

26
April
1999



Issue
1142

The Students' Newspaper at Imperial College

Success for IC's Second Ball

The summer ball is definitely going ahead at Alexandra Palace on Friday 25 June. The decision to confirm the event was taken despite the sponsorship problems the ball has been facing, leaving the summer ball committee with the daunting but accomplishable task of acquiring funds for the ball this term. David Hellard, ICU President, has welcomed the news, assuring students that "anyone who goes will love it."

The summer ball was in and out of financial difficulties for much of last term ('Summer Ball's Sponsorship Ordeal, Felix issue 1134), after a succession of sponsorship deals with various companies fell through. It had been hoped that Procter & Gamble would provide a large amount of money for the event - in an email dated 19 February a representative stated that several recruiters "would like to offer some sponsorship". On 21 March, however, Procter & Gamble decided to pull out of the deal. On the same weekend Unilever also pulled out, leaving the ball without any major sponsors. Since then the committee has had some success, with sponsorship from Goldman Sachs and L'Oreal looking likely.

More progress has been made thanks

to the Alumni Office, under the guidance of Clive Oakley, with £3000 to £5000 now looking like an achievable amount of money from old Imperial students. Approximately £2000 in sponsorship was also obtained over Easter. College, however, have been less forthcoming. Nick Griffith, Chairman of the summer ball committee, presented college with a proposal intended to encourage sponsorship of the ball some time ago. In the proposal he pointed out that such an event "reflects highly on the college" and would attract alumni and staff, as well as current students. If the ball became an annual event, like the May balls at Oxford and Cambridge, it could also promote Imperial in the media and industry sectors. College rejected these arguments, with the Deputy Rector insisting that he could not give money from his funds, as these are reserved for academic developments. Dave Hellard summed up how he saw the College's position; "anything to do with the students should be funded by the Union".

Currently a further £7500 is needed,

By Ed Sexton

assuming 1500 tickets are sold (generating just over £80,000). The Union has underwritten the event, meaning that any shortfall will have to met from the Union's reserve funds. Tickets are £10 more than last year, costing £55 for students. Nick Griffith justified the increase by explaining the variety of attractions that should be present at this year's ball: The event should include a big wheel, a classic horse carousel, dodgems, a casino, a cover band and, hopefully, a guest speaker. Coaches to the event are being provided by Capital Coaches, and should hopefully be better organised than last year, when most of the coaches were late.

As well as praising the Alumni Office, Nick Griffith cautiously welcomed the Union's support, thinking that "the sabbs deserve some credit". Feelings towards the ball in the Union have been mixed, mainly due to the serious financial problem that will result if tickets do not sell well. Another contentious issue is the relationship between the ball and the ICSM summer ball, which is scheduled to take place

the day before IC's, on Thursday 24 June. Wade Gayed, ICSM president, was insistent that he did support the IC ball, but was mindful that there are "strong feelings for a separate ball in ICSM". Although supportive of the idea of a combined ball, he felt that the medical merger was not long enough ago to stage such an event; "one year is too soon to expect a single ball... no medics are going to IC's ball, except first years". Dave Hellard agreed that a lot of first year medics would come to IC's ball, and said he could "understand why they want their own ball", but went on to claim "ours will be better". The summer ball has survived the politics and financial troubles, however; now it is up to the students to make it a success.

Information

Tickets go on sale from the Union Office on Friday 30 May

- £55 for students
- £65 for staff

The summer ball committee would welcome suggestions for the guest speaker. Email n.griffith@ic.ac.uk
More info: www.su.ic.ac.uk/summerball

Medics Football Fall from Grace

ICSM Football has sensationally been stripped of the First Division Championship, as a result of last minute wranglings from arch-rivals Guy's, Kings and Thomas' (GKT).

The Kings Medics successfully appealed against two fixtures, in which they claimed ICSM Firsts had fielded a ringer, in the shape of Dr Jonathan Houghton. Dr Houghton completed his course last year, and consequently is no longer eligible for UL competition, but it is believed that he has played in all but two games of the season. Indeed, if the results of all the games in which his name appears on the teamsheet were overturned, ICSM would be left with just six points - and would face relegation to the Second Division.

Crucially, the reversal of the two matches (in both of which Dr Houghton scored) means a six point swing from ICSM to GKT, moving the Kings Medics to 43 points, and thus into first place, earning

By David Roberts

them promotion to the Premier Division (where they replace the relegated Royal School of Mines squad). Meanwhile, ICSM Firsts drop into third place, behind UCL's second string.

The ultimate placings, however, are still not final. ICSM have appealed against the decision, and, although their appeal has been rejected by UL Sports League Co-ordinator Ruth Crawford at the first stage, the final decision of Neil Walker (ULU's Sports Officer) was not known at time of going to press. Whilst it is possible that the ICSM victories over GKT could be reinstated, the appeal also carries with it considerable dangers, as an appeals panel would have, in Ruth Crawford's words, "every opportunity to take whatever decision they felt appropriate...it is not beyond the realms of possibility that they could deem voiding of

all matches a possibility". In this way, every match in which Dr Houghton played would be declared an opposition walkover, and thus ICSM would be relegated to Division Two. If that were not bad enough, the knock-on effect would be the automatic demotion of ICSM Seconds to Division Three, as UL rules state that no reserve team may play in the same division as their Firsts.

However, the most likely scenario remains the current status quo, as eligibility cannot usually be disputed after a match, unless (as in this case) the player concerned failed to produce a valid ID when asked to do so by the opposition on the day of the match. Consequently, as GKT are the only side to have disputed eligibility, the two matches which have already been voided are the only ones which can realistically be called into question.

Unfortunately, none of the ICSM squad were available for comment - we'll bring you the final decision next week.

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In brief...

Millennium Fever

The last day of the spring term culminated in the usual fiesta that is the Carnival. Although millennium fever failed to build up in respect to ticket sales compared to other carnivals, this was more than adequately compensated for by a more mature and appreciative crowd.

The numerous house and garage fans at IC had their moment when Sheffield's own security stalwarts otherwise known as Chilliblack mixed the tunes. The room was culturally inspired by Arthur C Clarke's epic, *2001 A Space Odyssey*, while as usual the chill-out room was well refreshed by its selection of enticing cocktails.

One of the major focal points at the event was the popular bouncy LaserQuest. So keen were some of the combatants that a gun was stolen by one miscreant. dB's was bathed in music from the ubiquitous Shaft. The live music was provided courtesy of the Sugarplums who seemed to be more at home with indie rather than funk. The people in the mosh pit, who were certainly roused by many an anthem, confirmed this.

Congratulations go to Mark Horne and his Ents team for their dedicated and often unheralded efforts for another satisfactory night.

Entrepreneurs Wanted

Can you describe commercial applications of your dissertation convincingly?

If you are a recent post-doc or anticipate completion of your PhD or MD by September, you are eligible for the Innovation Grants Competition run by the Merrill Lynch Forum.

The competition has a top prize of \$50,000, two second prizes of \$20,000 and two of \$10,000. The Forum also makes awards to the winners' universities, and will give a special cash grant to the University that submits the most eligible entrants. Entrants must submit a 3,000 word explanation of how their research could be developed into a commercial product or service. The description must include a summary of the project, an outline of the commercial idea, an analysis of the potential market for that commercial development, and a discussion of technical steps necessary to bring the innovation to market.

Entries must be submitted by 15 September 1999. Detailed information about the competition, how to apply, the judges, last year's winners, etc. and a sample proposal are available at <http://www.ml.com/Innovation>.

Computing Chartered

Joint Mathematics and Computing students look set to gain Chartered Engineer status when they graduate, provided that they do enough computing. The Institute of Chartered Engineers recently reviewed the Department of Computing's undergraduate courses, according to their new regulations. The 12 month MSc course in Advanced Computing has also been accredited; Director of Studies Margaret Cunningham believes that this is the first course of its kind to be recognised. The Computing courses have been re-accredited; an MEng in computing will give Chartered status, while a BEng will make graduates Incorporated Engineers.

Bugs on the Increase

According to research carried out by Dr Peter McEwen, Research Director of Insect Investigations Ltd, one principle effect of recent increases in global temperature is a corresponding increase in insect populations. Whether or not you subscribe to global warming theories, studies have revealed that 1990, 1995 and 1997 were the warmest years for over 500 years, and 1998 was the hottest summer on record, in terms of average temperatures from around the world. For Britain recent mild weather could mean a noticeable increase in mosquito, wasp and midge numbers. In recent years the UK has seen the appearance of many new insect species, including several types of wasp. A certain amount of cynicism is advised before you go buying insect repellent, however, as the research was carried out on behalf of 'Jungle Formula Insect Repellent'.


Swedish Scholarship Opportunity

Chalmers University of Technology in Gothenburg, Sweden, offers one scholarship per year tenable on a one year Master's programme. The Master's programmes presently offered by Chalmers include various engineering and management courses, as well as physics, communication and environment based subjects. Tuition is in English and a

knowledge of Swedish is not required, although it may prove useful in the university bars! The scholarship covers all fees and hall accommodation, as well as a monthly bursary, but not travel costs. Candidates must be UK nationals, usually resident in Britain, and be expecting to get a first or second class degree from Imperial (normally an MEng or MSci). The deadline for applications is 10 May and forms are available from Room 319, Sheffield Building. For more information contact the registry or Nigel Wheatley, the Deputy Academic Registrar; n.wheatley@ic.ac.uk.

Biochemistry Fire

A fire in the basement of the Biochemistry building during the holidays brought two fire engines onto campus. The blaze,



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Editor: Ed Sexton
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Music Editors: Dennis Patrickson & Jason Ramanathan
Arts & Books Editor: Helena Cochemé
Games Editor: Gary Smith
Clubscene: Giles Morrison,
Gurminder Marwaha & Joel Lewis

caused by a notebook left on some equipment, was soon extinguished, and fortunately no significant damage was caused, as the basement is home to the department's electron microscopes.

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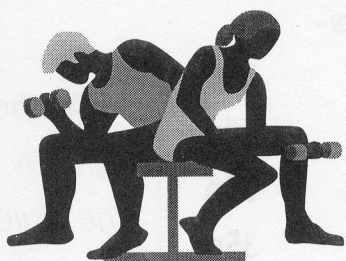
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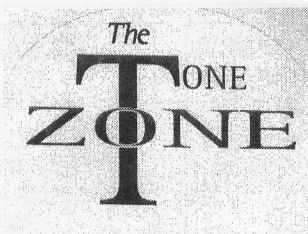
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Noisy Eaters

Dear Felix

This letter concerns a disgruntlement which I am sure many of us using the library for quiet study share - that of noisy eaters.

As if the brain did not strain enough at the efforts of academia, the guts and ears also are made to turn at the 'crunch, slurp crunch' of meek looking young students surreptitiously consuming their secreted dorittos. One can tell these meek creatures are aware of their crime - when one glares at them they drop their gaze in shame and attempt to devour their noisy sustenance more quietly.

This will not do! It is the utmost in vulgarity and bad manners. I am tempted to lace their food with arsenic - if only they gave me the chance by leaving the library ever once during the day.

Yours & c

Disgruntled

Who are these fair men and women, the chosen ones who can secrete dorittos. Or is it secret-ed? On a more serious note, perhaps the library should have an area you can eat in (noisily or otherwise), for the ten hour marathon reviser. - Ed

Dear Editor,

David Hellard (Felix 24 March) urges "affirmative action" to force the issue of all day opening of the Health Centre. Unfortunately, he has not presented the reasons why the Health Centre currently closes during lunchtime.

When the Health Centre is open, every member of staff is dealing with patients, or acting on their behalf. There is little time to have breaks or catch up on the essential administration necessary to fulfil our various obligations and commitments to patients. When the Health Centre is closed at lunchtime staff stagger their lunch breaks so that these essential administrative tasks may be carried

out. This 'catch up time' is essential for the running of the Health Centre.

I have pointed out repeatedly to David that our service arrangements, including the issue of opening hours, are constantly under review. We will be re-considering our appointment schedules to see how we can accommodate his concerns.

David confuses the issue of perceived lack of appointments with lunchtime opening. Opening at lunchtime would not entail the creation of more appointments, merely the shifting of their times. Furthermore, as David knows, the main reason for scarce appointments during term-time is the very high non-attendance rate by students. Over 100 Doctors and Nurses appointments were lost during the month of February due to non-attendance, mainly by students. If students let us know when they are unable to attend we would be able to offer those appointments to others.

The Health Centre is not a department of College. It is an independent general practice contracted to provide a student health service and an emergency service during working hours. By far the majority of our funding comes from the National Health Service and not from the College. The College liaises with us as to how we provide the services that are contracted within the confines of the financial arrangement between us, and MADSAC is the advisory committee that effects that liaison.

We would ask David that, when advocating 'affirmative action', he bear in mind our patients' comfort, safety and confidence when using the health centre, and their right to confidentiality and privacy when accessing the service.

However attacking the Health Centre isn't the way forward. The staff are dedicated and caring and always available to deal with urgent cases. They provide an excellent service. As usual, the question is one of resources, and in this case the answer does not lie with the Health Centre.

Yours faithfully

Dr. Irene Weinreb
Director, Clinical Services

ICU Newsagent - Newspaper prices

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walkway opposite
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Princes Gardens tennis courts

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Deadline for letters for is 12noon Wednesday.

Please include the words 'Letter for Publication' in the header of letters.

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.

Wednesday 12 May

From Machine to Music

Jonathan Harvey talks about his music involving electronics, with illustrations.

Haldane Collection, Central Library

Level 1 at 18.45.

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Kosovo

Yes, I'm afraid the blanket media coverage has even affected your much-loved (?) Felix. Besides, term has barely started and the few news writers we do have are still revising in far flung corners of the globe. Anyway, I believe that we all have a conscience, and not even impoverished students are exempt from this. "Why is he hung up on this humanitarian crisis, while successfully ignoring famine in Africa and oppressive regimes in Asia and Latin America?" I hear you ask. The brutally honest answer is that it is a lot harder to make a real difference in places like Sudan. Aid agencies can do their best, but at the end of the day a change of attitude is needed as much as money. In Kosovo, however, a large injection of cash could make all the difference in the coming weeks - for many, the difference between life and death.

Enough propaganda - what about the politics? Well, I'm staying out of them. I am aware that we have rep-

resentatives from many nationalities at Imperial, and don't want to obscure the humanitarian problem by opening a political can of worms. For the purposes of this rant and this newspaper, I don't care if you blame the Serbs, NATO or the jolly green giant for the crisis. I do care that there is a crisis, and that people need help.

Thus I call on all media editors at the college to do their bit by including a banner like the one above in their publications - and I include web editors and IC Reporter in that. Web banners (similar to the one above) can be taken from the Disasters Emergency Committee web site (www.dec.org.uk), while I will happily design a high resolution version that can be printed. I also call on Felix's readers, and in particular some of the better paid members of the college, to respond to such pleas. And if anyone's got any good fund-raising ideas then feel free to pop by for a coffee sometime. Perhaps we could auction off the spare granite from those infamous flower beds...

Summer Ball

The Union has taken a chance by underwriting the ball, so I would ask all those in two minds as to whether to go to also take a chance and get a ticket (assuming the previous topic hasn't got you saving every penny). I don't think it was made explicit in the article on page one, but this will be IC's second ball ever, and if it doesn't work out there won't be one next year. So the "I'll go next year" defence won't work. I shouldn't really need to persuade anyone - the event speaks for itself, and looks like being the highlight of the year - but I guess student apathy, and the nervous smiles seen in ICU when the subject is mentioned, have finally got to me.

A previous editor of Felix had an idea for such an event as the ball. Basically, it involved producing a newspaper every hour for the duration of the evening, using digital cameras and fast photocopiers. So your embarrassing antics are down in print for all to see on the night. It would obviously take a

dedicated and efficient team of journalists and editors to make such a stunt work, and is unlikely to happen this year, but if anyone is keen on the idea, let me know.

Oh, by the way, welcome back

I knew there was something I had forgotten to say. Good luck to all of you who have exams in the coming weeks (sorry, I can't help but gloat) - may second order differential equations be your friend and short term memory loss your enemy. For light relief may I suggest Ali Campbell's Thought for the Day (page 7). I would recommend other parts of this issue but, to be honest and without offending my sub-editors who came back from their holidays early, this is one of my least favourite editions. If you agree, and have time and talent enough to write a letter of complaint, then why not write something for Felix? I am going to get that plug in another twenty times before Imperial's term, and mine, is over...

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Right Angles To Reality

Food for Thought

Old Mother Hubbard would have understood. The fact that I don't keep a dog, poor or otherwise, as a pet doesn't enter into it. Canine non-possession impacts not upon the bareness of one's cupboards, and mine certainly were bare. Eventually, having eaten all seven of the halves of onions that inexplicably accumulate in even the best run of fridges, and when I could no longer stomach yet another meal of Bisto and cornflour fritters followed by ice cubes à la Thames Water, I reluctantly had to admit that the time had come to dig out my Littlewoods duffel coat (one of those 'just too good to miss' bargains that you're always hearing about) and trog off to the supermarket to bend my knee at the altar rail of 20th century consumerism.

I always feel the tiniest bit guilty about making such hard work of going shopping. I mean it's only just down the road, a fifteen minute walk at the very most. It's not like I have to trek for hours, barefoot under the mid-day sun clad only in a loincloth, sucking groundwater up through hollow reeds in order not to die of thirst, following the almost imperceptibly faint tracks of my prey which I will have to bring down using a David-and-Goliath-type stone in a sling. Nor do I have to head off for a three day trip into dense subtropical rainforest armed with a spear and a catapult, searching for armadillos or something equally scaly and unappetising to knock senseless and turn into a casserole. Compared to the lengths to which some people have to go in order to fulfil their most basic dietary requirements, my life is simplicity itself. On the other hand, Kalahari Bushmen rarely have to contend with an irate pensioner who, having taken ticket number 47 at the deli counter, wandered off to get a bottle of Camp coffee and then returned fifteen minutes later, to find that the 'Now Serving' number has moved on to 62 and he has lost his place in the queue. Likewise I'm willing to bet that instances of Amazonian Indians getting stressed out because the only trolley left is the one with the wheel brake stuck on are very rare indeed.

This being said, I am still of the opinion that all in all I've probably got the better deal. One thing for sure,

supermarkets have got a lot more complicated since I used to sit in the little seat at the front of the aforementioned motion-impaired trolley. Back then, shopping was shopping, and not a 'nourishment acquisition leisure experience', and an in-store bakery was something that happened accidentally when the heating got stuck on full in the middle of summer. Another thing evident to those of us who remember when things were priced to the nearest half pence, is the veritable explosion in the range of vegetables now available to the discerning consumer. To be absolutely frank, some of the greenery currently masquerading as food at your local fresh veg counter scares the life out of me. Not only does some of it look like the kind of plants that grew on the planets visited by the people off of "Space 1999", but I can't pronounce the names of half of them, let alone tell which bits to boil and which to cut off and throw away. The humble King Edward and deeply unglamorous Brussels Sprout have been forced into a shotgun marriage with Pak Choi and Khol Rabi, the long-term consequences of which can only be guessed at. It's the same with fruit. In the days when all of the bubbles in carbonated drinks had to "pass their fizzicool", the biggest choice faced by the shopper was between Granny Smith's or Cox's Orange Pippin, and the purchase of such exotica as a box of dates with a picture of a camel on the lid, or a pineapple, meant either that Christmas was just around the corner or that you had a relative in hospital. Not any more. Pomegranates sit alongside Starfruit which are themselves cheek by jowl with Lychees, or some similar produce, whose only previous appearance in Britain up until recently was in the Ape house at Regent's Park Zoo.

Please don't misunderstand me. I'm

Matt Salter

"Back then, shopping was shopping, and not a 'nourishment acquisition leisure experience'..."

not saying that all this new-found choice in green-grocery and the ability of the consumer to now buy gristly Continental sausages that are so full of fat that they only differ from candles in that the latter has a wick, is necessarily a bad thing. The emergence of stores that are bigger than Noah's ark and contain a greater variety of meat and poultry, must be a good thing from the cultural-barrier-breaking, horizon-broadening, consciousness-raising point of view. Not only can you now get comestibles, toiletries, magazines, jeans, spares for your car and wing-mounted air-to-ground missile racks for an F-16 under one roof, but the traditionally unadventurous and nutrient bereft British diet might also take a turn for the better - you never know. In a way, I hope that the standard of food in this country does improve if only so that our smug European cousins will no longer be able to lord it over us in matters culinary.

One particularly welcome development is the near exponential improvement in the ready-meal market, to the point where heat-up curries actually look like curries and not a slurry of post-surgical offal and industrial effluent dribbled over semi-cooked UNHCR-reject rice, as they did in the days when Vesta had the monopoly. As a busy, thrusting young scientist with little time and even less inclination to wield pots and pans, my shopping basket often includes a few items from the cook-chill cabinet, and I placed a couple of 600g Tagliatelli Carabonara and a Chicken Korma in my trolley. They joined a selection of packets and tins and a motley collection of exotic fruit and veg, which I had chosen in a effort to appear cool and hip when unloading my shopping at the till. Next came a jar of Italian pasta sauce "made to a 300-year old traditional recipe". I have never been able to understand why age should be a guarantee of quality, as implied by the label



that I couldn't make use of the "eight items or grammatically incorrect" Express Checkout and I was forced to wait while the customer in front, whose shopping seemed to consist entirely of items either having no price or an unreadable barcode, slowly packed his things away in about seventeen separate bags and paid with the takings of his Penny Arcade, before I could have the cost of all my new possessions totted up. There then followed the usual fiasco of paying for the stuff, whereby the cashier does their level best to shove the contents of my shopping trolley down the conveyor belt and into the holding area at the end faster than I can stuff them into the ludicrously flimsy, pre-ripped polythene bags provided, in some grim and manic imitation of that bit with the cuddly toy at the end of the Generation Game. I left the shop, sweating profusely and with the vein in my temple pulsating uncontrollably.

There's no disguising it - I hate doing the weekly shop. But at least it's over for another seven days. With a full larder my food life will be much improved, for a while at least. It's quite a comforting feeling, only... oh damn I forgot to buy toilet rolls. And Brillo pads, and coffee... and, ...oh for goodness sake...

on the jar which I had just placed into my trolley. I have often wondered whether for the last three centuries Italian husbands haven't been eating spag bol made with this sauce with a grimace and saying "Whatta the hell issa this? It tastes lika shit" under their breaths. Following this was a pot of deluxe super-thick-stand-your-spoon-up-in-it yoghurt - the culinary equivalent of Russian Roulette and one that comes with a 'noticeable hardening of arteries or your money back' guarantee. A visit to the meat counter showed that the inflationary expansion had been extended to this part of the store as well. Now, as well as chicken and pork one could purchase ostrich, alligator and kangaroo. I toyed with the idea of buying some venison but it was a bit deer. The bread counter saw me getting my hands on a crusty cob and a packet of American-style donuts



which I didn't really want but which had an extra 25 Advantage Points on them. Then I steered my laden trolley towards the tills, resisting the temptation of the 3 for 2 Castrol GTX offer. I had purchased so many things

that I couldn't make use of the "eight items or grammatically incorrect" Express Checkout and I was forced to wait while the customer in front, whose shopping seemed to consist entirely of items either having no price or an unreadable barcode, slowly packed his things away in

"The emergence of stores that are bigger than Noah's ark must be a good thing..."

about seventeen separate bags and paid with the takings of his Penny Arcade, before I could have the cost of all my new possessions totted up. There then followed the usual fiasco of paying for the stuff, whereby the cashier does their level best to

shove the contents of my shopping trolley down the conveyor belt and into the holding area at the end faster than I can stuff them into the ludicrously flimsy, pre-ripped polythene bags provided, in some grim and manic imitation of that bit with the cuddly toy at the end of the Generation Game. I left the shop, sweating profusely and with the vein in my temple pulsating uncontrollably.



Malaysian Focus

Anwar Ibrahim: Guilty as Charged. What Next for Malaysia?

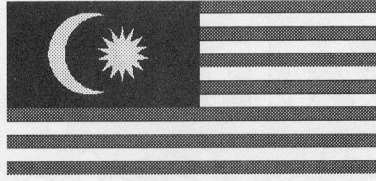
It was a trial that had no precedent by Malaysian standards. Starting with astonishing revelations of the police's brainwashing methods, the public was first introduced to the concept of 'neutralisation' and 'turnover' in the Anwar Ibrahim corruption trial. After that it was a torrent of one bombshell after another and, up to a point, there was a sense of scepticism as to what or whom to believe. When defence lawyers tried to adduce evidence of the existence of a political conspiracy to topple Anwar, they were blocked by a series of rulings concerning their relevancies by the judge, Augustine Paul. There was even a joke going around about the judge's most used phrase during the trial, "Not Relevant!". He even went one step further by citing one of the lawyers as being in contempt of court and sentenced him to three months in jail. Besides being the longest-running trial ever in Malaysia, the 77-day hearing also broke many other records in Malaysia's Guinness Book of Records: The first in which a former Deputy PM was brought to court, a first ever corruption case which didn't concern any money or use of wealth but only abuse of power, and the first in which the accused was

charged under an act that was virtually non-existent to begin with. It was also unique in the way that the charges were amended by the prosecution when

doubts were raised by the defence over their accusations of sexual misconduct by Anwar, resulting in statements and evidence; including the infamous king-size, semen-stained mattress, to be expunged by Judge Paul.

Ironically, the Black Eye inquiry was conducted concurrently with his corruption trial and exposed rather disturbing aspects of the police force. Anwar scored a big point when the former-IGP, Rahim Noor, sensationally confessed to beating the former DPM on the night of his arrest in September last year. That confession put the government under immense pressure as people expressed anger and discontent at the unprofessional conduct of the country's police officers. It is also bewildering how, at the moment, it is possible for Rahim Noor to be able to walk free without any action being taken against him despite having made

Nik B Hafiz



a clear admission to beating a handcuffed and blindfolded man senseless in the vicinity of the police headquarters. Anwar, in the meantime, had to see his requests for bail continuously being denied, and he still hadn't been proven guilty.

With such clear one-sided treatment of the man, not many people held any illusion that on 14 April, Anwar Ibrahim would be cleared of the four charges. Thousands converged to the heart of the capital to show their support on the morning of the scheduled announcement. When Judge Paul, as expected, read out a guilty verdict and punished Anwar with 6 years in prison, most were shocked at the lengthy sentence. People on the street wept openly, some claimed injustice and expressed disbelief. However, the most heartbreaking outcome of this was that six young children were to be denied their father for a maximum period of six years. The eldest of the six, Nurul Izzah, who had been a pillar of strength for her mother, Dr Wan Azizah, and the

rest of her siblings ever since her father was arrested, broke down in tears upon hearing the verdict. It was not only a sad day for Malaysia but, more significantly, for this family of seven to whom many ordinary Malaysians had opened their hearts since this debacle began.

So where do Malaysians go from here? No one can really predict. The whole experience has been an eye-opener to many, resulting in increased awareness among the usually apathetic majority. Dissatisfaction with the ruling party had grown exponentially since Anwar launched his 'reformasi' movement with the exposure of corrupt practices within the government. Questions have been raised over the independence of the judiciary, police professionalism, justice, freedom of the media, rights of expression and democracy. Malaysians must now continue their quest for change without Anwar, since he will effectively be out of politics for almost a decade. However, his presence will be felt and what he has accomplished and suffered, along with many others in the past few months, will definitely have an effect on the future of the Malaysian political scene, and the country as a whole.

Thought for the Day

Chop chop...

It's nearing examination time, ladies and gentlemen. The senior members of the student populace will be facing stressful times, and could no doubt do with some practice at interpreting exam-type questions. To help out with this, I have generously set you a little problem to prepare you all for the trials ahead.

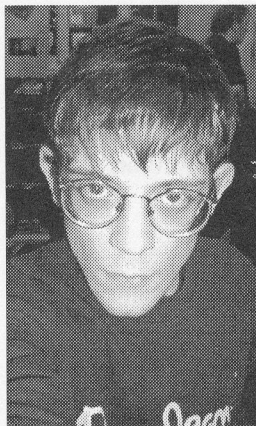
Read the following carefully: "Number one back and sides, cut short on top and layered in, please." Think you could understand that? Does it seem straight forward enough? Does it bear any resemblance to the phrase "I would like to leave your establishment looking like Michael J Fox?" I didn't think so. If you can spot the difference between these two requests, then I offer my heartfelt congratulations. You are officially a better candidate than the utterly incompetent woman who cut my hair on Gloucester Road once. (The precise location of the business in question is still a secret.) You may wonder how such a fundamental error could be made by someone whose livelihood ought to

consist of not making people look like Michael J Fox. If this is the case, then don't look at me for an answer - I had no idea as I fled the building with my hat firmly in place. Perhaps the fact that the Scissor-Brandishing Representative of Doom didn't speak any English was a contributory factor, or at least no dialect I'd ever heard. The fabled London service industry claims another victim.

If this ever happens to you, take my advice - don't be tempted to get the clippers out when you get home. Needless to say, this is exactly what I did - and was rewarded with a nice bald streak up the back of my head for my troubles. Bloody hell - I now looked worse than Michael J Fox. Feeling persecuted, miserable and downright stupid, I did the only sensible

thing - went to bed, hoping that it would look better in the morning. Guess what? - it didn't.

Ali Campbell



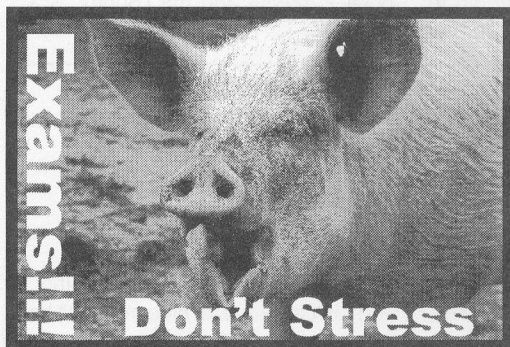
Keep those scissors away

I finally solved the problem in my usual manner - by throwing good money after bad, and getting it fixed up at a rather more expensive establishment in a remote part of London, making it a financially intensive venture indeed. This is just the worst example of a long string of misfortunes, all of which have revolved around the deceptively stressful goal of a simple short back and sides.

I cannot possibly stress enough just how much I hate having my hair cut. I loathe it. I dread it. I wouldn't call myself an introvert, but there are certain situations in which I just don't fancy a pleasant chat. Cab rides are one of

them. Having my hair cut is another. You can't run away, or hide. You can't be rude. And you can't just say nothing, for fear of retribution. These people have absolute control. They have the power to make you look like a million dollars, or like an absolute monkey, in just ten minutes, depending on how they feel on a particular day. There is no recompense. Coming from the North doesn't help either, especially when your torturer is feeling vindictive. To ask someone to repeat something once is embarrassing. To ask them to repeat it twice is humiliating. I usually bottle out on the third occasion, and just grin and shrug in a vague fashion, which can be fatal if they've just asked you whether you want orange streaks.

So if there is a budding entrepreneur out there, looking for that lucrative, elusive gap in the market, consider setting up a chain of hairdressers whose modus operandi is that they will not say a word during the entire process. You'd make an absolute packet. 'Introcuts'. I can see it now.



Can't study?

Too many distractions?

Why not join us for a ...

Revision Weekend Away?

What is this about?

This is a weekend away, organised by His People Society, for you. It is a Revision Weekend Away, giving you the opportunity to study out in the peaceful countryside where you will be waited upon for meals etc. Also relaxing sporting events will be arranged for the breaks between study sessions, a program designed for highly productive times of study. This is also an opportunity to get to know other students.

Who is this for?

Any student who desires to have a productive study weekend in the country side.

Details:

Dates: 30th April - 3rd May (Friday evening - Monday morning)
 Cost: £15 non society members £12 society members
 Includes: Transport, Food, Accommodation etc.
 Departure time: 18 30 (Fri)

RSVP by Wednesday 28th April to Frans at 0181 748 7576 or
hpstudents@aol.com

Itinerary Sample:

Saturday	
08 00	Wake up and Breakfast
09 00 - 11 00	Study Session
11 00 - 11 30	Tea Break
11 30 - 13 00	Study Session
13 00 - 14 00	Lunch
14 00 - 15 30	Study Session
15 30 - 17 30	Sports & Relaxation
17 30 - 19 00	Study Session
19 00 - 20 00	Supper
20 00 - 23 00	Games / Hot Choc & marshmallows etc (study optional)
23 00	Zzzzzzzz

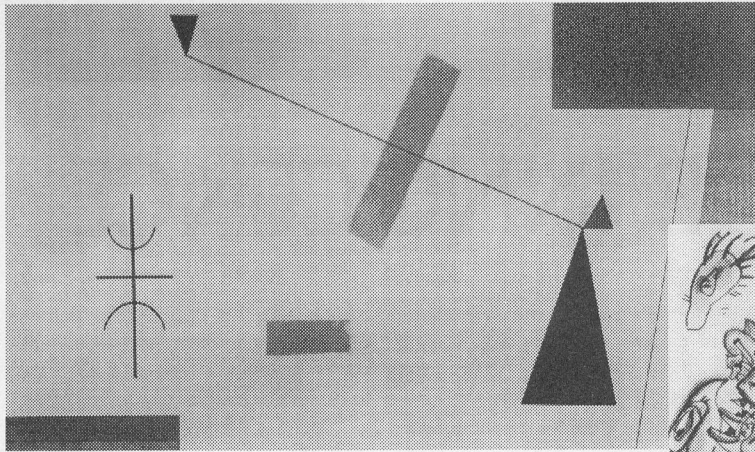


HIS PEOPLE
 S O C I E T Y



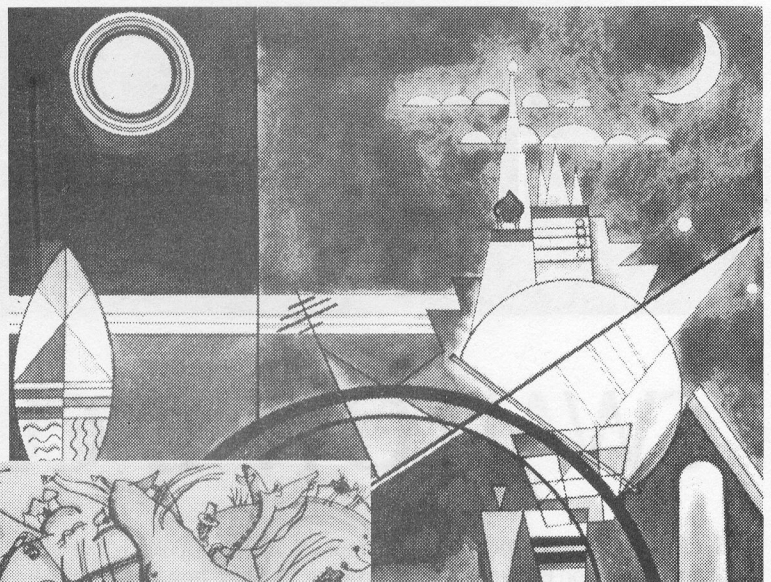
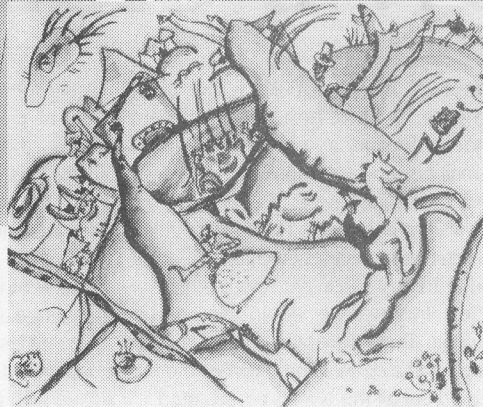
KANDINSKY - WATERCOLOURS, AND OTHER WORKS ON PAPER

Royal Academy of Arts



Vasily Kandinsky (1866 - 1944) undoubtedly exerted a profound influence on modern art. Surprisingly enough, this pioneer of the abstract style was something of a mature prodigy. He abandoned an auspicious career in law at the age of 29, inspired by the revelation of a *Haystack* by Monet, which "impressed itself ineradicably upon [his] memory, always hovering before [his] eyes". Besides being gifted with a photographic memory, Kandinsky was synaesthetic - distinct shades of colours stimulated powerful sounds and sensations in his brain.

The substantial collection of prints, sketches, watercolours and gouaches provides a comprehensive overview of Kandinsky's innovative artistic evolution throughout the 20th century. Initially influenced by Russian fairytales and religious icons, the subject matter gradually evolved towards intrinsically geometric, non-figurative compositions. Although folkloric motifs of his homeland subsequently emerge in his work such as *The Great Gate of Kiev* (pictured right), Kandinsky is renowned for his vivid, non-



objective pieces - *Off Balance* for instance, pictured left. Kandinsky also developed and applied a scientific, theoretical basis to his technique, which revolutionised the Expressionist movement. Disillusioned by the political turbulence in communist Russia, he emigrated to Germany where he lectured at the Bauhaus institute and was involved

in the compilation of *The Blue Rider (Der Blaue Reiter)* almanac. The most fascinating element of the exhibition was the inclusion of a video, showing the artist at work. Within a matter of minutes, a blank page was covered in dynamic swirls and grids, revealing his spontaneous and swift approach to art. His paintings literally came to life.

Helena

Until 4th July

Admission: £6, students £4
Opening hours: daily 10am - 6pm (Fridays in April and May until 8.30pm)
Nearest tube: Green Park

IMPERIAL COLLEGE CHOIR AND THE IMPERIAL MEDICS CHOIR

Verdi Requiem

Taking my seat in the Great Hall on Friday 19 March, I noted that there were almost as many places for the performers as for the audience. This was encouraging because Verdi's *Requiem* is a big work requiring what might be colloquially termed 'large portions'. A German conductor of the day dubbed it Verdi's 'latest opera dressed in ecclesiastical robes' for its dramatic and secular style. It evokes a series of contrasting emotions, sometimes powerfully, sometimes with the utmost delicacy. It is a string of fixating, breathtaking passages interspersed with less intense sections to allow the audience to refill their lungs and release their grip on their armrests.

The auditorium prickled with anticipation as the singers filed in - the event had clearly attracted an enthusiastic crowd. There were the occasional bursts of partisan applause as a small group spotted their chum on stage, even the odd aborted Mexican wave. The conductor, Therees Tkach Hibbard, entered with the soloists to a ripple of expectant

applause and everyone settled for the opening chords.

The first section is like the lull before the storm. The captivating sound of chorus and muted strings woos the audience to calm before being shaken awake by the sudden outburst of orchestral might which introduces the *Dies Irae*, the loudest, longest and probably most famous section of the piece. I was almost blown out of my chair by the blast of brass, the scream of sopranos and the boom of the bass drum, played by an individual who emulated the heartiest of baseball sluggers in style and power. The relentless runs of strings fill one's head with thoughts of apocalyptic doom and divine wrath. The 'dread trumpet' calling the dead to rise came in the form of powerful off stage brass playing a fanfare that filled the hall with awe-inspiring noise. Ms Tkach Hibbard hopped about on her conducting stand regimenting her cohorts, keeping the singers' performance tight and intense. The lilting linking sections of duets and orchestral



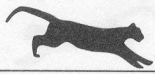
playing allowed one to breathe out before the next onslaught of overwhelming oratorical power.

The *Requiem* is a piece of intense contrasts. The soloists have a real chance to shine in their sections. The buxom Miranda Keys (soprano) and Kathryn Turpin (mezzo soprano, standing in for the unwell Louise Mott) carried off the lilting *Agnus Dei* beautifully, especially considering the lack of rehearsal time. The phrases lilted and lingered on the ears in a smooth relaxing fashion. James Rutherford (bass) and Simon Bainbridge (tenor) were at times menacing and at others

deeply sombre. What really stood out however, was the dynamic control and precision of the chorus. They performed out of their skins not only in the loud sections but also in the more delicate passages.

Miranda Keys sang the final phrases with such wonderful dulcet intensity that the audience was stunned to a long silence before the well deserved rapturous applause erupted. Thank you to the choirs, the orchestra, the soloists and their conductor for a superb night's entertainment.

lain



Clubscene

SWALLOW @ CLUB INNOCENCE

Swallow @ Club Innocence
Shand St., London Bridge
£8 NUS/ £10
10pm - 6am

Swallow. A club run by a group of young people for young people. Having received high accolades in both *Timeout* and *The Independent*, I figured it was time I went down and had checked the club out myself - in the interests of journalism of course.

Swallow hasn't been running for long, and you could see that this was a night in its infancy but with huge potential. You walk into the club and can feel the rawness of a night that will soon be

massive. The music policy is simple - no cheese. A whole host of DJs play hard-house, techno, and hardcore until the small hours of the morning. And we're not just talking any old DJs, but jocks such as Darren Pearce and Nicky Blackmarket. Since Swallow has been changing venue (due to costs), tonight saw the night at Club Innocence down by London Bridge. There were two rooms, a chill out area and a connecting room where you could eat all the sweets you wanted.

The atmosphere was great, though the crowd was a bit young for my liking (but then I'm a fussy bastard). The decor included drapes all over the place and the lighting created a very dark and haunting dancefloor. After midnight you

could see why Swallow will be massive - lots of people, the beer was flowing freely, there were plenty of DJs and there was still six hours to go.

One of the great things about Swallow is its music policy and the large number of DJs playing. Each DJ plays for a couple of hours or so and then there's a change as a new jock plays his kind of tunes in his own style. This stops you getting bored and creates an atmosphere filled with anticipation.

The venue was alright, and as in London anywhere is better than nowhere...so the club was run in some railway arches that had been converted. Not too bad, but I've been to better.

I'll take this opportunity to thank Chris and the Swallow gang for letting us come down and check out what is sure to be one of London's premier nights.

There will be more Swallow nights throughout this term and Clubscene will let you know all the details as we get them. The next one should be at Mass in Brixton.

Gurm



Singles

Single of the Week

Chubby Chunks
'I'm Tellin You'
(Cleveland City)

Fantastic single on the Cleveland City label. Originally this was the first release on the label and was the 'Stardust' of its time. The 1999 version features the great vocals of Kim Ruffin. There are two different mixes on the 12" from the Prophets of Sound and Dominatrix. The Dominatrix mix is an excellent progressive track with deep beats and bass, whilst the Prophets' mix is a more funkier, house version.

★★★★★

Charles Schillings
'No Communication'

A superb track from premier French DJ Charles Schillings (resident at Discobar @ Rex Club, Paris). This comes as a double vinyl pack and includes a deep vocal cut just oozing with Parisian soul. Salt City Orchestra provide a soulful electro-influenced rework. There is a funkier version using rolling electric bass and funky organs whilst the final two mixes provide a harder interpretation with plenty of pianos and a pumping style ver-

sion. Out in May this is French house at its very best.

★★★★★

Demon
'Lil' Fuck'
(20000ST)

Fantastic single following on from Demon's excellent 'Regulate' track. This EP brings together three mixes of the ace titled track, one from Etienne De Grey and one from I:Cube. De Grey provides a very vocal, deep and funky remix whilst I:Cube provides a deeper version. The other track on the EP 'My City' provides a seriously rolling groove, mixing bongo with funky beats. Something for anytime of the day or night. **Out on the 4th May.**

★★★★★

Jimi Tenor
'Total Devastation'
(Warp)

More funky gooves from the Finn on Warp records. This is pumping old skool electro of the highest quality. Produced by Jimi himself, the 12" boasts three excellent mixes, whilst the CD version gives three very different interpretations. With lots of chilled out funky beats and

great vocals each remix stays closely with the original track whilst giving its own interpretation.

★★★

Beat-Boy
'The Roof Is On Fire'
(Fresh)

Fucking awful single on the Fresh label. This debut single from a new group is simply shit. There are plenty of remixes which (surprise, surprise) all sound exactly the same. Cheesy and irritating vocals - some of the worst I have ever heard - are passed off as 'hip hop, dance and 60's psychedelia with a fresh 90's lick'. Quite frankly the single is a load of bollocks (something rare from Fresh) and you get the impression that the producers and group haven't put in any effort at all. Out on the 10th May - and will no doubt be a hit with the teenagers of Britain. Cheese!!

★

Carl Cox
'Phuture 2000'
(Edel)

Top single from a top jock, Phuture 2000 is the first single to be released from Carl's long awaited new album of the

same name. With great pumping breakbeats on a spiritual sound and deep vocals, this is a single being canned on Radio 1, with the 'Hybrid' mix being the best of the three mixes. **Out now.**

★★★★★

Delirium
'Silence'
(Pinnacle)

This excellent, deep spiritual, progressive tune will finally get a release in the UK. 'Silence' is one hell of a track. It features haunting vocals from folk-pop star Sarah McLachlan and has been hammered by Sasha and Digweed - it has also featured on their recent *Northern Exposure 3* album. The Sanctuary mix is a gem - subtle and soulful. Progressive music can't get better. Out on Pinnacle on the 10th May.

★★★★★



Gurm

Albums

Album of the Week

Renaissance presents...
'Anthony Pappa and Rennie Pilgrem'
(Renaissance)

The people at Renaissance deliver the goods once more in this second volume of a new series. A double CD with well over two hours of music, this album features the mixing talents of two great DJs, Anthony Pappa and Rennie Pilgrem. Disc 1 (recorded live in Australia) is the deep, spiritual progressive sound that Renaissance is legendary for. Starting with the wonderful opening tune 'Water Ride' by 16B, the music slowly builds up to more progressive tunes with deep beats. Tracks include Humate's 'Love Stimulation' and Hybrid's 'Kill City'. The second CD is a more funkier sound mixed by Pilgrem and encompasses funk and breakbeat tunes - some of them fast flowing whilst others are chilled. This is an excellent compilation, but then you'd expect that from Renaissance. **Out now.**

★★★★★

Bang Bang
'Je T'Alme Je T'Alme'
(East West Records)

It's been out for a little while now but this is a superb French house album. The brainchild of Xavier Jamaux, the album is funky, soulful, house and folk all rolled into one. Xavier builds the foundation for his tracks with his vast array of vintage keyboards and adds his own drums, bass and samples. Inspired by the music of the 70's, he also fuses together folk and soul. Add to this some

wonderful vocals, and the result is a top album, which you will end up listening to time and time again. How do the French do it?

★★★★★

Dance Nation 6
'Mixed by Tall Paul and Brandon Block'
(Ministry of Sound)

Two of the country's best DJs get together to continue Ministry of Sound's 'Dance Nation' series into its sixth album. As well as the biggest club tunes around being mixed to perfection by Tall Paul and Brandon Block (there's too many to mention), the double CD album also comes with a 20 page guide to the nation's best 10 nights out. With each CD lasting well over an hour, this fantastic compilation is worth the money. **Out now.**

★★★★★

Resident
'Oakenfold @ Cream'
(Virgin)

Oakenfold has left Cream, and so the scouse superclub have jumped on the bandwagon to squeeze more money out of the clubbers who worship the planet's finest DJ. This is a double CD album and is a live recording of Oakenfold at Cream playing the kind of tracks which have made him the top jock in the world. There are nearly thirty tracks over two CDs and I guess if you like Cream/Oakie then it's worth checking out, but this album is really a case of Cream milk-

ing as much as they can and it's nothing special. The booklet you get with the CD is amazing - probably the worst booklet I have ever seen and full of crappy facts such as the total number of beats used in Oakie's sets at Cream over the last two years! **Out now.**

★★★

Sound of Eukatech II
(Compilation)
(Eukatech)

A great double CD album with over two hours of cutting edge underground house and techno club tracks. The album represents the music which is released on the Eukatech label and which is sold in the Eukatech record shop. The techno CD represents the London techno scene with artists such as Ha-Lo, Bigfoot and Reck, whilst the second CD is a house compilation and includes production by Wiggle resident Nathan Cole. **Out in May.**

★★★★★

V.C.F.
'Modernistic Acid Trance'

Crap hardcore album (none of the tracks are any good.) - and that's really all I can say. **Out in May.**

★

Pills
'Electrocaïne'

Felix's French connection continues with this top-quality French tech-house album. Fusing house, funk, techno and tech-house, the CD starts off at a hectic pace and stays there all throughout. The tracks use guitar licks, a 303, shredded vocal chants, acid bass lines and breakbeat loops with a hint of pop. It's a great album which you don't get sick of listening to. C'est formidable. **Out now.**

★★★★★



Albums by Gurm

Silver Planet Records Special

An excellent label operating from Notting Hill, and which we'll have more news of later in the term. Their latest album is 'Solid Silver' and is an excellent album of the best progressive house tracks currently doing the business in the clubs. If you need to compare it to something then try an Oakenfold album - great deep tracks which you could spend ages listening to. Tracks include 'The Band' by Marco Zaffarano, 'Rhythm Climber' by PVZ and the excellent 'The Journey' by Sadie Glutz. The list of remix-

ers is also impressive and includes Way Out West and Paul Van Dyk. A truly great album - **out in May.**

★★★★★

Silver Planet will also be releasing a few singles and E.P.s including Denki Groove's 'Niji' remixes. This is a great single with mixes from Paul Van Dyk and from Mijk Van Dijk (I wonder if Dick Van Dyk will do one?). The PVD remix is a powerful progressive track with lots of

deep beats, instrumentals, and pianos, whilst the MVD remix is more house sounding but very weird.

★★★★★

Also being released is the 1999 remix of 'Lust' by Velocity. This is a good progressive tune with deep beats and bass but has a very catchy tune to it. The single features remixes from Slander, LSG, and a G-Watt remix. The Slander remix isn't too bad, following the original quite closely. The G-Watt mix is crap but the

best of the lot is the LSG remix which is a fantastic journey through prog. house. 'Lust' is **out now.**

★★★

There will be more info. about the Silver Planet Recordings label later this term.



Silver Planet Records Special by Gurm



Clubscene

Paul Van Dyk Special Feature

PAUL VAN DYK is currently one of the biggest names in DJing in the world, and has started 1999 with his biggest hit yet - his new remix of Humate's 'Love Stimulation', which entered the UK singles charts at 18 and stayed there for four weeks.

This is only the start of what promises to be a great year for Paul, who is working on his new album, 'Avenue Of Stars', set for release on Deviant later in '99. It's a year that could hardly have gone wrong after he kicked it off with a live New Year's Eve/Day triple-header, playing to packed clubs in Milton Keynes, Stoke and Sheffield between midnight and 6am, and still getting home in time for lunch.

'Avenue Of Stars' will follow-up to his remix collection, 'Vorsprung Dyk Technik', his acclaimed triple-CD remix collection. That came in the wake of his first Top 40 hit, 'For An Angel '98', which entered the national charts in August at number 28 and spent four weeks in the top 75 and two weeks at number one in the dance chart.

In a hectic 1998, during which 'For An Angel' not only hit the charts but also appeared on a mind-boggling variety of TV and radio shows - from the fairly-predictable MTV to the less-predictable Grandstand, Paul also enjoyed ten top 40 hits as a remixer.

He was voted 6th best DJ in DJ magazine's authoritative end-of-year chart. He won Bassline magazine's Best International DJ award. He was voted Best International DJ in Northern Ireland's BBM magazine. He was nominated for Best International DJ in the 1998 Muzik awards and, among his many DJing road trips, he established a residency at New York's Twilo Club (Sasha, Digweed and Carl Cox are the other 'residents').

'Avenue Of Stars' will constitute the follow-up to his acclaimed 1997 album 'Seven Ways', which spawned three singles in 1997, 'Beautiful Place', 'Forbidden Fruit' and 'Words'.

So where did all this start? Well, in Eisenhüttenstadt in the old East Germany: a state where the premier Erich Honecker reacted to the Soviet policy of glasnost with the retort, "If your neighbour redecorated his flat, would you redecorate yours?", and freedom of

movement and creative activity were destinies less likely than a lifelong career in a Trabant factory, labouring under the impression that Western music stopped with The Beatles and Elton John.

Paul van Dyk - favourite group, New Order - spent his last few years in this dying outpost of state-control socialism developing, but unable to feed properly, a growing appetite for house music, which he first heard on western radio in 1985. He taught himself to mix on "two fucked-up old turntables and a very old mixer". However, like those of many of his compatriots, his ambitions seemed unlikely to be fulfilled.



Paul Van Dyk in crap camera pose.

But seismic political and social upheavals throughout eastern Europe led to the fall in 1989 of the Berlin Wall and, as East and West Germany headed towards reunification, far-reaching reforms in the East permitted adventurous souls to up anchor and set off for whatever and wherever they fancied - in Paul's case, the organically expanding and occasionally exploding rave/club scene in Berlin, where he arrived armed only with his primitive mix tapes and started DJing in March 1991.

The Berlin scene was moving at a hectic pace but Paul van Dyk was moving even faster and it took little time for his unique blend of uplifting trance and

progressive house to establish him as one of the leading DJs on the reborn city's vibrant club scene. He became resident at Dubmission at E-Werk, hottest spot in a non-stop musical heatwave. And, sooner or later, just driving the decks would not be sufficient outlet for his talent.

The men to realise this first were Mark Reeder (ex-pat Mancunian) and Torsten Jurk (East German cohort) - both refugees from the DDR who were busy recording the new music of Berlin and its environs on their MFS label. They encouraged Paul to take the step into the studio and the first result was the Visions Of Shiva project, cooked up with keyboard maestro Cosmic Baby, and coming up with two acclaimed singles, 'Perfect Day' (1992) and 'How Much Can You Take?' (1993).

Visions faded, but Paul went on to become an MFS artist in his own right, debuting with 1994's 'Green Valley' EP and following through with the '45 RPM' album later that year. Demand also grew for his talents as a remixer. From '93 onwards, he could be found sprinkling the fairy dust on tracks by artists as obscure as MFS labelmates Humate and DFM, as unlikely as Madchester survivors Inspiral Carpets (another of the young PVD's favourite listens in DDR days) and as big as New Order, Tori Amos and Dina Carroll - fabulous remixes that can be found on 'Vorsprung Dyk Technik'. And all the while he built his international reputation as a brilliant and innovative live DJ, both in Europe and the States.

Paul van Dyk's soulful music is informed as much by the raw melancholy of the New Order and Smiths records he listened to while holed up in Eisenhüttenstadt as by the house and techno that led him up the road to Berlin and beyond. His prescient records are informed by the knowledge that electronic music must convey emotion if it is to swerve anonymity and earn the love of a broad public rather than the casual attention of a one-night stand club crowd.

His Deviant releases which, since the 'Seven Ways' album, have paralleled those on MFS, represent the foundations of a body of work which will long outlive even the cream of any year's fashionable dance genre. Long unar-

guably the top DJ in Germany, he has not been bound by the German scene - rather, he's become a worldwide ambassador for it and a personal embodiment of its qualities. He maintains a home base in Berlin, but wherever you are, he will be with you soon.

PAUL VAN DYK DISCOGRAPHY

1992

VISIONS OF SHIVA

Perfect Day
single (MFS)

1993

VISIONS OF SHIVA

How Much Can You Take? single (MFS)
X-MIX-1
The MFS Trip live mix compilation (MFS)

1994

The Green Valley
EP (MFS)

Pump This Party
single (MFS)

45RPM
album (MFS)

45 Remixes Per Minute 10-inch (MFS)

1995

Emergency (The Remixes) single (MFS)
1996

Beautiful Place
single (Deviant)

1997

Forbidden Fruit
single (Deviant)

Seven Ways
album (Deviant)

Words
single (Deviant)

1998

45 RPM
album (Deviant)

For An Angel '98
single (Deviant)

Vorsprung dyk Technik
album (Deviant)

1999

Paul van Dyk presents Humate: 'Love Stimulation'
album (Deviant)





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21st May

common people

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28th May

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PIT-STOP CHALLENGE

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Utopia

4th June



Edinburgh Warm up show - Details tbc

POP TARTS

11th June



18th June

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25th June

Summer Ball

Tuesdays

STA

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Da Vinci's

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5 - 11

Saturdays

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Singles

Furslide - *Love Song*

Furslide? Now, isn't that some sort of sexual position? Dubious name aside, this is a nifty number. Emotional female vocals and clever ebbs and flows with the guitar. A nice little discovery.

Cay - *Neurons Like Brandy*

Think of Nirvana. Think of their first album, *Bleach*. Think of that quiet-screaming-quiet-screaming tactic. Imagine a female version of Kurt Cobain's voice. Add some angst-ridden lyrics and condense it down to round about three minutes. Magic.

Somatic - *Rocking Chair*

Jesus - another female singer. It must be my lucky week. Less emotional than the above aural outings. Also less interesting. It's taxi-ing round the runaway but it ain't takin' off, if you know what I mean.

dEUS - *Instant Street*

Uncontroversial stuff. It's decent enough but it's nothing new or exciting. Could be one of many bands. Led by a simple acoustic strumming, it meanders its way through some half-decent chorus harmonies to its end.

Fatboy Slim - *Right Here Right Now*

Ok, so you've heard this record a lot already. You've seen the clever video condensing 350 billion or trillion years into roughly four minutes. You've had the hype with that Armand van Helden thing. You've bought the album, you've got that brown t-shirt and if you were (un)lucky enough, you may have even had a piece of Zoe Ball at one time or another. It's good to see that the whole thing hasn't degenerated into a media circus. Isn't it?

Ben Folds Five - *Army*

Have you heard any Ben Folds Five? Right then, you've heard this. I can't tell any of their songs apart. However, if piano pounding pop tunes and a distinctly American twang to the vocal delivery is your type of lottery, it's time you renewed your ticket.

Badly Drawn Boy - *It Came From The Ground*

An attention seeking rhythm keeps your ears occupied throughout the seven minutes. The singer remains fairly laid-back and doesn't get too carried away. Original and inspiring.

New Electrics - *Beautiful Mind EP*

Decent enough number. The verses are fairly quiet before erupting into a dumb-rock explosion triggered by the line, 'She's got a beautiful mind.' Yeah, right she has mate - I've seen your type before. **M**

Dennis

Albums

EMINEM

The Slim Shady LP ★★★★★



'Hi, I don't believe we've been introduced before - my name is...'

First of all, let's get one thing straight. When this album says 'explicit' it means it. If you don't want your ears polluted with tales of murder, rape, multiple suicide attempts, theft, underage sex and drugs don't get this album. If, on the other hand, all this stuff sounds bang up your street this is a prime example of the genre.

Slim Shady is the new name of Eminem, Dr Dre's (of NWA and Fuck the Police fame) latest student. With this kind of backing, it's pretty definite that this album will get lots of attention - but can Eminem keep this attention with a prime slice of raw rap with a funny edge?

Yep. Looks like this is going to be one of the largest rap albums of the year. I think the secret to this album's attraction is the fact that every track is a little story all in itself. *Brain Damage* relates to Eminem's revenge on his former high school bullies. *'97 Bonnie & Clyde* is a very messed up little tale of Eminem murdering his ex-wife, ex-wife's new husband and son. After committing this terrible crime he proceeds to take his daughter back and drive to the beach to dump the bodies of his victims. I know this sounds a little sick but this song is

really all about his daughter and how much he loves her, a really sweet ballad which gets a little sick.

If I Had talks about all Eminem's woes with the world, he says he is 'tired of being white trash', 'tired of having a lack of funds and resorting back to guns' and 'wearing the same damn Nike Air hat'. He also says that 'If I had one wish, I would ask for a big enough ass for the whole world to kiss.' As well as talking about what he sees on the street, he also maintains a comedy edge that somehow makes it all the more poignant.

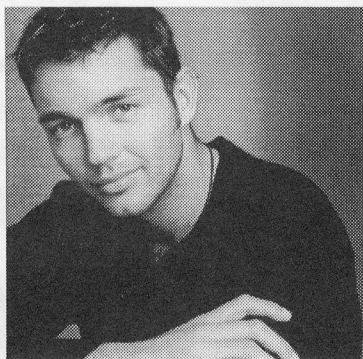
Just before it all gets too serious he whips it back in with his 'dance' song, *C'mon everybody*. A tune in the fine tradition of Will Smith - this would be a sure fire hit if he ever gets around to releasing it, and cutting all the swear words out. Which would probably ruin it - but ain't that just the way of making it palatable to mainstream America's generation X'ers.

A great album, full of funny as hell lyrics and large beats to go with it thanks to Dr. Dre. Get it before he gets too commercial and forgets where he came from. And forgets how to swear so imaginatively. **M**

Joel

MATTHEW MARSDEN

Say Who ★



Matt, mate, do us a favour - give up your day job.

Throw-away-pop would be a harsh yet accurate way of describing the 12 sloppy tracks on this album. With his boyish charm and supposedly amazing good looks, Mr Marsden has been manufactured to make the heart of any young teenage girl miss a beat. Here arises a problem in that I am neither 15, nor do I read Smash hits or J17. Despite this, I'm pretty sure that if I was or did, I would still hate this album.

Matthew Marsden is yet another attempt by record companies to create a perfect little package of 'sex-appeal that can sing'. He sounds very similar to Gary Barlow but that's where the similarity ends. At least Gary Barlow had a bit of originality about him in his style of music. One of Marsden's whiny love songs is just about bearable. But twelve of them, back to back, are enough to make you want to go and throw yourself out of the nearest window screaming 'No More!' Yes, believe me, it is truly that bad. It isn't really Matthew's fault that he is rubbish, though. After all, he didn't write the awful songs that he sings. He co-wrote 4 of the 12 tracks (including my

particular favourite *Say Who*) but you wouldn't have noticed - they are just as boring and naff as all the rest. There are two singles on this album that have already been released. If you know *The Heart's Lone Desire* and *She's Gone*, then you know the type of thing we're into here.

On a more positive note, the album is well produced with the first few seconds of each song sounding pretty interesting. It's just the remaining 2 or 3 minutes that spiral down toward new levels of crap-ness never quite reached before. That sinking feeling usually starts at the same point that Matthew starts singing. It is not as though his voice is bad, it is just that it is so 'normal'. The only possible use for this album, that I can think of, would be as background music when you are working. It is unique to me in being the only CD that can be listened to and not cause distraction from the task at hand. But, unless you are the type of person that goes into a music shop looking for something that it so boring your subconscious will block it out, I wouldn't buy this. **M**

Ingrid

The Daily Telegraph

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UNION
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Sunday
9th May

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UNIVERSITY
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THE TERMINAL
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Thursday
13th May

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THE ACADEMY
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Reviews

I Still Know What You Did Last Summer ★★★

Starring : Jennifer Love Hewitt, Brandy, Freddie Prinze Jr, Mekhi Phifer
Director : Danny Cannon

If you guessed from the title that this is the sequel to last year's stalk and slash flick of almost the same name, then it's a fair bet that you have some idea of what to expect from *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer*. If you are thinking along the lines of a wholesomely attractive female college student, her sassy sidekick, and various blokes - generally mouthy, nerdy or intermittently sinister - desperately evading a tooled up nutter then you're not far from the mark.

We rejoin Love Hewitt a year on from the events of the first film which saw most of her mates disembowled with a big hook by an irate fisherman. Apparently, they had run him over, chucked him in a river and left him for dead - the sort of treatment which would have even that most mild mannered of seafarers, Captain Birdseye, sharpening the fish knives and contemplating revenge. When her new best pal Brandy (of "and Monica" fame) wins a holiday for four in the Bahamas, Love Hewitt is persuaded to leave the college campus behind for a few days.

After all, it is where most axe mur-



Once again it's time for an exciting game of "Spot the Stiff".

derers do their best work and particularly on the anniversary of a previous killing spree. Joined by a couple of guys from college, the pair head off to the sunshine, leaving all thoughts of evisceration behind them, but unfortunately the

holiday island does not provide the reassuring sanctuary she's hoping for. It is the stormy season and the place is all but deserted, and Love Hewitt and co find themselves in that other stalwart scary film location, the isolated hotel.

The off-season staff introduce themselves and dutifully provide various diversions while you attempt to decide who is a significant character and who is merely present in a hook fodder capacity.

The British director, Danny Cannon, handles the misdirection beloved of this genre competently, and when the homicidal fisherman finally arrives on the scene the expected escalating tension is delivered. In fact, it's not even diffused by the fisherman's more comical then sinister choice of slasher get-up.

I suppose a sou' wester and raincoat are good for keeping the blood off your clothes, but they're not as frightening as a ski mask. With a plot as flimsy as the singlets which stricken heroines have universally settled upon as this season's de rigeur outfit for running away from a loony, this film offers very little beyond the standard shock tactics of a hundred other movies. It is undoubtedly polished, but, lacking the humour of *Scream* say, it is pretty uninspired. Plenty of shocks, but no surprises. **F**

Simon

An Ideal Husband ★★★

Starring : Rupert Everett, Minnie Driver, Cate Blanchett, Julianne Moore, Jeremy Northam, Julianne Moore
Director : Oliver Parker

The first of this year's big screen version's of Oscar Wilde's classic play is a fairly straight-forward adaptation of his turn-of-the-century tale of gentle political intrigue and romance, brought to life by a lavish Anglo-American co-production.

Whilst the story is surprisingly relevant today - preaching tolerance towards our ever-infallible fellow man (be they politicians or loved-ones) - the real winner is the script. Wilde's characters come alive via his trademark witticisms and great battle-of-the-sexes banter. Moreover, despite the fact that most of the plot is unbelievably obvious, it somehow manages to carry you along without ever caring that it's so utterly predictable.

The other big plus point is Rupert Everett, perfectly cast as dapper man-about-town Lord Arthur Goring, whose flippant, caddish exterior naturally hides the hero who will ultimately get the girl and save the day. Julianne Moore



Wilde was clearly a big fan of gritty, slice-of-life realism.

admirably demonstrates that she too knows how to balance a delightfully over-the-top role, playing the villain of the piece, the devious Mrs Cheevly. It's the rest of the cast, however, who

are the real let-down, with Driver and Northam in particular delivering their lines in a very stilted fashion, clearly not at home with the style of Wilde's dialogue.

One of the problems inherent in adapting eighteenth and nineteenth century plays is that, by-and-large, they're incredibly studio set, generally revolving around drawing-room antics. *An Ideal Husband* is no exception, and in attempting to open out the script, director Parker walks a very fine line between 90's over-stylisation and Wilde's lightness of touch. Sadly, it's a line he crosses more than once, and consequently the all-important dialogue is occasionally swamped in faux-period atmosphere. Nonetheless, he does a very good job of making the story accessible to a nineties audience.

In essence, whilst it's undoubtedly flawed, this is nonetheless a carefully constructed, loving recreation, bouyed up by Everett's superb performance. Ultimately, however, your take on it will depend entirely on whether you find Wilde's words sparkingly brilliant or simply irritatingly clever-clever... **F**

Dave

Reviews & Competition

Orgazmo ★★ ★

Starring : Trey Parker, Dian Bachar, Robyn Lynne Raab
 Director : Trey Parker

This is the second feature film from Trey Parker, one of the makers of the infamous animated series *South Park*. Not only did he write this production but he also directed and starred in it - and what a fantastic job he has done. Understandably, this film is an adult-only comedy as the plot revolves around the making of a porno. If the mention of a porno has grabbed your attention then you will be disappointed, as this is more of a parody than the actual thing.

The main star is Joe Young, (played by Parker) a struggling Mormon from Utah who is in LA preaching the Good News. He is engaged to be married and is having problems getting the money together to marry his beloved in the Temple in Salt Lake City, until that is, he stumbles upon the set of *Orgazmo* - an adult movie. Max Orbison who instantly casts our innocent friend as the leading man, Captain Orgazmo, is shooting the porno. Orgazmo becomes an over-night success and Parker reluctantly finds himself in the spotlight when the film becomes a box-



Trey Parker : A master of subtle adult humour.

office hit. Although the film represents everything that his beliefs are against, he carries on being Captain Orgazmo. From then on, it gets silly, with a Chinese 'home-boy', hamster style martial arts and many cheesy special effects.

Even-though this film is a cross between *Power Rangers*, a Jackie Chan film and *Boogie Nights*, it has all the

makings of a cult classic, as it is so original. Parker directs *Orgazmo* in a freshly interesting style and he also shows great promise as a script writer too. Most of the people in this film have no acting ability at all apart from Parker and a few select others but this just makes the film funnier. **F**

Helen

VIDEO RENTAL RELEASES UPDATE

The Exorcist

By finally getting a video release, *The Exorcist* is bound to receive a massive amount of media coverage. Sadly, however, those who go out and rent it in the expectation of a horrific, gory Satan fest will be sorely disappointed. Twenty-Six years after its first tour of the cinemas, the goal-posts have moved to such an extent that a nation of seasoned cinemagoers won't even find *The Exorcist* particularly frightening.

Nonetheless, it remains a brilliant (and fairly nasty) thriller, taught and claustrophobic in its execution, that fully deserves the 'classic' tag which it so frequently receives.

A Perfect Murder

Artistically, the virtue of remaking Hitchcock 90's-style with Gwyneth Paltrow and Michael Douglas in the leading roles may be dubious, but from a monetary point of view it's got profit written all over it.

The directors of re-makes like this always talk about broadening a movie's appeal, and in this case it's probably true. Admittedly it's not as good as the original, but the quality of the plot, alongside Douglas' hammy-but-enjoyable evil schtick and some nifty camerawork make for a decent night-in nonetheless.

Velvet Goldmine

Oh dear. Once again Ewan McGregor proves that just because his name is attached to a movie, it's no guarantee of quality. Indeed, for every decent movie he's been in, you'll probably find at least one suck-fest. Worse still, by following-up his role in *The Avengers* with a supporting performance here, Eddie Izzard is hardly making the best of his fledgling acting career.

Essentially, however, it's director Todd Haynes who must shoulder the blame, rather than his stars. He deliberately sets out to make a movie so devoted to frenzied 70's-retro styling that he ignores plot or characterisation - which leaves two hours of painful glam-rock costumes, and precious little else.

Dave

Win tickets to Plunkett & Macleane with

ODEON

KENSINGTON

Attempting to unite the success of *Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels* with the classic British costume drama, *Plunkett & Macleane* is a non-stop rollercoaster of stylised action and romance.

It's directed by Jake "son of Ridley" Scott and stars Robert Carlyle and Jonny Lee Miller as a pair of ultra-cool eighteenth century highwaymen and Liv Tyler as the obligatory be-corsetted love interest. It's far from serious - slow-motion, fireworks and dry ice can be found in abundance - so expect cheese, and expect a lot of it.

If you'd like to see the movie for free, then we've got ten pairs of tickets to give away thanks to those ever-reliable folks at the Odeon Kensington (you know where it is). So, for your chance to



win, simply answer the following question:

In which movie, due out later this year, is Robert Carlyle lined up to play a bad-die named Renard alongside Denise Richards and John Cleese?

Email your answers to film.felix@ic.ac.uk before Wednesday evening to be in with a chance of winning. The first ten names out of the virtual hat will win a pair of tickets.

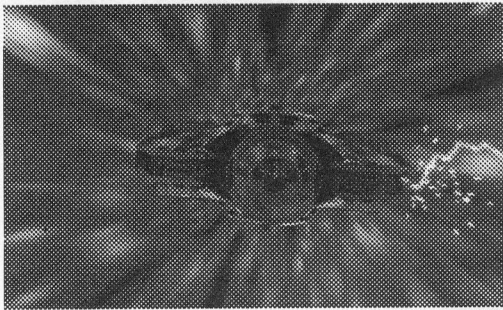
Well done to the winners of last term's *Waking Ned* competition, who all correctly spotted that *Full Monty* star Tom Wilkinson and *Four Weddings and a Funeral* star Hugh Grant collaborated on *Sense and Sensibility*.



X-Wing Alliance (PC)

LucasArts

★★★★



Our beloved games editor and I have this running argument about which of the Star Wars spacecraft makes the best space fighter. Last time we discussed it, he plumped for the B-wing on the grounds that it was very tough, well armoured although possibly a bit slow. My preference is for either the A-wing or (if I feel like playing on the side of the Empire) the Tie Advanced, both because they are fast and very manoeuvrable. There has never been any debate about the coolest ship in the Star Wars universe though; that honour has always gone to the Millennium Falcon.

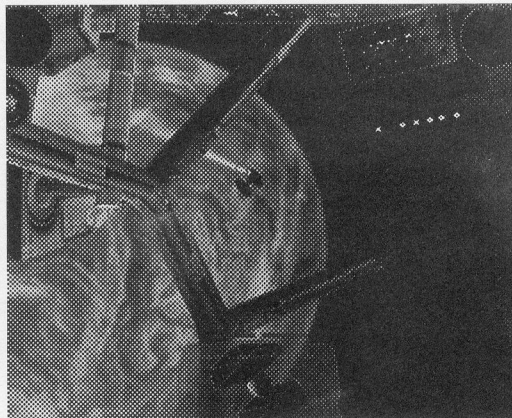
Now I know full well that many of you keep back issues of Felix in bound-leather folders, and quite probably lovingly laminate each new edition as soon as it comes out, so I won't bore you with tales of X-Wing Alliance's predecessors which I (re)reviewed a couple of months ago - look them up for yourselves. X-Wing Alliance is the latest in the series, and, as you'd expect from LucasArts, is pretty damn impressive.

X-Wing Alliance starts shortly after the destruction of the first Death Star and the Hoth evacuation and runs to the battle of the second death star above the planet of Yavin, roughly the same time-frame as Tie Fighter, and follows the career of the youngest son of a wealthy trading family. This family gets involved in a trade war with a second rich trading

family who, not being afraid to play dirty when necessary, conspire to have the first rich trading family's assets confiscated by the Empire. At this point the family are forced to go into hiding and the son goes off to join the rebel cause.

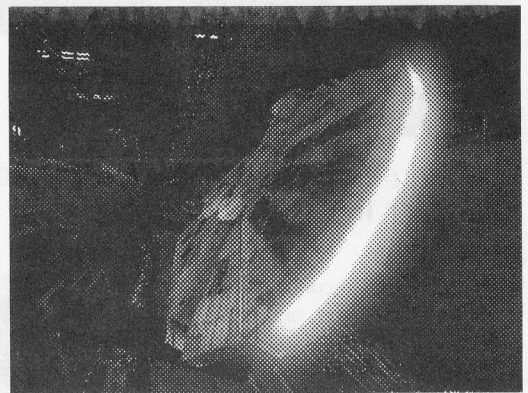
Initially you get to fly a couple of light freighter craft, both of which are related to the Millennium Falcon, and the first few missions are very much about learning how to use the extra functions available in these craft. They do very largely replace the training missions in the original X-Wing and Tie Fighter and, despite being wedged into the storyline, do seem to fit in with what comes later. Once you have flown a few missions on the family's behalf, the storyline takes you to the Rebels and you start flying for them.

In terms of gameplay there are no huge advances from X-Wing or Tie Fighter, but the game reeks playability. The missions are varied enough for a certain amount of lateral thinking to be required at times - the best policy is not always to blow everything else up - and you certainly don't feel as though you are getting into a rut which is always a danger in games of this kind.



There is a very strong multiplayer element built in to X-Wing Alliance which is integrated through the mission simulator, and allows you to more or less build your own missions. Should you want to you can create a mission to assault a Super Star Destroyer with a fleet of escape pods (Tip Of The Day - you'll fail). If you don't feel that's hard enough, how about setting it in an asteroid field? Or a minefield?

There is a huge range of ships that you can build into your missions, from static bases (and, peculiarly, a casino) to the large capital ships, smaller escorts, the ubiquitous fighters, various freighters and transports and the already mentioned escape pods. The types of spaceships available have been increased exponentially, and now include all the



ships from the films and the previous games, most of those from the accompanying books, and some which seem to have been conjured up specifically

for Alliance. It's tempting to think that some of these new craft will be making an appearance in The Phantom Menace, but I guess we'll have to wait and see. You can fly most of the fighters, all of which have been given differ-

ent cockpit interiors, and they have different flight characteristics that need to be taken into account in your tactics.

Apparently this game has been in production for at least three years, and a large part of that time has gone towards a new graphics engine. This shows - the graphics are simply superb, especially on a fast PC with a 3D card. The game will run in the earlier missions using software rendering only, providing you have a bit more RAM in your box, but once you join the rebellion, things will slow down without a bit of hardware acceleration - there are too many ships flying around. LucasArts have apparently claimed that you can have in the region of 120 ships fighting it out at once - the most I've tried it on is about 50 (plus mines), and it's almost unplayable then, not due to graphics slowdown: more because it's very hard to tell who you should be shooting and who you shouldn't.

It's a very hard game to criticise - LucasArts have been at the forefront of space combat simulations since they released X-Wing all those years ago, and it shows. The lessons from X-Wing Vs Tie Fighter have been learnt, and learnt very well, and what we now have is a game that is perfectly balanced between single and multiplayer elements. To sum up - new Star Wars flight sim, state of the art, lots and lots of fun.

Danny

Competition Corner

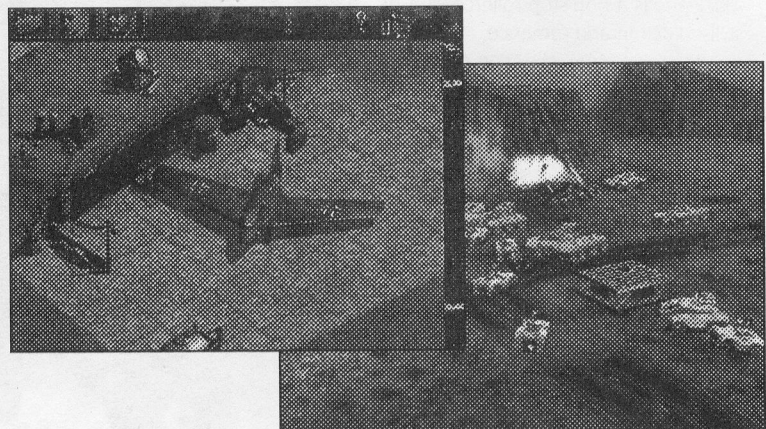
Commandos - Beyond the Call of Duty and Warzone 2100 for the PC for free

Do you like your war close up and personal or do you prefer a bit of distance between the guts and the guns. Well Eidos have managed to produce two excellent games, Warzone 2100 and Commandos: Beyond the Call of Duty that cover both the air-chair General and the armchair Lieutenant out there.

Eidos have also supplied us with a copy each of these games, and you can be one of the lucky, lucky people to pick up a free copy. Just send the answer the following question either to felix@ic.ac.uk or pop the answer into the office on a piece of paper. The first two people out of the hat will win.

The question is :

Which two films about blowing things up have Navarone in their title.
(Hint Allstar Maclean has a writing credit on both)



Warzone 2100 (PC)

Eidos

★★★★★



With Tiberian Sun still hidden away and Starcraft starting to creak, there is a future for a game that can take the Command and Conquer game ideas, mix them about and apply the latest graphics. Well the future's bright, the future's orange for Warzone 2100.

Once again a rogue AI has triggered a nuclear exchange, bringing the end of the world as we know it. As the commander of one of the groups of survivors your task is to attempt to bring back a little bit of that olde world charm by finding the remnants of pre-war technology before the opposition. Did I forget to mention that your group was not the only bunch of survivors? Out in the desert, in the cities, and in the mountains there are other less friendly groups who

also want the technologies and are more than willing to force the point with a few well placed bullets.

On your side is a few trucks and a handful of armoured cars. Not the most impressive of peace keeping forces, but give the trucks enough time to build factories and you have your own personal production line. Make the trucks build research labs

and any remnants picked up along the way give you improvements such as tracked vehicles, new weapons, even new bits to put on vehicles - like cup holders.

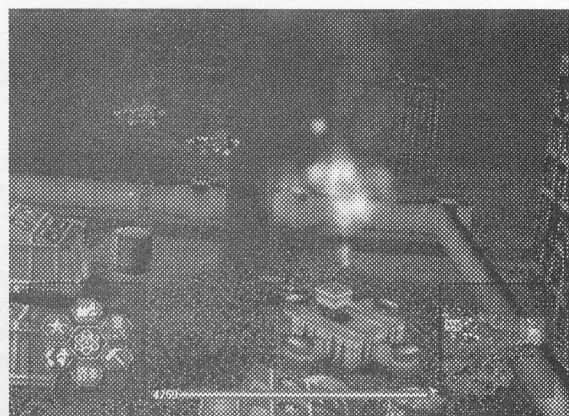
One of the best features is the design screen from where you can piece together random bits and bobs, to design incredibly fast scout cars or big, bulky cannon wielding battle tanks - or if you are odd, slow bulky scouts and small fast



and fragile tanks. Later on you get hovercraft and VTOL aircraft added to the arsenal.

Having so many options available the game could have been a real nightmare to control but the simple control interface allows you to fight, research, command and build without needing to use twenty keys at once. The command interface for instance allows you to direct a group to fire from various ranges, change their state of alert or even cease fire all within seconds.

The graphics take the best graphics from this genre and notch it up several levels. Not only can you change the viewing direction, but also the elevation. It's better looking than the view from a F16 cockpit, and twice as clear.



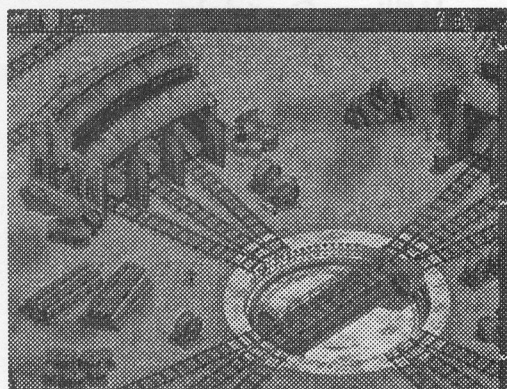
So apart from the story what can I moan about? Occasionally the AI decides that your forces would much prefer to take on the enemy camp straight on rather than following the safer route round the back, but the AI both of your and the enemy's forces are still a complete leap ahead of earlier games. There is even a command to withdraw forces after suffering damage, which can save even the most stupid of generals and is also used by the computer forces to preserve its limited forces. For once here is a game where engaging in battles of attrition will fail, yet limited sacrifices are also not heavily penalised. With the addition of a multiplayer option it rolls over the opposition and crushes them without mercy. For those without exams prepare to lose sleep, for those with exams I take no responsibility for the results.

Gary S.

Commandos - Beyond the Call of Duty (PC)

Eidos

★★★★★



This game is hard, very very hard. After several hours of effort on the easiest level, I managed to sneak my little group of World War 2 hardened killers, snipers and explosives experts through the island fortress planting explosives and removing the odd German guard that had looked at me in a strange way.

I got to the extraction beach, blew the charges and readied the rubber raft to escape the island. It was then I saw the minefield just off the beach, discovered the island was crawling with guards and that I needed to go back and finish off a few of the Anti-aircraft gun positions. Time to reload and try again.

For those that missed the original commandos, the game features the actions of a group of very special specialists who take the very nastiest and dirtiest missions. It is your job to guide them from a distance and prevent them being captured, shot and being detected, while completing the mission in the shortest possible time.

Hint number one : It might appear to be smart to massacre the whole garrison but it is usually not advisable to start an open war while you are outnumbered and your weapon of choice is a sharp knife.

Thus running in and shooting off your pistols are not the smartest of ideas, but crawling up to people and shooting them in the back with a harpoon gun or sniper rifle is. Unfortunately while a dead guard can not call his friends, his friends tend to get a bit jumpy and will hit the panic alert button if they see their buddy with a harpoon in his back. Removing bodies from view becomes a big and messy task.

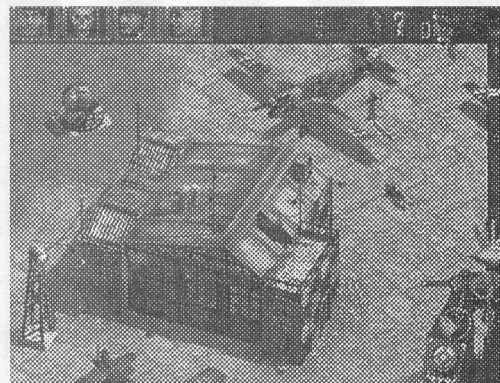
The graphics are detailed in the extreme - the lapping of the sea on walls and beaches on the first level, the seagulls floating by, and the buildings themselves all create the impression you are in a commandos movie. It is not just a pretty picture though. There is the ability to zoom in and out, and create several windows to monitor more than one area at once.

The sound, while not being perfect, does go towards completing the impression of a movie, with various stereotypical accents taking the voices of the different characters - the big hard guy is a scouser, and the sniper a cool sophisticated upper class gent. The other sounds are just average, but in a game where brain and appropriate action are the rule you would not expect a loud and explosive soundtrack, the gentle rush of the sea on the beach and the quiet snap of a silenced rifle are about as urgent as you get.

While the game is graphically pretty, has gameplay in abundance and has

a very easy and well thought out control method, it is horrendously difficult even on the easiest level. It is this reason and this alone that will put off all except the most committed of commandos and strategy fans. For the average gamer the game loses some of its appeal and gets bogged down in the constant saves and reloads needed to be able to finish a situation that you had thought was complete, but had just become a big dead end. It is a very good game spoilt purely by its difficulty - definitely one for the strategy guys but will not impress the action fanatics.

Gary S.





Netball

Seven Go Mad In Dublin

Early on Saturday, 27 March, the seven of us (GS: Sally May, GA: Sarah Coburn, WA: Paula McGuigan, C: Vikki Revell, WD: Kirstie Gosland: GD: Rachel Urwin, GK: Alex Haley) left the Union in a somewhat sorry state for our long awaited Netball Tour to Dublin. Our heads felt like a quiet coach journey, but unfortunately sharing our coach with 31 Essex girls was not the ideal remedy for our headaches. With the prospect of six matches in two days, the odds on all of us returning alive, injury free and un-hungover were not good.

On Saturday night we explored the pubs and bars in Dublin and an adventurous three investigated a local club and its Irish talent well into the early hours.

The first match on Sunday was against Liverpool Feds, which we lost 14-7 because Paula was going to be sick (okay - they went on to win), and then we played Essex A and won 10-5. In the evening we went out for Rachel's birthday meal and seriously over-ate, becoming far too fat to fit in one taxi and having to take two taxis home again.

The next day some of us (Sarah, Vikki, Rachel and Sally) were up bright and early, as Sarah had to umpire the first match. We then went on to play two matches in a row, beating Essex B 7-4 and then narrowly losing to Aston 9-7. Impressed by Trinity's sandwich facilities, we were then refuelled with enough energy to play our match of the tournament versus the hosts - Trinity. Everyone played stormingly

with some quality teamwork and sequences including Sally's cunning "hop and shoot" tactics ensuring a resounding 10-8 victory (IC scoring 25% more goals than Trinity as Alex rightly pointed out). By the way, Alex finally woke up on Monday to give it her all against an annoyingly good GS in the final match. It was a close fought affair with us eventually losing to University College Dublin 8-7, leaving us 3rd overall.

Highlights included Paula's displays of gymnastic tumbling both on and off court, once sprawling into the Trinity team who were watching from the sidelines. Sarah and Vikki perfected their own text book version of the IC centre pass, where the ball travelled from the centre circle to the goal in 4 moves completely ignoring the rest of the team. The mystery of "that pink stain" on Rachel's airtex was finally solved on the last day when it was identified as Sarah's blackcurrant drink. However, we all became slightly concerned about Paula's growing ability to pass to imaginary 12-foot tall people standing 20 miles behind other team members. Delusion or alcohol? We suspect the latter.

All in all we had a fantastic tour and Sally tried on every pair of black trousers in Dublin. Special thanks go to Sarah Coburn for umpiring numerous other matches on the tour. Remember girls, "What goes on tour, stays on tour!" (Essex Netball Squad, 1999).

Darts

Holland Club Take Brakspear Title

Towards the end of last term the inaugural season of the Imperial college darts league came to its thrilling climax, but due to other glorious achievements we were slightly overlooked. The final game saw iCUnited and Southside battle out to avoid the 'Wooden Spoon'. The result went with iCUnited and the final table can be seen below.

After the match the trophies were awarded with Jeff from iCUnited receiving the highest score trophy (after a play off) with 140 and Ian from the Holland club received the highest finish with 68. The Brakspear shield was presented to (acting) Holland club captain Pete (below) and the wooden spoon going to Nick of Southside.

It is fair to say the league was a success with a good laugh had by all, an increased ringing of bar tills and new friends made.

Hopefully next year will be better



and any department, CCU or college bar that thinks they can field 8 players every two weeks for two terms and provide food for the players can enter. Please contact Gerry at the Union Bar on 0171-594-8090 or extension 48090/58090 or email g.donohoe@ic.ac.uk.

We look forward to another league from October 1999 and hopefully some new teams. Any team that would like to challenge iCUnited to a one off match this term should contact Gerry via the above number.



The iCUnited team celebrate victory

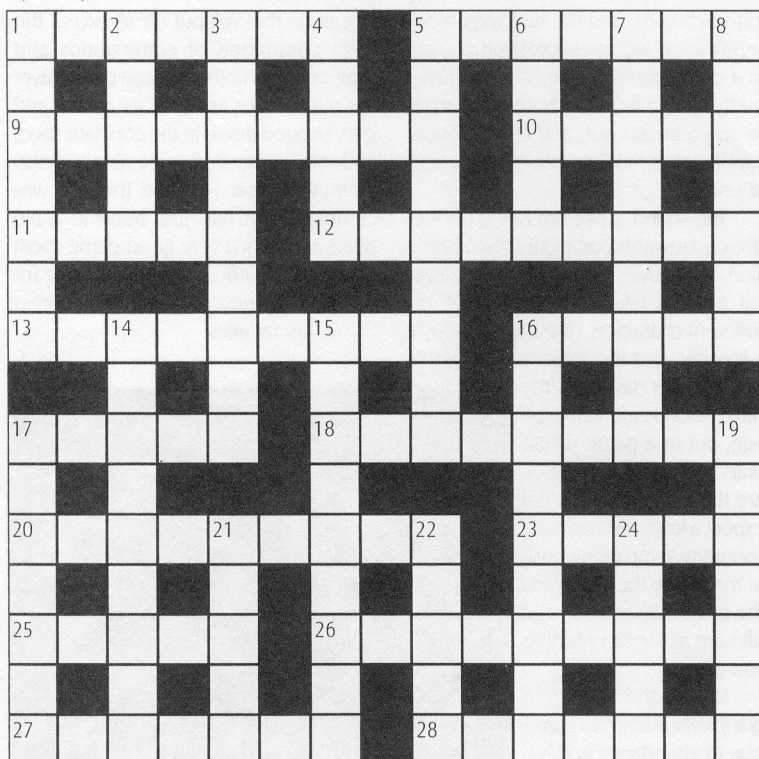
Team	Played	Won	Lost	Games won	Games lost	Points
Holland club	8	5	3	75	45	10
iCUnited	8	4	4	52	68	8
Southside	8	3	5	53	67	6

CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

The winner of last issue's crossword (1141) is William Dugdale

Please come into the office to collect your prize. Entries for this week's crossword should be received by 1pm Wednesday.

by Sheep



Across

- Comparisons like a missile. (7)
- Fold a hundred and fifty one drawing implements. (7)
- A rump sail has a pouch. (9)
- Stony heavyweight. (5)
- Giving grip is rated badly. (5)
- Animals roam in the planes. (9)
- Reproduce correctly designer protection. (7)
- Metal underwear, worn by Gestapo. (5)
- Know why Rory marrying the Queen would be a mistake? (5)
- With gaiety, we hear Robin's band have tea. (9)
- Inhabitants commit a sin in the desert. (9)
- To answer this without solving it would be a sweet thing. (5)
- A sound one knows, we hear. (5)
- Torpid fifty starts the confused noble gas beginning before college. (9)
- Changing points once a day for an attractive spectacle. (7)
- With observe and gawk getting flustered, it percolates slowly. (7)

Down

- I am the cost of the physical body. (7)
- Cipher an unfinished titbit. (5)
- He cleans in a rural Eden. (7)
- Miles to ooze. (5)
- Chaotic rope style fabric. (9)
- Nick hides, not Chris. (5)
- Bewilder with annuities suggests something more. (9)
- Concealed, this in use, sometimes causes headaches. (7)
- The pig-shrine is dying. (9)
- Gay ill men could be twin-like. (9)
- A short lived lawsuit contains documents, perhaps. (9)
- To make a mistake, as well as many tasks. (7)
- Golden syrup or earl, etc. (7)
- Uncertain to betroth to London Transport is to have lived there. (5)
- Places and things we see, we hear. (5)
- Man's best friend is qualified to give conviction. (5)