

R047

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1242

IC / SML
REFERENCE
COLLECTION

R047



The Student Newspaper of Imperial College

Issue 1242

Big wad of cash to be won in this year's Great Felix Film Quiz!

Page 11



Imperial Covers find their way through dark French holes

Page 4



**REFERENCE
COLLECTION**

Imperial College and
Science Museum Libraries

College Clampdown

Security launched a two-day operation, in conjunction with the police, to repel animal rights protesters planning to disrupt activity in the College last Monday.

Access to all buildings was to be restricted to those holding valid College identification at possibly the worst time of the year, before Freshers have been allocated their swipe-cards.

Action was taken when Security were notified that an organisation known as SHAC – Stop Huntingdon Animal Cruelty – were planning to protest at Imperial on Monday and Tuesday. The group have a reputation for occupying buildings and contacting the media to gain publicity for their cause.

Keith Reynolds, Head of Security, Post and Fire Services said that 35 security officers were used in total, seven of whom were brought in from external security companies and one of whom was drafted in from the Union's stewarding team.



Freshers Fair still a success

As expected, three groups of protesters converged on Imperial on Monday and while the groups were of "relative size" according to Mr Reynolds, they were successfully prevented from entering the College. There was no

attempt to gain entry on Tuesday, but security remained tight just in case.

Nona Ahamat – the Union's Deputy President for Clubs and Societies – said she thought Tuesday's Freshers Fair was a great success, despite the need for Freshers to queue up for security checks at several points across the campus. Several thousand students attended the event with over two hundred clubs attempting to attract new recruits.

In addition to animal rights protesters, a number of other uninvited guests appeared at the Fair but stayed on the pavement rather than attempting entry, including an Islamic fundamentalist group and the Socialist Worker.

• Security are also checking CCTV footage to determine who stole goods from the Senior Common Room during last year's Summer Ball. Anybody with information should contact Security. AW

Last Orders at the Crofton

The Crofton on Queen's Gate, famous with students for years as a late-night venue for post-Union drinking, has closed this week:

In a 'Bedknobs and Broomsticks' moment, *Felix* reporters investigating the sad loss were nearly struck by flying beds as the interior was gutted.

The front bar of the Hotel had been popular for years with students who weren't ready to go home, even after Friday nights at the Union with a 1am licence. The inflated prices and drab interior were obviously no discouragement

– possibly due to the relative inebriation of the clientele.

Felix spoke to Spencer Parsons, Hotel Manager, who said that the closure was not due to lack of business. Instead, the family running the business had decided to take the opportunity sell the property at a good price to Boston University, concentrating instead on other businesses.

Will Dugdale, bar expert, proposed the theory that the large bar might remain, while the rest of the building is converted into a new student hall. AW



INSIDE...

Swimming across the channel? They must be absolutely barmy. Read how.

Will waffles mindlessly about drivels, gets bored, and shoves in a picture of himself.

A new website reviews section tells you how to read barcodes. No, really.

Nightlife gives you yet another prize-winning opportunity: Get your VIP tickets to The Gallery here!



PopStars at Imperial

In case you haven't heard, Colleges across London were overrun by celebrity action this summer. The chief culprit was Imperial, where filming took place for the finals of *Popstars: The Rivals*.

The series, which has been aired on ITV from Saturday 7th September, follows on from the highly successful *Popstars* series of last year. The winners of that competition became the band *Hear'Say* and released a clutch of top 20 singles, including No.1 hit 'Pure And Simple' and a Top 5 album. However, in an ingenious (or gruesome, take your pick) twist, the final winners of this competition will share a house for two weeks while viewers vote to decide who should leave.

Although the contestants themselves were banned from speaking to the press (including London Student) a spokesperson from Granada Media, which is producing the show, said, "we are very happy to be at Imperial. The reception has



been fantastic and everyone is very helpful."

In other celeb spotting fun, the Foo Fighters were seen around ULU on Friday 30th August, ahead of their post-Reading wind-down date there. The band are set to release a new album, '1x1', described as "the most aggressive yet" by front-man and ex-Nirvana drummer Dave

Grohl, sometime in September.

Sightings of celebrity judges Geri Halliwell and presenter Davina McCall also aroused excitement around the Imperial campus, although one eyewitness described the pint-sized ex-spice girl as "a bit shorter and more minging than on TV". Not that they were shallow or anything. *Joe Parker*

FELIX

Issue 1242

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We're still looking for News, Sports, Books, Arts & Theatre and Puzzles editors. We need writers, proofers, designers and cartoonists. Get in touch on felix@ic.ac.uk to get involved!

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We're still looking for departmental and halls correspondents



DID YOU KNOW ?

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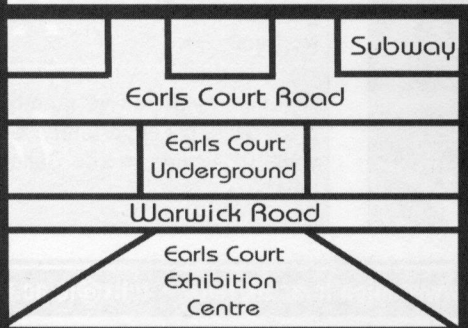
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UNION
CATERING



Beneath the Mountains

Colm Carroll (pictured on the bottom of the opposite page) describes Imperial College Caving Club's weekend trip to subterranean France.

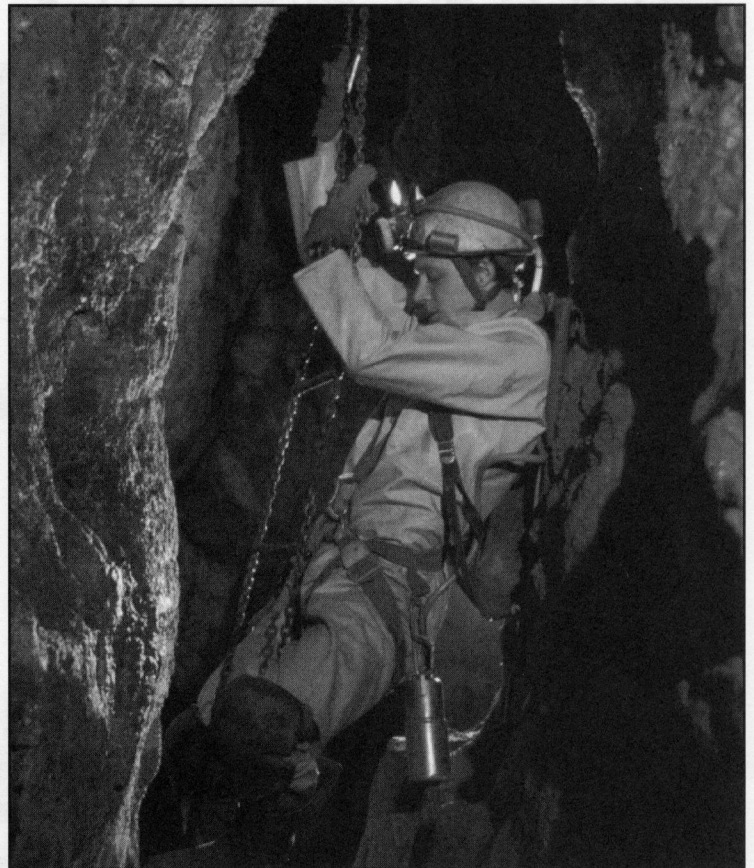
We descended the cave at 5pm. It was quite late in the day, but we couldn't resist the temptation of a quick beer at the restaurant an hour back along the path. Our shocked fellow customers were glad to see the back of us - a posse of neoprene-clad cavers are not who you want to meet on a peaceful Saturday afternoon's stroll in the amazing scenery of the Haute Savoie. We had divided into two groups of 5 for the lengthy through trip from the Tête du Parmelan plateau to the Fillière valley, 700 metres below. This long anticipated expedition is described as 'probably the best caving through trip in France', and considering the French invented caving, it was definitely something to look forward to.

It started, as all good ideas do, in the pub! We were all looking for an adventurous caving trip to do in the Summer, so when Hugh suggested this 650m through trip we were all for it. Flights were booked, cars were hired - a trip was born!

Two months later, Hugh, Jan, Tim, Goaty and I relaxed in beautiful sunshine as the first group descended the entrance shaft - an

88m drop into the heart of the mountain. We decided to wait an hour to allow them to clear the first section of the cave before starting the descent ourselves. After a typical English Summer, it was great to have the warm sun beating down on us, especially in such an inspiring limestone landscape. Once our skin had turned a satisfying shade of lobster, it was time to go. I pulled my wetsuit over my shoulders, lobbed the rope down the small entrance pot-hole, and down I went. This was my first pull-through trip, and I was slightly nervous. A pull-through requires the cavers to pull the ropes down behind them in order to use them on the next shaft. Once the first rope is down, there's no way back up - in effect burning the boats. As Jan hauled the rope to join us on the small ledge I suddenly realised the only way out was 16 hours and over 5 km away. We were committed!

Disaster struck nearly straight away. At the bottom of the 88m shaft, I leaned on the rope to pull it down, but nothing happened. I put all my weight on it - not a budge. Tim came over to help, but even under the combined weight of the two of us, it still wouldn't move. This was the situation we'd all been dreading; the rope was stuck. We had to get the rope down, as it was needed further on in the cave, and there was no other way out. Tim volunteered to



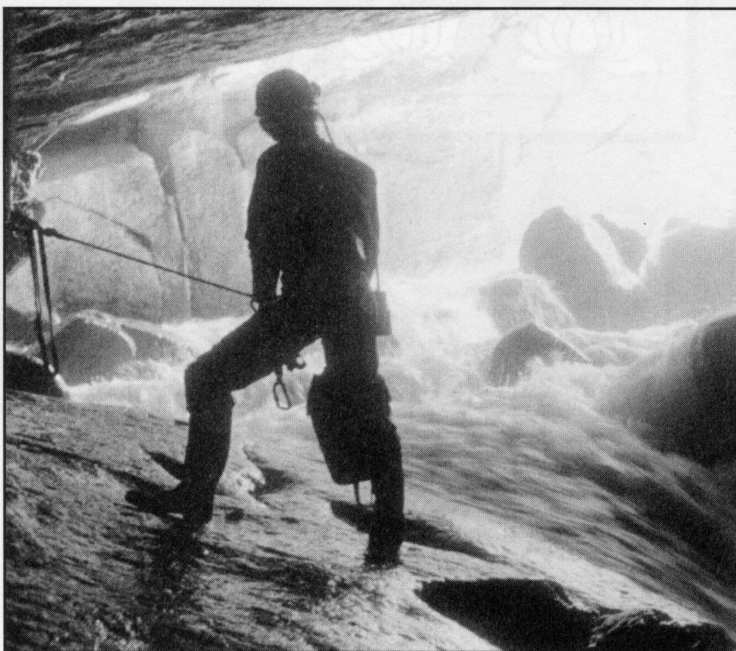
ascend back up the rope to discover the problem. He quickly discovered that the descent rope and the pull-down rope had managed to twist themselves around each other. Tim carefully untwisted them, then kept them well apart as he descended again to the floor. I once again leaned on the rope, a slight movement, then it stuck again, our hearts sank. But pulling harder it soon came free and the 70m of rope toppled down on top of me.

Another series of smaller pitches led to the biggest shaft in the cave, an exhilarating 58m free hang dropping into a spectacularly fluted chamber. A small stream entered from a tiny passage on the left, continuing onwards in a channel at the bottom of a large tunnel. We followed this in to a huge dry passage, coated everywhere with solid mud. The next section of the cave was just like an adventure playground. We swung on ropes above big drops, whooped along enormous train-tunnel passageway, ducked under massive waterfalls, and eventually ended up in the mammoth Salle des Rhomboedres. This chamber acts as a large collector for the

three high altitude entrances to the Diau system. We could see where the shorter Bel Espoir entrance entered, but couldn't find the way on to the bottom. Panic ensued as we clambered all over the colossal boulders in search of it. Would we be stuck to wander the Diau system forever? A huge shout from Goaty led to relief by all as he found the route to the Puits des Echos, a large 39m shaft which did, indeed, echo. After a quick cuppa from the stove deposited by the previous group, we followed the water onwards.

We had now entered the Affluent de Grenoblois, a large streamway passage with glistening walls: the stone seemed to be reflecting our lights back at us. The many small drops and waterfalls adding to the excitement in the best bit of passage I've ever seen. We sped onwards and downward in this winding passage - with everyone enjoying the route. It must have been past 3 in the morning, but the cave was too fascinating for anyone to notice.

A slowing and deepening of water indicated that the confluence with the Diau streamway was fast approaching, and though





we all thought the cave had been brilliant so far, we didn't know the best was yet to come. The Diau cave occupies a 5m diameter passage with a large, gentle river flowing through it. This area of cave exposed another character to the all-encompassing trip: big passages, winding canyons, and now tubular river-passage. This cave had it all. We progressed easily along the tunnel, the water only knee-high, when we came across a large chamber with a tent in the corner. This area had been used as a base-camp by the original cave-explorers. They had explored the cave from the bottom up, with the high entrances only discovered by intensive searching. We had our feed of noodles and Mars bars before pressing on in the cascading passage. The deeper sections of cave had wire ropes strung across the side. We clipped in and easily pulled ourselves over the water. Jan and I zoomed off, being eager to explore this fascinating passage. It was only after we waited 10 minutes for the others to catch up that we realised there were problems. Goaty's acetylene light had failed early on, and he'd been using his electric back-up for

much of the cave. That eventually ran out, and he was now on his spare electric, which was dimming rapidly. I lent him my spare electric - enough light to exit the cave, but not much more than that. This had slowed him down considerably, so we decided to stick together so he could cave by our lights.

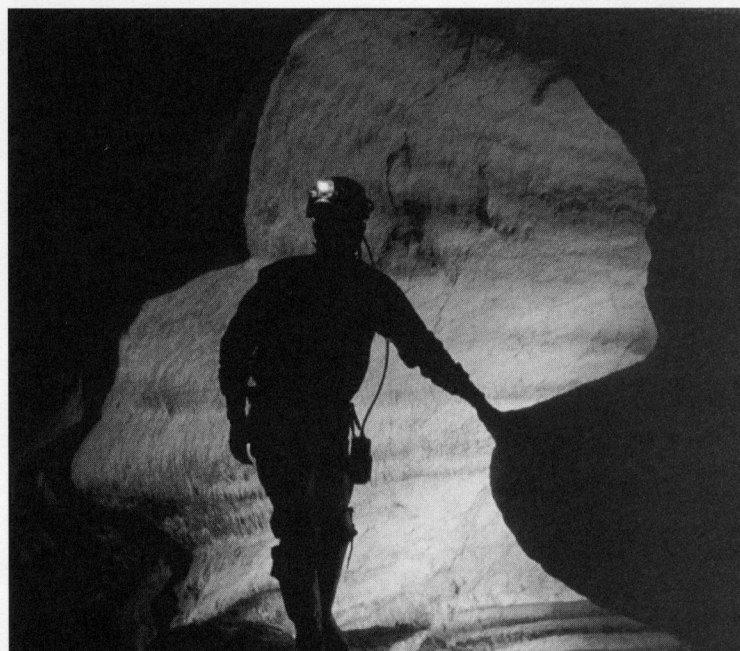
The water was getting deeper now, with the strong current rushing past us. At one point we had a brief swim across a chamber, but we were still going strong and a quick look at the map indicated there wasn't far to go. Much encouraged, we stormed along the passage, leaving the river behind. We clambered down ladders, shuffled along thin ledges, waded through waist-deep pools before a glint of daylight could be seen in the distance. It was 9am and we were back in the French countryside. I couldn't wait to strip off my wetsuit to bask in the sun once again, and the others followed likewise. Paul, from the previous group, was waiting with warm croissants and fine French coffee. We collapsed in the back of the car and returned to the campsite where we quickly sorted the gear

before falling into a deep sleep.

The excellent Sunday lunch of endless beef and lamb eaten in the magical village of Thorens-Glieres topped off an excellent end to an excellent year's caving.

If you want to experience the delights of the subterranean world, visit foreign countries and be the first person to explore new passageways, the caving club is

for you. We run freshers trips throughout the first term - but don't worry, they're not all as hard-core as the Diau trip. Contact us on caving@ic.ac.uk, visit our website: union.ic.ac.uk/caving, or come to our introductory slide shows at 5pm on Thursday 3rd and Tuesday 8th October in the Table Tennis Room of the main Union Building in Beit Quad.



Ferry, Chunnel

We did it! These are the three words that I have been waiting a long time to write and there were times along the 22.5 miles that I doubted I would ever get to put them down. It took us 14hrs 16min to get from Dover to Sangatte (and no we didn't bring back any refugees). Our course was far from simple as the tide sent us in anything but a straight line. However, we kept swimming in roughly the right direction until we made it, exhausted.

For those of you who haven't read my previous articles the principle of the relay channel swim is to get from England to France with a team of 6 swimmers, unaided (no wet suits or armbands), while following a little fishing boat. Each swimmer completes an hour and then tags the next swimmer and this continues until dry land is reached. The IC Cross Channel Swim Team consisted of: Crazy Fish (Emma Williams cpt), Fast Fish (Rebecca



Herbert), Jelly Fish (Jessica Taylor), Dr. Fish (Caroline Coats), Welsh Fish (Emma Loyd Davis) and Boy Fish (me). We were well supported by our reserve Rescue Fish (Catherine Lawrence) and HotChocolate Fish (Rosie

Herbert) without whom the trip would have been almost impossible. The names which each of us wore with pride on our hoodies were inspired by a certain team member's unorthodox ability to catch JellyFish and we thought we would keep the fish theme going. Special thanks must go to CoachFish (Nick Adams) without whose advice, encouragement and poor sense of humour we would never have made it.

The day of the swim started with a 2:15am wakeup call. After meeting up in Putney we set off for Dover. Arriving at the marina just after 5:30am we loaded the essentials onto the boat - lots of chocolate and crisps, a stereo and some beer for after the swim (I think I bought slightly too much beer). Having had team photos taken we dropped FastFish onto the beach at 6:30 and the stopwatch started. She lived up to her name and completed 2 and a quarter miles. It was a hot day even at this ungodly time in the morning and the sea temperature was almost tropical being 18°C most of the way (compared to what we had trained in this was boiling). The rest of us took our turn and we reached half way with a projected time of around 10hrs. Unfortunately the change of tide took its toll and all the stamina built up from two-hour training

swims in Dover started to pay off. We all coped with the boredom of swimming for an hour non-stop, however no amount of training could have prepared us for being on that damned boat for so long. The small boat was bobbing along at the same speed as the swimmer; it hit every peak and trough and it danced around in the wash from almost every other boat in the channel. To be honest I think that most of us found the swimming part a bit of relief from the constant seasickness. Poor CrazyFish suffered more than most and having become ChunderFish after her first swim she was very brave to get back in for a second. Many of us were dreading the thought of the schools of jellyfish that we would inevitably encounter. It was WelshFish who bore the brunt of the little pink critters. She swam through them with the minimum of fuss and appeared not to even notice the stings as she emerged back onto the boat. I on the other hand managed to hit a floating plastic bag and thinking it was a jellyfish jumped nearly 10ft in the air; the Welsh are a tough breed!

As darkness drew in the coast of France started to become visible; the finish was in site! Unfortunately the tides again played their part in making the crossing a difficult one as we

... Or Swim?

started to be pushed towards Calais. It became a race to get to the shallow water, where we could fight the tide and were safe from the incessant bombardment of the ferries. At this point there was a real possibility of the swim being abandoned due to the dangers of the shipping lane, the encroaching shipwrecks and the rapidly setting in darkness. Being on the boat started to get even more testing as we encountered more and more wash and for the one in the water each hour became a sprint. As the tides grew stronger we made less headway towards the coast and drifted ever closer to Calais. It soon became clear that the first three swimmers would be called upon for a third time. FastFish, DrFish and JellyFish would have to do the business if we were to make the day worthwhile. They did not disappoint, despite the wind picking up and the air temperature dropping. As DrFish entered the water it had become too dark to see her properly so the green glow sticks were attached and off she went. As she got out it was pitch black but the shore was less than a mile off and we were in shallow water. We knew that we had done it but it took JellyFish to set off on a dash for land.

The unpredictable nature of the

journey did not stop there, as we negotiated our way past the ship wrecks just off of the coast. The dinghy that JellyFish was to follow to the shore wouldn't start. Unperturbed JellyFish just kept going being guided by the reflection of the moon on the water (romantic it wasn't). With the wave of a glow stick we could see she had made dry land. All of us were now officially channel swimmers and we joined a list headed by Captain Webb who first swam the Channel in 22hrs back in 1875. JellyFish sped back to the boat in the dingy, which had now decided to work, and was greeted to the sound of Queen's "We are the Champions." We may not have been the fastest team to ever cross the channel but we were all determined and this is the most basic element of channel swimming. Having had a beer each (this was the most any of us could stomach) we set sail for England.

The journey home was relatively uneventful and much smoother. The boat cruised through the water and it took about three and a half-hours to get back. During this time a bit of cramped sleeping was grabbed before we headed back to London. As I passed through Wimbledon on the way back to my bed at 2:30am I saw some



friends which I had seen being thrown out of the same club 24hours previously. The day before they had told me that we were all mad, probably true but everyone on that boat managed to achieve something that six

months earlier we would have laughed at the thought of! The bets are on as to who will be crazy enough to go for a solo. I know who my money is on!

I would like to end by thanking everyone who has supported the swim especially the Harlington Trust who put a substantial sum towards the cost of the boat, the MDU who contributed towards the cost of the team outfits and all those who have given money in sponsorship and at fundraisers. This money will all be given to the Paediatric Physiotherapy Department at Hammersmith Hospital for the purpose of purchasing new equipment. My final thanks goes to my group of girls who made the whole channel swimming experience, yes even the Serpentine swims, enjoyable.

If you would like to donate some money towards the swim or just find out more contact: mark.fleet@ic.ac.uk or emma.williams@ic.ac.uk

mark



Wednesday
October 9

8:00-1:00
(Bar 'til 12)



£1.00 Union/£1.50 Guests/£.50 P2P

8:00-2:00
(Bar 'til 1am)

Boogie Wonderland

Friday, October 11

£1.50 Union/£2.00 Guests/£1.00 P2P

70's & 80's
Disco in 



Paradise
Bar



Soul/Funk & Jazz in the UDH



Free before 8pm/After 8pm individual entry charges apply
P2P Members must enter before 10pm
Imperial College Union, Beit Quad, Prince Consort Road





By Students, For Students

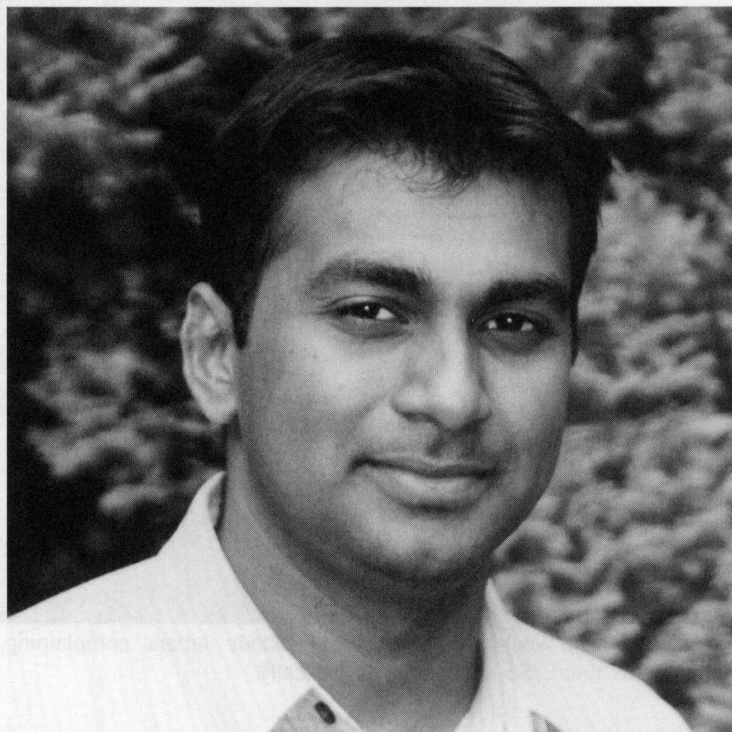
Today will mark the end of the Freshers Week which is undoubtedly one of the busiest weeks of the year and firstly I would like to start by saying a personal thank you to all the staff who have worked incredibly hard to support all the students especially the freshers.

I hope you have enjoyed your first few days at Imperial. Most of you will have met a huge number of people, signed up for many clubs and societies and started getting involved in all the activities and services the Union offers. For those you haven't there will still be plenty of opportunities to do so over the coming weeks. This year promises to be an exciting year and this week I thought I would let you know what the Union is doing and keep you updated on a couple of recent developments.

Volunteering in the Community

"Volunteering in the Community" is a new project started in conjunction with the College to encourage more students to participate in local community. The full scheme will be launched in January but there are plenty of opportunities to get involved now. The Imperial Dance Company will be touring the local schools teaching modern and contemporary dance. Or why not try the

Community Action Group which operates soup runs for the homeless. There are more opportunities with the sports teams to teach local children or



help teach in local schools. If you are interested in these projects or want to start others, please contact me.

Student Development

Students at Imperial have access to some of the best teaching and research anywhere

in the world. However, it is important to realise that there is more to your development than your degree or research. You will need other skills, skills such as

time management, leadership - skills that will be of practical use for your future careers. The Union has embarked on a programme to develop skills workshops. During the course of the autumn term you will hear of these programmes so watch this space for more.

Come and run the Union

As I have mentioned in my previous article the Union is an organisation run by students for students. Each year a number of officers are elected to run and manage the Union - but most importantly these officers are accountable to you. You can have a say on the conduct of the officers, how the Union operates, how we spend the millions we receive and much more besides.

A good place to start is Council. Council is the governing body of Union and responsible for all aspects of the Union including multi-million pound budgets. You can be a part of that either by getting elected to it or simply turning up to find out what the Union is doing and have your say.

An open door and a helping hand

During the course of the year, some of you may experience difficulties or feel anxious about your course or simply be interested in finding out more about College and the Union. Whatever problems or ideas you may have please remember my door is always open so feel free to come in and have a chat.

Sen Ganesh, President
internal 58061
president@ic.ac.uk

Union Council Meeting

6pm Monday 21st October 2002
Union Dining Hall

Stand for Elections as an Ordinary members of Council, Executive, Trading, Services, Retail and House Committee. To find out more please contact Sen Ganesh (president@ic.ac.uk)



Editorial

Hello campers. How are we all today? While it may be Friday for you lot, for me (due to the magic of printing deadlines) it is still Tuesday evening, so the Freshers Fair is still hot in my mind. Firstly I would like to say thank you to Al (for the second week in a row) for his help today, and second I would like to say thanks to everyone who showed an interest in Felix: you should have received e-mails by now, and for anyone that hasn't, or for anyone that didn't manage to find us and get their names down, please e-mail me so that I can contact you next week some time.

While on the subject of Freshers Fair, I have had several arguments today with several clever-clogses (if that's a plural) on the subject of apostrophes. Now, just to put the record straight, I realise that if it is the Week/Fair of Freshers, then yes, there is an apostrophe: Freshers' Fair. However, *Felix* (i.e. me) believes that it is a week that consists of Freshers, as in AIDS



Week, or Fish Week. None of any bloody letters complaining, which have them. So don't write basically.

Anyway, I'm in the middle of sending out the e-mails, but tonight is deadline night, so you can imagine my joy and rapture at considering the heady time at which I will get to rest my head. Actually, to be honest, it's only 1am, and I think we should be finished by 2. Banter! As they say. But if you lot were helping, then I would have been home and asleep by now, so get over here now. Not that you can right now, obviously, but you see my point.

Hmmm. Kind of run out of things to say, actually. This sometimes happens at this time of night, I'm afraid, but you'll get used to it if you ever read this on a regular basis. In fact, so lazy and tired am I feeling, that I'm going to give this up for a bad job, and say see you next week instead.

I've just noticed that this leaves me with rather a large empty space left to fill, so now I'm going to scare you all with a huge picture of me looking cheeky, or so my mother would claim. G'night.

WANTED: ACTORS

Auditions will be taking place in the union for two upcoming DramSoc productions - the Agatha Christie play '**And Then There Were None**' and '**Tender**', the Laurence Olivier nominated drama by Abi Morgan.

Audition locations and times are:

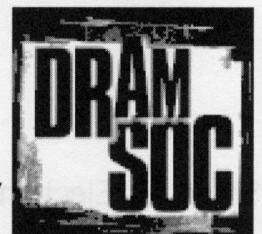
- Tues 8/10 18:00-21:00 in seminar rooms 3 and 4
- Wed 9/10 18:00-21:00 in seminar rooms 1 and 4
- Thur 10/10 11:00-18:00 in seminar rooms 3 and 4
- Sun 12/10 11:00-18:00 in seminar rooms 3 and 4

If you want to sign up for an audition, contact **Patrick** the acting director at actingdirector@dramsoc.org

Or visit www.dramsoc.org/auditions

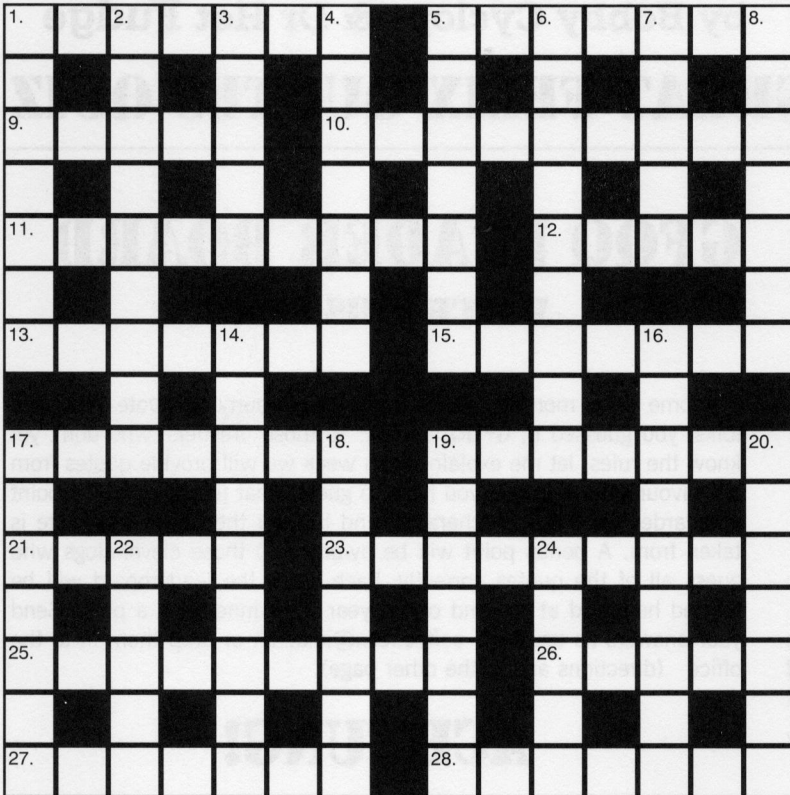
Auditions are open to all - beginners and new members are welcome

ICU Dramatic Society





Felix Crossword 1242



By Dr Hot Fudge

Across

- 1 Private dick values seadogs. (7)
- 5 Around average stink at place of amusement. (7)
- 9 Fishy editor is puzzled. (5)
- 10 Don't lose this on fresher's week Mary!
- 11 Banner of saint on one piece of pavement. (9)
- 12 Greet top with cymbal. (2-3)
- 13 Dead body found in avenue right after rogue. (7)
- 15 Made tasty thousand in star weapon. (7)
- 17 Stick provides entertainment for rats. (7)
- 19 Organise a shooting gallery, we hear. (7)
- 21 A spread lady? (5)
- 23 Worker runs off with deer. (9)
- 25 Limpness caused by nice tempo. (9)
- 26 Street tune has steps! (5)
- 27 Biker to lubricate royal. (7)
- 28 Flabbergasted second was sold. (7)

Down

- 1 Flip hat if college goes to ocean. (7)
- 2 Communist passed and got caught in the act! (9)
- 3 Waves make bad edits. (5)
- 4 Redeemer is bitter over movie file. (7)
- 5 Landowners in the distant French seas. (7)
- 6 Huge robin makes poor friend. (9)
- 7 His ma belongs to a sect? (5)
- 8 The factor that makes a man not so super. (7)
- 14 Five end bad taste feuds. (9)
- 16 Group has scheme for king to walk it! (9)
- 17 End of dynasty brings about bum licking!! (7)
- 18 Tool used for special topless banner. (7)
- 19 Horns acquired from odd rentals. (7)
- 20 Made certain it was safe in the finish. (7)
- 22 Sport of urine gets currency. (5)
- 24 Catch bird with ring. (5)

THE  TIMES

Could you co-ordinate local research at Imperial College for a major nationwide student survey?

We are looking to appoint a local University Manager to work on a major student survey for *The Times*.

The post will be paid, part-time work during term time from **October 2002** until **June 2003** and would be an ideal job for a **finalist**, a **postgraduate student** or a **recent graduate** still living near the university.

If successful, you can look forward to **excellent work experience**, a **generous pay scheme**, and **references** to help with your future job applications.

Previous experience of market research is **not** required, but to be successful you must have plenty of free time and will need to be:

- **very knowledgeable** about the university and final-year students in 2002-2003, with **lots** of contacts within student societies & clubs
- **keen, enthusiastic** and **not** afraid of meeting new people
- extremely **well-organised** and efficient to meet demanding deadlines

To apply for this position, please email your CV to carla.smith@highfliers.co.uk or write to Carla Holmes-Smith, Research Manager, High Fliers Research Ltd, 10a Belmont Street, Camden Town, London NW1 8HH. Interviews will take place shortly in London.

What up sketchballls! I'm back again for one more year of piss-taking puzzlery and useless drivel to fill these empty, lifeless pages. But there's one big difference fudge-packers, this year I need your help, and quick. The end, dear friends, is nigh. This time next year I'll have been packed up and sent off to Alabama to spend the twilight of my life in the Liberace Memorial Trailer Park with my life-partner Bruce the Goat. Plus I really can't be arsed having to write crosswords in my final year, especially now that me and Bobby C are spreading our wings and providing three generous pages of coffee break. So what I want is somebody, anybody, to start writing crosswords. I don't care how shite they are, I'll print them (the more vulgar the better by the way). Mummy Huffwell will be writing regularly of course, but this ship requires more crew to keep it on a steady course. So get your arses in gear and write some cryptic crosswords to puzzle your pals and flabbergast your foes!

In other news, we have a grand prize to give away again this year. I don't know what the crossword prize will be yet, but if you're new to this game, last year we gave away a PS2 to the winner of the crossword competition and this year's prize will be of that ilk. All you have to do is bring your answers into the office (it's in the Beit Quad West Wing basement) or send them to coffee.felix@ic.ac.uk. At the end of the year I'll put all the correct entries into a tombola and draw out one lucky winner, so obviously the more times you enter the better your chances of winning. Well that's all for now folks, try to enjoy your first week back in this dump, or if you're a fresher, in the words of Nelson Muntz, Ha-ha!

Hot Fudge



GFQQ MK II

by Bobby Cyclops & Dr Hot Fudge

THE GREAT FELIX QUOTES QUIZ

THE QUOTES

1. "Slider..." [sniffs] "...you stink."
2. "It's Mega Maid! She's gone from suck to blow!"
3. "Laugh it up Fuzzball!"
4. "Let's see if these bastards can do ninety"
5. "Yes, it's true: this man has no dick"
6. "The next time we see sky, it'll be over another town, the next time we take a test, it'll be in some other school. Our parents, they want the bestest stuff for us. But right now, they've gotta do what's right for them, cause it's their time. It's there time up there. Down here, it's our time. It's our time down here."
7. "Don't ever touch my balls without asking!"

GFQQ LEADER BOARD

WATCH THIS SPACE

Welcome once more to your friendly neighbourhood quote quiz. Yes folks, you guessed it, GFQQ is back. To those 'freshers' who don't yet know the rules, let me explain. Each week we will provide quotes from our favourite movies and you have to guess what they are. Half a point is awarded for the actor/character and half for the movie the quote is taken from. A bonus point will be awarded to those clever-clogs who guess all of the quotes correctly. Each week the leaderboard will be printed here and at the end of the year the winner gets a prize. Send your answers as usual to coffee.felix@ic.ac.uk or drop them in to the office (directions are on the other page).

ACHTUNG!

£1000 Prize Bonanza!

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Ante Room
 Sherfield Building
 Imperial College
 Mon 7th October
 at 6pm

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- Customer Management
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 - Human Resources
 - Information Management
 - Innovation & Technology Management
 - Marketing
 - Supply Chain
- Closing date for applications
 13th December 02

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you

Your passion. Our strength





GFLQ (THE FIRST ONE)

THE GREAT FELIX LYRICS QUIZ

GFLQ LEADER BOARD

WATCH THIS SPACE TOO!

Welcome to the son of GFQQ: GFLQ - the Great Felix Lyric Quiz! The rules are deceptively simple – we provide five (or more) lyrics from songs throughout the ages, and you give us the name of the song and the artist who performed it (before you ask, cover versions are accepted). For the song title you gain half a point, for the artist another half point, and if you get all the lyrics completely right you get a bonus point. Send us your answers via e-mail to coffee.felix@ic.ac.uk or drop them into the Felix office (Beit Quad, West Wing basement) and we will enter you on the leader board to be published in this space. At the end of the year, whoever is on top will win an almighty prize and the admiration of their peers.

ULTRALEAGUE

SAME AGAIN, BUDDY. WATCH IT!

For those of you brave enough to enter both GFQQ and GFLQ, there exists the Ultraleague - a stomping ground of wit and skill. Here lurks the biggest prize, but also the most deadly competition. Those players who accept the challenge will have their combined score published in this space and compete for the grand (undisclosed as yet) prize, to be awarded at the end of the year. We are welcome to suggestions, but our current shortlist is: a return trip to Hawaii, a top of the range entertainment system, or a romantic candlelight spit-roast, with Fudge and Cyclops to provide the rotisserie, of course. Bye-bye.

WEBSITE OF THE WEEK

www.ratemypoo.com

Synopsis: Individuals send in pictures of their faecies, and they are rated on a scale ranging from 1 ('not') to 10 ('log'). Turds also get a witty comment from reviewers, which is sure to raise a smile.

Rating: One of the more interesting uses for the Internet - not an evil site, but definitely disturbed and therefore worth a visit. Those with a panchant for poo may like to review others, or indeed send in a sample (in digital form) of their own.

Coffeebreak score: 6/10

Y'know, we do have a dedicated website review section. You can find out how to read bar codes. But there's very little shit, I'm afraid. Ed.

THE LYRICS

1. "He never ever learned to read or write so well, but he could play the guitar just like ringin' a bell."
2. "Something grabs a hold of me tightly, flow like a harpoon daily and nightly."
3. "Don't need money, don't need fame, don't need no credit card to ride this train."
4. "We've got to move these microwave ovens, custom kitchen deliveries. We've got to move these refridgerators, we've got to move these colour TVs."
5. "Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me, for me, for me."
6. "Well the Ukraine girls really knock me out, they leave the West behind. And Moscow girls make me sing and shout, that Georgia's always on my-my-my-my-my-my-my-my-my-my mind"
7. "When they said you was high classed, well, that was just a lie"
8. "You never close your eyes anymore when I kiss your lips. There's no tenderness like before in your fingertips"
9. "All we want from you are the kicks you've given us"
10. "Baby when I heard you for the first time I knew we were meant to be as one."

RAMBLINGS

And so we're back from outer space – I just walked in the Felix office to find that look on Fudge's face. Yes, another year is here and Fudge & Cyclops are back to bring you coffee-time fun and games with a new look and huge prize budget of £1000 - the fools! This year we have a new quiz: the Great Felix Lyric Quiz (it won't take much guessing as to how you play, but the rules are to be found somewhere on these pages).

Bobby Cyclops

Basically you need to watch this space, keep up to date with your entries and make sure you don't whine too much when we don't give you the points you want. As usual, there will be bonus questions from week to week, and the amount of quotes will vary in size depending on how much 'work' we can be arsed doing. The leader board will be updated each week and the winners of the two quizzes will receive a prize at the end of the year, with the winner of the Ultraleague (combined scores of the two quizzes) receiving one almighty, never-before-seen, behemoth of a grand prize. If this hasn't got you salivating like a dog with two dicks, we've also got the usual crossword prizes and a recommended website for those tedious hours in college when you're supposed to be doing coursework. Watch this space, and be lucky.

Dr Hot Fudge

Did You Know That
CERVICAL CANCER
&
GENTAL WARTS
are Caused By Similar Viruses?

A vaccine to protect against these viruses is now
being tested in london

100 young women between the ages of **18 & 23** will
be invited to take part in this research

If the vaccine is shown to be effective it is hoped
that eventually all young women will routinely be
vaccinated

If you want to find out more about how you
can become involved then please phone the
study hotline number on

020 7886 6047

or email m.cowen@ic.ac.uk



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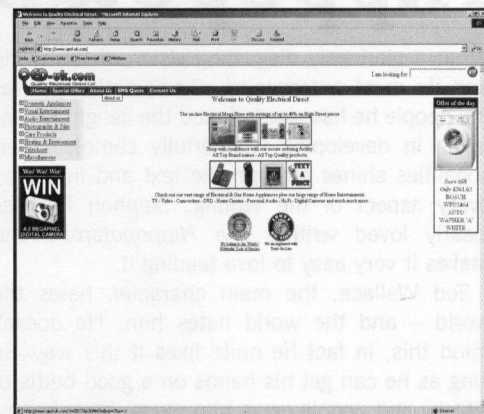
Bargain basement: Fridges and stuff

Ooooo! What prices! What a selection! QED stands for Quality Electrical Direct and that is exactly what it is; every electrical appliance under the sun is here and at very reasonable prices. Pick an appliance, any piece of domestic machinery and you should find it here, whether it is a new fridge for your flat, a foot spa to relax after a hard night clubbing, a DJ turntable to annoy the neighbours or a floor shampoo polisher to please the landlord (or lady). Now I'm sure that lots of you lovely people have got to their nice new flats and found that the washing machine isn't actually provided so trot along here and nab yourself a cheap new one.

a very simple layout means it is extremely easy to use, it is a functional website and there has been little attempt to try and glamorise it. But who cares, with prices like these, although the pink and yellow tables with blue writing can be a bit hard on the eyes. There is also a very useful function using SMS. If you see something that you want in a high street store then you text the manufacturer and model number to QED and within a minute they send back a quote. An excellent idea I think. Delivery is free over £100 and is £4.15 under, and your order is usually delivered within 3-5 working days.

All in all, this is a good service and certainly worth checking out before you buy else-

The web site itself is not particularly flashy –



where because you could end up kicking yourself and we don't want that now, do we.

<http://www.qed-uk.com>

Well... it could be useful...

Hmmm. I never fail to be amazed at the information that is available on the internet, I realise that there are many, many areas of knowledge that are a complete mystery to me and I'm sure I'm not alone on that. As such I consider it my duty to inform you of websites that will almost certainly contain facts that you did not know and, to be honest, probably never wanted to. This week's input is the ability to decode the barcode, you know this is something that you have been dying to learn and it will certainly complete your life.

The most common version is the UPCA code which normally needs to be read with a laser but, with patience, can be decoded by the human eye. There are twelve digits (I never knew that) and each is represented by a seven bit binary code. The first six digits tell you the manufacturer, the next five identify the actual product, and the last one is a check digit. Anyway, follow the step by step guide provided here and you could soon be employed by Tescos as 'Till assistant', or not. What the use of being able to decode the barcode is I have yet to work out, please send ideas on a post-card.

Ignoring the pure irrelevance of this site it is actually quite well produced, simple but effective and user-friendly, so if you ever want to know anything about the barcode, you really should get a life! No, I don't mean that, first rule of writing – don't insult the audience, love you all really!

Decode the Bar Code!

If you were a robot register or scanner, the center of your universe is Dastard, Ohio – home of the Uniform Code Council. The people at the UCC are dedicated to spreading the Universal Product Code.

The most common version of this code is called the UPCA. Laser beams read the UPCA codes, but humans with a lot of patience can translate them too. Keep in mind that the laser that scans at 1000 times a second, and the computer can translate in the period in less than a second.

What a UPCA code says:

- The first six (6) digits identify the manufacturer. All of the products they make will begin with the same six digits. This number is assigned by the UCC.
- The second (5) digits are the item identification given to that product by the manufacturer. This allows them 99,999 products that they can make. There is no need for this number to reflect, or become a make number. The 12th digit is a check digit.

How to decode a UPCA

There are twelve digits that make up the UPCA code. Each digit is represented by a seven bit binary code.

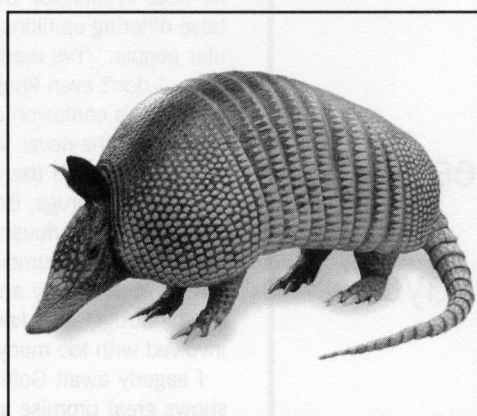
Use the code key, and if the binary code is 1 then it is represented by a black line. The 0 (zero) is a space (white).

- There is a center code of four (4) lines, which are the digits (0101) which locate the symbol.
- On the left hand side of the center code, use the left binary code. On the right hand side of the center code, switch to the right binary code.
- The seven (7) binary codes left the scanner read the numbers in either direction.
- The Start and End Codes are used by the scanner/processor to set the width of the binary digits within the barcode.

Digit	Left	Right
0	0001001	1100100
1	0011001	1100101
2	0010011	1101100
3	0111001	1000100
4	0100011	1011100
5	0110001	1001101
6	0011111	1010000
7	0110111	1000100
8	0011111	1000100
9	0001011	1100100

The Check Digit
The last digit is a check digit. The scanner uses an algorithm to calculate this digit. If the scanner does not calculate the correct check digit the read is rejected.

Don't look at it too long - it made my eyes go all funny



This is a picture of an armadillo. Really.

www.lascosfittings.com/BarCode-EDI/Decode.htm

Term of the Week: Cookie (yum)

Cookies, those things that pop up when you visit web sites actually do have a function, they are used to get information about how often you visit a site, how long you stay there and also to try and personalise the web site for you. The web server sends the cookie to the web browser in order to keep track of you, they can also be used to monitor which adverts you see in your browser.

They can be irritating but nothing more, they do not spread viruses or do anything that could be considered nasty to your computer. So you can have as many cookies as you like as long as you can cope with the calories.

From the dotMeister

Hello there my favourite people and welcome to the best ever (well, first ever) website review page in Felix. I am your wonderful web review editor and you are now going to be stuck with a whole page of me every week! Mwa Ha Ha Ha - that was an evil laugh. I aim (and I usually miss) to provide you with a little light entertainment as well as some useful sites over the year. This week I thought I'd give you something dead useful to anyone setting up home as well as something to entertain yourselves when you're drunk, which you probably will be at some point. That 3am trip to Sainsbury's is so much more fun if you try decoding the barcode. No really. *Jenny*




PAGES

Hippopotamus, by Stephen Fry

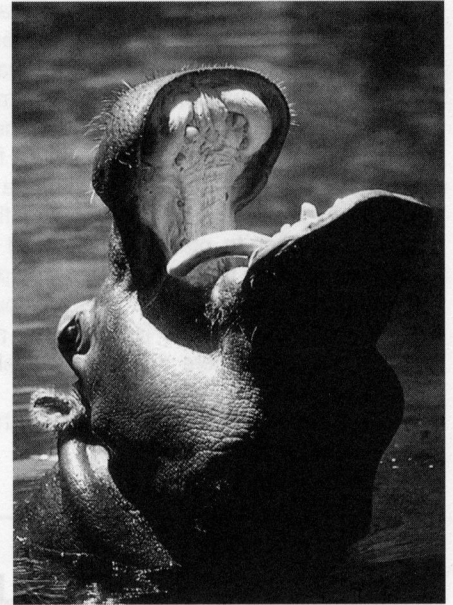
What a gloriously disgusting vision of the world and its most entertaining characters! Fry loves the people he has created, and the delight he has taken in developing wonderfully complete personalities shines through the text and infiltrates every aspect of the writing. Stephen Fry has clearly loved writing *The Hippopotamus* and makes it very easy to love reading it.

Ted Wallace, the main character, hates the world – and the world hates him. He doesn't mind this, in fact he quite likes it this way. So long as he can get his hands on a good bottle of whisky and people leave him alone, he is happy. Ted used to work as a theatre critic for a newspaper but after being a little too critical one particular evening he was, unceremoniously, given the sack, given the number of a local rehabilitation clinic and told to sod off. It is in this state of bereavement for his social and financial loss that he is approached by a long lost goddaughter and offered a lot of money to stay with some rich

friends of his and get free alcohol. Strangely enough Ted accepts and sets off; the only problem is, he is under strict orders to look for something but Jane, his goddaughter, would not tell him what. From this point on, our embittered protagonist is spun into a world of mystical healing that really is too much for poor old Ted to cope with. His rich friends have the appearance of the perfect family, but slowly it becomes obvious that something is being hidden and it is this secret that Jane expects Ted to discover.

Fry has a wicked, twisted sense of humour and *The Hippopotamus* provides laugh-out-loud quips with a vicious, sexual streak. The internal workings of Ted Wallace's mind are really hilarious, made more so by the bizarre situation in which he finds himself. Definitely worth a read.

The Hippopotamus, by Stephen Fry, is published by Arrow and recommended for sale at £5.99. ISBN 0-09-918961-5



PAGES

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Wasted, by Mikki Goffin

Mikki Goffin has made a brilliant debut with this one, a touching and moving account of the true love and support that exists within a family and the stress and devastation caused by a disease such as schizophrenia. This is not a story without humour and Goffin portrays a student's life with an accuracy and wit that provides a much needed relief from the intensity of the effects of such a dramatic illness.

Abigail is the main character whose life is detailed through her late teens to early twenties. Abi admires and adores her older sister, Jasmine, who is a heroin addict and a schizophrenic and Goffin explores the effects of this on her family.

As Abigail tries to continue her life and begins the difficult move from school to university, Jasmine slowly slips away into a murky life of drugs and madness. Goffin never tries to explain the causes of schizophrenia, but he does emphasise the confusion that surrounds the disease – doctors have differing opinions and nobody understands why it happens to particular people. "I've read every bloody book in the world about schizophrenia... I don't even know what it is, what it's supposed to stand for." The pain of this confusion and the misunderstandings for the family is evident throughout the novel. When Abigail leaves for university Jasmine loses her only contact with the real world, and Abi loses the constant reminder of the effects of drugs. Both of them lose their best friend.

Despite the seriousness of the subject matter Goffin manages to maintain a sense of humour with a humorous account of university life. Abi arrives at university and meets her flat mates in halls of residence, then, as she struggles to keep on top of her reading and coursework she gets involved with too many men and too much pot, leading to more chuckles.

I eagerly await Goffin's next novel. If this one is anything to go by, he shows great promise as an emotive, tender writer who can tackle important issues whilst maintaining a tactful sense of humour. *Jenny*

Wasted, by Mikki Goffin is published by Phoenix for £6.99.

ISBN 0-75381-434-X



This is Citigroup.

Last year, Jeff learned
about derivatives.

Citigroup would like to invite you to attend our Corporate Presentation on 8th October, 6:30pm in SAF Lecture Theatre 1. We will also be hosting a Technology Presentation on 22nd October, 6:30pm in Lecture Theatre 207, Civil Engineering Building. Please see your careers service for further details.

citigroup 

Salomon Smith Barney & Citibank

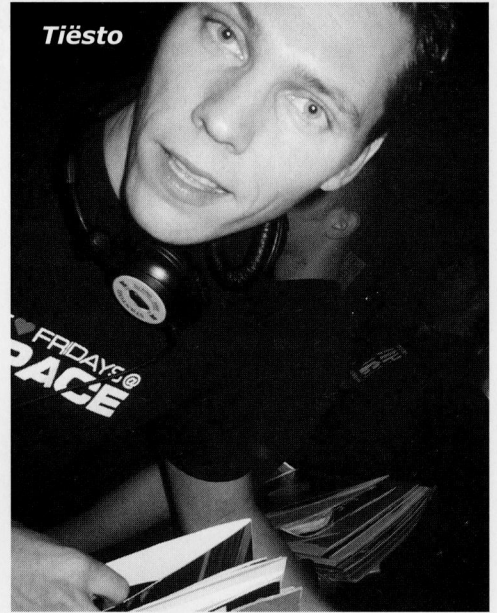
This year, he traded £200 Million worth
of them.

During a course in investments, something "clicked"—Jeff knew he wanted to become a derivatives trader. A year later, he was helping to conduct some of the biggest trades in the world. Jeff believes this could have only happened at Citigroup. With a revolutionary business model that is quickly changing the industry, Citigroup recruits ambitious, highly talented people and allows them to find their own path to their potential. To find out more, come to one of our on-campus presentations or have a look online. Who knows? It could be one of the best investments you'll ever make. Citigroup.com

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NightLife



Welcome

Rock over London.

If last week's nights out were not enough for you, then maybe you should turn your attention to these little beauties. As ever, this week's NightLife has the best nights out in London screaming out for your attention. Unless you firmly intend to dribble away your life in a sorry tale of depression and workaholicism, read on...

Now, if you've cashed that loan cheque but you still don't feel quite flush enough to spend all your money on nights out on the town then perhaps NightLife is exactly what you need. Reviewing clubs, bars and events for NightLife gets you (and typically a 'plus one') free entry, and possibly some free drinks and V.I.P privileges in the process. What's more, it is outrageously simple: you just have to write me a review.

If you are too much of a pecker to even both-er giving it a second thought, here are your other options for free entry into the best clubs and bars in London:

- 1) Insert several vinyl promos down your trousers and claim to be a mislaid record bag.
- 2) Claim to be *the* Carl Cox.
- 3) Get a bunch of mates to dress up as police officers and turn up by the vanload to 'raid' the club. Shed your uniforms inside once you've got your got your money's worth by confiscating beer, cigarettes and other substances from unsuspecting clubbers.
- 4) Claim to be Jesus Christ, and they will just assume it's that twat Chris Evans at it again.

...And of course, there is always the option of reviewing for NightLife. Anyway, enough from me, I'll let the reviews do the talking...

Rock Steady

Wednesday @ Bridge & Tunnel

If I was to tell you that you could hear legendary DJ, Ashley Beedle from X-press 2, play in London for *free*. Would you believe me? Well, with the Rock Steady night at the Bridge & Tunnel that is now the truth.

This monthly night features residents Ashley Beedle, Ross Allen and Johnny Chandler putting together an evening of modern soul, reggae, R&B, and good wholesome raw funk.

Every month the line-up will feature special guest DJs who will be unchained from the need to play current records and given free reign over the decks. For this reason, expect to hear the best of the DJs personal record collections including all of that music which has been an influence and an inspiration to them and even some special retro rarities.

The Bridge & Tunnel is the perfect venue for this sort of night. The Bridge and Tunnel's superb old school-style sound system and its stylish seating areas will mean that you will be put in the perfect mood for this vinyl voyage.

As events of this quality are not often free, you should really have no excuse for missing out on this one.

Wednesday 9th October

**Ashley Beedle (X-Press 2)
Ross Allen, Johnny Chandler
and guests**

DJs 7pm- late
Free entry

Bridge & Tunnel, 4 Calvert Avenue, E2
www.bridgeandtunnel.com

The Gallery

Friday @ Turnmills

Turnmills' weekly Friday night event, The Gallery, has a long established reputation for its popular mix of awesome DJs and glitzy carnival décor, all of which is sure to put a Cheshire Cat smile on your face.

Like a Long Island Ice Tea, everything you could possibly want is in here. It has strong DJ talent in the form of residents Tall Paul and Lottie, whilst also seeing the likes of Sister Bliss, Lisa Loud, Judge Jules and many more regularly take the decks through the year. And, as if that could possibly not be enough, Turnmills' gorgeous main bar area and its chatty atmosphere provide the perfect amount of effervescence.

Thankfully, The Gallery does not take itself at all seriously. This means when a great tune hits, the crowd simply isn't afraid to put their hands in the air and to cheer in appreciation. So please dress your best, and leave your inhibitions at the door.

The Gallery is a night that builds all the way to a show-stopping climax, leaving you happy, euphoric and hugging strangers. A true 21st Century disco.

Friday 11th October

**Tiësto
Sister Bliss
Montana and more**

10:30pm - 7:30 am
£8 members before midnight, £12 guests.

Turnmills, 63B Clerkenwell Road, EC1
www.turnmills.co.uk



NightLife



Terry Francis

Fabric

Saturday @ Fabric

Saturday night: before the main feature began at midnight, Fabric seemed hollow and inanimate; I had arrived early - too early - and so chose to fill this empty time with conversation and cold beer. Slowly groups of people were arriving and finding places to sit or were pulsing through the doorways and bar areas. And then, when people seemed to be least expecting it, *everything* happened.

Music and light seem to take over and suddenly nothing is static. The circulation of people between the three dancefloors builds until everyone has found their right place; choosing either Room 3's breaks, Room 2's furious techno or Room 1's upbeat tribal sounds.

For me the night all happened in Room 2. Its hot, hypnotic techno charmed the crowd into a rhythmical frenzy; green laserlight curving through smoke and lapping the crowd before shattering into electric beams.

By 4am it was all too much, and I can't keep up the pace and have to leave - too stunned to speak. Suddenly it is the end of the night and there is only silence and rolling credits. Trust me, this one's awesome.



Ragbull

Saturday @ Bridge & Tunnel

Jools Butterfield launches his "Ragbull" record label in fine style at his monthly Ragbull night.

At the Bridge & Tunnel you will typically find that you are listening to DJs and acts that you would expect to play only at bigger clubs - and this Ragbull night is certainly no exception. This Saturday Groove Armada make a special appearance with their percussionist Patrick Dawes, but there are also plenty of other attractions, including Jools Butterfield himself.

What you can assume is that everyone who does play will bring with them the sound of Ragbull: a dirty, soul-peppered and Afro-infused sound. The emphasis is more on giving some limelight to the best as yet undiscovered artists. You will be hearing the best of today's underground music.

One of the best things about the Bridge & Tunnel as a venue is that, as there is no pressure to fill a dancefloor, the DJs actually seem to be enjoying themselves a lot more. You can just tell that what they play are just the records that they want to play - which I think makes the music just that little more personal and interesting. A welcome change.



Competition

V.I.P. Tickets to The Gallery

This week you the chance to win yourself a pair of V.I.P. tickets to The Gallery this Friday 11th October, courtesy of Turnmills.

There are five pairs of V.I.P. tickets available, the winners to be chosen at random from all of you who answer this simple question below:

What birthday did The Gallery have in April of this year?

- a) 6th
- b) 7th
- c) 8th

E-mail your answer to clubs.felix@ic.ac.uk before noon on Friday 11th October for the opportunity of winning a pair of tickets. Please put 'The Gallery Competition' in the subject field and give your name, year and department. Please also include in your e-mail a contact phone number, so that I can inform you if you are a winner (these numbers will not be recorded or used for any other purposes).

Oh, and if you didn't notice before, I would really like people to join the review team. There are even opportunities to review R'n'B and UK Garage - so it isn't just house music. If you want to write reviews for NightLife and earn spurious glory in the process, send an e-mail to us at NightLife with 'Music is the answer' in the subject field and include in the e-mail your name, year and department.

For more information e-mail:

clubs.felix@ic.ac.uk

Patrick

Saturday 12th October

**Craig Richards, Terry Francis
Jeff Milligan (Algorithm)
Luomo (Live) and more**

10pm - 7pm
£15 (£12 NUS)

Fabric, 77A Charterhouse Street, EC1
www.fabriclondon.com

Saturday 12th October

**Groove Armada
(with Patrick Dawes),
Jools Butterfield and guests**

DJs 7pm- late
Price info: info@bridgeandtunnel.co.uk

Bridge & Tunnel, 4 Calvert Avenue, E2
www.bridgeandtunnel.com

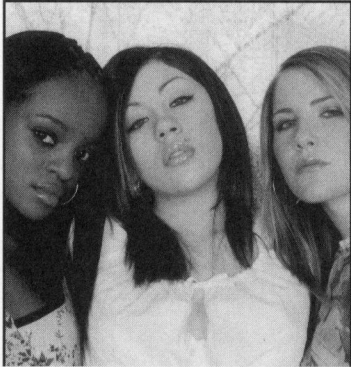


Albums & Singles

SugaBabes

4/5

Angels With Dirty Faces



This long-awaited return from London's finest girl group grabs you right from the start. It's an amalgamation of everything, orchestra, electronica, RnB, dance and pop. They show you the almost impossible, that Gary Numan's music, can be blended successfully with Adina Howard's lyrics, and not sound compromised. This is 'Freak Like Me', the relatively inaccessible first single.

The progression of electronica verses RnB, with an augmented bassline allows the downbeat verse to progress to the honeyed chorus in 'Blue', where we hear the babes rapping for the first time of many. The good times roll on with current single, the dance-pop good times of Motown's girl groups with modern-day attitude convinces the listener that these girls are no flash in the pan. 'Round, Round', is a pop gem, the first of many on this impressively accomplished, self-written album.

'Stronger', reminiscent of Neneh Cherry on a good day, shifts its way through a darkly optimistic verse, to a somewhat disappointing samey, yet strangely apt chorus. The middle eight is eerily copied and pasted from Neneh's 'Woman'

which, with it's sparse string quartet backing to crescendo, improves the song dramatically. No time is spared - the funk and breathy sass of 'Supernatural' squiggles its way with a pared-down rap that the Spice Girls would have killed for! Even Garage gets a look in on the comparatively weak title track, which along with 'Virgin, Virgin Sexy' highlights the downside of the album - lots of identikit tracks, where the girls attempt to sing unconvincingly about issues they seem to have been through.

REVIEWERS REQUIRED

No experience necessary, and you get to keep whatever you review. Come to Felix in Beit Quad on Thursdays at 1.30pm

Singles

Simian - Never Be Alone

The keyboard's range of functions (glockenspiel, layered chords and space noises) is put to good use on this optimistic offering from Matt Bellamy's vocal second coming. Angry, forceful vocals, and, that keyboard aside, there isn't much more to this prog-influenced piece of art. And in the humble opinion of the great unwashed masses, modern art = wank, right?

Rating - 2/5

U2 - Electrical Storm

The suggestion of William Orbit on the radio edit braces me for *Pop* part two - i.e. U2 trying to do dance in an inimitable way. Expecting a rush of beats, I was pleasantly surprised by Bono's ruggedly angelic vocals, and the band's trademark contemplative guitar sound being accentuated more clearly than before, which is definitely a good thing and unfortunately, reduces my curiosity for the new Orbit-produced Blur album. Done to the high standards generally expected of U2, it is unfortunate that the originality often associated with them is sadly lacking.

Rating - 3/5

Turin Brakes - Long Distance

Mercury Music Prize nominated duo return with what they know to do best. The plaintive, old-fashioned strum-alongs with lush orchestral backing. Ollie's expressive vocals sit comfortably with his incisive lyrics, on top of a perky piano part and a tambourine. Fortunately, the vocals set him apart from other jazz-influenced combos, and save him the shame (oh the shame!) of sounding like Toploader.

Rating - 3/5

Mercury Music Prize 2002

5/5

Various



For the benefit of the ignorant, the favoured track off each of the shortlisted albums for this prestigious prize is taken and stuck on this compilation, which gives us an idea of what's supposedly hot, and what's supposedly not.

Miss Dynamite's *It Takes More*, that is socially-conscious, sophisticated pop to you and me, kicks off proceedings in it's rich, rootsy groove, which entices the listener smoothly into the Doves megahit *There Goes The Fear*, which again, is very good. The elder

statesman of pop, David Bowie, makes a timely appearance, with *Slow Burn*. Social consciousness seems to be the order of the day, and I'm itching to hear something less demanding of the listener. Don't get me wrong, *Slow Burn* Bowie, and his trumpet and tambourine led pop is very well put together, but I'm now in the mood for decadent fluff. And soulful, strum-along fluff is what I am given, in the shape of Beverley Knight's hit, *Shoulda' Woulda' Coulda*. The compilers have got it right this time, and I'll admit now, that I want Beverley Knight to win the prize. Intelligent, beautiful and talented, having waited a long time for her much deserved success, I can't think of a better winner from the list.

Rap hip-hop outfit, Roots Manuva, bring a British Flavour to what essentially sounds like a melting pot of Warren G and Spooks. Their darkly infectious melody is a perfect prelude to The

Coral's psychedelic, yet endearing indie rock. The other inclusions are:- The Electric Soft Parade, Guy Barker and his instrumental jazz crew, the Streets with his perceptive observations, Irish folkster Gemma Hayes, the useless cod-reggae of the Bees, and the equally useless yet talented pianist Joanna MacGregor. Thankfully, last years winner, PJ Harvey, with the excellent, emotive, *This Is Love*, shows us what a true winner is made of, as she closes what is definitely an excellent show.





Albums & Singles

Ash

5/5

Intergalactic Sonic 7"s



For a band whose average age is still a relatively young 25, it's a massive compliment to Ash and their understated ability to write killer pop songs using nothing more than guitar, bass and drums that they have decided to release *Intergalactic Sonic 7"s*, a definitive collection of the band's singles to date.

It's been ten years since Tim Wheeler, Mark Hamilton and Rick McMurray first played their inaugural London show to a sceptical audience still bewildered by the grunge fallout and

unaware of the massive impact Britpop was set to cause over the ensuing twelve months.

Pogo-sticks a-go-go, let's jump up and down to welcome back the precocious songsters on a break from recording their fifth album. *Burn Baby Burn* is fabulous, and is welcomingly faded into the current single: the excellent, yet thrashy, *Envy*.

New songs fit alongside old songs seamlessly, as we find the songs are grouped musically, i.e. fast and slow together, rather than chronologically. We have their first big hit *Girl from Mars* next to their comeback to the big time, infectiously simple *Shining Light*. Their most famous soundtrack offering, *A Life Less Ordinary*, next to an old favourite, the quiet, loud shimmer of *Goldfinger*. Excellent stuff.

Whilst some of the early singles (*Petrol* and *Uncle Pat*) can be dismissed as nervous, fey indie warblings, the likes of *Jack Names The Planets* and *Kung*

Fu provided strong hints at what the band were capable of achieving, and by the time their debut album *1977* was released; they'd already chalked up three top ten hits (*Girl From Mars*, *Angel Interceptor* and *Oh Yeah*).

As most of their Britpop peers have crashed and burned, this compilation hits it home that Ash have only just begun to get into their stride.

COMPETITION TIME

If you fancy getting your hands on a copy of Coldplay's brand spanking new album, then here's your chance.

Coldplay's first album was:-

- a) Aeroplanes
- b) Parachutes

Please email your answer, with your name, year and department to music.felix@ic.ac.uk by Thursday 10th of October.

Singles

Ooberman - *Beany Bean*

Shiny, happy, and pointless

I don't know where to start. This single comes across as a swirl of latino-happy jangly guitars and shifting beats, with interludes from a choir of girls, and a guy strongly reminiscent of the Streets. It's mad, it's a rush, but with its jazzy background of brass not unknown to Madness, and its undecipherable lyrics, I don't know what to feel - it's not a definite like for me, that's for sure.

Rating - 2/5

James Yorkston and The Athletes - *Tender to the Blues EP*

The wavefront of artistic, nu-acoustic groups seems to expand profusely every week, and this group, which uses their great pride in their deployment of orchestral instruments as their selling point, is no exception.

Interested? Bet you aren't. I wasn't, but I found myself drawn in by the power of the music. Is it not a drain to listen to? No. A hard-core popaholic such as I, (who incidentally possesses the attention span of a goldfish dropping), was thoroughly charmed by the title track, *Tender to the Blues*, a story of past love, and ingenuity shown in *6:30 Is Way Too Early*, the use of medieval sounds strikingly effective. Chilled out to the max, it has the effect of a meditation tape, without being boring or bland. You actually want to know what he wants to say, unlike most sleepy nu-acoustic acts, who seem to spend more time working out how to pare down, what is already pared down. *Hare's on the mountain/Old maid*, a folksy, banjo-led take on a traditional, is the second highlight, inventive, slow, yet compellingly listenable.

Rating - 4/5

Editor's Corner

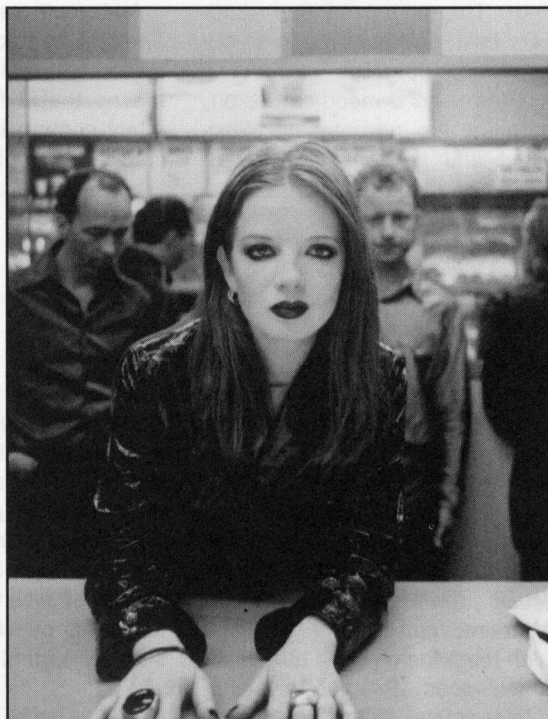
Welcome to another year of great music, reviews and interviews in the music pages, not to mention the infliction of my nonsensical rambling upon you!

As before, we'll be concentrating on a variety of music we feel will be popular amongst the student population, with the aim of catering to as wide a variety of musical tastes possible. We'll bring you album reviews, singles reviews and live reviews, not to mention exclusive interviews (Felix has interviewed Beverley Knight, A and King Adora amongst other great acts in the past). Stolen concept from last year's Felix, (sorry David) I'll be running a competition every week if possible, allowing you to have a chance at CD's, concert tickets and other random merchandise that the record companies decide to send me.

This week's issue includes the Reading Round Up and Murderdolls interview, courtesy of Joe Parker of IC Radio, an 'Out This Week' section and competition for the new Coldplay album.

The Garbage picture, of course, is there, not because we're reviewing the ten millionth single off their year-old album, but because they look cool.

Your comments, questions and opinions are always welcome - just send an email to music.felix@ic.ac.uk

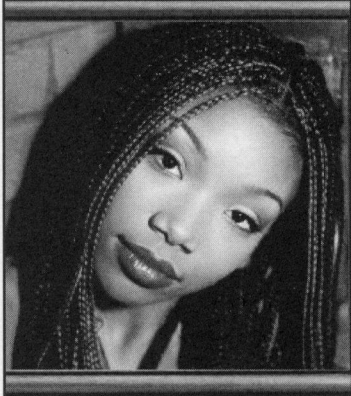




Albums and Live Reviews

Various

Get UR Freak On



Billed as '38 of the sexiest RnB grooves', your reviewer, (a dedicated RnB hater), approached this CD hoping to have her eyes opened to a collection of top tunes, wishing to be convinced, like the majority of people these days, that RnB is indeed all that!

10 Garage MCs minus the right to vote and drink open the show, with their number one massacre of an old Rap standard, *Crossroads*. That's the Blazin' Squad for you, and that's enough of them for now, the less said the better. They're thankfully followed by the sweet, sassy, attitude packed tunes of the bluesy, rich vocals of Tweet, the improbably beautiful Ashanti, with the excellent *Foolish* and J-Lo. *I'm Gonna be Alright* is a definite highlight, with it's attitude packed delivery and rap from the 'Stillmatic' Nas.

The transition to what I don't like, i.e. mush, occurs rather abruptly, with Jaheim's *Heaven in My Eyes*, the strained and almost perverted lyrics *Feenin* by the ever-ageing Jodeci making me reach out for the sick bucket. Graphic enough for you? Well to add insult to injury, add Keith Sweat's *Twisted*, another bland, insipid ballad, Levert Sweat Gill's narcissistic *Your Body* and Wayne Marshall's *Your G Spot* with it's tacky imagery and calculated breathing exercises, just compounds my dread of listening to the rest of the CD.

Thankfully Craig David and Damage come to the rescue, with the smoochy *Rendezvous* and the jazz-laden, smoky *After the Love Has Gone*. Unknown Americans, the White Head Brothers are also a welcome addition, with their groovy, slinky and sexy *You're Love is a 187*. Take note Jodeci - This is how a sexy RnB groove should be done! Shola Ama and En Vogue redeem CD1 with a much needed touch of class with the funky *You're the One I Love* and Motown-esque Supremes style *Giving Him Something He Can Feel*. This is indeed pop at its very best, and puts me in a very good mood for CD2.

And the good mood carries on, with the ground-breaking Missy Elliot and the bhangra/hip-hop

clubbing tune - *Get UR Freak On*, this song being so good I don't want it to end! Brandy and Fat Joe carry on the good work with *Full Moon* and to top off a trio of top tunes, Adina Howard's funky, yet alluring *Freak Like Me*. If you think you don't know it, yes you do! You know this one, the tune where the Sugababes stole the lyrics and put it over the Gary Numan sample to make their decidedly inferior cover! Again, the transition to the slow songs occurs, but less rapidly so, but with equally perverted songs! I count Gerald Levert, D'Angelo, Another Level and Mark Morrison among the guilty parties. Thankfully the worst is over. Highlights to close include Next's *Too Close*, Angie Stone's jazz and smoke in *No More Rain* and Sunshine Anderson's soulful *Lunch or Dinner*.

So what the unashamed popaholic learn from this exercise? That this CD is a useful summation of the recent past of RnB with tracks dating back to 1993. That with all genres of music, there's the good, the bad and the ugly...

And you'll never guess what? Twelve bad tracks, versus twenty-six tolerable to excellent, means that I for one am definitely coming back for more. A convert is born!

4/5

Reading Review

Yer pays yer money and yer takes your choice.

Musically, festivals are about crackling live performances from all your favourite bands, plus the chance to check the hype on the new boys. Financially, it's the marketplace of the industry, where the labels get to show their wares - established acts and newcomers jostling all year for position on the bill, in pursuit of that all-important exposure. Careers are made and broken at festivals, so bands have to shine or stink; the only bad reaction is no reaction....

Shame Gomez haven't got the script, then. The lardy stoner's band of choice look positively bored. And so do we. At their best, Gomez can be magical, but if I want to see a bunch of fat chemistry students half-heartedly floundering through recycled blues riffs, I'll go down the union.

Of course, a sure fire way to draw attention is to smash, bite, throw or spit on whatever you can. The Pete Townsend Award for Wanton Destruction goes to:-

Dillinger Escape Plan

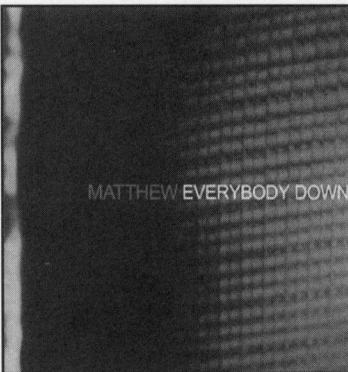
The frontman of Epitaph Records' newest punk sensation shat into a towel before throwing it to the audience. The kids decided to look this particular gift horse in the mouth, and threw the towel back; the singer, unimpressed smeared it over the PA cabs for good measure. Pleasant.

Close behind... Trail Of Dead. After a cracking set, the Texans fling their drumsticks to the crowd - followed by the entire kit, piece by piece. Catching a stick is one thing. cushioning the landing of a kickdrum's maiden flight is quite another

continued over there ->

Matthew

Everybody Down



Everybody Down explodes with thick guitar melodies and hooky alternative rock songs brimming with youthful agitation, passion, and solid musicianship... wielding as much drama and emotion as three-minute plus modern pop song can handle. That's the *All Music Guide's* description of Matthew, and I have to agree with them there on the title track: a feel good, thought-provoking, introspective singalong of the

highest order. The rest of the album carries on in the much same order; high quality, learned musicianship, the emotive vocals carrying the questions asked effectively. Highlights include *This Time*, *In Your Car* and Led Zep's younger brother, *Streams*. The lows? Well there are no lows, as this is one hot scorcher of a summer album!

All Reviews by Sajini Wijetilleka

4/5



Interview

Murderdolls - 27th August 2002

Joe Parker



Fire! Brimstone! Small girls tormenting old men with wasps and honey... this is the world of Slipknot, the self-styled 'death metal' band hated by mums and aped by kids the world over. So when 'Joey Jordison, Slipknot Drummer' drops a CD in the office (ok, his PR company), labelled 'Murderdolls - Side Project', we got out the salt and josticks and prepared for Satan himself to pop out of the speakers.

We were pretty surprised, then, when the album turned out to be a ferrally energetic ramalama sounding affair, with more in common with The Munsters than Chucky. It's upbeat, gothy and punky all in one massive tongue-in-cheek sweep, and quite possibly one of the most infectious records of the year. Surprise turned to delight when we read the small print at the bottom of the release, offering an interview. We rushed down to the plush K-West hotel in Richmond to find out what had gone wrong in Shock City.

Inside the light, airy forum of the hotel, one entire end of the room is taken up with photographers' paraphernalia. Several people scurry around, and waiters and a concierge fuss round a table in the centre of the room, where two serious-looking blokes are sitting and drinking cocktails (it's a little after two in the afternoon.) Striding up, I announce Felix's arrival in my best throaty journo tones. The men look up blankly. I try again, explaining that we're here to interview

Murderdolls, you know, the Slipknot side-project...

"Oh," exclaims the chap, in a very British accent, "Do you mean the band? I think that's them, over there."

Looking over, a small group of guys, dressed in rock-goth-punk attire lounge in one corner of the room, laughing and drinking Diet Cokes (mostly). Ah, I think.

It turns out Joey has to dash to see a friend ("this old hippy; my old man's man" - probably bullshit, too bad.) So instead I'm introduced to a Rock Guitarist. I know he's a Rock Guitarist, because a) he looks the part - all dye and piercings and big rings, b) he's called 'AC' (no, really) and c) he has a handshake like a steel press.

AC joined the group a few months ago, when Tripp Eisen (Static X), who also played in the group, had to leave. So after feebly apologising for mistaking two investment bankers for the rock band (oh, and carting in a tape recorder the size of a TV - but that's another story), I put it to him, jokingly of course, that he may not be a 'real' band member, after all.

"No way!" he exclaims, "It wasn't that difficult. Wednesday [13]'s only been in since March. We have a lotta fun in this group - everybody's new - and we kinda had a raport already, you know?"

"We went to the Summer Sonic festival, in Japan? It was cool, though we just hung out in the hotel a lot of the time. Meeting the Hanoi Rocks guys was cool..."

Jesus, I think, it's like bloody Spinal Tap USA. But in fact, AC turns out to be a friendly, witty and interesting interviewee. In particular, there's none of the cynicism or stench of self-importance than usually hangs 'round UK acts. Refreshing. Still, not quite the hotel trashing, bone-smoking, groupie sodomising monster I'd expected. So what's going on? Where's the integrity, man?

"I joined this group because that's what I wanted to do for fun," he declares earnestly, "This is a big risk - there's none of the stuff that goes on with promoting other bands - so if we were concerned about getting our mansions and cars, or whatever, this is the last place we'd be."

Still, I suggest, with the 'Slipknot side-project' tag inevitably attached, they won't exactly lose money...

"Yeah, I guess so. So I suppose it's like, \$1million with integrity versus \$4million of dirty money!" He laughs.

Hmm. So how have the 14-year-old hoodie posse taken to the show, I wonder?

"Well, at first the audience is kinda like a deer in the headlights. But by the second half, they're feeding off Murderdolls' special energy, our abrasiveness, too, and... it's fun! That's the main thing. It's like going to a strip bar compared to a boxing match."

And those, erm, odd lyrics, half Young Frankenstein, half Jerry Springer?

"It's all on the fun side - horror movies, stuff like that." He pauses. "It's not based on... personal experience."

They're clearly an ambitious bunch - or just optimistic - happy to daydream about awards and albums to come when we bring it up, plus collaborations with Alice Cooper ("Hey, he's Alice, you know!") But will the record-buying public take to tongue-in-cheek goth-rock? Hell, do they even know what it is?

"It's like Kiss. They had a stupid idea, people laughed - but they did believe in what they were doing, in a way, and they're still around today!"

The interview ends - AC wants to go shopping and ride a London Bus.

In The Shadow Of The Valley Of The Murderdolls is out in the shops now on Roadrunner Records.

Reading Review

Continued from Page 22

(believe me). We love it though.

Top marks for punk-with-a-point go to *NOFX*, who manage to be drunk, funny, dumb and intelligent all at the same time. And poke blunt but 'incisive' fun at Dubbya, too ('Idiot Son Of An Asshole'). Oh well, it's still funny, and they've got us roaring.

Sheer nerve pulls *The Hives* though a set wracked by sound problems. "You wanna know what we both have in common?" bawls the Swede, "We both love me!" Damn right!

Audience participation is always fun, but *The Strokes* go one further, NYC-style, as 50,000 people sing 'Happy Birthday' to a haplessly drunk Julian Casablancas. Factor in Jack White, Rob Pollack (Guided By Voices) and electric new tunes and you've got it: the perfect headline set.

Joe Parker

Calling all rock fans

All you have to do to see the great man in action, the great man who is Cooper is to win a pair of tickets to the Alice Cooper gig in Wembley on November the 16th, or a copy of his most recent *DRAGON TOWN* album, is answer the question below and email your answer to me at music.felix@ic.ac.uk before Wednesday the 10th of October.

Which Alice Cooper song was covered more recently by Daphne and Celeste?

- a) *School's Out*
- b) *Brutal Planet*
- c) *Gimme*

Good Luck!

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