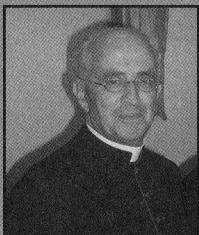


FELIX

The Student Newspaper of Imperial College

Issue 1247

How To Be Good. And not necessarily in an ecclesiastical way.
Page 18



Coffee Break: we really intend you to read it while drinking coffee.
Page 22



9/11/12

REFERENCE COLLECTION

Imperial College and Science Museum Libraries

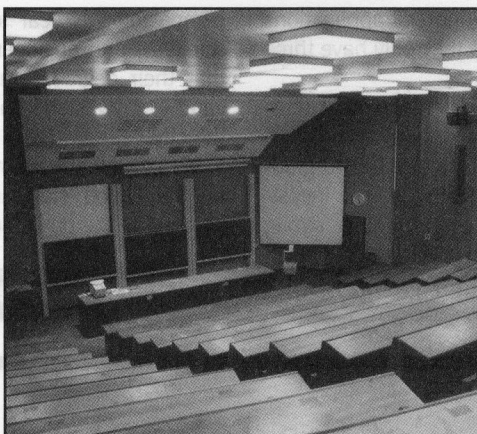
Lecturers To Strike

In a ballot of its members (*Felix 1243*), the Association of University Teachers has voted 75% in favour of a strike this Thursday.

The AUT are protesting about the 'London weighting', the extra money awarded to university staff working in London to offset the higher cost of living. The allowance stands at £2134, but has remained fixed since 1992. Meanwhile, claim the AUT, London vice-chancellors enjoy £16,000 extra per year over their counterparts outside the capital. The unions rejected a 3.5% salary increase offer, and are instead campaigning for an allowance of £4000.

Several other staff unions – NATFHE, Amicus and Unison – have also called on their members to strike on 14th November. The number of lecturers to walk out is unclear, but technical and administrative staff both in College and the students' union are also covered by the call to strike.

The National Union of Students (NUS) and



Will lecture theatres stand empty?

University of London Union (ULU) are both publically supporting the action, with the London weighting for student funding one of ULU's main campaigns. It is hoped that any movement on the weighting for staff may

highlight the additional cost to students taking courses in London. Meanwhile, the AUT explicitly states that the association aims not "to adversely affect students" with its strike action.

It is thought that some critical College staff may be involved in the strike action including security officers. Head of Security Ken Weir is hoping to obtain permission for his staff to disregard the call to strike in order to provide fire and security cover, though he acknowledged that he had no way of knowing how many of his staff were in the appropriate unions or were planning to strike.

Union President Sen Ganesh said he was "deeply concerned" that teaching and Union activities may be disrupted by the strike, but as with the rest of College, there seems to be much uncertainty about the number of staff to walk out next week.

The AUT has stated that the strike may still be averted if employers negotiate. AW

Union Shutdown

The Union building in South Kensington will be largely evacuated on Saturday as a result of the Remembrance Day events at the Royal Albert Hall.

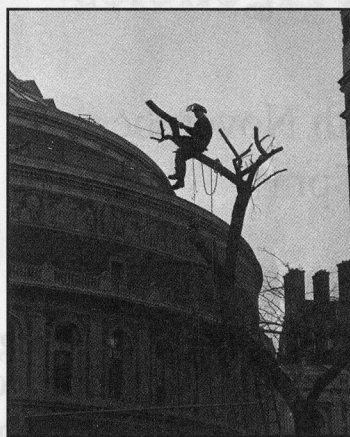
The annual ceremony in remembrance of those from the armed forces who died in action, including the two world wars, is attended by the Queen and other members of the royal family. The Union building in Beit Quadrangle is usually closed when royals attend the hall in order to stage counter-terrorism measures. Prince Consort Road

and Kensington Gore will also close, while nearby residences are closely monitored. In the past, parked cars and even chained-up bikes have been removed by police as they may conceal "hostile devices".

While police will occupy the roof of the Beit building, they will not be armed, according to College's Head of Security Ken Weir.

Student activities in the Union basements will be unaffected and the bars will be open as usual.

AW



What you won't be allowed to do

INSIDE...

A new column on College politics. This week, Carina Fearnley

This year's ICSM clinical play outdoes its location (a lecture theatre) with a performances of Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia*.

Liz joins Simon on the film team. Will it be *Posh and Becks*? Or *Kevin and Perry*?

A history of Imperial's more famous professors starts this week in Science.

8th November 2002

Careers Fair Success

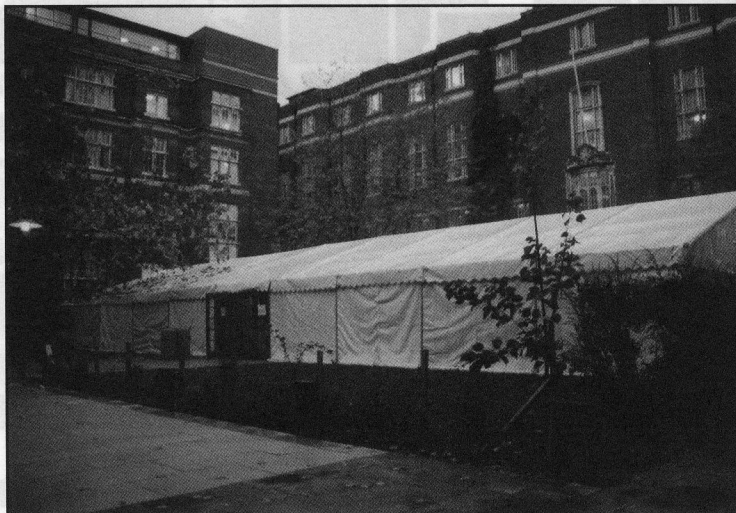
The Union's Careers Fair took place this week, where nearly 100 companies tried to attract desirable Imperial graduates.

Unfortunately, the weather on Wednesday was miserable, but over 2500 students passed through the exhibits in the Union building and in the marquee erected in Beit Quad. 2000 students are expected on Thursday, after *Felix* goes to press.

This year's fair was organised by Michelle Lewthwaite, who said "I feel it has been very successful, and it seems that all the students have enjoyed it."

The company representatives also seemed positive about the fair, which gave them a good opportunity to advertise their graduate programmes and meet with their future employees.

However, some students found the experience a worrying reminder that they'll soon be leaving university, while another commented "that man over there told me he



Weather failed to mar Careers Fair attendance

gets three hundred applications each year, and they only have three places!"

The changing employment market is changing the way some companies market themselves to graduates. Specifically, some investment banks are running strong

campaigns this year to encourage scientists and engineers to believe that their degrees are not "irrelevant" or "wasted" on a career in the city.

Ms Lewthwaite wanted to thank all the Union staff and students who made the day a success. *AW*

FELIX

Issue 1247

Editor	Will Dugdale
Deputy Editor	Alisdair Wren
International	Edmund Henley
Science	Rosemary Chandler
Music	Sajini Wijetilleka
Nightlife	Patrick Hoar
Webview	Jenny Lewis
Books	Roz Bulleid
Film	Simon North and Liz Biggs
Coffee Break	Mike 'n' Jim
Sport	Alex Coby

Thanks to Ee Lin and Hemel

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We're still looking for departmental and halls correspondents

Get the Interview...Get the Job...Tips on Preparing 2002

Graduate Recruitment Bureau

presents

"Making the Most of Recruitment Agencies"

Wednesday, 13th November

2pm-5pm

Teach First

presents

"Cracking a Case Study— An overview by Ex-consultants now at Teach First"

Thursday, 14th November

6pm-9pm

Room 6b, East Wing Basement, Beit Quad

To secure your place contact Nick Gore today on n.gore@ic.ac.uk or call ext 4-8097



Another service provided by Imperial College Union



And Alex Said...

I'm sure Imperial could sort out all its financial difficulties if it just replaced the optician's on the walkway with an off-licence. Lack of spectacles and alcohol-induced blariness might mean a small investment in replacing the library's textbooks with large-print copies, but it would mean no top-up fees - and, regardless of background, students will all still have exactly the same opportunities to come to university. And get completely ratted.

Probably because alcohol has destroyed my memory, I don't remember at what age I started drinking, but it was probably quite young. Some people think targeting alcopops at children is morally wrong, but I disagree - the more kids we have lying unconscious in gutters, or in hospital beds undergoing liver transplants, the less of the little bastards we have taking up all the space in McDonalds. If

they're spending money on alcohol, they won't be spending it in HMV, and perhaps that will mean the charts will be free of S-Club Juniors. So, we should be promoting alcohol more heavily to the under-16's. There could be an advertising campaign like that badly dubbed Kinder Egg advert of several years ago...

The Scene: A Supermarket. A woman is standing in the drinks aisle with her three disgusting children.

Woman: Right, shut up, and I'll buy you something.

Precocious Child 1: I'm hyperactive and thirsty - I want a drink full of artificial colourings!

Irritating Child 2: I'm too happy - I want a natural depressant!

Ugly Child 3: And I want a surprise!

Woman: Artificial colourings, a nat-

ural depressant... and a surprise... all in one... it's not possible... it's not possible...

Announcer: NEW VODKA SUNNY DELIGHT!

Woman: What a good idea! There you go kids.

Children: Yay!

Ugly Child 3: But where's the surprise?

Woman: The surprise is that I haven't given you a good wallop for being so bloody impertinent.

Ugly Child 3: What a rubbish surprise.

Woman: OK then - you were adopted. Surprise!

Getting kids into drinking also means that they should be well prepared for university life. Students would come to Imperial with a

greater alcohol tolerance, which can only mean more money into the college coffers. And perhaps we'd see less vomiting in the union.

What better way to finish a fun night out than with your arms around a toilet bowl, retching so hard you can almost see your own intestines? While feeding your new ceramic friend your previous meal, you can find yourself asking questions - like, was there ever a man called Armitage Shanks? What is the Ideal Standard? All that graffiti on the cubicle wall - just why did all these people take a pen into the toilet? Why isn't Kimberley Clark among the 100 Greatest Britons?

Just think, if it wasn't for our Kim, you'd have nothing to clean the sick off your jeans with, except perhaps for spare copies of Felix. Now, this column may be full of bile, but I don't want to see bits of sweetcorn in it as well. *Alex Warren*

Booze!



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- * Subway (203 Earls Court Road) is NOW OPEN FOR BREAKFAST from 07.30 a.m. weekdays.
- * An extra 10% discount (i.e 50% total discount) will be given on all sandwiches purchased by I.C. students before 09.00 a.m. weekdays or 10.00 a.m. Sundays.

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Thursday	07.30 - 23.45
Friday	07.30 - 23.45
Saturday	07.30 - 23.45
Sunday	09.00 - 23.45

In My Opinion...

Behind the Goldsmith Wing of the Royal School of Mines building, a rather large gold mine is growing, and not the kind us geologists are familiar with...

The growing heap consists of computers, monitors, wooden desks, chairs, display cupboards, journals and the odd microscopes plus much more. Scavengers come regularly to the site and some say they have found equipment worth thousands of pounds. Many of the cupboards and equipment thrown away are just simply not produced these days and are worth a fortune, an antique (bring down the roadshow I say)!

So what's going on? Intrigued I put on my detective hat, lit my pipe and went to meet Alan Jones, estates and building manager for the RSM project. In a nutshell:

"Over the next year, the RSM is going to be refurbished, with the Department of Earth Science and Engineering moving into the Aston Webb building, Department of Materials moving into the

Goldsmith Wing and Department of Environmental Science and Technology moving to the top floor" - all very neat.

This has all been triggered by



the development of the Tanaka Business School which is using most of the Goldsmith Wing. In fact this section was handed over to estates last Wednesday, giving only until this Monday to clear out

all the equipment - using my extensive deduction skills; not a long time.

It would seem that Departments have been going through the vari-

ous rooms since July, picking out things they want to keep and restoring them, for example rock specimens. However it seems crazy I said that no-one was employed to help sell the waste -

it's worth a fortune or indeed donate it to charity. However Alan Jones pointed out clearly that "although everyone has done their best to salvage antique items there is just simply a lack of space to store things and a lack of time to go through the waste properly". So what can I say? Well I got my trolley out and now the RSM CSC have a vintage and very classy filing cabinet (with filing folders!) which will be used for achieves, a new seismograph mascot and some old student files from the 50s. If you fancy a new chair, filing cabinet or even a hard drive then come and grab it! I have been informed that everyone is welcome to the rubbish pile.

What I want to know, is for a university claiming to be short of money - why it is allowing so much money to be thrown away? A case once again for a lack of administration, organisation and time? I'd like to see the balance sheet for this one...

Carina Fearnley

**For the first time ever, Da Vinci's is going to be floated!
The Stock Exchange drinking experience is coming to you!**

See the drink's prices fluctuate just like on the real Stock Exchange based on what you buy!

Watch out for the MARKET CRASHES, these happen when the market becomes volatile. Parts of the market will drop through the floor so get to the bar quick because as soon as people start buying, yep, the prices start to rise!

Here's a quick rundown for all you budding traders: Screens around the bar display the drink's prices.

You pay the price on the screen. Every single minute these prices change based on what is being bought. If a particular drink sells then it'll rise in price. If a drink becomes a slow mover it'll start to drop - JUST LIKE THE STOCK EXCHANGE (but a lot more fun!).

MARKET TIP

The host trader is open to corruption, especially with insider dealing when it comes to the forecasting of MARKET CRASHES.

Insider tip: Yellow Visor

<http://www.barfootsie.co.uk/photos/imperial/141102/index.htm>

**Thursday
November 14**

Trading Time: 5pm-10pm

FREE Entry



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- Café bar -
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FOOTSIE



Clinical Play 2002 – Arcadia

Forget the Freshers Plays, the musical and the Spring Term 'BIG' production. The ICSM clinical play is the true highlight in the Drama Society's calendar. Produced, acted and directed in by primarily clinical students, it concentrates on the essence of the plot, using experienced cast members, and comparatively sparse sets, so the talent of the society shows most effectively.

This year's production, Arcadia lived up to the reputed high standards, and indeed, exceeded expectations. The most hardened cynic was convinced that he wasn't paying (excessively) to sit in his own lecture theatre. With great flair, the props and scenery were displayed to provide a background for Tom Stoppard's time travelling masterpiece, which addresses major questions of art, science, and history and how they intersect.

The play is set, in its entirety, in a single room, overlooking a garden, at Sidley Park, an English country estate. The scenes alternate between the 20th century and the 19th, until they finally converge at the end. In one period – 1809 to 1812 – it is the residence of Lord and Lady Croom, Lady Thomasina Coverly (a teenage mathematical prodigy) and her tutor, Septimus Hodge, amongst others. In the present, an author, Hannah Jarvis, a scholar,

Bernard Nightingale, and the scientist (and one of the children of the house) Valentine are the main figures. Objects, letters, notebooks, furniture – appear in both, bridging time.

The plot is catalysed by Thomasina's impending womanhood, a source of tension that rises as the play proceeds. Septimus is a



natural object for her affections, but he meanwhile is involved in another affair. Adding to the complexity an unseen Byron, who went to university with Septimus, visits Sidley Park.

The confusion of who did what (and, in some cases, to whom) work to great comedic and dramatic effect. Much of the fun comes from the alternate scenes in the present, as these characters try to understand from the

few clues left what exactly happened in the past. Bernard is trying to prove that Byron was involved in a duel with poet in residence Ezra Chater, explaining Byron's unexplained two-year absence from England. Hannah becomes obsessed with a mysterious hermit who lived on the property (and, to her great satisfaction, manages to prove Bernard mistaken).

Having comparatively few characters, Arcadia is indeed very challenging to act in, as it lasts for almost three hours, and this alone displayed the calibre of the cast. Andrew Wheeler positively shone as the utterly repulsive Bernard, Thomasina, was ably transformed to a thirteen year old by Sarah Hull, the other teen, Katherine Sharpey being equally convincing. Valentine, (played by Tom Sterling) one of the more difficult parts to carry off, in my opinion, showed his true colours as an actor, as he has become remarkably at ease on stage since his casting in Hamlet, his chemistry with Hannah (Gina Weston-Petrides) being one of the more intriguing aspects of the subplot.

In conclusion – if you haven't seen it this time, you have seriously missed out! Do your best to make it to next year's clinical play to see the real talent in the Drama Society.

Sajini Wijetilleka

Francesca Martinez appearing in the Comedy Club at the Union

Martinez's wisdom and her impish delight in shocking her audience wins them over immediately – The Observer

Since starting her stand up career in 1999, Francesca has rocketed to comedy stardom, winning *The Daily Telegraph Open Mic Award* which resulted in performances at the prestigious *Melbourne International Comedy Festival*. She also toured with her sell-out debut show at the *Edinburgh Festival, L'Imperfect*.

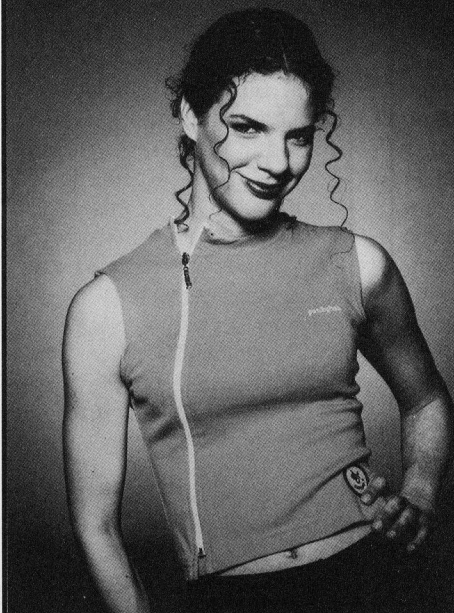
Francesca is appearing in the Union's dBs Club Bar.

Thursday, November 14

Doors 7:30, Show 8:30

Union £3/£3.50 Guests/P2P £2.50

imperial
college
union

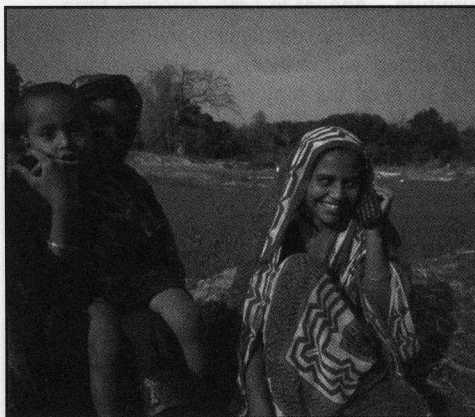


WorldSoc

Bangladeshi Society hosted its biggest event to date last Friday, a dinner in support of "Bitan", a charity based in Chittagong, Bangladesh. Over 200 guests attended, including students and graduates from many other universities as well as old-timers from Bangladeshi and Bengali professional associations. Bitan works to 'Empower Women Through Technology'; training women in Bangladesh in usable computer skills (DoC watch out!), so that they may work and provide for their family. This enablement is crucial for women who are divorced or widowed and have no source of income. These development initiatives have tangible effects, and should be brought to a wider audience at institutions like Imperial, broadening our collective experience.

To the sound of monsoon rain Sachin, the tabla maestro, set a thundering atmosphere for the evening. Israt Alam then gracefully wooed the crowd, performing a classical form of dance known as 'Kathak' to an instrumental number by Junoon. Poetry followed, notably by Shabnam Parkar of Poetry Society who eloquently vocalised the charity's hopes and aspirations. The audience was then wowed with a superb high-energy salsa number act by Shahnoun and Catherine. Before the clapping/swooning ceased, food was on the table to appease the hungry crowd, kindly pro-

Bangladeshi Soc



Bitan: High-Tech for Bangladeshi women

vided by Pride Of Asia Restaurant.

Andaleeb 'Starwatcher' Ahmed then sang two beautiful Bengali songs. From this point onwards, our guests were subjected to improvised acts from members of the audience, including bizarre impersonations of break dancing to singing games known as "Antakshari". At 11pm the MDH floor was claimed by the dancing few whilst others retired to the Chill Out

Zone, to tell strange stories and eat chocolate.

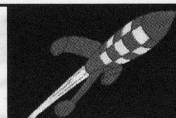
The night was a success thanks to the attitude of the audience and the kind support of the Bengali community. The evening was filmed by Bangla TV, so many mothers are eagerly awaiting the airing, hoping to see their offspring on the box! Ticket sales alone raised £1440, with more to be added from the collection boxes. Thanks to all who helped with the organising! *Shamim Rahman, President, Bangladeshi Soc*

(Heavy editing has occurred, so any omissions are on the cat's shoulders... Ed)

**Do you want to review
an International Soc
event, or have Felix
review your
international event?
Contact us at
world.felix.ic.ac.uk**

Focus on:

NOWHERE YET



It's early days yet, so we're not dismayed at the lack of submissions for *Focus on:*. Nay, we are happy, for our contingency plan seems a lot more fun: we hold you to ransom, setting our resident bigots and dim-wits, Baz, Jade and Jean-Marie, to investigate a new country each week.

Details of which country they'll be unleashed on will be in the previous Felix, so you'll have a week to preserve the good name of your country from vitriolic prejudice.

We'll give you a couple of week's grace, as we weren't expecting an immediate response from you and because we dislike the task of getting the bigots rabid (phlegm all over the place). However, we do need copy, so please write to us. How about an African country next week, for example Nigeria?

We dislike another proposal, namely that we invent countries, for we rather fear that Middle-earth would surface all too soon, and that the rest of the year would include too much arguing about

rain shadows in Mordor and things of that ilk.

Diary

There's a festival of "exploratory music from Portugal" going on this month, aka Atlantic Waves. It's on at various venues, (Cargo, the ICA and the Purcell room amongst oth-



ers) and includes a set by Lux DJs, "Lisbon's best club"; Fado (bluesy Portuguese traditional music, believed to have African roots) by Mariza and Lulu Pena and a couple of Jazz sets too. It looks as though it'll be worth further inves-

tigation... For more info: www.atlanticwaves.org.uk

As we're dealing with that part of the world, we can warmly recommend *Hable con ella [Talk to her]*, by Pedro Almodóvar. This touching, tragi-comic film has been out for a while, and might need some tracking down, although we saw it this weekend. Worth it for the score alone, it also features some great acting from the two male leads (Dario Grandinetti and Javier Camara), a cameo by Geraldine Chaplin (daughter of Charlie) as well as a very funny black and white erotic sub-film. NB: Contains bull-fighting scenes.

Another film that's piqued our curiosity is *Abouna - Our Father*, by Mahamet Saleh Haroun (Chad) showing at the ICA between the 22nd and 30th of Nov. We can only vouch that the music is likely to be great, as the soundtrack is by Ali Farka Touré, a brilliant Malian musician. Extra info from www.ica.org.uk

RANDOM BRITAIN

Ahoy there my roving buccaneers! One thing which you may have already discovered is that British news doesn't provide enough info. about your home berth, unless there's a disaster. No doubt you keep up through a local website, but one great source is the BBC World Service. Broadcasting in many languages all over the globe from Bush House, (on the Strand near LSE), it will keep you up to date with the world. For the whole experience it's worth listening to the radio; www.bbc.co.uk/worldservice will give you more details on the frequencies, as well as the text versions of the reports. From 15:00 to 22:00, it's on 9410 kHz for example.

For the Brits, I hasten to add that Britain is better than many countries others will doubtless think of; but it is more insular (by definition for a start) than several other European countries. *Cholmondely*



WORDS OF WISDOM FROM THE EDITORS...

Bad news I'm afraid. Ever since Will caught me with the Ladybird Little Book of Editing on my desk he's decided that I need some help. So in a clear move to disrupt my power base he's appointed a co-Films-editor. Of course, little does he realise that it will be a simple matter to bend her impressionable mind round to my increasingly machiavellian designs, as I'm sure you'll see...

Taped to my fridge is an article declaring that my neck of the woods is now a designated media community - and is to be renamed "Media Vale". And clearly it is where you live not what you know that now matters, as I too

have succumbed to the glamorous world of all things communications. Which included heading off to my very first, exciting-sounding "press screening" this week with your favourite (for the moment...) film editor of Felix, the semi-usurped Simon. We had met for the usual, intensive brainstorming session that is the Felix Editors' meeting, and after vetting him thoroughly (well, asking him his opinion on the new episodes of Star Wars...) I decided that I could probably put up with his megalomaniac tendencies for now. And who knows, he may come in handy for my own nefarious plans... So I agreed to accompany him to deepest, darkest Soho gathering knowledge for you out there in Studentville, lest your hard earned

loans be wasted in the pursuit of media excellence. And whilst the other writers there hid behind a veil of cool detachment, we threw professional caution to the wind and immersed ourselves fully in the film to really understand its motivation. Yes, I know - we really are committed and self-sacrificing. But thank us not, simply join with us in our quest for world domination which begins right here, on the pages of Felix. Get involved, go to films for free, see your name in print, and give in to your inner desire to be omnipotent. What are we going to do today, Brain? Why, the same thing we always do, Simon, try to take over the world.

Your sweet, innocent new co-editor, Liz

28 DAYS LATER...

STARRING: CILLIAN MURPHY, NAOMIE HARRIS, CHRISTOPHER ECCLESTON
DIRECTED BY: DANNY BOYLE
CERTIFICATE: 18
RUNNING TIME: 113MIN
RELEASE DATE: 1ST NOVEMBER

Well, I have been ranting about this movie for three weeks now and have finally managed to squeeze myself into a cinema to actually see it. And the long and the short of it is that you lot should too. Where to start though?

The film opens in London at some generic animal testing facility. Within the facility we see lots of mad monkeys (which, in my opinion, is a sign of a great film. Every film should have a mad monkey) and a bunch of hapless animal rights protesters, who are of course duty bound to spring our simian friends from their evil captors. Which is all very well, but these particular mad monkeys are *particularly* mad, due to a highly virulent man-made pathogen known as RAGE. So we can all see where this is going and indeed our first sighting of hero Jim (played superbly by Cillian Murphy) is when he wakes up from a coma (28 days later...) in a deserted hospital in the midst of a deserted London. From here on in it is easy to draw stylistic comparisons with Day of the Triffids, The Omega Man or even vintage Doctor Who episodes, as well as the work of George A. Romero (as a big nod for fans of the zombie classics, there's even a Bub character). But this is far more than a simple homage movie. It's far more than a zombie movie - in fact it's NOT a zombie movie. Zombie's were a horror born out of the intense nuclear paranoia that existed in the 60's and 70's. Instead it's a movie that deals with the paranoia of today - chemical and biological threats - in the form of the terrifying "Infected".

As visions of the apocalypse go, this one is a blinder. Danny Boyle and company have been famed in the past for an almost sage-like abili-



The End is Very Fucking Nigh

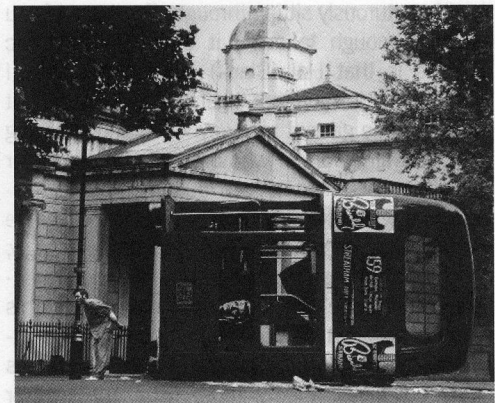
ty to predict future trends and to have their collective finger firmly on the pulse of a generation (Trainspotting, Shallow Grave). This film in many ways marks a return to form after the disappointment of The Beach and it strikes the cinemas just as public concern over biological threats is beginning to spike once more. Remember, this movie was written before and filmed during the September 11th air-strike-and-anthrax panic, so it's a far fetched vision of the future that suddenly doesn't seem very far fetched after all.

So it's a damn good movie, but why? Well there really is something for everyone here, which may actually not be so much of a good thing - but more on that later. The striking visuals of a deserted country are spectacular, easily besting those of close siblings (such as the Omega Man). Shot mostly at dawn whilst teams of pretty young ladies held the morning commuters back, the camerawork is deft and the angles superbly considered to leave the viewer with no doubt that Jim is alone in the world. The director separates the poetic peacefulness from the gut-wrenching horror with sped-up camera work and vicious scene changes - which I think is a great touch, but is

the first of many reasons why it may offend die-hard fans of particular genres. Musically, John Murphy has expertly arranged a series of ethereal pieces that further immerse the viewer into the loneliness of the world - but again fans of Boyle's previous work, heavy on pop-culture and each bearing a highly distinguished soundtrack, may be a touch distraught to find a eerie series of more classical pieces. Maybe I'm too cynical about the British public, I don't know.

Garland and Boyle have created a truly great British horror movie. They have succeeded in blending an unknown cast with a fantastic screenplay to create a wholly new horror concept - essentially zombies that can run, climb, jump... The Infected are a brand new breed folks. 28 Days Later... is both beautiful and terrifying in equal measure. If art-house types can bear the violence then they'll love it. If horror-freaks can stand the lyricism and pacing of the film, then they will love it. I'm neither so I was an easy convert. I guess it helps that they filmed in London and not, say, Milton Keynes but even so. It's as good as Donnie Darko, which is clearly (to my twisted mind at least) the best movie of the year so far. I promise I'll try not to say this too much more, but you have to see this movie.

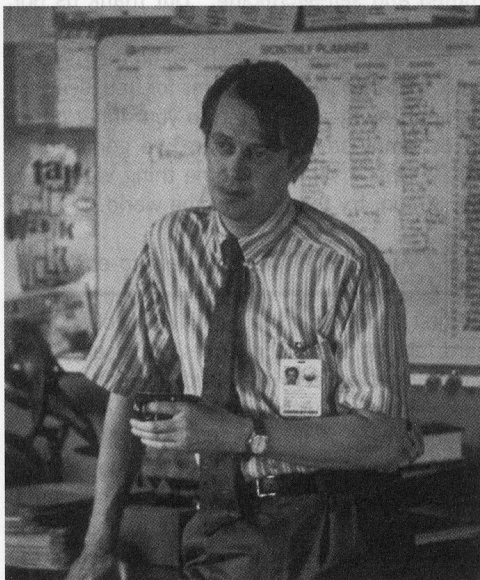
Get a big bag of popcorn and watch Donnie and 28 Days back to back, then write and tell us how fucked up your head has suddenly become...



Jim decides to take the tube

PROFILE: STEVE BUSCEMI

Owing to the lack of actual content, we thought we'd include random people's rants. Well, actually it's a thing we're going to do every once in a while in a vain attempt to entertain you lot. But anyway, here's the first, written by a man with a scary penchant for Steve Buscemi...



Steve Buscemi. Skinny. Scary. Sublime?

Pale, weasly and intense, widely recognised but not so widely known, Steve Buscemi's unmistakable voice and countenance have seen him cast as the peripheral oddball in a plethora of nineties movies. However, his success is down more to his unique brand of character acting than mere appearance; consistently stealing

the limelight from the lead actors he supports, he has carved a unique niche for himself in modern cinema.

Perhaps the most pertinent reason for his relative anonymity is Buscemi's propensity for making so-called 'indie' movies, although many of these, (such as *Fargo* and *Reservoir Dogs*), have managed to eke their way in to the mainstream. Despite having starred in such Hollywood money machines as *Armageddon* and *Con Air*, he is known to prefer smaller, more independent projects to bigger studio ones, which 'feel more like a job'. His employment as a good luck charm by many an independent director has led to the epithet 'King of the Indies'.

Born Brooklyn in 1957, Buscemi was to be a ice-cream truck driver, fireman and like so many actors before him, a stand-up comic before hitting the 'big time' in 1986 with *Parting Glances*. In a film directed by Bill Sherwood (who was tragically to succumb to AIDS four years later) he played an HIV-positive rock star, impressively outperforming the leads. Buscemi went on to star in fourteen more movies that decade, but it was not until 1992, and the release of *Reservoir Dogs*, that he would fully infiltrate the public's consciousness - playing a would-be-diamond-thief who refuses to tip waitresses. In an ironic twist, he would later appear in *Pulp Fiction* as a waiter.

The remainder of the nineties heralded a slew of critically acclaimed performances, such as his role in *Mr Shhh in Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead*. 1990 and Miller's *Crossing* saw the commencement of his long-running relationship with the Cohen brothers, having appeared in four of their productions to date,

including the seminal *Fargo* and *The Big Lebowski*, where he played a bungling kidnapper and bowling-obsessed ex-surfer respectively.

Buscemi also made several forays behind the camera, writing and directing *Trees Lounge* in 1996, a semi-autobiographical yarn about what his life would have been like had he not become an actor. The film was received warmly, if not ecstatically, by critics.

Outside of film-making, Buscemi is seen as an affable and sociable personality. He returned to his old fire depot after September 11th, and anonymously worked 12 hour shifts looking for survivors and helping clear the rubble. His private life is not without controversy, however, last year he was stabbed in the throat, head and arm during a barroom brawl which also involved Vince Vaughn.

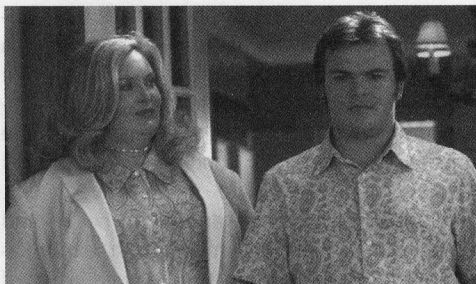
Buscemi has been compared in the past to Peter Lorre (*Casablanca*, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*), and not without reason; there are many similarities between the pair. Although Steve has had leading roles, it is while supporting others that he has made his name, probably due to his skill in playing marginalised eccentrics. This should not be taken to suggest a limited range: he effortlessly manages to convey a great depth of emotions, from all-consuming rage (*Fargo*) to stunned bemusement (*Con Air*). Recent releases show no decline in his acting prowess, in fact *Ghost World* (2001) earned numerous plaudits as some of Buscemi's best work yet. Although never likely to be an all-consuming megastar, he was ranked 52nd in *Empire* magazine's Top 100 Movie Stars of All Time, and continues to attract a strong cult following.

David

SHALLOW HAL

STARRING: GWYNETH PALTROW,
JACK BLACK
DIRECTED BY: THE FARRELLY BROS.
CERTIFICATE: 12
RUNNING TIME: 108 MIN
DVD RELEASE: 11TH NOVEMBER

Shallow Hal is probably the worst film I have ever had the misfortune to waste valuable minutes of my life torturously sitting through. For those of you sensible enough to avoid it thus far, the basic premise is that Hal (Black) loves pretty girls. I would like to tell you that it gets more complex, but sadly the title gives it all away. Constantly chasing after beautiful women who are quite clearly so far out of his reach he'd have to launch an Apollo mission, Hal whines on about how unlucky in love he is. Well, duh, of course you are, you arrogant, ugly, fat short little man. Comforted by his equally irritating friend, he spends a vast majority of this waste of celluloid cracking on to models and scantily clad lovelies, who, for some reason, decline his slimy advances. Plenty more fish? Try another pond. Utilising a highly dubious plot mechanism,



Hal suddenly sees the "beauty within" and falls for Rosemary. Aside from being vomit-inducing Hollywood pap, the story then goes on to show that the beauty within Rosemary (Paltrow) is a skinny lollipop who happens to do charity work or some such pathetic shit. After tedious picnic and "love" scenes, the Hal realises Rosemary has in fact eaten his girlfriend, and blah, blah, he doesn't love her any more. Frankly, I care not. The fact that Hollywood dares to make a film about looking at personality not looks, and then cast Paltrow, who refused to even consider weight gain for the role, is downright ridiculous. I'm not one to doubt that looks are important, but why only for girls? This leads me to the main problem with the entire film - no eye candy for the girls. Just call me *Shallow*.
Liz

WHAT TO WATCH...

...at the Movies: *28 Days Later...*
(Released 1st November, 18)

...on TV: *The Negotiator* (Monday 11th
November, Five, 21:00)

...on Sky: *The Dish* (Tuesday 12th
November, Premier, 20:00)

...on DVD: *Attack of the Clones* (Released
11th November, PG)

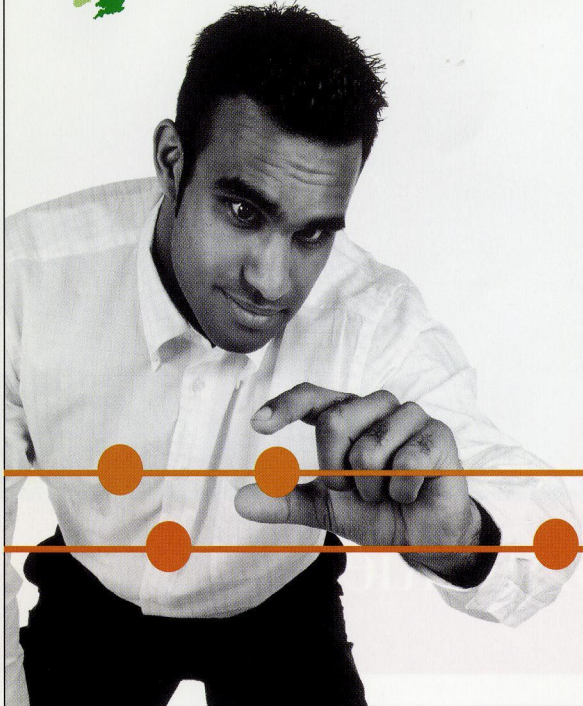
IC CINEMA

Tuesday 12th November
18:00 - *Spiderman*
20:30 - *Men In Black II*

Thursday 14th November
18:00 - *Men In Black II*
20:15 - *Spiderman*

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Alfonso Pineros / Operations / Stamford / April 2002

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Venue	UBS Conference Centre, Ground Floor 1 Finsbury Avenue, London EC2

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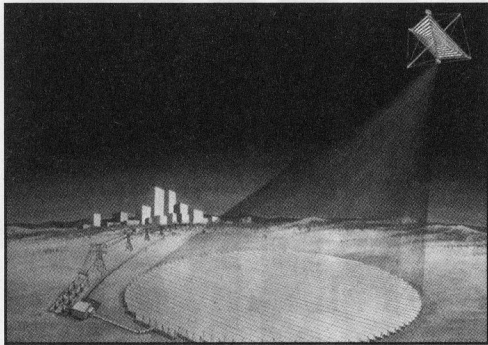
UBS

Financial Services Group



Tomorrow's Energy Supply... from Space?

Population growth, urbanization and the improvement of some people's quality of life are some of the tendencies that are predicted for this century. More people, more mega-cities and better lives mean more electricity consumption. And if we keep our current power supply systems, then it also means accelerated Greenhouse Effect and/or exhaustion of non renewable energy sources.

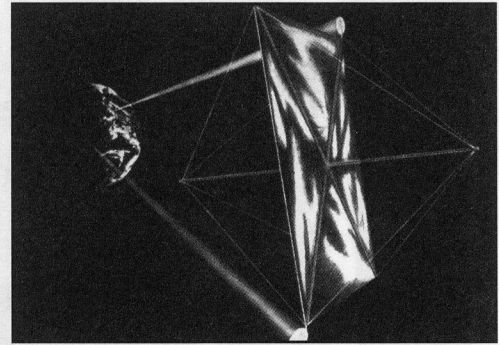


Space Solar Power (SSP) could be a solution. But what is it? Well, it is not new but not ready yet. The idea consists of a system of satellites in Earth orbit. The solar cells in space, convert solar energy into microwave beams or laser

beams and then transmit these to Earth. On the ground, receiving antenna stations convert the radiated energy to useful electrical power. Finally, utility networks distribute the electricity like nowadays.

Peter Glaser is considered to be the pioneer of SSP concept: He formulated the idea in 1968 i.e. 34 years ago! So why hasn't this system been implemented yet? One of the obstacles is still the high cost of transporting the required massive structures to low Earth orbit. Recent researches revealed that photovoltaic thin film architectures were quite promising. Some even suggested that materials for SSP could be exploited directly from the Moon or meteorites. Another issue is the impact of the beams on our health. Still a controversial topic. The pros say that firstly, solar energy is free, clean, safe, and available to all humanity, so let's use it. Secondly, solar panels in space have higher efficiency since they don't have the rainy-cloudy-day problem of their on the ground cousins. Thirdly, in regard to the costs, the price of electricity produced by nuclear plants was also higher at the beginning. And regarding health, people are still using their mobile phones, even though it is supposedly harmful.

In any case, we usually use two-dimensional reasoning in our quest for technical solutions, ignoring possibilities offered by things such as non-Terran environments where easy solutions to our power problems could exist. Even if SSP is not for the next 10 years, it is still a technological challenge and is very likely to find some applications in other projects like Mars Exploration and Space Settlement.



More information can be found at:
<http://www.spacefrontier.org>
<http://www.ssi.org/energy.html>
<http://spacesolarpower.nasa.gov>

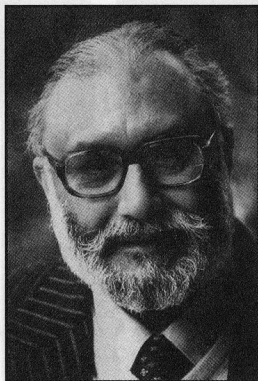
Francoise Mei

IC Scientist Profiles

#1: Abdus Salam (1926 - 1996)

Abdus Salam was the last Imperial physicist and the first Muslim to win a Nobel Prize. He was born in Jhang, Pakistan, and graduated from the University of Cambridge in 1946 with a double first in physics and mathematics. He decided that his interests lay in theoretical physics, and after stints working firstly at the University of Punjab in Pakistan, and then as a fellow of St. John's College in Cambridge, he was offered the chair of theoretical physics at Imperial in 1957.

Throughout the late 50's and early 60's, Salam worked at finding a unified description of the different fundamental forces. His work led to the discovery of the electroweak theory in 1967, which unified the electromagnetic force with the weak force. It was for this work that Salam shared the Nobel Prize in



Physics in 1979 with Sheldon Glashow and Steven Weinberg of Harvard.

Salam accepted the post of scientific adviser to President Ayub Khan of Pakistan in 1959, with the hope of advancing the development of his home country. Many of the schemes he proposed, such as combating land waterlogging, failed because the government was unwilling to commit the resources. He was successful, however, in setting up an

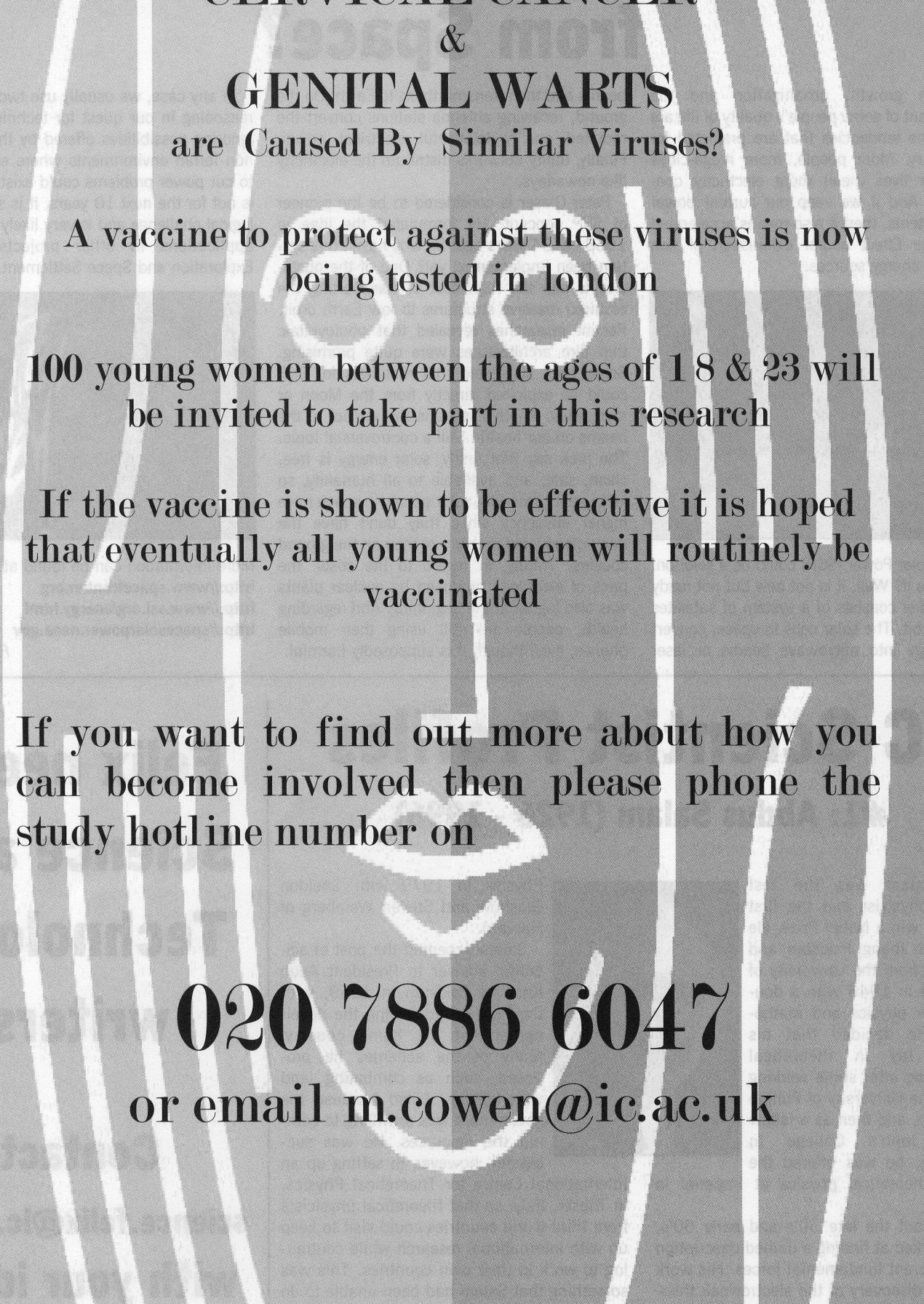
International Centre for Theoretical Physics, in Trieste, Italy, so that theoretical physicists from third world countries could visit to keep up with international research while continuing to work in their own countries. This was something that Salam had been unable to do himself.

For more information about Abdus Salam see union.ic.ac.uk/pakistan/tribute.html.

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Albums & Singles

The Datsuns

The Datsuns



Brilliant new rock band from New Zealand, following the lead of fellow Australasian rock band "The Vines". **The Datsuns** though are less thrashy, with more of a Led Zeppelin feel to them. This punchy debut album is high

octane stuff. The first tune on the self titled album *Sittin' Pretty* borrows heavily from a Lenny Kravitz riff, which is okay with me because it's a catchy guitar lead rock tune.

The next two tunes, *MF From Hell* (The M rhymes with brother and the F with tucker) and *Lady* are also fast paced, vivacious, in your face tunes without let up. Just by listening to them, the amount of energy they inject into their music exhaust you. *What Would I Know*, track five, is probably my favourite on the album, reminiscent of *Black Rebel Motorcycle Club*, a tune that gathers strength as it marches on playing out for over 5 minutes,

which is time thoroughly well spent.

The next track is their recently released single that reached No. 25 in the UK singles chart, *In Love*, a quality tune and one of the best on the album with catchy lyrics and good background singing. Though that was the single released, there are others on the album that could easily have been singles, being of the same style and quality.

The Datsuns have just finished their UK tour, and that's a pity, because if they play live anything half as good as it is in here, then it should be a brilliant gig. Look out, **The Datsuns** have arrived!

Toby B

4/5

Various

Twice as Nice Presents MOBO 2002



This CD needs no explanation for, it's an amalgamation of tracks selected from the nominees at the 2002 MOBO awards, a selection from the cream of young urban talent. Talent being the operative word, after listening to this CD I would not want to know how young urban mediocre sounds, as this album turned out to be a major disappointment.

'How can you complain?' I hear you say. 'There's **Ashanti**, **Beverley Knight** and **Missy Elliot** on there, not to mention the **Sugababes** and **The Streets**'. I'm sorry to tell you this, but the presence of respected, talented artists on the compilation does

nothing to lessen the impact of some shockingly bad, insipid nonsense that crops up at regular intervals. And precisely which tracks are that bad, well let's start with the first disc.

Disc One starts off with what is primarily competent, relatively mainstream RnB. Think **MC Romeo** of permanently topless disposition, and his lyrically-challenged *Romeo Dunn*, along with **Miss Dynamite's** brassy funk sing-along *It Takes More*. This is what I call talent. The opening tracks are strong and well put together. Steve Sutherland's mixing makes this the perfect party CD as the tracks blend seamlessly into one another.

Top tracks include newcomers **Big Bruvaz** and the mindless, yet catchy *Nu Flow*, the permanently cold (is it just me or do they never seem to wear any clothes, just underwear?) **Liberty X** with *Got to Have Your Love* and the fabulous **Black Twang** rap on the funky *Trixstar*. Another highlight, the groovy *What's Luv* from **Ashanti** and **Fat Joe**, and the bhangra remix of **Misteeq's** Roll

On. The tunes are not new, that's for certain, as this is a set of what are supposedly the highs of the last year.

The dirge begins here. We have numerous pointless remixes of what were essentially good songs, e.g. *Oh Baby* by **Rhianna** and *Fallin'* by **Alicia Keys**, where beats detract from the melody of the original pieces. There are then some genuinely awful songs, which can't really be called songs because there are minimal musical merits in them, and you can't dance to them without looking like a deformed chicken. These include **3rd Edge** and the sleazy slime **Keith Sweat** - with *I Want You* as well as **Lurine Cato Feat. Royalty's** *We'll Get Thru It* and **Trina's** *No Panties*. And the second disc is by far the lamest CD on sale in the shops, with only Daniel Bedingfield holding the flag of good taste. The garage section is particularly inaccessible - if you can't rap along, or dance to it, it's got to be a bad thing on a party CD right?

Sajini

Singles

Vanessa Carlton - *Ordinary Day*

This is the follow up song to the very good *A Thousand Miles*, y'know the piano playing woman travelling on the back of a lorry. *Ordinary Day* doesn't really digress from the same format. There is still plenty of piano playing with very powerful string accompaniment. It's a bit of a cheesy song about following dreams but it's got plenty of energy and singability factor is high. On a side note, has anyone seen **Michelle Branch** and Vanessa Carlton in the same room together? I swear they could be the same person.

4/5

Oscar

Sugababes - *Stronger/Angels with Dirty Faces*

The Sugababes are not as fit as their poppier rivals Atomic Kitten but they make better music. Now we've got that out the way, let's talk music. This double A-side will do them no harm at all. Both songs are about girl power but are a lot more street about it as opposed to the long forgotten Spice Girls. *Stronger* is a standard pop ballad, slow with a singable chorus and good harmonies. There's the standard Heidi bit where she wails a bit like in *Round Round*. However the song doesn't really know how to end, with just wailing fading away.

Angels with Dirty Faces is much more upbeat. There's more of the rap/singing thing that's heard frequently in this brand of pop. A heavily produced track which I think is more of an album track, it's just a bit too forgettable. These two songs aren't as good as their previous singles but they're doing well.

3/5

Oscar

Albums & Singles

Lupine Howl

The Bar At The End Of The World

3/5

Singles



Imagine this : You're the lead singer/songwriter in a band. You've just released a hugely successful and critically acclaimed album and your band has played an enormous tour, culminating in a legendary performance at the Royal Albert Hall. What do you do next?

For Jason Pierce, the answer is to sack the rest of your band members and start again. Incredibly for him, this didn't end in disaster as *Spiritualized* followed up with the wonderful *Let It Come Down* which was voted by

XFM listeners as the best album of 2001, ahead of perennial favourites Radiohead and Muse.

The sacked members meanwhile, decided to form their own band. Starting in 2001 with the half-decent *The Carnivorous Lunar Activities*, their second offering finds them in a rawer northern soul guise.

The main guise that the tracks here take are quiet verses making way for a cannon of fuzz and riffs. Opener *A Grave To Go*, emits a blues vibe that John Spencer used to do so well whereas *Centre Of The Universe* sees an eerie backing and anxious "Can't you feel this?" whisperings morphing into a tumultuous and commanding reprise of "Come to me". Standout track *Burning Stars* starts off as a coffee table instrumental before once again the bite kicks in, recalling the swagger of *Slide Away* by Oasis married to a menacing riff.

The most frustrating problem is that the lead singer sounds as if he's holding back his full vocal

range, and some songs are aching to be let loose in a wave of sound to turn them from ordinary rock songs into widescreen epics. They obviously want to get away from *Spiritualized* comparisons (although you wouldn't imagine Pierce to be as tortuous a boss as Mark E Smith), but surely it would be best for them to go with their instincts.

The likes of Muse, JJ72 and The Music have shown that you can produce big-sounding tunes without sounding overbearing. The tracks here that benefit from that freedom only serve to show how the other few could have sounded. *Gravity's Pull* is an example, a plaintive acoustic strum-along with a strained countrified drawl vocal which only comes into its own after 5 minutes when the orchestral sweep blows in, finally treating the track to the pomp it deserves. Overall, a decent if unremarkable offering; you somehow doubt that Jason Pierce will be losing any sleep over his decision. *Deepesh*

Jon Spencer Blues Explosion – *Shakin' Rock 'n' Roll Tonight*

The deep and dirty garage rock-'n'-roll of the Blues Explosion is back with another single from their *Plastic Fang LP*. Like the illegitimate lovechild of Elvis Presley and a werewolf bitch, Jon Spencer howls and snarls his way through a frantic blast of grinding guitar and driving rhythm. Of course, the studio recordings only tell half the story; you have to catch them live to get a truly explosive experience. It's a good thing then, that this release includes three live videos to give you a taster.

4/5

Tom Bell

Manic Street Preachers – *There by the Grace of God*

There are some people who say that the Manics haven't made a decent record since *Holy Bible*, and while these people are generally the hardcore fans they do have a point. With chart performance generally being inversely proportional to a band's artistic merits, it's no surprise that the Manic's biggest hits came from their post-Bible material.

It's fitting then, that this went top ten. Sounding like something that was scraped off the sole of Nicky Wire's shoe after they finished *This Is My Truth*, you can't help but feel that they needed some extra material to help flog their new Greatest Hits package. It reeks of sunshine and niceness and feels so utterly PC it hurts. These are things that the Manics just aren't suited for. James Bradfield needs things to rant about and spit bile over. Charming chiming guitars and softly-softly drums just don't fit. Richey would be spinning in his grave.

3/5

Dom

Safri Duo

Episode II - The Remix Edition

2/5

Hi, our name is **Safri Duo**, you may remember us from such illustrious second rate dance tunes as *Played Alive (The Bongo Song)* and well, that's all we've done that has been in anyway noteworthy really. What's that you say, you don't remember us? But we provided a tiny part of the soundtrack to your cheesy Ibiza hedonism a few summers ago, we are the original purveyors of comedy-bongo-Amazonian-Ab(un)original house. How can you have forgotten us already? "Because you're shit!!", the world cries back in unison.

It is no exaggeration to say that *The Bongo Song* is absolutely the best song on the entire album, If you actually remember it then you'll realize what a sad state of affairs this is. Every song, and

that really means every song, not just most songs, contains at least one bongo solo, some contain more and some others contain nothing EXCEPT bongos. This really should have been called *Played to Death (The Bongo Album)*.

Amazingly for a "dance" album, there are hardly any electronic effects anywhere, it is literally made up of bongos and other various percussion instruments (and a digeridoo, oh yes. If anyone can tell me the last time a digeridoo was heard on an album NOT made by **Rolf Harris** they deserve a prize). OK, they may be synthesized but there are no silly bleeps or blatant electronic basslines. It does actually sound like it was played in real life and then just arranged digitally.

Which is quite disturbing actually because, judging from the severely pained expression on the face of the poor guy that played them (as seen on the front cover), he must have exploded about half way through recording.

The album is just about saved by a second CD of remixes by people like **Darude**, **Cosmic Gate** and **Riva** who manage to inject some life into what are essentially still-born songs, and move some of them from half-arsed bongo-house into what we'll call plump-arsed techno-house territory. Some of it is quite good and all of it is infinitely preferable to the dirge on CD1.

Remember kids, playing too much with your bongos can be unhealthy! *Dom*



Live Review

ESP & 80's B-Line Matchbox Disaster

Q Awards Party, Camden Dingwalls

2/5

It's the Q Awards Nominations Party, and the room is filled with people who think they've got a vital role in today's music business than they actually ever will have. But still, they're the ones who write about music and make the small bands into the big bands, so you'd think that the two groups on show tonight would make some effort at making a good impression. You'd think wrong.

Poor, poor **Electric Soft Parade**, where did it all go so wrong? Simple answer - the beginning.

If it wasn't for the fact that half the crowd consists of die-hard ESP fans, the band could easily have been mistaken for the latest group on the local music circuit. And not a particularly good one at that. "It's such a chore playing in London. We always end up making you think we're dead... or shit. Which we are - both," the lead singer explains to the

bewildered on-lookers. I wouldn't argue with him.

"...And I don't feel I'm in control anymore," they sing out in chart-hit *There's A Silence* - and then the mic cuts. The band are out of tune, the electronics refuse to cooperate, and the drummer's 'rock 'n' roll' frustration looks more like a spoilt child's tantrum. When they are together, the guitar sound rises and rises to what should be an incredible vocal climax - only it's not. The beautiful sound that is **ESP's** fine specimen of an album, *Holes In The Wall*, and which gave them a Mercury Award nomination, just doesn't appear tonight and **ESP** know it all too well. As they charge off the stage, muttering some inaudible comment - could be an apology, but more likely a curse - their soon-to-be-wrecked drum kit and guitar suffer the full blow of their disappointment.

Our hearts rise with expectant

hope as the **80s Matchbox B-Line Disaster** members take up their positions. Could they possibly be the saviours of tonight's dismal failure? I wish I could say yes, I really do; I wish I could write how their rock passion inspired an energy in the crowd unlike any other seen before. But I can't.

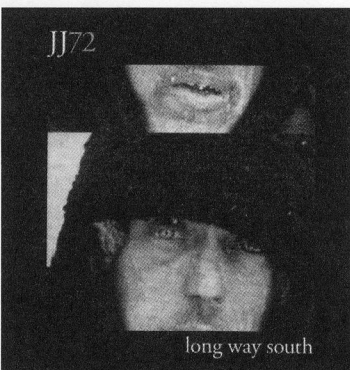
Despite their fury-filled lyrics, their strong yet geniusly-created moments of guitar power, and their delicate additions of sweet electronica, the band still lack that something that makes you stare in disbelief - that rare ability to make you wish the night would never end. Even when the lanky-haired lead singer walks confidently through the crowd, screaming lyrics at random terrified crowd-members, it only makes us laugh, not ooh and ah in wonder.

All in all, a night of dashed hopes and disappointments.

Keira

JJ72

The Forum



With the rush of young bands coming to the fore this year, it means that **JJ72** are left looking like rock veterans, despite just leaving their teens, and only bringing out their second album.

If there was any doubt before, then there is surely none now. Mark Greaney with his Byronic haircut and tweed jacket is the spitting image of Crispian Mills. Thankfully, Mark now shares

Crispian's tremendous energy and stagepresence, coupled with vocals that you either think sound like the Chipmunks, or are as graceful and majestic as his idol Billy Corgan.

It is the doubters who are proved wrong tonight, as he volleys through a set, with a mix from both albums, from the gentle tones of *Brother Sleep*, to the inevitably thunderous *Oxygen*. Even forgetting the words to *Snow* doesn't hinder him, as the *I to Sky* tracks are taken to heart by the crowd, just as much as their glorious debut, with *Formulae* and *Glimmer* in particular instantly bringing about huge cheers and waves of pogoing.

The fact that Mark is so mesmerising makes you forget how good the other members are. Fergal pounds the drums with

such menace that you must think they need replacing after each show, and Hilary is now capable of killer baselines and even a spot of singing on their sumptuous David Essex cover.

The set ends with an unearthly thrash, deadly enough to bring on the apocalypse, before we are treated to a moment of comedy rock opera in the style of their mates Muse.

Namely, Mark jumping up onto the drum stand at the climax of the show before falling off backwards and continuing to produce fits of distortion lying on the floor, whilst the other members just walk off. Proof, if needed, that they do have a sense of fun.

The greatest sin JJ72 can commit is to be still playing in small venues in a year's time.

Deepesh

5/5

Singles

Paul Heaton - *The Perfect Couple*

Perhaps drugs, bludgeoning or oxygen starvation would explain the camp tunes Paul Heaton has become famous for. The maestro from Hull seems intent on transmitting the worst kind of musical torment via trash such as *The Perfect Couple*. The sickly sugared melodies hammer at the head whilst simultaneously hoisting out the contents of the gut. The tune is disgusting, the lyrics are more so and instruments seemed to have been recorded perfectly to transfer straight to the musak version. To be fair there was never much to expect; Paul Heaton has released nothing remotely respectable in the last ten years.

I'm sure there is a market for this music, in the realms of bad taste of cheap karaoke. I would go as far as saying this is maybe the most widely sold song in the seedy pubs of Hull, where it is the fashion for the damned to drink themselves to death under the terrible sounds of Heaton. Unless the masochist in you needs the pain, give this song an extremely large berth.

0/5

Sachit

Idlewild - *Live In A Hiding Place*

Live in a Hiding Place is the third song to be taken from Idlewild's album *The Remote Part*. From Woody Roomble's articulate vocals to the mellow, but infectious guitar, this song is up there with some of the best from greats like REM. A world apart from the raw sound of *Captain*, but highly recommended all the same. Let's just hope Alex Grant will be able to continue where Bob Fairfoul (ex-bassist) left off.

4/5

Chris

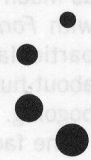
TOP-UP FEES

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Pick up a pamphlet from your Dep Rep, the Union, or any of the information points around College. Alternatively visit www.union.ic.ac.uk/no2fees/ and read the facts about fees.

What's next? You decide!

6:00pm, Monday 18th November
Union Dining Hall, Beit Quad

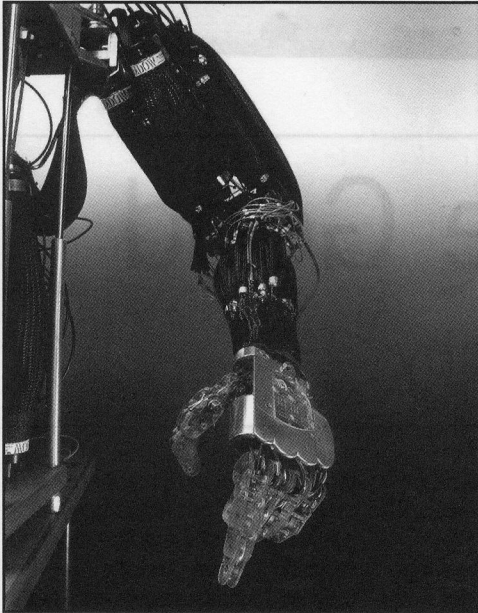
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college
union

TUITION FEES

WORKING GROUP



NightLife



Future

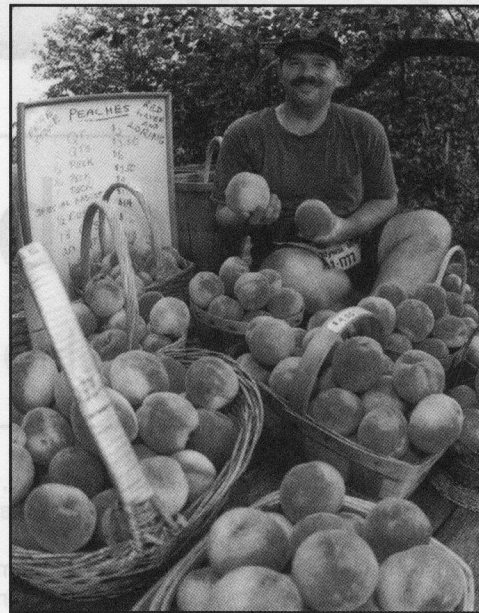
Saturday @ Ministry of Sound

The first thing I have to say is that it does make a difference going to a clean, nicely decorated venue - and the Ministry of Sound certainly is that.

After chilling out in the house room, it was 1am and time to move on to the main room for the trance. Mr Dave Pearce was on the decks. The room was rammed, and the King of Caps (Pearce) played to the crowd - dropping classics like Café Del Mar. I thought this was a great start to the night.

Unfortunately Guy Orneland managed to play a set not even worth mentioning (I heard it was shit - Ed). The most memorable part was some twat taking a leak in the corner, and then jumping around with his cronies shouting the lyrics to Hey Baby. Luckily John Askew managed to play a good few hours to take me through to 8am and leave me feeling in high spirits.

For me, the music was too hard, too early - but on the whole the night was good. I would definitely recommend this night to anyone who wants to experience a night out at a Super Club. *Tim J*



Peach

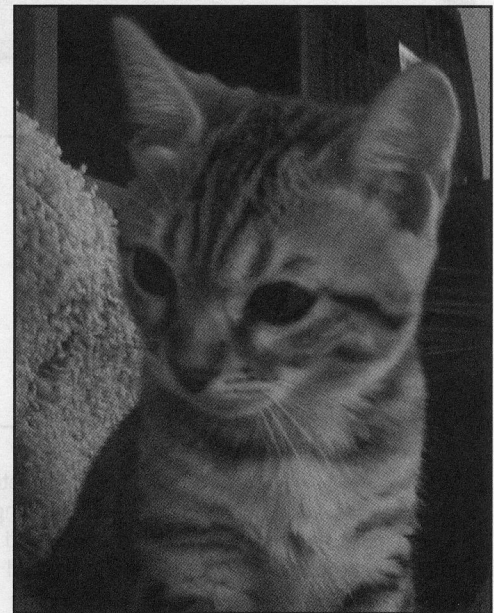
Friday @ Camden Palace

Located just outside Mornington Crescent tube station Peach is one of London's longest running and successful club nights.

Camden Palace is a very tall building made up of two rooms (and millions of corridors). In the small Black & White Room you can hear some garage, but it's in the Main Room where the real action happens. The music tends to start with trancey breaks and finish with some euphoric, uplifting trance.

For the Halloween Special the crowd was treated to a live set by up and coming music-maker Future Disciple. But it's at about 3am when the best music kicks in. With Residents Graham Gold (bald headed mongrel off Kiss 100) and Dave Lambert often on the decks for the last few hours, you tend to hear a few anthems along with the latest tunes like "The Opera Song".

Peach is generally a minimal attitude, young crowd with a first-class music policy. The only down side can be the dirty floors and often flooded toilets, but if you can cope with this you'll be fine. A thousand people a week for 9 years can't be wrong? *Tim J*



Competition

Peach tickets

Felix's Clubbing Section is giving you the chance to win yourself a pair of tickets to Peach. These tickets will be redeemable on the any of the 15th, 22nd or 29th November. There are two pairs available, the winners to be chosen at random from all of you who answer this simple question below:

What birthday did Peach celebrate this year?

E-mail your answer to clubs.felix@ic.ac.uk before noon on Wednesday 14th November for the opportunity of winning a pair of tickets. Please 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.



Saturday 16th November

**DJ Daj,
and Mark Spoon**

11pm-8am
£15
Over 21's

Ministry of Sound, 103 Gaunt Street, SE1
www.ministryofsound.com

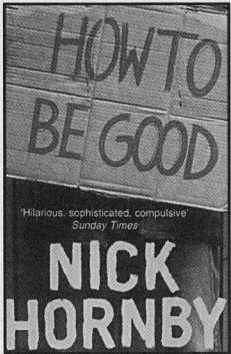
Friday 15th November

**Fu Man Choo
Goldenscan**

10pm til 6am
£9 before 11pm, £12 thereafter

Camden Palace, 1A Camden High St, NW1
www.peachyravers.com

PAGES



How to be Good

Nick Hornby

a complete saint. But why then is she having an affair and risking it all? David is an embittered, cynical individual who delights in hating everyone and everything. His favourite hobby, though, is irritating Kate, and in one of his many attempts to annoy her he goes to get his bad back treated, but not by a certified practitioner. He finds a small sign indicating that bad backs could be sorted out in one session for a single fee. David doesn't believe that it will work but he does know it will wind Kate up. He is more than a little surprised when he meets the healer, a man calling

himself DJ GoodNews, and returns with his back healed after years of pain.

DJ GoodNews is someone whom we would all like to know for novelty value, but at a distance, quite a large distance. His crazy ideas on how to be good completely alter David's outlook on life and result in a number of bizarre schemes to improve the lives of those in the local community. Whilst David undergoes total character alteration Kate is left wondering where she went wrong, she knows for definite that her life is going completely off the rails when she ends up pre-

tending to live at home for her children's benefit but actually living in a friends flat. She arrives before the children get up and leaves after they go to bed, despite this being exhausting and a little silly, she really enjoys the time to herself.

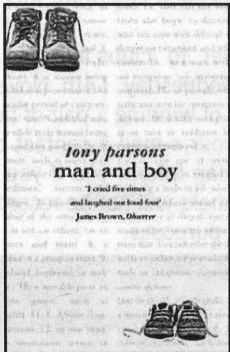
This is a rather different approach to the breakdown of marriage, as well as a study on what 'good' really means. Is anyone really 'good'? Probably not, we all do things for selfish reasons from time to time.

Jenny Lewis

Penguin Books; ISBN: 0140287019

This is a relaxing easy read, with captivating characters and a storyline that bounces along to the end.

Essentially it is story of a married couple entering a joint mid life crisis, Kate finds herself having an affair and David has a complete personality transplant. The title is a result of the conscience struggle that Kate has - is she a good person? As a GP she considers her work to be 'good', she believes that she is a 'good' mother and when she compares herself to the original David she can believe herself to be



Man and Boy

Tony Parsons

est most gentle man you can imagine. Harry admires him and yet he is also intimidated by him, he wants his own son to respect him in the same way but knows it will never happen because Harry and his father are very different. This is not just about paternal love. Parsons compares the love of his sweetheart, his wife, with the physical love with Siobhan, his one night stand and eventually with the love between two people who are really right for each other.

Written in first person, this novel begins with an idealistic impression of his life, married to the love of his life with a child, whom they

both adore. But there are cracks in this perfection and they culminate with a one night fling on his part which destroys their relationship. His wife, Gina, gave up a high flying career in Japan as a translator in order to marry him and bring up his son, but with his one night stand she totally loses faith in the relationship and returns to Japan. This leaves Harry to bring up his son and he stumbles from one difficulty to another. By this point he has lost his job so is also increasingly faced with financial problems.

This novel is not all unhappiness, worries and complications, it has a sharp, witty tone that provides

chuckles throughout as a welcome relief from the intensity of the story line. All in all, this novel thoroughly deserves the attention and praise it has received and is certainly one that I recommend, I just hope that Man and Wife and One For My Baby are as good, otherwise I'm about to waste my money.

Jenny Lewis

HarperCollins; ISBN: 0006512135

HELP! REVIEWERS NEEDED

Do you like books?

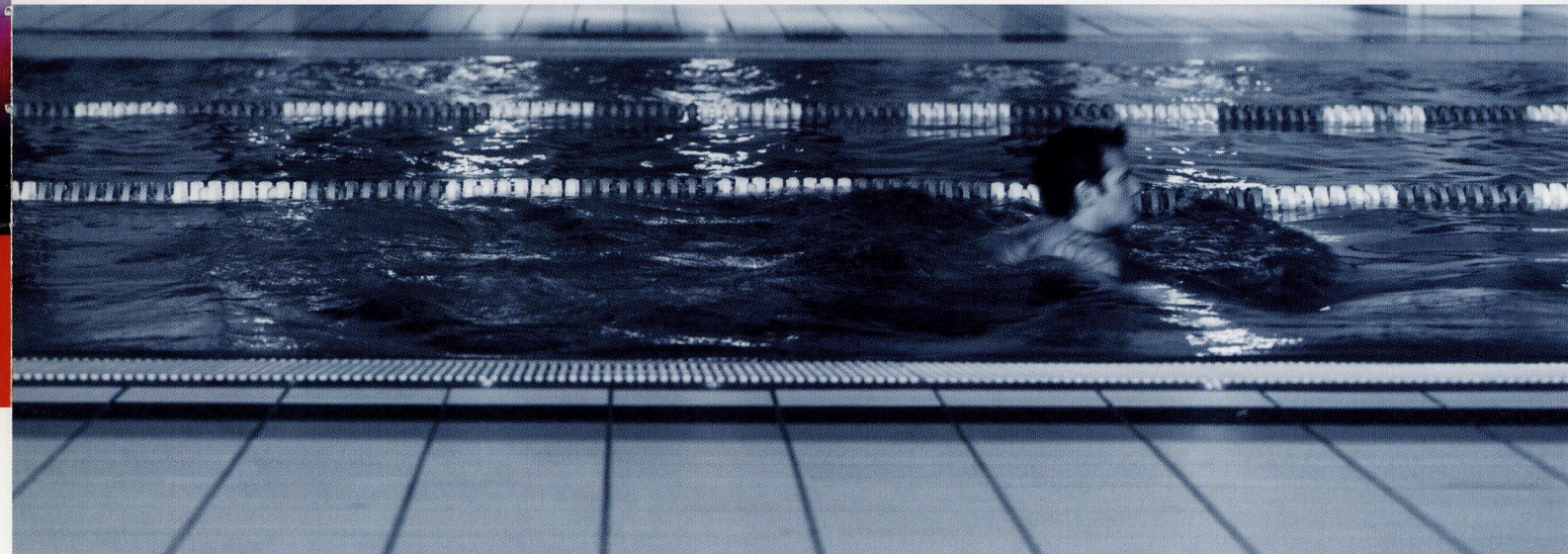
Fancy a go at writing?

books.felix@ic.ac.uk

Tony Parsons has really excelled himself with this book, a tender picture of the love between father and son. He studies the relationship from both sides and the result is a set of characters that you learn to love yourself. Now, I'm not the crying sort but with this book I found the odd tear making its way down my cheek: Parsons manages to capture love and put it on the page in a way that I've not seen before.

Harry's father is a hero, a war hero and he's got the medal to prove it, but he is also the sweet-

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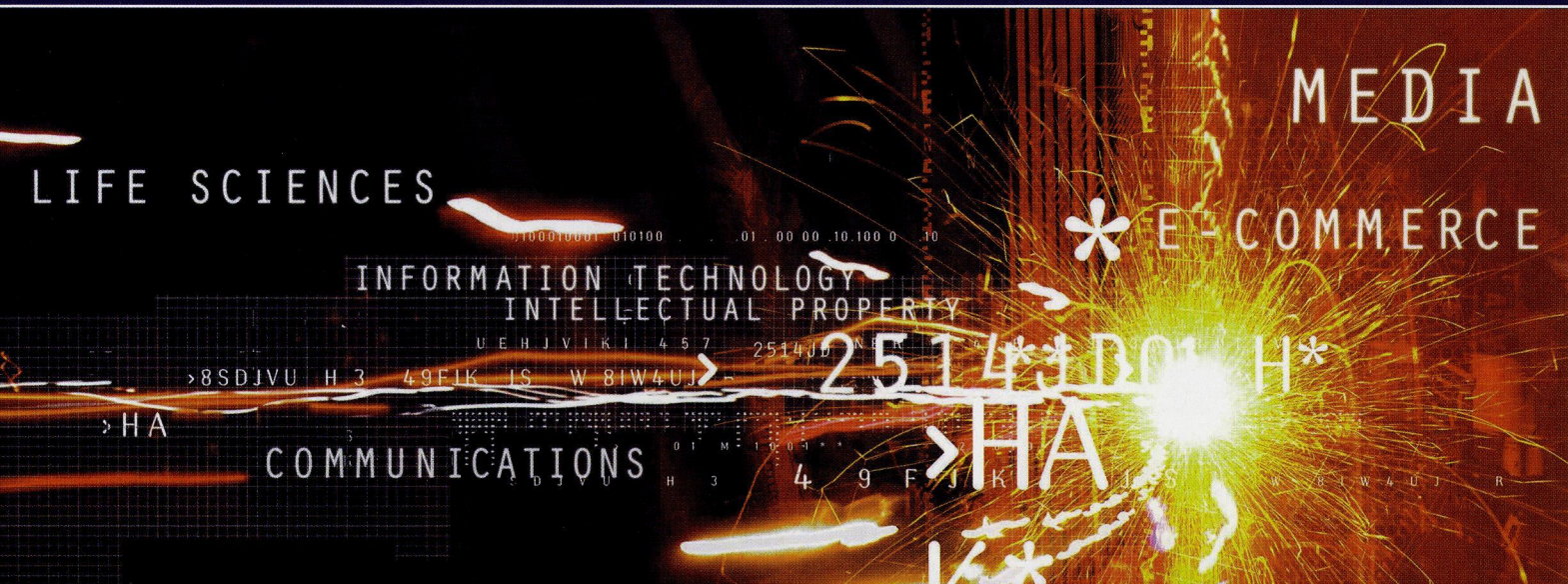
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Want to find out more? Come and meet some of Bird & Bird's lawyers over drinks from 6.30-7.30pm on 18th November 2002 in the Civil Engineering Lecture Theatre 201.

So we can make sure we order enough beer and wine, let us know you are coming by emailing Lynne Walters, Graduate Recruitment Manager at lynne.walters@twobirds.com or telephone 020 7415 6048.

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GFQQ MK II

by Bobby Cyclops & Dr Hot Fudge

THE GREAT FELIX QUOTES QUIZ

THE QUOTES

1. "You seem overly upset, Mark. To borrow a phrase from Navaro - you need to chill."
2. "Benjamin is nobody's friend. If Benjamin were an ice cream flavour, he'd be pralines and dick."
3. "They shall all drown in lakes of blood. Now they will learn why they are afraid of the dark, now they will learn why they fear the night."
4. "I hadn't seen a body put together like that since I solved the case of the Murdered Girl with the Big Tits."
5. "She tried to sit in my lap while I was standing up."
6. "Omnipresence. I like that in a woman."
7. "I think I'll eat your heart."
8. "Attention all units, emergency on theatre level. Suspect six foot two, brown hair. He is one gigantic motherfucker!"
9. "First of all, Papa Smurf didn't create Smurfette. Gargamel did. She was sent in as Gargamel's evil spy with the intention of destroying the Smurf village, but the overwhelming goodness of the Smurf way of life transformed her. And as for the whole gang-bang scenario, it just couldn't happen. Smurfs are asexual. They don't even have reproductive organs under those little white pants. That's what's so illogical, you know, about being a Smurf. What's the point of living if you don't have a dick?"
10. "There are two things that differentiate man from animals; 1: we use cutlery, 2: we can control our sexual urges. You may be the exception to this, but don't drag me down into your personal hell."
11. "When someone asks you if you're a God, you say YES!"

ANSWERS TO GFQQ 1246

1. Oskar Schindler/Liam Neeson - Schindler's List
2. President Thomas J. Whitmore/Bill Pullman - Independence Day
3. Pat Healy/Matt Dillon - There's Something About Mary
4. Mr. Blutworth/Tony Todd - Final Destination
5. Pvt. Jack Bell/Ben Chaplin - The Thin Red Line (1998)
6. Danny Oldsen/Peter Capaldi
~ Mac MacIntyre/Peter Riegert - Local Hero
7. Dr. Ross Jennings/Jeff Daniels - Arachnophobia

RAMBLINGS

Hello Fudge Packers, the old ball-and-chain is back again this week, so I must be on my best behaviour. This week we are treating you to an extended GFQQ, with some bumper sized quotes - be careful with them. We had a little trouble presenting you with a half-decent coffee-break website this week, so please, if you have a site you would like to share with the masses, do not hesitate to contact us!

Remember, Fudge and I are being incredibly stringent on points, so remember to give us all the details for song titles, films, etc. But note that in our answers section, we will only put the original artist, but we do accept cover versions, etc. *B.C.*

Can't be buggered to write anything constructive this week (do I ever?). I've been having far too good a time away from this place, and it really fucks me off to be back. Glad to see you're all still plugging away at the quizzes, I particularly enjoy reading your attempts to beg for bonus points, when I know how fruitless they will prove to be. Sorry readers, I'm just really not in the mood for this right now. I would like to reveal, however, that the mystery writer of last week's story, was in fact the great cyclops himself, but he was still in too much mental (and physical) pain as a result of the incident to face his demons once more. As for the identity of the assailant.....well who do you think it was? *H.F.*



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GFLQ (THE FIRST ONE)

THE GREAT FELIX LYRICS QUIZ

LEADER BOARDS

GFOQ

Name	Score
Richard Hutchinson	28
50D	28
Jennifer Williams	26.5
Ongar Rd Massif	25.5
Luke McManus	24.5
Chris ince	22
Geoff Lay	22
JMC4 Coalition	20.5
Samuel Jackson	20.5
Fred Marquis	20.5
Alexander Plato	20.5

GFLQ

Name	Score
50D	44
Jennifer Williams	43.5
Ongar Rd Massif	42.5
Richard Hutchinson	39.5
Luke McManus	38.5
Chris ince	32.5
Christopher Dent	32.5
Samuel Jackson	32.5
Geoff Lay	32.5
JMC4 Coalition	32
Anthony Jude Rodrigues	23

ULTRALEAGUE

Name	Score	Name	Score
50D	72	Rosemary Chandler	33.5
Jennifer Williams	70	Richard Moore	31
Ongar Rd Massif	68	Chris Tickner	17.5
Richard Hutchinson	67.5	Ruth Loeffler	15.5
Luke McManus	63	Christopher Pollock	15
Chris Ince	54.5	Rebecca Newman	13
Geoff Lay	54.5	Leo Harrison	12.5
Samuel Jackson	53	Ben Dudson	10
JMC4 Coalition	52.5	Kev Fox	6.5
Christopher Dent	52		
Anthony Jude Rodrigues	37	<i>50D still in the lead, but the Ongar Rd Massif are closing the gap and Christopher Dent is bringing up the rear (no surprise there).</i>	
John Anderson	35.5		
David Mercer	34.5		

WEBSITE OF THE WEEK

www.cheeseracing.org

Synopsis: Take some ordinary processed cheese slices (leave in wrappers) and place in a red-hot barbeque. The first slice to inflate to its maximum volume is declared the winner - behold the art of (professional) cheese racing.

Rating: Compared to Extreme Ironing, this sport is dilute in daring. However, like all good games, this one is simple - requiring only two pieces of equipment: a BBQ (preferably a disposable one) and *n* processed cheese slices (where *n* is the number of players). A good honest website, with plenty of information, history, instructions and most importantly, pictures. Try this out for yourselves at your next BBQ.

Coffeebreak score: 6/10

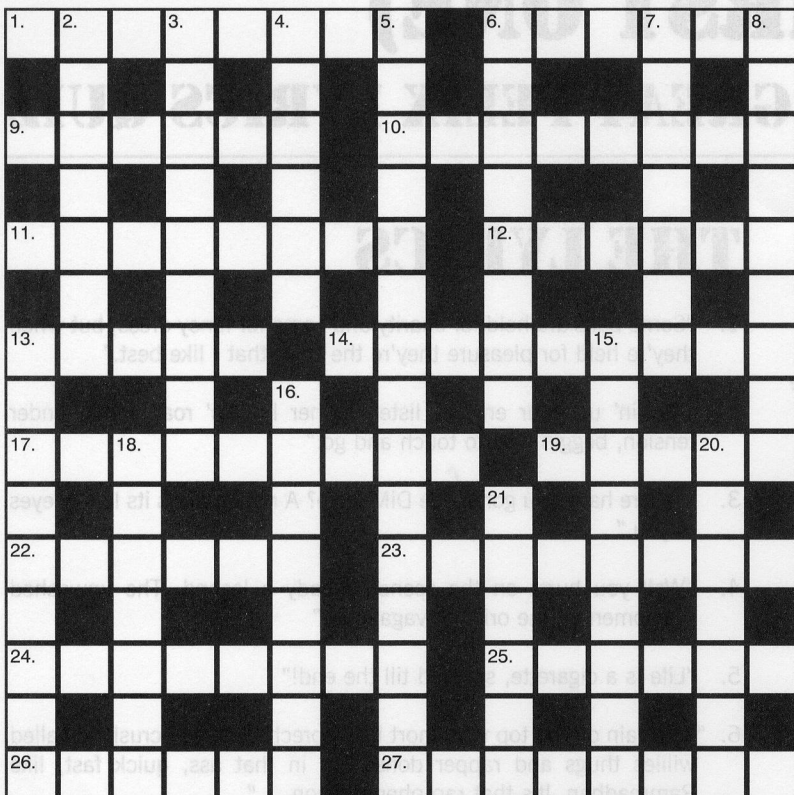
THE LYRICS

1. "Some balls are held for charity and some for fancy dress, but when they're held for pleasure they're the balls that I like best."
2. "Rewin' up your engine, listen to her howlin' roar. Metal under tension, beggin' you to touch and go."
3. "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio? A nation turns its lonely eyes to you."
4. "Well you burst on the scene, already a legend. The unwashed phenomenon, the original vagabond."
5. "Life is a cigarette, smoked till the end!"
6. "Your rain on the top was short like leprechauns, as I crush so called willies thugs and rapper dons. Get in that ass, quick fast, like Rammadhan. It's that rap phenomenon....."
7. "Now I've fallen in deep, slow silent sleep. It's killing me, I'm dying...
...to put a little bit of sunshine in your life."
8. "Well let me welcome everybody to the wild wild west. The state that's untouchable like Elliot Ness."
9. "Man what in the world is happening down at the end of the hall? I don't have a clue, let's check this thing out!"
10. "With a few red lights an' a few old beds, we made a place to sweat. No matter what we get out of this, I know...
...I know we'll never forget."

ANSWERS TO GFLQ 1246

1. Shed Seven - Chasing Rainbows
2. Bob Dylan - Like a Rolling Stone
3. Don McLean - American Pie
4. Survivor - Eye of the Tiger
5. John Lennon - Jealous Guy
6. Chuck Berry - Rock and Roll Music
7. Europe - The Final Countdown
8. Bran Van 3000 - Drinking in L.A.
9. Avalanches - Frontier Psychiatry
10. Elton John - Rocket Man

Felix Crossword 1247



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By Boris the Inquisitive Goat

Across

- 1 First pub, or is Malcom just a pithy comment? (8)
- 6 Gad about acquiring new gismo (6)
- 9 Dirty identification is needed after sword, we hear (6)
- 10 Tongue time, after strange angl (8)
- 11 Depressed, not up, in plaster of Paris (8)
- 12 "Tu va lui", without one Pacific Island (6)
- 13 Restraints about naughty sin (5)
- 14 Above headless breach, one stretches too far (9)
- 17 Take down tent, Ian's on prison duty (9)
- 19 Nearly a fight (5)
- 22 Attacker - one in short radical Queen (6)
- 23 King Prawn takes a quick break and fires an old bag (8)
- 24 Not everybody's drink (8)
- 25 Al and Birt form a clan (6)
- 26 Take margerine before in unhappy state (6)
- 27 Brief literature, one entrance to lawsuit (7)

Down

- 2 To put forward for standing still (7)
- 3 Regulation for one employed in munitions (9)
- 4 Citizen Ian goes after awful din (6)
- 5 Soviet politician has a drink and throws a fire-bomb (7, 8)
- 6 Revise computing - not me! About birth (8)
- 7 Little Anna is after Ragu sauce for a stimulating ingredient (7)
- 8 Butch tree used for weapon of war (9)
- 13 Diverts colour - Infra Red? Initially, Eurorpean commission takes sides (9)
- 15 Decorates Eric's master in dynasty (9)
- 16 Computing time, man repeats (8)
- 18 Day travellers often fall over (7)
- 20 Unusual cat soup found along the beach (2, 5)
- 21 Old and tired history isn't thrilling initially (4, 2)

Nobody expects the Boris inquisition. My chief weapon is fear - fear and surprise and nobody was more surprised than I to find a clue missing last week as many of you spotted. However, the number of you that still managed to guess the right answer (fumbler) was quite incredible - give yourselves a pat on the back. The entries are flooding in to the Felix office and coffee.felix@ic.ac.uk and all correct entries will be entered into the grand prize draw at the end of the year. But of course, you knew that already.

Peter Parkinson - DOC III is this week's winner and wins the admiration of us all, but nothing really worth having I'm afraid.

The cryptic crossword device which I've decided to focus on this week is the modest **anagram**. This can be indicated by just about any word that implies change or something being wrong. Here's an example:

Is Rob confused about my name? (5)

Would be 'Boris'. Keep sending in those answers...

Answers to 1246

Across: Triassic, Atrium, Aisle, Kick Start, Armstrong, Alibi, Trireme, Maoism, Act Two, Fall III, Comma, Homonymic, Medicinal, Tutor, Inmost, Orthicon.

Down: Tea Party, Insomniac, Smelt, Irksome, Tesla Coil, Iraqi, Matrix, Ice Gem, Entrances, Stigmatic, Electron, Oohing, Fumbler, Scampi, Madam, Notch.

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* A concept found only in companies employing one person.

Decision support for graduates

Autumn Presentation

19/11/02 Rembrandt Hotel, 11 Thurloe Place, London, SW7 2RS

If you want to hear the whole truth about life as a graduate, attend Accenture's presentation on 19 November at 6pm. It's all pretty informal, so we hope you will get involved. Please sign up at presentations@accenture.com, giving us your name and degree subject, and await a confirmation e-mail. Please bring the e-mail with you on the day.

More plain talking can be found at www.accenture.com/decision-support

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Boys, Girls and Shuttlecocks

Picture the scene: it's Halloween, the middle of the night, the wind is whistling through the trees, the shadows are dancing and Minna wants chocolate. It doesn't get much more scary. But why is it in a sports report?

The night started off normally enough; most of the team, tired and hungry, stood outside the Union waiting for Gavin, our ever-punctual captain. We were about to embark on the first leg of our quest for mixed doubles glory against the might of Royal Holloway. Amazingly, despite a distinct lack of preparedness and going against all past records, we arrived early for the match, and could have carried out a proper warm-up. Could have. Instead, I digested my large Burger King meal, Minna headed for the vending machines and Gavin chatted up the opposite team's captain.

And so to the match. Royal Holloway had only managed to secure two courts, the other half of the gym being occupied by scary people in black suits doing what looked like an elaborate form of the Hokey Kokey. This arrangement left me - a a lowly third coupler - free to watch the first two matches. On paper, these should have been the best two matches - first vs. first and second vs. second. They didn't disappoint. The girl in the Royal Holloway first couple was the best female we've ever seen play in a ULU league - quick, strong and clever, and she added entertainment value by abusing herself in a variety of languages. Despite being up against superwoman, our first couple, Minna and Kee, managed to pull through three hard games, showing excellent resilience and

determination having lost the first one. Watching this game I suddenly realised how mixed doubles should be played. Now, if only I could do it. Unfortunately, on the other court Belinda and Chan struggled against the second couple, and lost two hard-fought games.

Gavin and I then continued this losing streak by losing to the third couple, mainly due to my inability to serve and Gavin's inability to hit anything in the court. But he had just had his racquet re-strung, so we might let him off. Meanwhile, Minna and Kee demonstrated their superiority by polishing off the third couple without even breaking sweat and Belinda and Chan couldn't overcome superwoman. So Royal Holloway were 3-2 up with four games to play. Onto court stepped Gavin and I, the antithesis of the ideal doubles team, desperately needing to beat their second couple. It was a match to end all matches. One member from each team was severely handicapped by the temporary loss of one ankle and I earned myself the incongruous nickname Miss Whiplash - I'm a good girl, I am - due to a propensity for whacking my leg quite hard with my racquet, whenever I arsed something up, which was quite often. Yes, I still have the bruises. No, you can't see them. Anyway, we managed to come out on top and needed to win two of the last three to win the match.

Obviously, Minna and Kee won with the minimum of bother. Equally obviously, Gavin and I didn't even get a point against their number ones. And so it came down to Belinda and Chan. They'd managed to cream the RH pair in the first game,

15-2, and we all waited expectantly for them to wrap up the match. Unsurprisingly, they didn't. Well, not straight away. In keeping with the night's sense of drama and excitement, they didn't win it until 17-15 in the third. A truly stunning victory, especially considering the added pressure of everyone watching, and it being after 11pm.

Our departure from Royal Holloway was slightly delayed by Gavin's ineptitude in getting dressed - well, he's more used to the other way round. This paled into insignificance though compared to the delay caused by being locked in the car park.

Everyone else had disappeared, and we were confronted by a big gate with an extremely large padlock. We thought about ram-raiding it, but then reconsidered at the thought of the already dilapidated state of the Union minibus fleet. So off set Gavin and I, through the woods of Egham, trying to find security. When we eventually found them, we were further delayed by their disbelief that such a thing could happen, and by the security guard's insistence that I should celebrate Celtic's victory over Blackburn with him, just because I happened to ask the result with a vaguely Scottish accent. It shames me even now.

With our knight in shining armour on the way, we headed back to the minibus to wait for our liberation. Finally the guard came and opened the gate. And, of course, the bus wouldn't start. And when it did, and we were on our way, inevitably, the M4 was closed. So the tubes had stopped and everyone had to be dropped at their door. The last of us got home at 2am. I'm tired just writing about it. But we won. Hurrah. *Sarah*

Science & Technology Fair: French Grandes Ecoles exhibition at Imperial College

Friday 15 November 2002: 2pm-5.30pm and

Saturday 16 November 2002: 10 am-4pm

Imperial College, Great Hall

ADMISSION FREE

If you are contemplating a career in science and technology, make sure you know about international opportunities and in particular about the programmes specially designed for foreign students offered by world-wide known French Grandes Ecoles.

Engineering courses in France are high level science-based studies, with a strong emphasis on mathematics. They include modules in economics and management, and lead to senior positions in both the private and public sectors. To discover the unique possibilities offered by French Grandes Ecoles, come and talk to the exhibitors.

Programme of presentations:

- 14.00: INSA Toulouse & INSA LYON
- 14.30: Institut National Agronomique Paris-Grignon (INA P-G)
- 15.00: Université Technologique de Compiègne (UTC)
- 15.30: Institut National Polytechnique de Grenoble (INPG)
- 16.00: Institut Français de Mécanique Avancée (IFMA)
- 16.30: Ecole Polytechnique
- 17.00: Fondation Gay-Lussac et ENSC-Rennes

LSE defeated

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FITZPATRICK
CREATIVE CONSTRUCTION

IC I 23 - 19 LSE I

Although the ginger content was not as high this week, the IC machine went marching on.

However, the closeness of the game ensured that the 2's - after a 67-0 drubbing of Chichester - at last got their fair share of the day's excitement. Mo's cyst and the negative effect it had on team moral could only be to blame.

The game started with two fantastic penalties from Jonathan 'I went out with Ollie last night' Spencer. However before the half was out LSE, wearing a thieved Saracens kit took a narrow lead 7 - 6 after a well worked try. As our main academic competition in London, the sin binning of their

no.8, due to his telling the Ref to f**k off made the possibility of a merger less appealing.

The game was all nip and tuck throughout the second half, no intended pun on Mo's intended lancing of his baby-sized cyst.

Eventually, IC pulled clear with a try from Duncan 'Never shag your lab partner, your grades aren't worth it' Rutherford.

In conclusion, Alex James got man-of-the-match after a sterling performance in the backs. Get in there quickly Virgins, his looks are fading fast from the constant punishment he keeps getting.

Our Mr. Protherough had a surprisingly quiet game - is it the opposition or his new found media coverage that is harming his game? He's alright girls, supposedly he wants a quiet one tonight. The legend of Herpes lives on!

UCL go down

IC III 4 - 3 UCL II

This was always going to be a tough match for the newly promoted thirds against title hopefuls UCL testing us to see if we are in ULU Premier 2 just to make up the numbers.

With perfect weather conditions IC kicked off and started brightly and were bold in their attempts to get an early goal. Before long we were rewarded with a penalty as captain Henry dribbled into the opposition box and was clumsily fouled from behind. Not having assigned a penalty taker beforehand I stepped up to take the penalty myself but fired the ball straight at the keeper who luckily parried the ball to quick thinking Alex de Luca who promptly dispatched the ball into the roof of the net.

After absorbing long periods of pressure during the remainder of the first half, the score was still

one nil at half time.

Again IC pushed forward at the start of the second half and the score was made an unbelievable 2-0 after Henry managed to curl the ball from the corner of the box into the opposite top corner of the goal leaving the keeper helpless.

Before long the thirds made it 3-0 when Anand finished a solo effort by sliding the ball under the advancing keeper but our luck was to run out as UCL changed formation and began to force us back, while at the same time beginning to lose their tempers.

With only 10 minutes remaining the score was 4-2 after a succession of UCL corners and a Gary 'thong boy' own goal but IC managed just to hold on with UCL hitting the bar twice in the dying seconds of the game. The final score was a memorable 4-3 victory for IC thirds, especially with the impending merger of the clubs.

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CHARING CROSS BAR
(WEEK DAYS ONLY)

Sat 9th Nov
12.15pm Man City v Man Utd
2.30pm England v New Zealand (RU)
6.15pm GB & Ireland v New Zealand (RL)

Sun 10th Nov
2pm West Ham v Leeds
4pm Sunderland v Spurs

Tues 12th Nov 7.45pm
Basle v Liverpool

Wed 13th Nov
Feyenoord v Newcastle 7.45pm

Thurs 31st Oct 8pm
Blackburn Rovers v Celtic
(Charing Cross only)

Seconds double

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IC II 22 - 16 ICSM

IC II 67 - 0 Chichester

Following the disappointing start to the season the 2nds unleashed themselves on a Chichester side at Harlington, who could offer only token resistance as Imperial rampaged to victory.

Raphael 'The Frenchy' was dominant throughout scoring an unprecedented five tries from the back row! However, Will 'Fancied a 10 minute rest' Green, 2nd XV Captain was sporadically incompetent and was banished to the touchline for a possibly slightly over exuberant tackle, which stopped somewhere short of assault but was something more than touchy-feely behind the bike shed. Adrien 'Spell my name with an a' also turned up. Hamish 'Its my birthday' threw up a lot.

For the first time in the history of IC rugby - we think - the seconds demolished the supposed might of the medics. Despite the thievery of "the unit" by the firsts moments before kick off we got off to a good start with Andy "I hate being subbed" Nelson checking out the view from under their posts within five minutes.

Hard though they tried the medics were unable to shackle down our beloved Silvia. More tries from Adrienne "the belly", Will "can I play on the wing" and Richard "what 1st team" Pivver proved harder to stomach for the medics than a good anal cist (Mo). So once again Silvia reigned victorious thanks to man of the match Try Shy Tim Skirrow and the awe that is our Gallic back five. And in case I forgot to mention, yes, we beat the medics.