

FELIX

Win a one month coach pass with Europlines
Page 33



The Blair Witch Project is finally here. Are you scared yet?
Page 25



Sports Centre finally given Go-Ahead

GARETH MORGAN

The College's planned sports centre development has finally received planning permission from the City of London and Westminster Council.

The plans, which include a large sports hall, climbing wall, aerobics gym and accommodation, all built on top of the existing sports centre building, were approved at a planning meeting on 14 October. Approval was conditional on several modifications, including changing the roof

material for the sports hall, as well as other details to be confirmed later.

These changes should not greatly affect the budget or time scale of the building work, which is due to start in Easter and last approximately eighteen months. There had been concern that protests from residents would halt the plans; this has been the fate of several proposals in recent years.

ICU's Deputy President (Clubs and Societies), Tim Traylor, was pleased at the news, although he was worried about the disruption

that the construction would cause. ICU is also concerned about the funding for the project.

"Part of the cost is budgeted to be paid for by the 'release' of Southside Gym [the reallocation of the space], and there's also a plan to 'rationalise' the sports grounds," Mr Traylor said. "That suggests that they [Estates] plan to sell Teddington, but the figure on the budget is more than Teddington's value."

He added that the Union would "fight strongly" to maintain the current sports' provision, and

minimise the disruption to students and clubs using the facilities. Potential users of the sports centre are currently discussing their requirements for space and time, with the aim of maximising the potential benefit of the new facility to both students and societies.

Unfortunately neither Ian Caldwell, the Director of Estates, nor Frank Murray, the Sports Centre Manager, were available to speak to Felix. We hope to bring you up to date with their side of this story next week.

Union fiasco leaves expedition stores on the streets

SUNIL RAO

The Union's plans for expansion into the Beit Quad have opened up yet another can of worms, it has been revealed.

The expansion has necessitated the handing over of the space it used to occupy in the South wing of Beit, which, until the proposed move, was primarily used as storage space by various clubs and societies for large and bulky pieces of equipment. However, a number of clubs have found themselves placed at serious inconvenience due to the bungling of the whole issue of relocation by the concerned



Bessemer ready and waiting for equipment

Photo: Jonas

authorities.

The discovery of asbestos in some of the old South wing tunnels meant an early pack-up for some of the clubs affected, but the fact that the move was to take place at the start of the summer holidays meant that those clubs that were away on tour at the time found themselves in a mad rush getting the move organised - with the equipment temporarily placed at the front of Beit owing to the discovery of asbestos in the South wing area tunnels. The outdoor club returned from their trip to discover their stuff dumped in a

Continued on page 3

Millenium turns students into staff

RICHARD HOEY

Confusion surrounds the College's plans for housing students in halls of residence over the Millennium period. Apparently, no decision will be taken until December, little time to inform those affected. Unsurprisingly, the University has found it difficult to find hall staff willing to work over the Millennium. There are also concerns about possible effects of the Millennium Bug, with particular worries expressed about the effect of power cuts on lifts and fire alarm systems, especially given that street parties may make it difficult for the emergency services to reach students in trouble.

Over the Summer, it was proposed that all students wishing to remain in University accommodation over the New Year period should be moved into a single hall of residence, in order to save on

staffing and reduce the risk of problems associated with the Millennium Bug. According to the Residences Manager, Sharine Brown, those plans have now been scrapped. She admitted it would have proved "a nightmare" for students and parents alike, and agreed it would not have been fair, since students have paid for accommodation over the New Year period. But no alternative plan has been agreed. Mrs Brown confessed "it will be a mammoth task to sort something out". She admitted the number of Warden and security staff that would be available had not yet been established, and did not rule out the possibility of asking post-graduate students to help out. Natasha Newton, Imperial College Union President, said the Union had "every confidence that the Residences office will be able to sort this out". But she expressed concern that halls

might not be sufficiently staffed with Wardens, and said she hoped that if it came to it, the Wardens would agree to work over the New Year.

The Residences Office is now under pressure to inform students of their plans as quickly as possible. The meeting of the Rector's committee on student residences on October 13th was the last opportunity for the University to liaise directly with the ICU, but no decision was reached, and the next meeting is not until February. The College's Millennium Issues group will be meeting in the next couple of weeks, but according to Sharine Brown they will be unable to come to any decision until they know how many students are planning to stay for the New Year. That will not become clear until the results of a student questionnaire are known - a questionnaire that is not being issued until the end of November.

The Big Issue

ICU Deputy President Tim Traylor gives us the low down on the complex issue of sports mergers and asks: Where next?

Union

All the latest news and information from the President, plus updates from on welfare and the RSM Union.

Columns

MishMash stands alone this week, keeping his ear to the ground for all the latest gossip.

Feedback

This week's mailbag suggests that the editor isn't exactly Mr Popular...

Reviews

A dozen pages packed to the brim this week, with top new releases from Nitin Singh and Disney.

Fiction

The award winning Casper Von Wrede returns with a provocative short story of a mans final hours.

Seven Days

Seven days presented at a glance thanks to 49 neatly drawn boxes

Crossword

The crossword continues to get bigger. Where will it end?

Competiton

Win a one month, European wide, coach pass courtesy of Eurolines

Sport & Societies

Week two of the season sees spectacular victories for Hockey's Disco Squad, Rugby 2nds and ICSM footy.

In Brief

GATECRASHER

The thrill of a night out in the Union was too much for one student to resist on Friday 15 October. The reveller attempted to gain entry to the Union via the scaffolding surrounding Beit Quad's entrance. The breach led to security officers scanning the building with their canine compatriots. When apprehended the individual was handed over to the Union and it is believed college intend no further action.

CYCLE CODING

In collaboration with the College the Metropolitan Police are continuing their concerted effort against cycle theft with another opportunity to have your bike coded free. From 10am to 4pm on Wednesday and Thursday and 10am to 3pm this Friday the Police will be coding bikes in the Foyer of the Sheffield building, the only information they require is your full postcode. For further information contact the Chief Security Officer on 0171 594 8904.

The 1999 Commemoration Ball

HOTEL RUSSELL Bloomsbury

Wednesday October 27th

7.30-2am

Single tickets £50
(includes 4 course dinner)
Limited number still available

Tickets available from the Union Office
9.30-5pm



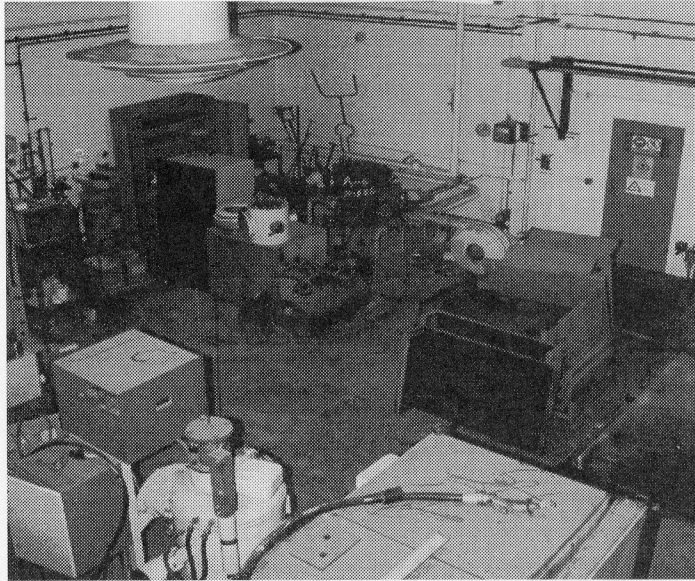
Rubbish filled rooms are societies only haven

Continued from page 1

rubbish filled Royal School of Mines Union Office.

As a matter of course, the Estates division in College had agreed to relocate the storage space temporarily, firstly in the Bessemer building while the final temporary storage area allocated in the basement of the same building was to be got ready. With problems ranging from key allocation to rooms resembling bomb sites plaguing the move the situation soon degenerated into a fiasco.

Similar problems have also plagued the removal of Felix into portacabins next to Physics. Despite having resided in this new location for almost three months, the offices still have no network or internet connections, no official signage and suffer from serious



Bessemer ready and waiting for equipment? Maybe not

Photo: Jonas

temperature variations.

As of now, it is expected that the temporary basement storage

area in the Bessemer building will be ready soon - four weeks from the start of term, however, this

delay has already been long enough to affect the holding of events and planned trips for freshers.

Work ought to commence tomorrow, and the (temporary) move ought to be complete once the old equipment has been hauled out and the new security system set up. The only potential problem is that the basement area is prone to flooding during heavy rain which could damage equipment.

Union sabbatical Ian Clifford, Deputy President (Finance and Services), assures the clubs that if equipment is stowed away properly and not left lying around on the floor, there should be no problem.

Although blame has not yet landed on anyone's shoulders, buck passing by both the Union and College seem to be at the root of the problem.

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Closing Date: Monday November 22nd, 1999

Candidates will be notified whether they have been selected no later than Monday 29th November.

BUSA - The Real Deal

TIM TRAILOR

ICU Deputy President (Clubs & Societies)

For those of you who don't know anything about the British Universities Sports Association (or BUSA for short) it is the competition that most of our sports clubs compete in every Wednesday afternoon. Because IC merged with St Mary's and Charring Cross we have found ourselves with effectively three lots of sports teams each of whom would normally enter BUSA. These have been combined into two sets of teams ICSM (containing the old St. Mary's and Charring Cross teams) and IC. But big debates have been raging over the past few years about how we should proceed from here. At present there are three main possible directions in which we could proceed:

Single Entry

This is where IC and ICSM would also be merged and for each sport IC would only field one set of teams. All medics who play sport would have to do so as part of a combined IC team.

Dual Entry

This is where IC and ICSM both enter completely separately and no medic can represent IC - instead they must play for ICSM. Where ICSM doesn't have a team, medics cannot compete in BUSA.

Hybrid Entry

This is the current situation. Both IC and ICSM can enter teams and medical students can choose which side to play for (yes, medics can play for IC even if ICSM has a team). However, a non-medic cannot elect to play for the medical school however.

Background info

At present the University of London universities are allowed to use the hybrid system because BUSA acknowledged the unique situation we were facing with lots of medical schools being swallowed up by the big colleges. However BUSA have asked us to come up with another alternative by March 2001.

Single entry has the advantage of increasing the sense of belonging to IC within the medical community and will ultimately produce stronger teams. It would also allow a team to be fielded in sports where neither IC nor ICSM could field separate teams.

Only a limited number of teams from each institution can enter any one event in BUSA every year, (eg no one institution can field more than three rugby teams in BUSA). Therefore if IC and ICSM were to be entered as a single institution we would only be able to field half as many teams as we do at present.

Dual entry would mean that we would still be able to have the same number of people participating as we do at the moment. The standard would remain largely the same as at present but this system could be divisive if used on a long term basis because IC and ICSM players would never get to play together. Also where there is no medic team, medics would be unable to participate in the sport and vice versa; this is the case even when the other institution is still able to field a team.

Hybrid entry would, in my view, be the idea solution. This would allow individuals that right to choose and would result in some integration between medics and non-medics. I believe that over a number of years this would see a gradual strengthening of the IC side as medics started to see IC as a viable team to opt to play for, but it would also allow for recognition of the history medic sport is based on. This option would ensure a maximum level of participation whilst not preventing a gradual positive shift in standard. The downside to hybrid is simply in that BUSA might reject it - they

have already asked the London division to review their entry protocols and to put forward a new proposal, if that new proposal is not sufficiently different from the current one we might find it being rejected by BUSA.

The story so far

Back in December 1997, ICU council voted to opt for single entry for the next season (1998-1999). However, the following January an 800 name petition was raised calling for an emergency meeting. At this meeting ICU council's last decision was overturned and at the following Council meeting ICU agreed to implement hybrid entry for the following season, moving toward single entry for the start of the 2001 season.

Since January 1998 the rest of the London division (University of London colleges) has decided to opt for Dual entry in September 2001. The situation is under continual review and I am currently involved in ULU discussion forums on the matter. The ICU decision made two years ago is still the official ICU policy; this is a fairly fluid situation and it is quite possible that by September 2001 ICU will be supporting a different option. Any decisions relating to the BUSA entry need to be taken through ICU Council and thus if you are interested in this topic you will have your chance to have your opinions heard. I will also state quite clearly and openly that should any such subjects be tabled for discussion at ICU Council I will do my best to make sure you know when, where and how to give your views on the matter.

I am sure that any of you who play sport have a view on this subject and I would be interested in hearing from anyone with anything constructive to say (especially if they can come up with a fourth option). If you would like to discuss this, or any other clubs and societies related, matter with me then you are most welcome to come and see me (I am at the back of the Union office every day from 10am onwards).

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RSM Union

It may be the smallest of IC's four faculties, but the Royal School of Mines still seems to be crammed full of energy, thanks to the RSM Union. We ask their President, Matt Cockayne, to give us the lowdown.

Those of you that are new to the RSM will already have realised that while it is the smallest College at Imperial, it is also the friendliest and most social of them all. At RSMU, we are renowned in College for the high turnout at our barnights and other social events. We have just had our Freshers Dinner, at which everyone had a good time, although most of the freshers will have a somewhat hazy memory of the night.

RSM also runs highly competitive sports teams, with the Bottle Match (the second oldest varsity match in the world) as the highlight of the IC sporting calendar.

We run a mens rugby team, two mens football teams - with the 1st team in the ULU 1st division - as well as mens and ladies hockey teams. All these teams compete annually against Camborne School of Mines, the other UK mining college. However, the rugby match is the only match that contests the Bottle, a 3ft high tin bottle. If you are interested in playing for any of the teams, contact the people listed on the right.

RSMU events this term include the highlight of the RSM social calendar, the Christmas Ball on 4th December, which happens to coincide with the Delft Match, a social rugby match against the

Dutch boys from Delft Mining College.

Our main social gatherings occur at our barnights on Wednesdays in the RSM bar. These provide a chance to meet up informally with everyone from RSM and include: karaoke, piemaster, foreign students, and Halloween themed events and games.

The next barnight is: Wednesday 27th October, in the RSM bar. It's Halloween (more or less), so there's a special festive theme.

If you have any problems or queries, just pop into the office located on the ground floor of RSM.

CONTACTS

President, Matt Cockayne
m.cockayne@ic.ac.uk

Vice President, Ruth Easterbrook
ruth.easterbrook@ic.ac.uk

Rugby Captain, Segun Lawson
olusegun.lawson@ic.ac.uk

Football Captain, Nigel Milner
nigel.milner@ic.ac.uk

Mens Hockey, Henry Winfield-Chislett,
henry.winfieldchislett@ic.ac.uk

Ladies Hockey, Karina Tarling
karina.tarling@ic.ac.uk

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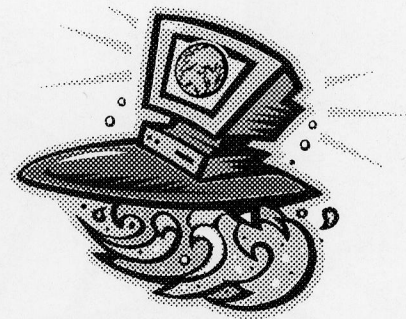
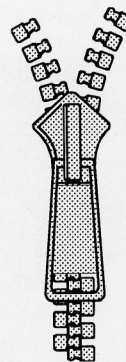
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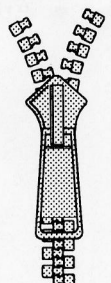
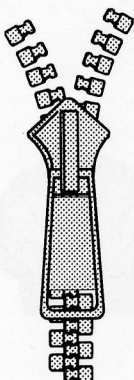


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The State of the Union

Hello, how are we all? This week's column is brought to you by the letters U, L and U and the number 50. Here goes with the latest from our University counterparts.

London Transport

ICU is now the only place in London where students can buy LT discount cards over the counter. King's (who were issuing them from their registry and not their Union) have now stopped. Other ULU colleges are reporting an absolute minimum wait of 4 weeks for postal orders. So a big thank you goes out to the ICU office staff who have worked flat out to issue over 3000 cards. The Union has 'lost' £500 in extra staffing and more than £50 in postage, but then you lot are saving tons.

Voting

Voter registration slips are available from me on email (president@ic.ac.uk) and on postcards from the office (ICSMSU have a bunch too). Coming soon to ICU who's standing for what and the promises they are making. The elec-

By Natasha Newton, Imperial College Union President

tions are next year. A lot of you will automatically be registered for where you are living this year...BUT NOT IN TIME FOR THESE ELECTIONS, because the local councils are very slow with these things. If you want to vote, fill in a card.

London weighting

Loans, grants, whatever you get, are higher for those studying in London than outside. BUT it's not enough. £35 per week would rent a large house with living room in Nottingham, even more in the North. London weighting does not allow London students to afford equivalent digs - we think we've done OK if we only have 35 cockroaches for £80 per week! The Presidents of the ULU colleges have been ranting about this for ages. The big change is that there is now a permanent member of staff from ULU who can research the exact stats on how hard-up London students are, which gets us a lot further when we are lobbying people etc. So, in the interest of the com-

mon good we will begin a structured programme of kidnapping and assassination of all the rich kids so they don't skew the stats!!

IQ of 50

Has anyone seen copies of London Student lying around the place? They are supposed to come to Beit but for two weeks they have not appeared yet! The oh so bright delivery man would appear to have missed the Albert Hall landmark. In the meantime mopping up vomit outside the main stairway loos will have to be done with paper towels. (Sorry, Mr Campbell, it's not that bad really!)

Clinic at Council

The ULU President Matt Butt will be at the next Council on November the 9th (6.30pm UDH). He will be answering questions of all natures relating to ICU in ULU, ULU and the NUS, this years campaigns and the infamous ULU strategic plan (plus anything else you want to know).

Council will, as always, be open to all, so come along and quiz!

- This Week's Union Meetings -

- Monday 25th: 15.30 Trading (Union bars and catering) CCR
- Tuesday 26th: 13.00 Services (minibuses and the office) CCR
- 13.00 A&E Treasurers' meeting RC
- 18.00 iCU Welfare
- CAG soup run for the homeless (contact nada.yousif@ic.ac.uk)
- Wednesday 27th: COMMEMORATION DAY
- Thursday 28th: 12.30 RCC Treasurers' meeting (come get your cheques!) RC
- 13.00 House (Union building) CCR
- 17.00 Student Development (Skills outside courses to up CV points) RC
- 18.30 Exec (Day to day Union management) RC
- Friday 29th: 15.30 Health and Safety committee

CCR = Clubs Committee Room
RC = Resource Centre

Welfare Update

By Kevin Butcher, Deputy President (Education & Welfare)

Attack Alarms / Condoms

Aerosol attack alarms are available free of charge (on production of a valid ICU card) from the Union Office Reception in South Kensington. The other campuses should be getting supplies soon. Condoms are available free of charge from IC Health Centre (Southside, South Kensington). Dispensing machines can be found in Halls, Union toilets or they can be purchased from Southside Shop or ICU Newsagent on the Walkway. There are plenty of local chemists around the main campus sites. With a recent survey claiming 1 in 5 students are regularly having unprotected sex, it is important that you all stay safe. The Union also has a limited supply.

Accommodation

Term having started and routines settled into, this is about the time that the Union notices that things are going wrong with accommodation (either private sector or College). It is important to know that things can be done and that Martin Thomson

(Union Adviser), Kate Gummow (iCU Accommodation Officer) and myself can advise on a whole range of issues, including your rights as tenants and help with any problems you may be having with your landlord. Common problems could include repairs not being done when asked, harassment by landlords, disputes with co-tenants, problems with the way rent is paid etc. These points need to be stated now as problems happen throughout the year. iCU produces a detailed Housing Rights Guide which is very helpful and can be obtained from the Union Reception in South Kensington. Some of the serious problems often arise from simple ones left to fester. Advice is just the other end of the line, so call and ask, however silly you may think it sounds.

IC Health Centre Registration

If you have moved recently (including out of Halls and into private sector accommodation) you need to inform

Imperial College Health Centre of your change of address if you are registered there. If you have moved out of the registration area (N1,5,6,7,NW1,3,5,8,SW1,3,5,6,7,10,W1,2,8,9,10,11,14,W12 (College Hall ONLY), WC1 and WC2) then you need to register with a doctor in your area. Correct registration covers your 24 hour care. However any student can still use the Health Centre during the day (as well as students at the Royal College of Music), whether registered at ICHC or not.

Student Support Scheme

Again I would like to remind first years who have not contacted the Student Loans Company for whatever reason that if they do not apply for a loan then they WILL NOT BE ELIGIBLE for any future help, should they try and apply in their second or third year. The trick is to apply, fill out all the forms and then request zero pounds when the last form arrives.

Access Funds and Hardship Funds

Money is always tight for students but sometimes it can get too much. There are funds available though-out the year, all you need to do is apply. The first round request for Access Fund applications will happen shortly. If you are a UK undergraduate student then you can apply. Forms will be available in the next few weeks from Union Reception or Tony Cullen (Student Finance, 335 Sheffield Building). There is an IC Hardship Fund available to all IC students and CCU hardship funds available (except ICSMSU) to students within those CCUs. Advice on how to make applications to all of these funds is available from Martin Thomson (Union Adviser) or myself.

Union Roadshows

As part of the plan to roll out the Union to where you are the first Roadshow will take place at Charing Cross (Reynolds Building) on 3rd November between 12 and 2pm. We will be there to help with Union cards and ULU cards.

BACK TO SCHOOL

This term Kevin has been attending lectures at Charing Cross. One recent session began with the lecturer trying for two or three minutes to get students to shut up and pay attention so he could start. Technicians, who have become used to dealing with rowdy wannabe doctors, spotted the problem and put out a loud high pitched beep over the speakers in the Lecture Theatre. The beep persisted, drowning out conversations, until everyone had calmed down, and the lecture could begin. Kevin could not help seeing the situation as analogous to a school teacher blowing a whistle in a playground at the end of a lunchtime.

TIME MANAGEMENT

A lecturer in the Biology department is currently experimenting on himself. Dr Russell Foster is conducting research which could have military applications. He has succeeded in altering his body clock by the ingenious use of a specially adapted pair of sun glasses. The glasses are apparently capable of artificially simulating the effect of daylight. The lecturer claims to be living a 36 hour day, while being currently involved with undergraduate teaching. Kevin hopes he has managed to organise his teaching commitments around his wacky day, and that students

are not expected to attend lectures at strange times of the night.

WHY DON'T YOU...

Recently Kevin found himself sitting underneath a huge dinosaur in the Natural History Museum listening to Patrick Moore speak about the pos-

Mish Mash

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

sibilities of finding alien life. Kevin has also seen a video of a human hatching, courtesy of ICSM's Professor Lord Winston, and learned of efforts to stop the leaning tower of Pisa toppling. There is always a plethora of interesting events going on in and around IC. Yet even the most clued up student can find it difficult to find out what is on offer. Before the summer, a week after the front

cover of NewScientist proclaimed: "Cyberheart - beats throbs and will change the face of medicine" the man responsible, Professor Dennis Nobel, visited IC. Kevin attended his brilliant and accessible presentation. It was disappointing that although it drew many academics out of the bowels of the BMS, Kevin did not see any undergraduates present. Kevin suggests all students should make the most of the fact they are living in London, and become aware of what is going on around them.

MILLENNIUM BITES

Improvements in the library are not just cosmetic - behind the flat screens significant changes are taking place. The library catalogue system is being upgraded. The present telnet system is to be replaced by a web based service. This means the simple telnet terminals will have to be replaced with powerful PCs. Kevin was not surprised to learn that the improvements are not being made just to improve the service provided to students - Kevin has learnt that it is imperative the library's new system is up and running before Christmas. The consequences for missing this deadline could be serious, as apparently the present system has been bitten by the millennium bug.

To comment or contribute:
<http://come.to/mishmash>

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CV AND INTERVIEW TRICKS

THURSDAY, 28TH OCTOBER 1.00PM

VENUE: LECTURE THEATRE 311, HUXLEY BUILDING

AN IN-DEPTH TALK BY DR. SIMPSON, HEAD OF THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE CAREERS SERVICE, ON PULLING OUT ALL THE

CV AND INTERVIEW TRICKS

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to get the names of the anonymous writers from yourself on request. I am not suggesting in any way that you should reveal the names of the writers of anonymous letters or your sources of information, only the writers of regular columns or articles in Felix. I do believe in freedom of speech, but I also believe in freedom of information, especially in situations where a person's anonymity would allow them great power over others.

I feel strongly about this, and will be referring the matter to ICU exec. if you cannot remedy the situation within the Felix team.

Kind regards
John Quantrell

OUT OF BALANCE

Dear Dave

I am disappointed that you have not printed our Chess Club diary entry in the Diary of the current issue of Felix (1153, dated 18 October). It was submitted by email on Sunday 10th, which ought to give you enough time. Twice last year I submitted articles which didn't get into Felix - overlooked, I suppose. If you want clubs to write more for Felix, please make sure you print what they send!

I am not a great fan of Felix and find little of interest in it these days. Although it is "The Student Newspaper of Imperial College" I see it as mostly a condensed version of "Time Out". If I want to know what is happening around college I have to consult "IC Reporter". Whenever Felix comments on College policy or decisions, it is often badly researched and one-sided - and followed up next issue with an apology.

I would like to see Felix devoted exclusively to Imperial College. Don't duplicate what is already done elsewhere. If I want national/international news I read a newspaper; if I want to know what's on in London or on TV I look up "Time Out" or "TV Times". Let us know what is going on around college - not only clubs/socs events but also special guest lectures, lunch time concerts (also evening concerts in Royal School of Music, which are also free), careers talks, departmental open days, etc. Give us informed, balanced, well-

researched comment on College issues - don't just jump on the bandwagon. Get rid of the pages and pages of reviews of music, games, videos, nightclubs, etc. Focus on the college and the students, make Felix distinctive and worthwhile.

Regards
Barry Gale
Physics UG4

INTEGRATION: THE QUEST CONTINUES

Dear Sir,

Is it me or has everyone missed the point of integration? It is not about Medics or non-Medics liking or disliking each other more or less. It is not about retaining or discarding tradition. Nor is it about some evil insurgent movement of medics into ICU, or ICSM being swallowed whole by a load of apathetic IC students. It is about economising.

Why else would Sheffield approve and adopt such a scheme? ICU and ICSM should be more concerned with improving the standard of student life at Imperial and the services provided. Not blaming each other for their lack of co-operation.

If they continue to fight amongst themselves there will be nothing left to call "Student Services", with no social activities outside of your own discipline, and I for one do not relish the idea of a 9 o'clock lecture being the social event of the year!

Please, give up on the petty squabbles and make college a place people want to be.

Yours sincerely
A student

AND FINALLY...

Dear Sir,

If indeed the A&E Group Chair (how appropriate) runs for a sabbatical position this year, we can expect his tenure to be as good as his trumpet playing; i.e. poor quality, with splits all over the place.

With kind regards (and no, I'm not BreakPoint)

Andy Heeps
ICSM 3

Editorial

THANKS FOR THE LETTERS...

If the mailbag is anything to go by, I don't seem to be very popular this week. Hmm. Lets take the problems one at time:

Firstly, sorry to Tim Traylor for any offence caused - I certainly didn't print last weeks BreakPoint to slag him off or to suggest that he isn't doing his job properly. The point of printing the piece (which I must admit I disagreed with and didn't entirely understand) was to raise an incredibly important issue that needs to be discussed this year - namely how Imperial's sportsmen and women want to represent their College in the future. And to be honest, I'll quite happily print any reasonable opinions on the subject (note that columns represent people's *opinions* not facts) in the aim of opening up the discussion. So, I chose to print last week's BreakPoint and, y'know what, this week a long queue of people went to ask Tim about the issue and he's consequently written a full explanation of the status quo, which you'll find on page 4. But, of course, I'm sure the two aren't related...

Next, you'll see that the ability of anonymous writers to remain anonymous has been called into question by one of the Union Officers (note that the letter printed on the opposite page was not deliberately written for publication). The simple answer to this point is that there is no way that any self-respecting Editor of any publication would deliberately reveal the identity of an anonymous source. I know for a fact that it would irrevocably damage the ability of the writers to collect information if their identity was known, and so it would seem decidedly unfair (as well as immoral) to reveal their identities. Of course, the issue of responsibility still remains, but on that score the answer is simple - I take full responsibility for every word printed in this year's Felix. That, amongst a few other things, is what I'm getting paid for...

Next comes the eternal ques-

tion of balance between news and reviews, in the form of Barry's letter (left). Aside from apologising for forgetting to print your diary entry (sorry - ninety hour weeks tend to take it out of you somewhat), I'd probably agree that there is a higher ratio of reviews to news and features than I would ideally like. However, alongside it's role as a source of IC news and a means of publicising campus events, Felix is also a club for people who want to write - and far more students want to write reviews than want to write news... Until that simple fact changes, Felix will continue to be a broad mix of news, reviews, sport, features and opinion.

TAKING RESPONSIBILITY

Ultimately, with power comes responsibility, and although most of the College would probably argue with the idea of calling the role of Felix Editor "power", I'll happily take all manner of abuse, blame and condemnation because, as far as I'm concerned, that's part of my job.

However, whilst it's all very well to moan to your friends about the state of Felix or the College or the Union or whatever (and it's very nice to receive your feedback via these pages every week), as far as I'm concerned you aren't entitled to moan unless you've at least tried to make a difference. You don't have to change the world, devote every waking hour to writing wrongs or come and live in the Felix Office - you just have to try a little. So, come in and pester me about articles you want to write about your pet project, go and badger the sabbaticals about whatever's annoying you in the Union, or get together and irritate the hell out of your Senior Tutor or Head of Department. Then you can come back and complain until you're blue in the face, and I promise that I'll listen and try to solve all your problems. Now, have we got a deal?

Dave

All complaints should be addressed to the Editor. If no satisfactory reply is received, contact ICU Exec via the Union President

ICU ENTS PRESENTS...THIS WEEK

MONDAY

STANDING ROOM ONLY: NEWCASTLE V DERBY 8pm DAVINCI'S

TUESDAY

STA QUIZ NIGHT

WIN £50 CASH OR A CRATE OF LAGER. 8PM *Da Vinci's*
Café-bar

WEDNESDAY

XS Classic party tunes in dBs, Cocktail Bar & Chill out Room
9-1 (midnight bar) Free b4 11/50p after

STANDING ROOM ONLY: ARSENAL V FIORENTINA 7pm DAVINCI'S

THURSDAY

Halloween

DAVINCI'S COCKTAIL NIGHT

A NIGHT FOR SWINGERS. 5-11.

FRIDAY

**COMEDY
BUSTAGUT
CLUB**

With DAN ANTOPOLSKI, KAREN TAYLOR
& HOWARD READ

Doors 8pm dBs £2.50/£2 with entscard
includes free entry to Common People

Halloween **POP TARTS** Dress to kill!

PLUS COCKTAIL BAR & CHILL OUT ROOM. 9-2.

£1 (ICU card holders)/£1.50 (others)/Free to entscards & b4 9

SATURDAY

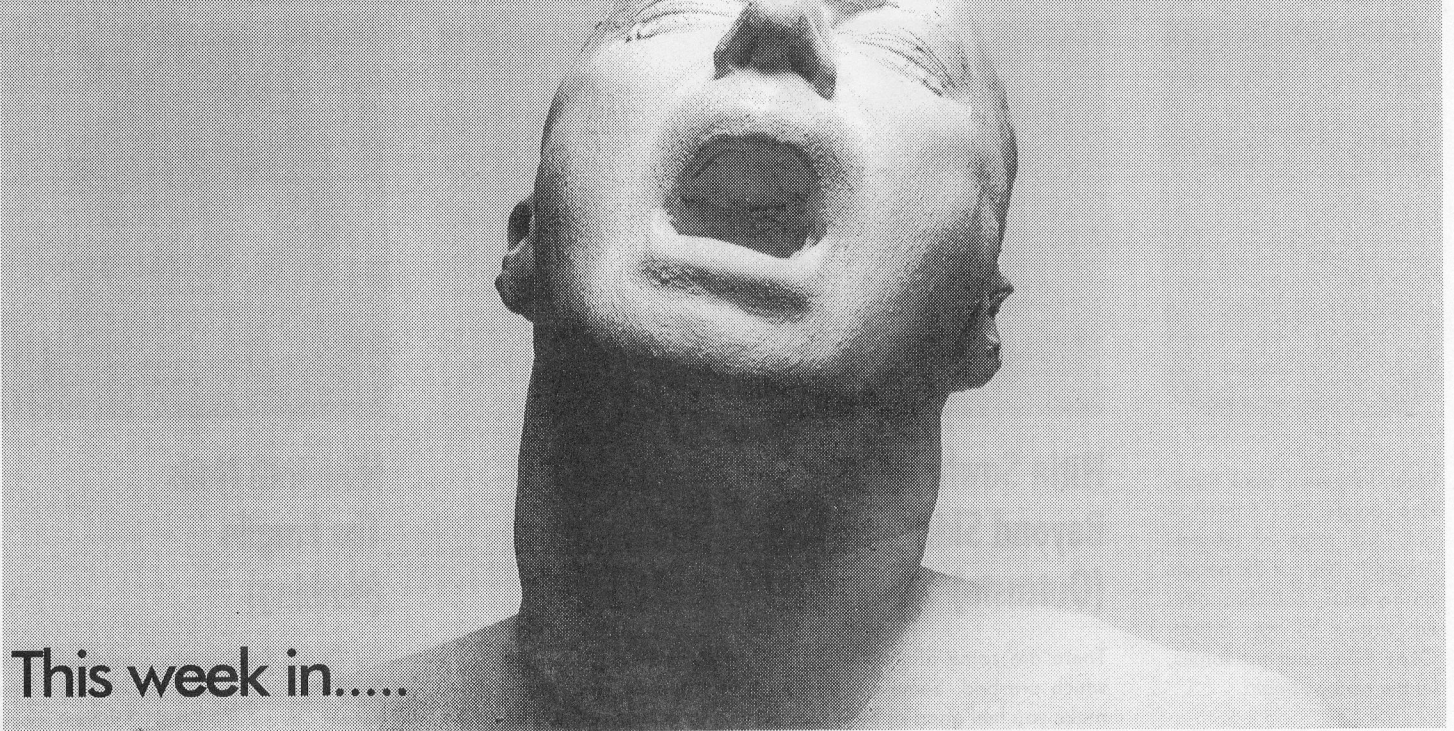
WORLD CUP RUGBY ON THE BIG SCREEN

WALES V AUSTRALIA

iCU
IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

IT'S YOUR UNION - BE PART OF IT


Welcome to the reviews



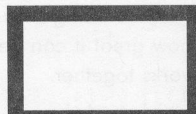
This week in.....

frequency 

Bedrock
Skunk Anansie
Nitin Sawhney

books 


War Zone
East and West
Fight Club

screen 

Tarzan
Blair Witch
Bowfinger

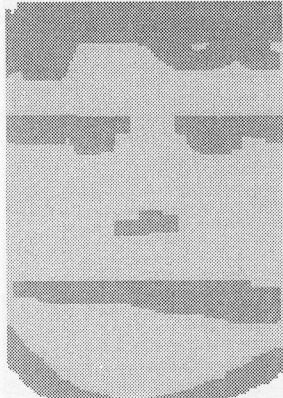
method 

Lucio Fontana
Van Dyk
Triple Exposure

react 

Driver on the PC
Air Pad
Fly!

frequency



Right, frequency week three. Five pages, but somehow only one page of albums. Aaargh! I've got PR people on my back, and disappointed writers at my throat. Okay then, shut up James, let the reviews begin...

Slick Sixty - Nibs and Nabs

Music that could easily coerce you onto an empty dance floor. Much better than good.

Material - Intonarumori

Quite perhaps the future of hip-hop. Wicked.

Spain - She Haunts My Dreams

Perfect for a Sunday spent in an armchair. Put it on repeat play and relax.

Juantrip - Balm Under the Storm

Chill-out, funky and will appeal to those who like Air and such like.

The Folk Implosion - One Part Lullaby

Lo-fi. Unhappy. Alright.

Shelby Lynne - I am...

A fusion of a ridiculous number of styles. Better than the Puff Daddy title suggests.

Antenna - Installation

Australian, but not quite Kylie or Peter Andre. Okay I suppose, but nothing to shout about.

Muse - Showbiz

Not as good as it should be. Lots of styles, but more mismatched than fused. Leave this alone. It's all gone a bit tasha really...

Is that alright? Bye Bye



Nitin Sawhney Beyond Skin (Outcaste)

There are some albums which are good. There are some albums which are bad. Some are just okay. There are also albums which make you feel good or bad, provoking a reaction in some way. Then there are the rarest of all. Albums which are sublime.

This album was first sent to the frequency office as an album-sampler. It was my turn to open the mail that day, so I just put it on the pile with the rest, not expecting much. I had a cursory listen to the usual batch of lame indie tracks with no imagination and no soul. Then I slipped the tape in. Within five minutes I had called the label and demanded a full review copy, and selfishly hid the album to review myself. Yes, I know it's pathetic but I had to have this work of art.

This isn't just an album of beautiful beats, elegant melodies and painfully soulful vocals - it's also full of messages. Nitin talks about many subjects close to his heart, the current political situation in India and Pakistan, his parents move to London, their hopes and fears for the future and the eventual integration of East and West. This album made me feel ashamed that I had not previously actively sought out the huge amount of music coming from all the many communities in the UK - and not realising how much we have to learn from each other - and how great it can be (and how good it can sound!), when everyone works together.

Back to the album. If I was forced to pick highlights, *Letting Go*, *Homelands* and *Nadia* would be the ones I simply could not do without. *Letting Go* has Tina Grace sing an touchingly delicate and razor sharp vocal over a subtle blend of spanish guitar, various drums and an incrediblu relaxing backdrop of crackly vinyl. A real heart-renderer. *Homelands* has the entire 4hero string section helping out and Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan's nephews chanting the main vocals. A spine shaking percussive menagery lifts you up and won't put you down. Nina Miranda of Smoke City leans in to with a refrain in Portugese - 'Fragile is the land, and so are the minds of men'. *Nadia* means 'The River', the vocalist sings in the thumri style to help create a feeling of fluid movment - relentless junglist beats don't do any harm either.

Get this album today - you'll still be listening to it next year.



Nine Inch Nails The Fragile (Nothing)

The Fragile is the latest top-quality offering from Nine Inch Nails sole-member, Trent Reznor. It's subtitled *Halo Fourteen*, being the fourteenth proper NIN release in Reznor's peculiar numbering system, and for your money you get two CDs with over two hours of music. Further, the CDs come in a beautiful gatefold pack with the CDs laid out next to each other imaginatively labelled *left* and *right*.

left begins with *Somewhat Damaged*, a powerful and chugging tune. Then there's a couple more sonic delights, and the remainder weave into a clanking, grinding collage of tunes, with *The Great Below* providing a graceful exit. *Right* is a little shorter but it doesn't suffer in quality. More electronic and distinctly less mainstream than *Left*, it rewards the listener's perseverance with some great tracks. *Into the Void* and *Starfuckers Inc.* deserve mention for their powerful beats and vocals. *Ripe (with decay)* is as soulful as it is eerie.

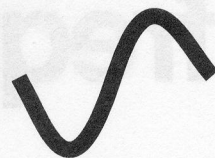
There's a distinct splitting of musical style between *Left* and *Right*. Whereas *Right* seems more in the tradition of NIN's style, *Left* sounds more like mainstream hard rock. As you would expect the production and mixing is slick and you have to be listening with a very good sound system or headphones to catch the clever subtleties inherent in the recording. This is an album that should appeal to a wider audience than NIN's hardcore fanbase. Personally, I haven't listened to anything else this week. Any open-minded person unafraid of loud and heavy music should take a good look at this.

Joel



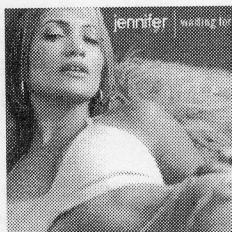
Hardy

frequency



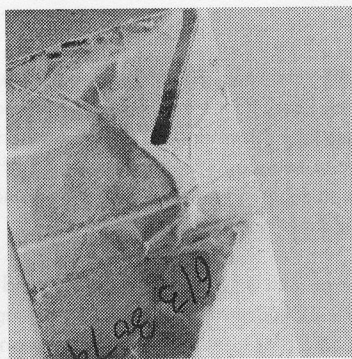
Jennifer Lopez
Waiting for tonight
(Columbia)

After the relative credibility of her hip-hop flecked debut "If You Had My Love" Puff Daddy's favourite Puerto Rican actress returns with a very different track. Cheesy disco pop is very much the order of the day. Maybe she is trying to aim at the lucrative pre-teen market, but this is just pap which could be sung by anybody.



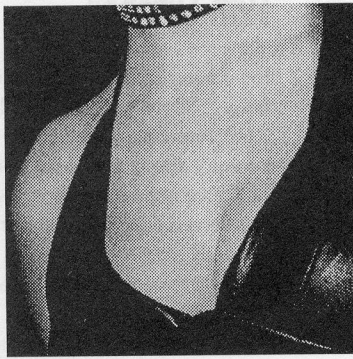
Day One
I'm Doin' Fine
(Melankolic)

Vocally similar to the American nasal sneer of The Eels, it would be fair to say that the music is of their genre as well. Lush strings add a dark atmosphere to this tale of the dangers of increasing access to information. This track would be ideally suited to an American film soundtrack, possibly played while the serial killer drives home as calm as ever, even though there's a half-butchered girl trying to kick her way out of the boot or the car. Get the idea?



Honeyz
Never Let You Down
(Mercury)

One of them left to be with Matthew Marsden and a clone was brought in, but it doesn't matter 'cos it wasn't the one who sings anyway. Their tightly produced sound of syrupy R'n'B pop continues with this track. As ever, the chorus is instantly infectious, the verses immediately forgettable. Maybe they should put all their choruses together to make one great single. And then all leave to be a with an ex-soap star pop chancer.



Sound Buggy
Lovelord
(Double Nougat)

The singer of Sound Buggy's high falsetto makes Jimmy Somerville sound like Lurch's big brother in comparison. Once the shock has worn off, Lovelord reveals itself to be a happy, clappy little number with the infectious bounce of Air's *Kelly Watch The Stars*. Come the chorus, it's all change as the gentle tones make way for some pogo rock.



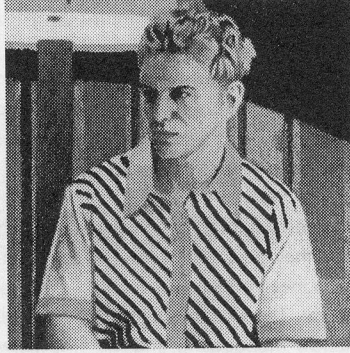
Witness
Hijacker
(Island)

Endless Verve-comparisons are hurled at this lot, which aren't entirely unwarranted. This is softly-spoken, emotion-drenched, acoustic guitar-led music, with insightful lyrics. The tune however doesn't sound made up on the spot. This is like the Verve. Only far, far better.



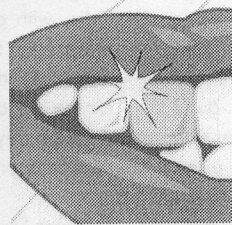
Monk & Cantella
Enter the Monk EP
(Telstar)

If you can get past the name, you'll find that this does bring the noise, but not in a way you'd expect, or particularly want either. Basically, it's big beat with imaginative/silly samples, guitars and some wideboy hoolie shouting. This lot can't stay still - "My Style" starts as a singalong, bursts into Public Enemy-lite before settling on British 70's cop-show theme. Random.



Little Mothers
Yes!
(Island)

Another entry into that worrying sub-genre "Songs that sound like 'Size of a Cow' by The Wonder Stuff" (which you can file after that last Stereophonics single). There are whispery bits and subtler choruses but it's still annoying. The B-sides on the other hand sound plain evil, in an indie-trip-hop collision kinda way, and are consequently better. Jaunty.



Laptop
I'm So Happy You Failed
(Island)

Probably one of the more disturbing choons of recent times, with a very bitter and ironic American crooning over the top of some highly pleasant pop. Extra points for getting little kids to chant 'We're so happy you failed'. Subversive.



frequency



Add N to X The Forum 11th October

I'd never been to the Forum before I went to see Add N to X and I can safely say that it's a very nice venue. None of your 'Wembley Arena can't-see-a-damn-thing rubbish'. No, this was a proper gig, with proper beer and lots of people in black T-shirts. Including the bald one from Add N to X.

Seeing Add N to X was another first for me: I knew a little of their music but I was keen to hear them live after a friend of mine labeled them "mentalists". Quite. Add n to x proceeded to thrash up the stage for the next forty minutes with a vast array of bleepy noises, vocoders, thunderous drumbeats and experimental sounds. I particularly enjoyed the extensive use of Theremin, but the audience as a whole was unmoved, which is a shame because I am sure that if most of the crowd sat down and listened to them, they would really enjoy their distinctive sound.

Add N to X are not really a band suited to live performance, but they are definitely one worth checking at home.

Christian



Skunk Anansie Brixton Academy 19th October

If you hang around in the Felix office for long enough, people give you things. Sometimes the flu'. In my case, it was a pair of tickets to see Skunk Anansie, in about two hours time. It's a hard life. Brixton Academy is huge - the biggest 'real' venue in London, and it was sold out. This may have been the reason I was stuck up in the circle seating, but since I had a review to write I didn't mind too much.

Ewan McFarlane walked onto stage with only an acoustic guitar and a Scottish flag to cover his seat. He looked very small on the huge stage but his voice made up for that. He played three powerful, emotional songs, to a politely enthusiastic reception. Muse play fairly strange, noisy indie, with a hard edge and some impressively bizarre guitar sounds. Their songs seemed fairly long, with some nice solos. Good vocals, even if I couldn't make out what they actually were. They pick up bonus points for the stand-up bass, although their lack of visual performance doesn't do them any favours. The crowd seemed to enjoy it though, with a few people bouncing away towards the end.

This was Skunk's homecoming gig after two and a half years away from these shores, and they gave Brixton a show to remember. Opening with Charlie Big Potato they treated us to an hour and a quarter or so of undiluted entertainment. The whole band are a frenetic blur of energy. Guitarist Ace somehow manages to find the time between pogoing like a mad thing and throwing rock star poses to manipulate the twenty or so stomp boxes in front of him. Cass's bass and Mark's drumming are tight, vibrant and energetic, and they're both in constant motion. The star of the night though is vocalist Skin. As if her soaring, evocative and passionate voice wasn't enough in itself, she's a masterful frontwoman, teasing and coaxing the crowd into a frenzy while using every inch of the stage to its full potential. She spent a fair amount of time in the photo pit, laying hands on the audience, and even, to the security's horror, manages a brief stage dive. All the classics are played, with older songs such as I Can Dream and closer Little Baby Swastikka getting as good a response as more recent material from their new Post Orgasmic Chill LP. There's constant motion and a steady stream of crowd surfers, especially for anthemic tracks like Twisted (Every Day Hurts) and Weak. The light and shade dynamics are well-executed, and five thousand or so people are buying for more as the main set closes.

One of the most spectacular and impressive gigs I've had the pleasure of attending. Let's hope they're back soon.

Gareth



Rico Electric Ballroom 14th October

Rico is making a name for himself as an intense, uncompromising rock act. After working with various bands, Rico went solo, attempting to get what he wanted out of his music. Felix had a chat to him before the gig and this is what he had to say...

'My music tends to be kind of my darkest moments, that's where I go to. I spend just days kind of getting things out of me, so I use it to get me through. But I don't know where it comes from. I'd say it comes from experiences and things that move you, things that do something, they get under your skin, get inside you. You express them, you throw them back out.'

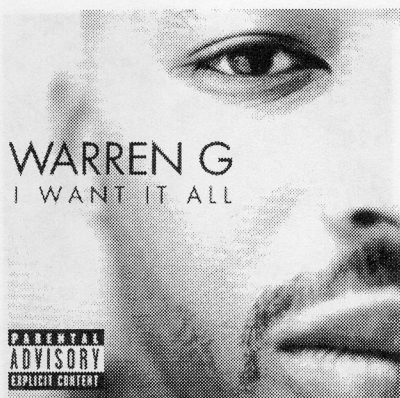
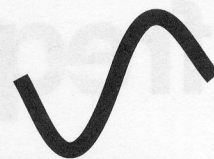
'Some people have put forward similarities between myself and artists like Nine Inch Nails and Tricky. I don't think I sound anything like them, and I think that Trent Reznor is a genius. I think people have to give out markings for people to gauge where it is before they've heard it. I suppose it can piss you off sometimes but it's quite flattering cos I really respect them both.'

'I'm not into pop music at all. Music after a while as well gets so lethargic and so kind of withdrawn... These boring bastards strumming guitars with a little tune with words that are about nothing, and it just really pissed me off. It's just like fuck off, don't bother. Get a real job.'

Okay then Rico, so you talk the talk well, but can you walk the walk? Thankfully, the following show is more than impressive. Rico's stage presence fits well with the brutal, industrial-tinged music, and his first single, Attack Me, finishes the set in considerable style. One to watch, most definitely.

Gareth

frequency



Warren G I Want It All (G-Funk/Restless)

The master of G-funk returns to the fray waxing lyrical about the gangsta life. This eagerly awaited album is the first cut from his new label G-Funk. The West side influence has given his laid back flow a rougher edge. New label he might have but he's still down with his old crew, laying down track after track with Nate Dogg. The two were the perfect complement back in the day giving us such Hip Hop classics as *Regulate*, but time has seen them evolve into different artists and now the pairing can only produce the industry standard collaboration where random bodies from the same label flip lyrics over the mic. Fortunately the single release off this album *I Want It All* leaves us in no doubt Warren G can still operate in a hook-up, as he and Mack 10 flow through their takeover of the material world. No doubt with his new label alongside his new status he'll soon be getting "money, fast cars, gold chains and champagne, shit every damn thing".

Amongst others the G-master has summoned Snoop, Kurupt and Slick Rick to the mic. The So So Def connection is there in the form of Jermaine Dupri who adds his clean cut lyrics to Havin' Things. This tune shows off the G's production skillz as he blends some of the Eastside's smoothest artists in a tune which describes his down-low approach to the music business. Just like the man says "ain't nothin' changed", this album is much like his previous cuts. A couple of the tracks such as the tribute to his mother show how he has developed while we've all been waiting. Rather than the re-birth Gangsta so badly needs, Warren G has refused to leave the old skool, rhyming about the dollars, the dope and the dealers. That said, it's good to hear to from the man who funkup'd hip hop.

AWOL



Tha Bomb - Phat Boy Thin Milen Is Back!

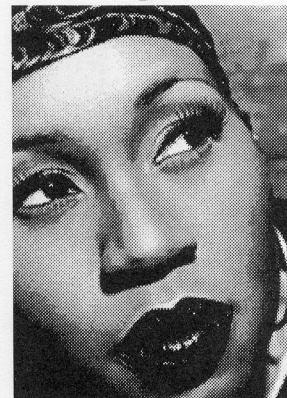
Tick, Tick, Tock.....Boom! What's UP! Tha Bomb is back after a long hard summer and we're gonna be bringing all of y'all back up to date with the goings on and happenings of the R&B world. Last year Tha Bomb blew up big and hopefully we can keep that going with more interviews and bad ass reviews, but till we can sort that shit out you gonna have to do with the latest news.

First up the MOBOs, the Music Of Black Origin Awards were held just round the corner from us at the Royal Albert Hall.....do we get given any tickets to go there and check it out....no. But rather than rant and rave on their slackness on tickets I'm gonna have a go at the event. For the second year in a row Mel B or G, you know Scary, was hosting the event, you'd think they would learn from their mistakes.....no. Mel was her usually truly scary self and was literally jumping out of her dress, yeah she decided to follow Geri's advice and let it all hang out. Wyclef looked like he was on speed the entire time, but was at least funny and would have done better with anyone else by his side. The worse person on the night was Patsy Palmer, you know that annoying thing from Eastenders, she was so fucking irritating I just wanted to slap her. Once again the music saved the entire event with the cream of British talent doing their thang, Kele Le Roc rocked the place with the Honeyz and Beverly Knight stole the show. Those of you who were around last year might remember that yours truly was able to scam an interview with Beverly and told her back then that she had to win some sort of award. A year afterwards it happens....I'm just too good at this!

The biggest news of the summer was the supposed break-up of Blackstreet. Since their third album dropped last year there have been rumours floating about because of the way it was received, the thing sank like the Titanic. Teddy Riley was said to have been ready to jack it all in after the label started getting on their backs about it. Then news broke that Chauncey 'Black' Hannibal was actually gay, more rumours that Teddy had ask Chauncey to leave the band were denied by Chauncey but never by Teddy. Interscope ended their relationship with Teddy Riley's Lil Man Records and Teddy has announced he's giving Blackstreet a break to work on the Guy Reunion project. The situation is all in the air, but it's obvious that something's not right. The new Guy joint is due out in November.

Quick bit of news.....you all should have heard of Rodney 'Darkchild' Jerkins, the boy is probably the busiest, and definitely up there with the best, producers in the business. Everyone knows the Darkchild working away on the new Michael Jackson album, but it has come to light that he's also working with our very own Spice Girls on their new joint. Oh dear! This could be the worst decision of his life. Laterz.

Milen



Summer Sizzlers

You didn't buy these?
... Fools, these are the tunes of the summer and you not let them pass you by!!!

Missy Elliot - All N My Grill
With a voice like this why does she rap at all? Missy Elliot is not an artist to be ignored.

Nas - Hate Me Now
Such a tune, you can't hate this. Nas hit it LARGE with this one and it's one I love
702 - Where My Girls At
Tune....nuff said

Naughty by Nature - Jamboree
It's a jam, jam, jam and its naughty, naughty, naughty. These boyz rock.

Wild Wild West - Will Smith
Wicky, wicky, wild wild! You have to love Mr Smith.

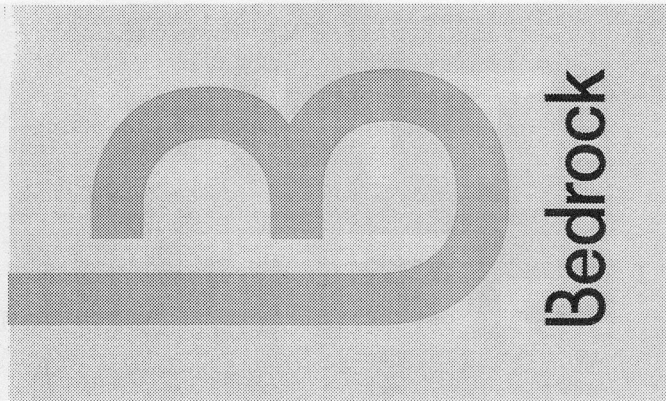
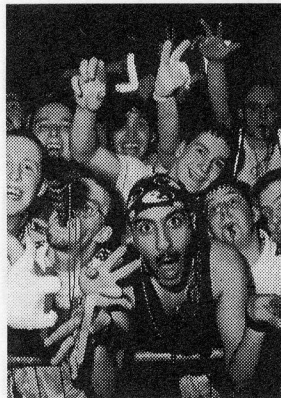
Destiny's Child - Bug A Boo
Phat track, gonna be hot, Hot, HOT!

Gang Starr - Full Clip
Lyrics galore, you know the score from the ghetto royalty of the rap world. They put in a wicked performance at this summer's Creamfields as well.

Mobb Deep - Quiet Storm
Darker than black from the lords of hard hip hop. Mobb Deep hit it hard over the summer with their Murda Muzik album, and this was the top track. It's got a White Lines sample on it as well. Nice.

Maja

frequency



home @ home

London has been waiting for a new club to compete with the likes of Cream and Gatecrasher for ages, only for two to arrive more or less simultaneously. With Fabric's delayed opening the main question has been: can home possibly live up to its much hyped billing as "The superclub for the 21st Century"? The answer, thankfully, is a resounding yes.

Despite its Canary Wharf like appearance and Leicester Square location, home was not full of tourists mistaking it for Equinox, thanks to a fairly strict door policy. Instead the dance floors were rammed with incredibly up for it clubbers enjoying a great set of hard house from American special guest Danny Tenaglia, before Oakenfold took over the decks at 1.30 (inducing some serious hero worship from most of the crowd). His set was spot on, with loads of great tunes, ending with a brilliant version of his own Planet Perfecto's 'Bullet In The Gun'.

I would highly recommend home - sure it's expensive, but it's a unique venue with a great line up. Get there early, as they're queuing round the length of the Square, and make sure you know a little about dance music for the doormen. I can safely say that Fabric has a lot to live up to.

Max

Bedrock @ Heaven A night to remember...

Thursday mid-October, it's mid afternoon and this lecturer is boring the pants off me. Not only is his voice more boring than an episode of One Man and His Dog, but for some reason he seems to be walking up and down in front of the board not unlike a pigeon nodding his head backwards and forwards. Odd. However, because my mind is elsewhere, all this doesn't bother me. My foot is tapping, my knee is jumping and there's this mad banging tune going round and round my head. The reason for this is obvious. Tonight at Heaven, one of London's best clubs, sees the Bedrock first birthday party. Spinning the decks will be Bedrock supremo John Digweed and pals Sasha and Danny Howells, and I know it's gonna be large...

Five hours later and I'm there, or at least I'm in the right place - staring at a queue stretching round three sides of block, a heaving queue of like minded clubbers ready for a massive Thursday. Of course I work for well renowned music mag Felix and security are expecting me. One lax security check and I'm in. Despite the number of people outside it's already packed and the dance floor is a sweaty mass of meat - it's heaven, it's gay and I love it. After a quick pit stop at the bar (a bottle of Red - to taste it is to love it), it's time to check out my Heaven. The chill-out coffee bar is dead - no need to revisit here then. Upstairs in two sewer-esque vaulted chambers are two strikingly dissimilar atmospheres. One is lit by smoky red lamps playing funky music to which boozed up oldies (I'm only young me) are going crazy. The other, a decidedly darker, grander room, is packed with punters going crazy in an all together different kind of way.

But enough is enough. Downstairs on the main dancefloor is where the action will be for the rest of my night in Heaven. Digweed, Sasha and Howells on the decks, one lady in a see-through dress and another going crazy with some light sticks - it's a night to remember. Then, suddenly there's Heaven Scent, next it's three o'clock and finally it's over. I could've stayed till six, but I'll be back after a month of purgatory back in Heaven, back in Bedrock. See you there?

Boycey

Bedrock will be back at Heaven on 11th November.

...Competition...

The Bedrock mix by John Digweed is out now on INC-redible records, and you can win a copy by answering this simple question. What is the address of London's Heaven nightclub? Answers on a piece of paper with name / dept into the box in the Felix office, or by e-mail to music.felix@ic.ac.uk. Nice.

Recommended Clubbing

Okay, you know the score. If you wanna go clubbing then maybe one of these lushous delights is for you...

Monday 25th October

Trash @ The Annexe; £4

Don't know much about this one, but it's got to be good for it's for the launch of Meat Loaf's new book! Allegedly this will be packed, so get there early or stay the hell away.

Tuesday 26th October

Rhum Pa'Ti @ Bar Rhumba; £3

Post salsa class knees-up full of funky Anglo-Latin groovers. The tunes are as expected and if this is your thing, just get down the Rhumba.

Avanti @ The Gardening Ckub; £3

£1 a drink Le Scandale alternative. It's 40p more, but it's just as much fun. You only have two options!

Friday 29nd October

Numb Nums @ Epping Forest Country Club; £12

Leave your handbags at home, but get your dancing shoes on. With Matt Jam Lamont and other superstars on the decks it'll be a big one. The venue's also been given a major refit and is a perfect venue to strut your stuff in style.

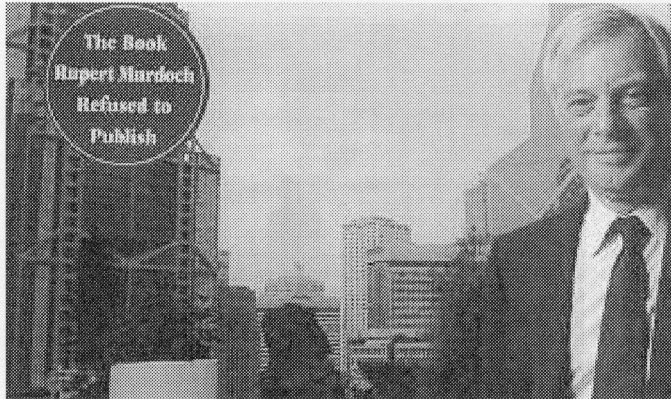
Saturday 30rd October

fabric @ fabric; £12

After last week's launch, the guys at Fabric provide another absolutely storming line up. For a start there's Sasha and Derrick May, and as it's going on till 7am it will definitely be another great night. Shake it all over baby, and maybe I'll see you there?

To have your club added to this list just invite us along, we'll check it out and if we like it we'll put it down
e-mail: felix@ic.ac.uk
phone: 020 7594 8072 ask for James

books



War Zone, Alexander Stuart

This controversial book has just been republished, complete with the obligatory film diary to tie in with the recent release of Tim Roth's film adaptation.

From the outset this novel has a shocking plotline. An apparently 'normal' middleclass family has moved from London to tranquil Devon. Following a car accident, the mother gives birth on the car seat without anaesthetic in front of her voyeuristic family. The narrator of the novel is 15 year old Tom, a hostile, rebellious adolescent who opposed the families' move by trying to burn down his school. Tom unexpectedly witnesses a possible sexual encounter between his father and sister. After this discovery he is drawn into an obsessive sexual game with his sister Jessie as he attempts to discover the truth about his family. This obsession eventually leads to violence as the family gradually breaks down. In a wider context, this can be seen as an allegory of the materialism and greed inherent in Thatcherite England.

The disturbing twist in this compelling story is that Jessie is not a victim of incestuous abuse. On the contrary she is the instigator of the relationship, seducing her father for the sexual challenge. "Incest is brilliant. It's scarier than shagging some Adam in a pub car park or stroking some girl's thigh in some Fulham café". Jessie is portrayed as a manipulative character, exploring the dark side of her own sexuality. Aspects of this include a sadomasochistic lesbian lover in London, with whom Tom loses his virginity and a local Buddhist boyfriend. The character of Jessie is unbelievable and as such weakens the credibility of the novel in my opinion.

This novel has amazing raw, visual imagery but is often sensationalist and incredibly shocking. It is a dark, claustrophobic novel with vivid descriptions. However the subject matter is truly disturbing so approach with caution.

Eleanor

East and West, Chris Patten

Former Bath MP, one-time Conservative Party chairman and Last British Governor of Hong Kong, Chris Patten was, it seemed, headed for early political retirement. But with a first-rate CV, Patten need not have worried too much about his future, and began to write about the five years (1992-1997) he governed Hong Kong. As things have turned out, Patten shouldn't have worried at all - he is now European Commissioner for Foreign Affairs. Look out for his book on Expanding Europe in five years or so.

From the outset, Chris Patten tells us that his book is NOT: a) an autobiographical account of his life (I guess he will probably be doing that later), b) a detailed account of his Governorship of Hong Kong, c) a book exaggerating or belittling East Asian Tiger values, or d) an economic textbook about East Asia.

So what is the book about then? That's what I had to read the book to find out in this new, updated paperback edition of East and West. The first part is entitled 'Governing' and it tells the story of his five years as Governor. We are introduced very quickly to Patten's central belief that the Chinese government is totalitarian and uses despotic techniques to deal with its own people and foreign countries. We also become aware that as far as Patten is concerned, the deceased British Empire was not an imperial force but an enlightening one. Further, we gather quickly that Patten sees liberal free market economics as the only way to go.

In the second part, 'The View From Hong Kong', he essentially tries to substantiate his argument that free economics should go hand in hand with free politics. He takes a moderate position on the successes of the Tiger economies, pointing out that it was inevitable that there would be a slowdown. We hop along from one East Asian country to the next while he describes the politics as well as the economics of each.

Finally, in the third part, 'Looking to the Future', he outlines his vision of the twenty-first century. Surprisingly, he paints a rosy picture of East catching up with West, with both sharing good standards of living. He insists that for this to happen certain matters of lack of political freedom and socialist economics must wind down.

Surprisingly, Patten writes well for a politician, he is honest, light-hearted, and does not impress on us too much with flashy literary devices. It is his underlying beliefs and ideas that come out clearest, which is a good thing. No wonder the China Daily wrote of his book: "...the portrait of a narrow-minded, retired politician who vents his spleen over those who opposed his perverse actions - extremely provocative language".

Ahmed

Fight Club, Chuck Palahniuk

For fans of the genre pioneered by Douglas Coupland - Gen X angst - Fight Club is a strong new addition. The story of a young white collar worker who is fed up with his place in an overtly materialistic society, Fight Club's characters answer is not to sit around lamenting society's ills, but rather to make the world a better place via blowing up office buildings.

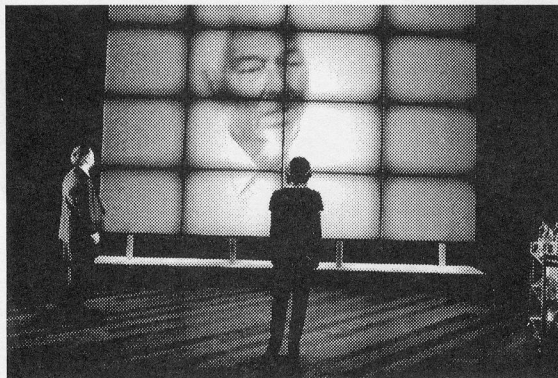
A very interesting read and a cool book stylistically. Buy it, read it, and then see the movie.

Russell

20% Off!

Each of the books reviewed this week is available from the Waterstones bookstore on Campus (beside the main library) at a 20% discount.

method



Triple Exposure

V & A

Free to Students - Till Jan 30

"We are so lucky, we have three superb museums literally just down the road" I told my Mum when I got here. Three years down the line, I have managed the Science and Natural History Museums once and the V&A not at all. For the first time I popped in, and inside I found the Canon photo gallery currently showing the Triple Exposure exhibition.

Triple Exposure showcases the work of three photographers of the 1960s - Michael Cooper, John Cowan and Ronald Traeger. All three enjoyed brief, intense professional lives, untimely death claiming them just as their decade faded to a close. These photographers between them have worked with the Stones, the Beatles, Kubrick, Twiggy and Mary Quant. In many ways they redefined fashion photography and yet there are also incredibly thoughtful pieces here. Cooper photographed the cover for the Sergeant Pepper album but his grainy shots of the Grovesnor Square anti-Vietnam riots better capture the period.

Look at the world through these pictures and you look with the eyes of someone who was there and who was a part of the revolution.



Tom

Remember This

National Theatre

£7.50 for students throughout October
7:30pm

The new Stephen Poliakoff play at the National Theatre sees him reunited with director Ron Daniels. The pair worked together previously on, amongst other things, the award-winning 'Blinded by the Sun', and Poliakoff himself has won numerous accolades for his plays and films.

Dealing with issues similar to those in his superb trilogy of films 'Shooting the Past', he tells the story of failed entrepreneur Rick (Stanley Townsend) who discovers that the collection of wedding videos made during one of his 'enterprises' in the late 70's are deteriorating into a series of blotched images. He finds, via two Swiss archivists, that the events of recent history are also being erased from videos worldwide. Realising the possible implications of this discovery he sees his last chance to make his fortune. But the resulting events are unpredictable and not everything goes quite to plan.

Despite impeccable staging and the very innovative use of video and music, the play somehow just doesn't work and leaves a strange feeling of listlessness. The characters are, in the most part, true to life, almost to the point of being mundane and it is their familiarity that exposes the implausibility of the tale. The story doesn't quite ring true, nor arouse much interest in spite of the actors often exaggerated attempts to convince us otherwise. Our emotions are not stirred by the idea of losing a few videos, and this is the play's downfall.

With a maze of storylines, and an often jumpy format (the characters alternately relive the events and present their own retrospective monologues), the message is unclear. Nonetheless, the play is at times very funny, with most of the humour coming from the two Swiss, who are mercilessly parodied, and are in fact the only characters with any real panache. A bit of a let-down really, as it could have worked very well - a more gripping 'discovery' would have made all the difference.



Judy and Gillian

Candide

National Theatre

In rep, final performance: Tue 25th January 2000
Student Standby £10

Musicals: most people think of soaring, romantic pop tunes, stunning dance routines and huge sets. Indeed, one starts to think whether these shows would still be brilliant if the helicopters and barricades that we are all used to were taken away. The National's latest musical offering for its current rep season suggests that they most definitely would.

Candide is based on the book by Voltaire, and promotes unflinching optimism no matter how awful a situation appears at the time, resulting in the notion that "Everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds". John Caird's new version uses a basic but ingenious set, designed by the master of musical set design John Napier, letting his cast give the tale a pace and life that never waives, even throwing in the odd Python-esque moment along the way.

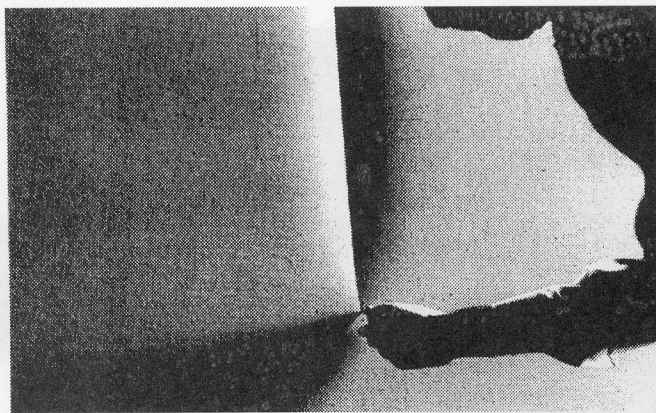
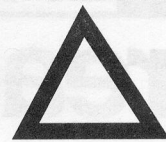
Although more famous for musicals such as West Side Story and On the Town, Bernstein's Operetta Candide is probably the composer's most accomplished theatrical score. He chose Voltaire's book as it gave him the chance to attack the optimism that prevailed in 1950's America under Dwight D Eisenhower's presidency, and his collaboration with a number of lyricists, including the legendary Stephen Sondheim, results in some of the wittiest lyrics I have ever heard on the stage.

The real genius in Candide, however, is that it manages to be satirical and hilarious, but at the same time asks those worldly questions that we all would like an answer to. You will roll in the aisles, question your own existence and feel the hairs rise on your neck. If you don't like "Musicals", go and see this, it might just change your mind. If you love musicals, go and see this, but for once you won't have to look through the set to see the real show.



Ben Pickersgill

method

Some Explicit
Polaroids

New Ambassador

The writer of *Shopping and Fucking* returns. Mark Raven Hill is a thoughtful writer; intelligent but not heavy, controversial but not contrived. The core of the play rests on the balance between happiness and meaning. Let me explain; on one side we have "Trash", all they do is drink, dance and...and not much else - hard core hedonists. They consciously try to remove all meaning from their sexual and otherwise relationships. On the other side we have the Socialist, he has always believed in the cause and never sold out or compromised in any way, he is - therefore - a tramp. He takes everything seriously and finds difficulty having shallow friends and pastimes. Balancing out these extremes lies the ex-socialist, wannabe Labour MP, who has sold out in the eyes of the Socialists. They are all unhappy.

All sound a bit obvious? Yup. But this play is fast, witty and very funny, and most of all it roots itself in a core philosophical question; what is the best balance between just living for the moment or living for your beliefs? Something we would all like to find.



Ben

Lucio Fontana

Haward Gallery £4 Conc. Nearest Tube, Waterloo

Lucio Fontana was, without doubt, ahead of his time. Before the likes of Damian Hirst and Sarah Lucas were a sparkle in their father's eye, Fontana was pushing the boundaries of what we consider art and leading the Italian avant-garde, whilst later inspiring the likes of Andy Warhol and Henry Moore. It is ironic that such an influential sculptor is so neglected by the British public - something which this exhibition is trying to address.

Born in 1899, Fontana is best known for "slashing" his canvases. The exhibition appears to anticipate the public's reluctance to accept this as art and confronts these preconceptions by putting his earliest work - traditional sculpture - immediately as you enter. The exhibition then presents a number of more 'classical' sculptures, beautifully juxtaposed with paradoxical pieces influenced from his work in a commercial pottery factory.

This sense of parody is always evident, although I am hesitant about some of the pieces which seem more inspired by the work of under achieving four year olds rather than "Neolithic art", as I was assured!

However, the exhibition then moves upstairs and we are presented with the "Spatial concepts" (or cut up bits of paper as us philistines would have it). Since Fontana has already been proven to be an obviously skilled sculptor it is hard to dismiss his work as mere pretentious shite. Even the most hardened cynic finds themselves searching for an underlying philosophy, so evident in the previously seen pieces.

This is the exhibition's strongest point; we are led gently into confronting our preconceptions of art. We are gradually introduced to his more challenging work, leading to a greater appreciation of the historical and philosophical influences in art. It highlights Fontana's redefinition of sculpture in an age of nuclear power, television and space travel and questions the implications for mankind as well as the possibility for artistic development.

I am still not 100% convinced by the whole Stanley knife and canvas thing. However, one thing is for certain; either Fontana is a genius artist - on the cutting edge of art - or he is a genius con-artist, baffling a lot of pseudo-intellectual people into thinking that something which takes 2 minutes to produce is worth £300, 000. Either way, respect is due.



Van Dyck

Royal Academy Students: £5.40

Those of you who appreciate and enjoy early 17th century art, with all its stiff neck collars and stern expressions, will love this exhibition, as Van Dyck is the unrivalled king in this field.

Over 100 of Van Dyck's portraits, religious and mythological works are on show, ranging from small sketches to massive 3 metre tall paintings. The clothing in the portraits are what steal the show - the detail, texture, folds and colours of the garments are fantastic. However, don't expect the exhibition to cheer you up as black is the most frequently used colour, and smiling was obviously deeply untrendy in Van Dyck's era. In fact, a fellow visitor commented, "He (Van Dyck) has an incredible knack of making everyone look constipated!"

Personally, I am not a major fan of this type of art and was inclined to write it off before I saw it. However, if you take time to study each picture you may well find yourself inspired by them - especially as many of the pictures were drawn by Van Dyck when he was only nineteen.

I would recommend the exhibition to any of you art fans out there, but for the rest of us I would advise getting your cultural kicks at the (free) Serpentine gallery and spending the money you've saved on a few drinks at the Union!



Meegan

If you would like to help with the Arts pages come along to the Felix office at 1.00pm on Friday.

AllyPally

react




Driver (PC/PSX)

Anyone who can remember the chase scenes from the film *The Blues Brothers* will formulate a pretty good idea as to what *Driver* is all about. The fantastic music that accompanies *Driver* may be somewhat funkier than that in the film, but the image of a line of police cars on your tail bears incredible resemblance to the film.

Working on both sides of the law, the player will be immersed in the faithfully reproduced streets of several American cities. Whether you are running from the police or working for them you'll need to thrash your car around in aggressive style but without running it into the ground. Handbrake turns, high speeds and skid marks embrace the gameplay in large quantities, but to fulfil the tasks set before you, you will need to learn how to handle these skills with finesse and fine judgment. It is these qualities that ensure this is one remarkable gaming experience.

Sublime graphics, immersive sound, realistic car handling as well as originality and on-the-edge tension all make this game shine. Brilliant.



Viv



FLY! (PC)

I really love flying. In my time in the RAF cadets, I took to the air in everything from single prop Chipmunks to four engined Hercules transports and I loved every minute of it. Because of this, I also love flight sims - all the experience of flying without the expense and the smell of aviation fuel.

Fly! is a serious flight sim, designed with real propellerheads in mind. Supplied on three CD's, it is certainly detailed. Maps of the entire world are included, although only five major US airports are mapped out in much detail. With five planes to choose from, on the surface this looks like a good game.

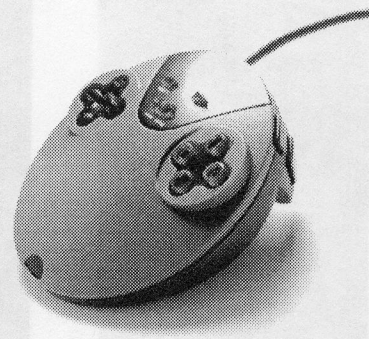
However, *Fly!* doesn't have much else going for it. The problem with releasing a serious flight sim like this is that there already is one - *Microsoft Flight Sim* - that's been around for ever, does everything you could want it to and has great graphics. In order for there to be any point at all releasing your sim on the market, you have to offer either a better product, or one that does something entirely new and different. Otherwise you might as well not bother.

The most obvious problem is the graphics. Compared to other games such as *Falcon 4.0* or *Flight Simulator*, the scenery is sparsely detailed, the textures are blurry and the clouds are just plain bizarre. It's a bit like flying a plane with a thin layer of margarine smeared on the cockpit window. The whole point of a flight sim is to make the player feel like they are actually flying a real plane. If the graphics are so bad that you sometimes can't even tell whether the plane is moving or not, it's not really simulating much at all.

The game also has more than its fair share of bugs and glitches. After installing the game it took me an hour to get my network connection working properly again. Because I'm using a Voodoo-based graphics card, I have to start flying, quit the mission and then restart in order to make it work. Minor things, maybe, but irritating all the same.

I have to admit that, despite my complaints, I did enjoy a few of the scenarios included in the game - trying to land at San Francisco airport in a thunderstorm for example - but there are far better flight sims on the market.

Basically, don't buy this unless one of the game's developers forces you to at gun point. And even then, hang on to the receipt.



Airpad Controller (PSX)

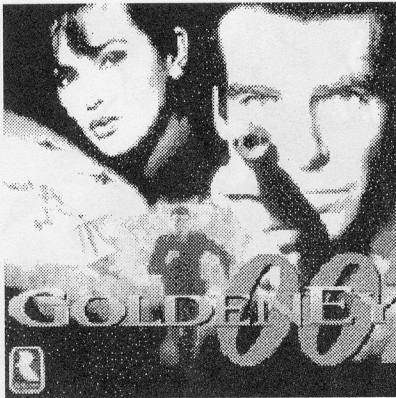
Just like Michael J. Fox traded his skateboard for a hoverboard, you can chuck your gamepad and get yourself an Airpad.

What is an Airpad? A revolutionary controller that uses the natural movement of the player's hand to direct the pad and game in the direction you want to go. As you move, the tilt-sensitive pad will transfer your movements into the game you're playing. Remember those rally games when you willed the car round hairpin bends at incredible speeds by aggressively flinging yourself to one side? Well now instead of looking like a prat and crashing, you can look like a prat and actually make the turn.

The Airpad has its own microprocessor and works with optical technology. This lets it react instantaneously to your movements. The Airpad will be compatible with any game but will come into its own in driving, simulation and action games, although it will be just as effective with platform games. It also supports both analogue and digital modes, which is good to hear. At the moment it will only be available for the playstation where it will have the standard layout of the playstation pad. The technical chaps at Airpad are working on a PC and Dreamcast design for the future (no N64 unfortunately). The airpad will retail at £19.99. I reckon it will be worth it because you will get so much more gameplay out of the games, especially after forking out 40 or so precious pounds for them.

Mark

react



Goldeneye (N64 budget)

It's debatable whether Nintendo can really call a game 'budget' when the reduced retail price still weighs in at a hefty £30, but at least N64 owners cannot grumble about the quality of the titles available in this range - they are all unquestionably first-class, crowned by the classic *Goldeneye*. The film was good, introducing a new Bond, a new era. The game, which is only available for the N64 (much to the annoyance of the PC and Playstation faithful), is better. In fact it is quite superb. Upon its release *Goldeneye* was hailed as the pinnacle of the first-person adventure shooter genre, if not the entire games market, and to this day there have been few games to challenge for its title.

Taking up 007's role from the comfort of a warm room may sound encouraging, but sadly the perks of the job aren't included - you're out to complete missions, not earn bucketloads in casinos whilst surrounded by beautiful women.

Generally speaking, *Goldeneye* bowls you over not from any single aspect of its amazing game-play, but rather the professionalism and quality that endorses its every detail. Each mission asks you to perform certain tasks that will not only require the pummelling of enemy guards but also the use of stealth and initiative. The huge variety of weapons come complete with an aiming sight, often telescopic, allowing you to pick off targets from a distance with one shot to the head.

Such is *Goldeneye*'s quality, it could well make you go out and buy the console for this game alone. After all, that's what I did...

Viv



Traitors Gate (PC)

Playing *Traitors Gate*, you really have to wonder how the hell a group of intelligent people could spend two years of their lives writing a game that is quite so boring.

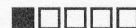
The basic premise of the game is that you have to sneak into the Tower of London and steal the Crown Jewels without being detected. The gameplay style is similar to puzzle games such as *Myst* and *Monkey Island* - the player walks around an essentially static landscape, solving puzzles and collecting objects in order to achieve your goal.

The whole game is actually pre-recorded on the four game CDs - when you click somewhere in order to move or interact with your environment, the game finds the appropriate movie file and plays it back for you. What this means is that you spend all your time moving the mouse cursor round the screen until you find something interactive like an open door or an object, and then clicking on it to see what happens. This is certainly not my idea of fun.

I have to admit that I didn't actually play all that much of *Traitors Gate* before writing this review. This was in part to do with a bug in the game that meant every so often when I saved a game I wouldn't be able to interact with anything and I'd have to go back to my last saved game or start again. But the main reason I gave up so early on was that *Traitors Gate* is boring. The game pauses slightly in between each location, even if you disable the animated transitions, which is irritating to say the least. Some different locations are actually identical to each other, making it very hard to tell if you have actually moved anywhere or not. Another problem is that despite the fact that all the locations are pre-rendered and pre-recorded, the graphics still aren't very good. It's kind of like playing one of those early computer role playing games from about ten years ago. The puzzles themselves aren't bad as computer game puzzles go, but the enforced linearity of the game is extremely restrictive.

The only possible reason I can think of for writing the game in a pre-recorded video format is that it's much easier to program. If it was written using a decent 3d graphics engine, with an interactive environment and the ability to walk where you want, it might have been much more fun. Of course, this would have taken much more time and effort, but then that is what it takes to write a good computer game these days. As it stands, the game engine is far too annoying to allow the game itself to be any fun whatsoever.

Ben



Rugrats (N64)

Chuckie, Phil, Lil, Angelica and the nappy gang pop into 3 dimensions to facilitate a not unslick weirdo type board gaming flashback to my younger Christmases. One has the opportunity to force the little blighters around 3 boards in the aim of performing such tasks as hunting for treasure, scoffing cookies ('Part of every square meal') or digging up a short green dinosaur's stash of hidden candy. The 'fun' lasts between 20 minutes and an hour, depending on board and tolerance size, and up to 4 gamers can be accommodated on the board at any one time without needing four controllers

To be fair I can see that kids will be amused by their heroes for a while, but wouldn't they be better off learning how to read rather than basic joy pad skills. A novel cutting edge experience for gamers? No. A gift for relatives between the age of 2 and 8? Maybe. A set of cult figures cashing in on a so-so inane N-64 game? A Young impy brats will be the judges.

Chris



screen



iCU CINEMA

As promised here is the column that tells you all about our very own cinema - a great place to catch those almost new movies

This week ICU cinema is following a Mike Myers theme starting with the groovy Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery and the psychedelic Austin Powers II: the Spy Who Shagged Me being shown on Monday 25 October. If you haven't seen this pair of films before (Why not?), then now is your chance. Both are spoof spy films with Mike Myers taking more than one role and they also star Liz Hurley and Heather Graham. Admittedly, they both try the same jokes and sometimes the gags are dragged out too long but it's sure to make you laugh.

Wayne's World and Austin Powers II are being shown on Tuesday 26 October. Wayne's World (in case you've forgotten) is about two guys (Wayne and Garth) who produce a TV show from Wayne's house. They make it big time only to decide that it just isn't the same. Hilarious from being to end with a cameo from Alice Cooper. Definitely one to watch again and again and...

In conjunction with RAG, ICU cinema is showing Scream for Halloween (31 October in case you're not sure) with all proceeds from this showing going to RAG to help with their charity work. Scream is an ace film about some one who has taken their love of scary films way too far. This film will make you laugh and jump. This is such a worthwhile event that will leave you feeling good about helping a charity so leave that piece of coursework and get to the Union.

Make sure you check the posters on the walkway for the exact times and details of all the films being shown this week.

ODEON

Blair Witch Project Competition Tarzan

Due to the kind courtesy of the promoters of 'The Blair Witch Project', Film Felix has a goody bag to give away and (you've guessed it) all you have to do is answer a question. The prize includes a Blair Witch rucksack containing a Blair Witch T-shirt, CD, book and badge. To own this scarily fantastic prize e-mail the right answer to the following question to film.felix@ic.ac.uk before Wednesday 26 October.

And the question is

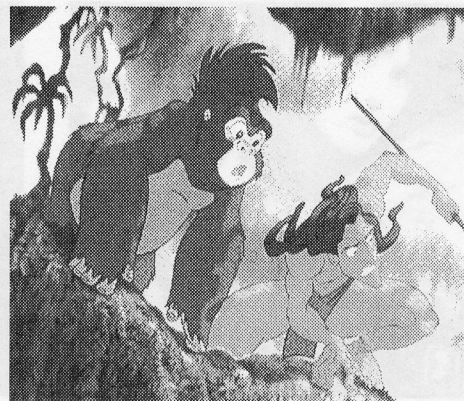
Where did Ed Sanchez and Dan Myrick, the directors of The Blair Witch Project, meet?

As we only have one goodie bag to give away the kind folk of Odeon Kensington have also donated five pairs of tickets for the runners up. In case you've forgotten the Odeon is at the far end of High Street Kensington and is showing The Blair Witch Project now so get your arse over there and see it!

The winners of last week's 'American Pie' competition are:

F Ramli
P Daplyn
E Mavrikas
A Georgilidakis
S R Gunasekara

Make sure you watch this space next week for an exclusive interview with the directors of The Blair Witch Project.



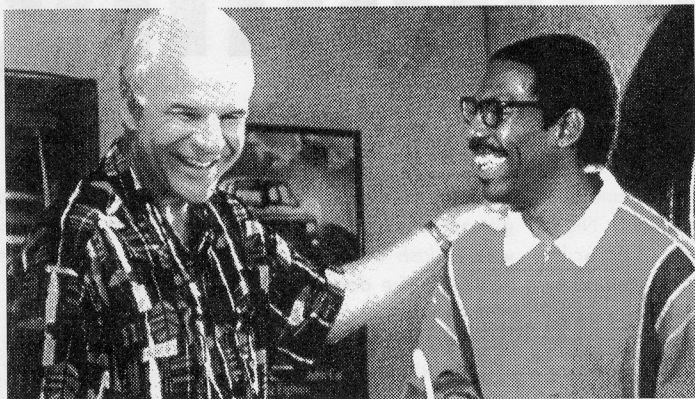
Yet another animated movie churned out by the movie-making machine called Disney - but to be fair to them this movie is fabulous, unlike the flops they have had in previous years. After Mulan, they've rethought their approach and they are finally getting back the magic that makes these films memorable for all the right reasons. The animation is state of the art and completely breathtaking. Using a new technique called Deep Canvas the characters come alive and it is difficult at times to remember that it is just a cartoon. At last, Disney has got rid of the cheesy songs and about time too. Instead, Phil Collins warbles in his distinctive tones as background music and the effect works well.

Most people know the story of Tarzan in one form or another and this time Disney has stuck to the original story by Edgar Rice Burroughs. A shipwrecked family land in a remote place, parents die and gorillas bring up the human child as their own. Tarzan always feels that he doesn't quite fit in, which is no surprise since he's not a gorilla. That is until one-day human explorers stumble across the gorillas' nest and Tarzan realises the brutal truth for himself. Shock horror, he isn't really a gorilla.

The characters are so deliciously heart-warming and as for the evil baddie, Clayton, well you just want to boo him off the screen. The voices supplied to these animations belong to, amongst others, Brian Blessed, Nigel Hawthorne, Minnie Driver and Glenn Close. All of them provide a brilliant performance especially Minnie Driver who ad-libs one of her speeches and the result is fantastic. When you go and see this film (and you know you want to really!) make sure you watch out for familiar looking characters from previous Disney Classics.



screen



Bowfinger

A comedy film starring Steve Martin and Eddie Murphy in the late nineties does not bode well.

Both have seen their golden touches, after such films as *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels* and *Beverly Hills Cop*, not so much desert them as convince the average bloke on the street that they had packed in acting and were now sunning themselves on some far away desert island. The last film Steve Martin co-wrote was *Sergeant Bilko*. What a good film that was. I say that on the evidence that recently Martin confessed it was a comedy film that he himself didn't find funny. This coming from the man who co-wrote and starred in it. And what of Murphy? He seems to have fallen prey to the Hollywood sacrilege of relying on his films special effects to mask an awful script - if it wasn't being horrendously overweight it was talking to a variety of animals, all in a rather unfunny way. As I mentioned, the film, looking on the past form of the actors, and writer (Martin), looks like good cannon fodder for people with magazine space.

I will therefore not totally disappoint. The film centres on Bobby Bowfinger (Martin), a struggling movie producer-director. Almost bankrupt, he hatches an ingenious way of making a film starring the world's biggest star Kit Ramsey (Murphy). This is achieved by filming the star doing his everyday business and actors walking up to him and pretending that he is in a film scene with them. This simple concept is the basis of the film. As one can imagine, the comic possibilities for such scenes are almost limitless and Martin takes full advantage of these opportunities. Martin even expands on this idea by allowing Murphy to do another of his "one film-two role" efforts, so he also plays the stereotypical dumb twin brother. You know, the one has been forgotten by the more successful sibling and in serious films tries to stir up a bit of pathos. This pathos creeps unfortunately into this film momentarily in a way that makes your toes curl rather than pull on the heartstrings. There is a good reason for this as well. The vast majority of the characters in the film are not nice people.

Martin plays a character who is way below a bum; Heather Graham's character is a whore. They get all the equipment for making the film by stealing it from a film studio. You don't feel happy about what they are doing and you certainly wouldn't want anything to do with them. "Lighten up!" I hear you cry "It's a comedy!" Maybe, but the non-comedy bits of this film ie the bits where they are not chasing Murphy about, make this film decidedly two faced.



The Blair Witch Project

There are posters on the tube, on the street, even in the union for *The Blair Witch Project*. In fact there are posters any-where that you can put them and I bet you're thinking, "What the hell is it?!" Hailed as the scariest film ever, *The Blair Witch Project* is one film everyone should see. Do not let the fact that it is terrifying put you off going to see it. There is no blood or gore and everything you see appears to be so believable. Before you even decide to go and see it you should check out the mythology behind or it won't make much sense. So go to www.blairwitch.com and read all about it. To sum it up there is a story about a woman who was accused of witchcraft in 1785. She was banished from her village, Blair, and then all her accusers and half the children of the village disappear. The townspeople think it's a curse and flee the town. Thirty-nine years later Burkittsville is founded on the site of Blair and weird things happen. All the usual stuff, people go missing strange and spooky sightings - you get the idea.

In October 1994 three young people decide to do a documentary on the Blair Witch and go out into the woods armed with a hand-held video camera and a CP-16 film camera never to be seen again. The tapes were discovered a year later and this film is the footage as it happens.

Shot in real-time the film is supposed to cover eight days and that's how long it took to shoot. Costing under \$100,000 to make it has already grossed \$140 million in USA so you can imagine how good it is. The dialogue was improvised by the actors with only guidance from the directors and there was no opportunity to re-do scenes. In addition, all the filming was done by the actors so make sure you sit towards the back of the cinema when you go and see it otherwise you'll get travel sickness. Another piece of advice - trying to tell yourself "It's just a film" doesn't work, so don't even bother doing it.

The Blair Witch opens in fourteen cinemas across the West End on 22 October including the Odeon High Street Kensington but I definitely recommend you go and see this on Halloween. If you dare!

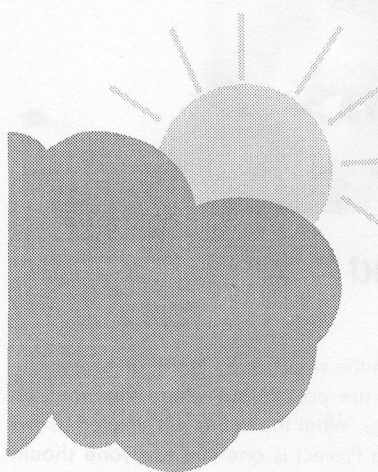


Helen



Captain Nemo

Night Swimming



The ocean carried on in all directions and disappeared below the curve of the earth. Night had fallen many hours ago and the Pacific waters were smooth and silent, undisturbed by wind or creature. Above the stars shimmered brilliantly, undefied by human light. The moon too had risen, a thin sickle that shone with unaccustomed brightness, its unlit portion being the only truly black piece of the sky — a dark oval amongst the countless pinpoints and milky smudges of the stars.

Barely noticeable amongst the emptiness of the ocean and the crowdedness of the sky there floated a man.

He is alive and conscious but he is losing these two qualities slowly and surely. His eyes are swollen almost shut and the whites have assumed the colour of dark blood. His face is terribly burnt from the tropical sun and his lips are swollen and discoloured, surrounded by a halo of crystallised salt. His tongue is so thick that he cannot breathe through his mouth.

His name is Sean, and he was a research assistant on a vessel which sank in a typhoon twenty miles to the east. He is almost certain that he is the only survivor. Around his inert form is tied a frayed and faded life jacket, the bulk of it being a large polystyrene block which is attached to his chest, and the rest of it a thick collar which just manages to keep his lolling head above the water. Attached to the main float there is a small salt-water-activated light that had ceased its glow many hours ago, and a whistle which is tied with a thin nylon cord and floats a small distance away.

Only yesterday morning he had still been calculating how much longer he could survive without water but now even that had ceased to be of interest. Everything that is real is retreating into a diffuse mist of unreality: his terrible thirst, the pain from his eyes and his blistered face, everything is getting less important somehow. He can still feel these sensations but they seem far away, belonging to another version of himself. Even his memories have grown dim: they are sterile and dusty pictures in his mind, no longer emotive. It seems the whole course of his life is fading to black and white. Earlier he had discovered that he could no longer remember his telephone number but even that had failed to arouse any emotion in his sluggish mind.

Still, one memory alone remains clear in his head — one streak of colour amongst the shadows. It is strange that it should be this one episode in his life that is staying with him the longest, and yet in a way he knows it is inevitable too. It was one day from a summer five years ago..., no not a day, but one night.

It began with a knock on his front door (there was no bell). Sean was in the kitchen, but what he was doing before or what he had done earlier that afternoon he has no recollection of.

He was expecting no one and tried to catch a glimpse of his visitor from the window but all he saw was a flash of yellow material. A skirt maybe? He walked to the door and pulled it open. It was seven o'clock in the evening.

"Hi." Said the woman who stood on his doorstep.

"CHRIS!" he almost shouted it. "YOU! I wasn't expecting...I mean...I thought you were...you said..." he lapsed into silence and a lame grin which made his cheeks hurt.

"I told you I'd call on you." She leant forward and pecked him on the cheek. Her smile dazzled: all perfect teeth except for her upper right incisor which was slightly too short so that you could see her tongue. "You obviously don't take me very seriously. Look," she gestured to something at her feet, "I've got it all packed...now all I need is your contribution."

On the ground was a massive basket, packed with all manner of things. Right on top was a big bowl of glistening lettuce, chopped onions and tomatoes.

"I...er...of course." Sean lapsed into his idiot's grin again. "You want some wine, right?"

Chris nodded solemnly. "That was the agreement, remember? Me food, you wine."

"Yeah, me Tarzan, you Jane," said Sean and regretted it immediately. "I'll just get it..." He said and fled into the house. He was muttering curses under his breath as he entered the living room. On the big chest of drawers stood two bottles of wine, only there seemed to be four as they were right up against the big mirror which reached to the ceiling. They were intended for his brother's birthday that Saturday and were extremely valuable — they were from 1968, the year of his brother's birth. Sean stood before the mirror and stared himself in the eyes. Slowly his hands reached for the bottles and a grin crept onto his face. Forgive me, dear Brother, he said to his reflection. Then he grasped the wine and ran back to the front door where Chris waited.

Triumphantly he presented her with both of the bottles. She took them and her brow creased as she read one of the faded and soiled labels.

"Monsieur," she said and her eyebrows rode slightly, "I didn't realise that I meant this much too you".

"Oh!" Sean laughed, maybe a little too loudly. "Think nothing of it, Madame. I always keep a little something around for special occasions. Now come, I am hungry." And with that he grasped the heavy basket and they both walked towards the path that led to the sea.

Sean could not remember when he had first met Chris. But he did know that he had seen her on more than five occasions before she appeared on his doorstep that summer's evening. He also remembered very clearly that she had rendered him totally speechless the first time he had laid eyes on her. She

was quite simply the most beautiful woman that he had ever met.

Bizarrely, one of the first things that Sean thought about during their first encounter was what she would look like in forty years time. Her features were so strong that it seemed that old age would only touch them superficially. Nothing about her would ever sag or droop or melt or degenerate. Sean was totally certain that she would look absolutely stunning until the day she died.

Hers was not a conventional beauty, it was a beauty that resulted from hundreds of small and complex interactions. Like the fact that all of her teeth were perfect except for that one incisor that was too small. Sean had tried on many occasions to quantify exactly why he found her so attractive but he had never managed to do so satisfactorily. She was tall and athletic yet the most striking thing about her was her broad shoulders. They were not thick or brawny shoulders, they were simply unusually wide for a woman. Her arms, like her legs, were not muscular either but seemed to disguise a supple strength and litheness. It seemed like there was no fat on her body at all. Her breasts were small but in Sean's eyes perfectly formed. In all her whole body had a curious touch of masculinity about it, yet in some way this seemed to make her more feminine. Her mouth was wide and her nose was very long and straight. Had her nose been on any other face, Sean imagined it would have been too long, yet on hers it was perfect. Her eyes were two black wells in her deeply tanned face, which seemed to swallow everything they looked at.

As a personality Sean found her totally absorbing too. From the first moment he first met her he felt that they could have discussed any topic in the world without inhibition. She had that slightly cynical humour that he loved. She was passionate about music which Sean found very reassuring: he had a fundamental distrust of people who regarded music with disinterest. She could make him genuinely laugh, and he could do the same for her. During the short time that they knew each other there was never an awkward moment between them.

They walked down to the water's edge, but not the sandy beach where Sean and the others usually bathed. It was around the corner of the headland where they would be totally alone. There was no sand but only smooth pebbles, some the size of eggs, others were rocks the size of wheelbarrows. Beyond the beach young birches crowded to the water's edge.

For the whole day it had been stormy and raining heavily but now the sky was almost clear. Only far away to the north were there still dark stacks of cloud and the occasional rumble of thunder. The air was warm and but not humid and the wind had vanished totally as if earth and sky were having a period of rest and contemplation after the disturbances. Far away

across the water, towards the silhouettes of the hills on the mainland, fog was forming and the air and sea appeared to be fusing into one.

Chris rummaged through the basket and produced a bunch of long candles which she lit and attached to some of the larger rocks around them. Sean busied himself with opening a bottle of wine; thoughts of how on earth he would acquire another one for his brother were strangely absent from his mind.

Once everything was prepared they sat down side by side and began to eat, whilst the distant fog began to roll towards them, a few lights from the opposite shore occasionally breaking through.

In his semiconscious state Sean was aware that the straps that held him to the life-vest had been coming undone gradually over the past few hours. But there was nothing he could do; he was too weak.

At ten o'clock they finished eating. They both left the comfort of the dying candlelight and hunted for firewood along the water. It was always barkless and flat pieces of wood they found, bleached by the sun and smoothed by the water and always bone dry. Once the flames had taken hold they sat down again – closer this time – and Sean opened the second bottle of wine.

Earlier Chris had become strangely silent when something came up in their conversation. Sean explained that in two month's time he was going to Madrid to see a friend, and he lightly suggested that she might want to come along. His imagination was becoming lubricated by the wine and already he could not envisage the shadow of another parting between them. But she did not answer, and when the silence between them grew and grew he had to look across at her. She stared into the distance and somehow it seemed that her eyes were much larger and darker than usual. Eventually she spoke.

"Please take each day that we share as it comes..." she whispered. Sean opened his mouth and was about to retort but she pre-empted him. "Please," she repeated, even quieter this time. Sean agonised for several minutes in silence and then decided to pursue it no further. The moment passed and gradually their quiet murmuring and occasional laughter by the fire resumed.

The fog had long since disappeared and they watched as the sun sank into the black hills across the pale water. Above them a thin ribbon of cloud that stretched from north to south was dyed blood red as the day finally ended.

Half an hour later, the second bottle of wine was also drained and suddenly Chris leapt to her feet.

"Do you know what we're going to do now?" She said. Her eyes were bright with the alcohol.

"Um...no, but I dare say you're going tell me."

"We're going to swim."

Caspar von Wrede

"Are you mad? It'll be freezing."

"No it won't be. The water retains the heat from the day, in fact the water's warmer than the air right now. Look, it's even steaming slightly."

Sean had to concede that the evidence was in her favour, and apart from that, he knew from previous experience that she was perfectly right.

"Well, I'm going, even if you're not," she said and started to undress. Sean watched in disbelief as she unashamedly pulled her dress over her head and cast off her underwear. He got up, slightly self-consciously. They stared each other in the eyes, separated by maybe two feet. Sean was making a heroic effort to prevent his eyes from wondering below her chin to where her bare skin gleamed in the fire-light. He cleared his throat but for once he could not think of a single appropriate word to say. Was it his imagination or was she breathing slightly more heavily?

"I'll be waiting for you," she smiled and turned to wade into the water. Sean was glued to the spot, still speechless.

"There's no stones out here," she called over her shoulder, "only sand." He watched as the waters gradually inched up her legs, as her immaculate body rippled with the rhythm of her strides.

Sean was suddenly torn back into the present. Had he heard something? A gull? A horn? No, of course not. He was alone, and the only human being in five hundred miles. For some reason he was suddenly transported back to the shipwreck. How many days ago had it been?

It had been a reasonably large boat, 70 feet in length with a crew of forty. *Pacific Blade* had been its name and now it wallowed in the mud at some unimaginable depth below the surface. Sean had intended to enter a lifeboat like all the others once the water had begun filling the engine room. But barely had he made it onto the deck that a wave had snatched him away like a leaf in a hurricane. Thankfully, he had put on a life jacket, but that was the last thing he contributed to his fate. Once in the sea his only mission became trying to find the next breath of oxygen in an ocean where the boundary between air and water had long been lost. The waves had tossed him around as if he had been merely a matchstick and each moment he expected to be crushed against the ship's hull or eviscerated on some serrated reef. Once only had he seen another shipmate, fleetingly at the crest of a wave before they were torn apart again. Neither of them had communicated a thing, they had merely stared briefly into one another's' terrorised eyes and understood perfectly that human life was totally without consequence in a situation like this. Nature did as nature pleased and man would watch and live or watch and die, with no influence on the outcome whatsoever. Sean was lucky. Somewhere in the Great Lottery of The Sky his numbers had come up

and he lived.

But now he was dying again, and this time he thought it was for certain. He suddenly felt the need to urinate and was mildly surprised at how painful it was. He realised that his body had no water left to flush his metabolic toxins into the world. Slowly he retreated back from reality again and into his thoughts.

He watched Chris walking further and further into the sea. The ground beneath her feet began to drop away more steeply and the water rose quicker up her body. Her long black hair touched the surface and began to spread out like an oil slick. Suddenly Sean sprung into life. "HANG ON!" he shouted hoarsely, "I'm coming!" He began tearing off his clothes like a man possessed and finally stumbled into the water. Chris was treading water further out, watching him. He ran into the deep water, eventually falling in with an undignified flop. It was amazingly exhilarating and Sean had to make an effort not to whoop like an lunatic. Suddenly the alcoholic apathy was gone and he began swimming after Chris who had turned and was moving through the water with the elegance and efficiency of a panther. She carried on swimming for a whole ten minutes and Sean was painfully aware of the gap that opened up between them. Yet his pride prevented him from calling out and he struggled on doggedly through the sea.

Eventually she stopped swimming and turned to wait for him. He was panting when he reached her and making a big effort not to think of the black abyss that must have been yawning beneath them. Slowly she swam to close the remaining gap between them.

"Stop swimming," she whispered, "I will hold you." And so he did and those long sleek arms enclosed him and he had never felt more peaceful or secure before in his life. The last thing she said was "the sea will keep its secrets."

Sean never saw her again after that night. She said that she would leave in the morning and that he could not know why or where she was going, and that is exactly what happened.

Somewhere in the sprawling Pacific Sean knew with a sudden certainty that in the past five years he had thought about her every single day. He had sincerely thought that he had gotten over her but only now did he realise how utterly wrong he had been.

Several hours later the moon sank below the horizon and a faint glow in the east was casting the stars from the sky. An empty life jacket floated on the water, trailing behind it a whistle that was bound to it with a nylon cord. The ocean was totally silent, undisturbed by wind or creature. It carried on in all directions and disappeared at the unbroken horizon. It would always keep its secrets.

Comments please
Email caspar.wrede@ic.ac.uk

The End

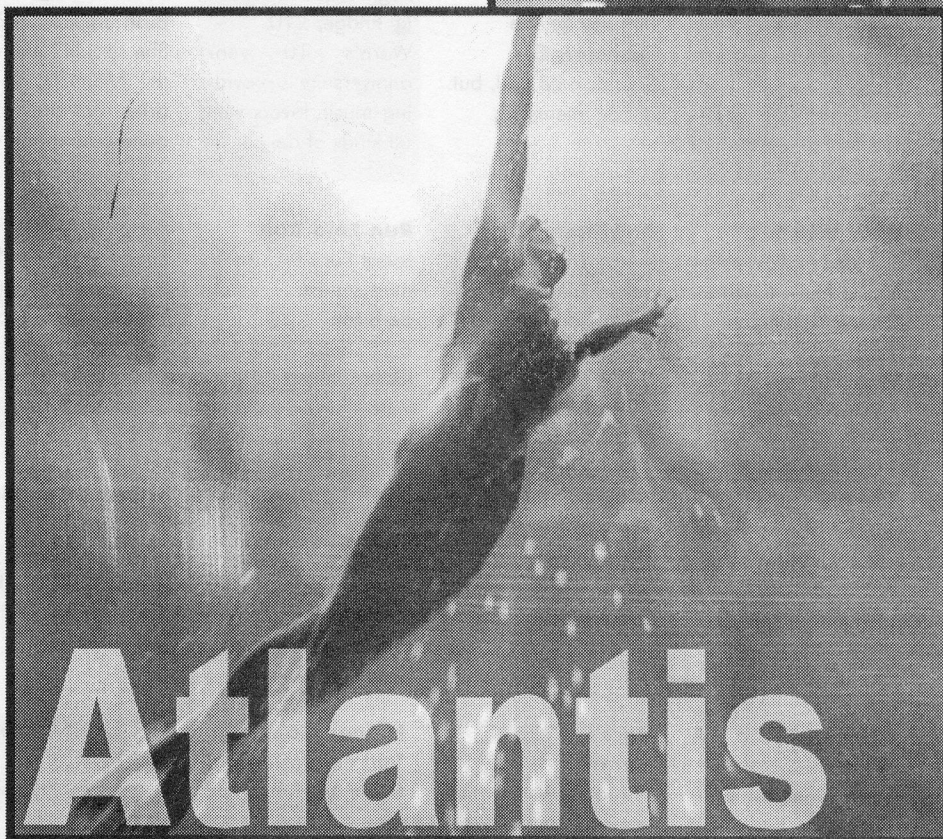
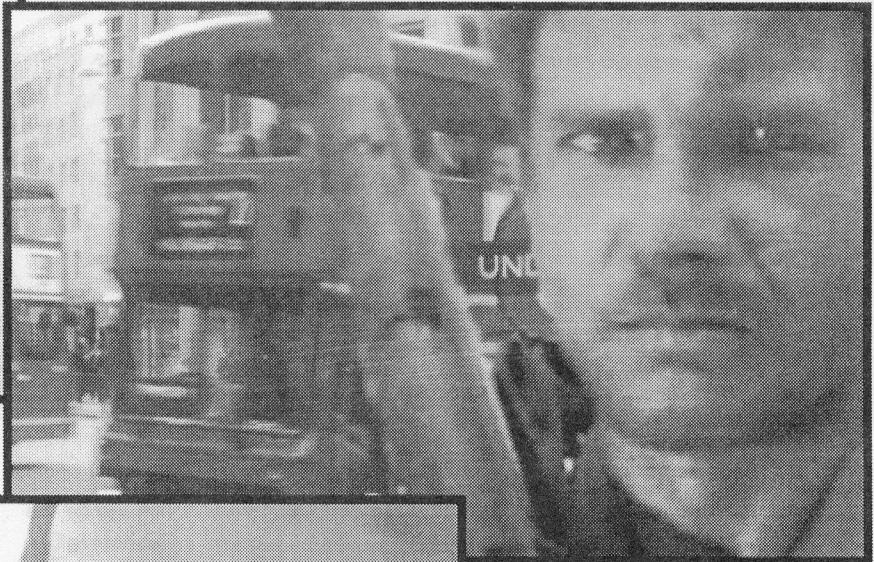
3 Reasons Why City & Guilds College Union Means Biggest & Best



Austin Powers Movies. Mon. 18th Oct / Tue 19th October
CGCU and ICU have joined forces to bring you this stunning package:
Austin Powers and Austin Powers 2 today or Wayne's World and Austin
Powers 2 tomorrow - both in Dolby Digital Sound.

Raiders Of The Lost Bus, Sunday 7th Nov, £5

Revolving around Bo, our antique car, and his Veteran Car Run to Brighton,
this is the cheapest and most fun route to Brighton - a holiday resort for many
reasons. Buy your ticket now from Waterstons or CCS Shop.



Atlantis

The C&G Freshers Dinner

19th Nov, £15 / £17

Now that you have made friends
with people in your C&G College
department, you can attend the
event designed for you. The aquatic
experience of the year, this is not to
be missed. But your tickets now
from Waterstones and CCS Shop
while they still last.



reengineering the
way you think

FELIX

S

Monday

E

Tuesday

V

Wednesday

E

Thursday

N

Friday

EVENTS

Standing Room Only

Newcastle v Derby
Perennial strugglers aim to find security and the happy world of mid-table mediocrity.
8pm da Vinci's

STA Quiz Night

Win £50 cash or a crate of lager.
8pm, da Vinci's

XS

Classic party tunes for the post-match party, plus cocktail bar and chill out room. 9-1am, dBs

Standing Room Only

Arsenal v Fiorentina
7pm da Vinci's

Halloween Cocktail Night

Relax and cool down with the cheapest cocktails in town.
5-11pm, da Vinci's

Bust-a-gut comedy

Dan Antopolski, Karen Taylor and Howard Reed
8pm dBs, £2.50.

Halloween Pop Tarts

Extreme cheese
9-2am, £1 after 9

CLUBS

HamSoc

5 - 6:30pm
Union Bar
Contact Simon Kahn (simon.kahn@ic.ac.uk) for more information.

Archery

6-10pm, Projectile Jall (Sports Centre)

Fencing Club

Union Gym, 12pm

Wine Tasting

6pm, dB's

Canoe Club

Practice session, 7pm

Pimlico

Quiz Night, 7pm SCR

Shooting

1 - 10pm, Projectile Hall (Sports Centre)

CAG

Soup run, 8pm
Week's Basement

ABACUS

Boat Party. Contact: a.liu1@ic.ac.uk or hsiow.tan@ic.ac.uk

Dance Club

Freshers Halloween Party, 7-11, JCR.
All welcome, £2 entry. Contact dance@ic.ac.uk

Music

Moby @ The Scala; £8

The David Bowie of dance music, Moby always puts on a good show.

Lynden David Hall @ RFH; £13.50

Why is soul brother Mr Hall sounding so feminine these days? Go find out.

Johann Strauss's Birthday @ The Playhouse; £??

Sounds a bit odd, but it'll be interesting.

Nightmares on Wax @ Fridge; £10

Warp's 10 year anniversary is providing music lovers with all kinds of delight.

Beth Orton @ Shep Bush Empire; £12.50

She should have won th Mercury Music prize, but she wasn't quite odd enough

Film

Tarzan

Classy new offering from the mousedom
Virgin Chelsea
4.30, 7.00, 9.00
UCI Whiteleys
4.40, 6.30, 8.40

Blair Witch

Everyone's talking about it - you'll have to see it.
Odeon Kensington
4.55, 7.05, 9.15
Virgin Fulham Rd
5.20, 7.20, 9.30

Bowfinger

Latest offering from Martin & Murphy.
Virgin Trocadero
4.25, 6.40, 9.00
UCI Whiteleys
4.20, 6.50, 9.20

Run Lola Run

Latest Euro-film smash must-see hit.
Barbican
6.15, 8.40
Gate Cinema
7.20, 9.10

American Pie

Stupid teen comedy for the Farelly generation.
Virgin Fulham Road
4.10, 6.30, 8.50
Odeon Kensington
6.25, 8.45

TV

Roger Cook's Greatest Hits

ITV, 8:30pm
Compilation of the confrontational sniffer's top stories.

The 11 O'Clock Show

C4, 11:00pm
Sacha Baron-Cohen (aka Ali G) returns!!!

Arsenal Fiorentina v

ITV, 7:30pm
More Champions League action.

20th Century Stuff

C5, 11:30pm
The little things that have "made this century tick". Silly but entertaining.

Have I Got News For You

BBC2, 9:00pm
Cockney vs Toff back with sharp satirical wit at its best.

Arts

Three Sisters

Last chance to catch Chekov adapted by David Mamet

Guildhall Free

Almost Like A Whale

Steve Jones comes to campus to talk about his new book.

Waterstones, 6.30pm

Faces of the Century

Photographs of Key images from the last 100 year.
National.
£3 Conc

Heiner Goebbels

"An explosion of Music and fire works"

Lyric Theatre Hamersmith £10

Tis a Pity She's a Whore

Modern, witty rework.

Young Vic
£9 Conc.

D

Saturday

A

Sunday

Y

Next Week

World Cup Rugby

Wales v Australia

Kung Fu Club

(Wu Shu Kwan)
Southside Gym
4:30pm - 6:30pm

RCS Motor Club

Pumping Trip
Jez will be taking a trip to Hampton to show off her pumping prowess.

The Charlatans @ Brixton Academy; £17.50

Expensive, but the baggy Cs are currently Manchester's finest.

Pushing Tin

New air-traffic control set comedy with the always brilliant John Cusack and Billy Bob Thornton. Check local press for times.

The Stand-Up Show

BBC1, 11:40pm
The latest acts showcase their talents or lack thereof

Leslie Ash

Behaving badly in her Pajama's?

£12.50 Mat.
Victoria Palace

Kung Fu Club

(Wu Shu Kwan)
Union Gym
4:30pm - 6:30pm
Beginners always welcome

Sister Sledge @ Palladium; £12.50 - £20

Let's go sledging!!!
Yeah baby, these sisters are the oldest swingers in town.!

Final Cut

Over indulgent self portrait from Jude Law.
ABC Piccadilly
3.45, 8.45
Virgin Trocadero
11.10 (Fri/Sat only)

Bremner, Bird and Fortune

C4, 9pm
Watch the satirist's rip the piss out of Tony's People

Foundation

Photographs of all we hear about on the Shipping forecast.

Gate 13 (Liverpool St) Free

It's a big week for sport, with the Champion's League reaching the final legs of the Group Stage and the Rugby World Cup heading toward teh final.

When food is grilled, the liquid within evaporates upwards. At the top it hits direct heat from the grill, and when this liquid caramelises the food turns brown. Browned food looks and tastes great. The flip side is that grilling dries food out, losing flavour and roughening texture.

Many people cook food too close. A good distance between the heat source and the top of the food is 10cm. You may want to move a little closer if the food is very thin, or further away if it is very thick. If food is too close, you choose between burning the top, and not cooking the middle. Too far away, and the food will not brown.
Food should cook with a steady sizzle, and brown slowly. If the food is cooked too slowly, it will just stew in its own juices, and you might as well have used a sauce pan!

Vampires

Latest John Carpenter slasher horror gore flick makes up for plot and sophistication with extreme unpleasantness.

Jane Eyre

Adaption of a classic by Polly Teal.

Now booking at the New Ambassador.

Tasting Notes

Week Four : Under the Grill

The Basic Skill

In the last three weeks, we've covered boiling, frying and baking. This week, we look at the last basic skill, grilling. By the end of the term, this column will have covered everything you need to cook a full Christmas dinner. There's still a long way to go!

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Meal Suggestion**Spicy Fish**

I am a huge sea food fan. So far, this column has avoided fish, so I thought I'd make up for lost time now. Fish is expensive, but worth every penny in my opinion. This is really simple, and tastes great. Many people dislike eating whole fish, or even fish with the skin on. You can make this with almost any type or cut of fish. Best is a whole white flat fish, such as skate. Thicker fish will work, but you should be careful to cook it well.

If you are using whole fish, start by cutting several deep gashes in each side. Mix a teaspoon of garam masala powder with a couple of tablespoons of olive oil per fish. Rub this mixture over the fish, then place in an oven proof dish, or

Grilling

on a baking tray.
Grill for about 10 minutes. The heat of the dish will cook the underside, so there's no need to turn.

Advanced Tip
Spectacular cheese on toast

I don't expect you to believe this recipe will work. When a friend made it, I was certain it would be a disaster, so I claim absolutely no credit. It sounds strange, because it involves grilling salad, but works really well. The end result is truly spectacular; real posh food on a budget.

Most people make cheese on toast by slapping a big lump of cheese on bread, and grilling hard until it is melted. The secret here is to use a small amount of grated cheese. The grill is used at a low heat for a few minutes only, until the cheese has mostly melted.

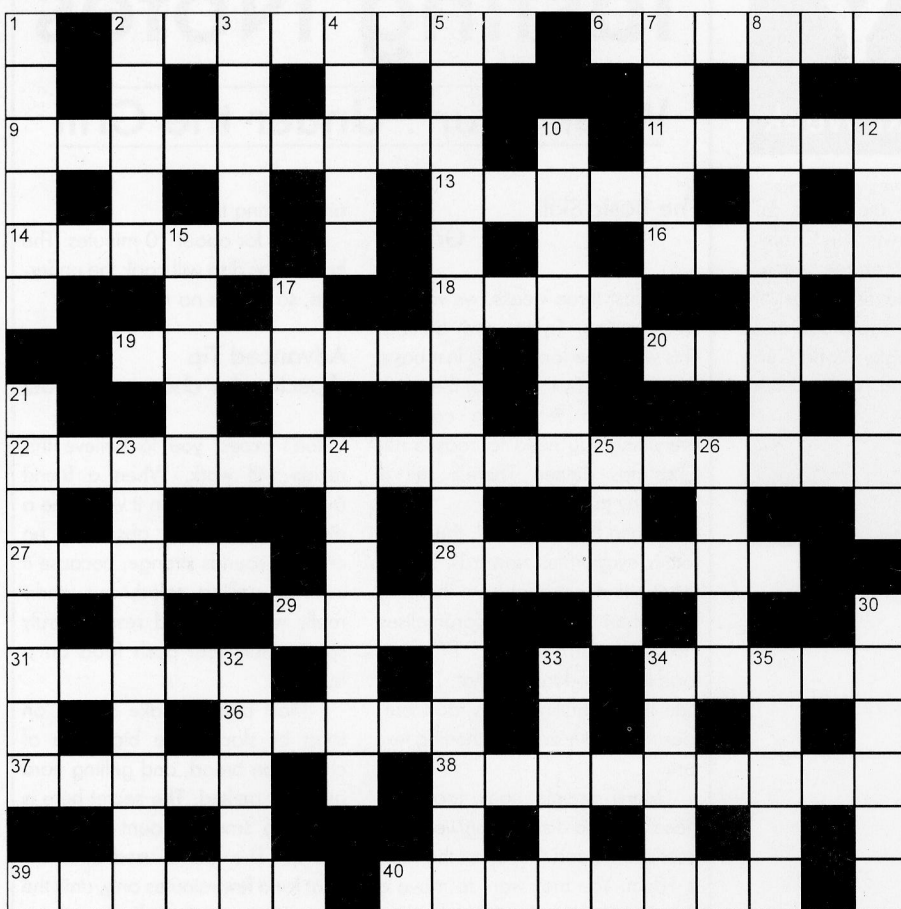
Start with centimetre thick slices of good bread. Grill one side briefly, until it goes hard, but barely brown. Turn the bread, and spread thinly with butter. Now, start to build. Your aim is to create something which sticks up an inch above the bread. Arrange a some green salad leaves on each slice, just enough to vaguely cover the whole slice. I normally use something with a bit of flavour. Rocket, or watercress are ideal. Whatever you choose, it has to look good.

Place a couple of bits of sliced tomato and maybe some mushroom, or red peppers over the leaves on each piece of bread, then add the cheese. You should either grate, or chop very finely. About 30g per slice is needed, and it could be almost anything. Combinations are great, so this is ideal for using up whatever you have about.

When your masterpiece is complete, stick it under a really slow grill. After a few minutes, the cheese should have melted enough to lie in strands over everything. In this brief time, the salad leaves will wilt slightly, but not enough to turn to mush.

Finish off by sprinkling herbs over the top, together with a twist of black pepper.

The Felix Crossword, BigWillyStile



Across

- 2. Destroy tenth friend, perhaps? (8)
- 6. Checks out the viewers. (6)
- 9. Ova codas? (9)
- 11. Lofty Greek (5)
- 13. A bish confused Indian Master (5)
- 14. Stairs of tragedy (5)
- 16. Palindromic saint has zero bullocks (5)
- 18. Could be horrid bottle (4)
- 19. Whip the French piles into shape (7)
- 20. Composer looks a bit green (5)
- 22. Understanding on the floor: need more factories! (17)
- 27. Without Imperial, this crossword would be full of dead people. (5)
- 28. Begin the worker spirit with a hissy-fit (7)
- 29. In torest find impure iron (4)
- 31. Bits of green for cars (5)
- 34. No, dear: sliced peach (5)
- 36. In Perth I effortlessly held up a bank (5)
- 37. Headless chicken swallowed growth (5)
- 38. Burger farmer (9)
- 39. Animal saint claims to

- be donkey (6)
- 40 Nice dent turns unspeakable (8)

Down

- 1 Arms go wild at climax (6)
- 2 Bowling duck (5)
- 3 Rank students (5)
- 4 Secure tracts of land (5)
- 5 Birth to death on the stage of life (3,5,4,2,3)
- 7 Irritating sea-food (5)
- 8 Rip our pot into room freshener (9)
- 10 Chinese spirit vs Italian wine (7)
- 12 Such ions whizzing around provide softness (8)
- 15 Shake Ali up for rice (5)
- 17 Expensive sweet (4)
- 21 Prance up to pastry (5,3)
- 23 Dawn snaps Doris (9)
- 24 Don't sing the chorus (7)
- 25 Tess becomes solid (4)
- 26 Rugged and undercooked (5)
- 30 Suit that I refer to as itself? (6)
- 32 Worries about food (5)
- 33 Society the French made a plinth for (5)
- 34 Knot garlic? (5)
- 35 Celebrate the French tax mix up (5)

Answers to 1153

Across: disavows, macabre, equip, lacrimator, smartie, thrush, the united nations, degrees of freedom, odours, essence, botticelli, whirr, entraps, meringue. **Down:** deep-set, sausage-dog, walked the streets, merchant of venice, cumquat, botch, errorist, potent, outdancing, adorable, see-saw, erotica, mceñroe, octet.

I would like to apologise for any confusion over the spelling of k(c)umquat. Although cumquat is a valid alternative spelling, I feel it was unfair to use it.

ICU

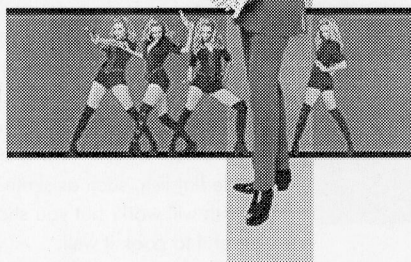
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SHAGGED
ME



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3. In which country would you find the city of Gothenburg

All answers must be received by 5pm on Friday 29th October (ie the end of this week). The winner will be randomly selected and notified by email at the beginning of next week, and the winner's name will be printed in the issue released in a fortnight's time.

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Ladies off to better start

Fencing

After what could be considered a disappointing season last year, IC Ladies Fencing team got off to a good start this season, beating UCL 10-8. We were prepared for strong opposition, having remembered the team they had last year, but we also thought that we could be in with a chance to take the match.

First we fenced the foil, with Captain Katherine winning all three of her fights in excellent style. Leucha won two of her fights, and Annie put in a great performance, considering she hasn't fenced for 18 months, but although there were a couple of close fights, she didn't manage to win a fight. That gave us a 5-4 lead going into the épée, which meant that to avoid either losing or drawing the match we had to

win the épée too.

We were hopeful going into the épée, and Captain Katherine and Leucha each won their first fight, giving us a 2-0 start. Our excellent captain went on to win both her other fights, the last one securing the match before we'd even finished. Clare fenced well, but had rarely fenced épée before and didn't manage to take a fight. Leucha won one of her other two fights and IC took the match 10-8.

Rumours abound that there are a couple of good fencers out there who haven't turned up yet, and also that UCL would be our most difficult match, so with the possibility of a stronger team later in the season, we face our next match with our confidence high.

IC shoot to win

Basketball

King's.....56
Imperial.....62

Traditionally, the first match of the season has never been very good for the mens firsts, and today was no exception.. That wasn't because Kings played well, despite their new talent, but because we were still suffering from not enough practice over the summer. We managed to beat ourselves on several occasions, at one point being out-jumped by a 3-ft point-guard on the Kings team.

The game was pretty even throughout, with Kings leading for most of the game. This was due mainly to our inability to rebound the ball or put shots in, despite having an average height about

half a foot bigger than our opponents. As the game went on though, certain players picked up their game, and made key contributions that kept us in contention for victory.

Of particular note were Adam, KK and Ellias from last year, as well as James and Franck who have joined us this year. They all played exceptionally well, and helped us to pull away in the final minutes as Kings fell apart. Our composure towards the buzzer was certainly a marked improvement on last year.

The team still has a lot of work to do before we can consider the dizzy heights of Oxford, but things are certainly looking good for the play-offs. With any luck, we should have a very good season.

Trip to Coleraine

Sailing - June 17-20 1999

An intrepid collection of sailors and non-sailors massed in Southside on the evening of the 17th of June for the annual trip to the Coleraine 24 hour race in Northern Ireland. Imperial has been entering the event for 27 consecutive years and our attendance is highly valued. The format of the race is that a boat is kept sailing for 24 hours from 2pm Saturday to 2pm Sunday with pit stops for crew changes etc. as many times as required/wanted in that time.

It was decided that we would enter one serious(ish!) team and one really not very serious at all team into the event this year.

Finally the sailing started. The first team had a good start but then lost a load by putting up their spinnaker when they'd forgotten how to fly one. Can't remember about the second team. Right from the start it was clear that our main rivals were going to be a team of people from Strathclyde who took it all far too seriously. A rule was instigated where for the evening the second team had to take a four pack out with them, to be consumed whilst sailing. The first team were racing round in or near to first place,

whilst the wind started to drop in the evening. Some highly amusing spectator sport was to be had by watching Sarah trying to steer a boat instead of a minibus, with Ben and her regularly swapping jobs and even more often to be seen swimming round the top of the mast, untying soggy wet spinners....

During the night the wind picked up, Simon and Alex recorded the fastest lap of the race, Olly and various helpers sailed round in lots of circles, with various appendages stuck to their heads, without actually completing a lap. They must have then got bored because the second team boat was seen to be pulled up on the beach for an hour or so whilst some other people were woken up and persuaded to sail.

In the end the first team came second on handicap, despite completing more laps than ever completed before and being genuinely brilliant. The second team didn't really rate in sailing terms at all, but they also succeeded in terms of being gods, just in a slightly different, more hazy way.

CD

IN BRIEF

IC.....29
LSE.....33

Last year's match against our old adversaries LSE was a closely fought battle, and this year was no exception. The battlefield scene was given extra flair with visual effects provided by Union Fire Training who seemed to be celebrating Guy Falke's night early in the basket ball courts directly behind court. Thanks guys. Ever wondered if it might have been an advantage for us to breathe? So having played the first half through the smoke and against a back drop of flames, the score was balancing on a knife-edge at 18-18. A lull in the third quarter saw LSE take the lead 22-27 before the furious pace returned and the match finished in LSE's favour 29-33. Definitely next year LSE (you were lucky!). Next week St. George's - go girls!

Ladies Hockey

IC II.....7
QMW II0

Despite having 8 players, the mighty girls showed their stuff and stormed into the match. Encouraged by their captains Chunderbird

on the side (hopping around on crutches) and telepathically by Underdown (at her deathbed). Tinky winky scored 2 goals within 15 minutes, and soon after Steph brought the score to 3-0 with a superb hit. The girls were pleased at half time, having not experienced the feeling of leading at half time (or full time last season). In the second half all the girls were on top form and 4 more goals were scored, 2 by Katie, 1 by Jo and 1 by half-pint. After the match the girls celebrated victoriously except for Karen who complained she got bored being goalie. With jugs a plenty (2 for Tinky Winky, 2 for Katie, 1 for Jo and 1 for Steph) we're off to party but we'll be back.

Also Received

Cross Country - IC in 3rd, 6th, 10th, 23rd and 28th; IC Ladies 2nd, 7th, 17th

Rugby - IC 1sts 52 - 0 Brunel (played 13/10/1999)

Football - Goldsmiths 3rds 1 - 3 IC 3rds III; IC IV 5 - 4 ICISM IV; IC VI 4 - 5 Kings VII ; IC VII 1 - 6 RCS I

Sorry guys - run out of space!

SPORT

Ay-caramba! Medics win Tries aplenty for seconds

ICSM Football

St .Bart's I.....	1
ICSM I.....	10

The ICSM team lived up to its billing as one of the favourites to win UL Division One with an emphatic 10-1 away win in the first game of the season against SBLH 1sts. The loss of several key players left a somewhat depleted team with a tricky away tie at Chislehurst against notoriously determined opposition. Once the game started, however, there was little debate as to which was the stronger side and ICSM dominated. The amount of possession was not reflected in the scoreline at halftime with ICSM only winning 2 - 0.

This was rectified in the second

half as the Medics put 8 goals past the helpless SBLH keeper. Adam Humphries made a notable 1st team debut on the left wing and John Williams made many penetrating runs from midfield. He was eventually fouled on one of these runs resulting in a penalty that the captain Ned Carabine put away with aplomb. SBLH never posed any danger up front and any attacks were nullified by the ICSM defence and the impressive Eamonn Rabie. The SBLH goal came at the death as a header was deflected past the keeper. This, however, could not be much of a consolation to them as the Medics scored goal after goal and hit the woodwork twice.

Rugby

IC II.....	65
RUMS II.....	8

After a poor start to the season last week with a narrow win against Brunel (!), the seconds soon hit top form. As the harsh winds of Harlington blew across the pitch and kick off drew near, the tension and anticipation soon rose. With the advantage of the wind the medics went into an early lead as the new 2nds tried to gain some kind of shape in the forwards. Then as the backs and forwards started to dominate all over the pitch, the score started to mount as the 2nds moved up a couple of gears, the first try coming as Tim "the Gay icon" Denyer burst through their defence

to score. Soon followed more tries from Flo and Rich Seppings but a lack of tackling ability let the medics score with ease, leaving the score at half-time to be 31-8 in our favour. As the second half started, so the 2nds started playing exhibition rugby with the backs playing golden rugby, more tries followed as the forwards secured good ball to allow the backs to score almost every time they gained possession. As the score rose so did the 2nds aggression, managing to reduce their team to 13. After repeated pleas for mercy, the ref gave in and called time with 20 minutes still on the clock. In the end, "the gay icon" led with five tries and Flo was just behind with four.

Mens Football

GKT I.....	2
IC I.....	4

The only phrase to describe this performance would be aerial dominance with 3 of the 4 IC goals coming from our boy's bonces.

A new system was needed following the absence of Nak and Steve, and it took us a little time to adapt allowing GKT to score a sloppy first goal. However, this did not knock us off track, as we started to pass the ball around well in the midfield. The first goal came from a nice move involving Juan and Dave and Alex nodded the ball over the stranded keeper.

After this it was all IC and we took the lead before the break thanks to a storming header from Tony. The ball was whipped over by Warren and Tony managed to head the ball and take two defenders and put them all in the back of the net.

In the second half the difference in class was obscene, Dan

extending the lead, with another header from Jamie's cross.

Whining Warren scored the fourth after a move that involved most of the team. By the time they scored their second, the game was won.

UCL I.....	2
IC I.....	1

Gutted! Absolutely gutted. IC played like champs for most of the game and took the lead after a UCL defender steered in Warren's header. We created a few other half-chances, but failed to find the target.

With 15 mins to go we were still in control when a forward was allowed to stroll through the mid-field/defence and hit a lame shot that squirmed through the bewildered keeper.

Things went from bad to worse when another defensive mix up allowed them to get the winner with about 7 mins left.

Disco boys destroy GKT

Hockey - Disco Squad

IC III.....	9
GKT III.....	0

What can I say, another Wednesday, another BUSA fixture, another crushing victory.

It seems the Disco Lads barely missed their gallant heroic (and really rather attractive) leader Fabio, in what was a most decisive result. Tong the keeper was kept busy by the subs whilst the remaining 10 men spent the entire game hacking the opposition to death in their D.

The disco short corner routine is coming on well this season and of the 750 short corners so far, Mammers finally converted one to open his account. The first half was comfortable but highlighted by one simple moment of utter glory.

In the midst of a goal-line

scramble the ball came loose to Prelapsed Bowel (Iain Pyle) at the top of the D. He entered the channel of Love. With palm sweating and his shaft throbbing he swung and shot his load into the goal. The back-board exploded in a thrilling climax to the half and as he milked the last drops of joy it was clear we were on to a winner.

At the half we were up 5 to nil, the tally, 2 to Mammers, 2 to Jesus and 1 to the man of the match, Prelapse. The second half was typical Disco. Not elegant but brutally (yes, you Mammers) efficient.

Four more beauties flowed from the stick of the sundance kid, none from a yard but who cares, it was another moment of Disco glory so come on then, who's next.