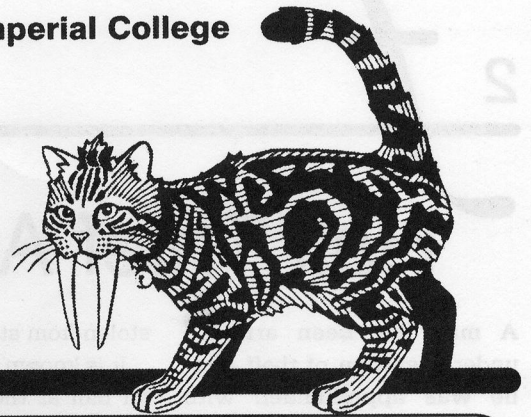


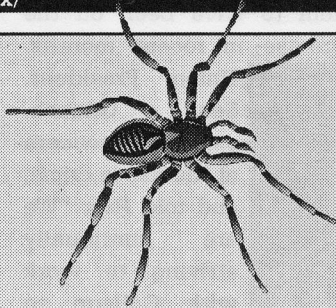
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# felix

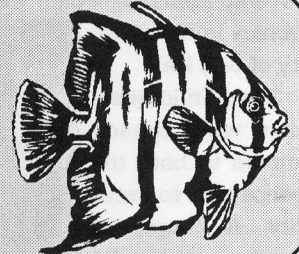


<http://www.union.ic.ac.uk/felix/>

**Nothing to do? Fear not, Spider Man is coming. (Page 11)**



**Adamant To The Fish? If you want to understand, read it yourself... (Page 5)**

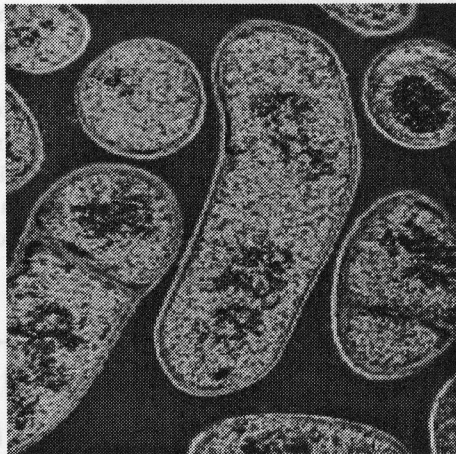


## Botulism Busted

The Biochemistry Department is under investigation by the Health and Safety Executive (HSE) for alleged breaches of Government regulations surrounding research on dangerous substances.

Professor Oliver Dolly, a respected tutor within the Biochemistry department, has been suspended by College authorities for reported irregularities relating to work on the Class 2 strain of genetically modified botulism. Although Professor Dolly's work was conducted in a secure environment it is alleged that he failed to notify the HSE before starting work. Exposure to botulism, a highly toxic anaerobic bacterium, can lead to sudden and horrible death.

Felix has learnt that a junior researcher raised the question of HSE authorisation and was immediately fired by Professor Dolly. The College authorities were notified and an investigation is now being conducted by the Rector. Professor Dolly - who was escorted from his office by College Security officers - has been given 28 days to respond to allegations. The junior researcher is now taking legal action.



**The botulism bacterium. Yummy.**

Professor Dolly has been working on botulism derivatives for many years, most recently under a contract funded jointly by the United States Department of Defence and a private company (which cannot be named for legal reasons).

Professor Dolly was a renowned student tutor, but according to sources within the department, his tutor group - whose

exams are looming ever closer - only found out about his enforced vacation through informal channels.

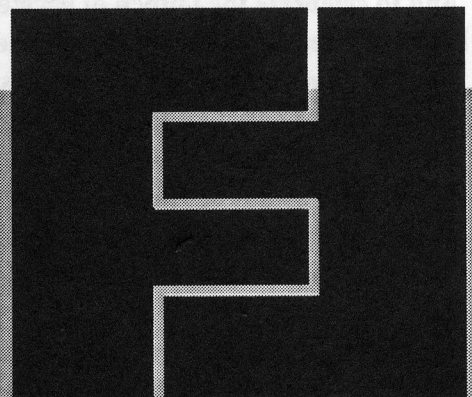
It is thought that this lack of communication to the students is due to College and the department attempting to keep the situation as low profile as possible, since it is the second major breach of health and safety in a year. The College was fined £45,000 for conducting HIV research in a lab that was not properly sealed. They also failed to take appropriate action to remedy the situation once the leak had been discovered.

Despite the dangers of botulism in its native form, many people in the UK have have started to employ its effects by way of a botulism-derived anti-aging cream. Botox, which is a botulism based product, is injected into the faces of celebrities to tighten muscles, and thus reduce fine lines and wrinkles.

*will & Etienne*

**"Fair trade is not about charity, it's about giving people the dignity of working their way out of poverty, providing hope for the future."**

**Next Week is Fair Trade Week**



# Hall Thief Apprehended

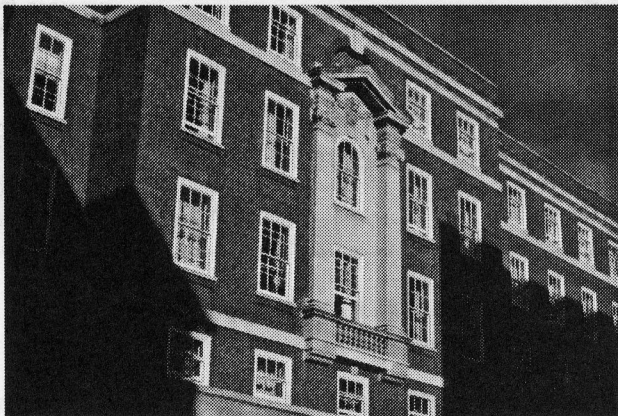
A man has been arrested under suspicion of theft after he was apprehended with several items of stolen electronics in the vicinity of Beit Hall.

The man in question was already known to both the police and to security. A couple of weeks ago he assaulted a security officer, and during his apprehension, he assaulted a further two officers, although none of them were seriously hurt.

Once he had been detained by security, the police were called, and subsequent to his arrest, he was found to be in possession of five mobile telephones and a laptop, which are thought to have been

stolen from students.

It is known the the man was on bail at the time of his re-apprehension, but he is now



The Scene of the Arrest

in custody, and on this occasion he is to be accused of a further four charges, which will range from theft to aggravated burglary.

Currently the police are looking into the possibility

that he may be connected to thefts in other halls, which seem to have been on the increase in recent months.

Union President, Sen Ganesh, expressed concern at the rise in crime, and told *Felix* "We are continually striving to work with College to improve security in our halls of residence. Following recent discussions, we intend to increase the use of CCTV in student areas."

Several of the items found on the man have already been claimed back, and if you think that you have been the victim of a theft, you should contact

*will*

*f*

Issue 1236

17 May 2002

Editor: will Dugdale  
Deputy Editor: Ali Wren  
News: Etienne Pollard  
Music: Dave Edwards  
Books: Jon Matthews  
Film: Darius Nikbin  
Sports: Vacant  
Crossword: Dr. Hot Fudge

With Thanks To:  
Everyone

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## WIN A PRO PLUS BUDDY FOR THE DAY! (that's essentially a slave by the way!)

Pro Plus - the student's buddy - have set up a website called *EssayFly*, the ultimate tool for students to use for research, revision tactics and stress management. [www.essayfly.com](http://www.essayfly.com) combines hints and tips on revision and exams together with an instant access database of essays posted on the site by students, for students.

And to celebrate the launch of [www.essayfly.com](http://www.essayfly.com) Pro Plus are offering one lucky reader the chance to win a Pro Plus Buddy for a day, which is essentially a slave for the day to help you through the exam period. The winner will be able to command at will whether they want their Buddy to slave over a hot stove, pick up their library books or simply collect the drinks from the bar. To enter just answer this simple question:

**What is the name of the new revision aid website that has been launched by Pro Plus?**

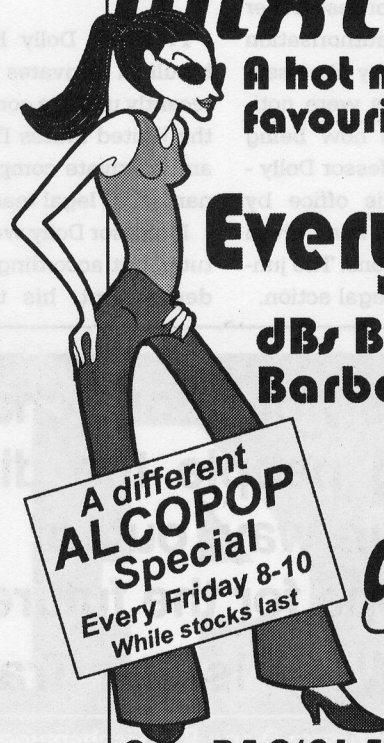
Send you entries to [felix@ic.ac.uk](mailto:felix@ic.ac.uk), subject line: buddy

# Dolly Mixtures

A hot mix of favourites 2 dance 2

## Every Friday

dBs Bar opens at 8  
Barbeque from 10



Friday Night Out  
Supported by



imperial college union

Free B4 9/£1.50/£2 guests after



# Summer

Imperial College Union

# Ball

imperial college union



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**FIREWORKS!!**

ANNOUNCING Headline Act  
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& Mos Eisley

**Saturday,**

7:30-late

**June 8**

Tickets

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Entertainment only £25/£35

Available by telephone on 020-7594-8060 and from the Union Reception, JCR, BMS and Waterstones

30% discount from Moss Bros and Pegaso  
[See website for details]

For up-to-the-minute details: [www.union.ic.ac.uk/summerball](http://www.union.ic.ac.uk/summerball)

# Bananas - Beautiful and Bendy

What's up with bananas then? Well, apart from the obvious, bananas are back on the political agenda.

How come? Monkey man Stuart Drummond has been elected Mayor of Hartlepool.

Errr... what's the connection? Stuart, the monkey mascot of Hartlepool FC campaigned on a ticket of free bananas for all school children.

To promote good nutrition? Yes, and as a reminder that the good people of Hartlepool lynched a monkey who they thought was a French spy for Napoleon.

Thank goodness we live in more civilised times then! But not if you are a banana grower.

What's the problem? There are several. Small family producers in the Caribbean are being squeezed out by large scale plantation companies in Central America funded by US

megabucks. But good for the plantation workers? Not often, as wages are low, the work involves pesticides, and there is little investment in social or health amenities for workers' families. Plus it increases dependency on this single cash crop.

OK point taken. But there must be some good news? Yes, monkey man Stuart has stepped out of the ape suit and wants to get stuck into issues like investment to reduce youth crime.

And for the banana growers? Participation in the Fair Trade Label has helped small producers in the Caribbean and plantation workers in countries like Costa Rica.

Don't say: "Yes, we have no bananas."

Do say: "Is that a Fairly Traded Banana or are you just

pleased to see me?"

Fairly traded bananas usually come from estates in the Caribbean where worker safety is a high priority, and family farms which are struggling with low prices and competition from plantations.

Coopetrabatur is a co-operative in Costa Rica, set up by former Chiquita workers when the multinational pulled out 20 years ago. In just a few years, Fairtrade has made a difference to the co-op's 300 members and workers. They have begun an environmental programme, reduced chemical use, and started recycling all plastic waste. Better prices have allowed them to invest in housing and tree planting. The workers are now paid 60% more than the minimum

**"Fairtrade lends a new meaning to the words 'good food' "**

**Derek Cooper**

wage, and the co-operative has been able to employ an agronomist and ecologists to improve farming methods. But Fairtrade has meant far more than material benefits. Arturo Jiménez Gómez said: "I thank God for the new system, because it has resolved our problems. Our dream is to be free, to be looked on as human beings, as people, not objects. Even poor farmers are allowed to dream."

So, what is Fairtrade? Fairtrade is about better prices, decent working conditions, local sustainability, and fair terms of trade for farmers and workers in the developing world. By requiring companies to pay above market prices, Fairtrade addresses the injustices of conventional trade, which traditionally discriminates against the poorest, weakest producers. It enables

them to improve their lot and have more control over their lives. So far, it has made a real difference to the lives of over 120,000 farmers and workers.

It also empowers us as consumers to take responsibility for the role we play when we buy products from the third world - each one of us really can make a difference.

By choosing fair trade, we know that our purchase is helping to provide decent livelihoods for the people who grow the ingredients or make the products. Fair trade is not about charity, it's about giving people the dignity of working their way out of poverty, providing oppor-

tunity and hope for the future. It's about developing a different way of buying things, whether we're choosing coffee or cards, tea or T-Shirts.

This coming week, 20-24th May, the Chaplaincy is organising a Fair Trade Week on campus. Come and find out more!

Fairly traded coffee will be on sale in the da Vinci's all week with free samples and tasting at 12-2pm in the JCR on Monday, in Sherfield on Tuesday and in the BMS on Wednesday.

Fairtrade goods are available from the Chaplaincy Centre, in the Union shop and in most local supermarkets and health food stores.

More information about fairtrade at [www.fairtrade.org.uk](http://www.fairtrade.org.uk).

**TASTE THE DIFFERENCE**

**MAKE A DIFFERENCE**



**Support Fairtrade Week**

**Buy Fairtrade Coffee from DaVinci's Café Bar 12-2pm & 5-8pm**

**FAIRTRADE WEEK 20-24TH MAY**



Guarantees a **better deal** for Third World Producers

**imperial college union CATERING**

## Adamant To The Fish

### The Bizarre Absurdities of Normalcy.


So, after minutes of hard work I have stolen some valuable print space for my own brand of cynical and irritating banter. I can tell you many things, many things indeed. I could tell you that January the 27th was not a good day, but that we don't talk about it, I could tell you strange and imagined things about strange and imagined things and trust me, one day I will. For now, however, I will restrict myself to reality, or rather my perception of reality, which is often a very different matter.

After that brief and totally pointless introduction I will divert my attention to matters at hand, or rather at foot, for you see I have chosen shoes for the topic of my discussion given my recent frustration in attempting to purchase such garments. Shoes apparently have been standardised to fit the average man (and presumably woman, though I made no research into this area for obvious reasons). I was earnestly told by the manager of a large sports shop in this fair city that size ranges have been cut on both ends of the

scale, as there is simply no demand for anything outside the range 7-10. I felt it necessary to correct his inadequate statement as clearly I had demand for such shoes, being as I was in a shoe shop, demanding them. At this point all helpfulness disappeared from his demeanour and I felt obliged to depart. No less than ten other shops brought the same disappointment although all the fire had slipped out of me by this point and I was no longer capable of wittily putting down salesmen, just blindly and quietly accepting their rebukes.

This tale of woe is not designed to make you pour sympathy and tears on the ink of this page but rather to highlight a disturbing trend in our lives. Everything is standardised from footwear to television programmes and frankly it scares me. The old adage "familiarity breeds contempt" springs gaily to mind. By shop number seven I was finding what could have been a diverting experience about as featureless and bland as a relief map of Holland and how much more contemptuous can

you get than devoting more than five hundred words complaining about it. Soon, I feel, we will all have to normalise ourselves to fit into jobs, colleges, marriages and even bus seats. Some of you may slot neatly into this mould where others like me will have to do a lot more squeezing than should be necessary. Those wonderfully interesting soap operas, those deep intriguing documentaries, those original and realistic police dramas and even those simply indescribable make-over shows will all blend into twenty-four hours a week of unstimulating, incomprehensible grey presented by identical presenters from Newcastle. Your minds will be anaesthetised by the hypnotic repetition in all walks of life until you will have only the vaguest recollection of what real life was like, all those years ago when there was colour in your existence, when you didn't have to bind your feet or even comb your hair. Sorry, I'm getting carried away. It is all very noble of me to take a stand I think, especially since I've still got wet feet.



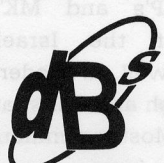
ICU Good Fun @ good prices

They're playing our song at the Union.

Thursday, May 23

8pm: FREE@The Union  
dbs bar open from 8pm

imperial college union



## Credit Where Due

Dear Felix,  
Having read Felix issue 1135 I notice on page 2 there is an article about the Summer Ball 2002 band line up. In the middle of the article there is an excellent photo of all the party goers in Great Hall, and I wondered who the photographer was, as it is not mentioned anywhere? Could it be the same person who took all the amazing photos of the summer ball, which can be found at [www.dramsoc.org](http://www.dramsoc.org)?  
Yours, thedramsocphotographerinresidence

## Israeli Response

Last month an Arab terrorist went into a hotel in Israel and massacred a group of 28 celebrating a festive dinner. Two weeks ago another gunman

burst into a family home and slaughtered a family of four, including a five year old who hid under her bed but was sought after and killed in cold blood by the terrorist. These people were murdered simply because of their Jewish religion. These murderers feted as heroes by Islamist fanatics including unfortunately a member of IC (Felix 2 May 2002), who has been publicising his pilgrimage to the Headquarters of the person responsible for citing and orchestrating these despicable acts. The fanatics excuse for these atrocities is a land dispute but the 150 million Arabs fighting the 5 million Israelis, from their 21 states, have lands 500 times the size of Israel. And what do they do in these vast lands? Millions of Iraqis sought asylum in Europe from the persecutions of Saddam Hussein.

Thousands of Algerians fled The Islamist civil war which claimed 100,000 civilian lives - is that the fault of Israel? The very existence of a Jewish state in whatever borders is considered a stain on Arab honour. The Arab despots mobilise their people to destroy Israel to distract them from their poverty and oppression while their leaders enjoy better lives benefiting from their oil wealth and vast rich lands. Indeed your correspondent need only have taken a journey through the streets and alleyways near college to hear dozens of of such tales of Arab oppression from the many who have fled to the safety of this country. The British media joins in the distortion of truth and the channelling of hatred towards Israel. Just consider the amount of attention given to the 2.7 million Palestinian Arabs, ignoring the news of

states. These Jewish refugees lost everything in their ancestral homelands and their ancient communities dating back to biblical times were eliminated in 1948. But the Israelis, all of them refugees, concentrated on building new lives in Israel and developing their country. The Palestinian Arabs have been encouraged by their rulers and elements within the European Union to act as a ticking time bomb which threatens to be a serious hazard to world peace. Perhaps your correspondent, could have volunteered his services as a "human shield" to stand outside any Israeli nursery school or cafe or Pool Hall to guard against such homicide bombers - somehow though I doubt it!

David Shalom  
Chairman Imperial College Jewish Society

On bank holiday Monday, Imperial College Jewish Society, along with around 55,000 other supporters from different faiths and backgrounds, attended the "Israel Solidarity Rally" at Trafalgar Square.

The rally was held under the banner of "Yes to Peace & No to Terror" and was intended as a massive show of support to the Israeli people who are having to endure relentless, indiscriminate and brutal terrorist attacks over the past 19 months. The message was simple: Israel has and will always strive for peace with its neighbours, but is not prepared to tolerate daily attacks on its citizens.

Present at the rally were numerous MP's and MK's (Members of the Israeli Knesset), as well as leaders from the Jewish and Christian community. Most prominent however was former Israeli

what is going on in the many Arab states whether in Sudan or Algeria or Syria and Lebanon. Does the media decry the Syrian subjugation and occupation of Lebanon?

A pet topic of the British media is the plight of Palestinian Arab refugees, ignoring the responsibility of Arafat and other Arab rulers for that plight. Jenin, supposedly a refugee "camp" was a fortress rich in weapons and explosives, yet they say that they do not have enough money for food, while the British taxpayer still continues to finance the UN emergency refugee agency (an emergency that has lasted for 54 years when 5 Arab states first invaded Israel).

All of Israel is a refugee camp - indeed half the population are survivors of the Holocaust. What is not realised is that the other half are former citizens of Arab



**British Heart Foundation**

**Sunday 19 May 02**



**FUN  
RUN  
(or)  
WALK**

**Help to make a difference in the fight against heart disease & get some fresh air too**

Hampstead Heath, starting btwn 9:30 and 14:00

**Sponsor forms & more info:** 020 73706319 / 07967 739394  
Ed Millar-Craig - [edward.millar-craig@ic.ac.uk](mailto:edward.millar-craig@ic.ac.uk)  
or Nick Gazard - [nicholas.gazard@ic.ac.uk](mailto:nicholas.gazard@ic.ac.uk)

Registered Charity No. 255971

Prime Minister Binyamin Netanyahu. He explained that the Palestinian leader, Yasser Arafat has himself, been directly responsible for the terrorist attacks. Furthermore he has incited such hatred of Israel in his people that peace now seems more distant than ever. The word "Peace" in Palestinian society has become a metaphor, for "pushing the Jews into the Mediterranean Sea." Netanyahu was cheered and applauded when he proclaimed that the only way to peace is not VIA Arafat, but rather OVER Arafat. He has failed the Israelis as a partner for peace but more importantly has failed his own people, in their legitimate desire for a state.

Most people would agree that the Palestinians have the right, like all nations, to self-determination. Sadly they chose to embark on a path of violence and terror, in order to achieve their goals, and this is unacceptable. Negotiations cannot resume whilst the Israelis have a gun to their head and suicide bombers are exploding all over the country.

In a recent visit to Israel I was witness to the daily routine of fear and insecurity to which the Israeli people have become accustomed. Not being able to go to a coffee shop, a supermarket, in fact anywhere out of their homes, without the fear of being blown to bits. No country in the world would be expected to put up with such a state of affairs. It is therefore Israel's right and necessity to defend itself, as any country would in its position.

It angers me to read of the so called "Peace Activists," like the one who wrote into Felix last week, that try to prevent the Israeli army from completing its legitimate task of root-

ing out terrorists and destroying their infrastructure, whilst still managing to maintain the highest moral standards and dignity of the innocent populous. It may interest readers to know that many of these activists have recently sheltered and some media personnel have even smuggled out (knowingly or not) wanted terrorists from refugee camps and into Israel. Ambulances were stopped and searched because rather than ferry the sick and injured, they were used to move gunmen and explosives. Most shocking of all was the fact that women would sometimes hide explosives under their dresses and pretend that they are pregnant, in an attempt to get quickly across the Israeli checkpoints.

The reality is that the actions of the Palestinians and their leadership at this time, are not those of a people that desire peace and an immediate end to violence. To negotiate with and make concessions at a time when young people are still being murdered on a night out in a club, would be foolish and absurd.

Gil Rabbie.

Please No More...

Andy, Andy, Andy, when will you learn? Personal attacks never work.

You see I, too, could be personal. I could mention your IC career, both as a medical student and as an officer. But that would be unkind. And I know how upset you'd get.

So, let's keep the argument on the topic shall we? The NUS, you remember? This was where you lied. You lied to the clubs. You lied to the societies. You lied to the drinkers in the Bars and you are lying to yourself if you believe the National

Union wouldn't represent your views. You even lied to your own campaign team for God's sake! You took two weeks off training to become a doctor, as opposed to my single week. And then there was what your team actually told the students when they stopped them, which, quite frankly, defies belief.

Anyway, enough of this. If you believe what you hear, there is a campaign brewing; something along the lines of "BONUS" (Bring On NUS) to which I suspect you'll respond something equally witty (ANUS perhaps? Anti NUS?). Still, it's been emotional. Can't wait to hear your response, all my love and gratitude for highlighting the antiquated opinions that dogged your campaign,

David Francis

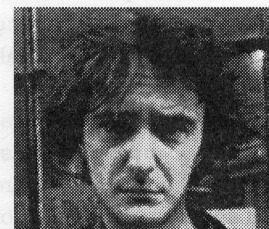
Chair, ICU Campaign for Re-affiliation to the NUS

Who's Who

Dear Felix,  
Has anyone else noticed the resemblance between our Felix Editor will Dugdale and bad tempered drunk book shop owner Bernard Black. Separated at birth?  
John



Black



Dugdale

IMPERIAL COLLEGE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
7:30 pm FRIDAY  
24<sup>th</sup> MAY  
GREAT HALL  
TICKETS £2.60 / £1.00 IN ADVANCE / £3 / £7 ON THE DOOR  
AVAILABLE FROM BLYTH MUSIC CENTRE  
www.su.le.ac.uk/orchestra

MOZART  
SHOSTAKOVICH  
RAVEL  
PROKOFIEV  
CONDUCTOR ~ RICHARD DICKINS  
PIANO ~ JESSICA CHAN  
OVERTURE THE MAGIC FLUTE  
PIANO CONCERTO NO. 2  
LE BRET  
SUITE LEUTENANT KIJE

## Editorial

Hey there kiddies! How's you all doin'? I'm having a small nervous breakdown in the corner over here, due to the revelation that I'm even more disorganised, and perhaps unlucky, than I had ever dreamed possible.

Literally minutes after sending off my editorial to the printers last week, I received some more fascinating news, and while it is still pertinent, it is no longer causing me quite the trauma it was, so I won't bother ranting about it. However, at that point I made the fatal error of assuming that things couldn't, physically, become any worse.

How foolish to overlook that which can cause the most pain. Affairs of the heart are all well and good, if you've got the time, but I have just today been introduced to a far worse and more deadly strain of stress. Or stress of strain, perhaps.

I'm going to Holland next week, which I must agree will probably turn out to be a very pleasant experience, but this does mean I have two issues of *Felix* to create by next Monday. This wouldn't be so bad were it not for the added bonus of the Alternative Prospectus, which I have recently been informed is 'Top Priority'.

Now I'm slightly miffed about this, because it wasn't actually meant to be my job, but here I am lumbered with it anyway, since some muppet (you know who you are) decided he couldn't be arsed to get on and do it himself. Okay, so he's got a degree to do, or some equally dull excuse, but I'm allowed to get grumpy occasionally, eh?

So there's that, not to mention the fact that I have to

have the budgeting and 'general plan' for the next handbook sorted out in the next two weeks as well (remember I'm not here next week), so all in all I have a lot to do in the next seven days.

And then I'm going to go and represent the Union in Delft, Holland, and hopefully (when I'm not representing) take some serious R&R, and I know you know what that means.

So that's the good news, and as such it has also given me something to write about in my editorial, which is always a bonus.

And who knows, if I insist on looking on the bright side, which seems to be my only alternative to an aneurysm, then I could see this as a valuable learning experience that will enable me to manage stress in a positive and constructive way. Or I could just go down the boozier and get completely trolled, which would seem to be a far more attractive prospect, all things considered.

And just in case you were interested, which I know you're not, but I still have space to fill, so here it is, I have now been entirely drug free for a week. That includes alcohol, nicotine, caffeine, and all illegal drugs, but not, I'm afraid I have to admit, chocolate. By the time you read this, however, I will have probably resumed my alcoholic ways, and will be in the bar trying to forget that I have done none of the things that I intended to do before I went away.

As my mother always says, 'A stitch in time saves nine', but as I always say 'Get your bitch arse back in the kitchen, and make me some pie!', so that sorts that out...

This Week	Friday	Weekend
Union Events	<b>Dolly Mixtures</b> Big up to the chewy sweet massif! Cheesin' it wit' me posse, etc. I don't know, you try and make this different every week. Drink! <i>Union, Know The Drill</i>	<b>What?</b> Another weekend? It's a miracle you lazy sods ever do any work. Hahaha. Not that I do, of course, but then I'm paid not to, so that OK. <i>Sleep/Drink/Sleep</i>
Student Activities	<b>Friday</b> Worse than other days because you're so very very tired, but you know you should go out and enjoy yourself. Ho hum, what a quandary. <i>Throat Wobbler...</i>	<b>Sleep / Revise</b> Cor Blimey, governor, how I hate the exam season, and yeah, it is upon us again like a limp squid on a dust bin lid. Allegorical. <i>...Mangrove</i>
At The Movies	<b>Piggery Jokery</b> Not really, but it's a good word, eh? Surely Star Wars has come out by now. Oh, yesterday? Was it any good? Did you go? Maybe write a review. Maybe not.	<b>Hearts In Atlantis</b> Oooh, de ooh de errr. Apparently a new lodger helps a miserable, bored, young boy discover his 'Special Powers'. Is it just me, or is that wrong?
Television & Radio	<b>Television</b> Ironic exposé of the television industry's use of mind altering images to ensure you watch the next thrilling episode of <Pick Your Favourite Show> next week.	<b>Rots</b> Mutant rats are let loose into the New York subway, destroying life and property with blatant disregard for America. Enter Arnie as an exterminator with a big gun.
Gigs & Concerts	<b>Mr Scruff</b> Fish fish fish fish fish fish. Eating fish. How useful. Damn it, I wish I'd noticed this last week. If you can still buy tickets, I would. I will. <i>The Forum</i>	<b>Papa Roach</b> Angry music for angry people. Grr. Disclaimer: <i>Felix</i> takes no responsibility if you go to this and get moshed to death by angry people. <i>Mean Fiddler</i>
Health & Fitness	<b>Introduction</b> I've noticed, as I've been wandering around our College, that you're all looking a bit porky, and compared to my chiselled musculature, you all need beefing up. Hal	<b>Sit Ups</b> Just because it's exams, there's no need to let it all go. Sit ups should be done slowly and controlledly. 20 of those is better than 100 really fast ones.



Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
<p><b>Tell Me Why...</b> ...I don't like Mondays. Actually Mondays are better for me than Tuesdays and bastard Wednesdays. They're the worst. Now is a... <i>Wednesday</i></p>	<p><b>Trivia</b> Know the capital of Mongolia? Well good for you, you smug git. It's a tightrope, you see. If you win, everyone will fancy you, but if you don't... <i>Da Vinci's, Evening</i></p>	<p><b>Wednesday Wotsits</b> As opposed to Tuesday wotsits, which come in a bag. Frankly if I need to explain wotsits to you, the chances of you going are pretty slim. <i>Union, Murphle.</i></p>	<p><b>Karaoke</b> Now I've warned you about this, but there's the possibility of some American totty, so get over there before they learn to hold their drink. <i>Da Vinci's, 8:30pm</i></p>	<p><b>Molly Dixtures</b> Just for a change. I don't know: I should have done this row first, but I did it last, and I just want to go to bed. I'm off for lunch with mum. <i>Union, Just So You Know</i></p>
<p><b>Alternative Music Soc</b> Drop by DBs to hear the most recent, innovative and exciting new releases in the world of alternative music. Everyone is welcome. Apparently. <i>dBs, 5pm-8pm</i></p>	<p><b>ICSTM Links</b> First aid kits are the name of the game today, and you can learn how to use one. So get down those basements and make yourself useful! <i>Union 6b, 7pm</i></p>	<p><b>Ah - A Gap</b> The problem with people writing in is that I can't have a whole row of ranting tosh. And this hole is in the middle, so it's right out. Oh well. <i>I don't know.</i></p>	<p><b>Alternative Music Soc</b> I don't know about this one. I think it's just a meeting, no-one tells me anything. Poor me. Anyway, go to it and see for yourself, lazy-bones. <i>dBs, 5pm-8pm</i></p>	<p><b>Friday</b> Better than the other days, because it's far enough away from Monday for you to justify having a day off revision, and getting drunk. <i>Raymond Luxury-Yacht</i></p>
<p><b>Help! I Am A Fish</b> What a good name. In France it was 'Gloop, Je suis un poisson', which amused me. It's been out for ages, but frankly who cares with a name as funky as that.</p>	<p><b>Slackers</b> Bunch of post-American Pie kids get up to some hilariously post-adolescent humour, and someone probably gets caught with his genitals in a goat or something.</p>	<p><b>Blade II</b> Have I mentioned that this must be one of the best films ever. Apart from having Wesley Snipes in, it's about vampires. Who can ask for anything more?</p>	<p><b>Mulholland Drive</b> This is actually on today at the ICU Cinema. I don't know exactly how much it is, but I know it's significantly cheaper than Leicester Square. <i>Union Concert Hall, 7pm</i></p>	<p><b>Panic Room</b> Docu-drama about the <i>Felix</i> office around Tuesday night and Wednesday. Oh, what a wit I am. Just because I have no hair left to tear out, you shouldn't laugh.</p>
<p><b>What</b> Funky new game show, where the only question asked is 'what', and the contestants have to work out what's going on. Similar genre to 'Who's pig is this'.</p>	<p><b>Little</b> A look into the lives of some less privileged individuals, who aren't quite six foot. But I am so yah boo sucks to you all. But I must admit, you're very tall...</p>	<p><b>Brain</b> Having killed Pinky, this super-intelligent mouse quits show-business, and gets drawn into the shadowy world of student journalism. Tonight we take over <i>Felix</i>!</p>	<p><b>You</b> Secret cameras are following you, yes... you! You're not paranoid: it's real and there's an entire cable channel for it. But you're not as funny as Truman.</p>	<p><b>Have</b> Set in the picturesque Cornwall town of Have, this soap revolves around the satanic black mass rituals of the local Post Office manager, Mrs. Higgins. Spooky</p>
<p><b>Beverly Night</b> Erm, I know I should know this. I think she sings R'n'B-ish stuff. Look, if you're going to go to a concert, I'm sure you know what it is... <i>Shepherds Bush Empire</i></p>	<p><b>Catheters</b> Guffaw. Not a pretty name, so almost certainly a heavy rock band. I'm so shallow, perhaps they're a quartet of harp playing gypsies. Or not. <i>Monarch</i></p>	<p><b>Mad Capsule Markets</b> On at ooloo, so probably quite cheap and cheerful. Maybe they're really famous, and I'm just being ignorant. More likely, in retrospect. <i>ULU</i></p>	<p><b>Danko Jones</b> Erm, yeah. From the website, I can see that the lead guitarist, singer chap (possibly Danko himself) wears a very silly hat. Possibly avoid? <i>Garage</i></p>	<p><b>Actual Size</b> They have very large guitars, and positively huge amps, so we all know what that means. You don't? Hint: it's the same with cars. Ah yes. <i>Monarch</i></p>
<p><b>Press Ups</b> Knees together, keep your back up, and hands at shoulders width. Then slowly again, with control. Again, if you can do more than 20 you're probably doing it wrong.</p>	<p><b>Squash</b> High impact, and also much more difficult than I remembered it being from my halcyon youth. I advise you to give this one a miss, unless you play a lot already.</p>	<p><b>Roller-Blading</b> According to some chap I met in the park, this one's good for picking up the Ladieeeeees. You just have to act cool, and sit around a lot, while never actually skating.</p>	<p><b>Handstands</b> These are good for balance, and stuff, and probably way beyond the skills of even the most active of you. They're certainly completely beyond me.</p>	<p><b>Drinking</b> High energy drinks such as beer are very good for you, I think, and can aid muscle building through curling your arms. Burble, well at least I tried. A bit.</p>



## Fischerspooner

#1

Out now on Ministry of Sound recordings

"Sounds good, looks good, feels good". However much frontman Casey Spooner's statement of intent verges on unashamed hedonism, it's hard not to take him completely seriously when he hollers his manifesto at the top of his lungs at the end of a typically firework-laden, art-fashion-sex-music Fischer-spooner extravaganza. For this group of electro-clash forerunners, everyone and everything is an understatement.

Spooner (pic above) and his main cohort Warren Fischer must be feeling ecstatic with their efforts on this album. Storming right to the top of every "kewlest" record of the year chart in 2001, the NYC duo have recently astounded peers by signing an unprecedented UK record deal with Ministry worth £2million.

Deep breathing, pumping bass, vocal submission, climaxing synthesiser gasps, throbbing electrobeatz and a lump of humpin' existentialism. Not an array of overheard noise in the darkest corners Mech Eng, but a neat, succinct description of the opening track *Invisible*. Other musical highlights include the perverted yet sterilised cover of Wire's *The 15th*, the sombre looming pitchbend affair *Tone Poem*, and of course the sleazified polysexual head rush that is their signature dance anthem *Emerge*.

Fischerspooner are the Chinese burn upon climax, they are heavy eyes rolling in glass as their mascara streaks under hot lights. They are that scary looking latex body paint. They are fervour and mystery, arrogance and modesty. This album is called #1 for a reason.



Chris



## Hundred Reasons

Ideas Above Our Station

Out this Monday on Columbia records

Hundred Reasons, the new hope for British rock, are rough, and I'm not talking about their looks. This album shows a lot of promise, but at the moment their music is still very rough around the edges.

The main criticism I have is that too many of the songs sound the same. As you go through the album, you keep thinking that you're hearing one of the singles (and as there have only been two, this should show you what I mean). This is not to say that there's no variation; it's just that there are certain riffs that always seem to repeat.

The best tracks on the album are *I'll Find You*, *Oratorio* and particularly *Avalanche*. These show how Hundred Reasons can rock, build songs up and also do the quiet, gentle melodic things well.

*Avalanche* is that little bit different to the rest, showing off the talent that is there, and although it is quite gentle, it acts as a good "calm-down" for the album after the "get up and rock" characteristics of most of the songs.

We must hope that Hundred Reasons become more smooth and refined with practice. But, all in all, *Ideas Above Our Station* is a promising debut, and the band deserve most of the hype that is coming their way.



Tank



## The Bellrays

Meet The Bellrays

Out now on Poptones

From the unreconstructed rock intro on the first track *Too Many Houses In Here*, The Bellrays make it loud and clear where they're coming from. There's no attempt to be clever, no pretence of representing any new scene. Listening to the Bellrays, you wonder if they've ever heard any music since The Eagles and Led Zeppelin. Except maybe Whitesnake. This is rock. And it's loud.

The production gives everything a late seventies pre-metal flavour, in the same way that *Give Out But Don't Give Up* almost sounded like it had been recorded in the deep South in the sixties (in other words, it sounds "authentic"). This is heavy metal as it began, before it became fully fledged as Iron Maiden or Guns 'n' Roses. Not a trace of nu-metal, hip-hop, cyber, industrial or any other genre that has been sporadically incorporated into the gimmicky metal scene.

So, what's the point of this? Musically, there's not one new idea on this album. Lyrically, the themes are as dubiously similar as ever: "If I knew that this was a dream, I could die tomorrow". Please, spare us. But, as with all rock, the point is that it rocks. The blues, funk and early soul influences are there, with the guitars, the drums, and the half-screamed, half-croaked vocals. And the spirit of rawk, baby. Pass the JD.



Robert

Those with a sharp eye will have noticed a slight decrease in the size of the music section recently, due to a horrible combination of maths exams and cost-cutting measures. So when I finish exams, I'll do some more work, and maybe Will will give me some more space. Yes.

Dave

The winner of the David Holmes album (Issue 1233) is Jenny Rieger of Biology I.



## Editorial

### “new Spider-Man movie”

You're stressed. You have exams next week. But your pen and paper are long lost brothers. They've gone AWOL. You prefer it that way. So why not go down to the local cinema and watch a movie?

That's what I was thinking a couple of days ago. Sitting at home thinking, this revision isn't going to get me anywhere (in the short term). So I call up the Odeon ticket-line. They list their movies. I hang up. Unimpressed. I would prefer to hole-punch a loose pieces of paper than to watch the *Scorpion King*. I would rather scribble in the margin than to see Hugh Grant faffing around in *About A Boy*. I would rather draw-up an ingenious and yet impossible revision timetable than to see De Niro sell himself out again in *Showtime*. So I went to see *The Count Of Monte Cristo* which was good. Sword fights and stuff.

But there are movies to look forward to after the exams. For instance, **Spider-Man** is being released nationwide on the **14th June**. The comic book story of Peter Parker, the geek who got bitten by a radioactive spider and gained supernatural (mainly climbing) powers, will be hitting the big screens at last.

After being turned down by James Cameron and David Fincher, Sam Raimi, director of the legendary *Evil Dead* series, took the *Spider-Man* reins and has made an action movie which has been received well in the US by critics and audiences. This should be fantastic film with a £100m budget spent mainly on special effects which push the boundaries of movietech.

So something to look forward to in the summer when you're not watching the World Cup or relaxing in the sun. *Darius*

**Felix On Film Shooters Competition**

This is your chance to win *Shooters* on DVD. It is one of the best British Gangster movies ever made and essential for any gangster movie fan or wannabe. Now just calm down for a second I haven't even given you the question.

You can win the recently released DVD by answering this question. Faster finger first: *Who stars as Jack Carter in the year 2000 version of Get Carter?*

a) Al Pacino      b) Gary Busey      c) Sylvester Stallone

Answers to [film.felix@ic.ac.uk](mailto:film.felix@ic.ac.uk)

## Shooters

### released 29th April on DVD

Based in Liverpool, *Shooters*, directed by Dan Reed is a British gangster film in the vein of classic gritty British films like *Get Carter* or *Scum*.

Anybody who's ever had dealings with club bouncers will understand the main characters Big John (John Wayland) and Dezzy (Dezzy Baylis), who decide to take time-off looking for trainers to make some quick money robbing a drug dealer's home.

As you might expect it all goes horribly wrong and they end up shooting the dealer. What's worse is the drug boss comes looking for the money and notices Big John driving round in a new convertible, a purchase which slightly incriminates him.

The real highlight of the film is the fact that all the main characters are played by people the director met on location in Liverpool which gives the film a real feel of being true to life a la Ken Loach.

The strong link between drugs and crime is explored in a persuasive way without being over the top or sensational. A lot of time is spent in developing the characters as dreamers who ain't too clever but are desperate to prove to others that they aren't lost in a dead end job. The friendship between the men is also explored, though you are left to decide for yourself whether it remains intact by the end. Despite being a typical scouse hardman, Big John's relationship with his ex-wife and daughter gives his character a bit more sympathy, which I found a refreshing touch.

All in all it's a fairly good film memorable only for the unusual (and successful) casting decision and the characterisation. It is in a similar to the Lock, Stocks and Gangster No.1s of this world, but different enough to be worth a look. You won't get any of the Guy Ritchie snappy dialogue, but instead there's a bleak and gritty urban realism.

I was lucky enough to meet the directors and cast at a special showing in a small cinema in Soho (oh, the benefits of working for Felix, luvvy!) and was given a free DVD which will be up for grabs in one of our competitions.

With exams and everything that happens around this time of year there are no book reviews at the moment. What follows though is an excellent short story by author Robert Bell. I've been reading Rob's work for a while now and I believe that it's in the same league as many of the published authors we see today. Hopefully in a few years we'll be seeing his name on the bookshelves.

### Give A Dog A Bone by Robert Bell

I hate that damn dog. If I were to be granted one wish, at this second, I'd have it skinned alive and set alight. But I'm sure, Dear Reader, if you had to see the dog in question - Speedy is its name - you'd love it to bits. My wife did. Anyway, let me start at the beginning.

On our first anniversary, I waited for my wife, Deborah, in the lounge of our new home, holding an expensive ring in one hand and a bouquet of flowers in the other, anxious to give her the present and then receive something of similar value. Instead, she walked inside holding Speedy in her arms. Speedy, a golden retriever, had a smooth coat and soft eyes, enough to drive animal lovers mad.

"Ahh, isn't he just adorable, Henry?" she said. I sat without showing any emotion, hoping she had bought this animal for the both of us to keep around the house, not as an anniversary gift.

"Happy anniversary!" she said, handing the mutt to me. I felt like smashing my fist through her face. I took the dog, though, and held it as you would any animal, with my hands underneath its stomach. That's when it pissed on me. Now, I'm a patient man - especially when it comes to payback - and I know the importance of the right time and right place; I smiled, put it down, and told Deborah that it needed houstraining before it could be allowed back into the house. I would do the training myself, I told her. Soon, Speedy would earn its name.

The day I decided to train Speedy was clear and windless, the sun mild and pleasant, and I told my wife I was taking it across the road. Let me explain: houses line our side of the road, but on the other side is the end of a farm, which stretches for a good half mile. In some parts the field is packed with short, fat thorn trees and knee-length grass; but elsewhere, such as the area opposite our house, the grass is shorter, the trees sparser. The vegetation increased further into the land, though, obscuring the road from view.

The initial training was successful, and Speedy soon learned what to do and what not to do. It's amazing how much difference a swift kick to the stomach makes. After the training, I took Speedy home; it followed a while behind me, and not alongside me as it had done earlier. By the time I returned, Deborah had already left for her weekly game of tennis, so I left Speedy in the front yard and went to do some gardening work in the back. I stopped working at five in the afternoon and walked around the house, admiring my hard work as I went along. That when I saw what it had done.

The little mutt had dug about ten holes in my garden - the same garden, I might add, which had twice won 'garden of the year'. Not thinking straight, I picked up a large spanner and went to look for the animal. With the weapon in my right hand,

I called and whistled to it, hoping it would come towards me with its tail wagging and its head bobbing up and down. It was nowhere to be found.

I searched the garden and house for two hours, in which time my anger did not dissipate: I felt it grow inside me as a seed would've in my once-fertile garden. Then, about to give up, I walked to the field, just in case the mongrel had slipped through the gate. Sure enough, I found it there. Wagging its tail and bowing its head in submission, it approached me and licked my feet. I looked around, and, seeing that none of the neighbours were watching, brought the spanner down on its back as hard as I could. Speedy yelped. So I gave it another. Then one more, just for good measure. The dog stayed at my feet and continued licking my toes, whimpering and whining softly.

Now it was time to cover up. I loaded Speedy into the back-seat of my car and drove it to the vet. Once there, I played the part of the concerned dog owner whose dog had been run over by a car. The vet emerged after half an hour and told me Speedy would lose the use of its hind legs. Not to worry, he said, for he would fit a brace to Speedy's legs, with four wheels on the bottom. The brace would support the dog's weight, and the wheels would act as new hind legs, he told me.

Deborah was not pleased when I returned home. She wanted to know why Speedy had been roaming the streets, if I had written down the number of the person who had run over him, and if Speedy had yelped a lot. I answered all the questions in my practiced routine, and she stopped harassing me and sat alongside Speedy. The mutt, of course, was now inside the house - and would have to stay indoors for a few days.

Those days passed without any conflict. I think Speedy realized who the boss was, and it averted its gaze to the floor whenever I walked past. On a few occasions, I felt like kicking its legs, just to test them out and see if it had recovered enough to go outside; but Deborah always managed to be in a nearby room.

And it was in those days, the time it spent indoors, that my wife came to love Speedy. She spent more and more time with it, buying hundreds of small, useless items that no dog could ever use, brushing its hair five times a day, and taking photos of it from every conceivable angle. Eventually, after endless arguments, Speedy was shifted outside again (she had bought it a kennel, of course). That's when it developed its love of rain. I tell you, just the slightest drizzle would lure that dog out of his kennel, and it would run in circles, its front legs working overtime, pulling those damn wheels behind it.

I'd just fallen asleep - something I'd not done for weeks - when I heard it for the first time. It was a sharp, piercing sound that dipped in volume then grew louder. EEKAJEEK..EKAJEEK..EKAJEEK I sat up in bed and gazed straight ahead at the wall, convinced that a few teenagers were fooling around outside our window. But a quick peek through the curtain proved me wrong: Speedy's wheels had rusted. Months and months of frolicking in the rain had taken its toll.

And so, for the next few weeks, as I plotted my wife's murder, Speedy awoke me every night at around midnight. Let me stop right here: I have not mentioned the plan to kill my wife, as it is something I am not proud of. I would never have considered it

under normal circumstances, but because my business was on the brink of bankruptcy, and I am a proud man, I was forced to use Deborah, or rather her life insurance, as a means to an end, excuse the pun.

I will not go into the details of how I planned to kill her, but I will say that the two weeks preceding the murder were the longest and hardest I have ever had to endure. And in that time, I came to hate the dog. I hated the sight of it, but more so the sound of it.

I hated the way it hung around my wife like an irritating fly, following her every move; when Deborah left for her Saturday tennis match, Speedy stood by the gate for hours, waiting for her to return. But the worst had to be the holes it dug around my precious garden - I counted up to twenty holes in one day, all of them in the middle of the garden, where it was impossible to repair without causing further damage. Thinking back, I wish I had hammered the dog's front legs, not the hind legs. That way, it wouldn't have dug those damn holes. The time had come. As I've said, I won't go into any details; what follows is a brief description of the act.

I awoke Deborah early that Sunday morning. I didn't make her a special breakfast, although I had thought of it, but gently touched her white, freckled shoulder at around six in the morning. She stirred, looked at the time, and frowned at me.

"I thought we'd start with those walks we talked about," I said, getting out of bed and slipping on my pants. She took longer than normal to get dressed that day, but I didn't hassle her, and by the time she emerged from the house, I had mentally rehearsed the killing a hundred times. At this point I must add something: the previous night, I had walked to the field and picked out a sturdy branch, which I planned to use as a murder weapon, and then searched for the spot with the most trees and bushes, a place hidden from the nearby road. I had left the branch at that spot.

Anyway, we walked at a slow pace through the field, as Deborah made a habit of stopping at every second flower, bending down, and smelling it. Then she would straighten up and continue forward with her hands folded behind her back and a smile on her face. By this time, my heart thudded in my ribcage, and the last thing I wanted to hear - the worst possible sound - was the awful EEKAJEEK...EEKAJEEK...EEKAJEEK of Speedy. It had slipped through the gate and followed my wife. She smiled at it, called its name, then patted and kissed and stroked it for a few minutes. Before long, I spotted the stick on the ground.

I glanced over my shoulder, made sure that no inquisitive passers-by were watching us, then bent down and pretended to do my laces. Deborah stopped alongside me and put her hand on my shoulder. I think she remarked that the walk was a splendid idea, that it should be a weekly thing, but I can't be sure - the sound of blood rushing through my ears drowned out her voice. Then it was over. I don't remember much besides Speedy barking and charging at me until I took a few swipes at him. One image I do remember - one I'll carry to my grave - is of

my wife lying face down on the ground, surrounded by a dusty, dark pool of her own blood. And her hair, I remember seeing pieces of...well, pieces of her scalp entangled in her blood-soaked hair.

When it was all over, I searched the area for Speedy, but it was nowhere to be found. After half an hour, I gave up and walked to the hole I had dug the night before.

I buried the murder weapon. As I covered the hole, I noticed that both ends of the stick were bloodied; I'd gripped the stick so tightly that the small knots on the wood had dug into my palm. I made sure my injured right hand did not touch my clothes, and walked home.

I left my wife in the field. You see, I figured I'd play the part of the concerned husband whose wife had been brutally beaten to death across the road from their house. No one would ever think it was me.

That night I waited for Speedy to come home, but by early the next morning it had not returned, so I went to sleep for a few hours. I was awoken by someone knocking on the door. I got out of bed, rubbed my eyes with my left knuckle (my right hand beat to its own pulse), and made my way to the door.

**"Thinking back, I wish I had hammered the dog's front legs, not the hind legs. That way, it wouldn't have dug those damn holes."**

It was the police. There were about ten police vehicles parked outside our house and across the road, and a small crowd of people had gathered nearby, some of them shaking their heads and pointing at me, others covering their mouths with their hands.

What followed was nothing short of brilliance on my part: the policeman explained what I already knew, then I broke down and cried. He believed me, I'm sure of that, but asked me to accompany him to the spot where my wife had been killed. They had already taken her body away, of course, but he wanted me to show him the route that my

wife walked through the field. I agreed and followed him to the field. As we approached the spot, I had to remind myself not to be cocky, as I felt a sudden surge of confidence, brought on by my earlier play-acting. I stopped at the spot Deborah had been the night before and pointed the police in the opposite direction of the stick.

I knew I had them wrapped around my finger. I knew this would be the last thing I had to pull off before I could sit back and receive the insurance money. And so I brought an end to the proceedings, informing the officer that I could no longer bear to be around the area. He nodded and said I could leave. I sighed and turned around, keeping my eyes on the ground. With each step I took, I mentally counted down the number of feet to my house.

Twenty...I walked, head bowed, tears flowing.

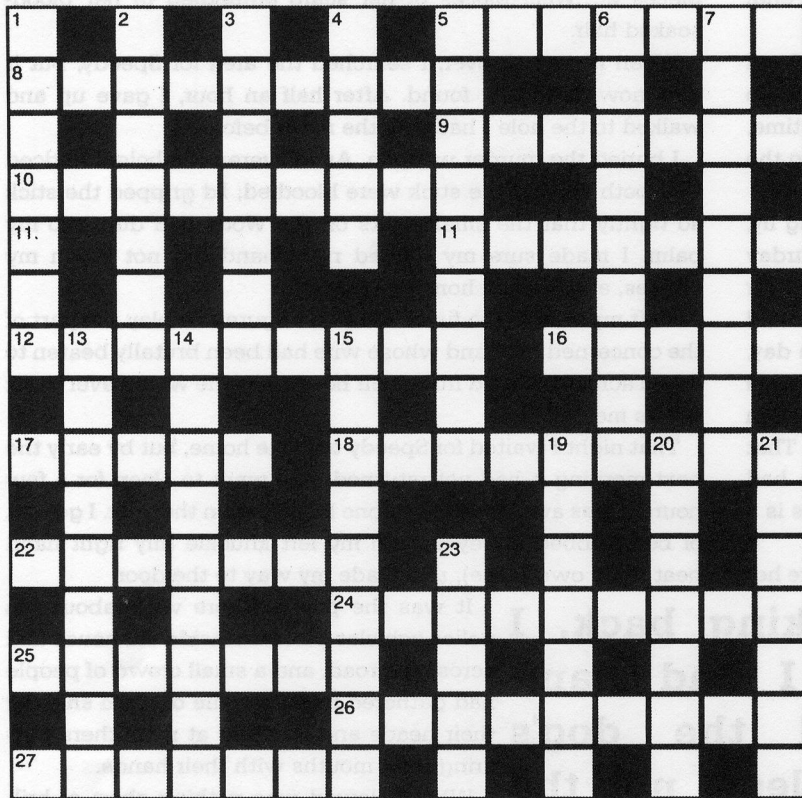
Fifteen...I could see the house now, and the voices of the policemen were muffled.

Ten - EEKAJEEK...EEKAJEEK...EEKAJEEK.

I stopped and turned, thinking that I had imagined that awful sound. But I was wrong: it was Speedy alright, and as he emerged from the bushes and shrubs, my heart sank. The murder weapon was in his mouth.

Speedy had been digging those damn holes again.

# Crossword by Mummy Huffwell



**Across**

- 5. Criminally spy on chic clairvoyant. (7)
- 8. Bar second escapee. (9)
- 9. Monument is honour to fifty-one southern kentuckians. (7)
- 10. Wide viewed fear over no memory. (9)
- 11. Drug agent to bend all young the same. (7)
- 12. Neat smells. Extra niceties! (9)
- 16. Two thousand and one: A pig hut. This isn't clear. (5)
- 17. Dodge woman with dead point. (5)
- 18. Sexual assault by a wooden fish? (9)
- 22. Clumsy unimaginative donkey carries royal to the French. (7)
- 24. Cut, her man squirmed. (9)
- 25. Ministry of intelligence ignited one area for armed force. (7)
- 26. Giving out again concerns is taking action. (9)
- 27. Man with little future. (7)

**Down**

- 1. Breathe heavily after sheep is violent and unchecked. (7)
- 2. Hot sun amicably reveals wave. (7)
- 3. Pointless fur is found in cat holidaying. (7)
- 4. We hear he curses cheeses. (5)
- 5. Computer component goes for a hundred electrical safety standards, no replacement! (9)
- 6. Los Angeles' top industry found inside bowel gathering together. (9)
- 7. Bad lout's rain keeps warmth in. (9)
- 13. Trampled seven reeds right by water. (9)
- 14. Lean over after gong is in top three. (9)
- 15. New York contains a mixture of cars and drugs. It's definitely needed! (9)
- 19. To talk excitedly sounds like a lisping person hasn't got bare feet. (7)
- 20. European community mirth mixes heat. (7)
- 21. Length plus time equals length. (7)
- 23. Falsify identification. Solid. (5)

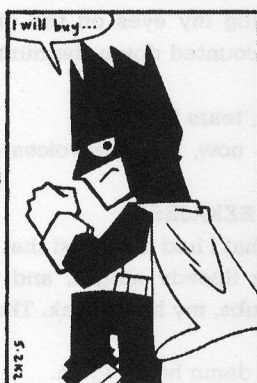
Good evening. Due to an hilarious incident involving a bunch of keys, eighty pounds of tofu and a bath sponge, Dr Hot Fudge is unable to present the latest offering from Mummy Huffwell.

In case you're wondering, the bunch of keys were those very implements designed to give the good Doctor access to the *Felix* computers. The involvement of the bath sponge should be obvious to anyone, of course. It is, however, the tofu which may need some introduction. As vegetable products go, tofu is relatively innocuous. It has a very amiable personality, but you must never taunt a live tofu. Doctor Fudge, unaware of a dark streak deep in the sole of even the tamest tofu, teased the poor thing mercilessly whilst it lay quite contentedly basking in the sun.

Well, that was that for the good Doctor. He's very lucky, one might say, for having survived such a vicious attack. Most people perish at the grappling claws of a roused tofu - very few escape from such a mauling. However, Doctor Hot Fudge will be back at the reigns before too long, though I've heard he has become a vegetarian on vindictive grounds.

Wailer Ned

freakfighter!



Flip...



## Outdoor Athletics

Imperial athletes helped the University of London Athletics Club in a successful bank holiday weekend at the Bedford International Athletics Stadium. Despite only 4 Imperial athletes being able to compete due to exams (such as Scottish Indoor Pentathlon Champion James Lowery), they certainly made their presence felt in the team. Katherine Williams put in a gutsy run in the heats of the 400m to qualify for the semi-finals. Captain Simon Lewis and Derek Mak, with GB International Decathlete John Heanley (Holloway) and last years BUSA 110mH Champion Richard Sear (KCL) managed to help the 4 x 100m Relay Team qualify for the final. With John, being replaced by Guido Guizzardini in the final, who has a 10.5s personal best, there were high hopes of them cutting at least a second off their qualifying time of 45.1s. However, in the final, an unfortunate mix up between Guido and Derek meant the baton was not changed in time and the team was disqualified.

A superb sprint double from Emily Freeman (UCL) was the highlight of the weekend. Her wins in the 100m and 200m maintain University of London's record of having a BUSA champion in the last 4 competitions (2 indoor and 2 outdoors).

From the word go Emily was impressive, winning her heat and semi-finals in impressive time whilst easing down at the finish. Having been beaten in the 60m at the indoor championships earlier on in the season by a 100th of a second, Emily was intent on beating Kelly Thomas of Loughborough. Whilst Emily

was easing through her heats, Kelly had to work hard to run similar times. In the final, both women were drawn in the 2 middle lanes, and despite being very nervous before the start, Emily managed to romp home in 1st place in a time of 11.79s, leaving Kelly 2nd in 11.96s. The win in the 100m seemed to set her up for her better event, the 200m. With runs of 24.01s and 24.03s in the heats, it seemed Susan Williams' hand timed Championship Record of 23.8s was under threat. The most notable fact of all was the way she stormed away in her semi-final to win over a second ahead of arch rival Kelly Thomas. Drawn in lane 4 in the final, Emily won by over seven tenths of a second in 24.14s. Only head win of 1.3m/s prevented her from taking the record.

Other noticeable performances of the weekend were from Gordon Irvine (SGHMS), Andrew Hennessy (UCL), Richard Sear and John Heanley. Gordon Irvine had a solid run in the 10K final to finish 12th. Former Sportsman of the Year, Andrew Hennessy tried desperately to win the title in the 3000m steeplechase that has eluded him. If medals were awarded for guts and bravery, this man would have them all. After strolling through qualification in 4th place, in a time of 9mins 34.9 secs (a minute slower than his personal best), Andy looked set to dominate the final. However, due to studying for his finals of his medical degree he has had to cut down training from 7 to 3 times a week. This lack of fitness showed in the final. With 4 laps to go, Andy took

the race by the horns and took the lead. By the final lap he had opened up a 10m lead, but with 250m to go he was struggling and 2 Loughborough athletes overtook and finished in front of him. Andy looked shattered at the end of the race and promptly threw up. If the race was last year he would have easily won it, but it seems it came a year too late. In the 110m Hurdles, defending champion Richard Sear was unfortunate not to win it again this year. After twisting his ankle whilst dipping for the line in the 1st round of the 100m, there was a fear that he could be out for the hurdles. However, with a bit of physio, strapping and ibuprofen, Richard was able to qualify and line up for the

final. Unluckily, Richard started terribly in the final and only finished 4th in a time of 14.9s behind 3 other runners who all ran 14.5s.

GB International decathlete and former BUSA indoor long jump champion John Heanley qualified for both the High Jump and Long Jump final, but due to exam commitments, was unable to compete in those finals losing valuable team points.

Overall, with key athletes missing, University of London performed well at the championships considering we do not have the resources as the likes of Loughborough, Bath, Brunel and UWIC. Hopefully we can continue our championship successful in the future.

Derek Mak

### Sub-Warden Positions At Beit Hall

A number of sub-warden positions will be available from the start of September 2002 in Beit Hall. We are seeking energetic and dedicated members of College to fill these positions. The responsibilities include pastoral care of students and organising the social life of the Halls. No payment is available for these duties, but rent free accommodation is provided within the Hall. The posts would best match PG students but other categories are eligible.

To apply please send a hardcopy of your CV and letter of application, plus supporting references from two referees. The CV should highlight relevant past experience and the letter of application should explain succinctly why you are suitable for the post. E-mailed applications are not acceptable, but e-mailed references will be accepted. All applications must be received by 17:00 on Friday 7th June 2002. These should be sent to me, Dr Jon Marangos, The Warden, Beit Hall.

## London University Judo

I.C.: Christopher Chang, Mark Cox (silver) Daniel Forsdyke, Daniel Harvey, Julie Morgan, Scott Prosser, James Walker (silver), Other Colleges: Sadia Ndako (bronze), Neil Moodi,

For many years, members of the Imperial Judo Club have been fighting along side students from other London Colleges in what constitutes the University of London Union judo team. And for many years we have been privileged to reap the titles and awards that have come from this fruitful partnership. Two years ago at the BUSA championships saw London taking the gold in the team title and last year we secured the bronze. This year was no exception as it proved lucrative in the individual titles.

But first I must here give mention and thanks to Mr. Joe Dougherty a widely respected world champion who selflessly devotes his time to training and to Sadia Ndako who captained the team and organised the trip.

The competition took place at the National Arena in Birmingham over two days on the weekend before the Easter Holiday. On the Saturday the Individual championships were run and it was here that the medals were attained. There was a spread of weights across the categories as team members starved themselves, sautéed in the sauna and even stood on their heads to make the weight. (More on this later).

In the Under 81kg Men's, Mark Cox, a renaissance man of sorts, took the silver. More at home on the Rugby pitch, in two years Cox moved from novice to a level where he took the second highest

accolade in his field. In the OPEN (+100 kg) category, James Walker, recently honoured with colours for his performance on last year's team, took silver as well. Sadia Ndako who is a mere ten points from her black belt was awarded bronze in the women's category. Daniel Harvey takes the medal for most stamina while Scott Prosser the IC captain with full colours fought admirably taking some wins during the day. In an upset, Julie Morgan was denied a chance at medalling, as she was the only one in her lightweight division. Unintentionally or otherwise, she drew blood from the higher graded opponent she eventually fought. Literally.

In the team event on the second day we advanced several rounds before being defeated just outside the medal rounds. Of note was Christopher Chang's indomitable style of fighting whereby he lures his opponent with outstretched arms reminiscent of Boris Karloff's Frankenstein! It was both highly entertaining and effective as victory was swift and decisive! But the biggest laugh of the weekend came from Mark Cox, who, 1 kg overweight and holding up the proceedings, took the advice that he should stand on his head to shed the excess. So, wearing only a smile, he assumed the position for 1 minute before jumping immediately on to the scales. It worked. I believe that is one for the physicists to solve.

But by far the greatest spectacle occurred when British Olympian medallist Kate Howey took to the mat. A rewarding experience

which her hapless opponents or we shall never forget.

In drawing to a close there are just a few points I would like to pull on in order to encapsulate one of this writers own opinions. In recent times there have been moves by the administration to "re-brand" or "remarket" the image of The College following dropping application levels and the like. But I propose that the image needs first to be defined and marketed to those here now. That the college is and is seen to be a top class institution is without doubt. Just cast a glance at the departmental academic ratings. But this body is only skeletal. Time and time again in popularity ratings (as in the results released last

week) or social ratings we fall continually short. And it is this that makes us unattractive. What the College needs is to be filled out with the meat of a culture. A fat body of tradition fed by the achievement of clubs and societies and the experiences and ceremonies their members hold dear. How many know of the Colours awards for instance? More advertising. Imagine the crowds that would go to see the movie Kate Howey vs. Frankenstein. And do not forget, where it took Newton years over at Cambridge to formulate his Principae, our own Cox'y boy broke 'em in one minute. Such is the stuff of legend.

James Walker

imperial college union BARS Presents live sport on the **BIG SCREENS**

**Sunday 19th May,  
4pm (Beit quad only)  
Womens world cup qualifier  
England v Germany**

**Monday 20th May, 8.30pm  
Euro under-21 championships  
England v Italy**

**Tuesday 21st May,  
11.30am (Beit quad only)  
South Korea v England**

**Wednesday 22nd May 8.30pm  
Euro under-21 championships  
England v Portugal**