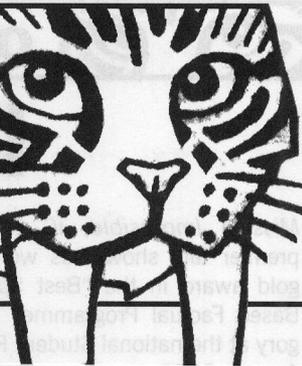


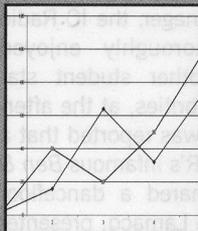
FELIX

The Student Newspaper of Imperial College

Issue 1249



Surf your way to the top of the FTSE with the *Felix* Business Section. Page 12



Sammy Davis Jr sings in the brand new Arts Section. Page 9



22/11/2
REFERENCE COLLECTION

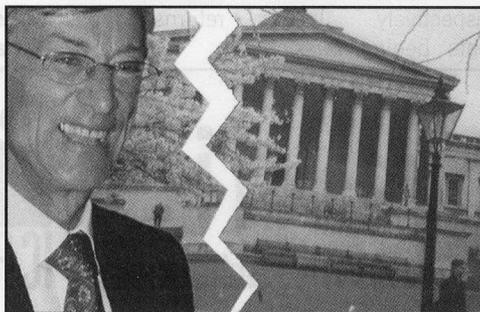
Imperial College and Science Museum Libraries

Merger Off

The plans for merging UCL and Imperial have been cancelled only four weeks after they were first proposed. The rector sent a letter to all students and staff on Monday outlining his reasons for the collapse of talks at this preliminary stage.

While Sir Richard claimed that "it has already become clear that the best interests of our two institutions are not served by a formal merger", he went on to say that this had been a useful exercise, hinting that informal collaboration with UCL may still be a very real prospect.

This break may have come as a surprise to some, since many of the papers presented by academics at Imperial have seemed quite positive. However, *Felix* has learned that many senior academics claim that the papers were motivated far more on a political level, than by true representation of the average staff member. On top of this, upon reading several of the papers that *Felix* acquired, it was clear that they were



Artist's Impression of Merger Breakdown

being written within the framework of an Imperial takeover rather than a true merger.

It would seem, however, that the real reasons for the breakdown are mainly within the executive of UCL. One senior academic source described the situation as "More of a rape than a marriage", and it is clear that this feeling was echoed all the way down through the college hierarchies.

One reason for the different feelings between the two academic bodies may be due to the relative stability that Imperial enjoys compared to the scientific departments within UCL: if the merger was attempted and failed, Imperial would suffer considerably less.

In the past UCL academics have been instrumental in the ousting of a provost, and it is clear that whatever the true situation at this end, they were not happy with the idea of a merger, and thus presented a serious risk of not taking this lying down. Rumbblings within College have suggested that Sir Richard decided that going against such strong opinion may not be worth the effort, when a more subtle approach may yield better results.

If this is true, we can expect to see much greater collaboration between the two universities' departments, and this may well be just the beginning of something that will happen over a much longer time scale.

will

Felix Website Launch

After eight weeks of intensive programming, the *Felix* website is going to be launched on Monday. The new site will be a comprehensive web version of the paper issue, and will have many added features as well.

While the site has been up for some weeks now, it has been mainly a reproduction of the paper issue, and was being used primarily as a testing ground for new ideas.

The new site has been built by Alisdair Wren, a final year computing student. It has been con-

structed with ease of use for both readers and editors in mind, and many of the features are back end, allowing editors to enter their content in both the weekly issues and in web-only sections. With a search engine, it will soon become the first place to find information about the Union, College and student events.

The online nature will also allow *Felix* to publish news instantly, allowing *Felix* to keep up to date on a daily basis. In the past news has always been at least a day old, due to printing constraints.

One of the main features of the new site is a system for commenting on news stories. Previously there has been no way to reply to the news, or indeed to any other article, and the hope is that this will allow students to get more involved in what they read, and therefore also hopefully the decisions that are made within the Union.

Future updates to the site will involve including the puzzles pages and crossword, and online article submission.

will

INSIDE...

Will returns with yet more ranting for your enjoyment. 4

The latest installment from Wye. I'm beginning to regret not having done an agricultural degree. 7

Moon landing, fake? Apparently not, according to NASA. Well, they would say that. 13

Who would you kill? If you have a decisive answer visit our web review page, then a shrink. 16

22nd November 2002

IC Radio Gold

Mission Impossible, IC Radio's premier talk show, has won the gold award in the "Best Speech Based Factual Programme" category at the national Student Radio Awards 2002.

The show, put together by Imperial's Science Communication students, was nominated at a regional party at LSE Students' Union last month, as reported in *Felix* 1245.

The main ceremony took place last week at Goldsmiths College, in the presence of such radio luminaries as Steve Lamacq, Kevin Greening, Tim Westwood, Andy Parfitt and Jon Holmes. For the third successive year, Emma B hosted the event in front of a packed audience of students and industry insiders, and provided her now customary selection of terrible jokes. Gold, silver and bronze awards were handed out in each of the ten categories, ranging from "Best Newcomer" to "Best Marketing and Promotions".

Cardiff's Xpress Radio were particularly successful, with Vicki Blight winning "Best Female

Presenter", and *Priority* scooping the prize for "Best Show". The highly sought-after "Student Radio Station of the Year" award was won by Surrey University's GU2, whose prize includes a two-hour broadcast on Radio 1.

The gold award for "Best Speech Based Factual Programme" was presented by BBC Radio Five Live's Julian Worricker, and collected by *Mission Impossible* presenters Derek Thorne, Frances Beckerleg, Georgina Mason and Gareth Mitchell. The silver and bronze awards were won by *Newslink Special* (LSR, Leeds University) and *Stars of the Musical Underground* (Birst, Bournemouth University) respectively.

The students behind *Mission*

Impossible will be rewarded with work experience at BBC Radio Five Live.

After the gold award (actually made of glass) had been safely escorted back to the studios by the station manager, the IC Radio delegation thoroughly enjoyed mixing with other student stations, and celebrities, at the after-show party. It was reported that a presenter of ICR's infamous *Ben & Jerry* show shared a dancefloor kiss with Steve Lamacq, presenter of Radio 1's *Evening Session*. Sadly, no photographic evidence could be obtained.

Past recordings of *Mission Impossible* can be found at www.icradio.com. The show returns to the airwaves in January.

Dave Edwards

icradio

www.icradio.com



news.felix@ic.ac.uk

We're still looking for departmental and halls correspondents

FELIX

Issue 1249

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Our application deadline is Thursday 12th December

Applications by CV and covering letter via www.marakon.com/car_apply.html

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And Alex Said...

It was 2.58pm and I was on my way to a Physics tutorial which started at 3pm. I pushed the button for a lift and then waited for 27 minutes until, finally, a lift came that was both heading in the right direction and wasn't so full that I would likely suffocate.

Twenty minutes later and we'd made it as far as level 9, where everybody else got out, leaving me alone. The doors shut. Then there was a thud. Then a wallop, a bang and a clang, followed by a shudder. Then a kind of wibbly-wobbly boinging motion that doesn't really have a good word to describe it. The doors opened, and I found myself on level 9½.

Finding all of this rather too odd for a Tuesday afternoon, and seeing as I'd missed my tutorial now anyway, I decided to go down again, but this time I thought it would be a good plan to take the stairs. Heading towards the

Physics common room, I couldn't help but think that things looked a little different to usual.

I'm not sure whether it was the old woman serving gruel from a large cauldron, or the stagecoaches passing outside, or the students sitting around writing with quills onto parchment, but things

seemed to be a little more old-fashioned than normal, even for the Physics department.

I sat in the common room on an oak chair, near to some students wearing top hats. Somebody was fighting with what looked like a clockwork coffee machine.

"Please, sir, I want some more," said the student.

"More what?" said the coffee

machine, sounding very much like an old man with a cold.

"Cappuccino please."

A sneezing sound came from the coffee machine. "That'll be four guineas, six farthings, two crowns, three pounds, eight groats, five shillings, sixpence ha'penny please."

"Pray yes, of that it doth remind me also," said another student, with a large boil on his nose.

"Verily, for much displeasure hath this coffee brought upon my insides", I replied, which was odd because I don't normally talk like that.

The student with the boil looked at his pocket watch. "I shall now depart for the typewriter suite, for I must send a letter to my lecturer via carrier pigeon. I have vainly tried to pit myself against a difficult problem sheet," and he left.

"Away we to the union this fine eve, for a night of idle pleasures?" said a girl to the student who had acquired the coffee. He appeared to be itching to get into her corset - or was that just because of the fleas?

I left, to try to find a way back to the twenty-first century.

Alex Warren

Machines!

The student handed a coin to the machine, which then gave him back his change in a wheelbarrow. Several whirrings could be heard and then an elderly hand reached out to give the student his coffee. He sat down near me.

"Why, this coffee, I liken it to a foul broth of intestinal fluids," he said.



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Editorial

Burble burble burble. I've just been informed that I always end my editorial by spouting bollocks for the final few sentences, so this time I thought I'd save us all the time and get it out of the way at the start. Then I can write whatever I want to my heart's content, without fear of retribution.

I've been away, editorial-y speaking, for the last few weeks, and now I'm back. I feel rather like a rapper who has just released their second album, the title of which is obviously *Rap-Attak*. The first song would probably have lyrics along the lines of:

"Big up to my bitches, and big up to my boyz: with top up fees and mergers, it's time to make some noise. To get all yo' attention, I don't even have to cough: I'm white, I went to Eton, and my name is MC Toff..."

Not that this has any bearing on anything, of course, but I feel it important not to ignore my artistic side. I'll say something useful in

this column, though, don't you fret.

So yes. You may have read or noticed or been informed that this merger is now off. I personally think this is a great shame, because I was getting all sorts of advertising and letters and stuff (which means I have to write less myself), and I was also very excited to see that students actually cared about something. It's a shame, admittedly, that we all have to be so negative: I have never seen such a level of reactionism in all my life. "Merger? With UCL? I'd rather eat my personal tutor" I heard. "We know what's best for students. We are students!" Was another classic. This from the demographic of individuals who class a double shot of vodka as the best cure for a hangover.

But anyway, it's all over now. I quite liked the idea: the only way it could have worked, as far as I can tell, is that each college would

have gone on very much as before, and we would have only been the same uni from an administrative point of view. What does that mean? Well, if you'd decided that you should have been doing English Lit as opposed to Elec Eng (and a lot of people do), you could change without having to change uni, whereas now the best you can do is go to Materials.

But as I say, that's all gone, and so we can now all close ranks and fight the evil oppression of top up fees. Unusually for me I do agree with the masses that they're a bad idea, although I don't think that free university education is necessarily a right: I like graduate tax more, or even free education to those who agree to do something useful (like become a teacher) for a couple of years after graduation, and those of us who go to the city can pay graduate tax.

There's an interesting story associated with this, actually. I was talking to one of the heads of

the 'No To Top Up Fees' protest that happened a few weeks back, and he (that's all you're getting out of me) was telling me that what he called 'vocational degrees' such as media studies and fitness should be charged, and that 'academic' studies should be free. The justification, apparently, being that physics and engineering are practical, whereas these other degrees are not. Therefore all these people who do physics and then go and work in the city (nothing to do with degree) have a right to free education that those who do media studies and then go and work in the media (everything to do with degree) do not. Call me old fashioned, but it sounded like intellectual fascism to me. If someone can reasonably explain this to me, please do write in.

My point? Well, be careful under whose banner you protest, basically. And also: you're probably not cynical enough.



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college
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Soundclash

SOUNDCLASH is one of many shows that you can listen to on the award-winning IC Radio. Soundclash features all kinds of artists, musical genres and regions of the world in a musical battle, to find out who the king of any selected topic might be. In most cases, the decision is difficult, since we love every tune we play as much as the next one.

For example, in our Hallowe'en clash, the dark forces (mainly fat hip-hop and dark drum 'n' bass) took on the positive vibes of groovy reggae and selected oldies. Sometimes, the contestants are placed back-to-back, while at other times we have half an hour before switching "sides". Anyway, as you can probably guess, Soundclash is all about diversity - the themes of the clashes allow us to showcase different styles whilst still making some kind of sense overall.

We love music of all kinds, and we're happy to share these feelings with you every Tuesday night, enlightening you with styles

of music you might have never have even considered. Just plug in your headphones and check it out for yourselves! Scan through, catch the vibe and get ready to



start nodding your head while you work at your computer. Because Soundclash is all about battles

and discoveries, it's interactive. You can send your comments and check the outlines of shows at our forum - board.icradio.com.

Also, you can email in with your requests and we'll post all the info you need to expand your musical treasury. The forum is an easy way for us to announce what future clashes are going to be like, and we also give up-to-date information on recorded shows so that you can get more info as you're listening online.

Visit the award winning www.icradio.com and be amazed by the quality and diversity of the shows available!

Huggy

IC Radio is the student radio station of Imperial College, broadcasting 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. To hear us, tune your radio to 999AM in and around Southside and Linstead halls, or visit www.icradio.com and click "listen" or "relive" to download some of the latest shows that have been going on.

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Going to Church

You're at University! You're free, anything is possible, no parents, no family, none of the shackles of that place that you used to live. This is London, Baby, land of opportunity, most happening centre on the planet, place of freedom; kick off your shoes, relax your feet and lay back. It's different now, you make the decisions, you write the rules.

Question: where does church fit into all of this? Actually, more importantly, where does God fit into all of this?

Lots of people reading this probably call themselves Christian in some way shape or form, and as such, God and therefore Church play or have played some part in their life.

So where does this fit in your 'new' life?

An often spoken phrase is 'Show me your friends, and I'll tell you who you are'. This can also be said like: 'Show me your five closest friends / the people you spend most of your time around, and I'll tell you a lot about the life you are living'.

And that says a lot about what church is.

If you call yourself a Christian, you can't do it by yourself. You need other Christians around you in a real way. To read and pray is not enough, and what's more, you become like the people you hang around with. Not to say you only ever hang around Christians, but you need to be around them.

All this said, church does not make you Christian, it however provides a family. We as Christians need a family. Someone to pray for us, to encourage us, to pull us up when we are down, to make us see more of how great God is.

Hopefully you know now why you need to be in a church, and more importantly, you feel the need. You want to be in a church.

The second problem is actually choosing a church to go to. In truth, London has got many brilliant churches, so what to do? How do you choose one? Do you have to choose one?

Here's a couple of pointers:

Do look around, but don't look forever. The temptation can be to stick with the first place you come across. don't settle for convenience, look at the different ones you could end up in. On the other hand, spending your time at university flitting from church to church will get you nowhere. You eventually have to choose one place.

When looking, look for Family. A place where you feel at home. Ask yourself: are there people at this church that you feel you can get along with? After all without people the church cannot exist and that can be one of the biggest contributing factors to whether or not you feel at home.

Pay a lot of attention to the teaching. Look for teaching that you agree with, a good start is to examine their statement of faith. This always reveals a lot.

Think Vision! Does the church have vision? i.e where they are going and what they intend doing. You will be going where the church is going, so it is important that you know whether that is where you want to go.

Check out the worship. What's your flava? Happy clappy, Hymnbooks and Organs, Somewhere in between? Do you feel comfortable in the way the church expresses worship to God? If not, would you like to? Worship is a very important part of our walk with God, and the church you join can have a great effect on your worship.

And the most important factor: go to the place that God wants for you. It is worth looking and holding on for. God doesn't force you, he will not send you to a place that is going to do you no good, he will put you where you will find out the most about him and get closer to him, so ask him to show you.

Don't join some cult (there's some out there). What do we mean? Some churches have characteristics like claiming to be the only true Christians, an "If you're not in our church, you're going to hell" attitude. Another trait is a reluctance to let you go.

The following is Daphne's story of finding the church God meant for her in London. This illustrates many

of the points that have been raised. See if you can spot them.

After coming to England to study, I got involved with a church. A bible-based, definitely Christian church, passionate about living for God. I got involved, made a lot of friends. The church I was in back home then informed me that there was another church in London that was of the same family as my home church. This wouldn't have made much of a difference, but I knew that my church back home was where I had been put by God for his reasons. The knowledge that the family I had was extended over here left me with a dilemma. To stay where I was: I had friends, I was involved, I loved it, or to go to where I felt God was calling me to. I mean after all, one church is as good as the next, it's the same God we serve, why does it matter which one I go to? Also, if I left where I was, what would happen to all the friends I made? Would they understand? Would they think I was just betraying them? It was all too much, and so for a while I did nothing. I just kept on as usual, but I didn't feel entirely happy. I knew there was something I was ignoring. After speaking to my close friends about it, I eventually attended a service at the other church. From the moment I walked through the door, it felt like home. This is where I belonged. I knew this is what I'd been bothered about, and I knew what I had to do. So, I am now in the church that I believe God has put me in, and it's wonderful. As for my fears about my friends, they were not founded. They are still my friends, they are happy that I've found the place God wants for me. All in all, I'm glad I took the step and went where God wanted me.

We hope this has been helpful to you. If you need to speak to someone about finding a church or anything Christian, contact: john.hermes@ic.ac.uk (His People), chaplaincy@ic.ac.uk (Chaplaincy), conrad_chan81@hotmail.com (Christian Union).

We pray that you will soon be in a church enjoying everything that God brought you to this great city for.

SDG

Strategic Decisions Group

Decisions, Decisions...

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Wye 'Sup

Charity Week 2002

Greetings again Londoners. Since I last did a little article, I've had exactly... let me count... one item sent to me to put in and even that didn't reach my email. I think this must be tainted. Anyway, before I get started, I have some ranting to do. The last article I wrote didn't have my name attached to it. And that annoyed me somewhat. So this time, instead of waiting to be missed out again, I'm going to tell you who I am. I am Beci. There we go! Wasn't that difficult now, was it? There's a good little Editor.

Right. Down to it. We've just had our Charity Week (or Rag Week to some). This year it was for two fantastic causes, namely Kent Air Ambulance and the Cambridge University Department for Brain Tumour Research. Both of these causes have supported ex-students of ours, one of whom, Ed Notts, sadly passed away recently.

The week started with a rather wet bang. We had our traditional Bonfire and Fireworks. This took place on the Crown, a (yes, you guessed it) crown carved into the North Downs. This was completely lit up with hundreds of scrounged industrial-sized baked bean cans, that Sarah (our Union Vice President) had been trying to get hold of for days. As you've probably realised from the first sentence though, the weather was complete pants. The Torch Procession was a soggy traipse up the hill, watching people set trees and each other alight, then we all huddled together in the name of charity to watch the fireworks. Having said that, they were good and our thanks go to the guys from 153 (Ben, Henry, Charmer and Adam) as well as Dave (!) and Mike (Hunt) West in the foreground, as well as all those little people in the background. You know who you are.

Monday night was our Charity and Salve Auction (Muhahaha!!!). The highlights had to be JT's chest waxing (we know it hurt really), Charmer buying his bat-

tered old car back for £1.5 million and the (lucky) slaves being auctioned for a bit of dosh. Good going guys.

Tuesday's Tug of War was rained off (I wasn't going out in that if someone paid me), but we probably wouldn't have made it anyway (well, I wouldn't have). This is because of Tuesday morning. Champagne Breakfast. What a wonderful idea. Having been to a car park for last year's, we didn't have a lot to beat. But, none the less, it was bloody brilliant. At 6 in the morning, we were all piled on two coaches with no idea where we were off to. Turned out,



Artist's Impression of the champagne breakfast

we were headed to a dry ski slope, so by 7o'clock we were sledging down the piste, champagne bottles in hands. The best had to be the JSF (dressed as Santas for the week) going down butts open, the Garters (dressed as Superwomen) flying down cape open or Fish going down in full James Bond stylee, legs crossed, drinking champagne and coming to a gentle stop at the bottom. Best injury for this week, goes to Hettie who broke her toe and giggled the whole way to hospital in an Ambulance. Accompanying her was Adam Hansen who attempted to slash his wrists on the slope, but failed due to our faithful First Aider in a luminous jacket (yes, Lee, that's you as he reads this over my shoulder). Special mentions have to go to Little Bex and Sarah for organising it and coming back to

pick up yours truly when the coaches left me behind, also the canteen ladies in Withersdane for doing all the egg and bacon sarnies which were lovely at that time after a good bottle or two of champers.

Tuesday night was Band Night and the Hog Roast, the remainder of which Andy (our Pres) was still munching through at the end of the week. The Band (Karl, Lucy Locket, Pauline and Yaz) were fabulous (as always) and it was a very well deserved, relaxing evening.

Wednesday evening saw the infamous Canterbury Pub Crawl

vodka, drank it trying to be hard and then ended up throwing up and crying in a corner. Don't know who that could be, eh Ned?

Friday saw the first kidnapping of a lecturer, sorry, two lecturers. They both seemed to enjoy it and I ought to thank the kidnappers. You know who you are.

Friday was also the Charity Ball, this year with a 1920's theme. As your illustrious author was working again due to a desperate need for money, she didn't see many of the goings on. However, being a bit of a nosey cow, I find most things out anyway, although many of them I am unable to scrawl here out of pure sympathy and fear. We played host to a group of strange Agrics from Reading who didn't understand the "no more snakebite" routine. Once again, everyone was out in their finest, and full respect to the Garters and the Beaus, who were still in their week old costumes at the ball.

Saturday saw us being beaten by the Reading lot in a Rugby match and I was hoping to have a review of the match from one of the lads, but, as you can tell, my hoping is to no avail, so they're going to have to put up with what I write. At the end of the match, we (the intrepid supporters) reckon only two of our team weren't injured. Not a good tally. You could almost sing "Heads, shoulders, knees and toes" to the team and get a response for each bit. Considering the fact they all limped off, I thought they battled damn well, although the captain (Adam) will no doubt disagree with me as he was out injured and jumping up and down like a lunatic on the touchline. Yes, they lost, but they turned out and gave it a shot. Well done fellas.

At the end of the week, we'd had a good laugh, drunk loads and, most importantly raised shed loads of money for two good causes. Thanks to all those who helped out and I haven't mentioned, like Heena Patel, John the Porter, Emily Williams, and everyone else I've missed off. Thanks guys.

Beci

Chris Lynch / Investment Banking / New York / April 2002

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Ray Peacock

Ray Peacock is vicious, antagonistic, "I go on, banter and try to start fights, I love it". Not just amongst the few to have provoked glassware to fly stagewards, but possibly the only performer to have caught the offending objects. His act is solely about the generation of anger, within him-

self and his audience by "that thing of saying unsayable things". To an American in the audience: "They (the twin towers) used to be the tallest buildings in the world, well now they're the widest". The only other notable aspect to Ray Peacock is his arrogance, "I do talks, public speaking,... I educate people. It's my duty as an intellectually superior being". He is as one-dimensional as he sounds, with reason.

Ray Peacock was created by Comedian Jon Williams as an alter-ego for his friend Ian Boldsworth. It's clear that Williams used little imagination, Boldsworth often displaying the staggering lack of self-awareness that Ray Peacock thrives on. "You can't teach it" this former drama student says of acting, missing the irony. For such an unreserved, almost aggressive person, whose comedy is so confrontational, his influences are surprisingly placid. His hero is Les Dawson. Boldsworth has

penned both his official biographies, book and film. More recently his inspiration has been Johnny Vegas, whose passion he particularly admires "Johnny just hits it. He puts his heart and soul into it, which is really important". It was perhaps this emphasis on commitment that led Boldsworth to enter Ray Peacock as a candidate to be Lord Mayor of London. His campaign slogan: "Bringing my warm Northern Sensibilities into your cold fucked up shit Southern lives!!" was predictably robust. Typically though he didn't capitalise on a promising start and Peacock failed even to gain any meaningful publicity, let alone votes.

Boldsworth has other high ambitions for his character, hoping that Ray Peacock will soon emulate the "brilliantly performed" exploits of American Scott Capurro. With what might charitably be called misplaced confidence, he has put little effort into developing any depth to Ray Peacock - he's Northern, cross and supercilious, that's all - and a transformation of some propor-

tions will have to occur before he possesses even half of Capurro's wit and skill. Boldsworth's technique is simple "I jig people up in a funny way... they get giddy, and you get them giddy, and you're keeping control on stage, but looking like you're giddy, and you get a really good feeling in the room, and then you can say anything to anyone." As such, an evening with Ray Peacock is at it's best when he garners a strong response. Most comedians do not risk this total reliance on circumstances beyond their control, and Peacock's hit-and-miss performances show their wisdom.

This act is not a smooth progression building laughter along the way, it fluctuates severely, Peacock never managing to sustain the energy he creates with his sudden outbursts, perhaps just an inevitable penalty of their extreme nature, but a drawback nonetheless. Ultimately this man's performance depends on the volatility of his audience, so if you go see him, don't hold back, he loves nothing more than a heckle and a knifing.

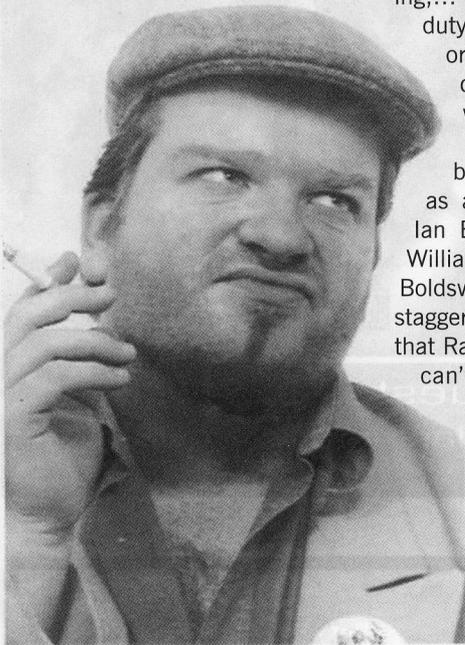


Photo shows bloodstained hands of Arab after lynching two young Israelis in Ramallah – 12/10/2000

"The young man was very ill when he was a baby, he stuttered, he was shy ... maybe it really wasn't him photographed in the window... he was a calm, good-natured and athletic kid... "

- Article by Daniel Hockstader in the Washington Post, 7 July



"Israel simply has no right to exist"

- Article by Faisal Bodi, 23 Jan 2001



Infamous New Statesman cover – Jan 2002

Why is the Media so anti – Israel?

Michael Gove – Assistant editor of The Times

"Israel, the Media and the Truth"



Tuesday 26th Nov at 6.30pm in the Read Lecture Theatre – Sheffield building

iCU Jewish Society

bling bling

r'n'b | hip hop | uk garage
featuring miss lady G from soul jam
plus MJ mac and residents

november 22
8pm - 2am



Friday Night Out
supported by
TimeOut

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free before 9 | £1.50 union | £2.00 guests | £1 P2P
£1/pt Carlsberg and Tetley, 5-7 while stocks last in dBs
£2 Smirnoff Ice Red and Black, 9-11 in dBs

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CHEESY Wotsit

November 27
8:00pm - 1:00am (Bar 'til 12)

£1/pint Tetley & Carlsberg
(In dBs, from 5-7 or longer while stocks last)

Discount Jugs of Cocktails and
Dry white and soft red wine £1
(All night in the Paradise Bar)

Try the new hot
Paradise Bar catering menu

£1.00 Union/£1.50 Guests/£.50 P2P from 9pm
Imperial College Union, Beit Quad, Prince Consort Road



PA Consulting

presents

“Insight into Consultancy”

Thursday, 28th November

6-9pm

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

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Another service provided by Imperial College Union



Your Letters

King James Managed...

Dear Will,

I note that Sir Derek Roberts, the current UCL Provost, has decided to give up on academia and go back into retirement. Maybe our Rector should apply for the UCL job and simply run both institutions from Sheffield?

Etienne Pollard
ISE 4

P.S. Let's not forget that Sykes didn't manage to merge GlaxoWellcome with SmithKline on his first attempt - maybe we'll see the second installment of "IC Attempts to take over UCL" in about three years.

Stop Yer Whingin'

My go for a bit of a rant!

I am writing this in response to the letter in your previous issue slating the union and it's posters. I feel that many of those comments were unjust and that perhaps the author if they have such a prob-

lem with the union should reveal themselves and speak to the Entertainment and Marketing teams in the Union Offices...(hint hint).

Yes, I work at the Union. Yes I am a DJ there. And yes, there is a cheese night once or twice a week. However... there are also other nights which are not cheese and if you read the posters you would know this. This Friday is the launch of the RnB, Garage and Hip Hop night, and next term will hopefully see the start of the Thursday Drum and Bass/Dance nights. And the Christmas Carnival will have a big name DJ down and a large dance room. There is a retro 70s Disco night (which actually plays a whole night of retro disco) and the Paradise Bar has been completely rebranded and is worth checking out if you ever get the time - with funk, jazz and soul playing or good chilled-out dance. There are theme nights (school disco and james bond hopefully) and the occasional pop charts nights.

I understand my bias towards it is obvious, however, we are all working towards one goal here and that is to give people what they want from their Union. If you have suggestions or ideas for nights your comments are more than welcome - speak to the Ents team - but slating nights is counterproductive, as you achieve nothing by it. We seriously welcome your suggestions and would appreciate constructive criticism. If you have the time to slate surely you have the time to come up with good suggestions!

I am only a first year so do not know what the union was like in previous years but it has a new manager - a Drum and Bass DJ who runs a room at Bedrock @ Heaven who is slowly trying to rebrand the Union and change things for the better. I see that you can get annoyed if your posters are taken down but the Union's posters are put up in such large quantity because so many people tear them down or put posters over them. The people who put

them up are specifically asked not to cover recent posters and 9 times out of 10 this is the case! (well, we all make mistakes...) It is usually other societies that pull down posters and the clearance of the walkway is not done by us (a lot of our posters get taken down too...)

And as for minibuses... there would be more if people didn't keep running them off the road...! The marketing budget has no bearing on the money required to fix them!

If you do have CONSTRUCTIVE criticism please send your ideas to ents@ic.ac.uk Thanks!

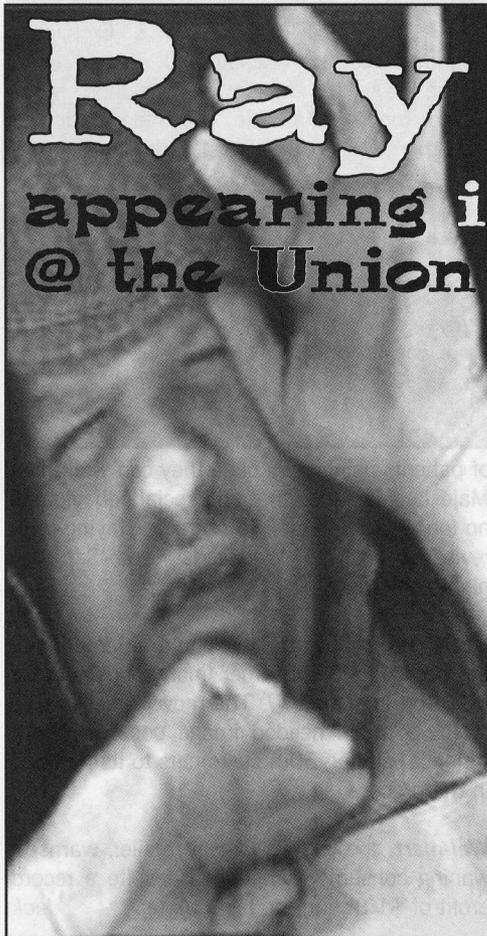
Nikki (IC Union DJ)

And Finally

Will,

Are you dumb or something? Everyone with any ounce of sense clearly knows that Bo' is a boy car, and not a girl car. Distinguishable due to the infinitely more phallic exhaust pipe.

The Mascot Monkey



Ray Peacock appearing in the Comedy Club @ the Union

Ray Peacock was born last centry in Yorkshire where he still lives. After being made redundant in the late eighties he open his own butchers shop, where he became a master butcher despite having no knowledge to this day of 'which bit he is cutting'. He retired from Butchery in the late 90's (leaving the shop in the charge of his son Darren who was unable to gain employment elsewhere on account of being 'backward').

He sprung into to public prominence in his notorious bid to become mayor of London, With his campaign slogan "Bringing warm Northern sensibilities into **** Southern lives".

Ray started in the Comedy Zone, which was a sell-out show at this year's Edinburgh Festival and now tours the length and breadth of the land with his unique, informal chats – playing to sell-out crowds. Always controversial – always unpredictable – and always – telling it like it is....

Thursday, November 28
Doors 7:30, Show 8:30
Union £3 / £3.50 Guests / P2P £2.50

imperial college union

Value

Chan

Business Week

We mean business here...

According to unreliable statistics, almost 50% of Imperial graduates hold aspirations of making a career in the investment banking, management consultant and accounting sector. With this staggering thought in mind, what could be better then, than an all-informing financial column to keep our flock of bourgeois up to scratch?

So here it is, debuting three weeks later than first planned, Imperial's very own financial pages. What is it, really? A plethora of boring charts, crunching numbers and frivolous headlines it is not. A wealth of cheesy-yet-pertinent news covering economics, business, finance and politics, as you will find, it very much is. This column will bring you the breaking news (albeit constrained somewhat by the time delay caused by me reading it in the FT, putting it in print, getting it into *Felix* and waiting for *Felix* to be printed) from the City, get you your IPOs and your MBOs the right way round, get you using words like 'leverage', 'yield curve' & 'FTSE', turn your money into mountains of cash and even do your dishes for you!

So! Read what the bankers read, hear what the CEOs hear and see what

you fellow job hunters see, right here. Without any more selling on my part then, here it is, your very first instalment of, "This week in the City"...

Think YOU can do better?

Think you are more of a financial guru than I am? (I'm sure you are, it's not particularly hard) Then get your ass off that chair and do some business writing. In fact, write anything you like, just drop us an e-mail at:

business.felix@ic.ac.uk

O.K, please! I am begging here, I need some feature writers, imagine how cool it'll be to get to interview the CEO of IBM, HSBC and the likes... honestly, it is.

This week in the City....

UBS, the Swiss financial group will rid itself of the Warburg and PaineWebber name, focusing all its products under one brand name of UBS instead. The move was apparently heart-wrenching for some, with the Warburg & PaineWebber name having been around since... forever really. This bit of fun will not come cheap for UBS, who will have to take a SFr 1 billion in *write down*[1]. Subsequently, UBS also announced a 4% hike in its earnings for the 3rd quarter, to SFr 942m.

Vodafone reported a 41% rise in profits before tax and interest to £4.25 billion for the first half of the year, with its business in Germany and Japan thriving. Yes apparently they have Vodafone in Japan, Africa and even America, all fairly well disguised under different names. Interestingly, Vodafone's in UK spend £282 per year, meagre when compared to £484 a year. But *analysts*[2] still think this is not 'substantial' enough, insisting that the profit will not last, unless they squeeze more out of Vodafone's. Vodafone's stock climbed 13% nevertheless.

Microsoft is to invest \$400m in India, taking advantage of the programming savvy workforce there. Mr Bill "I'm still richer than you" Gates insists that they will be a 'significant customer' to Indian IT. In a separate news, Mr Bill "I have money to dump on you" Gates

admitted that for each copy of Windows he sells, 85% of the proceeds are gross profit. Consequently, Windows ripped in a cool £1.57bn last quarter alone, which was more

than enough to cover for MSN losing £50m and nearly £80 on each X-Box it sells. Using its cash and muscle to monopolise all things electronics? Erm... maybe.

Some of **Cable & Wireless'** largest shareholders called for the head of Chief Executive Graham Wallace after it emerged that the scaling down of C&W Global, its loss making arm, a further \$580 in write down. Mr Wallace, clearly perceived as the weakest link, has seen C&W shares fall to their 20 year low at 83p. C&W also recorded a pre-tax loss of £4.4 bn!

In a further blow to **Citigroup's** reputation, it emerged that CEO Sandy Weill had asked its star analyst to 'take a fresh look' at one of its stock pick, AT&T, a potential Investment Banking client. Mr Weill admitted to the delinquent e-mail, but claimed that he had only asked for a re-evaluation in light of the dramatic transformation in AT&T and the industry. Mmmm, yeah... right. Guess what, Citigroup are even going to separate its research from its stock brokering business, as well as abide to recommendations that *SEC*[3] will make.

In the **Queen's Speech**, the annual opening of parliament, Her Majesty said, "My government will"... overhaul the criminal justice system, so that it will favour victims. Previous convictions will be used in court, and jury trials will be rid of in complex cases. The best NHS hospitals would be able to run independently, setting themselves up as foundation hospitals. A new fine system have also been concocted to get rid



Innocent looking Mr Weill

Jargon Basher

[1] *Write Down*: A downward adjustment of the accounting value of an asset. This means losing money, which is **not good**.

[2] *Analysts*: People who analyse numbers and come up with analysis which other people use to analyse their own problems.

[3] *SEC*: The US Securities & Exchange Commission, the regulators of people who trade in stocks and bonds, and those who make money off people who trade in stocks and bonds. They have been in the limelight of late trying to accuse analysts of giving false stock recommendations because their boss told them to.

[4] *Shares*: When paying for an acquisition, there other options apart from cash. Stock is one way, here it's a one for one swap, meaning for every share of Household international, you will now get one HSBC share.

of patients using beds once they can walk. Her Majesty also added that anti-social behaviour is no longer acceptable. So no more staying-in to revise or rest on Wednesday and Saturday nights any more.

HSBC have bought Household International, the troubled US consumer finance business for £8.62bn in *shares*[4]. The move is set to give HSBC a much needed image boost in North America, adding 50m customers to its portfolio in the process.

Wal-mart, the world's largest retailer, warns of waning consumer confidence despite a record profit of \$1.8bn in the last quarter. Jack



WorldSoc

Your correspondent has succumbed to an extended bout of lethargy, so various International soc events last weekend will sadly not be reviewed.

Whilst I'm in an apologetic mood, the fact that it's Ramadan at the moment should have been mentioned earlier. We seem to be about halfway through at the moment; www.salaam.co.uk looks like it has any information you may require, without forgetting <http://union.ic.ac.uk/islamic/> for questions about the Islamic Soc at Imperial.

On a positive note, we have received a submission to Focus on: - may it be the first of many. Remember that we strongly recommend that any **Nigerian, Japanese, Korean** or **Brazilian** students follow suit by Tuesday afternoon, as the BIGs (see below) are revving their typewriters and are carefully abstaining from research in an effort to prevent Prejudice Dispellation (a BIG working hazard).

Diary: The Spanish society seem to be having their annual Fiesta soon. (4th of December) - see the walkway for more details. Whilst you're there, keep your eyes skinned for the Singaporean Soc advert for the RaRa show. This seems to be in February; check their website nearer to then for details. <http://union.ic.ac.uk/singapore>

Various



Molesworth I say "down with uni!"

Onto non-IC events. A couple of films at the ICA look very worthwhile. *Sans Soleil* (France,1982) by Chris Marker comes with lots of plaudits, and I'll certainly try to get along to it. The director of *Santa Sangre* (Italy,1989), Alejandro Jodorowsky apparently asks "of film what most North Americans ask of psychedelic drugs" which sounds rather entertaining. (Though does he mean he

wants a war declared on it?)

Meanwhile if you're interested in things related to Africa, the Africa Centre in Covent Gardens is worth a look. They have a couple of music events on soon. *Ayetoro*, Afro Beat Jazz from Nigeria is on tonight (Nov 22nd), whilst on Nov 29th they have *Ziwawa Stovkel Night*: apparently a showcase of South African musical styles. In both cases, see www.africacentre.org.uk/ for more details and for future events.

Moving on from diary matters, any remaining **international societies** who haven't heard from us yet should email us; we don't have up-to-date contact details for all of you, so you may not be aware that we're trying to get in contact. If you let us know when you're having events we can put them in the Diary, and we'll try to send someone along to review them. Incidentally, we're also looking for more **reporters**, so anyone interested in reviewing the international societies' events should also email us.

On the BIG's hit list for the week after next are **Sri Lanka, Cyprus, Malaysia** and **Finland**. Residents of these countries (or **anywhere** altruistic) are advised that they have until Tuesday the 3rd of December to write something to prevent a BIG review. *Edmund*

Focus on: TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO

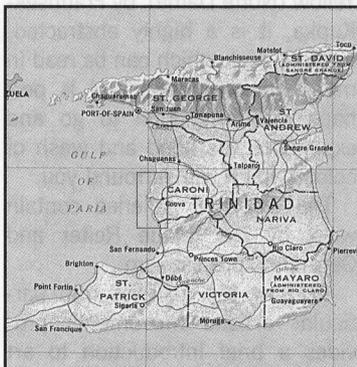
First things first: Trinidad is not another name for Jamaica, nor is it in Jamaica, or even near it (about 1000 miles away)!

The twin island republic of Trinidad and Tobago, is located in the Caribbean, just off the coast of Venezuela. **Area:** about 5000 sq km; **Population:** 1.3 million [c.f. U.K. = 244,820 sq km; 59.8 mil]; **capital:** Port of Spain. About 40% of the people are of East Indian descent, another 40% of African descent, and the remainder are mixed, white and Chinese.

We were a British colony for more than 150 years, and gained independence in 1962, hence the official language is English. Enough boring facts for one day.

For the prospective tourists who smoke, NEVER ask for a 'fag', because in Trinidad, a 'fag' is a gay person, and you may be subjected to physical abuse. A pack of cigarettes only costs about £0.90 though. Those into the harder stuff should ask for

'ses', 'ganja', 'greens' or 'herbs', and a spliff costs about £0.70: all grown locally with no threat of Genetically Modified grass. (I assure you this is "based on second hand information", and marijuana is illegal in Trinidad). Our national beer is called 'Carib',



with an ABV of about 6%. A pint will set you back about £0.60. Many nightclubs in Trinidad offer free drinks all night (or until you are totally hammered!) to university students for a mere £2.

Our national festival is called

Carnival. Yes, it's similar to Notting Hill Carnival and Rio Carnival, but we have the honour of inventing it. It's usually a few days before Lent begins, and has all the worldly delights of Rio's carnival. Be prepared to gyrate and 'wine' (no other explanation but sex with your clothes on, while on the dance floor) to the beat of 'calypso' (our national music), and Jamaican dancehall.

As a Caribbean island we are surrounded by sun, sea and sand, and if you are lucky [or fast - Ed] you may catch some of the nude sunbathers.

Some of our more famous nationals include cricketer Brian Lara, sprinter [& sunbather catcher] Ato Boldon, and Dwight 'Jordan's baby isn't mine - I swear!' Yorke, of Manchester United fame.

For more Trinidad info go to <http://www.visittnt.com/>

Hope to see you in Trinidad soon, and don't forget your sunblock! *Reza Mohammed*

RANDOM BRITAIN

Last week I forgot the *William Brown* books, by Richmal Crompton. Set in the 1930s, they're aimed primarily at children. Genuinely funny, they'll also improve anyone's vocabulary no end. This is not the case with another series to deal with "skools" and small boys; the *Molesworth* books (Geoffrey Willans with brilliant illustrator Ronald Searle), a great satire of 1950s public schools. (NB: in Britain, a fee paying institution, not a state school) The eponymous hero of the *Adrian Mole* books (Sue Townsend) starts as a schoolboy, but rather older than Molesworth and at a more representative type of school. Twinges of embarrassment are liable to be frequent, as Adrian's "painful" adolescence sparks memories [of the "they'd be sorry if I died" type]. In film, *Kevin and Perry Go Large*, with comedians Harry Enfield and Kathy Burke also pokes fun at adolescents, with a rather large stick. *Cholmondely*

Culture

An Evening of Blues

Sammy

Theatre Royal Stratford East

If like me, you go expecting the story of Sammy Davis Jr to be told in chronological order you will be surprised. The story telling tool used is unconventional and revolves around the audition process for a forthcoming fictional musical about Sammy Davis Jr. At times the lack of actual story line can cause your attention to waver as there is no suspense or intrigue. It is however an inventive idea.

The facts, where you learn about his life, are from the snippets of conversation exchanged between the hopefuls who are auditioning for the main part and the passionate man, Hillard Elkins (portrayed by Peter Straker) who is putting them through their paces. You learn

what Sammy Davis Jr meant to black performers at the height of his fame and what his memory means to a new generation of performers.

His songs, including 'Rhythm of Life', 'Mr Bojangles' and 'That Old Black Magic', and the tap performed by this young group of actors gives you an insight and understanding of the mind of a man who has been credited by some with inventing the blues.

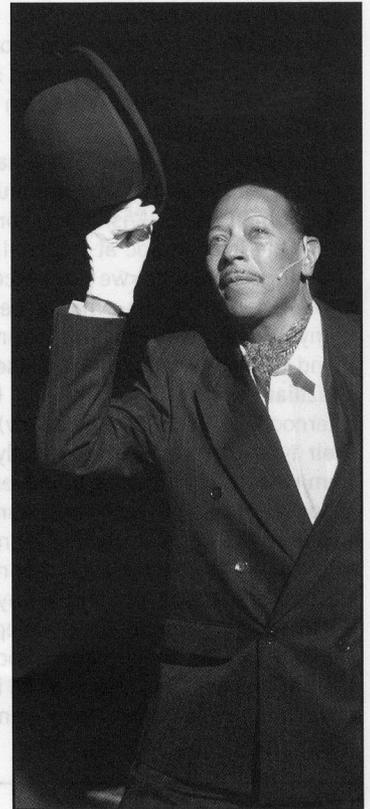
At times the voices chosen may not give these amazing songs the justice they deserve. However, Peter Straker has an amazing blues voice which transports you to a different time and place.

The skills of the pianist and

flutist/saxophonist, which are on the stage and as much a part of the action as the actors, are also amazing. There is a particularly interesting scene where Lolade Falana (portrayed by Ngo Ngofa) and the pianist have a tap-piano playing battle – it has to be seen.

This all paints a picture that allows you to see how Sammy Davis Jr battled against convention to achieve what was considered at the time unreachable: fame as a black performer to be enjoyed by black people. Despite not learning many historical facts you gain something more important, hearing his legacy of amazing songs, brings alive the mood and culture of the time and illustrates how one man can change provide inspiration across generations.

Showing from the 11th - 23rd November 2002.



Rooms Full of Colour

Masters of Colour: Derain to Kandinsky
Royal Academy of Arts

Quick, quick, quick! Although you don't have much time left to catch this exhibition it is definitely worth rushing for.

The exhibition includes outstanding examples of European and North American painting and sculpture from Impressionism to Abstract Expressionism, concentrating on the work of painters who were chiefly concerned with colour and its effect. Indeed the dominant theme of the entire collection is the development in the way colour was used in twentieth century art. The exhibition is a clear demonstration of how vibrant colour can be used for a direct transcription of light, as a vehicle for powerful emotions, or as a means for conveying abstract ideas.

It is interesting in itself to see nearly a century of artwork, by many different artists brought together under one heading, and with each of the four galleries devoted to the work of a different group of artists you can piece together the historical context of each work.

Gallery one features the Impressionists, who were the first to take full advantage of the many bright pigments that had recently become available. Artists like Monet and Sisley endeavored to capture the vibrations of light by applying these bright colours unmixed, this spontaneous style changed the definition of a finished work of art.

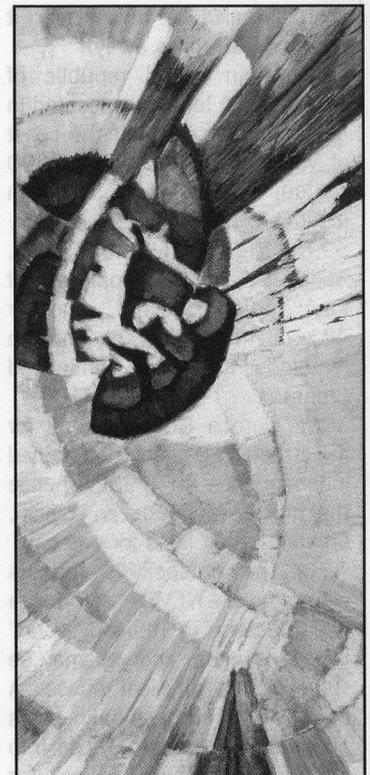
Gallery two is dedicated to the Fauves, the best known of whom

are Matisse, Derain, Vlaminck and Braque. All employed colour which was unnatural, aggressive and even savage. This gallery also contained the painting that has stuck in my mind was 'Form of Yellow (Notre Dame)' by Frantisek-Kupka, it is a highly abstracted, exciting work which can be read in many different ways and is perhaps reason enough to go and experience the flood and wash of colour which will surround you.

The last two galleries contain work by Der Blaue Reiter and German Expressionism.

Splitting the galleries into particular artistic movements provides a brief introduction to art history for those who are unsure, as well as providing clarity to what could have been an over whelming experience.

Showing from the 27th July until 26th November 2002. You have to be quick!





We did go to the moon - honest!

In 1969, Neil Armstrong took man's first step on the moon. It was a pivotal moment in human history, except that some people still persist with the view that man never landed on the moon. Such people claim to have convincing evidence to back up their views. In this article I'm going to look at some of this "evidence" with a scientific eye to show once and for all that we did go to the moon.

Many of the "moon hoax" theories are based around anomalies in the photographs taken on the moon and are due mostly to a lack of understanding of photography. The cameras taken to the moon were not significantly different to standard professional cameras and so are subject to the same problems. I will answer some of the common questions asked about the



No stars?

moon photographs.

"Why can't you see the stars in the photographs on the moon?"

This can easily be explained if we consider how bright the surface of the moon is compared to the stars. The moon has no atmosphere and so its surface is much brighter than the Earth's. Any photographer will tell you how difficult it is to take a picture of dim and bright objects at the same time - you either have to set the exposures for the bright objects or the dim objects and cannot do both. It is hardly surprising therefore, that the Apollo astronauts chose to

optimise their camera settings for the moon's surface and not for the stars.

"The cross hairs on this photograph appear to go behind the objects in the photograph. Does this suggest that the photograph is a faked "pasted together" image?"

The cross hairs on the photographs were also on a glass plate between the camera lens and



Cross-hairs behind subject?

film. They stop the light from reaching the film, resulting in cross-hairs on the photographs. When taking a picture of a bright object the film will be overexposed in the bright areas and can "bleed" into other areas of the picture. So if a cross hair appears in a really bright area of one of the moon pictures, the bright area can bleed over the cross hair.

"This photograph shows, like many other Apollo photographs, strange blobs in the sky. What are they?"

The blobs are due to flare, which occurs



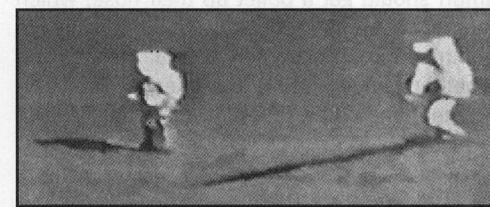
Aliens above the moon?

when a bright light shines into the camera lens and reflects off its interior.

"The temperatures on the moon reach 280 degrees Fahrenheit. Wouldn't this have baked the photographic film until it frizzled?"

The moon has a day that lasts two Earth weeks and yes, the maximum temperature can get to 280 degrees Fahrenheit, but the film did not spend two weeks sitting in the sun. It spent most of its time either in the camera or in the lander, both of which are shielded so as to reflect as much heat as possible.

"If the sun is the only source of light on the moon, why do lots of the photos, like this one, show shadows at different angles and lengths? Doesn't this show the use of more than one spot light?"



Strange shadows...

There is actually a dip in the surface between the two men and so the shadow on the right is sloping downhill while the shadow on the left is sloping uphill. Also, if there was more than one light source, everything would have more than one shadow, but no photograph shows this happening.

Hopefully now you will be able to laugh, along with me, at anybody who claims we did not go to the moon. Let us not remove from our history one of our greatest achievements.

Rosie Chandler

Reducing childhood asthma

Researchers from Imperial College London and St. Mary's NHS Trust have discovered that keeping people with coughs and sneezes away from young babies may cut the likelihood of developing wheeze or asthma later in childhood. Results of the researchers' study, published in the *Journal of Experimental Medicine*, show that by simply delaying when an infant suffers from respiratory syncytial virus (RSV)-the major cause of common cold in adults - may make the difference.

RSV will infect most children during the first year of life and can keep re-infecting, as it is able to get around the immune system. For some infants RSV leads to bronchiolitis, one of the major causes of infant hospitalisation in the Western world. And around 40 percent of infants who experience bronchiolitis as a result of RSV infection are subsequently affected by recurring wheeze and asthma in childhood.

Professor Peter Openshaw from Imperial College London at St Mary's Hospital says: "Although there is still no way to prevent babies being infected by RSV, keeping people with colds away from young babies could reduce the chances of infection. Merely delaying infection beyond the first six months could have a significant impact on the later health of a child."

In tests carried out in mice, researchers were able to show that delaying RSV infection can have a significant effect on cytokine production and lung pathology during subsequent re-infection.

Dr Fiona Culley from Imperial College London at St Mary's Hospital says: "What is interesting from the point of view of our understanding of immunology, is just how differently the immune system deals with RSV infection at different ages, and the long-term consequences that neonatal infection can have on immune

responses and pathology later in life."

Primary RSV infection in newborn mice followed the same viral kinetics as in adults but was associated with reduced and delayed IFN- γ responses. For the study, mice were infected at one day, or one, four or eight weeks, and re-infected at twelve weeks (adulthood). Neonatal priming produced more severe weight loss and increased inflammatory cell recruitment to the lungs (including T helper 2 cells, neutrophils and eosinophils) during re-infection whereas delayed priming led to enhanced interferon gamma production and less severe disease during re-infection.

The research was made possible through grants from the Wellcome Trust.

From: *Journal of Experimental Medicine*, Volume 196, Number 10, November 18, 2002. For more information contact at Stephenson@ic.ac.uk

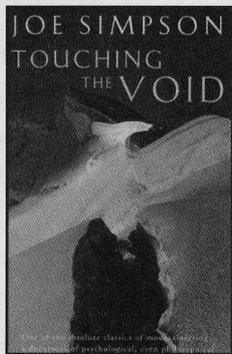


PAGES

Welcome to the books page. This week I've decided to put an end to my hermit ways and emerge from the shadow of my crack team of reviewers. I'm trying to prove that no, I'm not scary and so yes, please send in reviews, comments etc to me at books.felix@ic.ac.uk. Pretty please.

There's something for both sides of your split personalities this week. If you're feeling brave there's *Touching the Void* - one of those books that everyone raves about, even if they've never even seen a mountain. For your arm-chair side, there's a follow-on from two weeks ago when we reviewed Tony Parsons first book *Man and Boy*. Watch a hard man weep...

Roz



Touching the Void is the account of an expedition to the Andes by two climbers, Joe Simpson and Simon Yates, and their attempts to reach the summit of the Siula Grande mountain. Their decision to climb the West Face of Siula Grande without any technical support is ambitious, and very nearly

Touching The Void Joe Simpson

fatal. Joe suffers a horrendous fall, and after several further accidents, and a heart wrenching decision by Simon, he is left for dead. Joe is the author of the book so we know for sure he survives, but the tale of his escape is made none the less dramatic.

This is a stunning book. I was gripped from the very first page and the pace meant I'd finished it within 24 hours. That all of the events are real, and that the story is being told by the people involved, gives a strong sense of immediacy and feel of authenticity. Joe Simpson also writes

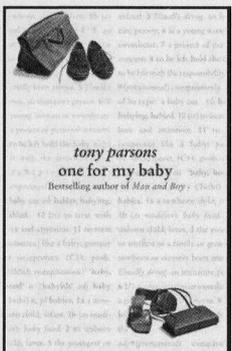
extremely well, a rare talent among autobiographers. The book is written as a real-time account of the events that took place, and Joe's style brings a range of emotions to the story. I especially liked the background he gives to their hitchhiker friend - a well experienced and hardened traveller, but a fish out of water on the freezing slopes of the Andes - and the chilling anecdotes about the horrors of past climbing trips and the perils of third world travel. Both serve to bring home the message that the two climbers are taking their lives in their hands. Death

is a very real consideration for all three of them in this harsh environment.

In fact, my only criticism is the constant mention of impending doom - it does diminish in impact each time it is mentioned. Then again, when your life is in danger and any mistake could be your last, death must be on your mind just a little! This is the only minor complaint about an otherwise excellent book - READ IT! (*Against the Wall* is an account of Simon's side of the story).

Rebecca Wood

Vintage; ISBN: 0099771012



Do you believe in love?

Course you do - we all do. Ever been in love? Most of us have, I guess. Ever thought you'd never get over it? That's me every time. Alfie Budd's the same. He's just like the rest of us, searching for happiness and a meaning to existence. He was happy once, happy beyond belief; his life was complete and full of purpose. But then it all suddenly went away, and there was nothing in the world anybody could have done to stop it. And Alfie doesn't think he'll get another chance at happiness.

A couple of weeks back, Tony Parsons's debut, *Man and Boy*, got a rave review in Felix, and I have to agree. It was wicked; down to earth, beautifully written and full of laughs. (The television of the book, howev-

One For My Baby Tony Parsons

er, made me want to repeatedly hit my head against something very hard whilst biting on a sheet of glass) *One for My Baby*, Parson's second attempt, although less well received by critics, is surprisingly even better than the first.

I think this novel exceeds its predecessor in many aspects. Although the scope of the story may not be as dramatic or theatrical as the first, it is definitely more focused and realised. This novel is even funnier, more ironic, and more poignant than the one before, if that's possible.

It's about a man's personal struggle through a difficult period in his life. Perhaps struggle is not the right word; he's trying to get away from the mundanity of it all. He's stuck in a rut and he doesn't know the way out. He's reached a plateau and he's looking for change. Returning back to England after living abroad, Alfie tries to find some balance and normality, and attempts to renew his life. But he just can't let go of what he once had, he doesn't want to let go of the other life

he led in a place far away.

But hey, it's not all as gloomy as I make out. It's not like he spends the whole book feeling sorry for himself and reeling in agonised depression or anything. Far from it; that's not Parson's style at all. It's funny. Damn funny. Real damn funny. Funny in a way that makes you laugh out loud and giggle to yourself like a freak.

But it's also tear jerking. I cried many times throughout this book. I got some weird looks when my bottom lip quivered and I blubbered on the tube to and from college. It really is impressive how it could make a grown man cry (.....but then again, I have to admit I cried when Spiderman's uncle died). But you cry not because it's depressingly sad or morbidly sombre, it's simply that it's very touching. There are themes here that everyone can relate to, and emotions are painted in such a way that just a few lines of prose can bring even a kung-fu hard man like myself to tears - be them of sadness or joy.

Everything is fantastically illustrat-

ed with words; from the nostalgic descriptions of the quaintness and far eastern exoticism of Hong Kong, to the urban sprawl of instantly recognisable parts of good old London town.

The characters are beautifully explored and immediately identifiable; Alfie himself, his stranded Mother, the midlife-crisis-thinks-he's-twenty-again Father, the loving and fragile yet tough-as-nails Grandmother, the satirically toffee-nosed best pal, Alfie's string of inappropriate girlfriends, and the hilarious and enigmatic Chang family.

This book is all about love, family, sex, Tai Chi and the human heart.

It's a book that just has to be read. I can't express how much I enjoyed it and how I just couldn't restrain myself from reading it during lectures. If this was in primary school, I'd give it a gold star, a smiley face badge AND a packet of winegums. That really is how good it is. Enjoy.

Wai-Wai

Harper Collins; ISBN: 0002261820

Albums & Singles

Bjork

4/5

Greatest Hits

Bjork's not the first artist you'd think of, when it comes to releasing 'Greatest Hits' albums, and this surprising move from the adorable Icelandic pixie has raised the age-old question - cash-in or definitive collection?

With less than a hint of bias, I'm gonna go for definitive collection. It's been nine glorious years since she left the Sugarcubes and punk behind her, and since then she has continued to make beautiful and challenging music, a tricky mix by anyone's standards.

The record opens with the uplifting *All Is Full Of Love*. Fleeting strings merge with subtle keyboards, the ambience perforated by a heavily filtered drumbeat. Then Bjork starts singing. And you float. The music is

densely layered and yet it feels so light and airy. Her vocal style, unparalleled, unmistakable, inimitable, is particularly strong on the anthemic *Play Dead*. Opening with a scream/sing/thing of unbelievable emotional intensity, she goes on to whisper, sing and growl her way through the track - aspiring female vocalists take note. Her stirring and evocative lyrics couple seamlessly with the theatrical orchestral arrangement. Add this to the impressive percussion and bass lines and you have a song that is very hard not to feel a part of.

Bjork is indeed the complete artist and she shows her ugly side on the merciless *Army Of Me*. A distinctly vitriolic tune composed of dark bass lines, lo-fi metallic

beats and distorted guitars.

"If you complain once more, you'll meet an army of me". One angry pixie.

Every song on this album stands out like a neon sore thumb. Despite the fact that the tracks all have very different strengths they do have unifying factors. Firstly and obviously, her voice; secondly and somewhat ironically, their eclecticism (made that up). *Bachelorette* is tango with electronica beats - awesome, but honestly, where did that come from? *Hidden Place* is another example; Inuit choir + strings + beats + Bjork = Stunning. You know a record is good when an artist claims that *All Is Full Of Love*, and you start to believe them. *Dr Monkeez*

Singles

A - *Something's Going On*

Listening to **A** is a bit like watching (old) repeats of *The Simpsons*. You pretty much know what to expect; but that doesn't stop it being great.

Although the band have stressed that their current album is a more serious affair, that still hasn't stopped them being labelled as the fun-loving scamps of rock. They're certainly not helping their cause by releasing bouncy pop-punk like this.

A chugging base line is followed by Jason Perry's trademark squawk, and the rest is as you'd expect from **A**; namely, an instantly memorable tune that you'll need an industrial sized crowbar to remove. They say familiarity breeds contempt: If this is contempt, I'd like some more!

4/5

Deepesh Patel

SI Futures - *Eurostar*

The 3rd single from the Mark Radcliffe favourites sees them ditch their ultra-minimalist approach for something that you could actually foresee people taking notice of.

A floaty, vocoder tinged vocal is laid over the top of a beat that is close to drum 'n' bass proportions. It's sort of what you'd expect if Air and Frou Frou mixed up their master tapes.

The track bounds along with intent but is missing that spark which made debut single *We Are Not A Rock Band* such a pleasure. Their singles show that the duo are full of ideas. Hopefully, with the success of contemporaries My Computer, they'll be able to put them on a great album.

3/5

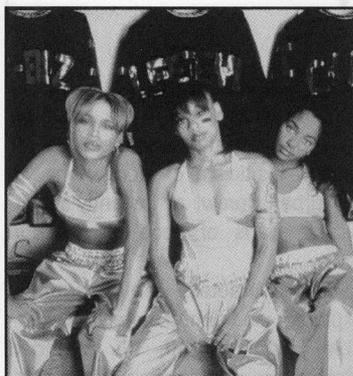
Deepesh Patel

Features and Interviews are coming your way next week!

TLC

3/5

3D



Let's get right to the crux of the issue - **TLC's** new album *3D* - released a few months after the death of member Lisa 'Left Eye' Lopes - is thankfully low on sentiment and high on beats. With men of the moment **The Neptunes** on board, they look forward to reclaiming the title of World's Best Girl Group from Destiny's Child.

Their mission gets off to a good start - *Quickie* takes the sass of *Crazysexycool* and welds it to the musical innovation of *Fanmail*, in the form of twisting, spiralling R'n'b mini-epic. Forthcoming single *Girl Talk* does a good job of

matching its billing as "the new millennium female anthem" with its funky chorus and clever hooks; it picks up where *No Scrubs* left off, and is the kind of thing Ashanti, Maya et al. would do if they were any good.

The obligatory tribute to Lopes, *Turntable*, comes from the pen of schmaltz king Rodney Jerkins - so no need to describe what that sounds like. However, it is certainly a heartfelt song and deserves respect.

In Your Arms Tonight is the track produced by the current rulers of the pop landscape **The Neptunes**, and is completely different to *Turntable*. It's cutting edge and sexy, thanks to the trademark synths that did so much for Britney, Justin and everyone else riding the coat tails of Pharrel Williams and co.

Damaged is what *Turntable* could've been - essentially "Unpretty - version 2". It's just a very sweet pop song.

3D is far from perfect. *Dirty Dirty* is a below par shot at the Missy Elliot sound, and *Hands*

Up is plodding and dreary, as is the tail end of the album, which unfortunately lacks fresh ideas.

Artists such as Alicia Keys and the aforementioned Elliot are reinventing the urban female sound originally pioneered by **TLC**. Where they were once the leaders of a movement, they are now merely worthy disciples - this is the ultimate conclusion drawn from *3D*. That said, Lopes would be proud of the girls - for this is a strong and admirable statement in the face of fierce adversity. *Robin Som*

COMPETITION TIME

Felix has five copies of **J-Walk's** *A Night on the Rocks* album to give away.

All you have to do is tell me where both they, and labelmates Rae and Christian hail from.

Email your name and department to the usual address.

Good Luck!



Albums & Singles

Various

4/5

Shifty Disco - They Actually Like the Records They Release



And so we come to this, a compilation album, by a label that "loves its work" and "the records it releases", or so we are informed. Which seems strange as I would assume all labels like their records because they make money from them in almost all cases.

Shifty Disco seem to think they are unique in this attitude and so pack their compilation with such revolutionary, forward thinking and fabulously well known artists like **Jackdrag**(?) and **Schwab**(!?). Despite being a quite obviously independent label from the mecca of astonishingly cool nu-music

that is, Oxford, they manage to put together a pretty solid album that you could easily pass off as Mutations-era Beck only with more shoegazing, *Quaaludes* and a touch of electroclash. Sounds bizarre? Its amazing how right most of it sounds.

We kick off with **AM60**, presumably named after a road somewhere in the midlands, who start off with a promising drum roll but then become the Beach Boys singing songs by N'Sync. They follow this with a "tune" that wouldn't be out of place on an episode of Andy Pandy (Younger readers may not understand this reference. Ask your grandparents). A pleasant enough start, but we want something a bit meatier.

So we get **Jackdrag**, who apparently enjoy getting high with Jesus and sound much the same as you imagine the twelve disciples would have done just after the crucifixion and some good strong herbs. Note good use of the electronic wobble board here.

Following them we get **Elf**

Power, who in between fighting for the rights of the magic munchkins among us and having afternoon tea with hobbits, manage to sound exactly the same as the last two bands. Amazing !!

Next up **Beulah**, who appear to have been named after a vomit and claim they had their hearts stolen by punk rock. Unfortunately, unsubstantiated claims like that won't hold up in a court of law and neither would the music, especially if the case was "The artists featured on Shifty Discos' compilation versus Beck and Brian "Hey everybody I've gone insane" Wilson". Onwards then...

To **The Young Knives**, who win the award for "Artist most unlike Beck on this album". Bizarrely, they sound a bit like the Sex Pistols, only much friendlier, and better at playing instruments. Extra points for getting in the lyrics to Nick Nack Paddywhack as well (people from the South, don't even try and understand this reference). All in good fun. *Dom*

Cave In

2/5

Tides of Tomorrow

Picture the scene, you're a young band in Methuen, Massachusetts, you've been playing with your mates for a few years now, doing it the hard way, gigging constantly, taking your music to the masses and trying to build up some kind of loyal fanbase who will buy your self released EP's. Eventually, you sign to an independent label and put out an album that is welcomed with open arms.

People start to listen to your spaced out, dizzy, prog-hardcore, emo and talking about it in a flattering light, things are going good. Then, all of a sudden, Dave Grohl announces that you are his new favourite band and invites you to support the Foo Fighters on a tour of Britain's arenas. Wham!! There you are, straight into the public

consciousness, people outside your home town start talking about you, people in the media want to do interviews and start hyping you as the saviours of music. In short, you become famous overnight.

So what then? Where to go? Do you make an album for the fans or the record label? Luckily, the decision faced **Cave In** after they had finished recording this - their third album. Otherwise things could so easily have been different. You feel like they're doing it because they want to get their message (whatever it is) to the kids, they just love playing music and they don't want the hype or attention. "We just got lucky. Don't shoot us!". It's a very mature sounding album for ones so young though, kind of like

Rival Schools doing King Crimson but through a Yes filter.

While they may have been hit by the press' "prog" stick, it's possibly slightly unfair to burden them with that career-killing term at this stage. Sure, they don't sound like your average run-of-the-mill emo band, but then who wants to listen to something average. Of course, it can be a dangerous game this being different thing and its one they don't win convincingly. There isn't enough passion in what they do or say and sometimes they just fall flat on their faces, getting bogged down with being clever instead of playing with the passion and honesty that they are capable of. Mr Grohl, time for a new favourite band.

Dom

Singles

Nu - Disco Hurts

Clever name, snappy title and a blistering song. Everything is in place for this 4-piece championed by Lauren Laverne and Claire Sturgess. Riding along on a resurgence of (that's right) new-wave, an electronicback-beat gives way to a chugging Blondie-esque tale of nightlife lowlife before we hit a wall of sound and chorus which many thought had been copyrighted by Bellatrix. *Factory Girl* is a 2 minute trash in the style of The Hives - ragged guitar breaks and howling harmonies. No doubt this lot will fit in well with the current scene. The thing is, with the likes of the excellent Yeah Yeah Yeahs around, is there any need for them? We can only wait to see how they'll follow this up.

4/5 *Deepesh*

Corrigan - We're The Wire

Predictable riff-driven action from new Irish lads **Corrigan**. Pounding bass and crunching chords drop to an insistent and barely restrained verse of dark lyrics sung through clenched teeth, before leaping headlong into desperate bouts of frantic shouting, mangled guitars and venting of spleen, repeated until tedious. Quoting obvious influences like Jesus Lizard and the less expected Johnny Cash, whose dark lyrical humour is reflected in **Corrigan's** own, they have the frustrated energy of teenage youth confined to small town life, and have found an outlet for it in the cathartic rebellion of garage punk. Not a bad idea, but probably more for their benefit than for ours.

2/5 *Tom Bell*

REVIEWERS' MEETING
Thursday, 1pm, Felix office,
I'll see you there!

Live Review

Millionaire

100 Club, Oxford Street

3/5

Summer is here

Siamese make you want to join a band there and then. That, or simply pogo insanely around your room. With alternating female and male lead vocals, dressed in purposely uncool self-cut jeans, they provide the simple passionate rhythms of King Adora and the raunchy strength of Elastica.

The band enjoys the short set unfathomably more than the crowd and dance manically across the stage. They transmit Brit-pop energies with a twist of more original concepts among their songs. The love for what they do powers the excitement of their set. The band is so together, so neat; it's easy to imagine them spending every weekend in their dad's garage until they get it right. Bless.

Span are also a band who love what they do but unfortunately all they do is play over-used chord sequences and bash away at a defenceless drum kit. They have a rock bass which could make your slightly inebriated self scream out to your metal soul but standing sober it's not all that impressive.

Signs of hope do rise at points with promising guitar riffs and gentle vocals, but in all honesty, this is nothing new. Here are another group who think that louder plus faster automatically equals better;

and like all who think that way, they're wrong.

By the time headliners **Millionaire** approach the stage, **Span** has managed to frighten off half the crowd. It's just wrong.

The deliciously droning melodies, simple (and rightly so) drum beats and utterly delectable electronica combine to produce a work of rock funk art. And a beautiful one at that. The six Belgians on stage are full of power, spirit and the knowledge to entertain. An amalgamation of rousing voice distortions, a Cooper Temple Clause-esque drum machine and vigorously dynamic bass create a near perfect sequence. The classic guitar and drums combination develop into layers of rock mayhem and electronica madness.

The lights, the front, and the sound all work incredibly well together to give what remains of the tiny 100 Club crowd a real treat. Such a treat that a guy notices me frantically making notes and comes darting over. "Just write 'BRILLIANT' in big letters!" he screams, before running back to swing his stuff to the funk metal act that is **Millionaire**.

So there you have it. BRILLIANT.

Keira

Queens Of The Stone Age

5/5

The Forum



They are PHENOMENAL, to put it in simple terms, **phenomenal**.

They play with enough power and force that, if channelled properly, could send a small country to the moon and back via Valhalla and still have enough left over to beat James Dean Bradfield in a race for the pies. Not that there's an ounce of extra fat in the show: everything is stripped down to the essentials (except - unusually - Nick Oliveri who remains fully clothed throughout), ie. lots of guitars, big drums, flashing lights and an occasionally screeched vocal. They sound like Thor and his mates jamming with Pete Townshend after Led Zepellin popped round with some Black Sabbath records. Yes, that heavy. But heavy in a good way.

They manage to maintain a very raw rock sound without losing much of the sheen from the studio version. Current single *No One Knows* keeps its tunefulness and melody yet still feels like it could bring a venue twice the size to its

knees and give it a good beating. Crowd favourite *Lost Art of Keeping a Secret* shows why it will continue to be a favourite as it stampedes its way through the collective psyche like a raging bull in the proverbial china shop, while *Feel Good Hit of the Summer* takes on behemoth proportions as it is stripped down to its birthday suit and given a good flogging in front of a few thousand crazed fans. Even the cello accompanied *Mosquito Song* feels enormously bigger than its two acoustic guitars tonight.

Everything is held together in astonishing fashion by Joey Castillo, the replacement of Dave Grohl. Attacking his kit like a man possessed, he truly looks like he could kick Dave's ass with his hands tied behind his back, and is actually the driving force behind the juggernaut.

In fact, forget bombs, send in the **Queens** and the sheer brutal force, passion and volume should bring Iraq to its knees. Dom

Someone remind me what month it is. People keep trying to tell me that it's winter but I'm sure that can't be right. There's just so much sunshine everywhere. Honestly.

Summery happy sunny tunes making people smile and dance madly: that's what everyone should be listening to now. It doesn't matter that it's raining outside. It doesn't even make me sad that the days are long, dark and grey. Not with the sunshine that keeps playing from my stereo.

You may think I'm mad. The eighth wonder of the world, aka **The Polyphonic Spree**, have enlightened my philosophy of our dreary winter nights. They dance, they smile, they *shine*. How could 25 people in white tunics shouting, "Hello to the sun!" exist anywhere but summer?

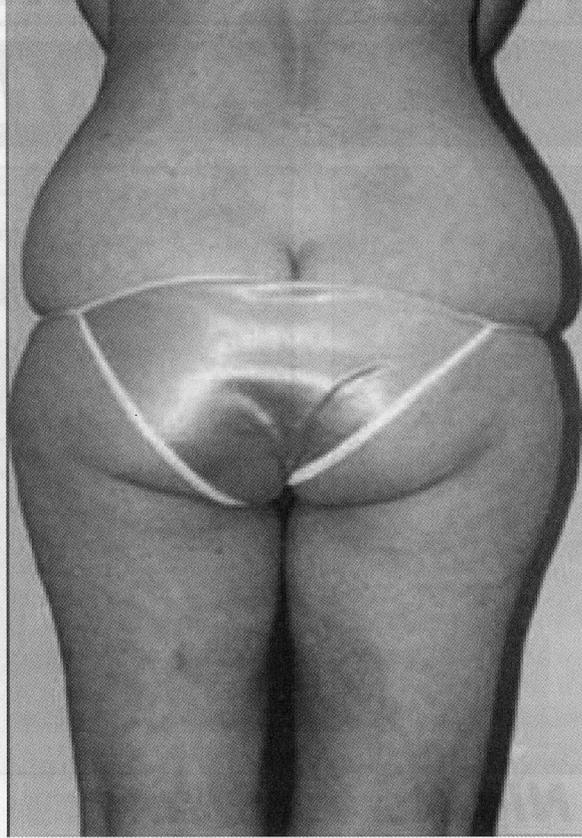
Lemon Jelly are also spreading the joy using their latest box of happy treats, *Lost Horizons*. It truly is an album to make you warm inside. Gentle electronica and rolling instrumentals will have you back in a summer meadow in no time.

Then there's **Athlete**. Aw, lovely little **Athlete**. "We should be laughing about it, making the most of the true British climate", the cheery Londoners advise. YOU MUST BUY THIS. It will make you smile; it will make the world seem right. The hailstorms will cease, the clouds will part and the sun will shine down. Trust me.

Don't be fooled by what everyone says: now is the time for summer. Thanks to the likes of **Simple Kid**, **A Million Sons** and **Nightmares On Wax**, we need never be afraid of the snowy months again.

As an alternative, visit www.rathergood.com/vines and laugh for hours. Genius.

Keira



YOU CHOOSE

IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION FITNESS CLUB EXERCISE TIMETABLE

Mon	Tues	Weds	Thurs	Sun
12.00 Circuit Training		13.00 Bodysculpt	13.00 Legs, Bums, Tums,	13.00 Sunday Blast
17.30 Bodysculpt	17.30 Aerobics	17.30 Step	17.30 Cardiosculpt	

All classes are held in the Southside Gym, which is underneath Southside Halls/Southside Bar, on Prince's Gardens South Side.
Or see no.21 on the college campus map, which you can find at:

<http://adnca4.ad.ic.ac.uk:1080/intrinsic/docs/OH/OHMAP.HTM>

PRICES: £10 annual membership for students, classes are then £1.80 per session, or £28 for a term pass.

£15 annual membership for non-students, £1.80 per class, or £30 for a term pass.

Non-members: £2.50 per class

Buy membership at the start of any class. Students: bring your swipe card as ID.

If you want to be on the mailing list for info about the classes (no junk mail) or would like information about individual classes, email fitness@ic.ac.uk

NightLife



Harlem Nights

Friday @ The End

While The End usually offers the only real competition to the international behemoth that is Fabric on a Friday night, they have recently introduced something which is a slightly different kettle of geese – Harlem Nights.

An opportunity for the increasingly successful Steve Lawler to heavily experiment with a finger mangling six hour set of deep and funky tribal house, he has risen steadily and is now often referred to as the UK's answer to Mr. Danny Tenaglia.

I had thought that departure from the usual Friday night format might confuse the core regulars of The End, but the main dance floor was the heaving mass of flesh and perspiration that it always is, Lawler having clearly attracted a large fan base of his own.

Syncopated beats flowed a little faster in the lounge, where Paul Arnold and friends laid down some inspired breakbeat and catered for all. Unfortunately, this meant there wasn't really a chill out area.

As dawn approached I found myself fantasising of mermaids, clear waters and snow. Another good night at The End then.

Dan Bush

Friday 29th November

Steve Lawler 6 hour set

10pm - 5am

£8 Conc /£10 guests;

The End, 16a West Central Street, WC1
www.the-end.co.uk



hUJe

EQ Warehouse

hUJe is definitely aimed at a very particular crowd. The music is at the manic end of trance, and it's very, very hippie – stoners, organic juice bar, massage, a crusty doing luminous facepainting, and lots of dreads and piercings. If you've ever been to Undertow at the same venue, it's a very similar vibe. Not generally my thing, but I had a really good time, and if it's your thing, you will **love** it.

There are lots of reasons to go. A free minibus from the nearest station, cheaper entry before 11.30pm if you dress up (colourful/costumed/outrageous), and a very friendly crowd. The three DJs I heard were all good, Stelvio, Jari, and particularly Mad Theo who will be appearing at the next event.

The only problem was that as it was only the second hUJe ever, there were nowhere near enough punters to fill the club. As the advertising is also very narrowly targeted – to attract exactly the crowd they want – numbers may be slow to build. Don't let this put you off though, it won't get full until people take a chance and go, and I have no doubt that when they do, this night will really take off.

Josie Harral

Friday 22nd November

Mad Theo plays The Gathering

9pm - 6am

George IV, 144 Brixton Hill

For hUJe listings keep an eye on
www.huje.co.uk



Movement

Thursday @ Bar Rumba

Of the drum 'n' bass nights currently running in London, the award winning Movement is without doubt amongst the best of them.

This comes as no surprise considering the quality of the resident DJs and MCs, including the Brazilian, DJ Marky, whose anthemic 'LK' has been smashing it on the dance floor for almost 2 years now. This night was not going to let the club's reputation down, with the Brazilian in question and his fellow resident, Ruffstuff, behind the decks.

By midnight, the intimate dance floor was rammed with ravers thriving on the party atmosphere down in the Rumba basement. Marky didn't disappoint, mixing his own material with the freshest tunes currently on rotation, with the occasional scratch thrown in for good measure. His set went down a storm.

Ruffstuff was impressive as ever, and with his quick and innovative mixing style we should be expecting him to be making more regular appearances at the likes of Fabric and the End.

Once again, we were reminded why Movement is the best d'n'b night in London.

Tim Manuel

Thursday 28th November

Adam F

8.30pm - 3am

£3 before 10pm, £6 thereafter,

Bar Rumba, 36 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1
www.barrumba.co.uk



NightLife



Paul van Dyk

@ Gatecrasher Transmission

Even though I come from Manchester I'd never been to Gatecrasher (it always seemed too much of an effort to go over the Pennines just for a night out) but knew of its reputation as a world leader in upcoming trance and knew that it attracted an extremely mad-for-it crowd not averse to painting their hair yellow, wearing pink body suits and waving glow-sticks around as if in some kind of fit. I was, however pleasantly surprised with a very friendly crowd, a very London crowd (i.e. not much pink hair) and some amazing music.

Ashley Casselle started the night off with his trademark mixture of progressive-tech-house-breakbeat with some hard trance thrown in for good measure. He was loving it and the crowd responded accordingly, cheering as anthem was mixed seamlessly into anthem. By the time he left, the room was completely packed and you could feel the anticipation. As he handed over the decks to Paul van Dyk the crowd went wild. This was what we were here for.

He certainly didn't disappoint. I heard a few people say he was too cheesy and some even used negative expletives, but for me he did a brilliant job. He played a well paced (3½ hour) set with periods of uplifting techno followed by periods of sublime melodic trance. He would bring the crowd through a long, slow build and then hold them at the point of release for what seemed like hours. When the crescendo finally exploded into torrents of beats and blips the whole room went insane. It was hands-in-the-air hero worship for all involved.

At the end of his set the room visibly emptied as people decamped to the bars and chill



out areas, whoever was up next would have a tough job to keep the crowd going.

Luckily, Nick Riley was totally up to the task. He started his set at a blinding pace to try and keep the crowd interested and they did. Those that left missed a fantastic mixture of uplifting trance and techno with some hard house tucked in there for those that were still going strong and it was Nick that made my night.

Just as I had picked up my coat I heard the opening lines from "Music is the Drug" which just happens to be my favourite tune of the moment and has everything good about music encapsulated in one song. After that I had to leave because whatever came next couldn't have matched the high, it was the perfect end to an amazing night.

I'll definitely be going again. I seriously recommend you do too. *Dom*

Friday 29th November

Armin van Buuren 6 hour set
Ferry Corsten
Mark Moore

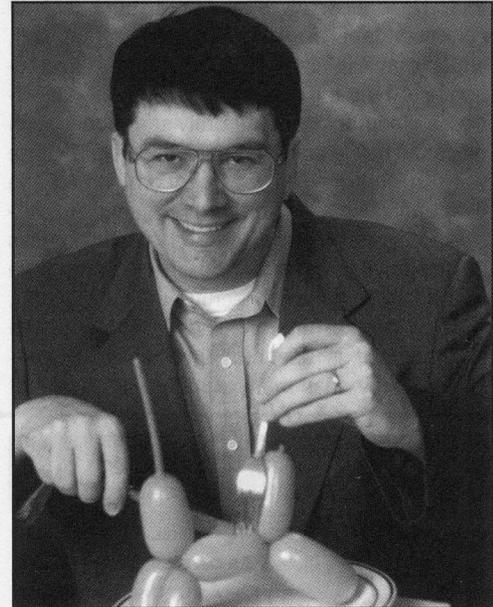
10pm - 6am

£12.50 in advance

Limited tickets available on door

Heaven, The Arches, Villiers St
Charing Cross/Embankment tube

www.gatecrasher.com



The Begging Bit

OK people, Nightlife is now under new management and we seriously need people to write stuff for us. As you can see (and have probably seen) at the moment we have two pages to fill a week, and while that may not seem like a lot to you, it's amazing how difficult it is to get people to write good stuff and actually send it to us. Plus, we want to make this section the biggest and best section in *Felix* and we can't do it without your help.

So, if you've had a brilliant weekend at an amazing club somewhere and you can't bear the thought of people not knowing about it, write a review (150-200 words), send it to us and we'll do our best to fit it in.

Alternatively, if you simply have a story that needs to be shared with the rest of the student populous regarding clubbing in some form or another (any debauchery, random drinking related injuries, embarrassing encounters etc – you get the idea) send it in and if we get enough we can start a letters page.

The third option is to join the reviewing team. This means you can get guestlist entry +1 (usually) to whatever it is we have available that week or if you fancy going to an event, let us know and we'll see if we can sort it out for you. All we ask in return is a 150-200 word review telling us what it was like. It's not hard at all and you get the ultimate satisfaction of seeing your work in print.

If you want more information, or have anything to give us, email:

clubs.felix@ic.ac.uk

Tim and Dom

RABID SPOUTING FROM THE EDITORS...

It's been a tough week for your favourite editors. Deadlines, vivas and a distinct lack of Felix editorial drinks have taken their toll, which may explain the slightly shorter film section. But I did manage to drag myself to an art-house cinema. I'm not entirely sure about such places. They always seem a little weird. The Gate in Notting Hill is no exception. All the beautiful people of Notting Hill queue up outside for ages before paying full London prices for the privilege of sitting in an uncomfortable seat positioned directly behind unnaturally tall, wide men with hats on. There's no doubt the theatre itself is beautiful, in that kitch gold-spangly way that many auditoriums are, but

frankly when I'm paying 7 quid a pop I would like to see more than half the screen, so a little angling of the floor wouldn't go amiss. The screen was smaller than your average Odeon, and the sound system was the country bumpkin cousin of Dolby Surround Sound, but since I wasn't watching a blockbuster it didn't really make a difference. However, as far as cinema audiences go, they were fantastic. More used to the kind of crowd who are smoking spliffs before the trailers are through and laugh throughout regardless of what's on, I was very pleasantly surprised by the posh, wannabe-Bohos. And they clapped at the end! I have experienced this before, but only with Star

Wars, and that's different. Maybe there's something in this arty lifestyle thing. I'm not planning to move to Hoxton just yet, but I might consider the occasional return to an art-house cinema. Now I just have to find one showing something I might actually want to see...
Liz

BFleugh. This Week has been far too much like hard work. I promise far more content next week, but for now BOBBINS! Many thanks to Liz for saving our asses two weeks running. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a bed to crawl back into.
Si

BOWLING FOR COLUMBINE

STARRING: MICHAEL MOORE,
GEORGE W. BUSH,
CHARLTON HESTON,
LOTS OF DUMB
AMERICANS WITH
GUNS

DIRECTED BY: MICHAEL MOORE

CERTIFICATE: 15

RUNNING TIME: 120 MINS

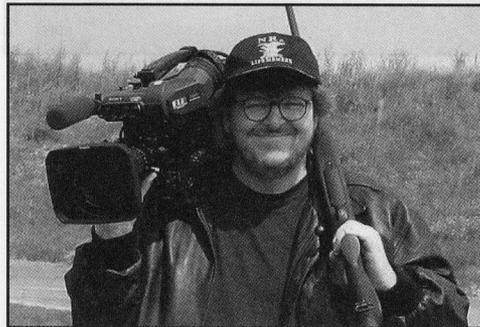
RELEASE DATE: 15TH NOVEMBER

Michael Moore could be seen as the equivalent of our own Mark Thomas, a quirky bloke who uses political satire and documentary-style filming to get laughs. Except, this bloke is actually funny, and what's more, he says some pretty important stuff in his new, Special-Jury-Prize-at-Cannes-winning documentary on schoolyard shootings in America.

The idea of going to see a 2-hour documentary at the cinema (and a poncey art-house one at that) did not inspire me that much, but I figured a 15-minute standing ovation at the world's premier film festival must count for something, so off I trotted. And I have to say, I have never been so glad I ignored my gut instincts. The film was utterly fantastic.

It began with a series of clips and interviews establishing the ridiculous nature of America's gun culture. Moore waltzed into a bank offering a free gun with every account opened, where the staff did not seem to share his concerns about arming strangers inside a building containing vast sums of money. Then he went for a haircut, and got something for the weekend at the same time. No party poppers here, nor condoms for that matter - the barber handed over bullets for Moore's newly acquired gun. Cue some footage of the "Michigan Militia" who touted guns but couldn't do up their own belts, and an interview with the brother of one of the Oklahoma bombers (who himself was questioned, but let off for lack of evidence), and we were all squirming in our seats and laughing with that slightly incredulous, embarrassed laugh. You know the one - you're not sure

whether to take the piss out of the Yanks for being that dumb or cry because these are the people who populate (and run?) the last remaining superpower.



An American. With a gun.

The laughs kept coming - a blind man with a gun licence?! A man accidentally shot by a dog?! Surely only in America. Well, yes, actually. That's the point Moore is making - only in America. What the rest of the film tries to answer is why America has over 11,000 gun killings each year when other countries rack up less than 200. He uses video footage, interviews and news clips to suggest the currently favoured reasons behind such a huge death toll, expertly, wittily denouncing each one, mainly through reference to other countries who face the same sociological evils (video nasties, computer games and the beast everyone's parents love to hate, Marilyn Manson). They don't go around killing each other, why should the Americans?

Combined with the sharp and humorous social commentary is a more harrowing element - the schoolyard killings of Columbine and Buell. The use of actual CCTV images and real 911 calls is crushing - the audience's laughter was quickly reversed to tears, and I actually felt that cold wave of horror ripple through me. Going from side-splitting to tear-jerking is not easy, but Moore manages to do so smoothly, retaining the narrative framework he has established through the juxtaposition of images and music. There is a little use of narration - the expert editing and weaving together of snippets of film from Moore's own investigation, news reports and vox-pops requires little in the way

of augmentation.

The ideas and theories Moore presents are generally sound and always thought-provoking. There are a few instances where he seems to lose his edge and appears to be almost playing for laughs, something which detracts from his otherwise precise comedy. There are also a few cringe-worthy moments, including the interview with pro-gun lobbying Charlton Heston, who is stooped and frail as he dodders away from an increasingly ardent Moore. Some would argue that if Heston is to continue to head the National Rifle Association, he ought to be prepared to take on such discourses, but it was uncomfortable to watch, especially in light of the difficult emotional ride Moore had already orchestrated. Nevertheless, a similar scene, where Moore took two Columbine survivors to the convenience store where the bullets were bought, was satisfying and heartening, a far cry from the irritating guerrilla documentary making so often seen.

Moore's film is intense, and a difficult cinema experience, but it is also important and funny and moving. Perhaps the laughter was harder and louder because of the uncomfortable subject matter, the tears silent and shocking because of the humour. I don't know, but I do know that this film is spectacular. No special effects, no famous cast, just a guy with something to say. And everyone should listen.
Liz

WHAT TO WATCH...

...AT THE MOVIES: BOWLING FOR COLUMBINE (RELEASED 15TH NOVEMBER, 15)

...ON TV: TERMINATOR 2 (MONDAY 25TH NOVEMBER, FIVE, 21:00)

...ON SKY: TIGERLAND (TUESDAY 26TH NOVEMBER, PREMIER, 22:00)

...ON DVD: SPIDER-MAN (RELEASED 25TH NOVEMBER, 12)

Boogie Wonderland

Friday.
November 29
70's & 80's
Disco in dB

dB
Carlsberg & Tetley £1/pt
(5-7 while stocks last)
Smirnoff Red & Black £2
9-11 while stocks last)

dB
Black Blavod vodka slammer
£1
(8-10)

All night in the Paradise Bar: Discounted jugs of cocktails and soft red or dry white wine £1



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

£1.50 Union/£2.00 Guests/£1.00 P2P

Free before 8pm/After 8pm individual entry charges apply
Imperial College Union, Beit Quad, Prince Consort Road



GFQQ MK II

by Bobby Cyclops & Dr Hot Fudge

THE GREAT FELIX QUOTES QUIZ

THE QUOTES

1. "This is gonna be like driving a toaster through a carwash."
2. "I just kissed Al Pacino!"
3. "Get me the military – entertainment division."
4. "What is that odious stench? Smells like teenagers!"
5. "Eat the dead? He means we should eat the dead."
6. "In Italy for 30 years under the Borgias they had warfare, terror, murder, and bloodshed, but they produced Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and the Renaissance. In Switzerland they had brotherly love – they had 500 years of democracy and peace, and what did that produce? The cuckoo clock."
7. "*Le jeu son fait*. Translation: the game is up. Your ass is mine!"
8. "You've been smooching with everybody! Snuffy, Al, Leo, little mole with the gimp leg, cheeks, Bonnyfive, Cliff..."
9. "Your eyes are full of hate, forty-one. That's good. Hate keeps a man alive."
10. "My taste includes both snails and oysters."
11. "What is it about good sex that makes me have to crap? You really jarred something loose tiger."

ANSWERS TO GFQQ 1248

1. Biggs Darklighter/Garrick Hagon – Star Wars: A New Hope
 2. Cooper/Kevin McKidd – Dog Soldiers
 3. Lt. Tuck Pendleton/Dennis Quaid – Innerspace
 4. Jim Sting/Maury Chaykin – WarGames
 5. Frank Booth/Dennis Hopper
~Jeffrey Beaumont/Kyle McLachlan – Blue Velvet
 6. Sgt Oddball/Donald Sutherland – Kelly's Heroes
 7. Coach Finstock/Jay Tarses – Teen Wolf
 8. Eric/Jean-Hugues Anglade – Killing Zoe
 9. Dr Ben Sobel/Billy Crystal – Analyze This
- Bonus. Bond's motto (*The world is not enough*) was first mentioned in "On Her Majesty's Secret Service"

RAMBLINGS

Comrades! J.I.Z. is alive. Alive and... calculating. Let's hope DHF doesn't find out or he'll flip faster than an electron's spin in an applied magnetic field. Not that I haven't witnessed Fudge's alterego before... the moon was brighter than a magnesium flare, and the blade was as cold as Captain Birdseye's satchel; but that was another time, another place. For now I am safe here in the bowels of Beit, nervously typing away this rubbish until something comes to distract me. You will notice that J.I.Z. has changed name from last week (it was originally G.I.Z.) under the request of DHF, who asked, no, demanded that our artificial quiz playing algorithm be more controversial to you sensitive readers. *B.C.*

Well Cyclops has spent the last week busying himself in the basement of Bobby's boudoir. He claims he is creating J.I.Z.. I daren't ask. I'm sorry for the incredibly nerdlinger-esque vibe that has taken over these pages in recent weeks. I'm sure it was just you guys who used to be the freaks. I've tried to stop it, but that big ball of puss and dandruff just keeps gathering momentum. Ever since I went away I've noticed a change in Cyclops. I can't quite put my fudge-finger on it, but there's a definite stink in the air, and I'm not just talking about the stilton factory in my underpants. Anyway, enough of this dribble and J.I.Z., just keep sending in your answers and your pleas for bonuses and we'll keep ignoring them. See yeh. *H.F.*

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GFLQ (THE 1ST ONE)

THE GREAT FELIX LYRICS QUIZ

LEADER BOARDS

GFQQ

Name	Score
JMC4 Coalition	51.5
Richard Hutchinson	51
Chris Ince	51
50D	49.5
Luke McManus	47.5
Ongar Rd Massif	44.5
Geoff Lay	40
Alexander Plato	39
Jennifer Williams	38.5
Fred Marquis	38.5
Christopher Dent	37.5

GFLQ

Name	Score
Chris Ince	66.5
Jennifer Williams	65.5
JMC4 Coalition	65
50D	64.5
Ongar Rd Massif	63.5
Richard Hutchinson	62.5
Luke McManus	59
Geoff Lay	54.5
Christopher Dent	52.5
Anthony Jude Rodrigues	45
Samuel Jackson	32.5

ULTRALEAGUE

Name	Score	Name	Score
Chris Ince	117.5	Rosemary Chandler	33.5
JMC4 Coalition	116.5	Richard Moore	31
50D	114	64	21.5
Richard Hutchinson	113.5	Chris Tickner	17.5
Ongar Rd Massif	108	Ruth Loeffler	15.5
Luke McManus	106.5	Christopher Pollock	15
Jennifer Williams	104	Rebecca Newman	13
Geoff Lay	94.5	Leo Harrison	12.5
Christopher Dent	90	Ben Dudson	10
Anthony Jude Rodrigues	77.5	Kev Fox	6.5
Samuel Jackson	53	Mathias Klauke	7
John Anderson	35.5		
David Mercer	34.5		

Fear the J.I.Z. It's cumming.

A WORD FROM J.I.Z.

```
000> begin
010> print "main J.I.Z. startup"
020> if (reader=goon) {end} else {
030> print "welcome readers...i am J.I.Z." }
040> return 0;
```

J.I.Z. is about to erupt onto the coffee-break section like a molten hot volcano spewing lava across a once happy land. An intelligent (and I use that term loosely) quiz playing algorithm which will compete with you in GFQQ, LQ and the Ultraleague. Why J.I.Z.? What does it mean? It means that Fudge and I have less work to do, we simply use the power of J.I.Z. to come up with meaningless rubbish instead of our rather creative minds. What does J.I.Z. stand for? Jubilant quiz playing Intelligent Zealot no less. Tenuous? Definitely. A waste of precious time? Affirmative. Such is life in the bowels of Beit. **J.I.Z.**

THE LYRICS

- "We'll get some overhead lifters, and four barrel quads, oh yeah. (Keep talkin', whoah keep talkin') Fuel injection cut off, and chrome plated rods, oh yeah. (I'll get the money, I'll kill to get the money)"
- "The game of life is hard to play, I'm gonna lose it anyway. The losing card I'll someday lay, so this is all I have to say."
- "There are scratches all around the coin slot - like a heartbeat, baby trying to wake up, but this machine can only swallow money."
- "Little darling, it's been a long cold lonely winter. Little darling, it feels like years since it's been here."
- "Or maybe, maybe it's our nowhere towns, our nothing places and our cellophane sounds....maybe it's our looseness."
- "If fashion is your trade, then when you're naked, I guess you must be unemployed."
- "You've read Karl Marx and you've taught yourself to dance."
- "I drove my tractor through your haystack last night (ooh aah ooh aah). I threw me pitchfork at your dog to keep quiet (ooh aah ooh aah)."
- "Pot the red and screw back for the yellow, green, brown, blue, pink and black."
- "You two scousers are always yapping, I'm gonna show you some serious rapping....."

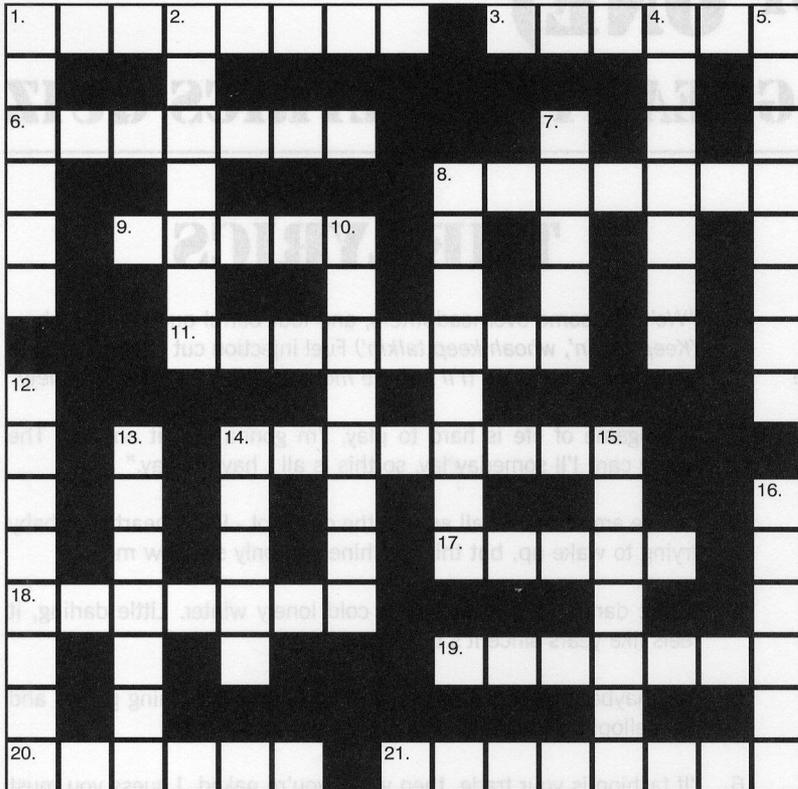
ANSWERS TO GFLQ 1248

- Take That – Sure
- New Kids on the Block – You Got it (The Right Stuff)
- 5ive – If Ya Gettin' Down
- Back Street Boys – As Long as You Love Me
- O-Town – Liquid Dreams
- Blue – All Rise
- The Jackson 5 – The Love You Save (Stop)
- East 17 – Stay Another Day
- The Monkees – The Monkees
- A1 – Caught in the Middle

(1 point bonus for all who used the correct spelling of 5ive....hee-hee)

Felix Crossword 1249

By Caesar



Across

- 1 Birds are confused using pens. (8)
- 3 Cold day followed by backwards excavation. (6)
- 6 Living material instrument before college. (7)
- 8 Place to keep vehicle is biblical safe haven for fish. (3,4)
- 9 Accomplished date before woolly pet. (5)
- 11 Commit backwards editor followed by date outside college. (8)
- 14 Support fall for scene. (8)
- 17 Juvenile 2nd person initially not good. (5)
- 18 Edgy over NUS mix-up. (7)
- 19 Last part of day for mixed gin after fair. (7)
- 20 Vegetable is Radium receptacle. (6)
- 21 My slater could be domineering. (8)

Down

- 1 Money gained is in favour of seizure. (6)
- 2 Arranged dead rug is protected. (7)
- 4 Escape that can't be true. (7)
- 5 Reduce distance to give space for vessels. (8)
- 7 Sombre mausoleum. (5)
- 8 Lily-livered bovine just we hear. (8)
- 10 Idiot he's around carbon producing jerks. (8)
- 12 More curious unknown person. (8)
- 13 Sounds like a dull Edward is prematurely halted. (7)
- 14 Airline italian with meat. (5)
- 15 Cornish town without last repairs wrong. (7)
- 16 Cunning beaker inside self-satisfied air. (6)



CRIMES INVOLVING RATS
OFTEN GO UNSOLVED



Ok, here I am. While I'm here I'd like to point out that the dog food only has one 'a' in the name, meaning that I must be the hunky tanned warrior Mummy Huffwell talked about last week. You'll just have to take my word on that one though since the medium of crossword is not very good for conveying how generally wonderful I am!

Whilst on the subject of names I thought I'd leave my name nice and short so you can fit lots of insulting words too naughty to print in a sentence without having to stop for breath mid-rant over a stupid clue. Aren't I kind?

Now on to the real business. The winner of last week's crossword is **Paul Kirk, Maths III**. Give your answers for this weeks puzzle in at the *Felix* office or email to coffee.felix@ic.ac.uk and you too could have your name printed in big bold letters on this page too, just like lucky Paul. Real business is now over and I still have far too many lines of mindless babbling to fill. Errrr... Oh yeah, by the time this is printed you will have no doubt heard about that fantastic piece of theatre taking place this week in the UCH. It's called 'And Then There Were None' By Aggie Christie and is really very good – but hurry it ends on Saturday.

Ah, now I have a problem. I've exhausted all my creative ability crafting this crossword and have been left spent and unable to fill the rest of this box with words so I'll leave you now to give the crossword a go or even, god forbid, actually listen to your lecturer.

That wasn't too bad was it? Hope you enjoy the crossword.

Caesar

Answers to 1248

Across: Upsurge, Sushi, Transplantation, Auditor, Departs, Pooper Scooper, Knuckleduster, Suavest, Caustic, Rumpelstiltskin, Lidos, Nudists.

Down: Ultra, Stand Up, Risotto, Enlargement, Shampoo, Stirrup, Ioniser, Dysfunction, Kestrel, Unarmed, Keepers, Taunted, Retakes, Cones



“The best time to influence Government policy is before it’s been decided.”

Sir Humphrey Appleby

“Top-up fees? It’s a really bad idea - I’m against it.”

Clare Short MP

Top-Up Fees. Maintenance Grants. Student Loans.

The Government is currently trying to work out a new funding system for university teaching and student support - the results are due to be published in January 2003.

If you feel strongly about increased tuition fees, a graduate tax or the re-introduction of student grants, the best way to have a positive effect on the Government’s new policy is to write to your local Member of Parliament (MP).

Our new website will ask you a couple of simple questions and then create a personalised guide to help you write a letter to your MP. You can even send your letter via the website, completely free of charge! Try it now:

www.union.ic.ac.uk/no2fees/

Updated Union Policies on Higher Education Funding and Student Support - full text available online now.



Level at LSE RH Cut Down

IC 11 - 1 LSE

We were really fired up for the game - LSE had beaten us 10 days previously - and couldn't wait to get into it get ours back.

They decided to turn up half an hour late, which pissed us off even more, so as soon as the game started we showed our intentions. Going totally into every challenge, we established our superiority, from the start. We looked solid at the back, good going forward, were creating chances and looking more likely to score. Joss's volley went just wide, and his header deflected off a defender. Then they started coming forward and got a penalty when their striker stumbled on to Hendrik. Carlos though knew where their man was going for, making a great save in the bottom right corner.

After about 5 minutes a great piece of play by us, involving about 6 players, switched play to

the left, for a spot-on cross by Ant to Joss who headed it coolly past the keeper. Almost straight after a cross came in from the left, but Dave put it wide, then Hendrik's header forced their keeper to a magnificent save.

We decided to keep the lead at half time, we stepped out again, not looking as sharp though for the first 15 minutes which allowed them to settle for a bit then after a blatant push on Alan, which the referee never saw their striker managed to score.

That woke us up, and we started battling, and missed even more chances. Oli's shot going just wide, when everyone thought it was in, Mark's free kick that their keeper just saved, pushing the ball on the bar, and, following some great football by us, Mark one on one with the keeper, putting the ball just wide. Don't think he can miss that again, even if he tries.

Well, sometimes, some things are just not meant to be.

IC 135 - 87 RHUL

A relatively small but perfectly formed fencing team made their way to deepest darkest Egham - in the dark heart of Surrey - to thwart the threat of the 'almost london' wannabes.

Due to careers fair and some extremely strange fixture planning this was the first match that we had played for four weeks, since our trouncing of the novice Sussex team 135-53, which is a massive margin in anyone's estimation.

After arriving - and just about on time too - we were greeted by what seemed to be a seriously under-strength Holloway team. And so it indeed proved to be, as we managed to win the first weapon, sabre, without a single sabreur. Big Daddy Rob, Yugo Hugo and Handbag Hughes all turned their hands to an unfamiliar weapon and their winning was clearly a good omen.

Even better than these first steps to victory was the crippling head shot dished out by Yugo halfway through the second weapon that reduced their already seriously under strength team to a mere pair of freshers.

This left a victory in the foil inevitable, with Yugo, Handbag and Genius Phil ensuring a wide victory margin.

After an deeply uncharacteristic surge of compassion on our part, we decided to let them substitute on the only other fencer present before the epee encounter took place.

Unperturbed by the uncharacteristic pair of X chromosomes that were on offer, we stuck to the task at hand, as we were eager to get to the pub as quickly as possible.

Solid performances all round again from Big Daddy, Yugo and Handbag sealed the victory and it was off down the bar to eat, drink and prove our ignorance of general trivia.

Kent Defeated

IC 12 - 0 Chichester

After practising our cricket skills outside the union we headed off, once again, to defend our seemingly impregnable fortress at Harlington.

The IC Cavaliers started like an absolute bunch of muppets, but fortunately for us Kent were even worse. The early exchanges seemed to go to us, with Stinky, Toadfish and Boyzone looking imperious in the midfield.

The - much better looking - IC team continued to improve and a period of immense pressure resulted in two penalty flicks being awarded in our favour. The first stormed past the keeper, skillfully glancing off the inside of the post. The second, however was an absolute and total ballmonkey of an attempt going wider than anyone ever thought possible.

With the score at 1-0 Geography Teacher put Gump through, who slipped it to Star Wars on the flick spot. The Kent keeper went down quicker than Star Wars' bird, allowing him to make it 2-0.

With Boyzone and Trailer no. 2 screaming like girls we somehow managed to let two goals in to let them claw it back to 2-2. After Star Wars put IC back on top in the last few minutes nutmegging the keeper from three yards, Villager decided to pass a kyder straight to their centre forward - twat - on the top of the D with a double hit/slap. He also managed to collapse on the astro, though we have no idea how. Luckily the Ump blew for time just as he was striking the ball but he still missed - lucky Villager.

So, despite the Fortress being Violated twice we came away with a legendary win - the legend continues.

LSE Thrashed

IC 111 - 0 LSE I

Well, today the IC goal machine was well and truly up and running, hammering LSE 11-0. We were unstoppable from start to finish, and LSE really had no clue how to stop a legendary performance.

Boyzone bundled past the odd defender before unleashing a legendary reverse-stick effort to nudge the well oiled machine into a deserved lead. Zoolander then came up with two of his trademark looping drag-flicks to put IC into a commanding 3-0 lead. Some more seriously slick build up play led to star wars getting a shooting opportunity. He duly let fly and such was the power of the shot that Zoolander could have flown to Poland before the ball 'hit' the back of the goal. Boyzone then mashed another from the edge of the D to make it 5-0.

After the half time break and Villager's bunch of bananas the pace was kept up and some astonishing moves were put into play. Boyzone led the band by example, and knocked another reverse stick shot into the goal to complete his hat-trick.

The next deposit into the IC gold card account came from Star Wars who simply walked round the keeper. Gump decided to fight back, putting one shot straight under the keeper and 'square cutting' his second to assure us all that he shouldn't get a jug for not scoring. Then LSE somehow managed to miss Stinky's stench, as he unleashed Hell from the top of the D and neatly into the top corner.

Finally old GT managed to finish from his third attempt and score from three yards and the match was complete. Wonder if they'll bother to turn up next time... the legend continues.



Victory on the Cam

Imperial College rowers descended on the river Cam last Saturday for this year's Cambridge Winter Head with encouraging success in what was, for many, their first rowing race. The 2.5km distance was a time trial with crews set off at intervals to try to be the fastest in their division.

In spite of getting up long before the sun, the women's novice eight was on top form as their 'machine' took on various Cambridge and London colleges in a dominant fashion. With enough time to admire the scenery (and repaint the hull too), they spectacularly creamed the entire field, finishing a whole minute and ten seconds ahead of Pembroke College, the second-place finisher.

The men's experienced novice eight took sixth place in a race with the frontrunners split by seconds, finishing just nine behind the second-place runner. Meanwhile, the two beginner novice eights took promising second and fourth places, the 'A' team finishing just five seconds

behind the winners and the 'B' team over fifty seconds clear of the rest of the field.

In the student Senior-4 Four event, the men took second place losing out to Magdalene College, Cambridge by a small margin but finished well clear of the rest of the field. The women's student four had enough time for elevenses, easily seeing off Peterhouse College to win their event.

The men's ARA 'senior 4' eight were flying that day, finishing well ahead of Winchester College to take the top spot in their division and disturbing Cambridge with a sonic boom as they put in the second fastest time seen on the river all day.

As it is the first race of the season, all of the rowers would like to thank our coxes, who steered us all the way as well as motivating us without turning the air too blue - we hope all of those early morning outings were worth it. Thanks also to Stu, who looks after the boats so patiently,



even when we attack the trailer with their rudders.

The novices would like to thank Ian, Roger and Tom, who have tirelessly coached us for six weeks (even if they may have 'real' jobs or PhDs) and who energetically cheered us on near the finish, fuelled by KitKats, sandwiches and half a burger stand. Last, but very definitely not least, we would like to thank Bill, who made us get up at ungodly hours, get wet, do things that could only be described as masochistic and who

got us hooked.

For the novices, the weekend's event, their first, bodes extremely well for the Allom Cup on Saturday 23rd November. The Allom cup is primarily for Beginner novices and is on home turf/water too; it can be viewed on Eurosport and Sky Sports 2 with extended highlights later on ITV... or you can wander down to the University of London boat club at 10am and see IC novice rowers take on the rest of UL (and win). You can then read about it here next week.

Ski & Snowboard Club

TIGNES - £309

13th - 22nd December 2002



Price includes accommodation, travel, 6 day lift pass, insurance, social program, guiding, discount card and black tie fondue night.

e-mail ski@ic.ac.uk

or come along to Southside Upper Lounge on Monday or Wednesday lunchtimes.

Hockey Double

IC Ladies I 2 - 0 Chichester

Without a warm up we dressed in pink pillowcases and set out to knock the league leaders off their perch. Our new captain Claire 'the Don' gave us an inspirational team talk as she lead us out. We dominated straight away, although Buffy was forced to slay a Wishy monster. The back was solid with Bubbles and Yoda using their lightsabre hockey sticks to perfection. Towards the end of the first half Lady P crossed a beautiful ball into Jo 'Bing' Chandler who 'megged' the keeper to get the first goal.

In the second half Wishy came back at us and gave embryo a hard time, forcing a telling off from Wishy and getting Jo's magic moment. We fought hard with a strong attack from Spell Check and Kiwi Boot, but the second half goal came from a forced pass from Anti Climax to Rachel 'Swear Word' Lennon and she sent it home with class.

The man of the match had to go to Flush who worked hard at the back. A great afternoon finished with a long coach journey home with no food, because Wishy ate it all - luckily John was on hand to provide entertainment and keep us happy.

IC II 20 - 0 St Bart's

If ever there needed to be proof of medical students' lack of sporting prowess then this was it.

Oddjob - our keeper - got so bored that he spent most of the match trying to chat up some ming-dog footballers who were glad to be separated from him by a big fence.

Even Butthick had enough shots to register with his awesome 1% conversion record. Harvester got a quality hat trick, including the goal of the game followed by a Kevball celebration, obviously trying to get on the early bus home.

Muff, we missed you about as much as syphilis!

Virgins Kick Ass

IC Virgins 15 - 5 Sussex

We are lush, very very lush. Our first win of the season was, unfortunately a friendly, but has given us a lush base on which to build many many more lush wins. And all because of the MONKEY.

Sussex, an unknown quantity to the Virgin's, turned up early, in numbers and with a couple of big fat props, but nothing too scary.

Kick off led to the first 15 minutes or so, and we were camped firmly in their 22, giving us time to build up essential confidence. Eventually, after many scrums both ways due to lots of poor handling skills giving way to knock-ons galore, the ball made it out to our right winger, Trev. She ran down the side-line and, when she was just

about to put it over the line was tackled, resulting in spillage and lost ball trauma. But all was not lost, when Ling with some lush insight kicked the ball in the direction in which Priya was running. Priya scooped up the bobbling ball and put it over the line for her first try of the season. Yeah baby, lush.

In between our moments of glory, they slipped one past us to score. Off the back of a scrum, their fly half received the ball and after a couple of mis-tackles and some good palming off, she made it to the line. Luckily due to some lush intimidation, their kicker could not convert the try.

Our next try involved lots of speed and agility. Helen - our lush fly half - took the ball into a maul, this resulted in Ling getting the ball out to Charlotte in the line. She quickly passed it to Jess at outside centre, who got it

out to Priya who ran at least half of the pitch avoiding numerous defenders to score under the posts. The conversion didn't quite make it, but let's face it, we can't all be perfect.

The second half led to them managing to hold us up more but they still didn't manage to put any real pressure on us. This brings us to our last try. After a good afternoon of back's work, credit must go to the good quick hands down the line. The ball was passed from the back of the scrum ending up in Priya's hands, yes she was there again, but she was deprived of a hat-trick by a tackle, the ball went to ground but was picked up by the agile Ash who put the ball right in the corner. Lush.

As usual, the outstanding players of the match have a mention, back and forward of the match goes to Dan and Priya

for putting themselves about and seeing lots of action(!). Those not rewarded, by downing a pint, include Monkey and Ella, whose tackling was superb, absolutely first class. Also, Aoife, the poor bugger played out of position at fly half, and had a pretty blinding match regardless.

People thirsty for gossip, will probably be pleased to know that the tradition of inter-rugby team incest is not dead. A certain curly haired Virgin got it on with a certain Brummy first team captain. Also, Ash the Animal has been getting jiggy with a member of the second team. Oh and just in case you missed it, the incest gets a little closer to home with the infamous Dappy and Pete (that's a bar name) having lots of drunken snogs and they're not the first, I'd like to point out.

Sport Shorts

RSM 4 - 2 Holloway

No one needed reminding that the we are steely competitors with brass balls, and expecting victory to feather the nest they had created at the top of the league, Talling had watched his vaunted defence get torn apart in the first half.

Then came the resurgence. The mighty wind of justice swung in favour of RSM wiping the smiles off the Holloway faces. On the 52nd minute Kan bent one in from long range. Cashback.

Soon after El Gringo penetrated forcefully and popped up unchecked to finish calmly at the back post. RSM continued to press with dangerous Dino removing the aerial threat throughout the midfield. On 67 mins he struck with a finish reminiscent of David Platt's goal against Belgium in Italia 90.

Despite the referee's ineptitude, with the last kick of the game Paul exploited the moist box by plant-

ing his 'seed' deep within the raptures of the gapping net.

Dirty B bought a bit of French composure to the back line, with Ben and James providing support.

Toby was sacrificed for Dingo whose enormous towering frame instilled fear into the averagely heightened opposition back four.

IC 17 - 3 GKT

From next week there will be notices up throughout the Union Building, in Beit Quad, for all teams to write their scores on.

These will come down when the bars close on Wednesday nights, for publication in the following Friday's Felix, so make sure you add them before then if you want to see your team's scores in print.

Just remember to add your team's details, those of the opposition, and the result.

Live football on the BIG SCREEN



Sat 23rd November

12pm Man Utd v Newcastle

2.30pm England v S. Africa (RU)

6.15pm GB & Ireland v N.Z. (RL)

8pm Barcelona v Real Madrid

Sun 24th November

2pm Spurs v Leeds

4pm Charlton v Blackburn

7.30pm A. Madrid v Real Betis

Tues 26th November

FC Basel v Man Utd 7.45pm

Wed 27th November

AS Roma v Arsenal 7.45pm