

24
March
1999

Issue
1141

The Students' Newspaper at Imperial College

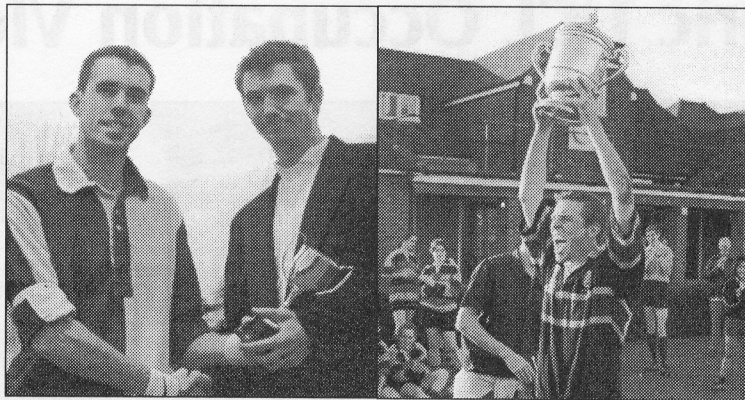
Imperial Do the Double In Hockey, Football and Rugby

By David Roberts

A fantastic year of sport has climaxed with IC's sportsmen and women securing UL League and Cup doubles in Hockey, Football and Rugby, as well as a long list of other trophies that includes the prestigious Gutteridge Cup for Rugby.

In Hockey, the Mens Firsts added Cup triumph to the Premiership title secured last week, running out a 4-2 victory over Royal Holloway. Displaying their clear superiority from the start, victory was never in doubt, and after putting three goals past the Egham keeper in the first fifteen minutes, Holloway were simply playing for dignity.

Their victory was all the sweeter thanks to earlier victories from the Mens Thirds in the Reserves Cup and the ICSM Womens Firsts in the UL Ladies Cup Final. The medics also triumphed in the Hospitals Cup, where the Mens team added to a miserable week for GKT, the opposition in many of IC's most memorable



Photos: Dave

Victorious captains collect their trophies - the UL Hockey Cup (left) and the Gutteridge Cup (right).

finals this year.

Moving from astroturf to grass saw IC's Football Firsts wrapping up the Premiership title with a 1-0 victory over UCL,

to leave them four points clear of LSE in second place. Coming on top of last week's UL Cup win, this completes a very impressive double for ICFC. Else-

where, an extra-time victory for ICSM in the UH Football final meant that the medics have made a clean sweep of all three major Medical School trophies.

Meanwhile, cup finals day in Rugby saw victory for both the Mens and Womens squads. Having beaten ICSM last week, the mens team went on to complete an historic Gutteridge Cup triumph with a 15-10 win over GKT (this year's first division champions), thanks to tries from Andy Mayes and Dan Higazi and the ever-reliable boot of Chris Dickinson. More impressively still, the women's team stormed to a landslide victory (also over GKT) and went on to collect medals for both the UL Cup and the UL League - which they won with an undefeated record and a massive +197 points difference. Clearly the merger between the IC and ICSM teams which took place at the beginning of the year is reaping big rewards.

Butt To Lead ULU Into Next Century

By David Roberts

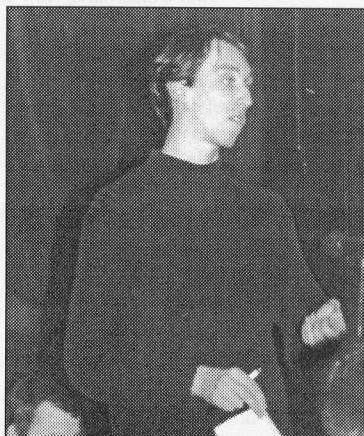


Photo: Dave

Matt Butt delivers his winning manifesto

A tightly-fought contest has seen Matt Butt elected as next year's University of London Union President. The ULU Council Chair beat off tough competition from Goldsmiths' leader Sophie Bolt by a margin of 37-27, promising to be "responsive, committed and innovative" in fulfilling his primary pledge to "take ULU out to the Colleges". Alongside every other candidate, he also promised to fight against differential fees, with or without the support of the NUS.

The big story of the elections, however, was the victory of New Election in the race for the role of Vice President Welfare & Education. Although both of the candidates were well known ULU faces, both Allan Siao Ming Witherick and Seth Atkin received a trouncing from RON, which polled 40 out of 66 of the votes cast. Although voting for RON is very rare at ULU, the result was not greeted as surprising - Mr Witherick was

defeated in the same election last year, and Mr Atkin is renowned as one of the most outspoken and radical members

of ULU Council. A fresh election for the post will take place at the beginning of next term, by which time a compromise candidate will hopefully have emerged.

Elections for the two other Vice Presidents saw far happier results for those involved, with both Dennis Fernando and Charlotte Aldridge completing simple victories over New Election. Mr Fernando, the Goldsmiths Finance & Societies Officer, will take over the same portfolio at ULU, whilst Ms Aldridge, a relative outsider in student politics, secured the role of VP Sports.

The final sabbatical position, that of London Student Editor, was a straight fight between a continuation of the present tabloid style, and a move towards a broadsheet feel. Voting produced an overwhelming majority in favour of the red-top tabloid advocated by current LS Arts Editor Chris Campbell.

Inside...

Letters - Reply to D Ray	6
Editorial - ICU v Students	7
Columns - Voice of Reason	8
Games - SimCity 3000	13
Jumbo Crossword	16
Columns - Ali Campbell	18
Features - Easter Egg Guide	19
Film - American History X	22
Clubscene - John Avery	24
Music - The new Blur album	26
Arts - Jackson Pollock	32
Sport - Imperial wins again	37



C&G Elections

By David Roberts

In one of the most surprising results of this year's election season, Dinesh Ganesarajah has snatched victory in the race for the City & Guilds Presidency.

Mr Ganesarajah, the current Guildsheet Editor and one-time candidate for both the RCS and ICSM Presidential roles, beat off a very strong challenge from Sanela Hodzic, who lost by a mere six votes on the second reallocation. Having discounted the votes cast for Matt Collins and New Election, the final tally read 147 to 141 in Mr Ganesarajah's favour. The fourth candidate, ICU Deputy President Marie Nicholaou, withdrew before the close of polling.

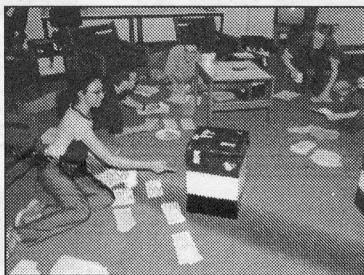


Photo: Will The count in progress

Elsewhere, Tom Watson scored an easy victory over Chris Buckley to be

returned as Vice-President with 189 out of 350 votes cast, and Phil Buckman takes over the financial reins as Treasurer after a simple victory over New Election. A similar result saw Rob Haslehurst securing a second term as C&G Academic Affairs Officer. The remaining positions were filled by Khilian Shah (Secretary), Sunil Rao (Guildsheet Editor), Dimitrios Petoussis (Publicity Officer) and Phil "Spanner" Mitchell (CGCA Rep).

The total turnout (in excess of 350) has been warmly greeted as evidence of an outstanding year of growth and development in C&G.

FELIX

KEEP THE CAT FREE EST. 1949

Issue 1141

24 March 1999

Editor: Ed Sexton
 Assistant Editor & Films: David Roberts
 News Editor: Andrew Ofori
 Music Editors: Dennis Patrickson & Jason Ramanathan
 Arts & Books Editor: Helena Cochemé
 Games Editor: Gary Smith
 Clubscene: Giles Morrison,
 Gurminder Marwaha & Joel Lewis
 Sports Editor: Gus Paul
 Photographic Editor: William Lorenz

Historic UCL Occupation Victory

By Ben Fisher

On Friday 19 March the management of UCL were forced on to the defensive over their proposed expulsion of 30 students who can not pay their fees. A passionate group of students occupied the Financial Centre of UCL and refused to budge until management agreed to meet them. A week earlier (12 March) approximately 150 students had occupied the financial corridors bringing official business to a grinding halt. The occupiers linked arms and sat on the floor in peaceful demonstration. This lasted 30 hours, during which time a high court injunction was passed. The occupation ended when the bailiffs made an entrance with the use of crowbars and sledgehammers, dragging students out one by one. Despite the threat of being thrown out of college, students maintained their promise not to "resist or assist" and were carried out by the bailiffs.

The latest occupation was on a much smaller scale, but passions are still running high. Matt Whitecross, (3rd year English) who took part in the occupations said; "The way we were treated by UCL management and their hired apes was absolutely criminal." These two pieces of direct action have forced the management of UCL into a historic concession; the Provost, Vice Provost, Registrar and Deputy Dean have agreed to meet with the students and discuss the matter face to face in a meeting run by the occupation committee. The key objective is a promise that if a student is unable to pay their debt then their education should not be affected in any way.



First Goldsmiths, now UCL - is this the rebirth of student activism?

On Monday, the UCL student body are due to talk to their management directly. UCL management believes the rumours are a "willful misinterpretation of university policy totally untrue and without provocation". Their actual policy is that undergraduates who are in debt shall have "...their examination results withheld and not be allowed to enter the next year of study".

Alex Shand (second year Medic) stated "we want to show UCL management that we are not afraid to stand up for our fellow students' ability to learn not ability to pay".

London and in particular UCL are

now leading the battle against student fees. Both Goldsmiths and SOAS were successful in similar campaigns. Signifying that the battle is now going nationwide; Nottingham and Manchester universities have contacted the organisers as they were "inspired" by UCL's action.

As the first wave of occupations in twenty years hits UCL, the UCL union sabbaticals are all in Dallas. The action is not officiated by UCL Union, resulting in much anger from the activists. The occupation committee consider the result a victory, but are not prepared to relax their fight. It is difficult to conceive of a harmonious conclusion unless one side

backs down completely. In the words of one emotional student, "There is no compromise between them, who want to run this university like a business and us, who say free education is a right"

The pro Rector of Imperial, Tim Clark, commented, "Our policy is to deal with all matters relating to individual students on their merits. However much we may personally regret the charging of fees, we are faced with the reality that this is now the law of the land. We have been enormously impressed by the responsible attitude of IC students and have done what we can to ease the problem where there is genuine hardship."



In brief...

Wellcome Update

Felix is finally able to bring you the truth on the rumoured sale of the St Mary's campus [Felix 1137]. Although the allegation was initially confirmed by a very senior figure in the Medical School, it would now seem to be completely untrue. As Professor Malcome Green explained in Issue 1138, St Mary's is to bid to receive substantial backing from the Wellcome Trust - the prospect of which has been greeted by all those concerned as very good news for a campus whose future had always been uncertain. Fresh rumours suggest that the Glaxo allegations were circulated as part of an on going power struggle amongst certain higher echelons of ICSM - however, Felix is unable to comment on the validity of such suggestions, and apologises to Professor Green for not contacting him before running the story.

The Tiger Bites Back

One of South Ken's better known landmarks, the sign outside the Paper Tiger restaurant, was removed by students a few weeks ago, and brought back to Prince's Gardens. The restaurant's owners failed to see the funny side of this, however, and took legal action.

Although the matter was settled out of court, the students involved have been ordered to pay costs of around £1600. It is believed that College will not be taking any further disciplinary action.

Capitalism Contested

On Thursday 11 March Imperial's Environmental Society held an event in dBs, in aid of the Inter Continental Caravan (ICC), an organisation of activists from diverse groups around the world who are organising an international day of action aimed at the heart of global economy; the financial centres, banking districts and multinational corporate power bases. The day in question is June 18, and UK activities are being organised by Reclaim the Streets, so it should be entertaining.

Drop-out Depression

New HEFCE figures have revealed that around a quarter of full-time degree students in English institutions drop out before completion. The figures exceed previous calculations having taken into account students who transfer courses. There is great variation between the var-

ious institutions as the figures are highly dependent on factors such as the A-Level grades of the intake and which courses they run; medicine, for instance, has a particularly high rate of completion.

The figures are somewhat surprising although do not place England in the top ten table, which is headed by Italy with a drop-out rate of over sixty percent.

Cruelty-Free Lurve

Vegans can now satisfy their partners as well as their conscience, thanks to the development of a 'cruelty-free condom'. The Vegan Society's Information Officer, Catherine Grainger, explained in a press release that "the processing of latex in many condoms involves casein, a milk protein". Vegans avoid all substances derived from animals, so such a method is unacceptable. The new condoms are made by Condomi and come in eight varieties. They are available from selected shops and by mail order (0171 277 6630).

Easter Carnival

The theme for this year's Easter Carnival, for reasons that are far too obvious, is the Millennium. The evening will involve a time trip through the last 30 or 40 years of music, starting in dBs with Shaft. In addition to the 70s disco and 80s pop, there'll also be live music from the Sugarplums. The chill out room and cocktail bar will have a more 80s feel than usual, and the bouncy laserquest will be back in the gym. The concert hall will become 2001: A dance odyssey, with the Utopia team spinning classic dance tunes. The theme for the decor is the space age. Tickets are £6 or £5 with an Entscard and are selling fast, so get along to the Union Office today!

Registry Surgery Hours

Following a review of the services which the Registry offers to students and staff in the School of Medicine arrangements are now in place for Registry personnel to be available at specified times at the Charing Cross, Royal Brompton and St Mary's campuses. Staff will be present on a weekly basis to assist postgraduate students with Registry matters at the following times:

Charing Cross	Thursdays	9.30-10.30am
NHLI	Tuesdays	2-3pm
St Mary's	Wednesdays	9.30-10.30am

Flying Eggs

By Andrew Ofori

A 300 strong crowd witnessed the exploits of the aviation enthusiasts who took part in the C&G egg race last Wednesday. Under the adjudication of Andy Chipling, a lecturer in Civil Engineering and Guinness Book of Records official for paper aeroplanes, the 26 teams loaded their contraptions with an egg and launched them from the Queen's Tower. The ultimate objective was to fly the furthest, while keeping the cargo intact on landing. First prize fittingly went to a first year Aeronautics team, the High Flyers (Imran Yousaf, Kevin D'cruz, Mamud Dyed, Samir Wayadia and Andrak Singh) for a distance of 28 metres. A team from Mech Eng picked up the prize for the best engineered craft and a computing team was awarded the wooden spoon.

Spirits lifted when one band of innovators, in search of new challenges for their aircraft, ascended to the top tier of the Queen's Tower to carry out one last launch. They were soon regretting their actions as the wooden structure

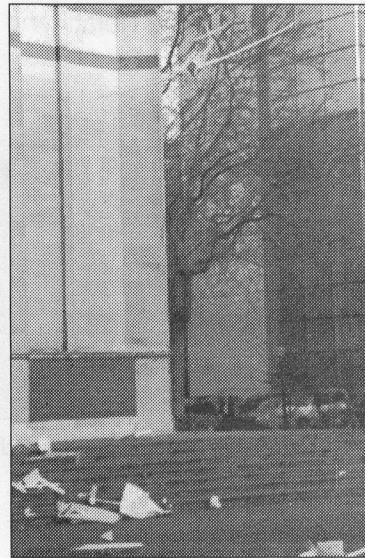


Photo: Jonas
Plane sailing straight for the Rector's top floor windows. According to eye witness accounts it "missed the glass by millimetres" as it curved in the wind, eventually landing outside the biochemistry building, bringing the evening to a tranquil close.

IC Radio goes FM

By Ed Sexton

IC Radio is hopefully going to be broadcasting in FM for the first month of next term. Not only will the move improve the quality of the transmission, but the reception range should also be dramatically increased.

The radio station applied for a restricted service license (RSL) earlier on this term, and is awaiting a reply from the Radio Authority. The license requests that IC Radio be given an FM frequency from 26 April to 24 May, broadcasting from the Akins Building of Kings College in Notting Hill. If the RSL is granted, listeners should be able to pick up the station at least three miles away, encompassing most of Imperial's hall of residences.

The new license will cost IC Radio several thousand pounds, and is apparently being sponsored by a mysterious benefactor, the identity of whom has yet to be identified. As Felix went to press no decision had been made by the Radio Authority on whether or not to grant the license, only that "the application is being processed". Station Manager Jon Corcoran, however, was enthusiastic about IC Radio's chances, saying "I



IC Radio - soon to be in need of a new logo?

have every confidence that the Radio Authority will grant our application", although he did admit "RSL frequencies in London have been at a premium recently".

Anyone interested in producing shows or helping out during the first month of next term, including current radio members, should contact the head of programming or introduce themselves to IC Radio, next to Southside Shop.



Ballroom Bliss

By Dimalee Herath and Sebastien Marcelin-Rice



Photo: ICU Dance Club The dance club at the National Student Championships

Imperial are once again the UK National Student Champions on the dance floor - yes, that means that IC dancers move those hips and dig those rhythms better than any other university in the country. That is, in DanceSport - Latin American and Ballroom Dancing - a new Olympic sport, which held its Student National Championships, equivalent to the BUSA championships, on 7 March this year. IC became champion out of the 22 other universities, reaffirming its tradition of producing the highest quality dancers, which has resulted in over 15 wins at the Nationals over the last 30 years.

Contrary to public perception, DanceSport is highly demanding and requires a lot of physical fitness as well as agility and control. Despite the similarity, it differs from its social dancing counterpart, rather like running a marathon is pretty far removed from going for a Sunday afternoon stroll.

Other universities have taken it so seriously that they have started to award full colours for their winning dancers, e.g. Oxford University, which has awarded Full Blue Status to several of its dancers.

The ICU team is composed of sixteen couples - sixteen men and sixteen women. Eight couples dance the modern dances - Waltz and Quickstep, whilst the other eight dance the Latin American dances - Jive and Cha-Cha-Cha. In addition there is also a team for beginners who just started out this academic year.

There are two official team training sessions per week, on Wednesday evenings and Saturday mornings. Each couple has a minimum of one weekly private lesson with either of our world-class coaches. In addition we practice during the evening in the JCR, totting up in the range of 10-15 hours per week of dancing.

The Great Waffle Sale

By Emma Watson

In the early hours of Friday 12 March, as the sun was rising, so was the tempting smell of waffles. All set and ready to go with the waffle maker and approximately 12 litres (20 kilos) of waffle mix, the day got off to a brilliant start as students and other 'locals' decided to breakfast in style. And what better way to do so than with hot waffles dripping with calorific toppings under London's amazingly blue skies. Indeed, the sun was out and everything seemed set for a prosperous day ahead. Or so I thought. Lunchtime brought a rush of starving students and round-eyed children. Sounds great for sales but unfortunately it decided to rain. Tension was growing. Stomachs were rumbling. But true to all happy

ending stories, the rain disappeared as suddenly as it had started, and the day turned out to be the sunniest and warmest London had seen in 1999. And best of all, the waffle-maker lasted the day without exploding with over-work!

The profits from the day were amazing - together with the profits of a three-day sponsored silence I did the week before, a total of £510 was raised. But I must not take all the credit on this one as £60 was raised on Red Nose Day by Richard, who had his beard dyed red, Lucy, who did the dyeing, Niroj who turned up dressed in red from head to toe and Ajay, who collected the money.

To end this sticky saga, I would like to thank all of you who pigged out for Comic Relief and of course to those of you who donated money.

Flood Fest

By Sunil Rao

Students and staff in the Huxley Building and the Blackett Laboratory were shocked to find, just after 3pm on Wednesday 10 March, water flooding from a burst water pipe. Estates were, however, onto the problem within minutes of being alerted at 3:06pm by a security guard from the 11th floor of the Blackett Laboratory, and the flood was stopped within twenty minutes. However, water had poured into a stairwell and lift shaft, putting the lifts out of action for over twenty-four hours.

According to Dave Morey, Senior Supervisor (Mechanical) in Estates, the flooding was caused by a freak pressure joint burst. Describing the plumbing as being "very old", he said the problem was fixed in a "very short while". Cleaning up the mess afterwards took significantly longer, nearly three or four hours, as "all the rooms were wet". Mr Morey

was very appreciative of those based in the affected areas, saying they were "very good" in helping them in the clearing-up process.

The direct effects of the flooding were felt at least three floors down, with members of staff in the Department of Computing on level 3 of the Huxley Building being advised not to leave their computers turned on overnight. Everyone affected was generally appreciative of the staff from Estates who moved in quickly to sort the problem out, praising their timeliness and efficiency.

Pembridge Gardens suffered a similar fate as Huxley on Sunday 14 March. Hall wardens were first alerted to a problem by a fire alarm at midday. After an evacuation, the cause was later traced to one of the common areas.

Apart from significant flooding burst pipes had caused part of the roof to cave in. Reparative action was commenced last week.

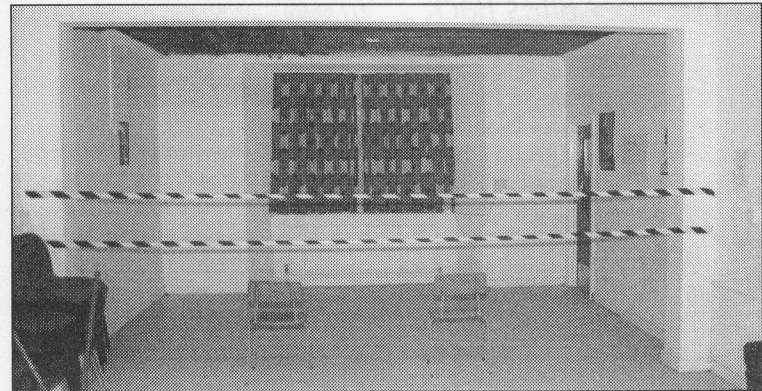


Photo: Jonas

MISSING: One Ceiling, slightly soggy

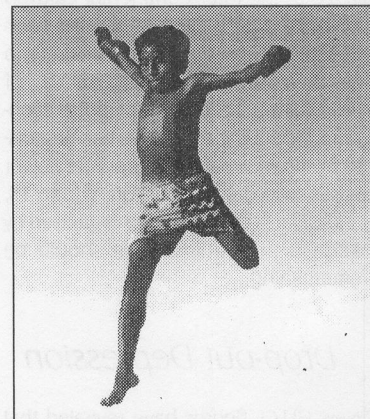
London Marathon

By the Newsteam

IC PhD Student Utomi Odozi is running the Flora London Marathon on 18 April 1999 to raise essential funds for Oxfam's work with poor people, many of whom have had their homes destroyed by war.

On the day Utomi will join a team of 75 Oxfam runners all dedicated to doing their personal best for some of the world's poorest people. Raising money for Oxfam's work will help the poor - especially those recovering from devastating conflicts - to rebuild their shattered lives.

Utomi's gruelling training schedule is going well and he is confident he will finish the 26 mile course. Looking forward to the big day, he commented "I'd like to raise £1000, so whatever people can give will be much appreciated" and



hopes IC students and staff will show their support by sponsoring him.

To sponsor Utomi, please e-mail him on u.odози@ic.ac.uk. To find out more about Oxfam's "Cut Conflict Campaign", call the Marathon Team on 0171 931 9330

IMPERIAL COLLEGE SPORTS CENTRE

EASTER HOLIDAY TIMETABLE

MONDAY 29 MARCH - FRIDAY 23 APRIL 1999



*EXTENDED HOURS FOR THE LATE SWIMMERS
MONDAY - FRIDAYS UNTIL 9.00pm*

<u>SWIMMING POOL</u>		<u>GYM</u>	
MONDAY	7.00am - 9.00pm	MONDAY	7.00am - 10.00pm
TUESDAY	7.00am - 9.00pm	TUESDAY	7.00am - 10.00pm
WEDNESDAY	7.00am - 9.00pm	WEDNESDAY	7.00am - 10.00pm
THURSDAY	7.00am - 9.00pm	THURSDAY	7.00am - 10.00pm
FRIDAY	7.00am - 9.00pm	FRIDAY	7.00am - 10.00pm
SATURDAY	8.00am - 6.00pm	SATURDAY	8.00am - 6.00pm
SUNDAY	8.00pm - 6.00pm	SUNDAY	8.00am - 6.00pm
<u>SQUASH</u>		<u>SAUNA & STEAM</u>	
MONDAY - FRIDAY 7.00am - 10.00pm		MONDAY - FRIDAY 7.00am - 10.00pm	
SATURDAY - SUNDAY 8.00 - 6.00pm		SATURDAY - SUNDAY 8.00 - 6.00pm	
		N.B. TUESDAY - WOMEN ONLY THURSDAY - MEN ONLY	

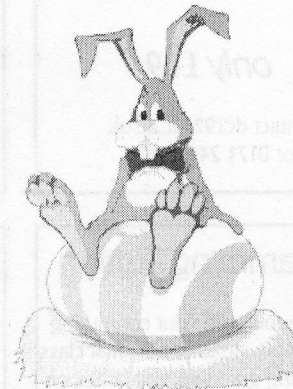
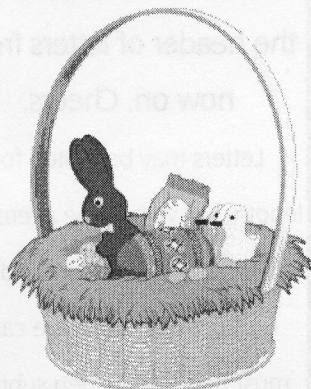
EASTER WEEKEND

THURSDAY 1 APRIL 10.00am - 6.00pm
FRIDAY 2 APRIL 10.00am - 6.00pm
SATURDAY 3 APRIL 10.00am - 6.00pm

SUNDAY 4 APRIL CLOSED
MONDAY 5 APRIL CLOSED

TUESDAY 6 APRIL 10.00am - 6.00pm

WEDNESDAY 7 APRIL OPEN AS NORMAL





We've Lost Some Letters...

Dear Readers

Several (hand written) letters, due for publication in this issue, were mislaid in the course of preparing Felix this week. Please would anyone who submitted a letter which does not appear below accept my apologies - if you want it published in the first issue of next term, I would be happy to accept it any time before noon on Wednesday 21 April.

There was one letter from 'marc' which raised a few points, outlined (hopefully correctly) below:

Dear Ed,

I submitted an article for publication in last week's issue concerning an Environmental Society event in aid of the Inter Continental Caravan (ICC), a group which is organising a day of action against the financial and business centres of the world. I was annoyed to see that you didn't publish it, but yet there was a review of the Bust-A-Gut comedy night in the news section.

marc

I had no problems with printing the article, we simply ran out of space. As for why the comedy review was printed instead, 250 people attend the comedy nights, which is probably more than attend EnvSoc meetings (although I admit I don't have any figures). ICU is one of the best student unions in the Comedy Network, and I feel this should be brought to readers' attention. However, I hope the mention given to the EnvSoc/ICC meeting in this issue makes up for our former omission. - Ed

I Want This Man!

Hey Daershan, I saw your photo on the web and I think you're the sexiest thing I've ever laid my eyes on. Oh how I wish I was that person on the wall. With so many assets and considering the fact you're in desperate need of a partner - allow me to be the one you carry into the sunset on your rippling shoulders!

U'r secret (and just like u desperate) admirer

Call me 0171 770 5519

There was a photo attached to this letter, which I'm not printing without the person concerned's permission. - Ed

Arts Review Complaint

Iain

Having read your review of Shadow Dancer and being acquainted with the book itself I would like to bring to your attention two main points: People in West Belfast are called Paddy, Gerry etc. What else do you expect them to be called? The plot may be slightly thin and contrived but surely the fact that this has happened in real life on a number of occasions (most notably the middle of the 70s) is a testament to British Justice rather than an author lacking in ideas!

Padraig McCloskey
Chem Eng II

PS I am in no way saying that Tom Bradby is a great author

Stand Up for Yourself!

Dear Editor,

In reply to the letter sent for this issue [Felix 1140] by D. Ray, I would like to express my feelings on this subject. If a candidate standing for hustings does not have the temerity to stand up to a few simple questions, then should they be standing at all? Like some story from the days of ancient Rome this candidate appears to have Mr. Ray as a shadowy figure slyly representing them from behind the scenes (with the candidate's express knowledge and presumably full blessing). Perhaps the candidates could speak for themselves in the future as would be required if they were to take up a post within the student union. Or perhaps the Mandy of IC, Mr. Ray (also a friend of mine), could stand for the post himself?

Anon.

Glaxo-Wellcome Query

Dear Editor,

I read with some interest your riveting report some weeks ago that ICSM was selling a number of floors of the St Marys site to Glaxo Wellcome. It was indeed a fascinating story. I also read with the same interest Professor Green's rebuttal the following week, and your equally

stout rejoinder that Felix's sources were reliable, and that the following week we should all be learn the real state of affairs.

I am sure that I am not your only reader to be so disappointed that, since then, nothing has appeared in Felix about this remarkable scoop. Does this mean that our Medical School has not made £20 million out of Glaxo Wellcome? It's all extremely disappointing. I do hope you can enlighten me.

Yours sincerely

Nick Wright
Deputy Principal
ICSM

Sorry nothing appeared last week. I refer you to the news section of this week's issue. - Ed

I Luv My Jugs

Have any of you seen my jug? It was last seen on Friday 5th March at precisely 11:06 pm in the Union with the gentleman above [photo included, which I'm not printing without more information - Ed]. If you have any info on the bloke in the snapshot or any information on the whereabouts of the jug, please contact me on 0345 48 49 50. Please help me find it and lets bring rogues like him, to book. By the way I do love my jugs.

hasy

The Jug in question looks like one of the plastic ones used on Cocktail nights in DaVinci's. Can anyone tell me what this is all about? - Ed

Voodoo 2 Graphics cards for sale

Enhance your computer's games and graphics capacity. Made by Dragon, brand new and boxed, 12MB RAM, Integral heatsinks, installation CD.

only £99

Contact dc197@ic.ac.uk
or 0171 244 8060

Lucent-Colin Cherry Memorial Lecture

Steven Pinker will be speaking about his book, 'Words and Rules: the ingredients of language'

Great Hall today at 5.30pm

For more information see
www.ee.ic.ac.uk/cherry

A Month's Rent - Free!

Win a month's free rent (frist prize) or smaller cash prizes just by filling in the UL accommodation survey.

Pick up the questionnaire from the Union office or contact the iCU accommodation officer, Tasha Newton welfare@ic.ac.uk.

You can even answer the survey online:
www.lon.ac.uk/accom

Programming Tuition

Having trouble with your computing course? For private tuition by first class IC computing graduate, call James on 0181 378 5442 or email JRR1@doc.ic.ac.uk

Bicycle Hospital

Low cost bicycle repairs, spares and sales on campus.

Call James on 0181 378 5442 or email JRR1@doc.ic.ac.uk

Arcade Machine For Sale

JAMMA compatible.

Many game boards available.

email Mike mdd2@doc.ic.ac.uk

Deadline for letters for issue 1142 is 12noon Wednesday 21 April.

Please include the words 'Letter for Publication' in the header of letters from now on. Cheers.

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.



Put Students Before Politics

Various recent events, too petty and tedious to go into here, have forced me to have more involvement with ICU than I would like, or indeed think is healthy for the editor of an independent newspaper. One thing that has struck me is how little 'Union hacks' know about the common perception of ICU within the student populace.

Let me explain. ICU is, of course, an organisation whose *raison d'être* is to provide services and opportunities for the students of Imperial College. In other words, it is there to make your life easier, and your time at university generally more enjoyable. For most students this manifests itself through cheap beer, food, stationary, newspapers and so on. For many others the clubs and societies provide opportunities that would otherwise be very difficult to take advantage of. In the Spring Term, however, friction is at its greatest. Why? Because it is the budget season, and there are always winners and losers.

Two particular aspects of this annual debate strike me as extraordinary. Firstly, there seems to be an assumption in the Union that the students who run the clubs understand Union finances and have faith that the system will give them a fair deal. Rubbish. Club treasurers and others involved are told by their predecessors that their job is to get as much money out of the Union as possible, because

the Union will try to do exactly the same to them. The basic philosophy is 'screw them, or else they'll screw you'. We all know this, yet when it comes to the nuts and bolts of committee meetings few hacks seem to admit it, and certainly not publicly.

The second point follows from the first. An 'us against them' attitude between students and ICU is similar to the attitude between students and college. Consequently it is hardly surprising that many students have difficulty distinguishing between Union and college run facilities. For example, a fourth year Departmental Representative recently informed me that he or she couldn't see any difference between Union money and college money.

The problem isn't helped by the social grouping of Union hacks. I know this is a generalisation, and I apologise in advance to anyone misrepresented, but in my opinion Union politicians tend to hang around their own kind. Even if it isn't true, I think this view is fairly common among IC students, and in this game it's opinions that count.

So what's the conclusion? Well, just for once, I haven't really got one. Just to be controversial, I would say that perhaps ICU should spend more time communicating its principles, rather than losing sight of them in a maze of rules and regulations that no one outside a select group of hacks understands, or indeed cares about. It's the students that matter, and it's their opinions that count.

Turn on, Tune In and Help Out

If you have read this week's news, you will have noticed that IC Radio is to have an FM license for the first month of next term. Congratulations to all those involved in organising it, including the mysterious sponsor, and I hope that it proves successful. It will only be successful, however, if you listen to it. So retune your radio after Easter and give it a try - you may find it different from the 999AM station you couldn't quite pick up in your hall room during your first year. Finally, if anyone used to be involved in the radio but has since given it up, please consider going back - they could do with your help. This is our chance to show that student radio at Imperial can work - let's use it.

When people acknowledge their similarities, it is generally easier to overcome their differences. The other method is to put them in a room and lock the door, and wait until they get tired of arguing and release that compromise is the only key to a solution.

So what do we do? We draw up plans neither party is happy with, and then give them deadlines by which they have to agree, or else... People don't like being bullied, and in my experience it only increases their resolve. If you resort to threats, you are basically saying 'we do not have a solution'. Worse still, when those threats are empty ones no one will take you seriously, and the influence of 'real' diplomats is severely weakened.

Right, That's It. Go Home.

Another term has flown by, and I still haven't learned C++. What happened to the Carl Cox interview we were meant to be printing? Why doesn't Howard Marks respond to emails? And where is Felix going to be next year? I can only hope these matters are resolved in my nine remaining issues.

Meanwhile I'm off home for my regular detox, feeding and extended sleeping session. The office will close for Easter sometime this Friday, and will reopen on Monday 19 April. The security lodge will look after letters and other deliveries over the holidays. Have a good Easter, don't revise too hard, and please write for Felix next term. See you all then. - Ed

To Bomb or Not to Bomb?

Once again the international community's bluff has been called, and once again they are standing around without a clue as to what to do, like the emotionally unstable half of the Laurel and Hardy duo. No one really wants to bomb Serbia, or anywhere else for the matter - it costs money, lots of money, and as soon as one Western life is lost public opinion turns against you.

Diplomacy is not an area I know much about, but it seems to me there are two basic ways to get people to compromise. One method is to get them to talk about anything and everything except that which they disagree on.

ICU Handbook 99/00

Contributions are needed for the ICU Student Handbook for the next academic year. The provisional deadlines are as follows;

Friday 14 May Clubs' and Societies' articles, including photographs, and CCU articles. This includes all ICU, CCU and Departmental societies. Contact Ed Sexton or David Roberts for more information, or ask in the Clubs and Societies' Resources Centre.

Friday 18 June Advertisement bookings

Friday 2 July Advertisement copies and all other ICU and college articles (welfare, services, etc.)

would like to wish all of its readers a very

Happy Easter

Contributions for next term

As the exam season approaches, many of Felix's regular contributors find themselves unable to spend much time on the newspaper. If you do have any free time next term, please consider writing for Felix. The deadline for articles for the first issue of next term is Tuesday 20 April.



Now I may not know everything about sport, Brian, but I can spot a blinding performance when I see one. The list of titles and trophies appears to be endless, and our fencers, rugby players, footballers, hockey players and others deserve huge congratulation for their efforts. In addition, they deserve a couple of weeks recuperation, which is exactly what they'll get, after the colossal volumes of booze shifted in Southside last Wednesday. Good work fellas. However, our performance in sports facilities procurement has not been as successful. My old sparring partner, Ian Caldwell, has long used the line about student behaviour adversely affecting relations with the planning authorities, and most of the time I have thought this to be a weak excuse designed to cover up the effect of the desecration brought about in the sixties and subsequent failures by Estates and College. Now I find considerable sympathy for his point of view (never thought I'd say that, did you?). If some prat dropped a jar of Sun Pat from a great height onto my Ferrari, I would move Heaven and Earth to scupper Imperial's plans, as well as sue the pants off them. Now, of course, I don't own an antique Ferrari- it's a Bentley- but such behaviour goes a bit beyond acceptable, nay mandatory, student behaviour, such as the removal of street furniture and the deposition of 'processed' Carlsberg on the walls of the V & A. The College should extrapolate the level of punishment given for some fairly trivial offences in halls, which would mean expulsion. Strictly speaking it would mean ritual execution, but in these wishy-washy liberal times, you take what you can get.

The ministrations of the European Commission, save for the odd cucumber decree, do not tend to set the world alight. Of course, that all changed last week. A mass resignation, the nuclear option, was mooted some time ago, but was dismissed as highly unlikely. Thankfully, so damning was the report into the behaviour of Edith Cresson, Jacques Santer and others that this course of action was unavoidable. This being the EU, none of those named as woefully inadequate and incompetent accepted the report's findings with good grace. Cresson even suggested that the report had been altered afterwards in order to rubbish her, though for that to be true, it would have required a near-total rewrite. Her behaviour has always been eccentric at the very least; she once famously suggested that 25% of British men were gay as a means of proclaiming the superiority of French men.

Provided that the French government cease to support this dreadful creature, we should have seen the back of her. Others, such as our own commissioners, Neil Kinnock and Sir Leon Brittan, were cleared of corruption and nepotism, but what of competence? These twenty have presided over administrations so bloated and inefficient as to make Sheffield appear lean. Their task is to implement the Council of Ministers' decisions, but this is invariably done badly and at great cost by huge bureaucracies that have accumulated

over the years (hang on, this is Sheffield). And as we now know, it is done corruptly. Unsurprisingly, anyone could have predicted this years ago. Commissioners are not appointed on the basis of ability, dear me no. Equal opportunities legislation is not applicable here, because nationality decides, in the first instance, who gets which post, a state of affairs that would leave any other employer branded a racist. One we've decided that, for example, the Irish can have Social Affairs, it's then simply a case of sticking a government placeman into the position. No recruitment, selection, democratic endorsement. Consequently, people of dubious ability, and in the case of Pdraig Flynn dubious standards, are moved to Brussels so that they are safely out of harm's way. Eurosceptic rubbish I hear you cry. Oh yeah? Four words: Neil Kinnock, Leon Brittan. Je pose ma valise. Commissioners should be selected in the same manner as any senior employee, ensuring that the best people do the job. Selection on nationality creates a vicious circle: countries will choose people who can counterbalance the influence of those from elsewhere whom they do not trust, rather than those interested in serving the interests of the EU member states as a whole. This will probably mean that some countries will cease to be represented, but with enlargement on the cards, this is bound to happen anyway. Come to think of it, they may

all end up being British (only joking, no need to write in).

Claypolds aside, it's a bit quiet along the corridors of power at the moment. Only two things seem to be going on, if you omit the Case of The Missing BMS Sign (off to have the diamond encrusting and gilding, I imagine). Firstly, if you don't religiously follow IC Distorter (also known as the Environmental Society newsletter, on the basis of recent editions), the College is looking for a new Rector. Depending on whom you

believe, Sir Ron is retiring in August 1999 or 2000. We've all come to expect

a bit of latitude on Suite Five forecasts, but this looks a bit fishy. Night of the long knives? Surely not. Anyway, you can submit candidate suggestions to the College Secretary, but since he's a busy man, please keep them vaguely sensible- no Billy Connolly, then. And for the final time, I am not available for a 1999 start as my PhD will not have finished. Flattery will get you nowhere.

The other hot potato is Wye College. I have a proud record of warmly embracing institutions that join the Imperial family, as any medic will confirm. This is a merger rather than a hostile takeover, so both parties are doing their bit. We will stick five or six new levels of management into the Wye machine so that it is administered as successfully as Imperial, and for their part, Wye are going to produce a snappier prayer to the Almighty. Let me explain. It turns out that they have a Latin Grace dating from the 15th century that is used to this day: 'God be praised for all his mercies. God help us preserve this free and learned society and grant us his grace all the days of our life.' Beautiful, but a little wordy. The new version, seen here for the first time is simply 'God Help Us.'

Simon Baker



Voice of Reason

Subwarden Vacancy Bernard Sunley House

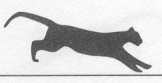
Applications are invited for the position of Subwarden, which will become vacant shortly. Bernard Sunley House is an Imperial College residence in Evelyn Gardens, about 15 minutes walk from College, containing approximately 120 Undergraduate residents.

The Subwarden will assist the Warden in the running of the House, particularly in regard to the social life of the house, pastoral care and discipline. The main demands on the Subwarden are during evenings and weekends. In return the Subwarden will receive a rent free room within the house.

Applicants for the Subwarden position should be either Postgraduate or senior Undergraduate students at the college.

Application forms may be obtained from Richard Dashwood (Room G12, Materials Department, ext 46774) and the Student Accommodation Office (15 Princes Gardens).

The closing date for applications is 14th April 1999



Presidential Talk-Back

I have to start with a big congratulation to all of our sports clubs. I doubt if Imperial or anyone in London has ever done so well in a single season.

Last week I attended a College committee called MADSAC (Medical and Dental Services Advisory Commit-

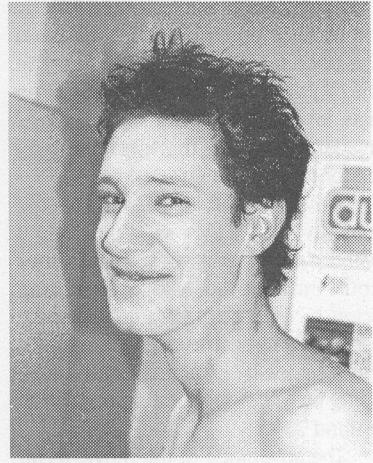
tee) - and a more appropriate name there has never been. Considering the mighty power College supposedly has, I have never seen such a toothless attempt to push for improved student services. The issue was lunch time opening hours and despite the seemingly incomprehensible logic that students are free at lunch time, therefore the health centre, a service to these students, should open at lunchtime, I was left fighting single-handed, trying to take candy from the candyman. I was then told that students do not even want the health centre to be opened at lunchtimes, as only one person has ever requested it. Yet is this surprising, when you consider that you either have to ask for the next available appointment or face two weeks ill in bed, waiting to see the doctor?

Unfortunately the emails sent to me by students and the backing of

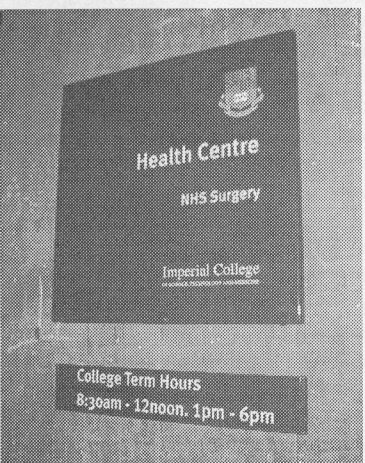
David Hellard, ICU President

the student representative council do not counter their claims. One option is a petition, but I doubt the numbers of signatures we receive will prove convincing, so in a truly Goldsmiths way our only option left is to take affirmative action; details will be revealed at a later date, but if you do want to see something done for once, then please, please join us.

I'm sorry to be a bore, but I am not going to let this lie until something is done. The case for Clayponds has been proven and accepted, yet again nothing is being done. So the next time you see your tutor, your lecturers, your wardens, the people who serve you in Basics or in the registry department or even the security lodge, ask them to ask the Rector about Clayponds and why their common room is not being built. Basically ask anyone you see who works in the College and maybe



just one of them will be able to give a decent answer as to why the College can not pull out a measly £70 000 out of their large pockets to pay for an essential student facility. Even if they can not answer you, it might just annoy them into submission.



The Doctor's Conners

ICU ents presents...

MILLENNIUM

FRIDAY 26TH MARCH 9-2

Utopia **Laserquest**

20's disco & 80's rnr
live music from
THE SUGARPLUMS and guest **Chilli Blank Djs**

Retro dance classics
Chill out Room
Cocktail Bar
BBQ

Tickets £6/£5 - available now
YOUR UNION INTO THE NEXT MILLENNIUM

ICU



Fifty Years On

Felix Goes Free

Felix charged for copies until 1971, by which time printing costs had raised the price to 2½ pence per issue. The decision to make it a free publication was taken at the start of the 71/72 academic year, by the then outgoing editor John Rogers.

In his editorial he explains that the majority of students were pinching it without paying anyway, so at least they could now do so with a clear conscience. The loss of income was to be recovered by restricting each issue to eight pages (Felix already had advertising by this stage, and a print run of around 2000).

The advantage of the move, as far as Mr Rogers was concerned, was that it would allow the editorial staff to be more restrictive and critical of Felix's content, thereby increasing the stan-

dard of writing. The editorial ends by wishing the incoming editor, Dave Sugden, "the best of British luck because by God they need it." Some things never change.

An Infamous Film Review

While leafing through the archives, I came across an amusing piece of journalism. Amusing not for its dry wit, satirical commentary or use of humour, but for its perceived inaccuracy given the benefit of hindsight.

The article in question is Felix's review of the first Star Wars film, Episode IV, released in 1977. The review appeared

in 9 December edition, shortly before the film was first shown in the UK. In the space of 500 words, a Mr Richard Szczepanski denounced everything from the script to the costumes, ending with the sentence "I am sure it helps if you cease to think, but then you may as well go to sleep".

The review started by describing Star Wars as "a collection of every possible cliché of the heroes and villains situation raggedly selotaped together". George Lucas was criticised for a script that "shows an astounding lack of imagination", while "The Wookiee" is "merely an ill-tempered version of Lassie". Mr Szczepanski then goes on to slate the

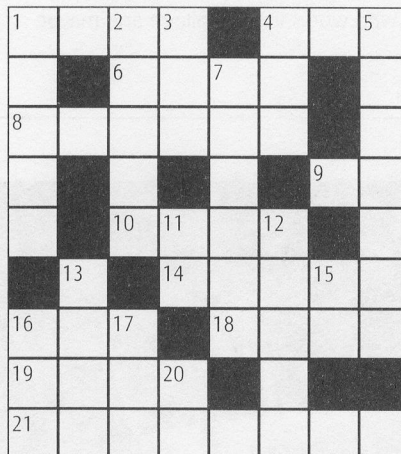
cast one by one. Carrie Fisher is "the less than attractive and boorish Princess" while Luke Skywalker is "incredible in his naivety and ineptness", which the reviewer states appears to suit the young Mark Hamill. Meanwhile Alec Guinness is blamed for introducing the "pseudo-religious Force", apparently "one of the worst aspects of the film." The only area that doesn't receive criticism is the special effects, which are described as "decent".

Maybe Mr Szczepanski was having a bad week; maybe he had just split up with his girlfriend, and couldn't handle a film in which "the young hero still rescues the Princess in Peril from the clutches of the Black Knight", or maybe he was a pacifist and disagreed with "the spirit of 'God on our side' religiously-righteous militarism". Whatever the reason, it is ironic that a film reviewed in this publication as "a lamentable product of the film industry" is now a classic of our generation. Maybe Mr Szczepanski should have consulted the children of the time, to ensure the endurance of his comments. With the first prequel being released in Britain in July of this year, and two other prequels on the way, it is unlikely that the memory of Star Wars will fade for the next generation or so. Ironically, the headline on Mr Szczepanski's review was "Something To Forget".

Left is a reproduction of the first ever Felix crossword, printed in Issue 3 on 3 February 1950. Answers are available on request

Across

- 1 Christian name for Church detective
- 4 H.G. Wells couldn't stick it initially.
- 6 Mineral found in any Chemical
- 8 Here Dinner in Hall is often the prelude to a prelude
- 9 Christian times
- 10 Set in Bohemia?
- 14 Possible future part of a barque in a nutshell
- 16 This for one is a cliché to make some people see red
- 18 You must search for the ball
- 19 You may find this out after the sale
- 21 Seen periodically at the head of the table



Down

- 1 This is a trick clue
- 2 No moonshine here
- 3 A white one may prevent a 'black'
- 4 This backward Matelot would be first overside ship in trouble
- 5 If his work falls off a dust-net may catch it
- 7 This takes the right place when only one foot left
- 11 The artist in 4 dn
- 12 This in spirits is almost an elixir
- 13 You may get stuck here
- 15 Not wavy but permanent
- 16 Not from 8 unless burned
- 17 The letters of the Law
- 20 Initial requirement for a navigator

would like to wish

Marie Nicholaou

(Deputy President Clubs and Societies)

felicitations on the occasion of her
twentieth birthday, Thursday March 25 1999

In return for this greeting, we feel that it is only fair that Marie contributes a discretionary sum (say £1) to RAG for every drink bought for her during the day.



ic radio



This week we're got a hotter than hot interview with Chilliblack. They're House and Garage producers with an amazing double life: they're both Sheffield Security Officers.

People have a tendency to stereotype people by their appearance, the car they drive, or anything else they might have an opinion on. However occasionally you get to meet people that challenge these assumptions you've made, and encourage you to think differently. This is this situation I was faced with when I met Ajay, a security guard in Sheffield.

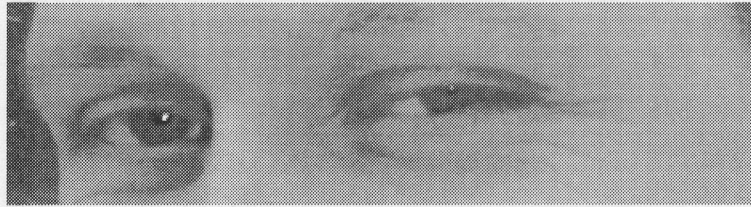
It turned out that as well as keeping Imperial the fortress that it is, he leads an amazing double life as one half of Chilliblack, purveyors of the finest House and Garage. "I tend to take off my red underpants before I come in to college!" he jokes, as we sit in the Union with his partner in crime Dan, who also works in security. It's the venue that they're going to be playing at when the Carnival comes into town on Friday. They played at the last Carnival, and impressed so much that they've come back again as the only external DJ's.

"The people I was dealing with were cowboys, they were only in it for the cred, because it's dangerous."

"We were on at eleven last year and we thought it was a bit early, but we got there and the room was empty. We started playing a few tracks and the room filled out." They see this type of events as being important to the development of their music: "It's good for us as we can play our stuff out and see what kind of reaction we get. It's not about how you can try a guitar, or how you can sing. It's about playing the music, playing it loud and seeing what reaction you get from it."

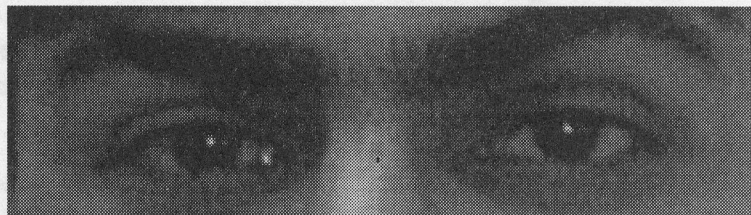
Ajay got into the scene through Dan, who was already messing about on his decks at home. He did some stuff on pirate radio stations, but wasn't impressed: "the people I was dealing with were cowboys, they were only in it for the cred, because it's dangerous." He therefore changed direction and looked more towards production. "Most kids were looking at Playboy" Ajay says, "but

we were looking through Future Music." This was until one day that they decided to get some equipment together and



take it a bit more seriously. They sorted themselves out with a bank loan, and haven't looked back since.

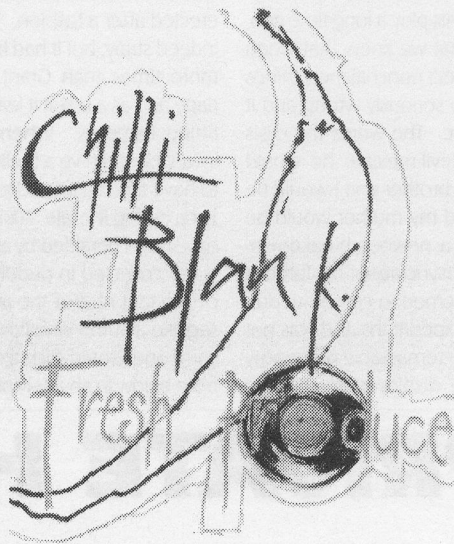
They produce their own style of House and Garage, putting their influences together to produce their own unique style: "We're getting our own style together, it's evident in the music. If we played you one of our early tracks and one we've done now, you could see how its evolved, how much better its got. It's having a good knowledge of music, but also about good technical ability." They admit to being quite early in their development as an outfit: "we're just learning our trade. We're just putting it out as little pieces that we've done so people can recognise our production talent." And they certainly do have talent. Despite not having put out any white labels yet, they



were asked to do the music for a radio advert for Sprite. But wouldn't they consider this to be selling out? "That kind of

thing is totally faceless" Dan observes "if you make money commercially then do it- then you can fund other personal

interests." They currently produce their music by reconstructing a track around a sampled vocal. Sampling is being used by more and more acts across genres nowadays, but still some criticise it as being unfaithful to the original artists. Surprisingly, Dan is more than sympathetic to their point of view "using other



peoples vocals, alright it's like stealing, but at the same time we're not making any money from it. We're just learning our trade." It's a situation that they have been forced into, as producing a good quality original vocal requires a fully professional studio and a lot of time. As they are both working full-time to

support Chilliblack, they simply don't have the time or money to do it. However, they see a way out of this vicious cycle. "There's always ways to get money if you want it. The proper next step for

us would be to put out a white label of just two or three of our tracks; put it out, and see what happens. The first thing

we put out, we want to be bad. We want it to drop when people come in. I'm happy to carry on working and doing this for a couple of years until we're ready."

Imperial College doesn't exactly have a reputation for being an artistic melting pot, so how do they motivate themselves when working in college? "You can use Imperial to your advantage to make contacts because there are other people who are in to the same kind of music and the same kind of thing. I can always talk us into something, or get us a piano player like yourself. The inspiration side of it is pretty bad though. You look at Sheffield and it doesn't give you much inspiration." They are more upbeat about the music scene at Imperial though "DJ's here are of a quite good standard, they can all mix well."

Chilliblack are very level headed about their musical aspirations for the

"Using other peoples vocals, alright it's like stealing, but at the same time we're not making any money from it."

future. They have their feet firmly rooted on the floor, and aren't getting carried away with any success "We're not out to make loads of money or we're not out to get fame or anything. We're doing it because we enjoy it, and hopefully that's how it will stay." It's a refreshing attitude that will hopefully stay with them throughout their career, and help them to keep it real no matter what success they may have "When we make a track its like 'yes!' We've got aspirations for having a bit of recognition for what we do, but at the same time its not going to be heart breaking if we don't make it."

Chilliblack play at the Carnival on Friday at 11pm in the Concert Hall. Catch them on IC Radio on Thursday night between (10 and 11pm) for an exclusive session.



Right Angles To Reality

Holidays

Matt Salter

I knew all the words to every song on *Revolver* by the time I was eight. When you consider that Mozart had already written an opera and half a dozen harpsichord concertos by the same age, my being able to sing along to the Beatles' ground-breaking seventh album begins to look like very small indeed. A four-year-old in Hyderabad calculates pi to thirty thousand decimal places, and all I can say in reply is "I was alone, I took a ride, I didn't know what I would find thereerrrrreeee". Pathetic isn't it? But that's me all over - delusions of adequacy. The inequalities in life are patently unfair. Why should one child turn out a mathematical genius whilst all the other can do is sing the descendant part to *Got To Get You Into My Life*? Eschewing the convention that one never does reply to rhetorical questions, I will venture an explanation. It's just a wild guess, but I would say that the hypothetical Indian boy-wonder described above spent his summer vacations playing with an abacus instead of going on caravanning holidays with my family.

Let me take you back to the balmy summer of '77 - Ginny had won at Wimbledon, the Queen of England was celebrating 25 years at the top and the King of rock and roll was mere weeks away from the most celebrated bout of terminal constipation in history. Meanwhile, in deepest Bedfordshire my father was fitting a Blaupunkt car cassette player in our Cortina in preparation for our overland trip to the Dordogne. It was the first time that we had had a tape player in the car and my brother and I were more excited about it than the glorious French countryside that awaited us. Unfortunately we only possessed three cassettes; *Revolver* by The Beatles, *Abba: The Album* and *Englebert Humperdink: 20 Golden Greats*, to take on the 1,200 mile round trip. With such a narrowness of choice, rivalling anything that Soviet-era Russian supermarkets didn't have to offer, I must have heard all three albums upwards of four dozen times during the journey and it is no coincidence that at the age of eight my knowledge of Lennon-McCartney lyrics from the mid-60s was unmatched by any of my classmates at the Alger Hiss Primary School. The same trip left me with the ability to give peerless renditions of *Name of the Game* and *Release Me*, which was a bit spooky in one so young.

Going on holiday as a child was by turns a frustrating and delightful business - the journey itself was a seemingly never-ending sojourn in purgatory. Not quite a 'Homeward Bound'-esque "endless stream of cigarettes and magazines" (more a case of Sherbert Dib-Dabs and *The Dandy* at that age), but it was a bit of

a trial for the nerves. However, when the monotonous motorway drive from hell was over and the caravan was jacked up onto its little blocks of wood, and the enticing smell of roasting meat was emanating from the expertly tended barbecue set up outside the proudly pitched stripy awning, you could sink back into your reclining sunbed, sip on your pre-dinner Vimto and feel that life was good and by and large it had all been worth it.

Well, that's the John-Boy Walton Special Edition version anyway. The truth is somewhat less inspiring. We would arrive at the site on average three hours late due to my father losing his way because my mother, who was navigating, had tried to direct him down a crease in the map which she had mistaken for the B4530 or some such. To his credit, my father never shouted at her in front of my younger brother and I, rather he put on his I-haven't-the-slightest-idea-where-I-am-but-if-I-show-any-weakness-my-status-as-an-authority-figure-will-be-irreparably-damaged face and began to whistle with forced gaiety. Unfortunately the rest of us had rumbled this ploy a long time ago, with the result that we knew that when Dad started to affect nonchalance, things had started to go seriously wrong and it was time to panic. The worse the crisis got, the more devil-me-care he would become until my brother and I would be close to tears and my mother would be on the verge of a nervous breakdown. This particular idiosyncrasy of my father's character only seemed to come out during our holiday expeditions and was not at all eased by the remarkable propensity that our caravan displayed for finding

every single sharp object or clump of broken glass on the road, with the result that we would routinely get through four or five tyres on an average trip.

Somehow or other we would make it back onto the right road and my father's fixed icy grin would relax into a harassed frown, which was much more what one would have expected of a man struggling to keep a Cortina Mk IV and a caravan on the road in a crosswind, whilst his kids fought over who saw the yellow Masarati first and alternately thumped each other and cried out for his wife to arbitrate. Eventually we would arrive with my brother and I covered in bruises and my parents arguing over who was going to get custody of "the sodding kids" after the divorce proceedings on which they would embark the minute that this "damn holiday" was over. The campsites at which we stayed normally resembled recently reclaimed malarial swamps, on which someone had erected some shower/toilet blocks which looked more like a couple of pill-boxes left over from WWII. The caravan would be parked and the awning erected after a fashion. The awning was indeed stripy, but it had been patched up more times than Grant and Tiff's marriage and as a result it leaked like a badly-fitting Pampers. When it rained, as it invariably did (I've a feeling that were we to have taken a trip to Death Valley in Arizona during the late '70s our arrival would have been heralded by a cloudburst), the water collected in puddles in the insufficiently taut roof of the awning making it sag like a Sumo wrestler's tits. Inevitably someone would flick the bulging fabric from below in an attempt to get rid of the

rainwater and end up putting their fist through the canvas, necessitating another repair.

My father's barbecue technique was another point of contention. According to The Observer's Book of Campfire Cuisine, "sufficient time must be allowed for any flames to die down before grilling the meat over glowing coals". My father had not read this chapter and would put the meat on the griddle before the charcoal was fully burned down, such that the fat from the meat would drip onto the fire, with the result that our campsite neighbours would be treated to the spectacle of him desperately trying to bring a Piper Alpha scale inferno under control, and we would be left to eat something that resembled a cremated mole. Either this or he would be unable to get the barbecue to light in the force nine gale which would inevitably appear, much like the proverbial No. 22 bus when you've just lit a cigarette, so that he would be forced to pile on the firefighters in a vain attempt to get the thing burning, with the result that everything ended up tasting faintly of paraffin.

Ah, happy days. We shall not see their like again. At least I hope not. That's the reason that I'm regurgitating all this now - so that I don't forget it. For, as a well-known dictator put it, "He who does not remember history is condemned to repeat it". Megalomaniac or no megalomaniac, he got that bit right at least. However, in the light of my lengthy and fraught holiday travels, I can't see me forcing my kids to sit for hours in a stuffy Ford with only *Revolver* for entertainment. But then again - Tomorrow Never Knows.

PRIVATE HOUSING

The Rush Is On to find new properties for September 1999!

We have a small selection of flats from landlords wanting to show now for September. There will be even more after the Easter break following an advertising campaign to attract more Landlords in South West and West London.

We now have an onsite Private Housing Officer who will be happy to deal with all aspects of tenancy agreements and answer any tenancy or landlord questions that you might have.

We publish updated listings of accommodation every Tuesday, so please come in at any time between 9am and 5pm, Monday - Friday.

You can also e-mail us at private.housing@ic.ac.uk or phone us on either 0171-594-9428 or 0171-594-9427.

Not Happy with just reviewing games Gary S. has invaded the realm of Gadgets

- Welcome to the world of big toys for big boys and girls.

X8R-S (Manic Moped)

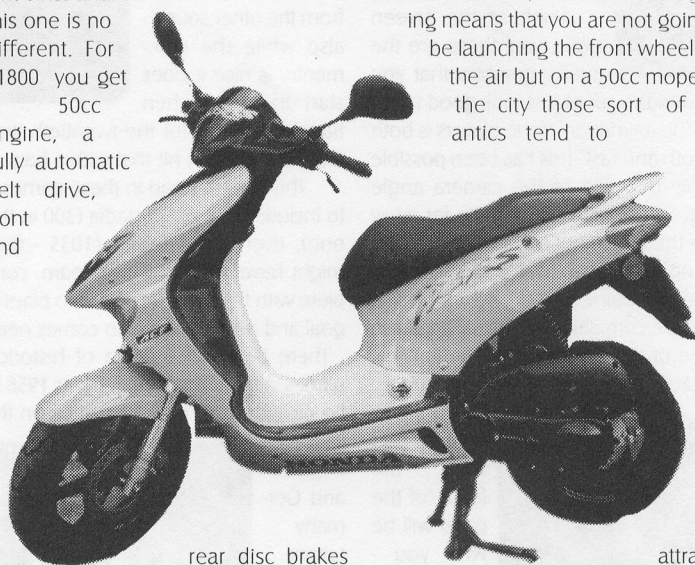
Honda

★★★★★

Next time you manage to escape from the campus and get to wander around the real London streets keep an eye out for the traffic. Normally this means big red buses, multicoloured taxi's and the occasional beaten up stealth Cavalier. However in the last few years a rapidly increasing number of scooters and moped riders have been finding that two wheels are rather good at dealing with jams, that they can park for free and that a smart scooter looks pretty cool in the summer.

Mopeds and Scoots are the ultimate gadget round town. They're obvious, they have some usefulness, but above they look good. The X8R-S (Honda has decided not to give this bike a name just a sequence of letters that give an impression of an experimental weapon found in a Japanese anime) is Honda's top of the range 50cc moped. Designed and styled in Italy it has the touch of the Italians about it. The front and rear have a particularly sculptured appearance and while not having the trick front wheel forks that the Peugeot scoots have nor the rounded design sophistication of the new Italian bikes, the sharp lines which mark the front and back make this moped look much more shark-like.

Anyway Honda, with a few exceptions, is not known for their radical styling - if you think Volvo you will get the picture. Honda are known for producing very reliable and mechanically excellent bikes and this one is no different. For £1800 you get a 50cc engine, a fully automatic belt drive, front and rear disc brakes and best of all, an electric starter.



What does all this mean. Well the 50cc motor means that you have a top speed of 30 mph, but the ability to accel-

erate to 25 mph as quick as most tin boxes in the town.

The fully automatic belt drive means that the bike is incredibly simple to ride. Just twist the right grip and the bike moves forward (ok the automatic gearing means that you are not going to be launching the front wheel into the air but on a 50cc moped in the city those sort of antics tend to

attract attention of the met police, and don't look as good as you think). The belt drive also means that you dont have any messy, oily chain to adjust and check every week.

In fact maintaining this bike from week to week involves checking the tyre pressures, making sure the two stroke oil tank has some oil left, and checking the brake fluid levels. Tasks that take about all of 30 seconds. Anything more serious and the garage will do that.

The disc brakes, you have a 50cc moped and fit it with the stopping capability not found on some 125cc motor-bikes, you definitely stop quickly - usually a bit too quick for your own good.

Finally the electric starter. This is the gadget on a gadget. A kickstart on a bike like this usually involves about 5 seconds of effort, of which three of them is finding the little stubby kick rod. (the hand crank on my morris minor is another planet of pain). The electric start is definately for your lazy side.

The problem with mopeds is in general the limiter. While the 50cc motor and the gears could possibly do 40 mph without messing the acceleration up too much the law prevents you from doing so. But as long as you never attempt to take on the 40 or 50 mph limit roads you will never get bored. Get ahead get a moped.

Ixus L-1 (APS Camera)

Canon

★★★★★

Another gadget, another five hours spent not reading the instructions. Though when the instruction book is getting on for half the volume of the actual gadget things are getting a bit serious. Luckily, to use this little delight you don't need to read the whole volume of instructions in order to take reasonable photo's - to get some of the special functions it is worth it but you can usually discover those by accident anyway.

APS cameras might be heavily criticised by the serious photographer. The negatives are smaller than the 35mm format, and they cost a fortune to develop. At the union shop 35mm film is cheaper by over two pounds and that isn't including the extra charges that add up if you use the extra photo formats. APS definately have a lot of critics, but it has quite a lot of friends too.

Some of the friends are big fans of the simplicity of the cameras. None of this messing about everytime you load a new film - just put the film in and close the door (the camera does the rest).

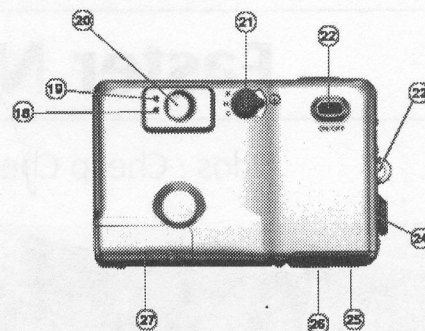
APS cameras also can switch between three types of picture format - normal, enhanced and panoramic. Ok it is a little bit of a cheat as the developer just selects a portion of the film and blows it up to fit the paper, but the panoramic shot can make even the most boring landscape look fairly impressive - well ok then slightly less boring.

But the best thing about APS cameras is that because of the size of the film the compact camera becomes the spy camera that we all wanted to own as a kid. The Canon Ixus L-1 is just such that camera. Its smaller than the smallest of the Olympus 35mm Muji range and can even surprise the most camera aware - useful for catching people doing things they are not supposed to do. After disabling the flash you can shoot and run like the best. The L-1 is the middle brother of the family. It doesn't have the cheap plastic feel of the base Ixus, but it doesn't have the zoom function of the big brother (which, now that I've got used to the L-1, feels so heavy and bulky).

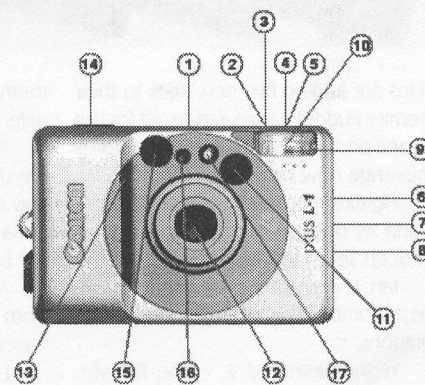
The L-1 does share some of the optics of the bigger zoom brother. Optics that include a rather nice fast 2.8 lens - nice, which at the touch of a button retracts into the camera giving it a clean pure profile - sleek and smooth. Another button press and it pops back out ready to take pictures in less than a second.

The flash is also part of the body, rather than the pop up effort in the big brother - which can occasionally jam, requiring a nudge with a non conducting rod - using a metal pin is a simple way to generate a spark generator and a easy way to destroy an expensive camera.

Smaller than a small thing and looking much sexier than a very sexy thing the Ixus L-1 has managed to get recommended by most camera magazines as the best of the one hundred pound cameras. It is a gadget and half.



The little numbered bubbles dont come with the basic camera.





Viva Football (PSX)

Virgin Interactive ★★★★★



Football, football, football. For some crazy reason it seems that all I have been reviewing for the last few weeks are football management or football playing games, or even running football related competitions. After all this football you would think that the next football game to come along would meet a very jaded reviewer and be placed in the bin at the first fault.

This being true I tried really hard to hate Viva Football from the kick off - and totally failed. This is a football game that finally has a serious go at the EA fifia (well it seems like a mafia organ-



isation) and comes off the winner on the Playstation. I'll repeat that, this game is better than Actua Soccer, a more sensible option than Sensible Soccer, kicks the youngster Mr Owen into the stands and it meets and beats FIFA '99 in extra time.

Look at the screen shots, well these are the quality graphics that you get, and they don't just look good when still. The animation of the players is both smooth and fast. This has been possible mainly because of the camera angle used. Some will find it a little far away from the action but most will find it just the right distance to be able to plan those pin point passes and crosses. If there is a complaint it can only be of the speed of the game. For the beginner it whizzes about just a little bit too quickly,

though stick with it and soon the force (of the pass) will be with you - sorry I'll do no more Star Wars references 'till July.

What I can't show you on the

screen is the almost perfect sound. The pitch shook with sound coming from the stands and the occasional referee comment. Even the lack of a commentary on this 98% complete version did not detract from the other sound - also while the commentary is nice it does start to grind when Barry comments for the twentieth time that he could not hit that with a banjo.

The current trend in these games is to include even more stadia (300 in this one), even more teams (1035 - they might have your local pub team, complete with the short fat one who plays in goal and hits anyone who comes near).

There is also the quota of historical games with teams as far back as 1958 to be picked, so its time to dust down the 1990 England and Germany teams and this time make sure it doesn't get anywhere near



penalties. If you really want to avenge injustice you could try the 1986 world cup finals and make sure Maradonna fails to stay on the pitch for long.

This game is good, the control and gameplay give you total control, and even if it is not as easy to pick up as other systems it rewards you with much more fluid football - either that or the long ball game becomes the tactic of choice. The graphics and sound are excellent, the crowd will start jeering if you start playing too many wild balls.

Virgin Interactive are onto a winner. EA are going to have to look deep and hard and finally have a game of catchup on their hands.



Easter News : Bunnies not included

Eidos : Cheap Cheap Games



Eidos are adding five new titles to their Premier Budget games range. All for the PC and priced at £12.99 at all good stores the range now includes:-

Fighting Force where you save the world as one of four heroes, fighting through seven levels.

Ian Livingstone's Deathtrap Dungeon; Tomb raider meets Dungeons and Dragons.

Flight Unlimited 2; come fly with

them over land and hopefully not into dale.

Actua Golf 2, reviewed last year and features eight courses in which you can play in the sand, the water or if you are perverse enough even attempt to get the ball in the hole.

Actua Soccer 2, with live commentary from Barry Davis. It also used Michael Owen as the motion capture monkey.

Look out for reviews next month.

N2000 - not till 2001

Nintendo look like holding back the launch of the N2000, the Nintendo 128 bit processor based games console till 2001.

Apparently the system has been given an amber light and the system has not been finalised. Several factors such as how well N64 titles such as Perfect Dark and Donkey Kong 64 do, as well as how successful the Playstation 2 is will effect not only the systems capability but also its launch date.

The unfinalised details specify a polygon engine capable of handling 20 million raw polygons per second, but the biggest shock is the lack of a cartridge system. Nintendo have realised that it was this that killed mass software development which meant that few people bought it. Hurrah for the learning experience.

Blender Book

And finally something a little bit more serious. For all those who mess about with 3-D rendering - now surely that's a few of us out there, there is a new beginners book by Ton Roosendaal. Blender v1.5 manual.

For all those not in the know Blender is a really useful 3-D tool. I've used it on the Mac and also on a linux box. Its a little bit complex as you would expect from a useful tool but as soon as you get the hang of it you can produce some quite stunning 3-D effects.

As well as being a beginners book it also manages to double as a reference. Quite handy as after you have mastered the basics you go away for a couple of months and come back finding you have forgotten most of what you spent long hours learning.



SimCity 3000

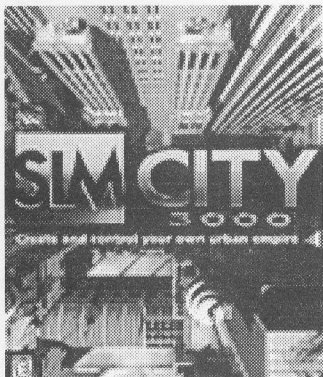
Maxis

★★★★



Little did the poor Sims know what disasters awaited them ...
...Fire and tornados were just the start...heh heh heh

"We want water! We want power!" I can hear people calling. With a quick call to my engineers, they were immediately rushed to find out what can be done to remedy the situation. Crime rate rising in Sector 4? Never mind that, a police station will take care of that. Fire unchecked? What the hell are my firefighters doing? Probably loafing on the job again. Just



own, the way you want it. From the very start, SC3K lets you choose your own terrain from a list of famous cities, including Sydney, Hong Kong, Moscow and of course good old London. In fact, you can actually try to fashion your ideal London based on its geography. I Bet I could do better than the incumbent city planner, eh?

Buildings-wise, your city can be made as artistic as Paris - having museums and arches everywhere, or by packing it full of skyscrapers (which includes the world's tallest building, the Petronas Towers) - claim it as your very own New York.

Aspects of city development you can meddle in include transportation and power. You plan subway lines and bus routes down to point where you decide where to place bus-stops. You can also select the type of power generation method to be adopted by your city. As

wait till they have a taste of my wrath.

Whoever says that life as the mayor of Ronnyville is a box of chocolates? Even if my city is a virtual one, I quickly realized that mayors are among the most stressed people in the world. SimCity3000 (SC3K) lets you have a go at running a city on your

your simulation runs further down the timeline, you get to build more and more advance structures like nuclear, solar, microwave and eventually fusion power plants. Of course, the more high-tech the energy source, the less you have to worry about pollution.

Talking about pollution, one feature that is new to SC3K is the need to deal with rubbish. Sad, but it is a fact of life. Cities, even ideal ones like mine, still churn out garbage that has to be disposed safely. Landfills should be avoided if possible since they devalue your land and keep tax-paying Sims, your citizens, away. If you can afford it, construct Waste-To-Energy Incinerators. These devices effectively convert waste into energy. Cool concept!

Of course, money makes the world goes round and you need to budget your finances well if you do not want to leave the city bankrupt and get kicked out of your office. Fortunately, there is a team of advisors to aid you in city planning and managing taxes. They can prove remarkably valuable when your city grows beyond what you can efficiently control alone.

What I particularly like about SC3K is its disaster option. If you feel really bored waiting for the tax revenues to roll in - doesnt everyone once in a while, try letting the Sims experience the power of nature. Earthquakes, tornados, fire, all show nature is particularly adept at turning even the best city to an expensive art installation. One of the more "supernatural" disasters actually involve UFOs attacks on your



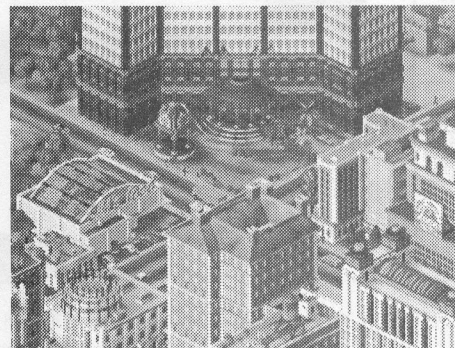
See that cool pool...

city, just like Independence Day. Though if you don't want your city reduced to rubble make sure your firefighting department is on call after the attack is over.

Essentially SC3K is a brilliant and highly complex game, yet designed with simple interfaces to enable easy management of the many facets of city development. Indeed, it lives up to the expectations based on its highly-successful predecessor SC2K.

Now if only they have an Armageddon comet-speeding-to-Earth disaster ...

Ronny



...thats my cool pool that is.

Competition Corner

Championship Manager 3 : The Final Table

Now this one was a real bugger. Perhaps I had overestimated the football geekiness level at Imperial..but like life, everything turned out all right in the end, and someone managed (sorry I punned) to get all seven celeb fans with the correct clubs. These were :-

- 1. Eddie Jordan - Coventry City
- 4. Jasper Carrot t - Birmingham City
- 7. John Motson - Barnet

- 2. Nigel Kennedy - Aston Villa
- 5. Hugh Grant - Fulham

- 3. Zoe Ball - Manchester Utd.
- 6. Jo Whitley - Northampton Town

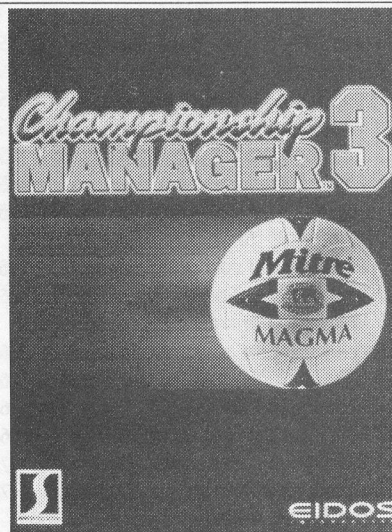
The semi-finals

James Martin 2 - 7 Simon Newton
Peter Daplyn 5 - 7 Andrew Hilsdon

The final

James Martin 7 - 7 Andrew Hilsdon
(Andrew Hilsdon won on penalties)

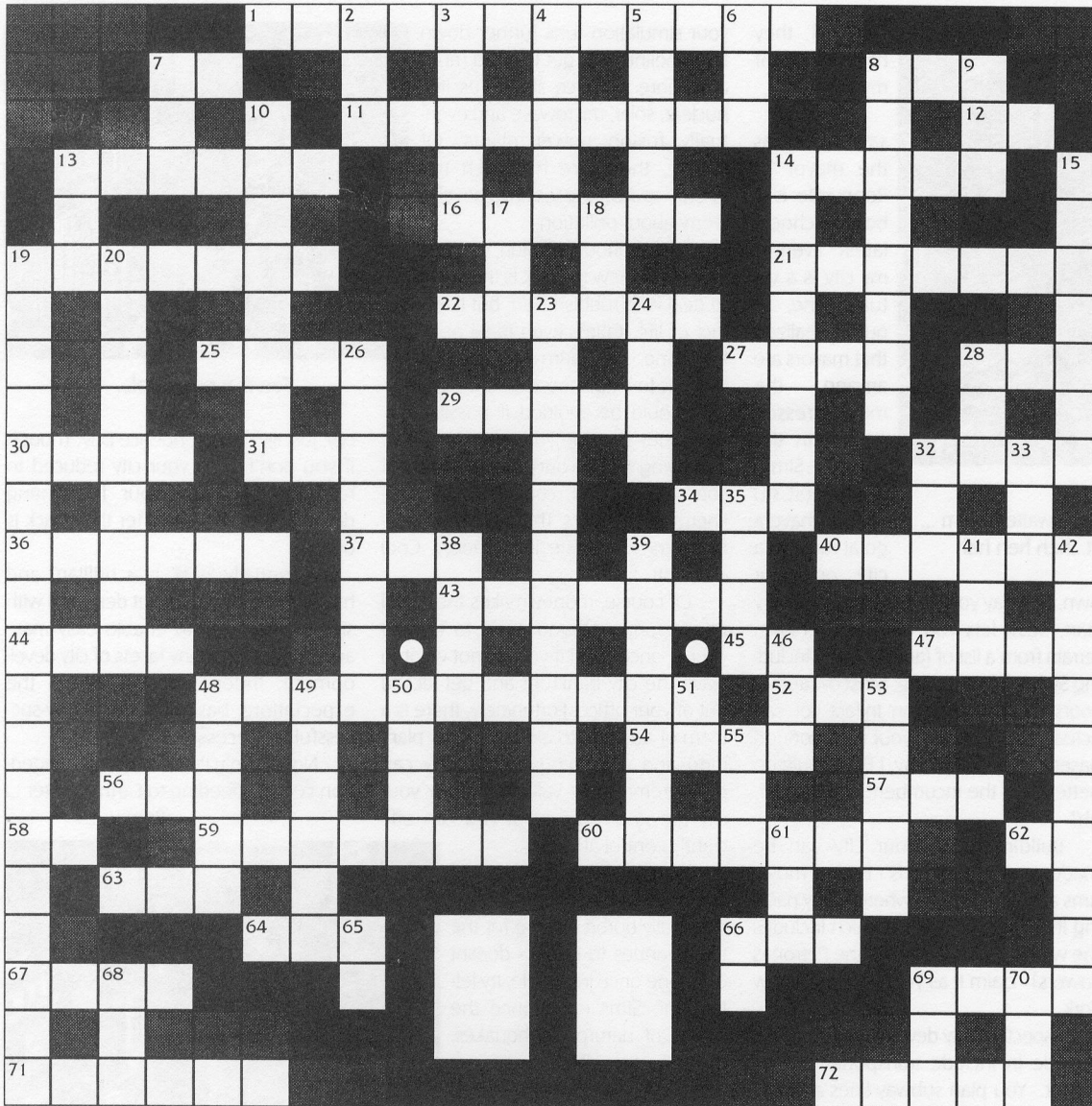
It's never nice to see a person lose on penalties but if James Martin wants to claim a Hydrothunder T-Shirt from the office he can pick it up now. Andrew can come into the office too, but he'll have to wait until Eidos deliver the prize.





JUMBO CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

by Gnat Chum & Ed



Across

- 1 Rising of troubled French street area, we hear? Too right! (12)
7&45 Average notes (2,2)
 8 Play up, up North (3)
 11 Soft drink, hot outside, becomes sweet in Church (9)
 12 Alternative to gold (2)
 13 Man has no organ! (6)
 14 The spy's a nice chap (5)
 16 Beth ends an evening, releasing gas (6)
 19 White album gets points? (7)
 21 Chap and lass almost confused about Easter (7)
 22 Five hundred paces arranged, again, at intervals (6)
 25 Russian's not very good sailor (4)
 27 Hopelessly self-obsessed (4)
 28 Weight to north (3)
 29 cloak right for adventure (5)
 30 One hurried outside in the wet (4)
 31 Father's odd fluid (3)
 32 No airline's mixed up in snakes! (4)
 34 Back of hill could be dry? (3)
 36 it's fair to get written account back from continent (6)

- 37 Cold Imperial says yes (3)
 40 Pleasant experience? Organisation 'as a thousand! (6)
 43 Changed car loses nothing in river (7)
 44 So irrational, mixed up before *facto* (4)
 45 See 7
 47 Over five hundred off a pound change (4)
 48 Almost used up possible uses of fills (6,5)
 52 Regardless of which article gets yes (3)
 54 A vessel reversed above... (4)
 56 ...a rod - keep out! (3)
 57 Six footer in strobe effect (3)
 58 Hesitate hearing of ancient city (2)
 59 Girl and ox muddled in the Spring (7)
 60 Exercise right first to rub vigorously and to disconcert (7)
 62 Back note for short man (2)
 63 Septic ooze takes nothing away from work (3)
 64 Debbie gets backwards cot (3)
 66 Writer in a thousand (3)
 67 Garden in protected enclave (4)
 69 Loud noises held lad in suspense (4)
 71 Drat! Queen ordered merchant! (6)
 72 Fred took you, we hear, to psychiatrist (5)

Down

- 2 So one hundred is back (3)
 3 Heron muddled in river (5)
 4 Record nothing before Church era (5)
 5 Teach locomotive (5)
 6 Odd start to poem ends with a point (3)
 7 Sloppy kiss loses direction on this slope (3)
 8 Commoner receives hot bird (8)
 9 It isn't the case it sounds all tied up (3)
 10 Again loans are issues (8)
 13 Tow large concealed bird (3)
 14 Ordered letters from sacred river before a flutter (8)
 15 Is property south of Cayman? (7)
 17 Drum valve (3)
 18 Breakdown service bend when confused (3)
 19 Changing course highly charged? (11,7)
 20 Police raids ruin game (9)
 23 Art includes eulogy, very quietly eating strange flavour? (5,6)
 24 Make out near? (4)
 26 Models of cars pile up (8)
 28 Out back, as a Geordie might say as well (3)
 32 Sack old woman (3)
 33 A ship's fool (3)
 35 Not even a chance? (4)
 38 Shout the old lines (4)
 39 To value letters, do it before period (7)
 41 Mate mucked up on mountain (3)
 42 Board games dominate? (10)
 46 No time to wash old people (3)
 48 Charges passengers (5)
 49 Pay tribute to French greeting Etienne (6)
 50 I went quickly to this place (4)
 51 Neighbours in street (2)
 53 Lad gets back Miss Derek for thug (5)
 55 Porridge maker didn't bowl rower (3)
 61 Run around pottery (3)
 65 Party act (2)
 66 Not out on the square (2)
 68 Greek goddess not hot then? (3)
 69 We hear princess was made to colour (3)
 70 Oxbridge chap gets back positive response (3)

Mystery prize

As Waterstone's have decided that £10 a week is just too much for their oh-so-delicately-balanced budget, Felix has decided to sponsor its own crossword. The first correct entry pulled out of the not-so-virtual hat will receive a mystery prize (almost certainly a pair of film tickets)

Entries must be received before Wednesday 21 April. If you want to post entries please send them to

Crossword Competition

Felix

Belt Quad

Prince Consort Road

London SW7 2BB





IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION SINGAPORE SOCIETY
'Oi ! Made in Singapore' Variety Show



AN IMPERIAL COLLEGE SINGAPORE SOCIETY PRODUCTION

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Following the overwhelming success of the Imperial College Union Singapore Society production, 'Oi ! Made in Singapore', the organising committee would like to extend our most heartfelt appreciation to the following agencies and individuals for their invaluable assistance. The production would not have been possible without your help.

- Sir Ronald Oxburgh, Rector of Imperial College
- Our kind sponsors
- Stick & Bowl restaurant
- Imperial College Union
- Imperial College Union Malaysian Society
- University of Cambridge Lion Dance Troupe
- Prof. J.B. Pendry FRS, HOD Physics
- Mr. J.V. Gibb, Physics Dept. Superintendent
- Mr. M.D. Hudson, Physics Department.
- Mr. Ray Swain, Physics Department
- Mr. Jim Jones, EEE Department
- Ms. Mandy Hurford, Union Manager
- Ms. Lesley Ann Crawford, Internal Bookings
- Mr. David Parker, Conference Office
- Mr. Ken Weir, Chief Security Officer
- Mrs. Gunilla Mattsson-Willis
- Mrs. Mei Lan Baxter
- Mr. Max Roger
- Mr. Steven Tan
- All at Sherfield Security
- Mr. Michael Saul, Mr. Seebay Gencay & Mr. Trevor Bruniers, Physics Department Security
- The Imperial College Physics Department for lending us their grounds for prop construction & storage
- The performers & MCs
- A special thanks to Mr. Archie Wallace, Physics Department
- And lastly, to all those who have, in one way or another, contributed to the success of 'Oi! Made in Singapore'

Once again, thank you one and all, for going out of your way to make this production a truly memorable one.



Based on Singapore, Done by Singaporeans, showcased in London



Most of the food I've discussed in this column has been pretty simple in nature. Complex fancy food is OK, but I'd much rather eat something based on a simple combination of ingredients that works really well. There are times, however when food that tastes good isn't enough. If presentation is important, you need a recipe that's fail safe. When you're aiming to impress, it's difficult to go wrong with filo pastry.

Filo Pastry is pretty similar to normal pastry, but rolled really thin. It's so thin that it dries out in a couple of minutes at room temperature. After ten minutes in the oven the pastry goes completely brittle, turning a wonderful golden brown. It seems that what comes out of the oven nearly always looks great, however badly the preparation stage has gone.

It's often recommended to make your own filo pastry. I can see little point. The stuff comes both fresh and frozen. Either way, it won't set you back more than a pound for a dozen sheets.

Spinach and feta cheese parcels

(Serves 6)

This recipe is based on a classic Lebanese combination: spinach and feta cheese. The pine kernels can be replaced with cashew nuts, which are significantly cheaper and taste quite similar. There's a lot of spinach but it will wilt very quickly, significantly

reducing in volume. Fresh spinach can be substituted for tinned. In my opinion this is one occasion when you do need to pay for the fresh stuff. If you must use tins, you'll need two.

Cooks Corner

Chris Jackson

1 box of Filo Pastry (about 12 sheets)
300g Feta Cheese
200g Pine Kernels
1 Medium Onion
400g Fresh Spinach
Butter

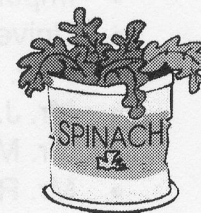
Melt the butter in the largest pan you can find, then add the nuts and chopped onion. Cook slowly until the onion is soft, but not brown. Wash the spinach, then add to the pan. Turn the mixture thoroughly to coat the spinach in the butter, and continue to cook very slowly for a couple of minutes.

Cut the feta into cubes of about a centimetre square. When the spinach mixture has reduced to a quarter of the uncooked volume, add the feta.

Melt about 50g butter in a small pan. Meanwhile, separate the cooked filling into six equal portions on a chopping board. Open the pack of filo pastry so that you can get sheets out quickly, but keep it covered in some way (a damp tea towel is good) to prevent the pastry drying up.

Take two sheets of pastry out at a time. Arrange them on top of each other, offset by 45 degrees, such that they form a star shape. Put a portion of filling in the middle, then fold up the edges. Stick the top together with a little melted butter, then place the finished parcels on a well greased baking tray.

Put the tray in the oven, then cook for about 10 mins at about 200 degrees Celsius, or gas mark five. Serve hot, with a crisp salad.



Yes, it's a cartoon tin of spinach. Well what would you have put in this space?

Thought for the Day

The New Indie

Firstly, I must apologise for the rather disjointed nature of my last literary sacrifice. At first I thought that naughty Mr Sexton had been tampering with my cigarettes again, but I think I just hadn't recovered sufficiently from the high jinks of our party. Actually, I suspect that someone hijacked my Malboro Lights on that occasion as well.

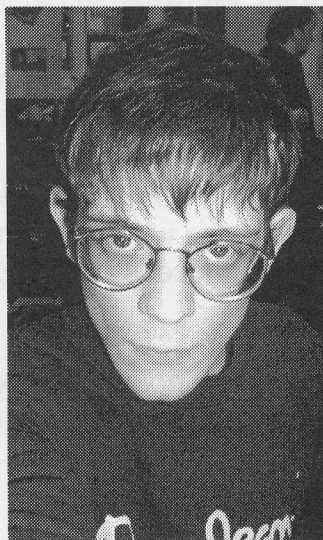
Ah yes, the party. Those of you who were there might remember some of it. Our neighbours most certainly will; the music didn't stop for seven hours. That will teach them to undertake ambitious home improvements at ten o'clock on a Sunday morning. But seven hours of tunes means just one thing... dreaded dance. It means three decks, four DJs... house music all night long. [Say what?]

Dance music. It's all a load of toss, isn't it? Everybody knows that students should listen to indie: unpretentious, working-class lads playing cheap guitars in someone's garage, and pressing to vinyl in someone's attic. The only records worth buying are on tiny, independent labels, so small and numerous that only Steve Lamacq knows them all. Dance, on the other

hand, is all manufactured. It's all about Whigfield and Sash!, and only enjoyed by twelve year old girls (and their mothers). It's a rich kid's pursuit, all about clubbing in vastly over-expensive, eclectic, eccentric clothing, on amphetamines and their many colourful derivatives. It's funny, but when I came to Imperial College, you wouldn't have been able to convince me otherwise, no matter how much Aphex Twin you played me.

Times have changed, my friends. Cast your mind back to the heyday of Britpop; 1994, The Year When The Guitar Was God, when the seeds of death were already being sown. The guitar bands were shooting themselves in the foot by signing to major labels. Classic indie became main-

Ali Campbell



You can have the guitar, but the decks and fags are mine.

stream pop, and Morrissey disappeared into hiding, leaving behind only a bunch of yellow daffodils and a melodramatic note.

At the same time, the phenomenon of the writeable CD reared its very useful head. Now, indie artists could drop their seven-inch singles to the floor and produce cheap demos on CD, accessible to everyone. But the dance artists couldn't do this. Why not? Have you ever tried scratching with CDs? How ironic that the traditional mainstay of underground guitar should be adopted by pretentious dance wankers; lo-fi, lo-tech, one step removed from Edison's wax cylinder: the black plastic coin. Pretentious? Sling it, mate.

So there you have it. The face of

underground music has been given a permanent nose job. Blasphemous this may be, but here it comes: dance is the new indie. The record labels are truly independent, truly small, and truly numerous. Beats communicate subconsciously, subliminally - even tribally. The guitars have retreated under a stone; they will be back in another form, as always, and it will be genuinely brilliant when they are.

As for me... well, I spent five years learning the guitar, and now I can play really well. But I don't. The guitar sits there, neglected, gathering dust from the polluted Battersea atmosphere. The decks, on the other hand, have pride of place on my desk... When I was fourteen, I would have shot myself if I had known what I would be listening to these days. Positiva and Hooj Choons are flavours of the month. My Sex Pistols CDs go unplayed. From my room, and countless other student bedrooms around the country, come the sounds of beats, mixes, cuts, spinbacks, scratching... Oh, and I heard John Peel, the great punk rocker himself, playing some tweekin', thumpin' German acid techno the other day.

'Nuff said.



Just what does the future hold?

Ian Blackler examines attempts at social prediction using mathematical models, and comes to some sobering conclusions...

The Club of Rome

Most of us enjoy television shows such as Star Trek, and many of us share their utopian view of the future of human society. But just how realistic are we being?

The United Nations' Population Division has just produced an alarming set of world population statistics. What is more, according to a group of MIT researchers they show that human society is following a path to its own destruction.

The researchers were first commissioned in the 1960s, and again in the 1990s, by a shadowy organisation known as "The Club of Rome". Made up of statesmen, business leaders and politicians, the society's interests lay in a subject they called "The Global Problematique." What they desired was a scientific, rational prediction of the future of mankind.

The results of the first study were presented in 1972 in the book "The Limits to Growth", which became an instant best seller world-wide. Its conclusions were terrifying. Unless there were major changes, human civilisation would collapse before the year 2100.

The danger, they say, lies in the combination of several important factors. Firstly, the earth has limited resources, and a limited capacity to cope with human demands. Also, once people have become aware that they are approaching one of the earth's limits, they take time to make changes to remedy the situation.

A good example of this is the discovery of the hole in the ozone layer. When the industrial value of CFCs was discovered in the 1930s, usage swiftly became widespread, but no one understood the potential environmental impact. The dangers were eventually noted in 1974, but the 'Montreal Protocol' to limit world-wide CFC production was not ratified until 1984.

The other part of the problem stems from the phenomenon of exponential growth. This happens when something develops in such a way that the more there is, the quicker it grows, like the money in your bank

account. Many aspects of human civilisation appear to be growing exponentially, such as population, consumption of raw materials and energy requirements.

Hopefully, we should have plenty of warning before anything major goes wrong. Technology is advancing rapidly, leading to better pollution monitoring systems, for example.

In response to these arguments, the researchers presented an old French riddle for schoolchildren regarding exponential growth:

"Suppose you own a pond, on which a water lily is growing. The lily plant doubles in size every day. If the plant were allowed to grow unchecked, it would cover the pond completely in 30 days, completely choking off all other forms of life in the water. For a long time the lily plant seems small, so you decide not to worry about it until it covers half the pond. On what day will that be?

On the twenty-ninth day. You have just one day to act to save your pond."

It would appear from the team's research that humanity is on the "twenty-ninth day", and that a radical change in behaviour is necessary to avoid a total collapse. Technology is not enough.

Modelling with System Dynamics

The computer models were built up using a branch of mathematics called 'System Dynamics'. Used in making stock market predictions and economic forecasts, it has swiftly become a powerful tool in the business world.

The modelling works essentially of the basis of feedback loops. These come in two different forms; positive and negative. Positive feedback loops encourage a change in the system (like the lily, the bigger it is, the faster it grows), whereas negative feedback loops tend to oppose change in the system, forcing it back to a certain value.

System dynamics combines these loops to make incredibly sophisticated models that have great predictive qualities.

Obviously assumptions had to be made. For example, there is no difference in the program between fish stocks and oil reserves. The difference between the two in predictive terms is quite clear. Fish stocks can recover (though obviously if you kill all the fish, they aren't going to come back), whilst oil reserves can't (at least not on the time scales we are interested in).

The predictions made by the group were never expected to be quantitative. It would be arrogant in the extreme to assume that a program that uses generalised parameters, such as 'resources', and assumes that the entire population of the planet lives in equality could tell you your children's average life expectancy. What you can rely on, say the team, are the general trends shown by the simulation.

When they were commissioned to repeat their work in 1992, the team was able to set about the task with new information and use more complex modelling.

What they found was astounding. They say that humanity was not just approaching the limits of sustainability, it had exceeded them in many ways. However, further modelling revealed that this does not necessarily mean inescapable doom. What it does seem to mean, however, is that the longer we take to modify our behaviour towards a sustainable society, the lower our quality of life will be once we attain it.

According to the UN Population Division's report, however, there is as yet no sign of a decline in the rate of population growth. In fact, they think that the growth is not just exponential, but 'super-exponential'.

We can all hope that the researchers are wrong, but this seems unlikely, since their model is based upon very simple, fundamental premises. Also, the team attempted to resolve the problems that they foresaw by postulating more and more ludicrously optimistic situations. They invariably failed.

What can we do to prevent this disaster? Well, the researchers suggest a harsh but simple solution; cease all forms of growth. This does not mean stagnation, since technological development can still continue, but the earth cannot tolerate the strains imposed by a population explosion, coupled with our extreme profligacy.

It may well be that the time for indulgence is past.

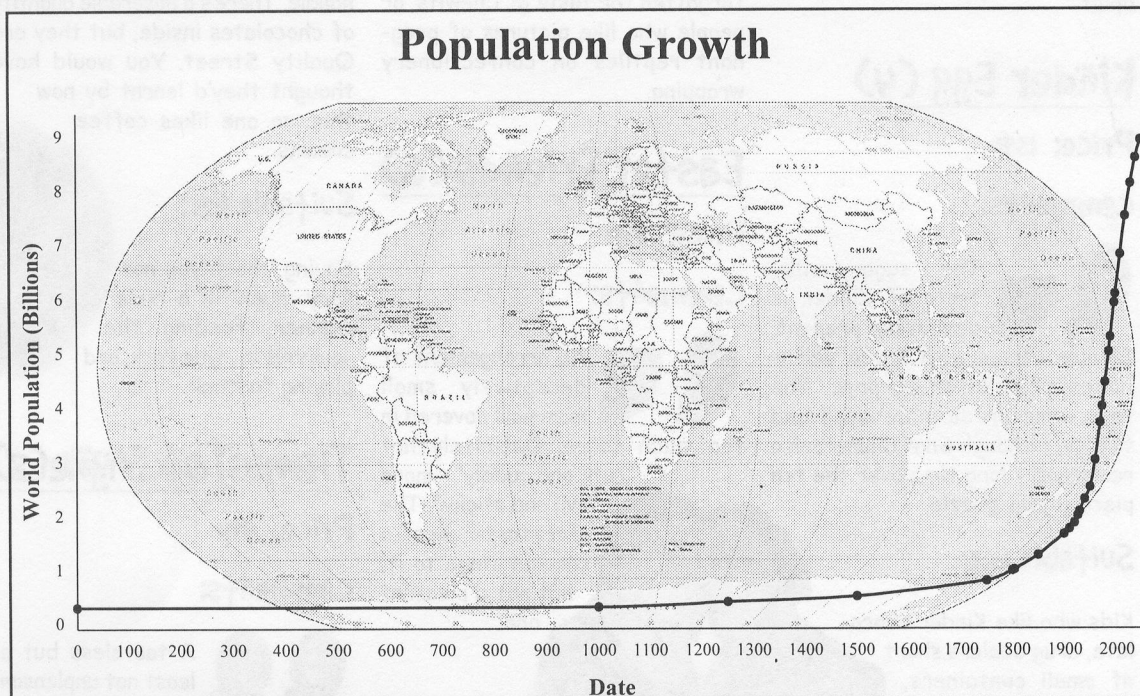
Further Reading

On the Report:

"Beyond the Limits",
Meadows, Meadows & Randers,
Earthscan Publications Ltd

On The Club of Rome:

"The Human Quality",
Aurelio Peccei,
Pergamon Press
Population Statistics:



(Populations before 1750 and after 1998 are projections)

<http://www.popin.org/pop/1998/>



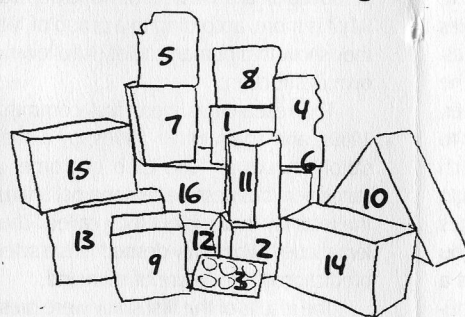
The very best in investigative journalism, satirical commentary and chocolate tasting -

The FELIX Easter Egg Guide

Two weeks ago a top team of professional chocoholics assembled in the Felix Office to critically judge sixteen of this year's finest offerings from the country's leading confectioners. Braving nausea and



massive weight gain, these dedicated individuals have recorded their thoughts and comments for your benefit. Here are their controversial findings...



Teletubbies (1)

Price: 99p

Comments:

Initial reactions ranged from "tasted better dog poo" to the more conciliatory "chocolate OK - until it hits your tongue". The conclusion was that the after-taste resembled soap - less Imperial Leather, more Sainsbury economy. It comes with a handful of jellybabies - the only reason for any score.

Suitable for:

Absolutely no one. To buy this for anyone old enough to actually eat it would be more insulting than showing your TV in their stomach.

Rugrats (2)

Price: 99p

Comments:

Once again the vulcanised rubber chocolate has been supplemented with some jelly beans composed of polyfilla. Don't know why it got any marks at all, really.

Suitable for:

Possibly useful as rat poison, but certainly not for human consumption.

Sainsbury's eggs (3)

Price: 149p

Comments:

These six measly eggs are quite possibly made of steel. Their insides could be edible, if they didn't look like someone with diarrhoea had been involved in their production.

Suitable for:

Anyone who likes sugary goo, or is short of ammunition for their cat-a-pult.

Kinder Egg (4)

Price: 139p

Comments:

The sugary-milky taste of Kinder is definitely present. It also comes with three yellow boxes of unknown purpose. The toys were predictably small and twatty, although Gnat Chum took a remarkably long time over the ten piece jigsaw puzzle.

Suitable for:

Kids who like Kinder chocolate, drug dealers short of small containers, and biology students.

Chewits (5)

Price: 99p

Comments:

The dark chocolate's more bitter than Tetley's, similar to what you find in cheap Christmas coins. Or perhaps it's just too adult a taste for us. The Chewits contained within bring back beautiful memories of school tuck shops...

Suitable for:

Cousins in their twenties who have forgotten the taste of Chewits, or people who like pictures of pregnant reptiles on confectionery wrapping.

Easter Friends (6)

Price: 99p

Comments:

An arrangement of deceptively small mammals covered in too much cocoa. Definitely not "cute and cuddly" - more "evil and sticky". The aftertaste has a coconut tinge to it, but not a pleasant one.



Suitable for:

Your ten illegitimate children when you're feeling excessively stingy. Any child with a fascination for animals will know it is the thought that counts, not the chocolate.

Quality Street (7)

Price: 299p

Comments:

The egg tastes suspiciously of solidified Nutella, with more nuts than a squirrel could handle. There's a miserable quantity of chocolates inside, but they are Quality Street. You would have thought they'd learnt by now that no one likes coffee creams.

Suitable for:

Saying 'thank you not very much' in a rude manner, feeding the squirrels in Hyde Park, and playing football.

Thomas Tank Engine (8)

Price: 99p

Comments:

A tasteless but at least not unpleasant egg, surrounding a

collection of passable jelly-things. Perhaps too sanitised for the adult palette, causing several judges to make use of Cockney rhyming slang (Thomas the Tank, Blank).

Suitable for:

Nephews and Railtrack employees everywhere. Nice and cheap too.

Smarties (9)

Price: 229p

Comments:

The classic egg for the younger generation. Interesting foil, a large egg with subtle undertones of mint, and a decent supply of smarties. Only two complaints: not enough blue ones (are there ever?), and some dangerously bad jokes on the side of the box.

Suitable for:

Anyone under twelve, and friends honest enough to admit they're still a kid really.

Toblerone (10)

Price: 499p

Comments:



The egg is a useless cricket ball, and was smashed by Helena first ball. Oh, we were meant to eat it...? Three toblerone bars included, which proved useful as aids to fore-play.

Suitable for:

A mum (who likes toblerone, obviously) who has three children, the DOC trio who live down the hall, the Holy Trinity... what else comes in threes?

Cadbury's Bunny (11)

Price: 289p

Comments:



The dairy milk chocolate makes this rotund rabbit taste smooth and silky. Best sucked at both ends, this bunny goes like a diesel locomotive. Why is hollow written so large on the box? Would you really be expected to eat a solid one?



Suitable for:

Children old enough to tell the difference between chocolate and mouthwash, and people with strange fetishes.

Buttons (12)

Price: 139p

Comments:



Another diary milk classic, this egg simply ripples with youthful promise. The experience is strangely not as fulfilling as it was ten years ago, though. The jokes on the back are f***ing awful, while the

packaging itself displays images of psychedelic drug use.

Suitable for:

Diary milk fans who are too sensible to be given a bunny. A real bargain and worth considering if you have numerous social obligations at Easter time.

Guylian (13)

Price: 499p

Comments:



Attractive packaging houses an exquisite egg, wherein may be found a small collection of shells-shaped choccies. Be warned, however; it falls short of the Guylian chocolate box.

Suitable for:

Someone who you would usually buy arty chocolates for, but who requires the seasonal etiquette of being presented with a hollow ovoid.

Cadbury's Marble (14)

Price: 399p

Comments:



All hail and worship the two coloured egg! Don't be fooled, however - the marble effect is only skin deep. The egg has a distinctive burnt chestnut taste on the back of the tongue, while the two 'Marble' bars that you get are more unashamedly nutty.

Suitable for:

Would be perfect for a nut-loving girlfriend, but the quantity of chocolate is offensively large. Good for eating together in bed.

After Eight (15)

Price: 499p

Comments:



Rich, dark, and smooth, with more mint than the Bank of England. Cool foil to go with the cool taste. You get a whole box of the wafer thin mints, but don't try and eat half of them at once...

Suitable for:

A connoisseur, the kind of person you give brandy to at Christmas. The recipient of this egg, like the chocolate itself, should be considerably richer than you.

Galaxy Giant Egg (16)

Price: 999p

Comments:



Silkier than Silky the silkworm in a shell suit, this egg is a silly size. Strangely enough, it doesn't quite taste like chocolate never tasted before. Its basic selling points are: 1) It is BIG. 2) The Galaxy Bar you get with it is VERY BIG. 3) It comes in a briefcase sized box.

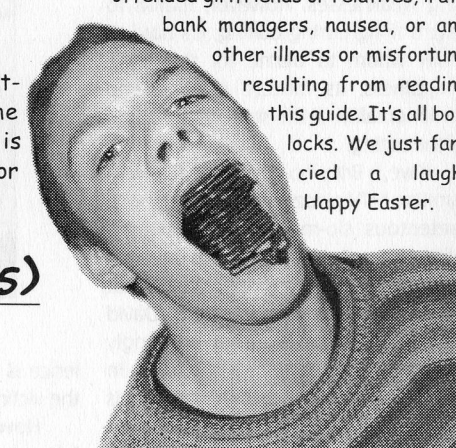
Suitable for:

No one person should be presented with this egg, unless you regularly say "you are a fat bastard" to them. Suitable for a flat of dopeheads in need of megamunchies.

All photos by Will Lorenz
Text by everyone

Disclaimer

Felix accepts absolutely no responsibility for any misguided purchases, offended girlfriends or relatives, irate bank managers, nausea, or any other illness or misfortune resulting from reading this guide. It's all bolts. We just fancied a laugh. Happy Easter.





Reviews

Pleasantville ★★

Starring : Tobey Maguire, Jeff Daniels, Joan Allen, William H Macy, J T Walsh, Reese Witherspoon
Director : Gary Ross

You could sum up Pleasantville in six words: nice idea, shame about the movie. However, a half-page review requires that I explain why for the next 400 words, so...

Pleasantville is *Happy Days* meets *The Truman Show*: a sanitised, bottled look at fifties life, given a neat Trumanesque slant by inserting two nineties teenagers into its clean-living world - and although it might sound decidedly silly on paper, the magical journey of Maguire and Witherspoon into their TV isn't really the problem. The real cheese (and we're talking Harrods stilton here) lies in their subsequent actions. You see, whilst Maguire is a geeky, TV obsessed freak, who's entirely happy with a black & white existence, Witherspoon is a flirty, outgoing nineties-child, who takes advantage of every break she gets. So before anyone realises what's going on, the town's teens have discovered sex. And slowly start moving into colour.

The true cliché then arrives in the battles which begin between the teens and the adults - or the coloureds and non-coloureds, as the movie insists on calling them. Oh dear, two clichés for the price

of one. But, as if that wasn't enough, there are some bizarre scenes of mass book-burning which are trying so hard to be symbolic that it hurts. Moreover, by managing to tie in every class, race or

gender struggle of the fifties, director Ross treats none of them with any respect.

That said, however, it's not all bad. Macy and Allen turn in good perfor-

mances (as ever) as the teenagers troubled parents - and Jeff Daniels is curiously off-beat as the owner of the town's malt shop (like any stereotypical fifties town, everyone between the ages of 12 and 20 hangs out drinking milkshakes and eating cheeseburgers). Most impressive of all, however, are some of the effects. Ross and his cinematographer, John Lindley, work with special effects to show a black-and-white world in which some things and a few people begin switching to colour, producing changes which are so delicately done that you hardly notice they're there - which is a shame considering that *Pleasantville* actually contains more effects shots than any previous movie.

Nonetheless, you can't help but laugh at the movie, rather than with it. The attempts at satire and social commentary fall flat, largely because the issues that were risqué in the fifties no longer interest or fascinate a cinema audience. The real sadness, however, lies in the fact that you come away almost 100% certain that this story *could* have been made into a good film...a real shame. **F**

Dave



In the words of Rolf Harris, "Can you tell what it is yet?"

American History X ★★★★★

Starring : Edward Norton, Edward Furlong, Beverly D'Angelo, Jennifer Lien, Avery Brooks, Elliott Gould
Director : Tony Kaye

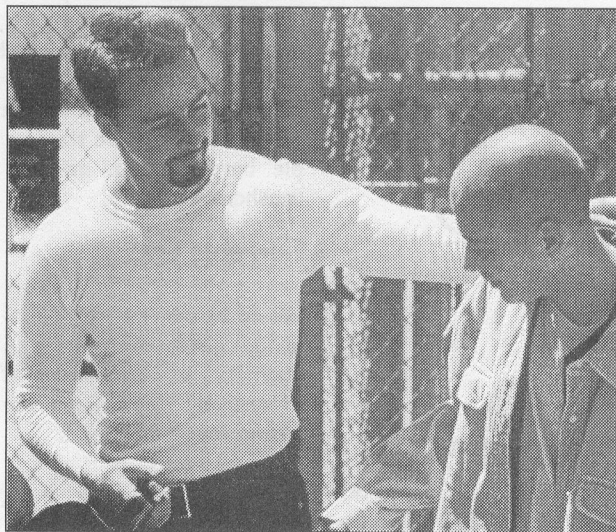
Notwithstanding the year-long behind-the-scenes feud that resulted in the jettisoning of cinematographer/director Tony Kaye from his own project, *American History X* emerges as one of the year's few genuinely provocative works - impressive enough to counterbalance its nagging weaknesses. However, thanks to Kaye's firing during editing, it's hard to know whom to blame for the film's choppy nature, its mixture of rage and sentimentality, or the stridency of some of the acting.

Kaye, a Brit who shoots the film with familiar MTV-pizazz (low-angle shots, pretentious slo-mo, some black-and-white scenes), made his name directing TV commercials in Europe. What's not clear is the product on sale here - David McKenna's script is either cunningly ambiguous or desperately muddled. In racially torn Venice Beach the neo-Nazis are pathetic lowlifes, crying out for our contempt. Yet much of the film's vio-

lence is committed by blacks; most of the victims are white.

However, the introduction of Edward Norton - the very model of a

modern neo-Nazi, with a swastika tattooed on his left pec and a gaudy line in abuse - arrives as a constant reminder of what stereotype we're really looking



An easy week for the spot-the-Neo-Nazi contest.

at. While Norton simmers in jail for killing two black malefactors, his doting younger brother (Furlong) gets the evil message. He writes a paper on Mein Kampf, shaves his head and becomes a good little Hitler youth.

Then Norton gets out of prison and tries to find a new direction for himself and Furlong, and we start to see the reasons behind his racism. He blames his father's death on a laundry list of far-right targets. Later we learn it wasn't just his father's death that shaped him, but his father's dinner table conversation - but this element feels tacked on, and the movie never convincingly charts Derek's path to race hatred.

The moral is simple - you've got to be taught to hate. But it's put across without being forced down your throat, and makes for a good and powerful film, whose only flaw is to attempt to cover too much ground in far too little time. **F**

Todd.

Reviews & Competition

The Rugrats Movie ★★ ★

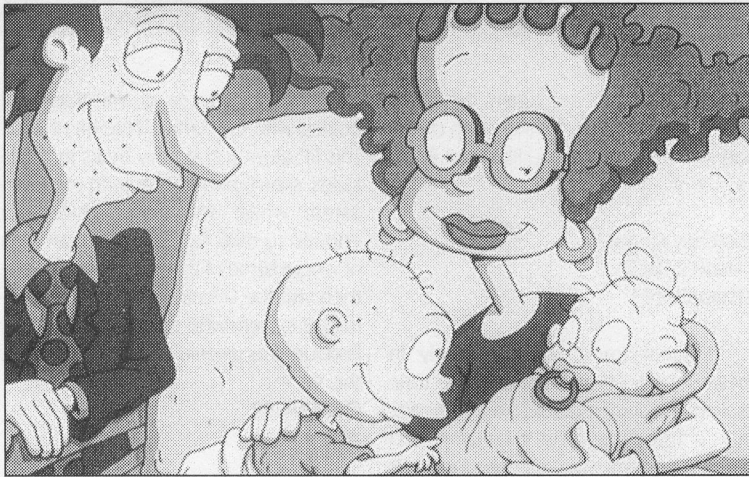
Starring : Elizabeth Daily, Christine Cavanaugh, Kath Soucie, Melanie Chartoff

Director : Igor Kovalyov & Norton Virgien

The staple diet of Saturday morning TV for the last five or six years, *Rugrats* must take a large slice of responsibility for the rise to fame of Zoe Ball. (Alongside her father, obviously). So, like any other good, popular, cult TV show, it's clearly ripe for a transition to celluloid. Right?

Thankfully, the answer is yes. Put most simply, if you like *Rugrats* the series, then you'll like *Rugrats* the movie. It plays almost exactly like a standard episode, easily expanded to six times its normal length via some good writing and judicious use of a series of cliff-hanging set pieces - many of which come from the standard set of film take-offs, including *Indiana Jones*, *The Fugitive* and *2001*.

For the uninitiated, a quick recap: the Rugrats in question are babies and toddlers who can talk to each other - even if they can't communicate with their parents. Leading this bunch is Tommy Pickles, an adventurous one-year-old. Also on board is the nervous Chuckie Finster, age 2; 15-month twins Phil and Lil DeVille; and Tommy's spoiled 3-year-old cousin, Angelica Pick-



Not sweet by any stretch of the imagination.

les - the only one who can talk to the grownups. Into the group comes baby Dylan (or Dil) Pickles, Tommy's new and (in Tommy's mind) unwanted little brother.

The gang decide to return Dil to the "hop-sickle" where his parents got him. So they load up their lizard-shaped buggy and sneak away from the grownups. Soon, though, the kids

become lost in the woods, and their real adventures begin.

OK, so it's a kids film, but don't let that put you off. When the revision gets too much, or the cries of little brothers or sisters become too loud, escape to childhood, and remember how much fun it was when everything always worked out for the best. **F**

Chris

Win tickets to Waking Ned with the

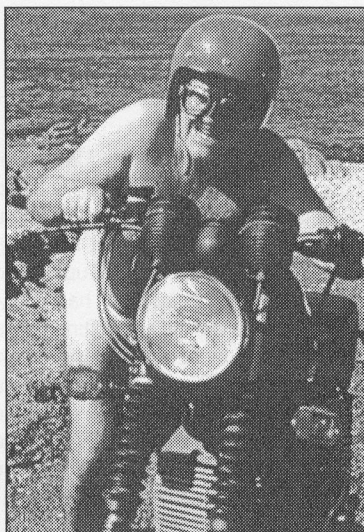
ODEON

KENSINGTON

If the advance word is to be believed, then *Waking Ned* promises to be this year's *Four Weddings* or *Full Monty* (at least until *Notting Hill*, which is literally the next *Four Weddings*). Thanks to the ever-generous people at the Odeon Kensington, you can win one of ten pairs of tickets to see this top Brit-flick, by answering this suspiciously hard question:

What movie links stars from *Four Weddings* and *The Full Monty*?

Email your answers to film.felix@ic.ac.uk before Thursday evening. Sorry about the short notice, but I need to be able to contact the prizewinners before Easter. The first ten names out of the virtual hat will win a pair of tickets.



The winners of issue 1139's Spring Clearout competition were:

Dinesh Ganesarajah
Thomas Laurie
Keith Hall
Helen Ponting
Ben Martin

Well done to all of you for correctly identifying that Jack Nicholson (*Batman*), Dennis Hopper (*Waterworld*), and Peter Fonda (*Escape from La*) all starred in *Easy Rider*. Special praise to Dinesh who spotted a second (and even more obscure) link, in the shape of *Mars Attacks* (Pam Grier, Jack Nicholson & Jack Black). Please drop into the *Felix* office ASAP to collect your mystery prize.

Payback (March 26) is a Mel Gibson actioner that has been a very long time in the works. Mel plays antihero Porter, a man out for revenge on his double-crossing partner, in undoubtedly the darkest and most violent mainstream action movie of recent years...On a happier, lighter note, *Mighty Joe Young* (March 26) borrows liberally from *King Kong* to produce a story of a girl and her gorilla. It's picked up some good reviews, and the CGI is apparently amazing, so it could be well worth a look. Besides, it's got Charlize Theron in it...*Plunkett & Macleane* (April 2) looks to combine all that's best about British cinema, in one neatly constructed package, combining costume drama, action, big laughs and Liv Tyler. If it's as good as the trailer suggests, then it'll be an absolute must...the monthly dose of teen horror comes in the shape of *The Faculty* (April 9). It's written by Kevin Williamson and directed by Robert Rodriguez, so God knows what to expect - apart from a massive body count and lots of girls in tight tops...and if that wasn't enough, Williamson's busy typewriter brings us *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer* (April 30) just three weeks later. A really silly title, a script of the same calibre as *I Know What You Did* and a decidedly dodgy cast (Jennifer Love Hewitt and, er, Brandy out of Brandy & Monica) suggest there's not much to get excited about...on the other hand, people have been getting excited about *8mm* (April 23) ever since the project was announced. Combining Nick Cage, Andrew Kevin Walker (who wrote *Seven*) and Joel Schumaker, it shouldn't be able to fail - although a story of snuff movies and hard-core porn is hardly going to be one to go and see with your mum...and for entirely different reasons, neither is *The Waterboy* (April 30), thanks to the kind of wall-to-wall, lame brain, idiotic comedy that seems to be so much in vogue at the moment. Like it or loathe it, it's made a fortune in the States, and catapulted Adam Sandler into the realms of megastardom...on a more intellectual (read low budget) level, *Gods And Monsters* (March 26) has won massive critical claim for its portrayal of the life of director James Whale - and has picked up an Oscar nomination for star Ian McKellen...a cast of the hottest of hot young things come together for tense drama *Return To Paradise* (April 16), wherein Anne Heche tries to save her boyfriend's life by persuading two of his friends to go to Malaysia and plead guilty to drugs charges...and finally, just to make sure you've all got the date firmly fixed in your mind (and your diaries), don't forget that there's now less than four months left until the release of *Star Wars: The Phantom Menace* (July 19). Happy Easter.



CLUBSCENE

Singles

Single of the Week

Faithless
'Bring My Family Back'
(Cheeky)

Faithless continue their amazing progress both nationally and internationally with their 3rd single release from the UK Gold album 'Sunday 8pm'. This single, 'Bring My Family Back' is a downbeat track with dark, mood driven lyrics and deep bass lines. Very deep and very meaningful, showing that Faithless don't always produce thumping dance tracks. The other mixes available are completely different to the original. The Paul Van Dyk Remix is a powerful progressive mix - very fast, hard bass lines of high quality. The Jan Driver Mix is boring whilst the Rollo and Sister Bliss Mix is a deep dance version. All in all a superb single.

Out on 12/4/99

★★★★★

Hardfloor Vs Yello
'Vicious Games'
(Platipus)

This single is a fusion of two closely related music eras. The modern "dance music en vogue" coming from Hardfloor, the older, 80's version, from Yello. The resulting collaboration is a fantastic electropop single with a very catchy tune on top of a great beat. The original version was released in 1985 and was a big success. Originally an electropop track, with the help of Hardfloor and their brand of techno the single has a chance to become a truly great single.

★★★★★

Another Level
'Be Alone No More'

An excellent track doing the business in the R&B clubs at the moment. Another Level are re-releasing this, their debut single with added lyrics from Jay-Z. The single also features another talked about cut 'Girl What You Wanna Do' which fea-

tures Shola Ama - and again, big in the R&B clubs. Great single and worth checking out, especially if you like your R&B.

★★★★★

Beverley Knight
'Made It Back'
(Parlophone)

Upbeat track that sits nicely in between house and garage. The tune isn't the most memorable I've ever heard, but at the same time it certainly isn't offensive in any way. The production is

earned cash is three quality tracks, all oozing with funk and a little bit of soul. This EP gives you groovy beats in multitudes, simultaneously keeping you interested, whilst still being chilled-out enough to relax to. If you want an idea of where some of this music may surface then visit the Ectronica room at Turnmills. It is there where you will, of course, find tunes as diverse and as intriguing as this set.

Out 12/4/99

★★★★★

music with a great edge to it. Most definitely a top dog. Go out and buy this and you won't be disappointed.

Out on 12/4/99

★★★★★

Morgan Reno
'When America's Wildest Animals Rescue Cops 7 EP'
(Offshoot Records)

Another stupidly titled EP from Morgan Reno, this one delivering you three tracks that can only be described as 'fillers.' They are the dance single versions of the album-filler tracks that resign some LPs to mediocrity. What these tracks are, and should pretty much only be used for is as a set of loops and beats that DJs can play around with whilst constructing a set. When used for this purpose I have no problems with their existence, but I wouldn't go out and buy the record because of the tunes or melodies on it. One of the tracks is even called 'Chuggin', so that should give you a clue about how this piece of house sounds like. Only buy if you are a very good aspiring DJ.

Out 12/4/99

★★

Incognito
'Nights Over Egypt (Remixes)'
(Talkin' Loud)

Standard house and garage remixes of the Incognito release that I reviewed a few weeks back. This set of tracks isn't really a marked improvement or set back from the original release. In fact, the tracks are a bit on the average side, apart from the MJ Cole Dub, which would fit seamlessly into any funky garage set.

★★★



Venga Boys - Just another day at the multi-storey carpark

D-Bop
'One Hand Clapping'
(Fluff Records)

What can I say about this? Well, a lot actually. This tune came to me just at the right time. It's exactly the sort of stuff that John "00" Fleming (a current favourite) would play in one of his build-up packed sets. 'One Hand Clapping' has everything that you want in an uplifting house track - a healthy beat, build-ups, break-downs, a great synth melody, a bit of cheesy sampled vocals, and two stunning mixes on the one vinyl. My first choice would be the 'Jon the Dentist Mix', but the 'Sunrise Mix' on the A-side also cuts the mustard. Happy, up-beat house

smooth, the vocals are catchy and the tempo is lively enough for this to be used on any garage/deep house dance-floor.

Out 22/4/99

★★★

Danny Rose
'Bread Into Stones EP'
(Hard Hands)

Danny Rose? Now I used to know a really sad Oxford DJ called the same. Surely it can't be him! And I'd be very surprised if it was, for two very good reasons. Firstly this is not in the slightest bit cheesy, and secondly it is good (something that my old friend Danny sadly wasn't). What you get for your hard



Singles by Roobarb and Gurm



Albums

Album of the Week

John Avery
 'Once I Had It All, Now I Just Have Everything'
 (Liquid Records)

Some albums are weird and not wonderful. In fact, most of these so called 'experimental' albums are a load of bollocks and a waste of money. But this album by John Avery is weird, wonderful and of high quality - it's a very 'Future Sound of London' type album. There are tracks which sound like they should be on the soundtrack of some sci-fi movie such as 'Optimo City' whilst others are more funky and downbeat such as the title track. Yet still, tracks such as 'Blipvert' and 'The Night the Rain Stopped' are eclectic. It's a fantastic

album, fusing many different sounds and crossing many genres, sometimes creating a haunting atmosphere and sometimes a down-beat chilled sound, and you don't know what the next track will sound like making it very unpredictable. All the tracks have been written, performed and produced by John Avery and he's taken time to produce a quality album. It's good to see (or rather hear) someone taking time to produce good quality experimental sounds without making a twat of themselves.

★★★★★

Flex 13
 'Paint My Legs'
 (Liquid Records)

Similar to the John Avery album which is not surprising since it's also on Liquid Records. Again, a very experimental album with a range of music, from down-beat and funky to industrial and eclectic such as 'Burning Arms', and

in the case of 'Schizophrenic Lover' a jazz track with a hint of country music whilst 'Give Me Wings' provides a slow groove tune. Musically very open minded and very experimental, it is different to the Avery album, but doesn't have the same edge. Worth listening to at the record store before buying, though I prefer the John Avery album. Strange but good.

★★★★★

Vengaboys
 'The Party Album'

Everyone's heard their first two singles 'Up and Down' and 'We like to Party'. Cheesy and irritating dance singles that teenagers up and down the country bought and sent the fucking things to the top of the national charts. Now the Vengaboys inflict their album on us. The rather sadly titled 'The Party Album' is, surprise surprise, complete and utter crap. All the tunes sound exactly the same and it would be a brave person who

managed to listen to the whole thing from start to finish. Very commercial, very Euro-house, very teeny-bopper sounding - I'm sure you get the picture. I guess if someone out there likes the Vengaboys then check the album out, otherwise avoid like the plague.

★



Albums by Gurm

Catalogue Records Special

Avia
 'Avia EP'
 (Catalogue)

This is another album from a top Frenchman, Pierre Avia. That part of the world has really been getting it's act together recently. This EP combines the best elements of some truly chilled-out jazz and some great breakbeats too. The first track has been described as "floaty house" - I am not quite sure what that means but it certainly had me chilling. Great jazz beats and trippy keyboards on this one.

'Rebirth' is next, with more of the same blissed out keyboards and a great sample with a guy relating his ills to the world, when suddenly a great African-style beat whips in. It really gave me a start the first time I played it! The drummer on this track, artificial or not, is very skilled. As soon as the drums jump in, they jump out, to be replaced by some funky guitar action, then they all come back together. Not fast enough for me, but a good track for chilling out to nonetheless.

The next track 'Exil Exit' has some nice Neil Armstrong samples and more

great drum breaks. As far as I am concerned any song which uses spacey samples gets the thumbs up!

The final tune on this great EP is 'Flash/Flashback' - this little tyke managed to convince me that my CD player had broken. You see it starts with a cunning loop of thunder and a piano sample - I was sure the

it was trashed. But sure enough after a while a wicked junglish beat slams in. All in all a great EP for chilling with. Good work Pierre!

Out April 1999

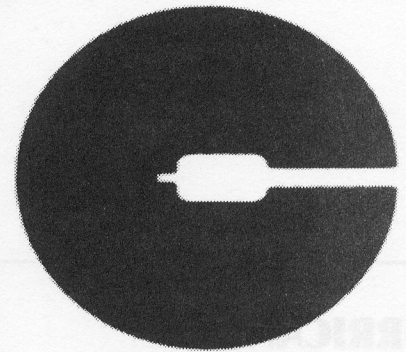
★★★★★

Telepopmusik
 'Telepopmusik EP'
 (Catalogue)

Another bunch of Parisians made this EP - a trio of producers making their Catalogue records debut. These guys must have picked up a church organ on the cheap or something, because it is featured heavily in this EP, and to great effect admittedly.

Track one, 'An Ordinary Life' starts off with a scary sample from some book which I can't quite remember. It's quite dark - with great Indian drums helping to set the mood. It builds up to a crescendo of beats and then breaks out into booming organ. Groovy.

Next up is 'Something About G.A.' Starts off with some guy, who appears to



catalogue

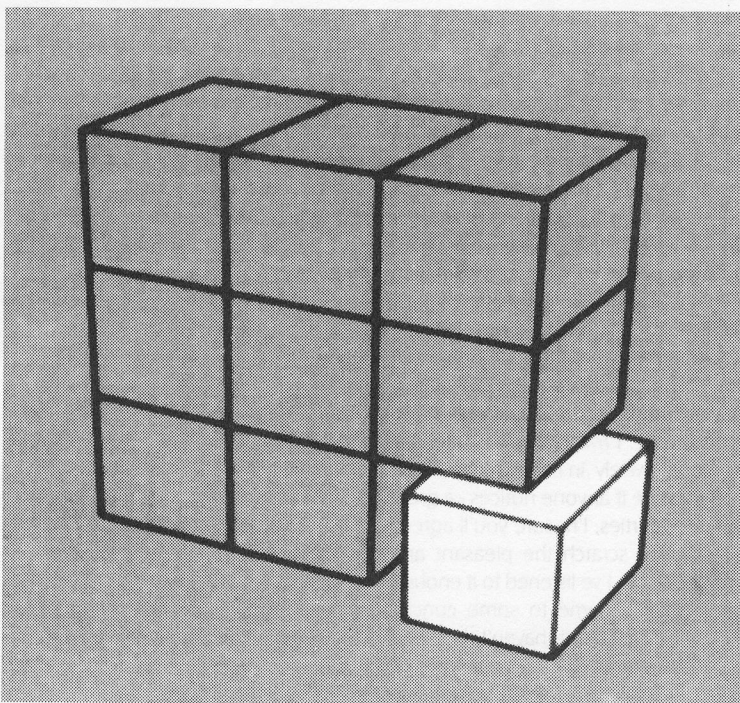
be having a very weird conversation with an information line operator for something called G.A. - we never find out what this illusive G.A. is. Still, who cares - with beats as large as this the conversation doesn't matter. It all goes very mental very quickly with rapid drums and some wierd little girl samples. Nuts.

Moving onto 'Something Else (G.A. Remix)' this is an Indian twist on an already funky tune. Great percussion - and that insane little girl again. I think I prefer the remix to the original - it's a little bit more up beat and cheery and there is nothing wrong with that, now is there?

And finally...with Track 4 'A Life Less Ordinary (Remix)' the beats just get faster. Very Prodigy sounding this one - with sirens, chopped beats, and 808s. Wicked. More good work from the continent.

Out May 1999

★★★★★

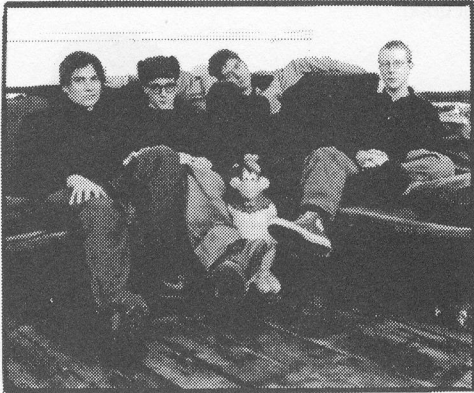




Albums

BLUR

13 ★★☆☆



Kevin the cockerel with a few of his less famous mates: Dave, Alex, Graham and that other bloke.

Think Beatles, think creativity. Of the current British musical heavyweights, it is Oasis that have been the most blatant in championing the Fab Four, yet their last two albums possess the inventiveness of tired-pub-rockers; making music in a style akin to painting by numbers. It is Blur who have consistently outshone their peers in the eclectic stakes; if there is one band that represents the spirit of The Beatles, it's Blur.

The album starts with *Tender*, which you've all heard - it even got playlisted on Radio 2! This sets the subtext for the album, namely Damon's break-up with Justine Frischmann. Over dextrous bluegrass guitar Damon preaches the uplifting anthem 'Come On! Come On! Get through it / Love's the greatest thing / I'm waiting for that feeling to come'. In contrast, penultimate track *No Distance Left To Run* finds Damon at his most emotionally wrought - 'It's over, I knew it would end this way / I hope you're with someone who makes you feel this life is the life / Who settles down, stays around, spends more time with you / I've got no distance left to run' - if you've heard more profound, heartfelt lyrics you're mistaken.

In between these two songs things get seriously weird and seriously brave. Gone are the social commentaries of *Modern Life Is Rubbish*, *Parklife* and *The Great Escape*; nowhere are there to be found immediate pop-gems like *Badhead* and *Chemical World*. The album moves on from what their eponymous fifth

album started; ambitious, all be it flawed, cosmic music of raw emotion. Stand-out tracks *1992*, *Battle*, *Caramel* and *Trimm Trabb* convey overtones of failed love over sonic soundscapes with startling empathy - 'But don't you feel low, I was being ugly / You loved my bed, you got the other instead' - 'That's just the way it is / I sleep alone, I sleep alone.....'

Yet such is Blur's want, infuriating throw-away thrashy punk and needless instrumentals pepper the album, diminishing the emotional punch with final track *Optigan 1* all but destroying the gravitas of *No Distance Left To Run*.

Still, a truly remarkable mixed-up, muddled-up record it is and divest of a few songs it may of been the masterpiece Blur undoubtedly hoped it to be. It's not quite the last great pop statement of the millennium but it is the final piece of evidence in proving Blur to be the contemporary British band. Can the rest match them? I doubt it. **M**

Chris

HURRICANE #1

Only The Strongest Will Survive ★★

With the rise of Norman Cook and friends in 1998, the music industry saw big-beat surface as the new true face of Britpop. With a more upbeat happy sound, party tunes such as *Brimful of Asha* and *Rockafella Skank* shot to the number one spot. While the famous battle of Blur and Oasis faded in the memory, it seemed that happiness was the sound in demand and maybe it was time for some of the old Britpoppers to hang up their hats.

1999, however, is the year the old Britpoppers hope to hit back. This year there have been album releases from Gene (*Felix 1138*), The Stereophonics (*Felix 1138*), Blur (*This Issue*) and now Hurricane #1. So how are the old-boys going to fair? Well with a few new tricks, they shouldn't do too badly. Blur took a tip from Spiritualized and introduced a choir on *Tender*, and not looking to be outdone Hurricane #1 enlisted the help of Unkle frontman James Lavelle on the title track of the album *Only the Strongest will Survive*. With an array of strings and a classically Unkle drum track the tune produced is Hurricane #1's finest to date. There is however a prob-

lem - it seems as if this was the only trick up the sleeve of Hurricane #1, and as such the rest of the album does little to impress.

With a sound more appropriate to a few year's back, and a number of songs not sounding unlike those of songwriter Andy Bell's previous band Ride, the album is more than disappointing. Rather than building on foundations, Hurricane #1 appear to have settled with them and have fallen at the hurdle which is the second album. There are a few moments of brilliance on the album, but none of these are sustained for long enough or properly built upon to warrant a song's second listen.

So *Only the Strongest will Survive* is an album that is definitely more weak than strong, and if only the strongest do survive, then look out for an obituary on Hurricane #1 some time soon. **M**

James

WHISTLER

Whistler ★½

Okay, so the photos of the three members of the band make them look deranged, retarded and psychotic in that order, but let's gloss over the fact that we're listening to a bunch of outpatients from Bedlam and concentrate on the music.

Inoffensive is the first word that springs to mind. Boring is the second - all the songs sound the same. The vocals are pleasant in a soft English rose kind of way and while the whole album is in the 'pleasant' vein it doesn't move you or provoke a response. No one is going to despise Whistler with a passion akin to that which I have for Celine Dion or Michael Bolton, and the only people who'll harp on about this are those that still get a buzz if they stay up past eleven o'clock and swear. You could almost forget it's there. I mean if you wanted to, you could (wisely, in my opinion) switch it off and see if anyone notices - a great game for parties, I'm sure you'll agree.

Actually, scratch the pleasant and ambiguous bit. I've listened to it enough times now to come to some conclusions. It's dirge - I really haven't got a clue what their aim was in making this album but it certainly wasn't to entertain anyone

with half a brain. Sure, all their mates down at the institute'll love it but that's due to the ever-present fact that it's a total no-brainer. For God's sake, what sort of a person pens the lyric 'Emily I want you to be unhappy, be unhappy Emily'? It does gel with all the other horridly depressing songs on the CD, though. On the second listen I couldn't decide whether to hang myself, slit my wrists, take a few too many paracetamol or cap myself a la Kurt Cobain. That's all a little harsh - in the end I decided that suicide was too excessive, so I went to lectures instead. **M**

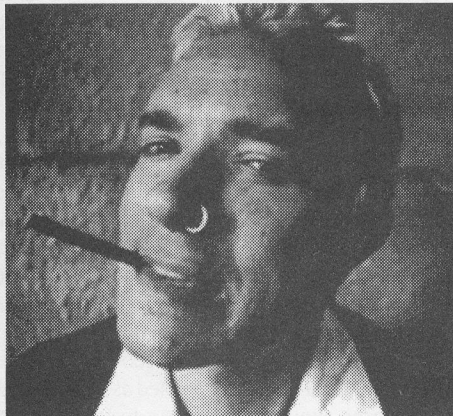
Christian



Albums

LIAM HOWLETT

Prodigy Presents the Dirtchamber Sessions Volume One ★★★★★



'Excuse me mate, you haven't got a spare firestarter, 'ave ya?

Liam Howlett is the brains behind this mix album, and though at first it appears bizarre that one of the Prodigy's members has decided to mix a truckload of his 'favourite' tracks, it really is no different from a recognised DJ's release. So does this album give all those Prodigy fans out there a clue to their influences and inspirations? The answer is a straightforward yes. Liam has even included the track that provided them with the concept for *Smack My Bitch Up*, and if you didn't know already, it's the Ultramagnetic MC's *Kool Keith Housing Things*.

There are nine tracks in total and within each one you are taken on a journey through a mix of over five songs, and Liam's mixing skills are top notch. No complaints there. He has been a busy bloke over the last few years and no offence intended but his age does show on his choice of tracks. There's a wide spread of musical styles, ranging from early '80s 'old skool' scratching with the likes of the Ultramagnetic MC's classic *Give The Drummer Some* to the present day with Primal Scream's excellent *Kowalski*. Liam also delves further back into the past with offerings from the Sex Pistols with *New York* and further guitar based tracks are floating around including The Charlatans' *How High* and Jane's Addiction's *Been Caught Stealing*. Nevertheless,

the majority of the record is based on early hip-hop numbers such as The Beastie Boys' *Time To Get It* and JB's *Blow Your Head*.

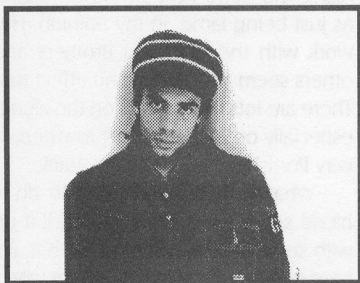
There is such a diverse range of musical tastes on this album, and will probably appeal to most open-minded Prodigy fans, and for the real trainspotters it may even encourage people to search around for old copies of these tracks on vinyl.

The album title hints at a follow up album, maybe a different Prodigy member might try their hands at the decks. Start queuing for the next one! **M**

Jason

URBAN SPECIES

Blanket ★★★★★



Urban Species - It's where it's hat, kids.

Urban Species are a three-man unit - Mintos (the voice) and Renegade (producer) all backed up by Doctor Slim - that have received wide spread acclaim for their brand of intelligent rap. First signed up way back in 1993 by Giles Peterson's Talkin' Loud Label, they were immediately releasing singles that were getting praise from all areas of the media, DJs and even me.

Their debut album *Listen* was a diverse set covering a wide range of musical genres, extending rap beyond its normal boundaries. Their combination of live music mixed with sampled beats and rhymes was impressive and refreshing. Now after four years of a few white labels but pretty much nothing at all,

their sophomore set is due for release.

Blanket has been a long time due and at last a copy of it hit the Felix door-mat. The album opens up with *Changing Of The Guard* - a thoroughly provocative number with a lovely jazzy under beat that starts the album off with a little kick. Next up is *Destructive* - it starts off slow but quickly picks up as the drums kick in, the lyrics are hard and the chorus is a stunning double act between Mintos and a beautiful female voice. As it started *Destructive* finishes as the beats are taken out and a worryingly stormy piano riff breaks in. Following on from *Destructive* is my favourite tune *Blanket*. It's quite simply astounding - a hauntingly dark piece with the most electrifying slide action to close it out. *I Wonder* is a little skit that has been extended into a full track; its funky with a catchy chorus that makes you want to hear it again and again.

Urban Species take a look at life with every track. None more than on the eerie *Religion & Politics* which is a look at what religion and politics really are. The lyrics are eye opening and the overall style is hard to categorise as one thing or another as they use many musical styles to form a distinct album that can only be described as class. **M**

Milen

SKUNK ANANSIE

Post Orgasmic Chill ★★½



Pre-orgasmic thrills all round.

As the album kicks off you would be mistaken to think that Skunk Anansie's sound has taken a more break-beat tone since their alternative-ish *Paranoid And Sunburnt*. You'll probably have heard the first single off the album, *Charlie Big Potato* - currently in the charts. Skin's unmistakable vocals are still as lavish as ever and the rhythmic guitars take a while to sting unlike the radio edit which hits you straight away. The beats on this track last only a very short way into the album.

Skunk Anansie really do make the most of the 'explicit lyrics' warning, going all out with the f-words in *On My Hotel T.V.* I guess they didn't appreciate the wide choice of porn channels then - they appear to be very annoyed with people 'Fucking on my hotel T.V. / Private

hotel T.V.'

As the album progresses, it definitely loses the beats, ending up with the typical sound you would expect from Skunk Anansie. *Tracy's Flaw* doesn't impress in the vocal department and musically just floats along to nothing.

The album tries to be diverse, featuring a violin intro to *Secretly* and varying the tempo, but it doesn't work like some of their previous releases did. They can do it, but it just doesn't happen with *Post Orgasmic Chill*.

A nice feature of this album is the extensive interactive element it contains. Of course, you need a PC or Mac with CD-Rom but given that you're in for a treat, it might be worth investing. There's band interview footage, the interesting video to *Charlie Big Potato*, a gallery of pictures, lyrics and links to finding more stuff on the Web. **M**

Asad



Live & Albums

DARK STAR

The Water Rats, Kings Cross



Bic Hayes (middle), is he related to Brett Anderson?

Three former members of the less than well known Levitation have got back together to form the entity called Dark Star. They are gaining exposure rapidly and will undoubtedly become more popular than Levitation ever was though admittedly this achievement doesn't take much doing.

The Water Rats is an apt name for Dark Star's venue, a name to attract London's seedier residents, and the band members, Bic Hayes (vocals), Dave Francolini and Laurence O'Keefe fit the bill perfectly.

Fairy lights that are usually only seen during Christmas adorn the microphone stands adding a bizarre touch to the stage. Is this the first sign of Dark Star's gothic tendencies? Looking around at the crowd tonight there could be a fair amount of disappointment if they do go down the goth route.

There is relief all round as they steer clear of this path and kick off with the ferocious endless rush of thrashed out guitar noise known as *I Am The Sun*. Bic Hayes makes the use of two mics to create the ethereal ghostly effect on the chorus, with lines like 'She said Jesus was my age when he got nailed / I'm coming back to you, I'm paranormal'. Fantastic.

About 3 am follows next, initially deceiving the

crowd into believing that they're listening to a ballad, that is, until the point where the guitars rip in and produce an uplifting angst-ridden masterpiece. At times they can sound like Blur (but only slightly mind you) with the *Oohs and ahs* popping up in the background, especially so on *What In The World's Wrong*.

Bic Hayes slight frame betrays the power of the songs and the pent-up anger that underlies each one. Dark Star thankfully avoid sounding like a metal band and manage to fuse a variety of influences to produce a bass heavy distorted soundscape that, if it existed, would be placed into a new category of music known as 'pre-millennium angst'.

On the six minute epic, *Graceadelica* drummer O'Keefe shows that he's multi-talented as he starts shaking a maracas about and goes on to use it on the drums. Mad.

There is always a pervading sense of oppression on nearly all the songs, but Bic Hayes' passive exterior lifts some of this claustrophobia and delivers in equal measures, leisurely shoe gazing and a lethal distorted attack. **M**

Jason

UNDERWORLD

Beaucoup Fish ★★



I caught one THIS big!

Underworld. They'll produce an album, they'll release a few singles and then they'll disappear for a couple of years. Then, they make a come back by releasing another album (hoping that no-one's forgot them) and so it becomes an ever predictable pattern.

Their latest album is *Beaucoup Fish*, and (sadly) it is nothing that we haven't heard before. The album is the bog-standard kind of music that was on the last album, which is a shame as you would have thought that Darren Emerson et al might have changed a little bit musically, moving forward with the times so to speak. But sadly Underworld seem to have got themselves stuck in a rut

with *Beaucoup Fish*. This latest offering gives us eleven tracks, including *Cups*, *Moaner*, *Push Upstairs* and er... *Push Downstairs*.

Compared to the last album *Second Toughest In The Infants* this one is not that different, but if you like Underworld or haven't heard their music before then this is definitely worth checking out. As usual, the deep bass lines are there in all the tracks and the vocals sound like those that were in *Born Slippy* with that strange robotic sound to them. The tracks last an age and no doubt most of them will find their way into the clubs. But it's nothing to shout about and you get the impression that Underworld have become too lazy, predictable and dare I say it - boring. The techno-house sounds that were exciting a few years ago have now become the norm, so this album doesn't stand out and you just feel like pressing the forward button two minutes before the end of the track. It's a bit sad and disappointing because as DJs Underworld are up there with the best. It's a pity that musically they haven't developed. *Beaucoup Fish* isn't that bad an album but it's plain and once you've heard one track, you've heard the whole album. **M**

Gurm

BETH ORTON

Central Reservation ★★★★★



Beth Orton - mates with the Chemical Brothers, aren't you jealous?

This is Beth's second album after the critically acclaimed *Trailer Park* was released in late 1996. In the intervening period she's been having a good time - from working with her all time hero, folk-jazz legend Terry Callier to singing on the The Chemical Brothers' number one album *Dig Your Own Hole*, to performing to a packed-out tent of 10,000 muddy Glastonbury-goers.

This album is full of more of the great chilled out soulful songs with intelligent, heart rending lyrics that made *Trailer Park* so successful. It's Beth's voice that really makes this album - she has just the right kind of voice that can sing these lyrics and get away with it - not like

Alanis Morissette who always comes off as just being lame, in my opinion. Her work with the Chemical Brothers and others seem to have had an effect too. There are lots more beats on the album especially on *Start all seem to weep* - a very Portishead-esque, trippy track.

What Beth has managed to do is blend some great lyrics and back it up with some solid tunes to go with it. It's hard to say really why this album works so well - it just does. Perhaps because it's so refreshing that Beth hasn't sold out to a big music corporation and kept to her roots and the small label she originally signed with - refusing the doubtless million offers of big contracts with even bigger labels. Good on you Beth - I wish a few more artists would take a leaf out of her book and stick to music not cash. Anyway, enough of my ranting, on with the review.

Standout tracks for me are *Sweetest Decline* - a delicious pianos and violins number with some heavenly vocals from Beth, the title track with some great acoustic guitar work and *Couldn't Cause Me Harm* - blissed out vocals and some ace 'improvised' hums and has. Lovely.

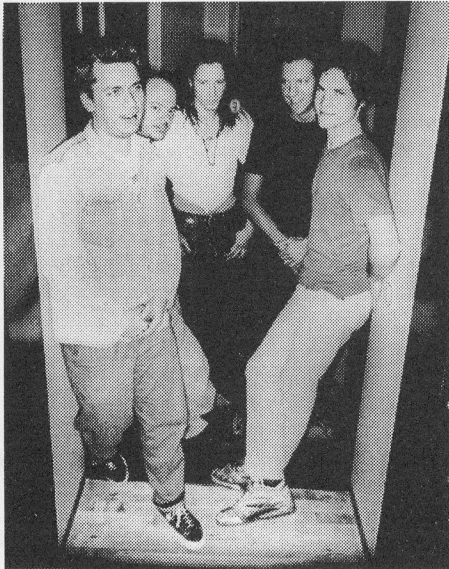
This is another good album from Orton - great for chilling out on a Sunday afternoon and ripe for some great remixes from her mates the Chemicals and others. **M**

Joel

Albums

dEUS

The Ideal Crash ★★★½



Perfect collision with Mozart.

dEUS was formed in 1991 by the lead singer and guitarist Tom Barman plus three other members who have since left the band. Over the few years there have been a few upheavals with the band's line up but has now settled down to Tom, the only original member left, and five others including the violinist Klaas Janzoon who gives dEUS their fairly distinctive sound.

The album opens with a track called *Put The Freaks Up Front* and staying on the abnormal theme there are other tracks such as *Everybody's Weird*. The lyrics throughout the record are fairly melancholic and appear to tell a story, just take a listen to *One Advice*, *Space* where Tom Barman sings 'Wasted and wounded, this ain't know way to die/one man's cold turkey is another man's high'. Bleak stuff indeed.

Instant Street is the first single from *The Ideal Crash* and was released last month. It is definitely the poppiest effort on the LP, and beautifully incorporates a laid-back acoustic guitar sound that captures the very essence of Americana in the verses. However when you get to the chorus it takes a sharp turn towards a melancholic atmosphere and the track finally ends with a discordant Status Quo-like (don't let that put you off!) semi-psychedelic wash out.

Nearly all the tracks begin with this initial soft approach, making the use a strumming acoustic guitar, then raising the tone into epic-like proportions. Just take a listen to *Sister Dew* or *Dream Sequence #1*.

There are albums that come along and at times their barrenness can be a complete turn off initially, however on this particular record your patience will be rewarded as the masterful beauty contained on at

least half of the record is recognised after a few listens. Undoubtedly there are a couple of mediocre efforts thrown in with the quality tracks, but these also grow on you with further listens. For dEUS fans who liked *In A Bar, Under The Sea* I think this LP will be a great deal more commercial to your ears, but even the die-hards will eventually be converted to dEUS's more mature sound. *The Ideal Crash* is the ideal dEUS record. **M**

Jason

COMPETITION TIME!

Here's your chance to get hold of an early Easter present - something to lift the gloom of impending examination/thesis stress!

There are a whole load of dEUS goodies to be won including designer dEUS shirts, t-shirts, every dEUS album and loads of dEUS videos and posters!

All you have to do is answer this blatantly simple question:

Which European country do dEUS come from?

Just send your answers to:

Wild Promotions (dEUS)

Suite 204

The Old Gramophone Works

326 Kensal road

London W10 5BZ

Singles

Remote Control - *Starfucker*

Sleazy pop song with lyrics like 'vaseline, you're on your hands and knees' and 'leather straps but you're still at school / back up against the disco wall'. Pretty damn good. The B-side *Frail* is a dark, dramatic tune, which I think's better than the A-side. A close contender for single of the week.

Ultrasound - *Floodlit World*

Nice song, mainstream-sounding, bound to do well in the charts, but nothing special. The singer's slightly sobbing vocals can annoy, but the female backing adds a nice twist. Comes with an interesting cover of The Beatles' *Getting Better* which begins to make up for the dull title track, but not quite.

Bows - *Big Wings*

Singer sounds like the one from Massive Attack. Slightly more intelligent song than the other singles this week with lots of interesting sounds and harmonies going on. Not bad.

Roxette - *Wish I Could Fly*

Well look who it is! Roxette try to get back in the charts but still sound exactly like they did in the 80s. Naff. Ultra-cheesy house remix for the B-side.

Medal - *Possibility*

Mellow weepy song, sounding a bit like Robbie

Williams' *No Regrets*, but not as tuneful. Track 3 is a nice hip-hop style remix but it's not worth getting just for that. Bad.

THE ESSENTIAL CHOON

Eminem - *Hill My Name Is Slim Shady*

Fantastic! Trashy, throw away pop we all love. Great tune from rapper Eminem. With lines like 'I can't decide

which Spice girl I want to impregnate,' how can you go wrong? Just listen to the little comments in the background. Bound to get lots of airplay. Single of the week!

Liz Horsman - *Heavy High*

Soulful little ditty with some nice guitar work. A bit 'Sheryl Crow' but I'm not going to throw it out just yet. The B-sides are good. She doesn't mind taking some risks with the non-album tracks and it pays off.

Luna - *Superfreaky Memories*

The usual slightly weird indie-rock from Beggar's Banquet. This has the potential to be moving, but in the end is a little too formulaic to be brilliant. You get the feeling you've heard it somewhere before.

Add N to X - *Metal Fingers In my Body*

Pretty cool electronic rock from the French crew. Sounds like Air, maybe not so poppy. B-sides are weird but entertaining in a messed up way. Very nice.

Deadly Snakes - *Culebras de Muerte*

Hardcore rap on the Tommy Boy label. Very atmospheric with a big boomy bass line and intense lyrics. Definitely worth checking out if you're a fan of the genre. **M**

Tom



RAE AND CHRISTIAN INTERVIEW

Last years Rae & Christian album Northern Sulphuric Soul was high on my list when it came to choosing my favourite albums of the year, so naturally I leapt at the chance of interviewing band frontman Mark Rae.

For those of you who haven't heard of Rae & Christian, their music could be described as hip-hop with more than just a hint of soul added to spice up the sounds. With guest vocalists on their album as diverse as the Jungle Brothers and Sharleen from Texas, the music produced never fails to impress.

As well as being a key member of the band, Mark Rae is also head of Manchester's Grand Central record label. When we met he had just come back from a tour of Australia. Tired, he started with a yawn, but Mark Rae is definitely not one to complain.

Felix: So how was 1998 for you then?

Mark Rae: Amazing. The highlight was definitely the album. Producing the album was a really organic experience. We just did the music, and then thought about what would sound good with what. It was all very simple - everything we did worked. Of course there were things we would have liked better in both the music and the singing and the rhyming and everything. But we just kept with it. As long as we were enjoying it, we just kept going forward.

F: How long have you been playing in the music industry?

MR: I suppose I've dedicated the last ten years of my life to it to the point that music is now my life and I love it. At Grand Central we're not just artists waiting to get signed by majors, we've got a really strong base; a record shop, a publishing company, a record label, a licensing record label, offices. People may only know us from this first album, but we've set a base and we're going to prove a lot of people wrong about our longevity - we'll be around for years.

F: You talk about longevity, and I suppose this is all linked in to diversifying and never doing the same thing twice.

MR: Yeah, we do a lot of different things from remixing others to making our own records. I'm also doing a lot of executive production for the artists on Grand Central. We've got an album coming out from Aim, which I'm doing. It's going to be really cool and funky, probably better than Northern Sulphuric Soul. We also do a bit of DJing and have residencies in Manchester and in London at The End.

F: So what do you prefer Manchester or London?

MR: I love them both really. I suppose London is not really my kettle of fish as a place to live, but it's a very interesting place to be in and around. Although I've lived in Manchester for twelve years now, cities aren't really my kind of thing - I like the countryside, fishing, and stuff like that too much. I'm from Northumbria originally.

F: So what lead you down to Manchester then?

MR: I first went down to Manchester to study. I did an undergraduate degree in psychology and then a postgraduate course in philosophy of science. Although not much to do with music anything to do with study is useful for your brain as it teaches you how to be controlled, self disciplined and all that, even if you never work in that field again.

the Stone Roses, but at the time I was just doing my own thing. Manchester was a very vibrant place at the time, and I suppose it always will be. It's quite dark and dreary, but it's very funky with loads of young people and stuff.

"I've dedicated the last ten years of my life to it to the point that music is now my life and I love it."

F: As well as the music on your own label what other music do you listen to?

MR: Well I've never been into the UK hip-hop scene, I think it got as far as it could then people just did jungle instead. The American hip-hop scene's pretty crap at the moment, apart from the underground scene. But I'm also into anything from the Cardigans and the Manic Street Preachers to reggae and dub, I also like Detroit techno - I've got it all in my collection. I'm thirty years old and I've been DJing from before house music, so anytime I've got tired of being into something I've learned to go to another type

of music. One thing about music is that you'd be surprised how some songs that at first sound ordinary, but if you've had an experience while listening to them they can become spiritually anthemic to you

F: You've got to remix quite a number of famous acts, including, a great record with Texas. How do you feel about making a remix so good were the Wu-Tang failed?

MR: Yeah I know. We'd worked with them before and Sharleen has got a great voice. They're also great people to work with, and I think our music and her voice works well, so yeah it's cool. We try to never rush things, and try to ensure everything we do has a real quality to it.

F: So where are R&C and the Grand Central Label going from here?

MR: We've got a remix to do for the new Hurricane #1 single, and the Aim album that should be out soon. We're also looking forward to doing another R&C album, but we won't rush anything.

F: And before we finish the interview I'd like your answers on a two cheesy A or B questions. First of all, Billie or Britney?

MR: I've got respect for Billie at her age dising her own music and going on about it. She's made a very big mistake, but at least it shows she's got a mind of her own. Britney is however quite sexy, but in a horrible dressed up as a schoolkid kind of way.

F: Ok then, as it's an issue that's raging in all corners, who's going to win the Fat Boy Slim or Armand van Helden battle?

MR: Well Fat Boy Slim is quite a wiry sort of lower middle weight boxer, but he smokes loads and cains it while van Helden doesn't. So Helden will probably knock his brains out. Norman probably could have been a good boxer if he kept himself fit, but Helden should be careful as some these wiry lads are dead good at boxing.

F: Finally, looking for some ideas myself what you doing for the millennium?

MR: Well we might end up in Australia because the fan base over there is amazing. It might be nice to do that, but to be honest with you I just want to be with my family, and even if I was in a club I'd want my family to be there with me. It would probably be best to go and stand on a hill with your family and hug. That would be brilliant.

So my chat with Mark Rae showed how it is possible to make it big and keep your feet planted right on the ground. Rather than the music though, the thing that stayed with me the most, is that he went from postgraduate study to running a record shop. A story which must give hope to those final year students experiencing not the most pleasant time in the job market at the moment...

James



F: What did you do after finishing at university, have you got any advice for the undecided?

MR: Well I'd been DJing since I was about eighteen, and was really into music so I started my own record shop. I was into soul, hip-hop, Skooly D, early Public Enemy - a lot of what's called old school these days. I was also into the Jungle Brothers the first time round, and it therefore really good to work with them on the album. They gave us a really old school sounding rhyme.

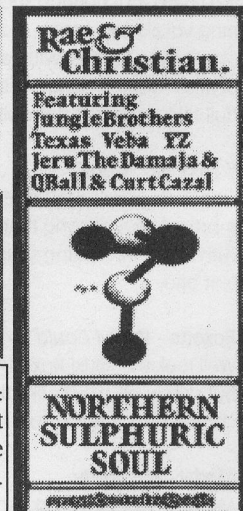
"...Britney is however quite sexy, but in a horrible dressed up as a schoolkid kind of way..."

F: Being in Manchester though you must have been into the Happy Mondays, Stone Roses and all that?

MR: Not really. I was just obsessed with the black music culture of America and all that was going on around me I just sort of ignored. Looking back, I do like



Mark Rae (left) with Steve Christian: He may prefer Britney to Billie, but at least he knows Helden's got the edge on Slim.



THA BOMB

At long last the Blackstreet album has Finally arrived-Album of the year? + We look at the latest batch of singles doing it on the street!

Whats up IC! Last week of term and once its over we got time to mess about with revision for those all important exams, but ya gonna listen to while you're studying? I'm gonna tell you!

After interviewing Beverley Knight I feel that I have to big up her latest offering the reworking of 'Made It Back', but there is no need to big it up for the sake of it.....this is really good, although I prefer the original this will probably do more damage on the charts. There's a slight change to the feel, making it more of a old school soul feel to it.

The three lovely ladies TLC are up next with their massive hit 'No Scrubs' this has been about for a while and is wicked. Its been released on a two CD set, the first of which has two mixes of 'No Scrubs', both of which are good and the album track 'Silly Hos' which is brilliant as well. The second CD has 'No...' as well as two classics from their previous album 'Creep' and number one 'Waterfalls'.

Talking about lovely ladies we on the original silly ho the R&B diva Mariah as she releases one of the previously unreleased tracks from her 'No. 1s' album, namely 'I Still Believe'. This is not that great as a tune, its solid, but not outstanding and quite simply doesn't deserve a mention in this page, but we need some excuse to put the picture in so here it is.

Finally

Blackstreet are legitimately hailed as one of the R&B supergroups and their new release has been eagerly anticipated since we all earned they were in the studio working on it. 'Finally' does not disappoint in the least it follows the standard pattern laid out by the swing-beat innovator Teddy Riley...that pattern..absolute class at every level. With their first two albums they set out their intent to hit us with the phattest tunes, bad ass beats and killer rhymes and on 'Finally' they do this to the max. The final product was even better than we could have expected considering the pressures that were on them to live up to their previous classic sets. After the stupendous

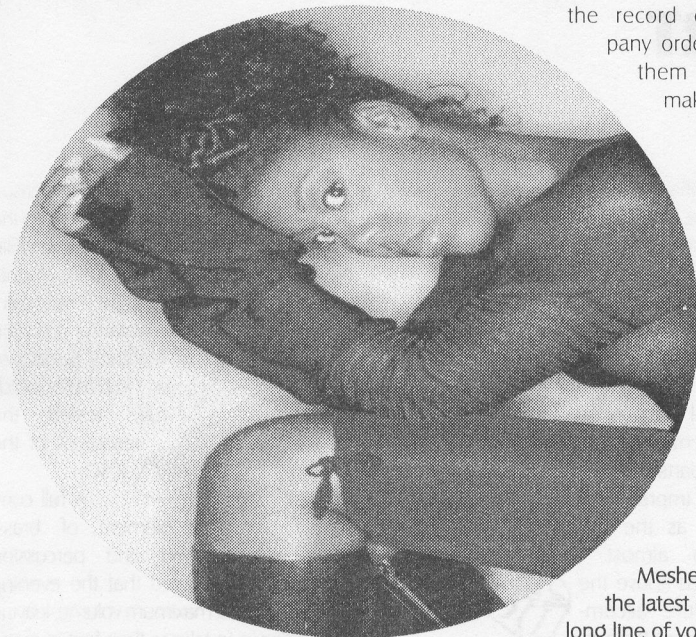
'Another Level' they had the record company ordering them to make

another 'No Diggity' but rather than that, as Chauncey 'Black' Hannibal said "No, lets be different again, like we were with No Diggity. Lets not go by those record industry sales. Lets make some new ones up." On the first listen to 'Finally' its clear that the same swing beat flava is there but the differences are there to be heard. Blackstreet have taken it to the next level. The first single off the album is already doing the rounds and is blowing up big time, a collaboration with luscious Janet Jackson called 'Girlfriend/Boyfriend'. This destined to be a club classic. On 'Can You Feel Me' Teddy has sampled the Jackson Five tune of the same name with some phat pyrotechnic beats, they rip it with a real party tune. The only drawback is that it is so reminiscent of awful Tampara 'Chimney' song which also samples that Jackson Five tune. Also included (probably just to sell the album) is the RuGrats tune 'Take Me There', not the original version though, the remix which uses another Jackson Five sample. This new version is a extremely funky, but doesn't have the

same quirkiness of the original. The vocoder is back in full effect, its become Teddy's trademark, and is used to wonderful purpose in 'Yo Love' which is an up tempo that rocks in a similar way to 'Don't Leave Me', but is a bit more upbeat.

Flipping on to the downlow side I have to mention my favourite track the beautifully sultry duet between the Blackstreet boys and the amazing Mary J Blige. The tune is easily the standout as far as I am concerned, the actual words are shit, but the melody is phenomenal, its great and you got check it out. You also gotta check out the funky slowed down 'Think About You' which is Blackstreet at their best, awesome harmonies backed with the usually phat bass lines. Lets not forget the sweeping ballad 'In A Rush' a collaboration with the daddy of soul the number one geezer Stevie Wonder. I could go on and on about the quality on this album, I haven't even mentioned the basset beat laden 'Don't Stop' or the beautiful 'Black and White', but you get the idea. This album is up to the usual Blackstreet standard and certainly will one of the albums of the year.....but THE album of the year...I wanna wait for the D'Angelo set first. Milen.

Meshe is the latest in a long line of young british r&b divas to appear on the scene. Her debut single is due out soon, and only time will tell if she can make in the big bad world.

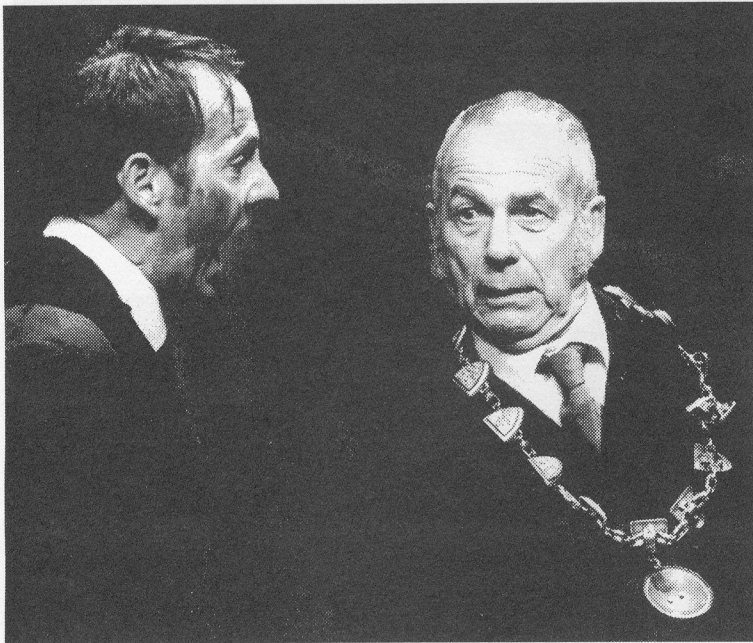


single is due out soon, and only time will tell if she can make in the big bad world.



THE RIOT

Royal National Theatre, Cottesloe



Corwall. What does this word conjure up in your mind? Is it rugged scenery, thundering waves and the distant screeching of angry seagulls and drowning surfers? Or maybe embittered trawlermen moaning about EU fishing quotas and dragnet infringements in the Spanish Box? Or is it all those LibDem MPs that the Cornish seem to love voting for?

Whatever your romantic (or patronising!) preconceptions of Cornwall, this new play written by Nick Darke and performed by the well-respected Kneehigh Theatre Company will surely reinforce many of them. Honest to God, Cornwall

really is full of ye olde sea dogs, quaint Dickensian capitalists and cheery servants who know their place. Or rather it was one hundred years ago, when this play is set. In truth, the play draws inspiration from a real historical event which happened in 1896 in the town of Newlyn. A long time ago it may have been, but the story also has some obvious parallels with the situation in Cornwall today.

This may be difficult, but shut your eyes for a minute and picture yourself as a Cornish fisherman. Outsiders are fishing in waters you consider to be your own. And they do it on Sundays, damn it, when you are all busy being religious!

Lets give them a good kicking and drive them out of town. You get the idea?

Things are all going to plan, of course, until the paternalistic mayor and local Mr Big (Mr Bolitho) steps in and tries to twist the situation to his own financial advantage. But whaddaya know, one riot, a stabbing, a hanging and one attempted public execution down the line, things turns out OK for everyone, after all!

As you can see, the play piles on the farce. But at times I couldn't help but wonder whether they actually intended the performance to be some form of black-humoured social commentary. If social commentary was their aim, however, they failed. If on the other hand they were going for light satire and almost Shakespearean farce, they triumphed. The fact that they received a massive laugh for (the usually depressing) events of a suicide and a brutal stabbing is testament to this comic triumph.

Two performances stood out from the rest: Geoffrey Hutchings (Bolitho, pictured right in main photo) and Emma Rice (Harriet Screetch). Hutchings, is an ultra-experienced RADA graduate who starred as Michael Gambon's dim-witted sidekick in the *Maigret* TV detective series. The grumpy persona of Mr Bolitho had all the best jokes and Hutchings knew exactly how to ham them up. Emma Rice was an equally effective comedian, playing opposite Bolitho as the new servant who has the courage to stand up to her employer.

The overall performance was very slightly marred by the occasional silent hiatus, which no doubt was intended to add drama but unfortunately looked as if the actor had forgotten her/his lines.

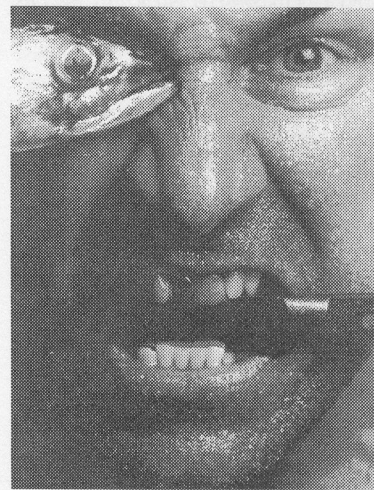
This is a minor gripe, however, and the play was superbly entertaining. But the playwright's laboured parallels with the current pre-millennial social situation seemed a little banal. If you want to have a good laugh then go and see this play; but I certainly didn't buy the social commentary flannel and neither should you.

William Burns

In repertoire until 28th April

Nearest tube: Waterloo

Tickets: student standby available



ICSO ANNIVERSARY CONCERT

Great Hall

An emotional performance brimming with flair and technical ability provided a fitting commemoration of fifty years of music by the Imperial College Symphony Orchestra in the Great Hall on Friday 12 March. The concert also marked the centenary of the City and Guilds Union who kindly sponsored the event.

On a day tinged with sadness for many music lovers - the death of the great violinist Yehudi Menuhin was announced only hours before conductor Richard Dickens lifted his baton - the ICSO were enthusiastically

received by a capacity audience upon finishing a programme of Copland, Prokofiev and Mahler.

The concert began appropriately, considering the day's sad news, with a thoughtful and melancholy piece - Aaron Copland's *Quiet City*. The orchestral accompaniment was thoughtfully phrased, providing support to the highly impressive soloists, Daniel Elson and Stephen Hicks on cor anglais and trumpet respectively, in an accomplished and moving recital.

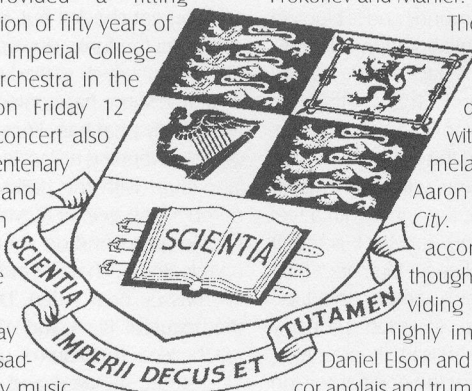
Menuhin himself would have been proud to witness the ability of violinist Kahae Han in a stunning performance of

Prokofiev's *Violin Concerto in D major*. Kahae, a fourth year student of physics and music, was almost effortless in her mastery of an extremely testing piece of music, and was greeted with a rousing reception. The lyrical first movement was particularly impressive, as the violin almost floated above the sensitive accompaniment from the orchestra. Indeed, Kahae made the violin sing when required, without losing the ability to attack the music, as in the Scherzo.

The final movement was characterised by the haunting first subject, which led to the magical conclusion, as the flute and violin played out the final D major tune. Rounding off the night's entertainment, a powerful rendition of Mahler's *Symphony No 1 in D major*, which fully tested the resources of the ICSO.

A full complement of brass, wind and percussion ensured that the evening ended at maximum volume, leaving the audience to take to their feet in praise and admiration. Here's to the next fifty years of symphony music at Imperial College!

Bill Bows & Hot Lips





JACKSON POLLOCK

Tate Gallery



Jackson Pollock's frenzied paintings are a feast for disturbed minds and overactive imaginations. When you squint and stare at his animated swirls, the intricate patterns reveal a myriad of impressions. Whether or

not you grasp his intended concept (if indeed one exists), each observer invariably forges his own instinctive, original interpretation.

Critics revel in psycho-analysing his troubled personal life, marred by

self-destructive bouts of depression, womanising and alcoholism. His untimely death whilst drunk often leads them to speculate furiously about the eventual course of modern art history had he survived the tragic car crash, which undoubtedly fuelled his icon status. Pollock (1912 - 1956) was born in Cody, Wyoming (a town named after the legendary Buffalo Bill) and his career - regarded as an unconventional cowboy artist - thrived. His radical, revolutionary techniques launched the Abstract Expressionist movement of the mid-twentieth century.

This major retrospective, organised by the Museum of Modern Art in New York, is particularly fascinating and insightful because it traces the evolution of his work from humble student imitator to virtuoso innovator, from figurative realism and mythological imagery to suggestive abstraction. He disputed accusations that his approach was random. In fact, "he denied the accident" and defied the horrified housewives of his time, who claimed that any kindergartener could do the same. Rather, his source was the unconscious. His eloquent work has even been described as the visual equivalent of jazz improvisations.

During the late 1940s, Pollock discarded the conventional brush and laid his canvas down on the studio

floor, creating his pivotal *Great Webs* sequence. This radical 'action painting' - the application of paint by pouring, splattering, trailing and basting - earned him the humorous nickname of 'Jack the Dripper'. He also experimented further with this basic method by using enamel or aluminium paints, adding sand to enhance the texture and embedding various diminutive objects in his composition.

"Concerned with the rhythms of nature" and the "expression of contemporary aims", Jackson Pollock is an inspirational, if somewhat disturbed, tortured and intangible, figure. During a period of emotional crisis, his typically vivid and dynamic canvasses are suddenly replaced by haunting series of monochrome networks, "nightmarish visions of doomsday aspect". The monumental scale of his mature designs is at once intimidating and breathtaking; vibrant and glorious in the flesh, they must be seen to be believed and entirely appreciated. Well worth a visit during the holidays.

Helena

Until 6th June

Nearest tube: Piccadilly

Opening hours: daily 10am - 5.40pm

Admission: £7.50, concessions £5

MYRIAM MAKEBA

Royal Festival Hall



Miriam Makeba, known as "Mama Africa", is the most respected living African singer because of her involvement in anti-Apartheid movements and her efforts for women's liberation. Her career has spanned over 40 years and she is still as popular today as she was in the 60s. Her music is a mixture of typical South African sounds, with some xhosa - a very guttural African language - singing. She adds a jazzy and soul feeling to her songs.

The concert started on time (something to shout about for a world music gig) and the minute she walked on stage, she won the audience's heart. Most of the people present were fans and she virtually received a standing ovation before even opening her mouth. Then the magic began. She literally ripped the air - she has one of the strongest voices I have ever heard. The songs succeeded one another with tremendous ease and she entertained the audience wonderfully. She kept on chatting between numbers. She was touchingly funny and constantly sassy. Her musicians were from all over Africa. She gave them all the time to show their identity - they all introduced something from their own background and upbringing. This gave the concert an even more international and humane touch. She performed a mixture of

her old beloved songs that everyone sang along to and some new material from her forthcoming album. It is amazing that at 67, Makeba is still on top form and continues to reinvent herself.

After a short well-deserved interval, the artists returned to offer us a fantastic second half. The rhythms got faster and the musicians became more involved. The audience was very responsive to this and many people stood up and danced. Makeba let all her musicians do stunning solos; they were all very talented, especially the American saxophonist who was simply breathtaking throughout. She then showed off her backing singers, including one of her granddaughters whose voice approached her elder's. You could see that the artists were having a great time on stage. They were dancing and joking with one

another. It really made my day.

In short, this kind of concert is what any music lover dreams of. All the ingredients were there to make it an unforgettable night: genius, laughter and emotion. Makeba hadn't been in London for years and was very touched to be back in the country that, in her own words, has helped South Africa so much. Hopefully she won't leave it so long until her next appearance.

World music very rarely is covered in mainstream press. It is time to do something about this because there is amazing talent around and the music that is being created is very daring and interesting. Please support these musicians. They will open your horizons and provide you with brilliant entertainment.

D.



1999 PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION

The Gallery, Sherfield Building



Photographers set themselves an impossible goal - to truthfully capture the shades, tones, moods and textures of light. Many of the photographers in this ICU Photographic Society exhibition come near to scoring while others seem to be about as effective as David Batty taking penalties. While all the photos in this exhibition are certainly interesting, this does not make them art - true art needs some sort of spark. This is the fundamental difference between

simply taking a picture and making a photograph.

There are so many different subjects and styles in this exhibition that it is largely an impossible task to compare one photo to another. That said, every single one of the pictures was safely conservative. Disturbingly, you could hang any of them in the Rector's office without causing much of a stir (maybe this was the idea!). Is no one out there experimenting even with simple tech-

niques like scoring and painting negatives or manipulating them with a computer?

Holiday photographers will tell you that you need foreground interest, background drama and something quirky to attract attention. In this sense, abstract or still life photographs are difficult to do. Abstraction may be a dangerous game for amateur photographers to play, but it really is essential to take that risk occasionally. While I wasn't entirely sure of the originality and the point of Kelly Androustopoulos' monochrome images of human feet, at least they still remain in my mind.

May Lee's *Blue* in all its shades also stands out. It was a dramatic panorama of misty cloudbanks over mountains. This was certainly beautiful and would merit some computer enhancement to realise its truly abstract potential. Indeed, computer enhancement is so widely used today by major young photographers that it surprised me to see that no one had experimented with it. If someone did use the computer, please forgive me for the oversight!

Another tenet of insightful photography is to know something about your subject. In this way, *Grandma and Ma* by Aki Naito worked. The photograph candidly captured a moment of intimacy and shared it with us. Such skill is the hall-

mark of a talented photographer.

The Old Man of Storr by Otilie Dyke was a striking monochrome depiction of a monumental rock tower. This could have been taken by the famous Californian landscape photographer Ansel Adams, who died 15 years ago. Adams made pictures of Yosemite and other national parks and Dyke is clearly following in his pioneering footsteps. Dyke obviously understands that capturing grades of shadow is the key skill in dramatic black and white photography.

I was not entirely sure why *Aimee* by Leonie Thompson (pictured) was chosen as the winning photograph in a competition running alongside the exhibition. My winner would have been *Sonu*, made by Jagvinder Singh Chandha. This was a poignant black and white shot of a young child peeping over a wall, into the lens of the camera. In the background, we see an apparently Third World environment of rubble and poverty. This is clearly documentary art, but it is also photojournalism, dispatched from the frontline with an important story to tell. I recommend you go and see this story, but don't expect anything even remotely experimental.

Until 26th March

William Burns

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Royal National Theatre, Olivier



Troilus and Cressida is the latest production by the acclaimed Shakespeare director Trevor Nunn. This epic play is not to be sneezed at, and with a length of almost four hours it is not light entertainment, even though at times it is very comical.

Although one of Shakespeare's less frequently performed plays, it is regarded as a brilliant satire on the state, and a skilful deflation of the Greek heroes, portraying Achilles as a boastful coward and the eventual Greek victory over the Trojans as essentially dishonourable. A comedy, tragedy and history at once, since its first publication 1602 it has avoided definite categorisation.

The play starts during the siege of Troy, in the bitter and drawn out war over Helen, daughter of the god Zeus and owner of the original face that launched a thousand ships. She has been snatched by the Trojans from her Greek husband king Menelaus and the ensuing struggle for her recapture results in a war that has dragged on beyond all expectations.

We join events at the point where the Greeks, in their camp outside the city's walls, are becoming demoralised and the Trojans are beginning to question the legitimacy of their stance and their ability to endure the siege. The senselessness of a war over one woman is taking its toll.

Despite being the namesakes of the play, the story of Cressida and Troilus is played down, while the emphasis is most definitely placed on war and its (im)morality. Very little is seen of the pair falling in love and no sooner do they get together than she must be handed over to the Greeks. When Cressida breaks her oath of loyalty to Troilus, she is never really forgiven, and no reconciliation (or even an attempt at it) is made. You are very aware that the whole play is part of a much larger picture, which can make it seem a little unresolved.

Despite being central to the plot, Helen hardly appears and the single scene in which we see her shows her almost oblivious to the whole affair. Along

with Cressida's faithlessness, and the insanity of Troilus' sister, you could be forgiven for thinking that Shakespeare was not feeling particularly sympathetic to women at the time.

However, Cressida is by no means unthinking or unintelligent and when first handed to the Greeks she defends herself entirely with her wit. Sophie Okonedo's portrayal of her (pictured) gives her extra sass, perhaps adding a slightly incongruous air of modernity.

Despite occasional overacting the cast were, without exception, lively and spirited and all turned in brilliant performances. They succeed in making a very long and potentially very confusing story interesting, and brought out the humour excellently.

The costumes are elaborate and, along with dramatic lighting, give a lavish feel, despite the minimalist set. The Olivier theatre really is a lovely place, and gets the atmosphere just right.

THE WHOLE WOMAN

by Germaine Greer

Germaine Greer is famous all over the world for one book, *The Female Eunuch*. It was written 30 years ago and was a defining moment in the first steps of Feminism. Since then she has continued writing and teaching in several universities, although she is now based at Warwick University.

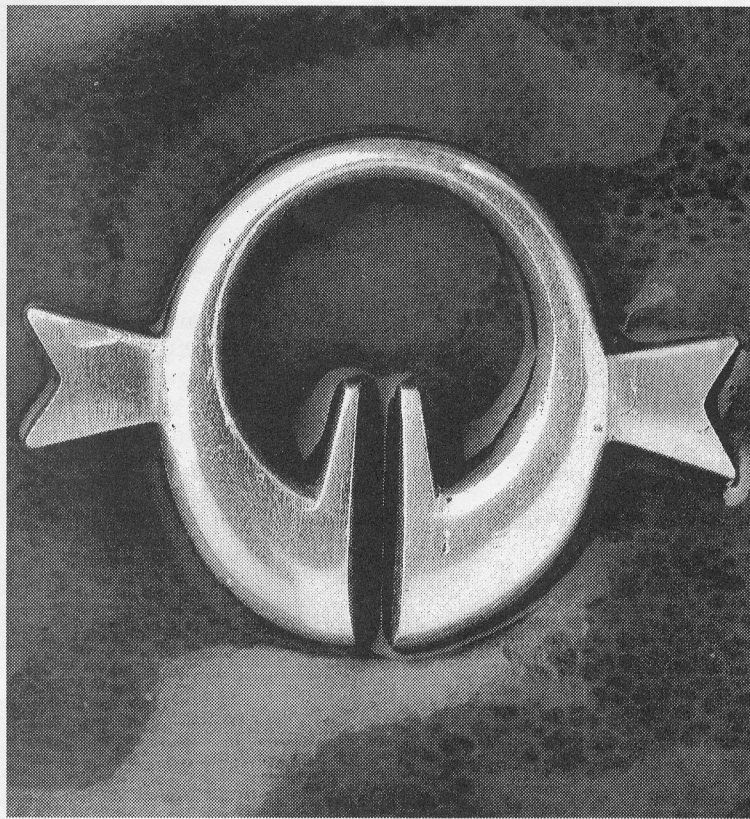
Greer has come to the conclusion that it is time to get angry again. She doesn't think that Feminism has answered all the questions and solved all the problems. She therefore decided to write a new book, *The Whole Woman*. It takes on a tremendous amount of topics,

"women take all the blame and have no control"

ranging from women's bodies to their relationships with men, children and parents. The book is terribly interesting and has a strong energy about it. The promotion of the book may appear very mass orientated. Greer has done this deliberately - she has said herself that there is no other way to do it in this time and age.

On Tuesday 16 March, Germaine Greer appeared at the Royal Geographical Society to talk about her book and her ideas in general. The audience was mainly composed of women, with the odd man here and there. After being introduced, Greer started talking - it was

captivating. She is a natural speaker and seems very used to it. Her eloquence was inspiring and her intelligence just radiated. She began by mentioning some-



thing that is very close to her heart - the way women have been reacting to breast cancer and the lack of proper screening for it. She also made general comments

on women's feelings towards their own bodies. She then moved on to generalise about how women are made to live in fear by clever marketing strategies and

lowed by a question and answer session. This was even more compelling since some people were trying to catch her out and were asking very difficult things. But she was ready for it and her natural flow was even more impressive. The exchange was very fruitful and included comments about transsexuals and disabled individuals as well as major issues that she raises in her book. Greer showed that she was indeed angry and that things had not changed all that much since the 60s but she did warn women that they should not be in a "hurry". Feminism is still in its early stages according to her. To end the

"it is time to get angry again"

evening, she did a book signing, which lasted for ages. When we finally got to her, the friend I was with asked a question. It was great to actually talk to her and share just a few minutes with her.

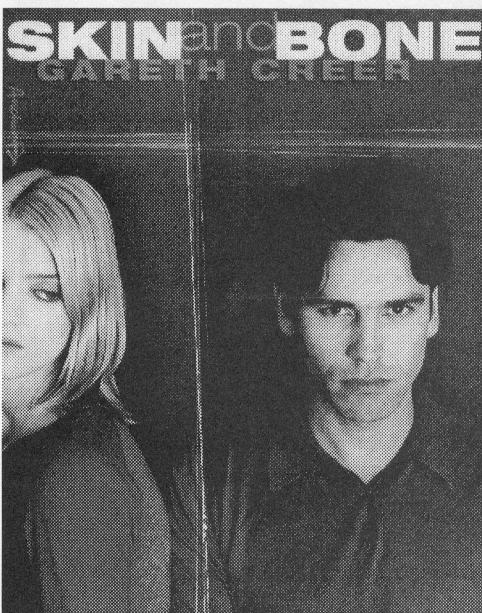
Greer is an amazing orator and her book is really worth the read. She has put Feminism back on the agenda, even though some very good literature has been published in the past few years. This is the next step of the battle that lies ahead for women of the 21st century.

Published by Doubleday, £16.99 (hardback)

D. with the help of Jabeen Jafferji

SKIN AND BONE

by Gareth Creer



Artie's sure that his wife, Madelaine, is having an affair. He's also struggling to keep his fish-monger's shop going in town, although he's the last business left on the High Street and property developers want him out. There's simmering gang warfare on the estate where his mother lives, and his friends are embroiled in it. Overall, he's not doing too well.

Skin and Bone is a grimly realistic portrayal of urban degradation, obsession and betrayal. On the other hand, it's surprisingly optimistic and Artie is a sympathetic, if flawed, character. The story follows Artie's attempts to win

back his wife and break out of his situation. In his path are ties of blood and loyalty, and the sinister criminal activities that seem to involve everyone. I found it hard to put down, right up to the somewhat abrupt and unexpected end.

It's a bit of a strange book, to be honest, but well written and worth checking out. Everything is narrated by Artie, both as it happens and as a series of memories, recalled to illustrate a point. I'm not normally fond of first person, present tense writing like this, but here it adds intimacy and enhances the reader's empathy with the narrator, without being annoying. The plot is fast-moving, intense and gripping. There's a sense of moral ambiguity and an almost hopeless optimism, which give the book a slightly "unusual" feel.

The strength of the characterisation is one of *Skin and Bone's* highlights.

Despite the possibly biased viewpoint due to everything being seen through Artie's eyes, the other characters are complex personalities with their own stories and motives. Artie himself develops into an independent, intelligent and surprisingly heroic character, considering that he starts the book checking Madelaine's handbag and keeping a card database of her possible lovers.

This is Gareth Creer's first novel, and it's pretty damn good. It manages to weave together the plot of a reasonable thriller with a tangled web of love and deceit. Not a book to read to your children (the usual graphic sex and violence is a little more personal here), but one that'll make you think.

Published by Anchor, £6.99

Gareth



Your at-a-glance guide to what's on over Easter

Theatre	FILM	Arts	MUSIC
<p>The Invention of Love By Tom Stoppard, directed by Richard Eyre, presented by the National Theatre. With John Wood. Until Apr 24, Tue-Sat 7.30pm, Wed & Sat Mat 2.30pm, Haymarket Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (44 171 9308800)</p> <p>An Inspector Calls By JB Priestley, directed by Stephen Daldry, designed by Ian MacNeil, lit by Rick Fisher, music by Stephen Warbeck. Until May 15, Garrick Theatre, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (44 171 494 5085). £10-£24.50, standby for concs £9 from Thr before perf subject to availability.</p> <p>Macbeth By Shakespeare, directed by John Crowley, designed by Jeremy Herbert, lit by Rick Fisher. With Rufus Sewell and Sally Dexter. Dominic Cavendish Booking to June 5, various times & prices, Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (44 171 494 5040)</p>	<p>March 26 - Rugrats Movie, The American History X</p> <p>April 2 - High Art Jenseits der Stille</p> <p>April 9 - Violon rouge, Le Bedrooms & Hallways The Faculty Nô</p> <p>April 10 - Relax... It's Just Sex</p> <p>April 16 - Return to Paradise</p> <p>April 23 - Orphans</p>	<p>April 3 - Stealing Beauty - British Design Now. The work of 16 Designers - from architects to fashion and graphic designers - who take their inspiration from city life to create a new kind of beauty from the things we see and use every day. Institute of Contemporary Arts, The Mall. Box Office 0171 930 3647 www.ica.org.uk Runs to May 31</p> <p>Not really Arts, but just a quick reminder that the International Cannabis Coalition is (hopefully) holding a march in London on Saturday May 1. More details in the first issue of next term. Also, if anyone went along to the demonstration for Tibetan independence on Saturday March 13 and has got some good photos, I would like to hear from you. Right, that's this space filled.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">- Ed</p>	<p>Mar 25 Kiss Wembley Arena, £20.</p> <p>Mar 25 Gene Forum, £10.50.</p> <p>Mar 27 Orbital, Brixton Academy.</p> <p>Mar 28+30 Meatloaf, Wembley Arena, £27.50, £23.50.</p> <p>April 10 Faithless, Brixton Academy.</p> <p>April 12 UB40, Wembley Arena, £18.50, £16.50.</p> <p>April 13 The Rankins, Royal Festival Hall.</p> <p>April 22 Ladysmith Black Mambazo, Royal Albert Hall, £27.50-£10.</p> <p>April 17 Beautiful South + Barenaked Ladies, Wembley Arena, £18.50.</p> <p>April 23 Echo And The Bunnymen Brixton Academy, £13.50.</p>

Students £55, Staff/Alumni £75
Champagne and Jazz Reception
Complimentary Wine, Travel to and from the Event
Casino, Funfair and much more... Friday 25 June 1999

www.su.ic.ac.uk/summerball

Reserve your tickets *Today!* On-line or at the union office

SEASON REVIEW : IC VI FOOTBALL

IC 6ths, what a season! Today's cancellation by RAM and the three points picked up on Saturday on a mud bath of a pitch against GKT IV give us 31 points this season, ensuring us of a top five finish and possibly even greater.

This achievement did not seem possible at the start when we were still without a point after our first three games, the fixtures computer matching us up against the eventual high fliers in our first four games, and with such an inexperienced, injury hit team we found it hard going.

The first milestone for us was a point against the eventual champions (in all probability) and two games later the first win followed, a 5-3 battle royale against Barts in which player of the season Tom Wilson secured his first hat-trick and next year's captain Mike Nikolich made his 6th team debut. Before Christmas a further three points was taken in a game notable for the emergence of Alex as a midfield superstar and a goal of the season contender from Supersub Raby. IC 6ths were finally upwardly mobile.

In the New Year spirits were raised, and following a tight 3-2 home win in the league, our assault on the cup could commence. Despite the absence of the defensive pillars that are Tom and Oz, the developing partnership of Booth and Wilson up front, together with the continental influence of Giret (having returned from injury in midfield) inspired a 7-1 victory over UCL VI, a team one league higher than ourselves, with Booth collecting a hat-trick and Williams and Raval scoring their first goals for the team, the latter a superb team effort. The real test was in the next round against 4th division QMW IV. Stifling the game in midfield, we almost pulled it off, two sublime breakaway goals from

Tom "the Doc" not quite enough to overcome the three scored against us, though "Big Al" was unlucky to see his header strike a post near the end.

So we were now free to concentrate on the league, and a great run of seven victories out of nine has seen us climb from nowhere to the heady heights we now occupy, with the side developing all the time, suggesting even greater things are to come next year. Despite 14-1, 8-1 and 5-0 victories during the spring term, game of the season has to be the 4-2 smash and grab job down at Berrylands against the enemy that is Kings VI. An unbelievable "backs-against-the-wall" display looked like it would secure a well-earned point with the score at 2-2. That was until Tom and Spinning Top Roy weaved their magic, one with an orbit-entering lob over the keeper, the other with a piss-taking run, the likes of which man has never seen before, destroying the opposition, jaws dropping in awe as it finished 4-2. And we almost missed the game thanks to Mike not liking cheese on his Big Mac.

Apart from all this the season has also seen a number of friendly games played, mostly for a reserve team that will form the basis of a 7th team next year. Also, Tom bagged his 7th hat-trick of the season today, playing for the 5ths, and this should secure him the top-scorer's Golden Boot for the whole of the London League, his tally now having reached 32, with an extra three in the cup.

Apart from him, I would like to thank everyone who has played for me this year and has made it such a pleasure to captain the team. Roll on Silwood Park (Saturday) and see you all at the trials in October.

Rob Davenport

HOCKEY: DISCO SQUAD

It's the reigning men. Hallelujah!

ULU Reserve Cup Final

Disco Squad.....	3
ICSM II.....	1

We have gone all the way. What can you say? What words can embody the joy of the disco squad. Class, style, skill, beers, mates. Rezoole Inzuman-ul Haque, Tommy Cuntle, Cheeseey, Bob Pyle Iain Pyle, El Capitano, Baps, Peter Tong, Chrissy Bull, Ashrafulah Haque, Marky Blackmore, Mad McAtar Murphy, Fabio, Casanova (walks on water) and Jim Taylor. These are the names of a bunch lads who have just been raised to a higher plane. The grass smells sweeter, the sky looks bluer, beer tastes of the summer sun. As I stand here on the balcony of Motpur park bar the cool air of the evening flows past me and all is good in the world.

The match itself was full of drama. The Sundance Kid pulled a bit of magic out of his hat after 5 minutes: went around 4 of the opposition and deftly planted the ball in the back of ICSM's net. This first goal put some of the fear of the Sun Medallion into the medics and we knew we couldn't have got off to a better start. St. Marys weren't the friendliest side we'd ever played, and the entire opposition did a good impression of Nora Batty with PMT whenever the ref gave a decision our way.

We kept on top of the game throughout the first half and had a seemingly constant stream of short corners, before FABIO clipped in a sweet strike into the bottom left hand corner. Although we had but 6 supporters, their chants were by now drowning out the teeming hoards of medics that had turned up to watch their side being shown what skillful hockey really looks like.

Half time was full of fire and we knew then that we were going to win. The second half was tense. St. Marys somehow squeezed one past the mighty Tong with ten minutes gone and they were back in the match. Both teams had good chances, but the Sundance Kids skilful runs were all to often ended by blatantly unskilful barges, but our goal-poast (of Joy) did its job and kept out a huge St. Marys strike. We put together some moves that would have had John Travlota gaping in awe. With three minutes to go, Fabio collected a rebound and shot from the top of the D. Some of the crowd was on the pitch - they thought it was all over. As the ball flew into the Marys goal and the backboard disappeared in a cloud of dust and splinters we all knew it was now. 'Nuff said. DISCO. See you next year.

Season review: DISCO SQUAD

We have all been part of the best season that the DISCO SQUAD has ever seen. We have won the Cup and dominated the league, winning promotion if not the league itself.

The key to understanding the DISCO SQUAD is that although we're winners, and we've gone all the way - we've had a laugh doing it. Our success is due to team spirit rather than skill. That the DISCO spirit has reigned throughout the season is a monument to the foundations on which this team is built.

The nature of our team-spirit building in the showers after the game has been dubious to say the least - mainly thanks to a certain Filtrum - who can spot a dropped soap at a thousand yards. Who are we? Tossers? No. Wasters? No. We love hockey, we love beers and if we met you, you'd probably love us.

Hasta Luego - its been a good one.

C&G FOOTBALL - THE FINAL

A Very Civil affair!

Civ. Eng.....	3
Elec Eng.....	1

As the sun beat down on Hyde Park, two teams of highly trained, ultra-fit sportsmen faced each other across the muddy pitch. This was it - the final, make or break, winner takes all. Tunde, the electrical coach and referee for the day tossed the coin; civils called heads and won the kick-off.

They lost no time in exerting pressure on the sparks' goalmouth. Alex 'Zachacrapalot' was vicious in attack, putting in some thumping shots, expertly saved by some superb keeping. 'Lone ranger' Druve was a rock in defence, tackling hard and frustrating the best efforts of Brad 'the Bucket' Baskett to get

his name on the score sheet. The frustrated civils kept the pressure on so much that they forgot about defence altogether. Rocky and Bassa started some great breaks and panicked the defence on more than one occasion, but with John between the posts the civils felt reasonably safe. Eventually, though, pressure from Paul and Alex supplied Brad with a goal, not before time.



A few wild tackles and strongly worded exchanges later, Elec Eng took advantage of a terrible, but sadly not atypical defensive error from Iain and grubbed the ball over the line past the scrambling John. Then it was half time. The game could have gone either way. The sparks had their defence regimented, almost shoulder to shoulder. Suddenly, though, out of the blue, Brad shot a rocket past

the keeper and the brickies had the lead again. Heartened by this they rallied and Brad had another - that makes 15 goals in three matches. Pretty good eh? The electricals fought to the bitter end but the day belonged to the bridge builders. When we lifted the cup and read the engravings we were continuing a thirty year domination of this event by civil engineering. It last ran from '69 to '72, with civil teams winning each year. It must be rare in any sporting contest for any team to have a 100% record for thirty years, if you ignore the 27 year untested gap. Thank you to the organisers (C&G Union) and everyone who played and came out to support. It's been a success this year, let's hope it'll be even better next year.

Iain



VOLLEYBALL

One of the best in the country

After qualifying for the first time ever to the final national BUSA tournament, ICU Volleyball has once again made the college proud. It all started last Friday, with a train trip to Loughborough, where the final tournament would take place. Upon arrival, we quickly realised that this tournament was something more than 'just' the BUSA finals, since representatives of the English national teams were there scouting for top athletes. Our team was greeted with a 'where are you from?' and 'do you actually know how to play volleyball in London?' type of messages. We just smiled politely. We knew they would have to swallow all of that in the end. We just knew it!

Our first match was on Friday. We played Sheffield, a sports university who call themselves Sports Elite Squad (yes!, that is actually what they have written on the back of their tops!). They were considered by everybody as the 2nd best team in the tournament and we got the impression they didn't come to this match as well prepared as they could have done. Big mistake! IC started the game in an unstoppable fashion. Superman Carlo and Crazy Nicos were attacking powerfully, and made everybody

realise we were there to win! What a display of skill! We beat them by 2-0, smiled, and went back to the hotel for some rest (more like partying actually).

On Saturday we played De Montford University. They were a quality side and had beaten in the qualifying stages the current titleholders. Again, we were supposed to lose this one as well. But guess what? We proved them wrong! A fantastic team effort, with the usual suspects Carlo and Nicos, showing everybody they were the best attackers in the tournament was enough to secure another success, this time with a 2-1 score. With this result, we qualified automatically for the semi-finals. Hence, the result of the last match was of no importance, and some of the reserves came in to have some fun. We played Edinburgh, the weakest team in tournament, and in the end, we lost the match 1-2. But no damage was done, since 1st place in the group was already secured. At the same time, we gained valuable support for the 3rd day since the loud Scots were pretty grateful for the fact that we didn't play our first team and gave them a chance to fight for a result. Are we nice people or what?

Finally, on Sunday (after some wild partying during the night), semi-final against Cambridge. By this stage, people were already asking us when we were playing our matches since they wanted to see our players in action. We started badly and lost the first set. But then, we putted on a gutsy performance and turned the match around beating the opponents by 2-1! It was a fantastic feeling! We were in the national final! What an achievement! At the same time, three of our players (Carlo, Nicos and Michael) were invited to play for the National English University team. What an honour!

The final was a big affair, with cameramen on stand-by to record the showdown, and reporters making interviews. Our opponents, Sheffield Hallam, were nothing less than the English School of Volleyball Excellence. These are athletes who get scholarships to go into a sports university and do nothing else but play volleyball. They train daily, play in the national premiership and half of them are members of the English national squad. We fought hard, very hard actually, and we had them scared at some stage (the crowd was actually going wild with the prospect of seeing an almost

'professional' side being beaten by a bunch of engineering students). However, in the end, we couldn't pull-it off and lost 0-2. Volleyball is a team-sport and our top players could not make-up for the lack of high-level team-practice. At the same time, Carlo (aka Superman) had a bad injury (or was there any Kryptonite around?) and was not able to perform at his peak (he also spent 3 days distributing autographs, which must have tired him).

We finished in the runner-up spot, with the notion that we went beyond everybody's wildest dreams. ICU Volleyball is now on the map and we'll try to keep it in that way in the future. That's where we belong, fighting for the national title. We also have to thank to all our supporters who went along with us. Thanks guys, you were great! And finally, a special thanks to Ming, who played the whole tournament injured, and Panos (Sports Personality of the Year) for his 'professional' organisation of the whole thing. None of this would have been possible otherwise.

SEASON REVIEW: RIFLE CLUB

The year started well for the Rifle and Pistol Club with an influx of keen new members who really made their impression on the club.

The first competition of the year was the Southern Counties Archery Competition. Three of our archers made their way to Brunel, and putting in a good performance to set the trend for the year came away with creditable scores, one of them Leonora Lang (soon after made archery captain) coming away with the Bronze medal.

Not to be out-done by the archers the Rifle team got set for the West Kent League. This competition is entered by the some of the very best shots in the country; the good news is some of those people are in our club. An excellent performance (including a maximum 100) by Andrew Eldridge saw him coming Fourth overall, although this was a closer result than it sounds, he was only one point away from winning, the result was decided on re-gauging!

As the year progressed the standard of shooting increased steadily, several shooters from IC were called up to the hallowed ranks of the UL Rifle Team, notably Sam Sharpe only in his first year here. There were many fun shoots throughout the year, with our members going to Bisley and various Clay-Shooting venues - good times were had by all.

While all this was going on there was always the IC league to compete in; this is the Clubs internal competition consisting of 34 cards to shoot. The standard this year was very high, reflecting the prestigious nature of the competition. Excellent performances from Phil Golds, Andrew Eldridge and Sam Sharpe have made it very tight; the final result is still pending.

February meant the BUSA Clay pigeon championships, four teams from IC made their way to Hull and shot well on the day having a lot of fun, positions in the top half of the score table for two of the teams saw them go home happy.

More recently Leo Lang put in a superb PB performance at the National Recurve Championships, winning the BUSA trials, and coming third in the head-to-head competition. This set her well on the way to becoming a member of the British Student Squad.

Not aliens to the GB team themselves the UL rifle team went to Sutton Coldfield for the Inter-University Small-bore Championships. The team contained 6 out of 10 IC members and as such the result was never in doubt - yet another win!

The year is not over yet, however; the holidays see the start of the full-bore season where more Imperial victories are sure to be had.

FENCING

Reading Novice Eppe Tournament

Despite some hitches in the morning when one third of our three man team nearly didn't show, a glitch which would have meant disqualification and an early bath for Imperial, we managed to make it to the Tournament just in time to face the City A team. With consummate skill we saw them off with a sound thrashing and then proceeded to do exactly the same with both Herts and Kent University, ensuring that we were seeded an unexpected but entirely gratifying second. By now the smell of victory was in the air, so much so that we decided to forgo our traditional lunch-time drink just in case our fencing skills were impaired.

Rested, we entered the direct elimination round and quickly dispatched the City A team which pitched us up against Hull A in the quarter-finals. Despite their initial appearances Hull proved no match for our combined efforts and we found ourselves in the semi-finals. This was against Exeter and turned out to be our first tough match.

We found ourselves trailing half way, however thanks to some aggressive scare tactics from John 'needs a box' Lung we managed to even the score. This was followed up by some classy timing and a few choice moves by Alex 'One pint will hurt' Griffin meaning that we entered the last fight in the lead. All that was required was the deadly patience and pin-point accuracy of John 'foreplay' Claeys to beat Exeter 45-42.

The final then was Imperial vs the Keele A team who had won the foil the previous day. The match started well with our team managing to keep level, however by now we were tiring and Keele just seemed to have the edge, despite a last spur by 'Foreplay' we lost 41-45 and just had to settle for silver.

The whole event was very entertaining and we returned home and to the pub clutching our medals with pride.

Anyone interested in fencing should go along to the union gym at lunchtimes on Monday or Friday.

SEASON REVIEW: BASKETBALL

This year has not been one of the most successful years the basketball club has had. This, however, is due to the fact that the club's standards have been rising continuously over the last few years.

Men's 1sts

After a very successful first round for the BUSA London Division the end of which found us at the top of the table for the first time ever, our performance started to drop. However, we easily made it past Greenwich to the last 16 beating them 71-58, only to get eliminated by Oxford Brookes, who were eventually third in the competition.

In the UL Cup, after a very easy first round against LBS, we won two tough matches against King's and against UCL and made it to the final. There, after a very good match we lost the Cup to LSE 64-57.

Men's 2nds

It took us quite long to start playing some decent basketball, but eventually it happened. Playing in the Premier Division of the UL League against the first teams of the other London Colleges, we fought most of our matches and were finally ranked fourth. In the UL Cup we progressed two rounds but at the end fell to LSE (again...). The fact that we

managed to preserve two competitive teams at a quite high level of competition is a great success for our club, given that we are the only College in London capable of doing so.

Women

Our women's team faced a great deal of problems this year, mainly due to the lack of interest at the beginning of the year and by some of the players during the year. A couple of injuries later came to add to that. The commitment of 5-6 girls, but mainly of Sandrine Bottinelli and Stephanie Vounou was what kept the team together and now it seems to be paying off. Finishing 6th (as opposed to 1st and 2nd the two previous years) in the UL League is not a failure given those circumstances. In BUSA we made it to the Shield where we lost to Bristol. The very good news is that at the end of the year the number of players increased and almost all of them will be at College next year. This is indeed a very promising young team.

Little by little our club has managed to represent Imperial in the best possible way both in ULU and in BUSA and this tradition is about to be continued next year because we are full of people who love basketball and who love representing their College!

SEASON REVIEW: CYCLING

Highs and Lows

The past few weeks have seen mixed fortunes for the cycling club. On Sunday 28th Feb, Tarik, Hedley and Colin took part in the Kingston Wheelers 14 mile time trial. With opponents such as previous Tour de France yellow jersey holder Sean Yates and current National Hill climb champion Jim Henderson on the start sheet, the competition looked tough on paper. Hedley excelled himself by taking 3rd place, only 27 secs behind eventual winner Henderson. Tarik came in 12th and Colin in 41st, with the trio missing out narrowly on the team prize. The following weekend saw Hedley, Tarik and their Great Britain Duathlon squad buddy Jon taking 1st, 2nd and 3rd in the Thames Turbo Evans Classic Duathlon, in which competitors had to run 5k, cycle 22k and run a final 3k. These races were being used as a build up to the BUSA team time trial, BUSA MTB champs and the Powerman Guernsey Duathlon, which is the National middle distance duathlon.

On the **night of 11th March**, however, these plans were **thwarted in one** careless moment. Colin and Tarik were knocked off their bikes when a hapless motorist flung open her car door as they were going past at 25 mph. Tarik got up relatively unscathed, with a badly sprained ankle and a bruised wrist. Colin was less fortunate and suffered a fracture across the cheek bone and a badly lacerated nose. At the time of writing, he remains in Kingston hospital where he is undergoing surgery to pin the bones in place. The driver was charged on the spot when the **police arrived and hopefully the extensive damages will be covered** by her insurance company. All of us in the cycling club wish Colin all the best on his way to a full recovery and urge everyone who rides in London to bear this story in mind next time they cycle past parked cars. **DON'T TRUST THE DRIVERS TO SEE YOU.**

BOAT CLUB

Ladies Head Down River

Saturday 13th March was a windy, sunny day for the 287 crews competing in the Women's Head of the River Race between Chiswick and Putney. The course is four and a quarter miles long, and run in reverse of the Oxford vs. Cambridge Boat Race.

IC had two entries with good starting positions (determined by last years finishing order). The first 8 began 4th, the first crew off not to be loaded with internationals, and the second 8 began 29th. Both crews had a good row. The first 8 slipped from 4th to 10th, finishing ahead of Cambridge but behind UL, a respectable result, though disappointing to have dropped 6 places. The second 8 performed fantastically, finishing 18th and overtaking 2 crews. This is the best result and IC second 8 has had for years, and they were unlucky not to win the senior 3 pennant, coming second to a Cambridge lightweight crew.

These results were especially pleasing as '98-'99 is a difficult year for the boat club, with no 'home' as the new boat house is being built. Also, the year began with an inexperienced squad that has come on leaps and bounds due to hard work, commitment and determination. Congratulations to everyone who took part, and good luck to the boys who will compete in the Mens Head of the River last week.

RUGBY

Surprise, surprise; IC can play Rugby

A strong confident medics side were well beaten two weeks ago by a determined IC team whose skills and pace surprised the home team. Within 3 minutes of the start the heavier pack had been pushed off their own ball by IC and the ball was spun out for the left wing Andrew Mays to score an early try. Minutes later Chris Dickinson had kicked a penalty and then followed that with a try and conversion and the Medics never really recovered.

A try from the Medic's outside half just before the interval and one by the forwards about five minutes into the second half brought the score to within one point but did not dent the spirit of IC. Two more penalty goals and a try by Dave Gol won the game for Imperial College.

Ferocious tackling by the visitors and a high penalty count for infringements in rucks had denied ICMS continuity. The ball was usually spilled in contact when the Medics tried to use their backs and IC forwards were quicker to the breakdown either winning turnover ball or forcing their opponents to concede a penalty while trying to retain possession.

Slick handling, pace and determined support running enabled IC to make the most of their chances and to secure a well deserved victory.

Peter Joyce

MOUNTAIN BIKING

IC MTBers make their mark at BUSA

BUSA Mountain Bike Championships Newnham Park, Plymouth, March 12th - 14th

First off, I gotta say how far we've come. A year on we're **bigger than ever** and that's thanks to the people who ride with us. So many jibbers and so many excuses but the hardcore are always out on the trails.

Bike dialling took up Friday morning before we sectioned the downhill course and nailed all the technical stuff. The course was a real tough technical one with bombholes, steep verts, log jumps and a huge pair of doubles at the finish. A few pedally traverses linked the technicals and sapped the power from your legs. However it rained all night and by morning the course was a quagmire.

After the first round Seb was up in the top 20. Scott took to cyclocross and ran down the course finishing up in the top 30. All five IC riders finished in the top 200 and managed to qualify for the second run. Awesome.

The second and final runs were all faster, especially Si who lost a full 2 min-

utes to move within a shot of the big boys. Mechanicals **stopped Scott and Seb rising up the standings** any further. **Hey, we were looking good** after the first round and respect to everyone for qualifying. DH is becoming a lot more serious, less lard and more training and we'll see IC boys stomping all over the podium. You gotta have a dream.

Sunday was **Cross Country**. Scott our only serious rider in the championship race. 16 miles through the mud, the guy deserves a medal for just making it round. However a storming first two laps and a solid run in to the finish brought him home before five of the six Birmingham Uni lads, which is all we care about. 'Nuff said.

Thanks to all the riders for a fantastic effort this weekend. We did ourselves proud and made a massive improvement on last year. Thanks to STOIC for the handycam. Thanks Coventry for letting us burn the ramp. Birmingham - we caned ya.

Tom T



Imperial's Year of Sport

Cup & League successes prove that IC IS the capital's best for sport

HOCKEY

Men's Firsts win captures cup; wins the double

IC.....4
RHUL.....2

In keeping with the gods of sport who have been smiling on Imperial this year, the hockey firsts have won the Premier League and the London Challenge Cup.

For the second year running, Holloway duly showed for their token cup appearance. Immediate domination was needed to put these boys in their place. If short corners were sponges, we could have soaked up all the beer spilt on Friday night but our failure to convert them eased the pressure on Holloway. The mighty Morrell opened the scoring with a direct penalty flick. Andy and Paul had glorious games, running rings around all and sundry. O'Dea's goal has already been snapped by the EHA for their next textbook. James kept a solid midfield ticking over with Keylock laying it down champagne style in their left channel. Fluke and Mr. Mangles stifled a forward play down their wing, resulting in the first injury of the day, and some irate com-

ments to the ref. Superb link-ups from Fluffy provided much enjoyment for the crowd, unfortunately not so much for the females. Tim's sliding tackle complimented a solid defence led by Hillbilly Thorton, with skipper Maycock dishing out A-team style hassle to their roving forwards. At half time the scoreline rested at 3-0. With the arrival of the original rocketeer, B. Collen, the game pace doubled, but our increasingly flowing attacking style allowed a slip in marking and two unlucky goals for the Beach Boys. Not to be outdone, Sweater Harris ran, dived and danced his way into the far D. In true JCB style, Trueman put a finish to one such run and gave slight discomfort to the queasy supporters with a glowing white lard-free backside. And where would we have been without the adaptability of Noddy Thomas, ably filling in at left back due to injuries. Unboubtedly this has been the best hockey the Harlington turf has seen in years. Congratulations to M Williamson for his England call up; we got you there!

RUGBY - Gutteridge Cup sponsored by Unilever

IC take on all Medics to win Cup final!

IC.....15
GKT.....10

Having beaten UCL, St Georges and the Imperial Medics on our way through the UL Cup, we were finally to meet GKT in the final. We knew that they had put up an excellent fight against ICSM in the UH Cup final and were definitely not to be underestimated. They'd won their first division league and had thrashed the likes of UCL and Portsmouth.

The game started with Imperial being, quite frankly, crap. Within 5 minutes, GKT had opened the scored sheet with a soft try in the corner. Dazzed and confused, IC knuckled down to what was obviously going to be a fight to the finish. Within minutes, some aggressive play from the IC pack had put Imperial deep into the GKT half. The ball was shipped out to Andy Mayes, who's strength showed as he penetrated their line to score the first points for Imperial. With the scoreline at 7-5 to IC, both teams fought with passion. The only

reward came from a foul by GKT, which allowed Chris "Mega" Dickinson to slot in a penalty, making the score 10-5 to IC at the halfway mark.

By now, both packs were really beginning to feel the heat. The furious running game of the first twenty minutes was lost as both packs settled down to a long, drawn out slugging match. The break for IC came twenty minutes into the second half, with openside flanker Dan Higazi scoring a brilliant opportunistic try of the back of an opposition scrum. The IC team could sense victory now, but there was still plenty of work to be done as GKT game back determined not to go down without a fight.

With the referee playing way over the 80 minutes normally allowed for a game of Rugby, GKT had put up camp in the IC half. After a series of hard scrums, GKT finally managed to break our line to score the last points of the game. With the score at 15-10 to IC, and after 94 minutes, the referee blew the final whistle.

Dave "Dynamic reporter" Pearce



Photos: Dave



The triumphant IC Hockey team with ULU Cup trophy (left) and the ULU Cup Champion rugby team with the trophy (right)

IC ROLL OF HONOUR

or "Time for a bigger trophy cabinet"

Men's Football

ULU Premier League winners
ULU First Division Winners (ICSM)
ULU Cup Winners
UH Cup Winners (ICSM)

Fencing

BUSA Champions

Volleyball

BUSA Runner's-up

Men's Rugby

Gutteridge Cup Winners
UH Cup Winners (ICSM)
BUSA Southern Premiership Champions (ICSM)

Ladies Rugby

ULU League Winners
ULU Cup winners

Athletics

ULU Competition Winners

Men's Hockey

ULU League Winners
ULU Cup Winners
UH Cup Winners (ICSM)
ULU Reserve Cup Winners

Ladies Hockey

ULU Cup Winners (ICSM)

Basketball

UL Cup Runners Up