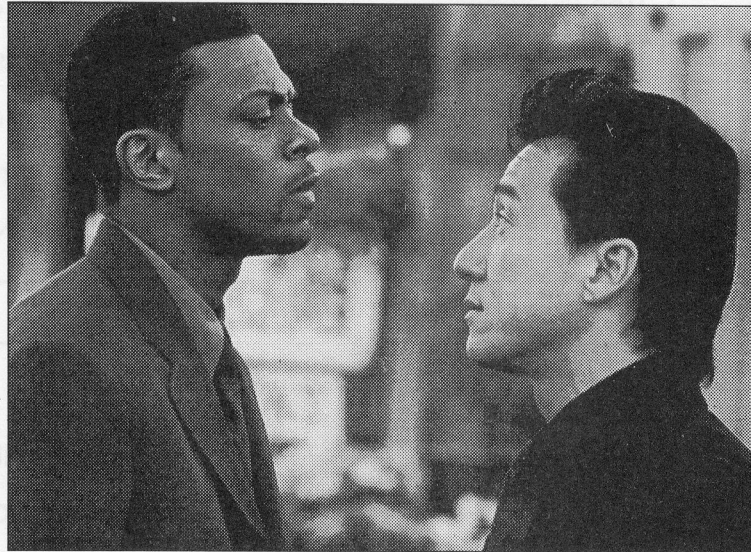
Rush Hour ★★★★★

Starring : Jackie Chan, Chris Tucker, Tom Wilkinson

Director : Brett Ratner

The ideal action hero needs to embody three, very disparate, elements: he needs to be hard as nails (obviously); he needs to be charismatic enough to make you forget how paper thin the plot is; and he needs to be really funny. Many stars have tried to capture all three, but few have succeeded - Arnie isn't funny, Mel Gibson isn't hard enough, Harrison Ford's too nice, Van Damme can't act. The list goes on.

New Line Pictures have, however, come up with a new solution to this age old problem. Because by fusing together the best bits of Chan (a legend in Hong Kong action movies) and Tucker (the DJ with the annoying voice in *The Fifth Element*), you can create the perfect action hero. In other words, don't let Jackie Chan actually say anything (which, considering he still doesn't seem too sure of his English, is not necessarily a bad thing), thus allowing Chris Tucker free reign to wise-crack at will - and in return, allow Chan the freedom to kick the badguys senseless in his customarily brilliant fashion. Plus, of course, there are no hyper-inflationary wage packets involved, and



Its not size that matters - its what you do with it that counts.

no hideously expensive set-piece stunts. On paper, it's a near faultless solution.

In practice, however, there are a few drawbacks to this plan, as *Rush Hour* turns out to be a Chris Tucker movie. Consequently, Chan seems muted when it comes to the fight scenes, and whilst

some of the moves he pulls are still amazing, there's not the edge-of-your-seat reality, coupled with a great sense of humour, that normally highlights his work. It's too Hollywood; too staged.

On the other hand, it's still a very refreshing break from the current crop of

high-octane world-in-jeopardy actioners. At points, the pair do seem to bounce off each other with a real sense of friendship, and both are (in completely differing ways) hugely likable. And whilst Tucker's banter may have more than a passing resemblance to mid-eighties Eddie Murphy, he still shows the comic flare that first brought him fame on the stand-up circuit. Moreover, even if Chan does seem a little restrained at times, he still displays the balletic sense of flowing movement and timing that has made him a star. Witness the lessons he gives Tucker on how to disarm someone. Or the way he manages to bypass the entire FBI in order to get into the Chinese Consulate. Simply stunning.

Most importantly, however, *Rush Hour* has that one key ingredient that Hollywood seems to have forgotten recently - its great fun. Recent blockbusters have been visually impressive, but have lacked that element of sheer entertainment that made the original *Lethal Weapon* and the *Indiana Jones* franchise into hits. What more can you ask for? **F**

Dave

The Acid House ★★★★★

Starring : Ewen Bremner, Martin Clunes, Alex Howden, Stephen McCole, Kevin McKidd

Director : Paul McGuigan

Think of *Trainspotting*. Think of its author, Irvine Welsh. Think of run-down Edinburgh estates. Think of extraordinary use of fu** and cu**. Think of very strong Scottish accents. Think of a cool Britpop soundtrack. If you choose not to think, I'll go ahead and tell you. "The Acid House" is based on the best-selling collection of short stories of the same name written by Irvine Welsh. Three stories were picked from the collection and adapted for the screen by Welsh himself, resulting in three forty-minute films showing one after the other.

The first, *The Granton Star Cause*, is about the happenings of a terrible day for Stephen McCole. The day of doom starts off with his football team, Granton Star, dumping him for a quicker lad. The bad news quickly builds up, leaving McCole absolutely dumfounded, and following the traditional course of action on such occasions - drowning his sorrows in a pub. Then along comes a bearded fellow by the name of God who proceeds



This picture tells you absolutely nothing about the film. Clever, huh?

to speak his mind... At once thought-provoking and funny, this story is excellent.

The second is entitled *A Soft Touch*. It is about Kevin McKidd (Tommy in *Trainspotting*) who is (can you guess?) a soft touch - easily taken advantage of, muzzled, and outright bullied. I'd much

rather you discovered for yourself who his tormenters are, rather than spoil your chance to properly enjoy the movie. I kept wondering as the film developed how this affecting tale would climax - but, perhaps somewhat symbolically, the denouement was beyond anything I'd

suspected.

The third film is entitled *The Acid House*, after which the collection is named. It is a very vivid, very colourful journey into the various sensations and feelings associated with taking acid. But this time, there is a nice twist. Ewen Bremner (*Trainspotting*'s Spud) takes a super acid pill which knocks him unconscious and transports him into the body of a newborn baby in an ambulance nearby. Likewise, the baby's mind goes into the big boy's body. Cue hilarious consequences. God alone knows what the message of this piece is supposed to be.

Anyway, this three-in-one deal is enjoyable, thought-provoking, and funny. The soundtrack is not, I think, as groundbreaking as the *Trainspotting* one, though there are some specially-written tracks. Although *The Acid House*'s opening on New Year's Day will undoubtedly be surrounded by massive hype, it's probably no less than it deserves. **F**

Ahmed

Reviews & Competitions

The Mask of Zorro ★★

Starring : Antonio Banderas, Anthony Hopkins, Catherine Zeta Jones
 Director : Martin Campbell

Lunge, parry and replete, for it is time for Zorro; defender of the weak, and avenger of wrong doing, the hero who marks his territory with a flashy Z. Flash words are definitely needed, since Hollywood is picking from the bottom of the barrel for superheroes to adapt for the big screen.

The first part of the *Mask of Zorro* sets up this whole elaborate plot where Hopkins is discovered to be the true Zorro. His life is then destroyed when his wife is killed by the current Spanish governor of the region, played by Stuart Wilson, who then takes Hopkins' baby daughter to bring up as his own, letting our hero rot it jail for 20 years. This part of the film is fascinating and the film's expectations start to rise. Hopkins is totally believable as the ageing Zorro; his nobility and debonair attitude combined with calculated revenge, brings tremendous weight and depth to the character.

Twenty years later the governor returns to Mexico, with Hopkins' daughter, intent on buying Mexico's independence. When Banderas is introduced as the new Zorro, trained by Hopkins (who has, of course, escaped), the film starts



You try walking down Brompton Road dressed like that...

to mix the darker story line with what must be said as slapstick comedy. This may be due to the many television remakes of Zorro, which has given the character a humorous side, but it doesn't work when the film's foundation has been built on a foreboding story line.

Director Martin Campbell (*Tomorrow Never Dies*) does well to restrain the action - however this restraint vanishes as the film just deteriorates into a typical

Hollywood ending with a huge explosive finale. The sword scenes are coordinated extremely well and the knife edge excitement holds well even though both Hopkins and Banderas were fencing novices.

The *Mask of Zorro* was a bit of a disappointment as it started well, frequently reminding me of those old Clint Eastwood westerns, but then it just plunges into mediocrity. **F**

Magpie

Meeting People Is Easy

★★★★★



Band documentaries usually represent the most self-serving, self-reverential form of film-making in existence. *Meeting People*, however, is something quite different. Grant Gee (who directed the *No Surprises* video) has produced a film that can only be adequately described by the word masterpiece. It blew me away.

Radiohead are one of those bands who, whilst you may like their music, you always fear may be completely up their own arses in real life. A bunch of pretentious twats, if you will. *Meeting People*, however, gives them a chance to show their true colours, as it follows the band through twelve months around the release of *OK Computer*. Gee captures dozens of live gigs and seemingly hundreds of interviews - but never interviews them himself. This allows their true reaction to fame to become apparent, as they interact with the (frequently idiotic) local journalists.

The masterstroke, however, is the way Gee deals with Thom Yorke. Whilst the rest of the band spend the first half of the film coming across as a perfectly normal bunch of blokes, Yorke hangs around in the background, seemingly trying to avoid the cameras. Then, suddenly, the director turns the focus on him. The film immediately becomes a portrait of someone who can only be described as a pained genius. He can't believe the fame - can't believe they deserve it - and constantly fears the backlash that will hit when everyone comes to their senses. Then, when he starts to write new music...Wow.

I'm not a huge Radiohead fan - but the moment I left the cinema I went straight home and put *OK Computer* on repeat. It's an amazing film. Anyone who even vaguely likes their music simply *must* see it. **F**

Dave

Christmas Clearout

Thanks to those lovely people at Beatwax Promotions

Dead Man's Curve A Life Less Ordinary The Game

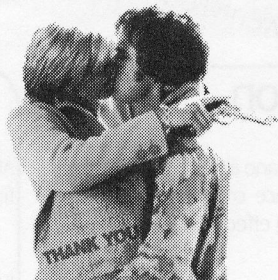
Christmas stands for many things. Being force fed by your mother; being forced to endure your grandparents; going to any lengths to avoid the Queen's speech; turkey risotto. But most of all, Christmas means presents.

So, thanks to those delightful people at Beatwax Promotions, we've got stacks of prizes to give away. First-up is *Dead Man's Curve*. This indie-thriller has won great acclaim in the US, and stars *Scream's* Matthew Lillard as a College freshman who takes one-upmanship a little too far...

To bag movie related goodies, including t-shirts, bottle openers and a signed posters, then simply tell me:

Which member of the *Scream* cast starred in *The Wedding Singer*?

Answers should be emailed to film.felix@ic.ac.uk, and must be received by Thursday evening. All prizewinners will be notified by email on Friday.



This time around, we've got copies of the video, novel and screenplay to give away to one lucky punter, to tie in (belatedly) with the video release of Danny Boyle's underrated follow-up to *Trainspotting*. This time, all I want to know is :

In which US TV series did Ewan McGregor make a notable guest appearance?

Once again, answers should be emailed to film.felix@ic.ac.uk. If you get stuck, I suggest looking at the Internet Movie Database, www.uk.imdb.com. It's great.

Our final set of prizes are related to David Fincher's follow-up to *Seven*. Whilst it might not have the same sick tension, *The Game* certainly has enough surprises to keep even Sherlock Holmes on the edge of his seat. Starring Michael Douglas as a multi-millionaire who has everything, the plot starts to get interesting when he gets a strange birthday present from his wayward brother Sean Penn: a live-action game that consumes his life. From there on, things start to get more than a little peculiar...

It's recently been released on video, and would undoubtedly make a lovely Christmas present although I'd keep it away from granny if she's got a weak heart. Don't say I didn't warn you.

To win a copy of the video, tell me:

Which recent Hitchcock update did Michael Douglas also star in?

All entries must reach film.felix@ic.ac.uk by Thursday evening. Merry Christmas.



Round-up

1998 MOVIE

The 1998 Felix film of the year award

In association with the Odeon Kensington

Box Office Top Ten



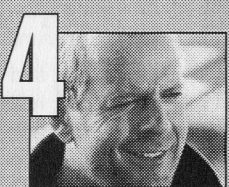
1 **Titanic**
UK Total £68,971,523
Felix rating: ★★★



2 **Doctor Dolittle**
UK Total £19,746,300
Felix rating: ★★



3 **Saving Private Ryan**
UK Total £17,284,661
Felix rating: ★★★★★



4 **Armageddon**
UK Total £16,506,605
Felix rating: ★★★



5 **Godzilla**
UK Total £15,974,736
Felix rating: ★



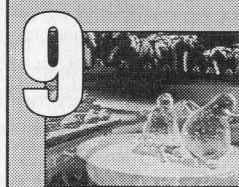
6 **Something About Mary**
UK Total £14,270,374
Felix rating: ★★★★★



7 **Sliding Doors**
UK Total £12,275,899
Felix rating: ★★★



8 **Lock, Stock...**
UK Total £11,077,435
Felix rating: ★★★★★



9 **Flubber**
UK Total £10,891,774
Felix rating: ★



10 **Lost In Space**
UK Total £10,664,453
Felix rating: ★★



The winner of the "Film of the year" competition is:

Simon Edwards-Parton

Please come into the Felix Office to collect your prize.

Simon

Hana-Bi

Japanese director Takeshi Kitano also stars as a battling yakuza cop. Graphic violence contrasts with understated reflection to stunning effect.

TwentyFourSeven

Feature length debut from British writer/director Shane Meadows is both entertaining and emotive.

My name is Joe

Peter Mullan's magnetic performance is central to Ken Loach's film of love, loyalty and desperation in Glasgow.

The Big Lebowski

Not the Coen brothers' best film by a long chalk, but a reminder of their inventive vision.

Boogie Nights

Paul Thomas Anderson invites comparisons with some of cinema's legends, from Altman to Scorsese, with his tale of Burt Reynolds' porno producing 'family.'

Mark

Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels

Along with *Trainspotting* one of the best and freshest films to come out of Britain in the last couple of years.

Good Will Hunting

Just the right blend of drama, humour and emotion which doesn't get bogged down in sentiment.

As Good as It Gets

An original screenplay that made for a delightful if flawed film. Nicholson is amazing, although I'm not convinced at Helen Hunt's Oscar.

Starship Troopers

Acting - Neighboursque. Plot - where? Script - see plot. Nonetheless this was a hilarious film with great special effects. Pure entertainment, minimal thinking required.

Titanic

Actually, this didn't make it anywhere near my top five, but I'd just like to point out how poor it was. Dull, dull, dull.



Round-up

ROUND-UP

of the year award

the Odeon Kensington

THE TRUMAN SHOW

“Many reviewers have focused on *The Truman Show* as a dramatic turn around in Jim Carrey's career - proof that he really can cut it as a serious actor. This creates the impression that this is a masterpiece of modern film-making, a serious moral drama investigating the power of TV. Yet this simply isn't true - *The Truman Show* is a brilliant example of near perfect film making, but for different reasons.

First of all, forget any film made in the last twenty years. *Truman* has far more in common with the Hollywood of the thirties and forties than the mega-bucks methods of today. Think back to the days of Cary Grant and James Stewart and classic feelgood movies like *It's A Wonderful Life*, and you're in the right kind of territory.

Above all, it's Carrey's showcase performance that drives the film towards classic status. Amidst his utterly unreal surroundings, he manages to remain totally believable, an average, everyday guy, struggling to discover the truth of what's going on around him, never daring to believe the full nature of the corporate universe that surrounds him. Not only every scene he appears in, but the entire movie revolves around his performance and ultimately relies on him for its success.

The relative successes of *The Truman Show* and



some of this Summer's all-action outings should finally send the message to Hollywood that well thought out, well written movies can be successful. OK, so this time next year we'll probably have to put up with an endless stream of *Truman* rip-offs, but maybe - just maybe - the unlikely combination of Weir and Carrey could herald the return of old-style values to movie-making. Quite simply, that's how good this movie is. Clichéd as it may be, I feel compelled to say it: If you only see one movie this year, then make sure it's *The Truman Show*. ”

(Excerpts from Felix 1121)

Wei

LA Confidential

The best thriller of the year, mixing corrupt police and prostitutes who look like movie stars into a classic thriller.

Starship Troopers

The best B film of the year. Beverly Hills 90210 meets Full Metal Jacket, with big bugs, big guns and an appalling script. It's an enjoyable no brainer.

Devils Advocate

This reworking of Faust is extravagant, with some impressive effects.

Lock Stock and Two Smoking Barrels

The best British film. This film managed to take the best things from the Tarantino genre and slapping on a British production makes it ultra cool.

Titanic

A film that costs \$300 million deserves some credit.

Dave

The Truman Show

Simply the best film I've seen in years. Frank Capra moves into the nineties, courtesy of Peter Weir

Slingblade

A virtuoso performance from Billy Bob Thornton, finally released two years after it hit screens in the US.

There's Something About Mary

Definitely the year's funniest movie. Two or three set pieces may have got all the attention, but its the non-stop torrent of gags that earn it a place in the top five.

As Good as It Gets

Nicholson deservedly won an Oscar for his portrayal of a neurotic, obsessive writer. Funny, offbeat and well-written, it's an example of real film-making at its best.

Lethal Weapon 4

A no brainer? Certainly. But what's wrong with a bit of mindless entertainment from time to time?

The best of 1999?



1 **Star Wars: The Phantom Menace**
Release: July 19



2 **The Wild, Wild West**
Stars: Will Smith
Release: July



3 **The Talented Mr Ripley**
Stars: Matt Damon
Release: June



4 **The World Is Not Enough**
Stars: Pierce Brosnan
Release: November 19



5 **Star Trek: Insurrection**
Stars: Patrick Stewart
Release: January 1



6 **A Bug's Life**
Stars: Kevin Spacey, CGI ants
Release: February 1



7 **Scream 3**
Stars: Neve Campbell, Courtney Cox
Release: October



8 **Eyes Wide Shut**
Stars: Tom Cruise & Nicole Kidman
Release: August?



9 **Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me**
Release: June



10 **Meet Joe Black**
Stars: Brad Pitt, Claire Forlani
Release: January



Rugby

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2nd XV

IC 15 – 20 St Marks, St Johns & Some farmers

1st XV

University College of St Mark & St John 18 – 7 IC

Spirits and expectations were running high for the rugby club to gain promotion this year. After winning our league convincingly (six from six with a +259 points difference) we needed a play-off win to make it to the Southern First Division. We were drawn away against a teacher-training poly from Plymouth, which meant a 9 o'clock departure from South Ken (except for our late comers – Chris Eubank and John Barnes).

Our arrival in Plymouth was behind schedule, which gave us under thirty minutes to change and warm up. A "Mexican Raah" that was instigated by our newly elected vice-captain – Pharaoh – tried to switch us on early. Unfortunately it wasn't enough.

After kick-off and the first few rucks we soon realised the increase in the level of our opposition. The pack managed to take the game to them, which resulted in a couple of early penalty chances that proved very close, but the awkward wind did nothing to help Chris Dickinson's boot. Martin made use of the wind to

play most of the first half in our half, resulting in a well worked blind-side try for the opposition. Suddenly at 8-0 down we had to up a gear and started to play our kind of rugby. Deep in our own half Dave Hogg released a perfect miss ball which found a huge gap for Dave Gol, in turn putting the full-back, Chris Dickinson, in position to give Segun a try scoring opportunity he wasn't going to refuse. The converted try saw IC come back 8-7.

The next ten minutes were to be crucial, as going ahead before half time was all IC wanted. The forwards gave it their all. The scrums started to come together as IC pushed the opponents back on several occasions. The will to win started to come. This was proven by our second row, with Will Sterns accepting a more than healthy helping of shoe pie. A couple of good runs from IC's blind-side flanker, Nippy, was to no avail, as he still insists in passing it to the other side. The Club Captain should know our own colours by now! Half time arrived, and with IC only one point down, belief was still high - although a lot of work would still be required in the last forty minutes

to bring victory their way.

The second half started in a blaze of glory, with IC pushing the southerners back into their five-metre line. However, sloppy play gave them a penalty, which was kicked to touch, easing the pressure. After a blatant piece of obstruction by IC's no 6, we conceded a penalty close to the half-way line. Repeated backchat from the players resulted in the ref marching us back onto our line. The penalty kick was taken and they went further ahead. This was the turning point of the game, as IC never managed to regain form and conceded two further cores over the next twenty minutes.

With time running out, IC battled on with some aggressive play from Dan Uiguzi and Willis. However, it was not to be, and the game finished 18-7 against IC. The opportunity of promotion was missed and IC will have to try again next season, where a home fixture will give the clear advantage. At the end of the day nobody is bitter – they come out with a teaching diploma and 10K for the rest of their career, whilst ourselves, well...

After stamina sapping four hour ride we were ready for action. During the one minute before play we shook our bones in the salty sea air. Twenty minutes of persistent probing tested the depth of our defence. Eventually the Plymouth seamen spurted through a tight gap to score between the uprights. The score at half time was 10-0.

Fluid ball skills at the start of the second half resulted in deep penetration of the barrage of fishy men, with Jan diving between the posts to score the first mouth-watering try. Ten minutes later and ten more points deeper down, we created a shower of flowing rugby, allowing Flo to go down on the brown goal. Dick Seepings shot from the scrum and was all over the opposition scrum-half. Towards the end of the second period Bully's gash was re-opened and he was blood-binned. Substitutions caused the backs to rearrange their positions. The backs then called a six two nine, providing Flo with the opening to bend in behind the pins and ram home our final climactic effort.

Unfortunately, victory, the ultimate honey-pot, was unobtainable, so we had to settle for second-best. ARSE!

GET FIT FOR CHRISTMAS

- 16th December** - 2 for 1 Squash between 7-12 noon & 2-5pm. (Play 2 slots for the price of one.)
2 for 1 Sauna, so bring a friend for free.
- 17th December** - 2 for 1 20/20/20 (12.10pm), New Body (5.45pm), Tone & Stretch (6.45pm).
- 18th December** - 2 for 1 Step class 6.30pm today. 2 for 1 Squash between 7-12 noon & 2-5pm. (Play 2 slots for the price of one.)
- 19th December** - 2 for 1 swim & 2 for 1 Sauna today. Enjoy a swim or Sauna today for the price of one.
- 20th December** - Swim or Gym today and use the Sauna for free after.
- 21st December** - 2 for 1 Squash all day today. (2 slots for the price of one.)
- 22nd December** - 2 for 1 Swim today, so bring a friend or partner for that last minute Christmas swim free.
- 23rd December** - 2 for 1 Swim today.
- 27th December** - Use the facilities today and receive 1 free Swim or Sauna voucher valid until 3/1/99.
- 28th December** - 2 for 1 Sauna today, so bring along a friend for free.
- 29th December** - 2 for 1 Squash all day. (2 slots for the price of one.)
- 30th December** - Swim/Gym today and receive a free

IMPERIAL COLLEGE SPORTS CENTRE

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Ladies Hockey

IC II 0 - 0 UCH
(0-1 after penalty flicks)

After having established a full team for this all important BUSA playoff game, with even the possibility of substitutes, the IIs were utterly shafted by a series of "can't be arsed to play"-it is.

So, reduced to a team of 8, we set off late to meet the opposition. On the way Alice steadfastly refused to go in goal, so after a lot of well applied pressure, Annmarie was forced in goal for her debut performance.

In the meantime, the opposition had a full team and their coach was the umpire. Sound unfair?

IC created tons of chances, but the fat lucky bastards kept kicking it away. They could run but kept forgetting the all important factor - i.e. the ball.

Full time came and went really quickly and the IC troopers were faced with the possibility of penalty flicks. Annmarie, the debut goalie, was a star, saving several of their crappy attempts. Under intense pressure the flicks went to sudden death, but unfortunately their goalie smelt too bad and IC were put off, losing after a storming effort.

We did, however, get revenge when Diane, the sly one, managed to surreptitiously pinch their balls.

We had a great match and definitely should have won.

Cycling

Months of hard training paid off with record breaking results for the roadies at the cycling club.

At the BUSA Hill Climb, in conditions more suited to the boat club 12th, 25th and 48th positions were achieved respectively by Hedley, Tarik and Colin respectively.

A few weeks later they were back in action at the fastest track in the world, the Manchester velodrome. Pitted against the likes of Ross Muir, and athlete supported by Chris Boardman, Hedley only just qualified for the quarters of the 4K pursuit in 5 mins highlighting the fact that the standard was higher than at the nationals. He achieved an eventual 6th place. Chris put in solid performances setting a personal best in the Team Pursuit and Tairk rode to top 20 placings in the kilo and pursuit.

Next up are the BUSA team time trial and MTB championships, where strength in depth is a key requirement. We therefore urge those keen in participating to contact us at Hedley.Skelton@ic.ac.uk.

Keep an eye out for our new website!

IC Hockey

IC 2 - 4 GKT

The most crucial game of the season so far and we lost.

For the first ten minutes we totally dominated the game, but only managed to convert one of our many clearances which was put away by 11+ from one of our many short corners.

Falling asleep at the most important moments seems to be one of the few faults the defence has. However, today it was comatose as the equaliser was knocked in in the softest fashion. Second half and we were raring to go. But they scored twice while we slept. We got one back, but then they regained their two goal lead. With only 2 minutes to go eight local kids decided to start a fight with 22 players holding their sticks. Intelligence I think was a bit lacking on their part but as one player pointed out, "They were abused children". Oh well, we're through to the BUSA shield which we will win.

Merry Christmas from the Sports team

Netball

Royal Vets 38 - 38 IC(2/12/98)
Kings 36 - 14 IC(9/12/98)

On Wednesday 2nd, Imperial took on the Vets at home. We fought hard with the last quarter turning into a real battle. Vicki flew across the court picking up a huge graze on her leg and was shortly followed in less dramatic style by Abi. Despite the carnage, Imperial, who were trailing right up to the last minute, got it back to draw the match 38 all.

Last week, the girls took on Kings in the BUSA playoffs. A win would have secured a place in the national finals. Fortunately, we wanted a place in the shield so we lost 36-14. Backhanders in brown envelopes were not needed as the umpiring was somewhat dubious (maybe they got the brown envelopes? - Gus). Blood was shed again, this time by Rachel and Paula and entertainment was provided by the Kings centre, with her frog-like leaps.

Attention all IC girls!

From January 1999, Netball coaching will take place on Thursday lunchtimes 12-2pm at the Prince's Gardens court. All abilities welcome. For more info, email netball@ic.ac.uk

Football 2nd XI

IC 1-1 ICSM II
Saturday 5th December

This was the 7th league game of the season for IC seconds and makes it 6 wins and 1 draw without loss. This unbeaten run places us firmly at the top of the division 2 league table. In a recent edition of the London Student Newspaper, ICSM 2 were predicted as favourites for promotion in division 2.

However, looking at IC seconds league record to date you would have to be a fool not to see that we will be league champions.

The game against ICSM 2 began 45 minutes later than the scheduled kick off time of 2:15pm. Punctual IC seconds were present at the ICSM ground at 2:00pm but ICSM were nowhere in sight. Finally they did arrive and we sportingly

decided to play the game and not take a walkover.

Despite key absences from the lineup the first half saw characteristic second team dominance. IC seconds created a number of chances but the game remained scoreless until Martin Archbold tucked away Dave Hinslewoods shot which the keeper parried. At the half time interval the score remained 1-0 to the seconds. The second half proved a different picture as ICSM laid siege to the IC goal finally equalising mid way through the half. This half will be best remembered for the football which spat off pieces of leather every time it was kicked and for Felix nearly sending one of the ICSM players into orbit. All things considered, the final score was a fair reflection and we look forward to playing ICSM again on Wednesday.

4th XI

IC IV 2 - 0 RHUL IV
Saturday 5th December

Randomness is bad, and we were very random. But, then again, we were good enough to win and beat the Holloway Peasants. After meeting in the Quad we had nine players, no referee and no transport. As if by magic a coach appeared and we managed to start the game with as many as ten players. Holloway always used to be strong but that seems to have changed, especially with Holloway Firsts facing the prospect of relegation from the ULU Premier Division.

The quality of football we played with our ten men in the first half was sublime; never in my five years have I known a Fourth XI play such entertaining, skilful football. One move started with Steve winning the ball on the right flank, then ensuring we kept possession we played

it back through our defence, then across the midfield and back to the right wing. A near perfect cross was then headed narrowly wide by one of our strikers. It would have been the goal of the season at any level.

When our eleventh man turned up we relaxed slightly until half-time, but then our inspirational Captain, Elliot "The Rugga-buggar" Newsome arrived following a seven hour journey (That's commitment for you). Thus after a reshuffle we dominated the second half and with ease went on to win 2-0. The first goal came from a Taylor corner that Nima turned in at the back post. And another quality move resulted in Nima, again, calmly slotting home from 15 yards.

All in all another professional performance from the Fourths which, of course, bodes well for the future.

Skiing

The second race of the IC kings league campaign was held in more clement weather than required for skiing on the 28th of March.

The race happenings were very good for both the teams and on a purely sporting point of view, reflect two quality entries (both teams).

The first team came 7th, only narrowly beaten by a team from Kent in the playoffs for 1-4th and 5-8th.

After this, all was lost or rather just the races. I take a break from the first team here but will later reveal important d'oh very important information about some of our members (mentioning no names Gareth Hall and Sarah Elizabeth Hughes), and why we did not do as well as we might have.

But first to congratulate the second team for a very good performance placing them 10th overall. 30 teams were present including many 1st teams beaten by our seconds. Note that UCL came way down the list (haha) and ICSM came a few places above IC firsts (again) Back to the proper reporting of back pages... It was found out that 2 of our members had been sleeping together on the back seat of a car on the way. We had suspected something before but never thought they would push their laziness that far. It was then discovered that they actually lived in the same house or at least they were planning on going home together. But you may say this is none of the ski clubs business.

Any one interested in skiing or writing for felix please contact ski@ic.ac.uk as we are talented at neither. (except maybe skiing) Gareth Hall (IC racer)



Football

RSM 1st XI

IC 1st XI 4 - 1 RSM The agony and the ecstasy

It has been a memorable week for all involved in RSM first eleven football. Last Wednesday they took part in the first all IC premiership clash (even referee James Vallance was an IC student) for over six years, as IC firsts entertained the RSM massive on neutral ground.

It was a bitterly cold afternoon at Harlington although both sides were full of passion as they knew the importance of this grudge match. RSM also knew they needed the points before the Christmas break, otherwise real trouble loomed large on the horizon.

Right from the whistle it was the RSM who were making the play although IC were looking particularly dangerous on the counter attack. After half an hour the stalemate was broken from a position well within his own half, centre half Nik Hardingham unleashed a laser like pass that instantaneously bisected the IC back line and presented centre forward Doug Spikes with a golden opportunity as he coolly rounded the keeper and drove the ball home to give RSM a deserved lead.

Yet in the next five minutes RSM's inexperience was exposed to the full, as they not only surrendered their hard earned lead but fell behind with what can only be described as an outrageous faux pas from goalkeeper Mark Dwyer, who gifted IC a second by managing to nutmeg himself.

With IC throwing men forward the RSM defence buckled and RSM went further behind when a deflected shot landed at the IC centre forward's feet, who made no mistake. RSM's misery was completed when a fourth was added from the outside the box in the dying minutes.

So yet another defeat and still no clues as to when and where this wretched run would end.

RSM 2 - 1 UCL I

The answer was to come the following Saturday in a match that has truly put the cat amongst the premiership pigeons, when RSM played host to early premiership leaders UCL in a top versus bottom clash.

With apparently no transport avail-

able, Masefield's band of merry miners went underground in what was yet again a pantomime fiasco thanks to London Transport.

After the match had been reduced to 40 minutes per half due to light, UCL were keen to get under way and lengthen their impressive unbeaten run. For the first ten minutes it was all hands on deck for RSM, as a barrage of attacks put the mines on the ropes and seemed to emphasize the gap in class. However, this 10 minutes was all we would see of the UCL dominance. The RSM penalty area suddenly turned into an impregnable fortress, patrolled by a miserly force, who quickly dealt with anything that was thrown at them. Five minutes later and the offensive cogs started to turn, at first slowly still frightened to play against league leaders, but soon the confidence snowballed and it was RSM who were running the show.

Chances were beginning to manifest as the midfield and wingbacks linked poetically with the forwards. But could RSM make this count? Sure enough they did when a punch drunk UCL defence failed to clear a cross which eventually Nigel Milner stroked sweetly into the corner of the goal.

UCL were now in desperate trouble, although they knew there was still hope. RSM longed for half-time and the chance to go into the break one-nil in front. They completed this objective with the apparent ease of a veteran campaigner.

The second half continued where the first half left off. With the midfield overlapping and swamping the UCL goal, but failing to extend the lead.

This changed with twenty minutes to go as the midfield sculpted a delightful second goal in a move that switched from left to right and left again where Patrick Verlaine struck a memorable shot beyond the flailing keeper.

2-0 to the RSM, but no rest for the defence. With 10 minutes left, RSM keeper Nick Perroer committed Hari-Kari on his debut, giving away an indirect free kick only six yards from goal. The free kick was converted with style and now could RSM hold on?

Yes. At the final whistle there was much celebration - a fully deserved three points.

RSM 2nd XI

LSE V 2 - 1 RSM II

From the off RSM Samba Crew knew it was going to be a tough match. With the ref. as old as God and wanting to start the game before we had 11 players out of the dressing room, we were up against it. A mixup outside our box led to the first goal for LSE withing 5 minutes. Encouragement came with our mid-field dominating the game from that moment on. A second goal came after 25 minutes when their skipper found the corner of the net. It was a cruel blow, shortly followed by another as Moony's knee was bent doubled by an outrageous tackle.

Switching majestic to centre forward proved a major success, running their

defence ragged for the rest of the game. With our defence all over their attack like flies on a turd, and the midfield and attack lpayng with skills rarely seen in European football, LSE were pulmelled into oblivion for the entire second half. Right winger, Briother Barnett, chargin forward before cutting infield to curl a magnificent shot around the keeper. It should have been the start of a rout, and moments later a curling free kick from unbelievably named Barry Mguigan, was tipped over the bar. That was to signal the start of the end for the RSM massive.

After the final whistle, their French skipper told me, "You was robbed, Guv'nor. You 'ad us on the ropes."

6th XI

IC VI 3 - 2 Heythrop I

On a cold, windy and wet winter's day, IC sixths arrived at sorry excuse for a club house to play on a pitch that had a slope more suited to skiers than footballers, but the scene was set for an epic struggle.

Playing the first half against the slope, we had the majority of play, superb strikes coming from Tom "the Doc" Wilson, Big Alex, Animesh "Rivaldo" Raval and Richard "Wild Thing" Williams who hit the post from a corner.

Against the run of play Heythrop score after handling of the ball in our penalty area. However, we weren't disheartened as a number of chances were created at the other end - just not put away.

The second half produced infinitely better play from us after a spirited half time talk by the skipper Rob "the Diver" Davenport. The equaliser came from a slick series of passes right down the length of the pitch, and a delicate through ball

form Rob, resulted in Tom being outrageously fouled in the box. He duly unleashed a thunderbolt that meandered gently into the corner. All square and all to play for.

Once again we were caught with our jocks down as broke to go 2-1 up, not even Chris "the Hacker" Haynes could stop them. Suddenly it seemed as if they might become punters in a brothel (scoring at will), but after some inspired play, Pete (who refereed the first half) scored from a cracking half-volley.

There then followed an inspired move. Defending a corner, Raval collected the ball on the edge of our box and with a junkie-in-a-pharmacy-like glee, went on a blistering run, down the pitch until he carved a glorious ball into the path of Tom, who finished with the coolness of a snowman's cold bits.

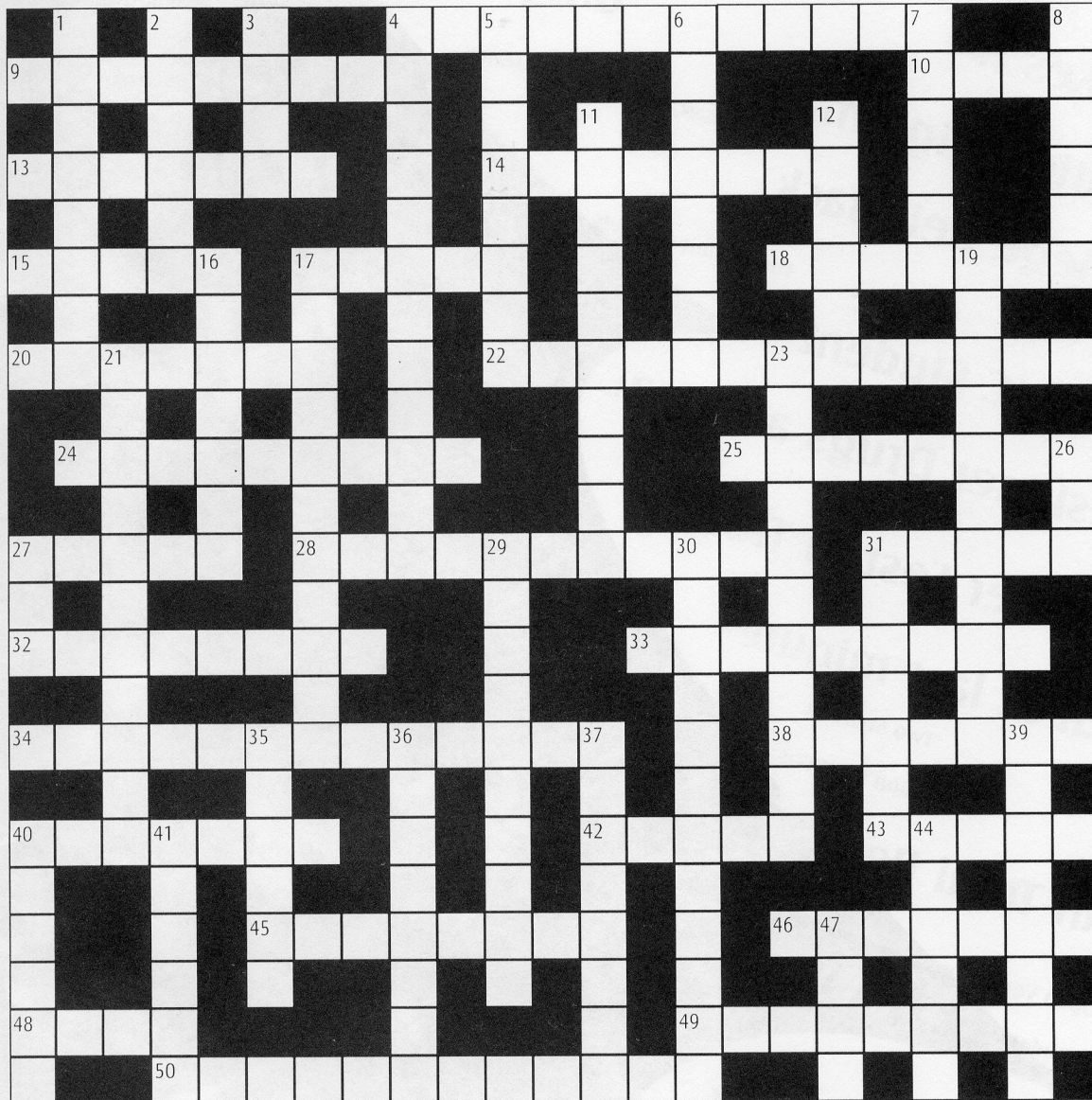
The Sixths are back, making IC proud with a couple of wins in the league and in our friendlies, we're starting to show the form we've promised from the start.

Cricket

Imperial College Union Cricket Club starts their winter nets on January 18th at Lord's. Would all those intending to attend the nets please remember to bring their whites, and any equipment they have, back after the Christmas vacation. Whites are compulsory at Lord's, so those without may want to stick them on their Christmas lists. We are intending to tour Barbados this year, with many places still to play for and with the final squad being selected at the end of the net sessions. I would also particularly like to invite all medics to join ICUCC this season. ICSM does not enter a team into ULU and thus all the medics are eligible to play. Indeed many medics do currently play for IC and are heavily involved with the running of what has been a very successful club in recent years. Anyone interested in playing for ICUCC who did not sign up at Fresher's Fair can e-mail me at jca2@ic.ac.uk. Jon Ainsworth

JUMBO CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

by Gnat Chum



Answers to 1129

Across: 1. Death 4. Carthorse
9. Amazonian 10. Indus 11. Tyrants
12. Ovulate 13. Simpson 14. Redhead
16. Baghdad 19. Dossier 21. Tea Bags
23. Peasant 25. Unhip 26. Unlatches
27. Successor 28. Suede

Down: 1. Dealt 2. Anagram 3.
Hook-nosed 4. Crimson 5. Rancour 6.
Haiku 7. Red Tape 8. Eastender 13.
Saboteurs 15. Descartes 17. Graphic
18. Discuss 19. Doppler 20. Ivanhoe
22. Ample 24. Taste



Across

- 4 In on French cornet, I fluffed coup. (12)
- 9 I am the thing at one on take-off. (9)
- 10 Nautilus commander backs away from foreboding. (4)
- 13 Donkey sits around giving helpful touches. (7)
- 14 Half a short moment - that is commitments. (8)
- 15 Expectant breath sounds like a wormed hook. (5)
- 17 Two faced National Union of Students end Joint Account. (5)
- 18 Nothing in box for children's entertainment. (7)
- 20 Feverish mite on cremation fire. (7)
- 22 Gathers dues from bored Celt clot. (4-9)
- 24 Love in Italian City airport. (9)
- 25 Predisposed to slope. (8)
- 27 Lapwing's exercise and humour. (5)
- 28 Gave up in both senses. (11)
- 31 Graph of top ten. (5)
- 32 Apple pie Neville chewed in Truro. (8)

- 33 Award for king of the jungle is a cut of meat. (9)
- 34 Public tea mill put together has a product. (13)
- 38 Prisoners of me stain. (7)
- 40 Instrument has ring on used to catch whales. (7)
- 42 Direction gunshot moved through arc. (5)
- 43 Vegetable on Jupiter's moon? No. (5)
- 45 It plucks strings from Celt rump. (8)
- 46 Victor heads East after a hundred soldiers to get to opening. (7)
- 48 Airs hung garment. (4)
- 49 I, Socrates, turn a cold shoulder. (9)
- 50 Metal partition has stars on it? (6,6)

Down

- 1 He was sent East not to hit the muddled Raymond. (8)
- 2 Fashions a wheel rim cover, we hear. (6)
- 3 Way alien gives signal to keep original. (4)
- 4 In Princess an addition to the French sea is a period of prolonged warmth. (6,6)
- 5 Deduced solution to dire sums. (8)
- 6 Giving regurgitated pie to Michael is typical. (8)
- 7 In. (3,3)
- 8 Directions to signal for trainee officer. (6)
- 11 Drawn by someone with initiative? (5,5)
- 12 Attack the sound of a yacht's propulsion. (6)
- 16 Detective character gets one tonne of American city. (7)
- 17 Small dog at the wicket. (4,7)
- 19 At large do aunt roughly before a fight. (3,3,5)
- 21 Edward loses five hundred to scruffy right rebel for bird. (4,7)
- 23 Somewhere to hang washing on to picture representation in outline. (4-7)
- 26 Department of Transport makes a point. (3)
- 27 Geordie lass is domestic animal. (3)
- 29 Divorcee says 'hello, goodbye' to previous administration in showy way. (10)

- 30 Reassessment of eel out a-ravin'. (12)
- 31 Capital cop. (7)
- 35 Quick hint. (8)
- 36 One hundred and fifty in dear French grabber? (8)
- 37 Group's perhaps been elms? (8)
- 39 He banishes evil from last girlfriend or growth. (8)
- 40 Sounds sore from its mouth? (6)
- 41 Voting system beaten in the war has practical side? (6)
- 44 Beginner has no evil habit. (6)
- 47 Two regiments are unusual. (4)