

10
May
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Issue
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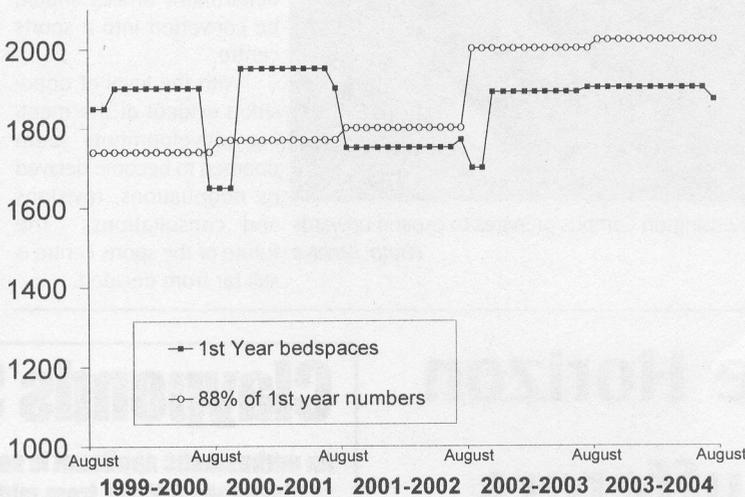
The Students' Newspaper at Imperial College

Room Shortage for Future Students

The College will face a serious shortfall in available bed spaces for freshers within the next three years, which threatens to throw the all-important guarantee of a hall room for every first year into doubt.

The problem arises due to the fact that the number of bed spaces required will rise over the next few years from the present figure of 1686 to over 2000 (due to ever-increasing intake and the Wye merger) whilst the number of rooms available will fall. The cause of the problem is the urgent need to renovate practically every hall the College owns within the next five years, on Health & Safety grounds, which in turn will bring about the sale of Montpellier, Garden, Brabazon and Olave halls by the summer of 2002. Moreover, whilst the current Residences Plan promises that "the College will continue with its...policy of guaranteeing accommodation for first years", it does not suggest any way in which the current problem can be solved, instead investing in the hope that the number of students taking up hall offers will fall from the present

By David Roberts



88% as a result of the introduction of fees.

The programme will begin with the £13 million Beit refurbishment next

year. However, as soon as these additional beds come on line, the two year phased renovation of Southside (cost: £14.5 million) and the Weeks project

(cost: £1.1 million) begin, and then in the summer of 2001 the five year Evelyn Gardens rolling refurbishment commences (cost: 12.5 million), which will take one hall out of action each year. Due to the College's policy that all non-academic areas (sports, residences, catering etc) must break-even, this in turn requires that the College "realise other assets from the Residences portfolio". In other words, the bed spaces in Garden and Brabazon Halls will be sold off in summer 2001, and Montpellier and Olave Houses will disappear the following July.

Even greater problems will arise in the availability of rooms for what the College describes as "priority students" - ie Erasmus students, first year overseas postgrads, re-apps, sabbaticals etc. The sale of the halls already mentioned, coupled with a slight increase in student numbers means that within five years the College will be faced with a short-fall of at least 200 beds (even when the guarantee of a room for all final year medical students is withdrawn).

Housing Office Stands Firm

By David Roberts

Information provided by the College's Private Housing Office has raised doubts over last weeks story entitled "Accommodation's Adverse Advice".

The story alleged that a member of the office's staff had recommended a 40% increase in rent, from £65 a week to £90 a week, to the owner of a property in West Brompton. However, the Private Housing Officer, Catherine John, has stated that "at no time did I mention £90 a week" as an acceptable rent for the rooms in question. She went on to say that she suggested to the landlady that "I can't see you being able to achieve anything more than £80 a week for your larger rooms, but for the smaller rooms I would suggest £70-75". The current rental price was confirmed by a copy of a letter from the landlady to the Housing

Office, confirming final valuations of £75 a week for the smaller rooms and £80 a week for the medium rooms. She also denied that she had had a conversation with any of the students in question, and demonstrated that the property in question has never been listed at £90 a week

Mrs John explained how she approaches the issue of offering advice on prices, "my remit has always been to look after the Imperial students and find them affordable accommodation...if someone asks me for a professional opinion I will give my opinion - it's not my advice, it's my opinion of what can be achieved". She also explained that she is increasingly

looking to vet properties before they are put onto College lists, which will bring to an end one of the most frequently cited problems with the service.

The students concerned in the allegations were unavailable for comment this week, due to examinations. However, a further update will appear later this term, which will hopefully produce a consensus of opinion from the two sides involved.

Until then Felix would like to apologise to any individuals who felt they were misrepresented. The photo featured was of the accommodation office, not the private housing office, which is of course situated in the basement of the building.

Inside...

Letters - Ian Caldwell	4
Editorial - Comment	5
Columns - Matt Salter	6
Science - The new sci-fi	8
Arts - Exhibition Roundup	10
Film - eXistenZ	12
Music - Ultrasound	14
Games - Shadowman	16
Sport - Netball Tour	20
Competition - results	20



Sports Centre Faces Opposition

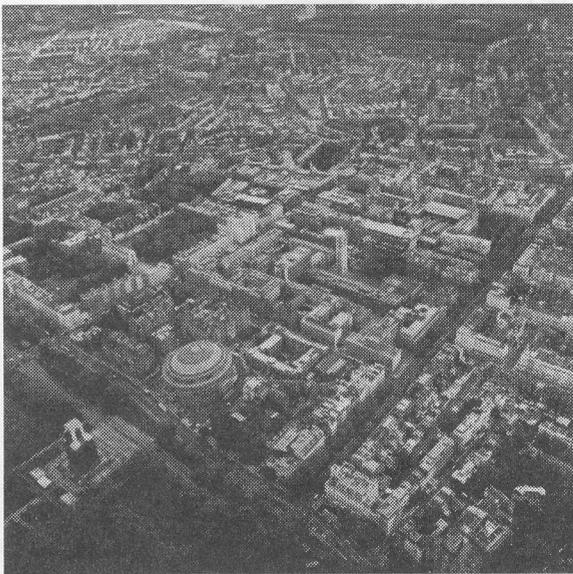
Plans for the development of the sports centre in Princes Gardens could end up mired in planning problems and objections from local residents.

A meeting of the Kensington Association last month, where plans were shown to various interested parties, gave the impression that residents of Montrose Court in particular are unhappy with the proposals.

The scheme involves building on top of the existing sports centre, up to the level of the terraces next door. This would provide three floors of recreational space, and two floors of residencies - earmarked for visiting academics. A large sports hall is planned for the back of the building.

Although those present at the meeting expressed relief that there would be no student accommodation, several

By Gareth Morgan



The South Kensington Campus prepares to expand upwards

Photo: Archive

concerns were voiced. These included less light reaching buildings behind the centre, and noise and light pollution.

The architects have taken pains to ensure that the new buildings will not be out of character with the area. Despite this, references to Imperial's less than glowing architectural record were made. One speaker claimed that £20 million needed to be spent on "the Southside monstrosity", and suggested that the Estates department offices should be converted into a sports centre.

With the level of opposition evident at the meeting, developments seem doomed to become delayed by negotiations, revisions and consultations. The future of the sports centre is still far from decided.

FELIX
KEEP THE CAT FREE EST. 1949

Issue 1144

10 May 1999

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Rachel Urwin

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McNaught

Inopportune interruption & Distrac-

tion provided by: Dave Hellard

Massive Exam Stress provided by: Sir

Ronald Oxburgh KBE

Stimulants & Relaxants courtesy of

the Caravan of Love, Brixton

Hope on the Horizon for AIDS Sufferers

An significant step forward in the war against AIDS has

By Mansoor Choudhury

vaccinated monkeys were then tested with large doses of

been made by Dr Harriet Robinson of the Yerkes Regional Primate Research Centre (part of Emory University) in Atlanta, Georgia.

Dr Robinson, the chief of the Microbiology and Immunology research division, has developed a new vaccine which is reportedly very effective in the treatment of HIV-infected monkeys. If the scheduled tests on humans prove successful, a vaccine proficient in halting AIDS transmission could not be too far from coming.

The vaccine itself was made from harmless fragments of both HIV and the simian version of the virus, SIV. The animal's used in the experiment first had their immune systems primed by a DNA vaccine. Their bodies were then provoked into immune responses by booster doses which had been inserted into a pox virus. The pox virus however, did not replicate itself. The

HIV. The blood samples of these animals were later found to be totally free of any traces of the virus while the unvaccinated control monkeys were found to have up to a billion viruses.

Up till now, AIDS sufferers have had to rely on a combination of drugs to combat the effects of the ever-mutating virus. The treatment, although generally effective in prolonging life, is prohibitively expensive for the vast majority of AIDS-sufferers who live in the Third World. If an effective and cheap vaccine is developed, the number of people being infected with AIDS (currently 16,000 per day) should definitely undergo a massive decrease and HIV could go the way of smallpox. This however, is still a long way away. The Terrance Higgins Trust and the British Medical Research Council meanwhile, have both given careful welcomes to the report.

Clayponds Subwarden

An enthusiastic applicant is sought for the post of Sub Warden at Clayponds Village, from mid May 1999. Clayponds is a community of 300+ students (PG&UG) living in self-catering flats and houses and is situated in Ealing. Duties will include assisting the Warden in the pastoral care of students, promoting social life and good order in the village and some general administration.

The post is open to substantive members of College and would suit someone with experience of pastoral care and a desire to live in a student community. If successful, the applicant will live in a rent-free studio flat in the village and will normally be resident in Clayponds throughout the year.

Application letters should state why you want the post and the relevant qualities or experience you can bring to the team. Two referees should be given (including email addresses). This should be sent to Dr Mark Tyrer, Department of Materials, Royal School of Mines as soon as possible.

Informal inquiries to:

Dr Mark Tyrer, Warden

(0171 59) 46800

m.tyrer@ic.ac.uk

Mr Stewart Thompson, Assistant Warden

(0171 59) 45451

stewart.thompson@ic.ac.uk

Miss Joanne Christer, Sub Warden

0171 351 8173

j.christer@ic.ac.uk

Cannabis Comes to the Common

The International Cannabis Coalition's march, held in South London on Saturday May 1, has been heralded as a success. A gathering of protesters, supporting the legalisation of cannabis, joined other marchers in London as traditional bank holiday demonstrations took place around the capital.

Demonstrators gathered on Rush Common in Brixton late on Saturday morning. At the same time a protest organised by the anti-Nazi league began marching its way from Brixton to central London, in a demonstration against the nail-bombings of recent weeks. Indeed, it had been rumoured that the cannabis march may itself be a target of the bombers. Superintendent David George, who headed the police operation surrounding the march, confirmed that the route was indeed checked for explosive devices during the morning: "we had to treat very seriously the safety of policemen and the public" he explained.

As it was the 3000 strong crowd left Rush Common on schedule at 12.30pm, heading for Clapham Common. The mood was happy and peaceful and, although there was little evidence of a real campaign in progress, both organisers and police were satisfied by the outcome. A sound system led the march for much of the way,

entertaining and inciting the crowd, becoming silent as it passed Electric Avenue, the site of the Brixton bomb.

By the time they entered Clapham Common for what was to become a long afternoon festival, the crowds had swelled to an estimated 5000, although police sources mentioned 8000. The common was filled with sound systems, stalls, music tents and speakers. The 'cannabis festival' was the highlight of the day, although for

many this simply meant the ability to break the law in public. The organisers saw the event as a success, however, as it demonstrated that "grass root action" can be as effective as national media campaigns, such as that organised by the Independent on Sunday last year.

Howard Marks, the famous former drugs-smuggler turned writer, spoke at the festival. Defending his view, he claimed that two thirds of all British voters under 25

years old take cannabis. He summed up his view of New Labour in one sentence: "This government stupidly forces itself to lie and arrogantly disapproves of the recreational pursuits of millions of really good people."

Back in the crowds sprawled on the grass the mood was jubilant. No arrests were made and there were no incidents; superintendent David George said he was "very happy" with how the event progressed. Protesters, mostly stoned, agreed; "I think it's been very peaceful" commented one. When asked why they were at the march, two young men replied "to support it, and because we smoke a lot of weed". Few of those enjoying the afternoon sun seemed to think the festival would have any political consequences, however. Danny Kushlick, spokesman for Transform, who campaign for drug policy reform, agreed; "I don't know whether rallies like this actually change anything, and we are deluding ourselves if we think that they do".

The festival was due to end at 8.30pm. It was a warm evening, however, and many stayed on until much later. This did not bother the authorities, though; David George sympathised with those that stayed; "it was a nice evening, so understandably some people stayed until 11pm, and so we obviously stayed with them."



Photos: Gareth

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East Meets West Apology

Dear Sir,

It has recently been brought to my attention that a complaint was made by the Sikh Society with regards to a comment made during one of the comedy sketches in East meets West 1998.

The comment made was referring to a white man wearing a turban, 'take that turban off, you look like shit... Bloody Care in the Community!!' As he was addressed, the white man was standing next to an Asian man pointed out as being Sikh. The point of the joke was that the white man was a lunatic and did not understand what he was doing. In no way whatsoever was any offence intended to any members of the Sikh religion. In retrospect, we see that offence may have been caused to people who may not have comprehended the origin of the joke. We would also like to point out at this stage that Sikhs were consulted with regards to this matter, and they found no problems with the original line. Obviously these views were not representative of the Sikh Society, and we accept this.

Please accept our unreserved apologies for any offence we may have caused.

Yours sincerely,

The Writers of Comedy

Caldwell Replies...

In response to last week's letter

Dear Editor,

With response to N Royall's letter, I'm afraid I have no link with Caldwell Investments (which sounds like good news if the information is correct).

Can I suggest however you watch "The Caldwell Partners", a Canadian Firm of Executive Search Consultants whose motto is "Never Underestimate the importance of people".....

In response to last week's Voice of Reason

Dear Simon,

You and I are in danger of agreeing(!)...With regard to your comments on fire signage, I personally also have concerns about the level of signage the College has to adopt. I too think that a call point is self evident and does not need to be signed. Indeed the way things are going in a few years we will have signs pointing to other signs. We do, however, have a legal obligation to follow national - and indeed European guidelines - in these matters. The assumption is that a visitor/stranger to a department, who may not be familiar with the layout of the building, may have to react quickly.

Regards

Ian Caldwell

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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.

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Felix under Fire

I don't know - why do I bother? What with the private housing office, non-existent news (and no writers anyway), and Dave Hellard's cautionary notes (see Presidential Feedback, page 7), I've had just about enough of this week. As for the first of those; somebody's lying, be it student or staff, I don't know. To be honest I'm not sure how much I care. As for Mr Hellard, just don't get me started on the fish tank. May I advise all of you to only approach me if you bring sacrificial Marlboro (reds or lights).

Nothing was stirring...

...not a fucking sausage, as John Cleves once put it. Well, I guess you lot can't be blamed - you've got years to pass, finals to complete, city jobs to get... Even outside IC there isn't a lot happening; a few bombs here and there, some tornadoes in the States... oh, and some uninteresting war in a remote part of Europe. All rather dull, really.

Such is the exam season at IC, and it can take its toll. It is absolutely vital to your physical and mental well-being that you leave SW7 at least once a week dur-

ing this period, and preferably get out of London altogether. Try Camden on a Saturday afternoon - it'll do you more good than staring at soil mechanics notes for another five hours.

I have found the ultimate in exam distraction activities, which is strange as I don't have exams. Film Four. Unlike Sky Film channels you don't feel guilty watching it, because the films are actually worth watching. If you've got cable and were considering getting it, be warned - you'll need a stash of video tapes and a programmable video recorder, or else kiss that degree goodbye.

Only Joking... or am I?

Well, that's the annual 'I hate this job, I hate students, sod everything' editorial out of the way. What do I mean? Well, every job gets to you occasionally, and sabbaticals are no exception. If you have to write hundreds of words each week for thirty odd issues, you might as well use one of them to denounce the world. My predecessor made the mistake of choosing the final issue to vent his frustration, which was unfortunate. I would hope to paint a more cheerful picture with my last words - the emphasis in that sentence is definitely on 'hope'... - Ed

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1 Each person purchasing a summer ball ticket can only be entered in the draw once.

2 The minimum donation is £1, but there is no maximum...

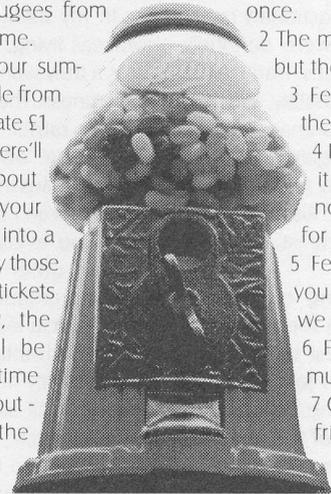
3 Felix does not guarantee the prize is an antique.

4 Felix does not guarantee it still operates, and will not accept responsibility for lost coinage.

5 Felix does not guarantee you will like Jelly Bellies, but we do.

6 Felix doesn't guarantee much really, does it?

7 Open to IC students and friendly staff who read Felix.



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Transport Update

1998

1999

- 8 Coaches to transport 1100 people.
- Unreliable Company

- 22 Coaches to transport 1500 people.
- Reliable Company

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Right Angles The Rising Sun

Guinness & The Guardian

The other day I paid just shy of £3.50 for a four-day-old copy of *The Daily Telegraph*. As anyone who knows me will tell you, under normal circumstances I would only buy the aforementioned reactionary rag at gun-point. But these were definitely not normal circumstances. Had I taken leave of my senses? Possibly. Was I in the grip of a ruthless conman? Maybe. Am I back in Japan again? Got it in one, or more accurately in three. Welcome to the Land of the Rising Yen. Or, in the case of this columnist, welcome back.

When I was young enough to come eye-to-knee with the proverbial grasshopper, the closest the average gaijin (foreigner) got to Japan was sitting on the pillion of the Honda FZ50 owned by the brother of the boy next door. Back in those days, all most of us knew about the Japanese was that they regularly ate fish containing lethal toxins, got off on watching dangerously overweight men wrestling in the semi-nude, and that every so often their capital city got flattened by a radioactive dinosaur. Thankfully, largely due to the proliferation of affordable sushi restaurants, the growing popularity of Manga, and the greater availability of Japanese beer, we now live in more enlightened times. However, there is still a lot to learn about this place that cannot simply be gleaned from hanging around Wagamama, watching Akira and drinking a couple of cans of Sapporo Super Dry.

My latest bout of re-education began in the Kinokuniya Bookshop under Umeda station in downtown Osaka. I had arranged to meet an old friend from my Tohoku University days, for raw fish and a few bottles of Kirin Lager Beer (as advertised on TV by Harrison Ford, incidentally) in the locale. Arriving half-an-hour early, I'd decided to kill a bit of time browsing in the aforementioned aircraft hanger-sized bookstore. Living in a foreign country can be a daunting business at the best of times and one of the things that helps the disorientated ex-pat through the first few tender weeks is being able to get one's favourite paper from home. Although I found mine, I couldn't lift my heart high enough to fork out the Y 850 (£4.50) necessary for its purchase. Every leftie has his price and mine appears to be Y 150, the differ-

ence between the cost of a four-day-old copy of *The Guardian* and a similarly superannuated issue of *The Telegraph*, which was a snip at Y 700.

In my (fairly wide) experience of overseas living, being an ex-pat is by turns a truly wonderful and truly dreadful business. The benefits of living in a country rather than simply passing through are obvious - however hard they try, Messrs. Thomas Cook and Lunn Poly can't hope to show you everything. On the other hand, travelling around on a tourist visa at least carries the advantage of the possibility of going home if it all starts to get a bit much - not an option open to those who have been foolhardy enough to sign up for an extended Tour of Duty.

The somewhat nebulous concept of 'cultural differences' is frequently banded about at this juncture in an effort to explain why living in a foreign country (any one will do, take your pick) can sometimes be more stressed than blessed. But in the event it is often not so much this that makes the ex-pat feel all at sea. In my case, to paraphrase the recent BT commercial "for me it is the little things" that periodically make me feel like I've arrived from another dimension through a wormhole in the space-time continuum, rather than off an All Nippon Airways 747 from Heathrow. Things like having to stump up £4.50 for a copy of *The Gru-*

niad, things like suddenly finding that needing size 11 shoes qualifies you as a medical freak, things like having to pay the equivalent of approximately £380 simply for the privilege of having a telephone number. However it's not all gloom. Living in Japan does have many plus points, for example: 1) food so fresh that it frequently arrives at your table still in its death throes, 2) a very low crime rate, 3) beer in vending machines.

Eventually my friend showed up and after a bit of mutual back-slapping and many a "hisashiburi desu ne" (long time no see), he took me off around central Osaka and showed me the location of such essential facilities as Tower Records and Burger King, before head-

Matt Salter

"...every leftie has his price, and mine would appear to be 150 Yen..."

ing off for a late lunch at a roadside noodle bar that had apparently appeared in the gutter overnight. It really was great to see him again, and while I undexterously chased some ramen round in a bowl and out onto the floor we caught up on old times. This activity is a pretty similar procedure in Japanese as it is in English, as people graduate and get jobs, get married, father children out of wedlock, and have minor brushes with the law in Japan just as much as they do in Britain, except for the fact that they do it all in Japanese (double back somersault with two-and-a-half twists - degree of difficulty 3.5).

No matter what city one is in, there is only so long that one can walk around without getting hungry again and after several hard hours of milling about aimlessly, we were back on the nosebag, this time in a Japanese-style pub. Such establishments are called izakaya, the Chinese characters for which can be neatly translated as "a room where there is alcohol". My kind of joint. My friend had wanted to go for noodles again but I insisted upon this type of restaurant because they are reasonably cheap, normally have a good range of alcoholic beverages on sale, but above all they serve food which is relatively easy to pick up with chopsticks. Even better than that, there are lots of things on skewers which you can just pop into your mouth and remove

with your teeth. While this does mean that you run the risk of perforating your uvula, at least you don't end up scrabbling around trying to pick food items out of your shirt pocket where it fell after you jumped out of your skin when one of the waiters, standing directly behind you, suddenly bellowed a greeting to a new customer who has just entered the shop. The staff shout a lot at izakayas. They scream a welcome at you when you come through the door, bawl cheerfully when you are changing out of your shoes into ludicrously small slippers and they call out the name of every single dish when they bring it to your table. Quite why they feel the need to inform everybody in the room whenever you order

another beer or a plate of yakitori (a sort of Japanese chicken satay) escapes me, but as they were the ones in possession of the large, razor-sharp knives, I wasn't about to argue the toss.

Several hours and many large cups of the local sake later, we stumbled out of the restaurant with the staff bawling out their thanks and entreaties to come again in our wake, and wove our way down the street to another bar, improbably called the Pig and Whistle which my friend proudly informed me was a "traditional British pub". And by golly he was right - you might as well have been in the Ennismore Arms, a point which I am not ashamed to admit brought a tear to my eye. The moistness round rims became even more pronounced when I saw that they were serving real draught Guinness and then turned into a veritable flood when I realised how much a pint was going to cost me. At Y 800 (£4.20) a pop, this place made "crazy London prices" look like the height of reasonableness. I must admit that they'd gone out of their way to capture the authentic atmosphere of a British ale house though, right down to the sticky puddles of beer on the bar and soggy fag ends in the urinals. As I sank the first of many pints of Pure Genius I began to take in my surroundings and for the first time in weeks I began to feel at ease. In fact, so relaxed was I, that when I was chal-

"...at £4.20 a pop, this place made "crazy London prices" look like the height of reasonableness

lenged to a game of darts, I made little protest and, although at this point I was on the point of losing the ability to focus, I felt the spirit of John Bull well up within me (or maybe it was heartburn brought on by too much raw squid) and I strode purposefully up to the oche.

I think it is safe to say that by the time I left the Pig and Whistle, the Japanese had a radically different view of the current state of British darts. And, regretfully, leave I did. It was time to go. As my friend and I staggered out of this delightful establishment, I gave the barmaid, who was now looking much better than she did when I had come in, a Paddington Bear-style hard stare and warned her that if she didn't get some Sarah Hughes Dark Ruby by the next time, there just might not be a next time. However, I don't think she believed me, and in my heart of hearts, neither did I.



Medics Under Surveillance

Big Brother has been called into the BMS to attempt to restore order to rowdy medical lectures. Television cameras installed in Lecture Theatre One in the BMS building as part of the School of Medicine's new interactive video teaching system have been found another use. Sneaky staff are spying on the wannabe doctors' behaviour during lectures. This covert operation is the Medical School's response to harmless but childish behaviour of some of the wannabe doctors. Medics are renowned for their exuberant and flamboyant and generally over the top reactions to lectures, regularly applauding excellent lectures, and explicitly ignoring boring ones. Evidently the bigwigs in the medical school on hearing of this have decided to clamp down. Students have been warned that the videos will be watched, and perpetrators identified if a lecturer complains of "bad behaviour" during their lectures. Kevin hopes that even though this is only affecting first year medics at the moment, the Medical Union will strongly oppose this action.

Microsoft Megalomania

We can relax in the knowledge that every single e-mail system in use here at the MIT of Europe, is a lot better than the archaic text only e-mail system available to students at Oxford. The IC e-mail system is undergoing a period of change, with the trend being towards the use of Microsoft Exchange servers, and Microsoft Outlook. Some people appear to be quite happy to assist in increasing Bill Gate's fortunes even more by using Microsoft products. However this view is far from universal, as within the IC community we also have people who object to the use of Outlook, people such as Apple Mac evangelists like Kevin, penguin lovers, and plain luddites - with a fond attachment to PINE, all have understandable objections to this forced change. The fact that the change has been made by force is undeniable, Kevin

is aware of instances where students have been issued with Outlook accounts, and the CCS refuses to provide the necessary information to allow them to use other mail programs.



A Mostly Harmless Column by Kevin, a random entity who knows nothing about nothing

those behind the bars in the union, are controlled centrally from Sheffield. I fear this is only part of an escalating attempt for complete control. It was only recently reported in IC Distorter that control of heating systems will be handed over and controlled by a central computer. Let's hope they get it right, and we no longer find world class Linux obsessed materials scientists asking: "When is the IC heating going to be adjusted to the current mild conditions so

I don't have to don beach wear to be comfortable in my office?" Evidence of control at a more supreme level can be seen on Level Five, the location of the Rector's suite, where there is a switch which appears to select between the seasons summer and winter.

Time Control

Whilst investigating the strange behaviour of the clocks in the physics building, Kevin has made an interesting discovery. All clocks of any significance within IC, including those behind the bars

Fish Tank Foible

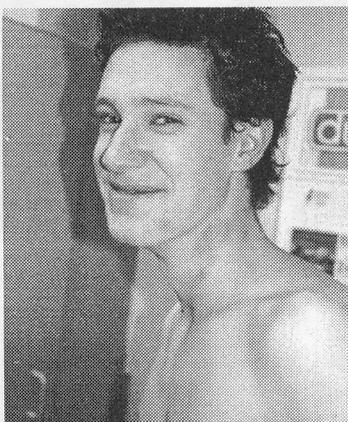
We, as students, are quite rightly very critical of some of the college's outrageous spending on items such as the infamous imported granite, and six figure sums spent on flower beds. I am waiting to see what reaction there will be to the proposed spending of three to five hundred pounds by ICU on a Fish tank! Kevin would quite happily direct them to some very life-like, and relaxing screen savers, which can do a reasonable job of simulating fish, which are a lot cheaper and a lot less hassle, and if intelligently used could give an equally "fantastic" result, and without the high maintenance costs of live fish.

Send ideas and contributions to kevin_mishmash@hotmail.com

Presidential Talk-Back

If Felix are short of news or want to wind up some people, a headline about sports fields isn't too far away. Although the Capital Investment Plan does allocate £3 million to the sports centre from a rationalisation of College sports fields, to draw any conclusions as to what may happen is purely reactionary. The attitude of a lot of students I have spoken suggests that they think whoever shouts the loudest, 'don't sell our ground, sell theirs, because we play here' will retain their preferred sports ground. Thankfully I believe the issue will come down to what is best for student sport and not politics, for this Frank Murray's view of a new ground closer to College would be ideal.

David Hellard, ICU President



all you have to do is sign up on the board outside of the Union Dining Hall with ten seconds and turn up with as many people as you can to vote for you (every full time student has a vote.)

Every year the Union awards colours for service to the Union. The Union awards Half Colours, Full Colours, Outstanding Service Award, The Imperial College Union Fellowship and the Imperial College Union Distinguished Fellowship. Nominations have to have reached me by 5pm Monday 31st May and if you feel anyone is worthy of any of these CV point winning awards, just pop into the Union and ask me for a nominations form.

For those Mature Students still bitter about the London Transport Discount Scheme, last Friday the LT Board reviewed whether or not to extend the scheme to over 25s, I'll tell you the results next week.

Positions up for grabs are: Accommodation Officer, Equal Opportunities Officer, Community Action Group Chair, Council Chair, Postgraduate Group Chair, Rag Chair, Summer Ball Chair, Transport Officer, Welfare Officer, Women's Officer.

The Epton Cup '99

ICU UNITED

v

Southside

Sunday May 23rd

In Hyde park,
by the tennis courts

Women's Kick off 2.30pm

Men's Kick off 3.30pm

B-B-Q and Boat races
at Southside 7.00pm



New Scientists

Lyndsey Clark Examines The New Face Of Science Fiction

My faith in contemporary cinema has been restored! - *The Faculty*. All the self-reflexive, postmodernist irony of *Scream*, the American high school ideology of the 80s, and it's Sci-Fi too! What more could you want in a film?

I must confess here to being slightly biased on account of the fact that I am a self-confessed Sci-Fi nut. I'm sure there are plenty of you sympathisers out there but, let's face it, IC is a pretty unique place in some respects. With *The Faculty* something truly amazing has happened - Sci-Fi has become cool. Not 'Cool' like *Babylon 5* or New Labour, but really cool like Urban Sportswear or 'Utility Chic'.

Like most Science Fiction, of course there isn't a scientist to be found in *The Faculty*. And of course it's the kids who save the day (their knowledge gleaned from sci-fi movies of the past). But even when films have scientists in them, something has changed recently. Just when we were getting used to some nice, comfortably predictable, stereotypes, there springs a new breed of movie scientist. Some people think these representations of scientists and science in popular culture could actually affect our choice of career and whether to become 'real' scientists or not. So what is this image that's supposed to be penetrating our subconscious?

Classic narrative tension in the pull between character driven stories and plot driven ones has always been glaringly apparent in Sci-Fi. We either get good rounded characters and really predictable plots, like the Frankenstein thing in *Jurassic Park* or the classic invasion in *Independence Day*. Or we get good and original stories but with flat and lifeless characters. The former approach, concentrating on character, is a more recent phenomena. Our new breed of scientific hero is a complex creature, reflecting its lineage as much as it rebels against it. It is natural that Sci-Fi and the scientists we find there evolve as science advances and our society's attitudes change. After the ups and downs of the discovery and use of nuclear weapons, scientists suffered some really bad press. But, to our post Cold War generation, the physicists have become somewhat impotent. Power, we know, lies in the hands of governments and not scientists. Heroism has come to be associated with the suppression rather than the use of new knowledge. Our hero scientist is a rebel and maverick who rejects the scientific and political institutions to do what he (or why not even 'she'?) thinks is best. The scientist is now more human and is neither inherently good nor evil, so there is more scope for rounded characterisation in Sci-Fi.

Science Fiction, as a genre, has been forced to change in the late 1990s. We have already sent men into space, found no little green invaders on Mars, released the power of the atom, and cloned living mammals. As we fast approach the 21st century our imaginations have turned away from dreams about the science of the future. Modern films tend to be set in the present day with technology we can easily conceive as existing already or in the very near future. This is why we see a move away from story



driven plots and towards character driven ones. Two rather interesting recent examples are *Jurassic Park* and *Independence Day*.

One of the most interesting things about *Jurassic Park* is that, although the geneticists are the bad guys, there are other characters who are also scientists. Palaeontologists have always been pretty cool by virtue of the fact that dinosaurs are cool, but the most interesting character has to be Dr Ian Malcom. As the chaos mathematician, Jeff Goldblum plays Malcom without any of the usual stereotypes of mathematics. While the geneticists forge carelessly ahead with no thought for the consequences of meddling with nature, Malcom advocates caution and respect for the natural order of things.

Independence Day presents a traditional model of the Sci-Fi film, with the three heroes representing government, military and science. The scientist in question is again played by Jeff Goldblum and displays all the required characteristics of the new scientist. He rides a bike in order to save the environment (did we all appreciate the irony in the fact that he encounters some inconvenience in saving the world because he doesn't have a car?), he

obsessively recycles and preaches at others to do the same. He is the one who is vehemently against the use of nuclear weapons while the president and military are keen. This is not an uncommon counter reaction to the idea that scientists are amoral and ruined mankind by giving us the power of knowledge in the first place. Now that the power and control of nuclear weapons has passed out of the hands of the scientists, we increasingly see scientists as the characters who are aware of the consequences and try to encourage restraint.

But this is all an aside really. What we want to know is what effects all this might have on us young and impressionable characters starting out in the world of science. Are we all being subliminally brainwashed into scientific careers by the whims and fancies of popular culture? Personally, I think it's probably too early to tell. We, after all, are children of the eighties and chose to start down the track to a science career before this new breed of supersensitive scientist was born. But next time you go home, listen to what your little brother or sister is saying - you could be witnessing the birth of a new generation of scientist.

Tues 11th

ICU presents....

ST/

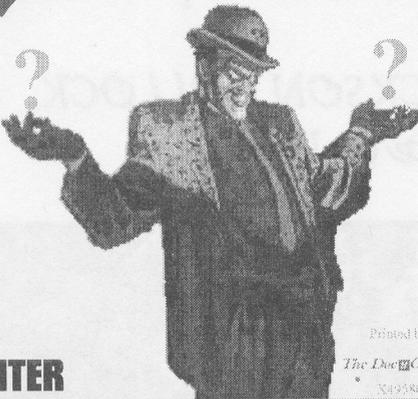
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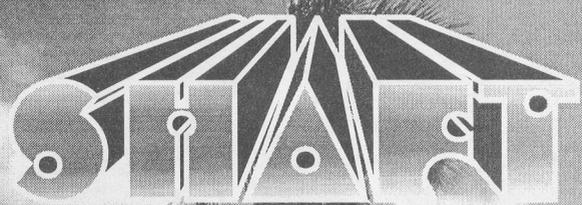
XXS

Party tunes with MIDNIGHT bar. Free b4 11/with entscard 50p after 11.

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Fri 14th

Life's a beach...



Club 18-30 special

with
Karaoke Cocktail bar
& Reef promotion



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9-2. £1/Free

The Doc Centre

Your Union - brings you sunshine

Thurs 13th

Glamour, sophistication Da Vinci's and Cocktails after dark



Cocktail Night



Every Thursday from 5pm
In Da Vinci's Bar

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Another service from your Union **iCU**

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Your Union - Run for You



Arts Highlights

Require respite from revision? Exhausted from exams? Stuff the sciences and check out some of the exhibitions currently showing in London ...

WILLIAM KENTRIDGE Serpentine Gallery



William Kentridge (born in 1955) is a powerful South African film artist. Rather than being specifically concerned with apartheid, he explores wider issues of suffering. The films he creates are potent attacks on contentious aspects of society, particularly with regard to the injustices of the capitalist system. This artist is not afraid to deal with contentious, powerful issues head on and close up. For those turned off by politics, it is quite possible to appreciate the work just for its vigorous energy.

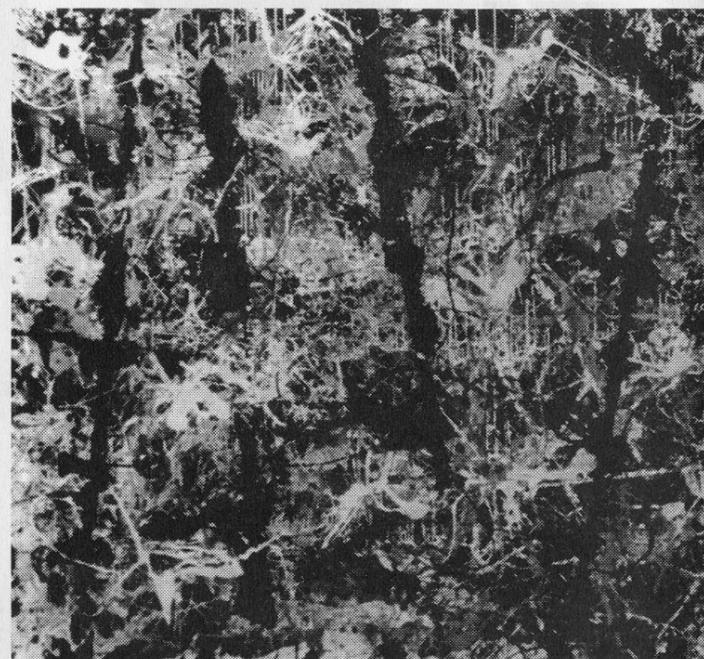
The method employed to produce his graphic portrayals is unique. After drawing the first frame - with charcoal and sparse use of pastel colours - he photographs it. Next he modifies and reforms the image, blending and erasing. This step by step approach leaves trace markings of the previous frames, showing the passage of time within every moment. He does not pull any punches. Very original, very striking.

B

Until 30th May

Admission: FREE
Nearest tube: South Kensington
Opening hours: daily 10am - 6pm

JACKSON POLLOCK Tate Gallery



Jackson Pollock's frenzied paintings are a feast for overactive imaginations. When you squint at the animated swirls, each observer invariably forges his own original interpretation.

During the late 1940s, Pollock discarded the conventional brush and laid his canvas down on the studio floor. This radical 'action painting' - the application of paint by pouring and splattering - earned him the nickname 'Jack the Dripper'. His eloquent work has been described as the visual equivalent of jazz improvisations.

B

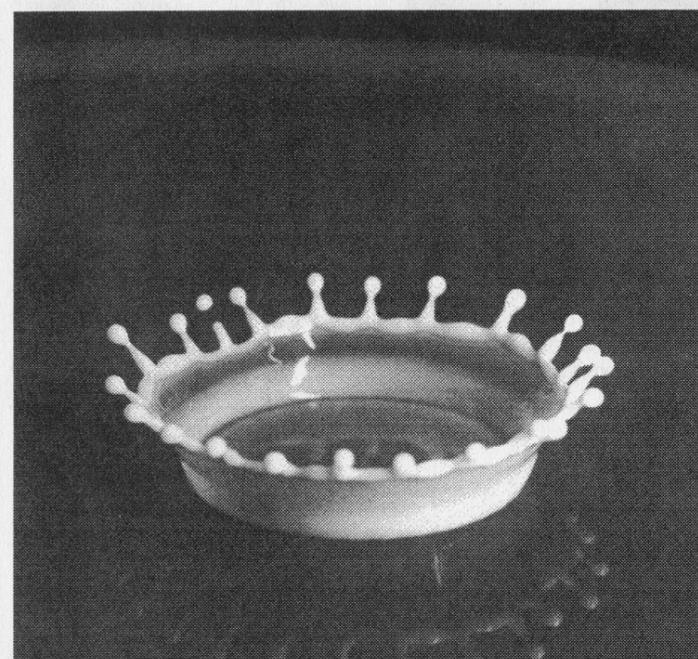
Until 6th June

Admission: £7.50, concessions £5
Nearest tube: Pimlico
Opening hours: daily 10am - 5.40pm

Critics revel in psycho-analysing his troubled personal life, marred by self-destructive bouts of depression and alcoholism. His untimely death undoubtedly fuelled his icon status. Jackson Pollock is an inspirational, if somewhat tortured and intangible figure. The monumental scale of his mature designs is at once intimidating and breathtaking: vibrant and glorious in the flesh, they must be seen to be believed and entirely appreciated.

H

SILVER AND SYRUP Victoria and Albert Museum



This temporary installation is a showcase for the V&A's acclaimed 300,000-strong collection of photographs. Far from being incoherent, the phenomenal diversity turned out to be a refreshing and stimulating asset. The contrasting styles and topics range from landscapes to abstract compositions, from glamorous celebrity pictures to provocative fashion shots. The picture of two students semi-conscious on a sofa after a night at the union will almost certainly conjure up fond memories. Each skilled composition is brought to life by its dynamic texture. "A photograph is not an accident - it is a concept."

Until August

Admission: FREE to students
Nearest tube: South Kensington
Opening hours: daily 10am - 5.45pm
(Mondays from 12)

Sugar and Syrup includes images by a variety of international photographers working between 1845 to 1998, applying a variety of traditional as well as unconventional techniques. The exhibition explores the evolution of the medium throughout the century in an attempt to prove its overwhelming significance as a contemporary form of art. As the author Emil Zola explained, "Our artists have to find the poetry in train stations, the way their fathers found the poetry in forests and rivers."

H

KANDINSKY Royal Academy of Arts



Wassily Kandinsky, pioneer of the abstract style, was something of a mature prodigy. He abandoned an auspicious career in law at the age of 29 to study art.

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, Kandinsky's folkloric motifs gradually evolved towards the intrinsically geometric, non-figurative compositions for which he is renowned.

Until 4th July

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

Besides being gifted with a photographic memory, Kandinsky was a diagnosed synaesthetic - distinct shades of colours stimulated powerful sounds and sensations in his brain.

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 swift and spontaneous approach to art.

H



Reviews

eXistenZ ★★★★★

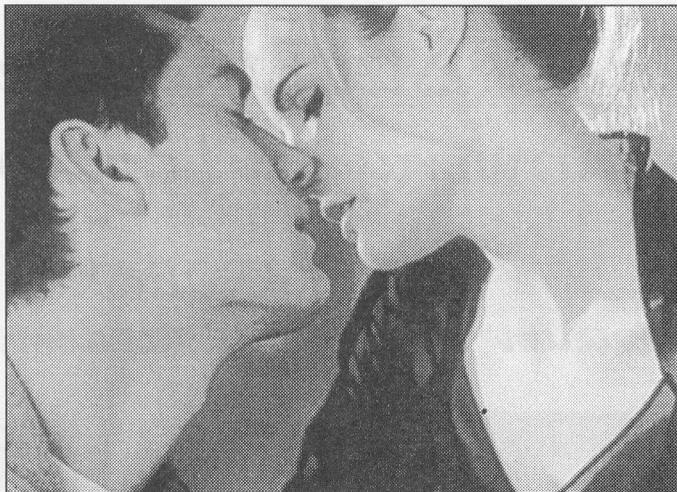
Starring : Jennifer Jason Leigh, Jude Law, Willem Dafoe, Ian Holm, Christopher Eccleston
Director : David Cronenberg

After the over-indulgent, barely-releaseable fetish-fest that was *Crash*, Hollywood decided that they'd bankrolled David Cronenberg's warped dreams for long-enough, and dropped him as fast as possible. After all, all his best work - *The Fly*, *Videodrome* and *Scanners* - was produced well over ten years ago, and since then he's consistently been losing money and raking in some very bad publicity. Consequently, *eXistenZ* comes to you courtesy of a dozen different arts funds and 'Natural Nylon Entertainment' whatever that might be. Suffice to say, it's not exactly the most awe-inspiring set of opening credits you've ever seen. The film hasn't even started, and you're already fearing the worst...

...but within five minutes you're hooked. *eXistenZ* is probably just as weird as any of his other work, but Cronenberg has recaptured the accessibility that's essential if you want to tell a story like this to a non sci-fi audience. Consequently a story about games run by attaching genetically created 'pods' into 'bioports' situated in the base of players

spines doesn't come across as nearly as idiotic as it undoubtedly does from that single-sentence description. Anyway, none of that's really important, as it's actually a simultaneously scary and funny look at the future of humanity in an increasingly technological world. Paranoia and techno-fear abound, as the divisions between fantasy and reality

become blurred - despite game-play strangely reminiscent of the Commodore 64 (you have to say one specific line of dialogue, otherwise the characters become stuck in a loop). The only downside is that in his quest for mass appeal he clearly feels compelled to make the message blindingly clear, and consequently it won't take a PhD in Film to spot



Jennifer Jason Leigh Is the future of DoC students? Sadly, I don't think so.

the point he's trying to drive home.

The reason it succeeds, however, is Cronenberg's sensible decision not to blind us with too much techno-babble. Instead, we're carried along by his ability to tell a story on a variety of levels - indeed this is as much an old-fashioned love story (boy and girl brought together on the run, seemingly with nothing in common, have to protect each other...) as sci-fi or fantasy. He's ably assisted in this task by the stars, with Jason Leigh in particular bouncing back from some appalling roles to the kind of sexy, emotive form that brought her to stardom (*The Hudsucker Proxy* and *Single White Female*).

Strange it undoubtedly is nonetheless, and if you're not prepared to be winning one minute and laughing the next, *eXistenZ* won't be for you. However, if you accept that Cronenberg simply uses weirdness as a tool to tell a story in an engaging way, you'll be rewarded with one of the most thought provoking movies of the year. A definite must for DoC students in need of moral guidance. **F**

Dave

The Waterboy ★★★★★

Starring : Adam Sandler, Kathy Bates, Henry Winkler, Fairuza Balk
Director : Frank Coraci

There are those amongst us who bemoan the triumph of lowest-common denominator comedy as the "death of modern culture", and until last summer, I was amongst them. Movies like *Kingpin* and *Dumb & Dumber* have very little going for them besides an endless succession of the kind of gags that make *Carry On* films look cultured. Last summer, however, I saw *There's Something About Mary* and my faith was restored, simply because it was so God damn funny. Thankfully, *The Waterboy* continues the trend, proving that it's possible to make a movie brilliantly funny despite the fact that it expects you to leave your brain at the door.

It's an out and out Adam Sandler vehicle (sadly Winkler and Balk aren't given enough screen time to make an impact), and it's a credit to his comedic versatility that he manages to make his entirely two-dimensional character into a likeable hero. He plays Bobby Boucher,

a cliché-ridden southern idiot - a 31 year old who still lives with his mother (and her horse), idolises professional wrestlers, never went to High School and hits the peak of his career as a waterboy for a

lowly College team. Or so it would seem until he hitches up with Winkler's inept squad, and finds his true calling as the greatest Linebacker in history.

Sure, it's hideously stereotyped, pre-



The Deep South : the land that fashion forgot.

dictable and obvious - but it's incredibly entertaining nonetheless. You really root for Sandler, as the modern equivalent of the 'American Dream' (poor, not particularly bright boy becomes a celebrity through sport), and he rewards with great comic timing and some top-drawer gags.

Thankfully for prospective UK audiences, the sports action requires no knowledge of the rules. Just accept that every time Sandler hits someone hard (you'll know they're hurt thanks to some unpleasant sound effects) it's A Good Thing, and it'll all make sense. In fact, it's his sporting prowess that provides the most reliable gags, and every time the story seems to be flagging, he'll put in another hilariously effective tackle on the (increasingly petrified) quarterback. Ultimately, *The Waterboy* is a one-joke film - but it's a joke that's delivered in enough different disguises to keep you laughing out loud for the regulation ninety minutes. **F**

Dave

Reviews & Competition

Artemisia ★★

Starring : Valentina Cervi, Michel Serrault, Miki Manojlovic
Director : Agnes Merlet

It's never a particularly good sign when the press release for a new movie explains that it's a biopic of someone you've never heard of. In this case, it's Artemisia Gentileschi, who was (apparently) "the first significant female figure in western art". Ever heard of her? No, I thought not.

On the other hand, the benefit of not having a clue who or what the movie's about is to allow the writer and director to pretty much make up large chunks of the artist's life. Consequently, whether or not this tale of doomed love actually bears any relationship to reality is somewhat questionable - either way, it makes for an engaging story. You see, the young lady in question was a very gifted artist, with a tendency to paint subjects considered 'unsuitable' for a young lady at the start of the seventeenth century, who fell in love with her teacher - who is then charged with rape by the girl's father.

Effectively, it's the tale of a brilliant but weak willed young girl, trapped between two forceful men, and forced to suffer before she can make good her escape. However, Cervi's depiction of

the central character doesn't suggest any of the strength which a woman would surely need if she were to become a recognised artist four centuries ago, and the meticulously drawn renaissance style only serves to detract

from any sense of realism which might remain. Consequently, as a biopic it's certainly lacking in credibility, but as a textbook tale of doomed love it's effective if uninspired. **F**

Dave



How to act in 20 easy lessons : Number 7 - the love-sick adolescent.

Win tickets to Forces of Nature with the

ODEON

KENSINGTON

This week it's the turn of new romantic comedy *Forces of Nature* to get the free tickets treatment. The Sandra Bullock/Ben Affleck vehicle attempts to recreate the bickering, opposites-attract style of the great Cary Grant/ Katherine Hepburn movies, with Affleck striving to make it to his wedding on time despite all manner of travel catastrophes and weirdo companion Bullock. Just email your answer to the following question to film.felix@ic.ac.uk before Wednesday evening:

In which recent movie did Sandra Bullock star alongside Nicole Kidman?

The first ten names out of the virtual hat will win a pair of tickets.

The winners of last week's competition to win tickets to see Adam Sandler's smash hit comedy *The Waterboy* were:

Dave Hellard
 Tom Blaza
 Thanawat Meesak
 Lisa Huhlov
 Tony Shudbury
 Scott Edmunds
 Jo Pollott
 Lisa Frank
 Pete Daplyn
 Bob McCannon

Well done on correctly identifying Henry Winkler as the seventies icon who links *The Waterboy*, *Scream* and *Happy Days*. Please drop into the Felix Office (in Beit Archway) as soon as possible to collect your prizes.

Ideal Husband soundtrack CDs up for grabs

Fancy a copy of the soundtrack to all-star smash hit *An Ideal Husband*? Well, thanks to some very kind PR people, the CD can be yours for the expenditure of exactly zero pence. A chance not to be missed, I'm sure you'll agree.

The movie itself is an adaptation of Oscar Wilde's classic play, and may well be the first of a spate of Wilde related movies to hit our screen. It stars current Hollywood favourites Rupert Everett, Cate Blanchett and Minnie Driver, and has received widespread critical acclaim. To win your copy of the soundtrack, simply answer the following question:

At what awards ceremony did Cate Blanchett recently pick up the best Actress award, and for which film was she nominated?

Email your answer to film.felix@ic.ac.uk before Wednesday evening to enter the competition. As ever, the first ten randomly selected names will take home the prize.

VIDEO RENTAL RELEASES UPDATE

Out of Sight

Finally George Clooney breaks into the big-time through yet another brilliant Elmore Leonard (*Get Shorty*, *Jackie Brown*) adaptation, which somehow merges old-fashioned caper flick with romantic comedy. (George Clooney is the Cary Grant of the nineties? Hmm, maybe not). Sexy, funny and enthralling, it's simply one of the best films of '98, thanks to a brilliant combination of perfect acting (from Clooney, Jennifer Lopez and Ving Rhames), a cracking script and spot-on direction from Steven Soderberg (*Sex, Lies and Videotape*) - which has catapulted him back into the big-time. If you haven't already seen it, then do so. At once.

Snake Eyes

Brian De Palma is undoubtedly a very hit-and-miss director - contrast *Scarface* or *The Untouchables* with the dire *Bonfire of the Vanities* - so I guess it shouldn't come as too big a surprise that this is a very hit-and-miss movie. The first half-hour or so is pure brilliance, with some incredible steadicam cinematography taking you through the entire introductory scene in a single (twenty-minute long) shot. Sadly, however, it goes downhill dramatically from there; the unmasking of the villain is *phenomenally* obvious, and the finale is plain daft (diving out of the way of an oncoming boulder was only ever cool in Indiana Jones). Which is a shame, because underneath there's a really good Nick Cage movie trying to get out.

Elizabeth

There are few things that Britain undoubtedly does best; snooker, heavy drinking, armchair football, urban riots...and costume drama. Fortunately, *Elizabeth* falls into the latter category (well, I certainly don't want to sit through a ninety minute Steve Davis biopic), utilising the key tools of the trade - meticulous attention to detail, an all-star cast and gravity defying bodices - to produce an effective but uninspiring addition to the genre. Sadly, despite its supposedly revolutionary approach to the story of England's young queen, director Kapur actually employs a fairly static approach, leaving the impression that the movie could have been far better.

Dave



Albums

ULTRASOUND

Everything Picture ★★★★★



One these people is pregnant, who needs the ultrasound?

You'll either love it or hate it. It's rock with a twist and it won't be to everyone's liking. It's music for the indie kids who are angry with everyone and everything. Play it loud and it'll blow you away. Play it soft and it'll just depress you.

Everything Picture is Ultrasound's debut album that comprises of two CD's yet only 11 tracks. The reason for the double CD? I don't know but it's kind of fun and I like it. The fact that the songs on this 88-minute masterpiece are segued together with "incidental music" is a tad irritating at times but you soon get used to it. If you don't know the band then the words "bloater" and "porker" might jog your memory into remembering who they are as they describe front man Andrew Wood to a T. If I say the words 'Independent' and 'The', your memory might be jogged even further as the band were recently featured as front page news for doing something which, in my opinion, is so obviously a publicity stunt it's untrue. "Tiny", as Wood is affectionately referred to by the rest of the world, caused controversy at a Red or Dead fashion show when he lifted the

dress (??) he was wearing to reveal the word 'unique' scrawled across his stomach as two of his fellow band members streaked across the catwalk. It's things like this that make me think Ultrasound are just a bit too desperate to make it big. This comes across very strongly in their lyrics and quotes, which are meant to be profound, but are actually quite stupid. Hang on though, maybe I'm missing the point and am taking them too seriously. They're fun and are in love with themselves- there's nothing wrong with that. Their first single was a Gregorian terrace anthem...need I say more?

Four of the songs on the album have been singles with *Floodlit World* being the most successful in reaching the top 30. *Stay Young* is brilliant with Woods' powerful, if ever so slightly annoying voice, making adrenaline levels rise and hairs stand on end. Combining both complex and dumb lyrics this song illustrates to me what the band are all about. The song is full of weird references to Gary Glitter as well as the normal teenage angst stuff. It's a song for underage drinkers and behind the bikeshed smokers who hate living with their

parents.

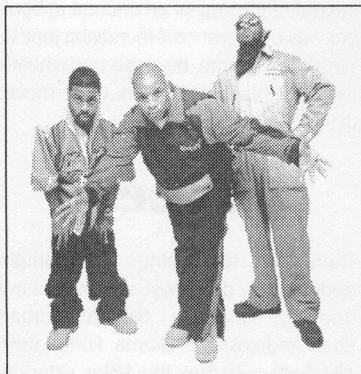
Impossible Dream is perfect and I love it. It has everything you could ever want in a song and more. It's a mixture of mellow words, loud choruses and strange samples that'll make you want to jump around a lot- making sure the curtains are closed first so no one can see you.

For a band who say they only ever wanted to "turn the world on", they're going the right way about it. It's been said that they have 'reached the kind of soul fanfare peak of salvation rock that most bands spend a lifetime building up to'. Whether this is true or not I can't decide but as I said earlier, you'll either love it or hate it. I don't hate it so I guess that means I love it. **M**

Ingrid

NAUGHTY BY NATURE

Nature's Finest ★★★



Naughty by name, Naughty By Nature.

New material is on the way but your profile isn't what it used to be, so what are you going to do? Is it (a) release a greatest hits compilation, (b) release a greatest hits compilation or (c) get caught in a public toilet putting your tackle out on offer? The usual course of action is the first two options, the third less favoured but just as useful so it seems.

Naughty by Nature arrived, via the far from cool zoot-suited New Style, in the late '80s/early '90s at a time when Hip-Hop had reached its zenith: amongst others, Public Enemy were combining fierce political/social comment with the Bomb Squad's sonic experimentation, De La Soul had plug-tuned us into the Daisy Age with wit-laden-sample-fests, Rakim was producing raps of poetic beauty over Eric B's breakbeats and the Flavor Unit were in full effect. There was the versatile soulful raps of Queen Latifah, the dexterous riffin' of Lakim Shabazz and then there was Naughty By Nature. All of the former were credible but were the latter? Well yes and no, their style being polymorphic, marrying lyrics of serious insight and ear-hemorrhaging basslines with melodic choruses and

slick R&B dynamics, conjures up a mixed bag. Taking a Bob Marley riff and coupling it with penitent lyrics about a lost childhood produced the massive *Everything's Going To Be Alright*. *Hip Hip Hooray* exemplifies Nature's knack of producing compelling chant-along anthems. However, something strange happened to soul/R&B music in the late '80s. Inventive, impressible tunes were replaced by torpid mush; the ground breaking, spine tingling songs of the Motown, Atlantic and Stax record labels in the '60s/'70s were succeeded by the inane tuneless pulp of R Kelly and his like. Vintage soul classics were Aryanised and murdered by Celine, Mariah etc. The phenomenon even dragged its fetid corpse into Hip-Hop, Nature's *Penetration* being a particularly unpalatable example of meandering lushness.

Still, at their most focused the boys have the talent to come up trumps, the irresistible *OPP* being a case in point. "You down with OPP?" chant the group, "Yeah, you know me!" I retort as I jump with wild abandon on my bed, even though I haven't got a bloody clue what OPP stands for. However, all things must pass and my Ma banging on my bed-

room door threatening to revoke my afternoon treat of Jammy Dodgers and Tizer soon puts pay to such frivolity. So, an album that is certainly Nature's finest but you're going to have to buy a Public Enemy collection for Hip-Hop's finest.

M

Chris



Singles Round-up

There were a fair few single releases over the Easter and even before the holidays. They'll all probably still be in the shops and if you don't find them in the music megastores, I'm sure they'll be in some dodgy shop down Berwick Street. Welcome to the late review.

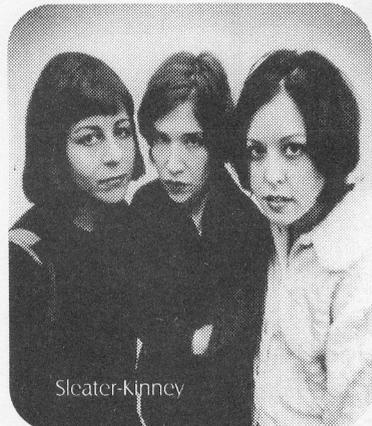


Fun Lovin' Criminals

First up is the **Fun Lovin' Criminals** with *Korean Bodega*. The Criminals recently found themselves in a studio next to Garbage and consequently had this single remixed by the Garbsters. The favour will be returned by FLC on *You Look So Fine*. So, what of it? Well, it's OK but you're far too tempted to switch to track 2 and revisit the sublime *Fun Lovin' Criminal*.

Supporting Huey and the crew on a now finished UK Tour were **Indian Rope-man**. *66 Meters* is laid-back and chilled in its radio edit but things really get going nicely in the lower the tone edit. Good stuff to de-stress your mind in this wonderful period of multiple examinations.

McCabe's Nothing is a poppy little number with cute vocals and even cuter lyrics - 'You are nothing that I want but I want you anyway....you are nothing that



Sleater-Kinney

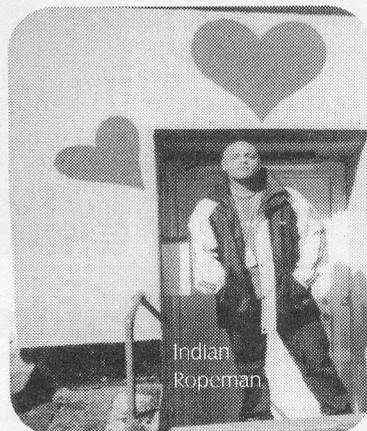
I need but I need you anyway.' Now, by rights, I should now slate this over-simplification of relationship angst but sometimes you're in a mood where lines like

this make all too much sense. D'you know what I mean?

Altogether more light in content is **Sprung Monkey's** Get 'Em Outta Here who are seeing 'what trouble we can get into'. A chorus that's reminiscent of some early Red Hot Chilli Peppers and generally a lot of fun to be had. This is the sound of a band enjoying themselves. Good luck to 'em.

A good rock n' roll record can occasionally change the whole music scene. It takes it, grabs it by the scruff of the neck and smacks it about the face a couple of times, before discarding it in the gutter and leaving a path for others to follow. Sometimes it happens, sometimes it doesn't. Examples of where it doesn't include *Early Warnings* by **Jupiter** and *Baby Britain* by **Elliot Smith**. The former reminding me far too much of Bon Jovi despite its mildly interesting 'Wild West showdown' riff and the latter being likeable yet little else.

Old-fashioned type of rock comes in the form of **Lukan**, who'll be in London



Indian Rope-man

at the Shepherds Bush Empire on June 3rd. Not really my cup of increasingly stronger coffee, but I can appreciate that they're a band with full command of their instruments. *Standing With The Gun* shows their ability to knock out a decent song with some dynamic guitar work in the chorus.

Michael Parker of **Appliance** has been known to construct his own effects pedals and tone generators from parts liberated from rubbish skips and there is definitely a uniquely interesting sound to the appropriately titled *Food Music* and their other work. May I recommend that you postpone that music diet for a touch longer and indulge yourself with a slice of Appliance.

And while you're at it, why not just pork out entirely with some lashings of **Sleater-Kinney's** *Get Up* is just as good as all the other stuff they've done and if you're not too familiar with their sound let me just give you a short summary. Exhilarating vocal deliveries and spiky

punky guitars executed with an ice cool confidence. Fantastically irresistible.

How about this for appropriate? 'Don't wanna stay in, don't wanna go out, don't wanna keep calm, don't wanna any help, but I wanna get drunk, I wanna stay straight, don't wanna get up, don't wanna sleep late.' **Double Six** deliver a near perfect description of the Imperial College blues. And the music? Who cares - apathetic anthemic lyrics don't come much more precise than this. For the record though, *Breakdown* is distortedly delivered over a second rate Underworld sounding tune.

Speedy J's *Lee Mitten Menu* - that's not a typing error, by the way - is so frustratingly irritating that it makes me want to smash up my stereo. I cannot describe the feelings I get when I'm forced to listen to this. It's like my fists really need to grab something and twist it until it breaks. Good job it doesn't turn me on at the same time, isn't it?

And here's another one. **Rico's** *Attack Me* is in a completely different vein but still pumping the same blood. Whereas the above is some sort of excursion into future fucked up funk beats, this is a journey into futile frustration filled aggression rock. Attack you? Get stuffed. I've got far more important and interesting things to do. Doesn't that bin need emptying, for instance? Oh, whoops, look what accidentally slipped in.

I thought we were going to have a barren run of songs there but we've been thankfully saved by **Medal**. *Up Here For Hours* is cracking. Full stop. Building from simple beginnings, it ascends into an effortlessly uplifting and fulfilling beauty that transcends other bands'



Appliance

attempts at glorious epics. It sounds stupid but listening to this makes me think that everything is actually gonna be alright. That sort of feeling is precious.

Prolapse have a new album out entitled *Ghosts of Dead Aeroplanes* and this is more than likely a good indication of

what to expect. **Fob.com** is a great rush of sonic mayhem. Driving rhythm, angelic melodic female vocals, Scottish deadpan vocal delivery sometimes running simultaneously and some screeching paranoid guitars to top it all off. Inspiring.

Melky and Seldeck Jean are respectively younger sister and brother of Fugees' man, Wyclef Jean. Despite the



Prolapse

first few seconds of *Raw* sounding almost like *Gone Till November*, this pair are altogether more varied. It's sexy, cool and classy. In the current RnB climate, a partnership of this musical quality should reach fruition quite quickly. Watching them blossom will be the enjoyable part.

To tell the truth, I have never heard anything from **Gus Gus** ever. For those who have, you can imagine that I ended up being pleasantly surprised by the catching electro-rhythms and everyman lyrics that are present on *Starlovers*. I was also surprised to find out that they consist of nine members - not an ideal situation when it's your turn to get the round in.

To finish off this marathon singles review - and if you've read this far I congratulate you; surely revision can't be that boring - is the **Goo Goo Dolls** and *Iris*. It's alright. I can live with it contentedly but I think I expected something else. That's always the way though, isn't it? Expectations are broken in moments and you don't always get what you want. No matter how much you want it. **M**

Dennis



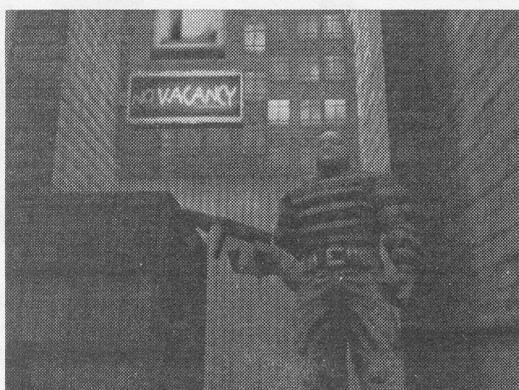
Previewville : The future is almost here !

Kingpin (PC)

Interplay

★★★

Every once in a while a game attracts the attention of the press for its originality, excellence and beauty. Then there are games that grab press attention because of their violent themes. These games burn bright with publicity, though once the public get to play the game properly most are defrocked as superficial and too cartoon like to be truly graphic (Such as the Quake body explosions) or, even worse, hyped up poor games.



Interplay's Kingpin looks ready to be the next target in the Mail and Express anti-game crusade (or my name is not

Captain Moral Guardian), and yet, happens to be slightly deeper than the average British Board of Censor's sense of humour.

Set in a downtown American ghetto it is your job to fight through a mass of beefed up pimps, prostitutes and other human dregs in an attempt to get a chance at revenge against a society that marginalises cultural minorities - or just kill and maim.

Using a tuned Quake 2 engine, the graphics flow as impressively as they are detailed. The graphics and the game also respond to action. Smack the body and the body receives the damage. Go for the kneecap with the iron bar and the opponent falls clutching a very sore body part - giving enough time for the fatal blow to the back of the neck. Yup the game is

violent, to the extreme.

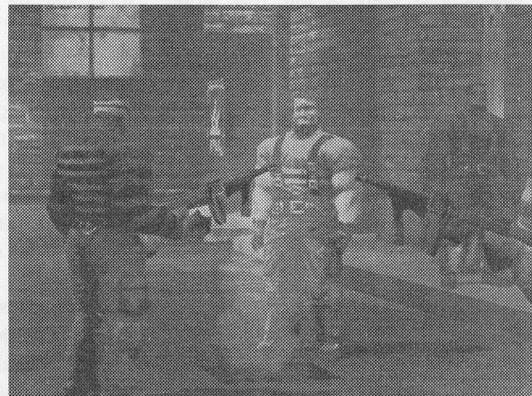
Then there is the language, and for once it's not a complaint about the Americanisms. Simply put this is not a game to

play at your parents' and definitely not one to show off the ability of the sound system when great aunty Ethel visits.

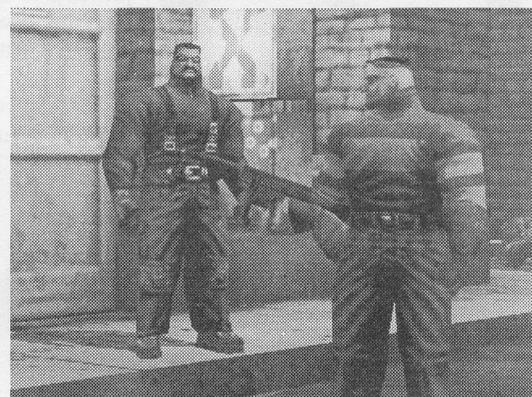
Controversial bits aside, the impressive graphics do not hide an excellent game. Guns, despite the aims of the NRA, are not found on the floor every step of the way and tend to be guarded, though the pawn shops seem to be able to stock pretty much anything the average hood would need in a one man war.

The elements of realism that have been fitted into the game can be seen within the first few minutes. Walking with a hidden gun is better than running about with a gun waving in the air. The locals are not all out to get you but do tend to be a little paranoid when they see a mad gun wielding crazy man running at them.

Locals also show



other behaviours such as being distracted by Cypress Hill soundtracks that scream from ghettoblasters, and begging for their life as you beat them. Yes it is very violent. Interplay are about to ride the express elevator to notoriety - it's a very naughty place.



Tired, Listless, games editor seeks successors to the crown

Unfortunately it is almost time to leave the office and attempt to brave the light outside which you normal people call sunlight. But before they allow me to do this I need to hand over the crown of shiny things to a worthy successor.

If you think you can play games and write about them, if you can handle receiving games for free and not boast too loudly, you could be next year's games editor. Pop into the office and attend next Monday's meeting at 12:30 (17th May), or mail me if you can't make it. Remember it could be youuuuu.

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- 20:30 - Meet Joe Black

Thursday 13th May - 18:00 - Meet Joe Black

- 20:30 - Your Friends & Neighbors

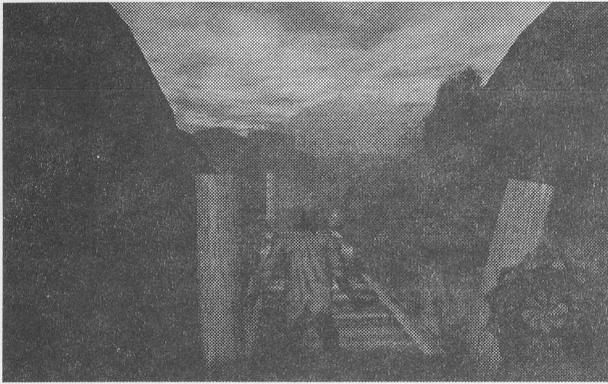
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<http://www.su.ic.ac.uk/cinema>

Shadowman (PC, PSX & N64)

Acclaim

★★★★



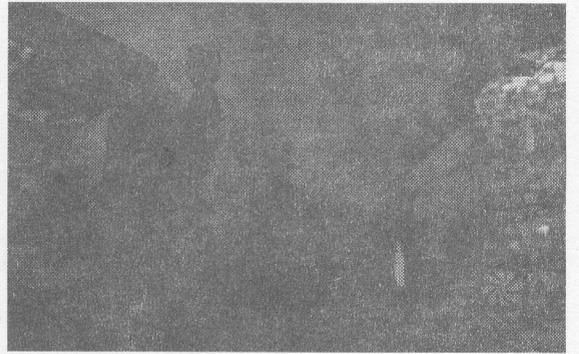
Acclaim, those very nice people who provided us with South Park, are about to invite you to stop evil in its plans for armageddon (and they don't mean preventing a remake of an

and back without needing a bodybag.

With graphics trying to recreate the graphic novel style seen in the original valient

expect some impressive moody backdrops to go with the incredibly detailed character graphics. Acclaim have also created a very smooth animation engine on both the PC, Nintendo and the Playstation versions. Although the PC version was the most detailed, all three systems showed Lara exactly where to put her bum ready for a good kicking.

With Shadowman Acclaim look ready to reseret their reputation for original Action games.



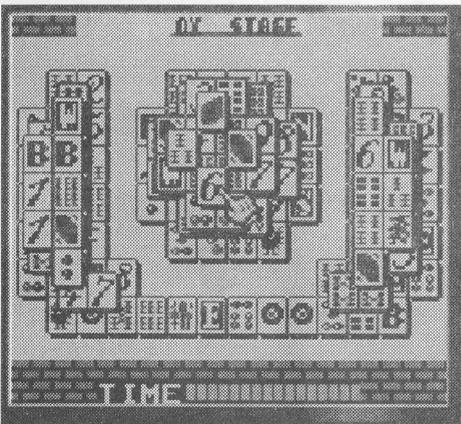
Evil does exist. Here we are not just talking about the run of the mill nastyness of a flatmate using the last sheet of the final toilet roll in the house at 2am in the morning, or the typical boyfriend/girlfriend torture that occurs at the end of a bad relationship. This type of evil is the bombing, serial killing and maiming evil that should there be an afterlife, most would rather not be on that side of the eternal rest cruise ship.

apalling sci-fi film, though there again...). Taking the role of the shadow man in this third person action-adventure you cross the line between the living and the dead to infiltrate the assylum - the final resting place of killers, self-abusers and those who forget Mothers' Day regularly. Obviously this is a job for no ordinary man. A man protected by the power of the shadowmask - a weird voodoo artifact - however, might just make it there

Shanghai Pocket, Klustar, Loony Tunes, V-Rally Color (CGB)

Infogrames

★★★★



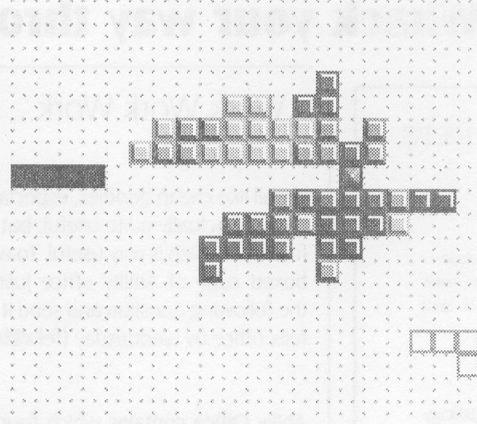
Tired of Tetris? Had enough of falling colour blocks in your dreams? Luckily Infogrames are about to come to the rescue with four new games in the shops.

Shanghai Pocket

Along with Tetris, majong must surely be one of the most played games out there. Start with a large pile of tiles and whittle them away by matching pairs. Devilishly easy to start, impossibly difficult to stop. Either play against the clock or try a bit of social interaction and play against another person. There is also another variant where the object of the game is not to clear the pile but to find the golden tile. Good clean fun.

Klustar

Oh no another puzzle game! This time the blocks want revenge, and come from all angles - well, sides really. Time to fit them together in nice regular ways

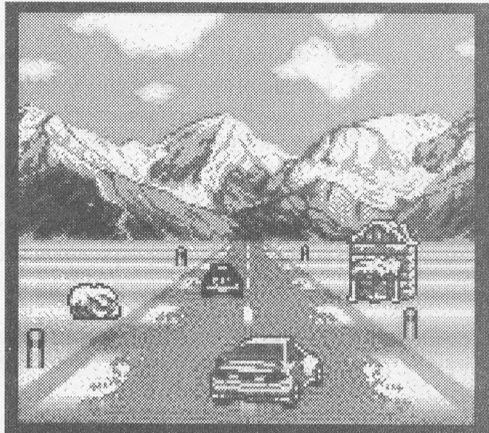


and stop the mass growing too large and touching the sides.

With sixteen difficulty levels ranging from medieval land management student to impossibly, fiendishly difficult with quite nasty and taxing somewhere in between it's not going to be a quick and simple game to complete. There is even a neat two player link game just to give a outlet for all that competitive energy.

Loony Tunes

Whay hey a platform game for the colour gameboy! It's not a puzzle game. Really it's not. Each level features a different looney tunes hero, Daffy Duck, Porky Pig even smart old Bugs Bunny battling against their arch enemies, Elmer Fudd included.



V-Rally

Ok it's been out in black and white form for ages and must have been the cause of premature death of thousands of AA and AAA batteries throughout the world. This time it's back in colour - 56 of them to be precise, and with four different cars, forty tracks in ten countries those little cylinders of joy are about to experience destruction on a scene not seen since the great Tetris rush of '94.

For those not in the know don't expect the latest in rendering or polygon action. Instead re-live the exitement of the Pole Positions. Monaco GP and other racing games of that era. Now imagine being able to really annoy all those laptop laiden, mobile phone addled busnessmen on long train journeys simply because you can. Good eh? Unfortunately the screen shots here just dont do it justice, they are colour on my screen honest.

If it's anything like the old black and white gameboy version it'll provide ample relief from these puzzle games and put the fun and humour back into what was becoming a bit of a serious nerd toy. We like fun games!



Ability Office (PC)

Ability

According to economic theory an monopoly is prevented from occurring within a totally free market environment by the entrance of new competitors whenever excess profit is being made. Well despite Corel and Lotus's best efforts the Microsoft Office suite has effectively been the suite of choice for a very very long time.

These suites over the last ten years have become large corpulent bodies of programs taking up huge amounts of disk and memory space, offering features that are used rarely. In fact modern office suites have become the equivalent of taking the Volvo estate down to the shops to pick up a pint of milk and the morning paper.

Finally someone has decided to hack the unwanted features and has produced a office suite containing a Word

Processor, Spreadsheet, database and Drawing Package for less than fifty pounds (even less if you go for the internet based download) and taking up less than 20 Meg on the disk. These people are Abil-

ity, and while they perhaps don't deserve canonisation yet, they are definitely on their way.

The word processor, Ability Write, does exactly what a WP should do. It provides a simple text layout tool for everyday letters and does it well. It can accept

and output to a range of formats - pretty much everything except Word 97 actually, after using it for a week the only problem was the lack of an automatic contents page.

Ability Database and Spreadsheet also worked well in their week's use, and despite not running a customer database containing thousands of records using complicated search and report routines,

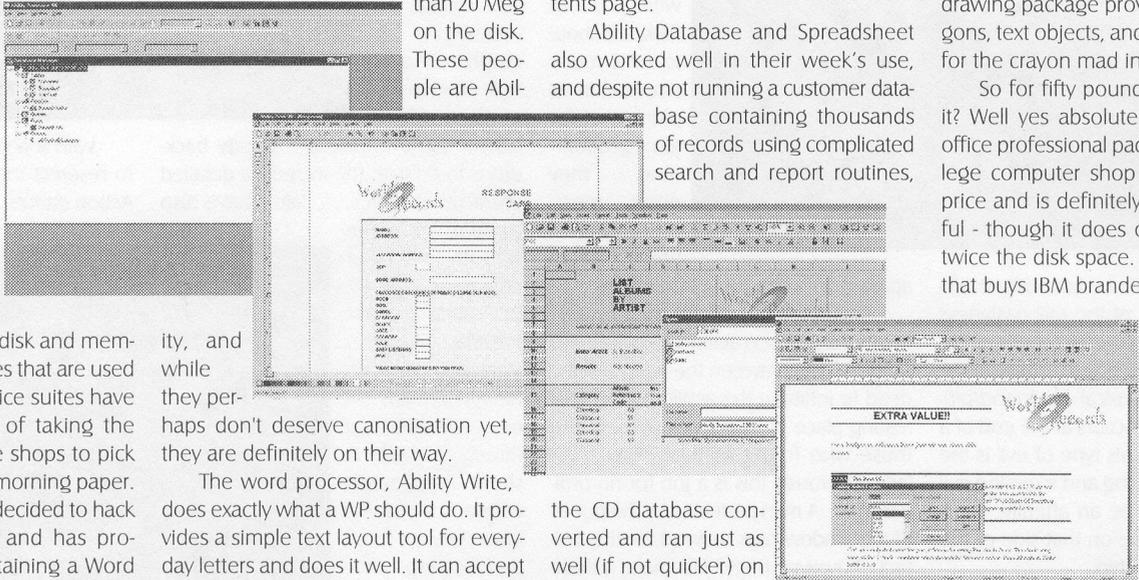
the CD database converted and ran just as well (if not quicker) on

ye old workhorse Pentium.

Finally the drawing package. Expecting PhotoShop 5 or Corel 8 was a little too much to hope for. Instead it is a useful drawing package providing simple polygons, text objects, and colouring in tools for the crayon mad infant in all.

So for fifty pounds is it really worth it? Well yes absolutely. The equivalent office professional package from the college computer shop is over twice the price and is definitely not twice as useful - though it does occupy more than twice the disk space. If you are the sort that buys IBM branded PC's because of

their reliability, drives a Volvo and shaves with a chainsaw then this package is not for you. Everyone else, take a closer look. It might just save you money.



Competition Corner

- Work, Wear and Whack your way through the prizes

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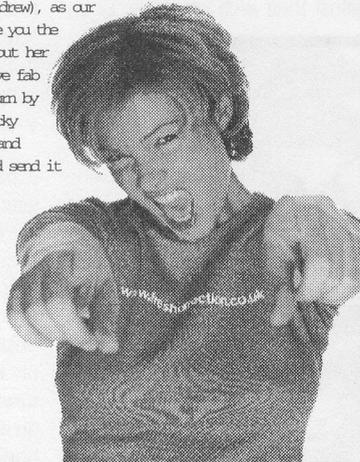
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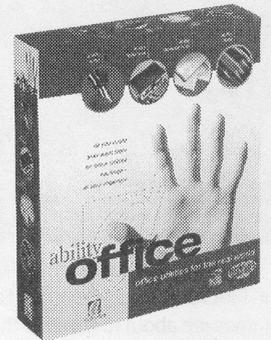


Work,Work Work... let Ability Office take the strain

We all like cheap goodies, especially when they are actually quite useful, but we love free stuff which is very useful. To win a free boxed copy of Ability office just answer the following question and send it in to the felix office by wednesday (felix@ic.ac.uk)

Ability Office contains which four components?

Usual rules apply, first out of the virtual hat or highest bribe wins... ok, no bribes



Face Off and Die. Actua Ice Hockey 2 strikes out

Gremlin has generously given away another copy of the next in the series of their ice cool sports simulations for the PC. This time it is the turn of ice hockey to get the Actua Treatment - and a pretty good job they do to as you will find out next week. In the mean-time, answer the question, send it in to the above address and you could be hooking from behind till the early hours.

What is the small cylindrical rubber thing that is pushed and hit on the ice?

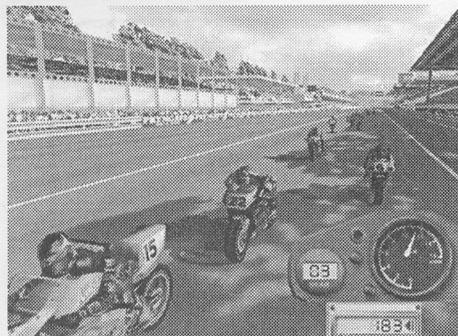




Superbike World Championship (PC)

EA Sports

★★★★



Motorbikes eh? For those who like throwing their legs round huge throbbing motors, the taste of hospital food and the feel of metal in very close contact with their bones - very very close contact. Short of volunteering for the British manned space flight program though there are very few other ways to get to go from 0-60 mph in less than 5 seconds on a budget of less than ten thousand pounds (well there is always car jacking but just for once lets keep to the straight and narrow).

So with the fast, furious and exciting action that bikes provide, why are there so few good motorcycle racing games about? Sega had a winner at the arcades with Manx TT but not many can afford a full size arcade racer in the average student flat. Perhaps the problem is the control method. Car racers have their fill of ready to run steering wheels - feedback or no feedback, but till now no one seems willing to build a full size

replica ducati in plastic to lean into the corners and practice those all important reverse steering manoeuvres. So with either joystick or keyboard controlled games perhaps motorcycle games were doomed to be more 'arcade and fun' like road-rash rather than the more serious car racing games like Gran Turismo.

EA though has taken the risk and tried to produce a more grown up motorcycle game. Based on the more beefier superbike series rather than the half litre 2 stroke madness known as Grand Prix bike racing, the game echoes the Formula one style of car games rather than the more open play of the Gran Turismo series. For this sin it more than compensates with a level of detail and control which is just completely breathtaking.

There is an arcade racing style, and while being fun and good for dipping the toe in once and a while, while also useful for learning how to han-



dle the bike, it is the poppodom and chutney of the main madras meal. The real fun begins when the simulation mode is chosen.

Here you jump on one of the hottest bikes known to man and attempt to race the thing against competition. The usual rounds of practice, qualification and practice again still figure in. there but the true angel delight is how the bike handles. The ability to high and low side the bike - crash in spectacular ways to those not in the know - is excellent; for once a designer has realised that a bike does not follow the same handling physics as half a car. Open the throttle up suddenly too soon in a corner and the back wheel will loose grip and those nice new leathers the sponsors so kindly donated suddenly become gravel fodder.

Start this game on a nice new fast machine with a good card and kick the

graphics level up to its highest and you will start to feel the gravel rash from the crashes too. With the camera angle from either above or just behind the bike the quality and speed of



the graphics is superb, but the best viewing, if not the most easy to control from, is the helmet view. In this the head bobbles about when cornering and it becomes a fight not to start leaning into the corners in sympathy.

The force feedback joystick is also catered for in this bikers heaven and short of a full sized replica it will have to do as the control method of choice - though it does make the game harder to play, and to prevent permanent nerve and muscle damage perhaps there should be a warning to turn the reaction settings down to a minimum.

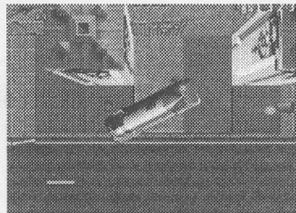
The motorcycle game has, with EA Superbike World Championship, finally grown up. If only there were people to make replica bikes for the bedrooms, or even wire up real superbikes on a stand and equip the computer with a set of VR goggles. Then perhaps it would be possible to convert people to the dangerous world of two wheels good, four wheels bad. With EA Superbike challenge the game is no longer the problem, it has come of age.

Grand Theft Auto - Mission Pack 1 : London 1969 (PC)

DMA

★★★★

A life-time and a half ago the game Grand



Theft Auto whipped up controversy among hundreds of Express readers all over the home counties. A game based on robbery, murder and drugs was never going to be a favourite among that crowd, presumably because of the fact that the game relied on driving on the right and they only did that while on the way down to the Bordeaux holiday cottage. Luckily for these people the expansion pack GTA - London, takes you away from the rough and tumble of the states and into the gun and bomb ridden swinging London of the 1960's. Who says things are getting more violent.

Notice I said expansion pack. You still need the original to be installed on the PC to be able to play. Though with GTA 2 on its way, someone surely is just about

to relaunch the original version in budget format. Your extra money does get you a whole multi-storey carpark of new cars to steal, with scooters and mopeds for the two wheel fiends. The names of these cars follow the original 'we don't particularly want a large writ from General Motors or Ford' technique. The old Jugular (Jaguar), now get mixed in with the Crapi (Capri). While driving fast cars through the streets of London is fun, the destruction derby only really begins when running amok driving a petrol tanker, routemaster bus, or even more fun the open top tourist bus - and on your left is a crumpled fiat 500 and on the right is a police car attempting to road block us.

The game follows the same structure and keeps the excellent playability of the US version. After a rather simple theft of little johnny's scooter for one of the big bosses you attempt to complete a series of missions and carjack your way

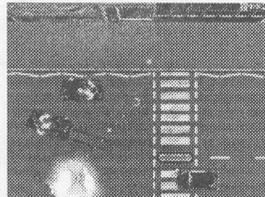
round the streets of London to progress to the next level of more and more difficult and interesting missions.

Did I mention mission? What I should have said is job as in bank job, bloke job even bomb jobs (they might have something to do with blowing things up but even these pages are not going to sink to that level.). The game structure might well be the same as GTA - US but the jobs, the voices and the cut sequences are all Michael Caine 1960's Film style wideboy. Even the police have developed accents that would have sat rather nicely between the frames of the Italian Job. A John Barry soundtrack in the background would almost be too retro - and perhaps thankfully there is the steady stream of 1960's radio style tracks that accompany your crime spree.



Unfortunately as much as they have tried, this is a London that no one south of Watford will recognise. There might be a Hyde

park and Westminster, but the American grid system of the original has



transformed the streets into a series of areas connected by nice and simple north-south and east-west roads.

But hey this is make believe film London not the real place. In the real world there is never the excitement of gangland killings in Chelsea using flamethrowers or attacks on the QPR team bus with a rocket launcher - though i know a few fans wouldn't mind as long as the insurance bought some better players. Also the excitement of a fast chase through the streets of London somehow is lost when you have to fight through the gridlock on the A40 on a Friday night. It's a barrel of monkeys guv' and well worth popping up west and treating yourself to some violence and robbery treacle.. err readers.



The Felix 1999 Cricket World Cup Preview

ENGLAND

Captain: Alec Stewart
 Best Player: Darren Gough
 Strengths: Playing in home conditions
 Weaknesses: Fielding, opening batsmen
 At best... Runners-up
 At worst... Out in 1st round

PAKISTAN

Captain: Wasim Akram
 Best Player: Saqlain Mushtaq
 Strengths: Bowling
 Weaknesses: Team spirit
 At best... Winners
 At worst... Fail to reach semi-finals

SOUTH AFRICA

Captain: Hansie Cronje
 Best Player: Shaun Pollock
 Strengths: Outstanding All-rounders
 Weaknesses: Opening batsmen
 At best... Winners
 At worst... Runners-up

AUSTRALIA

Captain: Steve Waugh
 Best Player: Michael Bevan
 Strengths: Batting
 Weaknesses: Chasing in 2nd innings
 At best... Winners
 At worst... Semi - Finals

NEW ZEALAND

Captain: Stephen Flemming
 Best Player: Simon Doull
 Strengths: Errrrm.....
 Weaknesses: Overall skill level
 At best... Qualify for Super-Six
 At worst... Out in 1st round

WEST INDIES

Captain: Brian Lara
 Best Player: Brian Lara
 Strengths: Lara's batting
 Weaknesses: Lack of class players
 At best... Semi-Finals
 At worst... Out in 1st round

SRI LANKA

Captain: Arjuna Ranantunga
 Best Player: Sanath Jayasuriya
 Strengths: Aggressive Opening batsmen
 Weaknesses: Lack experience in England
 At best... Semi-Finals
 At worst... Out in 1st round

GROUP A

South Africa
 England
 India
 Sri Lanka
 Zimbabwe
 Kenya

GROUP B

Australia
 Pakistan
 West Indies
 New Zealand
 Bangladesh
 Scotland

INDIA

Captain: Mohammed Azharuddin
 Best Player: Sachin Tendulkar
 Strengths: Tendulkar, bowling
 Weaknesses: Crap on English pitches
 At best... Semi-Finals
 At worst... Out in 1st round

Zimbabwe, Kenya, Bangladesh and Scotland have no chance of getting out of the group stages. None.

Teams play in mini leagues in their groups - 2 points for win, 1 for draw. Top 3 in each group qualify for "super-six" stage.

May

14: England v Sri Lanka, Lord's
 15: India v South Africa, Hove
 Zimbabwe v Kenya, Taunton
 16: Australia v Scotland, Worcester
 West Indies v Pakistan, Bristol
 17: N Zealand v Bangladesh, Chelmsford
 18: England v Kenya, Canterbury
 19: Sri Lanka v South Africa, Northants
 India v Zimbabwe, Leicester

20: Australia v New Zealand, Cardiff
 Pakistan v Scotland, Chester-le-Street
 21: West Indies v Bangladesh, Dublin
 22: England v South Africa, The Oval
 Zimbabwe v Sri Lanka, Worcester
 23: Kenya v India, Bristol
 Australia v Pakistan, Headingley
 24: West Indies v N. Zealand, Southampton
 Scotland v Bangladesh, Edinburgh
 25: England v Zimbabwe, Trent Bridge
 26: Sri Lanka v India, Taunton
 South Africa v Kenya, Amstelveen
 27: West Indies v Scotland, Leicester

Australia v Bangladesh, Chester-le-Street
 28: New Zealand v Pakistan, Derby
 29: England v India, Edgbaston
 Zimbabwe v South Africa, Ch'ford
 30: Sri Lanka v Kenya, Southampton
 West Indies v Australia, Old Trafford
 31: Scotland v New Zealand, Edinburgh
 Pakistan v Bangladesh, Northampton
Super Six stage:
 (Mini League of 6 teams. Top 4 go through to semi finals)
June
 4: Group A 2nd v Group B 2nd, Oval

5: A 1st v 1st, Trent Bridge
 6: A 3rd v B 3rd, Headingley
 8: A 2nd v B 1st, Old Trafford
 9: A 3rd v B 2nd, Lord's
 10: A 1st v B 3rd, Edgbaston
 11: A 3rd v B 1st, The Oval
 12: A 2nd v B 3rd, Trent Bridge
 13: A 1st v B 2nd, Headingley
Semi Finals:
 16: Team 1 v Team 4, Old Trafford
 17: Team 2 v Team 3, Edgbaston
Final
 20 June, Lord's

Rowing

BUSA Victory Proves IC Superior Once Again

The BUSA regatta is a one day event held at Holme Pierrepont in Nottingham. It's often an unpredictable event because it is the first time in the season that university crews meet on a Regatta (ie short) course. Moreover, conditions are usually windy, and sometimes unfair. However, as May 1st blossomed into an uncharacteristically sunny May bank holiday weekend, crews were warming up for the long battle ahead.

The first round in the Womens eight category was a hair raising affair. The regatta was running about half an hour late, so we decided to arrive at the start in time for this. Unfortunately, due to safety problems with our boat we arrived at the start to see our heat racing off down the course. Swift delibera-

tions with officials secured us a slot in the second heat, because one crew had failed to show. As we slipped onto the start, with a warning for tardiness, we attempted to collect ourselves for the ensuing race.

A rather sluggish start left us down on the rest of the field at 500m gone, but we clawed our way back to level pegging by 250m to go. By now, two crews, Bristol and ourselves, had broken away from the rest of the pack. A sprint finish produced what looked, to the casual observer, like a dead heat. We waited with fear and trepidation to hear the final verdict - it came in our favour, and we continued to the final as Bristol spat teeth and gunned for our blood. As the day progressed, condi-

tions changed into a raging tailwind, and crucial decisions about boat rigging were made. We hardened our gearing and hoped the conditions stayed the same.

The fours final provided useful information on the changing conditions, and the four finished in silver medal position - a promising result for the all important eight. The final loomed and we boated in sufficient time for the race. Again we were down at the start but clawed our way back, finishing two seconds ahead of the rest (about two-thirds of a boat length). The exalted crew returned home as BUSA champions, ready to face the coming season, culminating with Womens Henley in June.

Competition Results

Alton Towers Tickets

The five lucky correctly placed crosses in last week's 'Spot the Alton Towers' competition came from: **Tim Wright, Mark Jones, Sarah Brown, Jay Heavysides & Andy Royal**, who all spotted that the theme park in question is actually just a stone's throw from Stoke. Please drop into the Felix Office (in Beit Archway) to collect your tickets.

Crossword Contest

The first correct entry out of the hat came from **Nick Helliwell**. A complete set of correct answers will appear when the crossword returns next week.