

JP

1  
February  
1999

# FELIX

KEEP THE CAT FREE EST. 1949

Issue  
1134

The Students' Newspaper at Imperial College

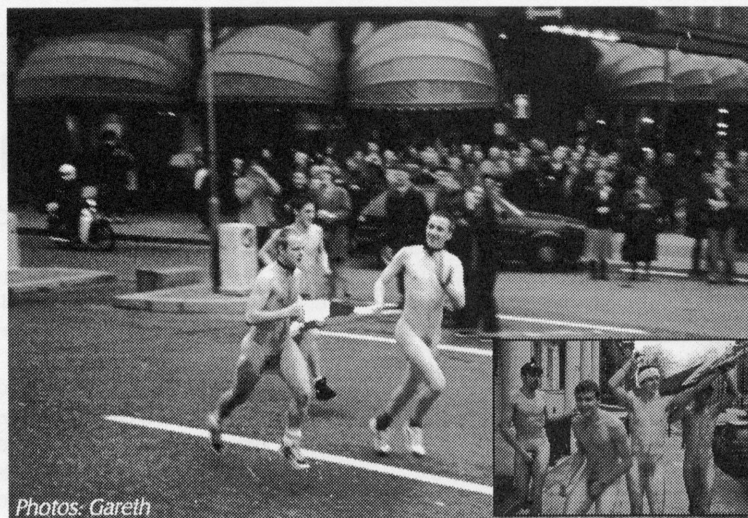
## RAG Hits the Ground Running

ICU Rag week got off to a sizzling start on Saturday 23 January, with the famous Sponsored Nude Kamikaze Parachute Jump. This involves a group of enterprising students jumping out of a van next to Harrods at opening time, wearing only an invisible parachute, and then pegging it to the Union Building.

In recent years the event has been somewhat undersubscribed, but this year's SNKPJ was a huge success, raising an estimated £1,000. Sixteen men took part, watched by around 200 students and hundreds more shoppers. The fastest time to the Union was 7.30 minutes by James, with the slowest, 14.30 by Stan, being rewarded with a bottle of booze. All involved seemed to enjoy the experience, with one SNKPJ commenting "the best bit was Harrods". Another runner poignantly explained "you very quickly lose any concern about the size of your dick."

Tuesday at dB's witnessed the Rag Variety Show. The first band to start

By Ed Sexton and Sanjay Sikdar



Photos: Gareth

the proceedings was 'Jazzy Khazee' who provided the funk and set the groove for those who followed. With comedy being the new rock and roll, the idea of Dramsoc giving the audi-

ence doses of their improvisation games seemed rather promising. Battling through an inattentive crowd they delivered what could be described as an esoteric brand of wit. The next band,

'The Corbett Situation' continued the saxophone tinged theme set by 'Jazzy Khazee' but also diversified into slower more melancholic melodies.

After the brief interval, the red shirted Dramsoc members tried to rally the spectators. The decision not to use microphones to enable greater stage movement was ill advised because to most observers they appeared to represent an intriguing silent comedy. They beat a hasty retreat to the derisory cheers of the music fans.

The show resumed on the right side of rock as for most the top-draw event was to see 'Cereal Killer', at the moment the second most popular band to emerge from Imperial. Unashamedly on the lookout for a possible record deal they graced the assembled throng with a judicious mixture of covers and original compositions. Playing with style and energy (the drummer's sticks were close to

*Continued on Page 4*

## Medics Keep Their Sabbatical

The Medical School will have a sabbatical president for one more year after ICU President Dave Hellard's proposal to demote the position was defeated at Monday's Union Council.

The sabbatical status was secured until the end of the next academic year by last year's President, Andy Heeps, but this was conditional on a review taking place before elections this year. Mr Hellard argued that the continuation of the sabbatical role would harm the Med School Union, as many good candidates would not run if they were forced to take a year away from their studies - and thus add an extra year onto an already lengthy course. Additionally, he suggested that the sabbatical president hindered the proper delegation of power throughout the Medical Union.

The current ICSMSU President, Wade Gayed, countered that it is vital for the Med School to keep the sabbatical position for one more year. Until all the

By David Roberts

problems with the new course and the new campus come to light, it is crucial that there should be a full-time representative for all medical students. Former ICSMSU Vice-President Seif Ahmad reinforced this stance, suggesting that the coming year should see the new course settle down, and the Med School clubs will have had sufficient time to reorganise. Moreover, as Mr Gayed noted, ICSM itself does not believe it will fully merge until 2003.

After next year, all three BS years will be based at South Ken, but until then it is widely believed that there is simply too much work for a non-sabbatical president to cope with - as Katie Sheehan (the ICSMSU VP at St Mary's) noted, whilst there are still so many students who have never been based at South Ken, it is unfair to ask the site VP's to

cover the gaps that the loss of the sabbatical would inevitably generate. The role of the new sabbatical position, Deputy President (Education & Welfare) - which will come into existence next year - was also raised, with many of those present fearing that the loss of a sabbatical Medical President would see the new DP forced to concentrate almost solely on issues surrounding the new medical degree course.

Taken to the vote (after attempts to postpone a decision until next month were overturned), Council registered a massive majority in favour of keeping the sabbatical role, allowing Mr Gayed's successor to be elected as planned. The sabbatical role will thus last until July 2000 (in accordance with an agreement made last year), at which point the role will become non-sabbatical, on a par with the presidents of the other three Constituent College Unions.

## Inside...

Letters - M1 incident	6
Editorial & Small Ads	7
Columns - Bust-A-Gut	8
Science - Cybersex	12
Film - Hilary and Jackie	14
Music - Prince Paul	16
Clubscene - Hardfloor	20
Games - Pool-Shark	22
Arts - Monet & Gursky	24
Sport - Football victories	27
Diversions - Feb 1 - 7	27
Crossword - prize!	28





# Medics' Rag Raise to New Heights

This year's Med School Rag Week has broken all previous records, collecting well in excess of £40 000 in just seven days. Although this figure is provisional, as all receipts are not yet in, and this number will undoubtedly rise before a final total is confirmed. All proceeds will go to this year's designated charity, the British Heart Foundation.

The Circle Line Pub-Crawl alone raised £30 000, smashing last year's record of £23 000, thanks to a massive turnout believed to be in the region of 550. This was particularly impressive as some pessimistic medical students had suggested that the merger of Charing Cross and St Mary's would lead to less

By David Roberts

interest in Rag activity. Instead, students from every campus were spotted collecting money around London, with first years particularly enthusiastic in their drinking. Even a handful of non-medics donned the traditional green surgical gowns and headed out into the capital, with ICU sabbaticals Dave Hellard and Chris Ince spotted demanding money from tourists throughout the evening.

Indeed, so successful was the day that it has been rumoured that a new world record may have been set for the

largest pub-crawl ever.

The week climaxed with a ball at Shepherd's Bush Empire. Although not as successful as expected, more than 400 tickets were sold, further swelling the charity coffers. All this comes on top of the Rag Games, Revues, Bands Night and Invasion of London reported in last week's Felix, and the week as a whole has seen hundreds of students from every campus participating in fund-raising events of every description. Medical School Union President Wade Gayed was, very happy with the outcome, "Every event made money and was great fun...it's a very good result."



Issue 1134

1 February 1999

Editor: Ed Sexton

Assistant Editor & Films: David Roberts

News Editor: Andrew Ofori

Music Editors: Dennis Patrickson

& Jason Ramanathan

Arts Editor: Helena Cochemé

Games Editor: Gary Smith

Clubscene: Gurminder Murwaha

& Joel Lewis

Sports Editor: Gus Paul

Photographic Editor: William Lorenz

## Time for Election 1999

Haunting groans emanating from

By Andrew Ofori

Union hierarchy signify the advent of this year's ICU elections. Although there was not a full complement of candidates as Felix went to print, there remained the prospect of an exhaustive election run, with papers coming down on 5 February.

The exalted post of President is shaping up to be a hard fought battle; Felix music editor and Pub Board Treasurer Dennis Patrickson has already made his fully seconded bid, along with ICU accommodation officer Natasha Newton and Wilson Hall's Re-app Ben Polounovsky who are still in the process of gaining their twenty seconders. RCSU's VP(Clubs & Entertainments), Bob Walker, has stood for DP(F&S) but at the time of writing has yet to find any sec-

onders. Tim Trailor, who withdrew from

last term's campaign due to logistical problems with his grant, will once again be standing for DP(C&S) and is half-way there with his 10 seconders. David Roberts, Felix Assistant Editor and Pub. Board Chair is looking to edit the college's student paper next year and has found all of the required twenty seconders. The new sabbatical position of DP (Education & Welfare) is void of candidates at present, raising concerns within the Union.

Hustings will take place on the 15, 16, and 17 February at South Ken, Charing Cross and St. Mary's respectively. Two days of voting begin on 22 February and the result will be announced the following evening in the Union Foyer.

## Catering Death

By Ed Sexton

of Imperial College in October 1995. He

Mr Roger Davis, Catering Manager for Imperial College, died unexpectedly on Wednesday 20 January. Mr Davis collapsed suddenly while in his office. He was 59 years old.

Medical help was quickly provided by security and the first aiders on duty. Dr Peter Dorward was immediately called to the scene from the Health Centre, as were paramedics. The first aiders initiated attempts to resuscitate Mr Davis, but were unsuccessful. Mr Davis was then taken to Chelsea and Westminster Hospital, where he was pronounced dead shortly after arrival. Dr Dorward commented "it is a tragic story", explaining that it is very rare for resuscitation to be successful in such situations.

Mr Davis joined the Catering Division

played an active role in college life, both professionally and socially, and was a member of several IC clubs. He was also the Chairman of the European Caterers Association.

Mr John Foster, Head of Catering and Conference Services at the college, described Mr Davis as "well respected and well liked". He explained that, "every-one was very very shocked", but "every-body has been very supportive". Dr Dorward singled out the first-aiders for particular praise, stating that "[they] did a tremendous job... it was particularly traumatic for them."

Mr Davis' funeral will take place this afternoon (Monday). He leaves behind his partner and one son.



Photo: David

ICSM lost their BUSA premiership playoff to Newcastle by 16 points to 13. The match was played in Banbury last Wednesday, and was a playoff between the winners of the Northern England and Southern England divisions. About 200 IC supporters cheered the team on, far out weighing the six Newcastle fans present.

## Quiz Soc

By Sunil Rao

The ICU Quiz Society was formed in January 1998 to provide a platform for the hosting of quiz tournaments here at Imperial as well as the selection and preparation of teams to represent Imperial College for various other inter-collegiate tournaments, particularly University Challenge on national television - Imperial were the deserving victors in 1996. If you're itching to face a barrage of questions from Paxo, here's your chance!

Within weeks of formation, the society organised QuizIC, Imperial's very own national intercollegiate quiz tournament. QuizIC, which was held in the Blackett Lab-

oratory on 28 March last year, was a success with nine teams in all participating. QuizIC '98 was won by Balliol College Oxford despite good performances by Durham, Trinity (Cantab), Oriel (Oxon) and of course Imperial!

QuizIC is back this year; hopefully bigger and better than before. The plan is to invite more colleges this year. The event will be hosted early on in the Summer term and the society is on the lookout for people willing to moderate and score the various rounds, to get in touch with potential sponsors and numerous other jobs. If you're interested in helping out in any way possible or fancy taking part at part of the Imperial College team, just email the society at quiz@ic.ac.uk or simply turn up for the meeting at 1 PM on Thursday (Feb 11th) in the Union Dining Hall.





## In brief...

### International Night

For those in the dark, this is one of the largest events held annually at IC - and definitely the best. The event starts with a mouth-watering food-fair and then goes smoothly on to a breathtaking cultural show. The no doubt overwhelmed guests will then dance away to the tunes of our DJ or swing their hips to the live Latino band (a good excuse to get close to who ever it is you want to get close to).

The organisers feel there is so much to be gained from the staging of this evening of sheer splendour that they would like to share these pleasures and merits with everyone. In short we are looking for voluntary helpers (ushers, runners etc). If you think you can help, then email [nima.pourshasb@ic.ac.uk](mailto:nima.pourshasb@ic.ac.uk) titling your e-mail "We can help you Nima".

Tickets for this prestigious event are due to go on sale soon, so keep your eyes open as they will go in the blink of an eye.

### Democrats Prosper in NUS

This year's National Union of Students Conference, which takes place in March, seems likely to see an increase in Liberal Democrat representation, with more candidates than usual standing for the NUS National Executive. Labour students are fielding fewer candidates than ever, possibly due to the apparent failure by the NUS to defeat the Labour government on issues such as student hardship and tuition fees.

The Liberal Democrat Youth and Students campaign manager, Geoff Payne, commented that "this year the Liberal Democrats will have the energy and resources to mount a serious challenge to Labour in NUS." The effect of Liberal Democrat leader Paddy Ashdown's resignation, after this Spring's local and Euro elections, remains to be seen.

### Charities Converge

Five AIDS organisations plan to amalgamate on 1 April this year in the most complex merger ever negotiated in the voluntary sector. The five organisations involved are the Terrence Higgins Trust, Bridgeside in Leeds, The HIV Network in Coventry,

Sussex AIDS Centre in Brighton and OXAIDS in Oxford.

The new organisation will go under the name of the Terrence Higgins Trust and will be able to provide services to over 70% of those living with HIV in England - an estimated 19,000 people. About 60% of all these people live in London. Nick Partridge, chief executive officer of the Terrence Higgins Trust, stated that "this decision...is a brave and mature response to the changing HIV and AIDS epidemic...The people who will benefit are those living with or directly affected by HIV."

### Mole Found

Imperial College is not the place to be, according to University ratings compiled by Red Mole, an undergraduate web site. Votes from the first term of this academic year have now been processed, and reveal some interesting trends.

When asked "knowing what you know now, would you have chosen to come to this university?", 30% of IC students replied 'no'. The survey then asked students to rate their university on various categories, including 'attractiveness of the opposite sex', 'nightlife', 'sporting facilities' and 'quality of student newspaper'. Imperial's worst categories were Accommodation and Attractiveness of the Opposite Sex, with Quality of Teaching, Com-

puting Facilities and Nightlife being its strong points. Overall Imperial is currently 23rd in the country, just behind Dundee and ahead of Oxford Brookes. Traditional Imperial rivals Oxford and Cambridge came 19th and 31st respectively. Leicester, Lancaster and Edinburgh are rated the best universities, with only around 5% of students regretting their decision to join them.

There is still some hope for Imperial, however - it is the highest rated university out of all the London colleges. The ratings will continue to be updated on the Red Mole site throughout the year - anyone wishing to register their vote can do so at [www.redmole.co.uk/student\\_mole/ratings](http://www.redmole.co.uk/student_mole/ratings).

### Grandmaster Triumphs

On Monday 25th January the Chess Club held its annual Challenge Match against Grandmaster Jonathan Mestel (who lectures in IC's Maths Department). Dr Mestel played 36 games simultaneously, losing only one game and drawing none. Even more impressive than the score was the fact that Dr Mestel was on his feet continuously for 4 hours!

The lucky winner was Enrique Wing, a postgraduate student who plays for the Chess Club's 2nd team. Congratulations to all the other brave people who took part.



Famed Eurosceptic MP Teddy Taylor visited College on Wednesday with a clear message to put across: "Labour are wasting our money". The Greater London Mayor will mean even more expenditure and combined with the Welsh assembly and Scottish parliament it will "cost a fortune."

Taylor called upon people to stop playing party politics and began to lead a crusade to save our democracy and prevent the slide into an overspending and uncontrolled bureaucracy. However, he still advocated a traditional solution "Our democracy is slowly dying...the only party which can get us out of this mess is the Conservative Party".

Words and Photo: Brett

**FRESH**  
HAIR SALON



**CUT & BLOW DRY**

**BY OUR TOP STYLISTS**

**£20 ..... LADIES**

**£17 ..... MEN**

**Normal Price £35**

ACCESS VISA MASTERCARD CASH CHEQUES

**'Still the best student offer!'**

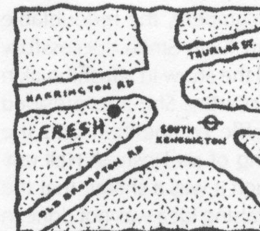
**15a Harrington Road**

**South Kensington**

**London SW7 3ES**

**(1 Minute walk from**

**South Kensington Tube)**



**Telephone 0171 823 8968**





# Summer Ball's Sponsorship Ordeal

By Andrew Ofori

The summer ball may only be a pale imitation of the pseudo-theme park envisioned by its organisers. In fact, recent Union analysis of the proposed budget has brought its very feasibility into question and despite the organising committee's boundless optimism ICU will only be assured by significant sponsorship backing.

The current budget, including an income projection for ticket sales, has the event running at a deficit of £16,600, placing a mammoth task ahead of the ball's marketing team. "Unless they get a certain amount of sponsorship the ticket price will be so high, I don't think we could justify it" was the Union's position according to Deputy President (Finance & Services) Chris Ince. Committee members thought the situation might be eased through ticket prices and have experimented with the relative weightings of student and lecturer rates. However the DP(F&S) commented, "Whichever way you play with it, you need to raise between £10000 and £20000." The Union will be required to underwrite the event on various contracts and will be looking for a far healthier state of affairs by the end of February. If the funds do not materialise severe cut-backs to entertainment are expected, with extravagances such as the selection of fairground rides likely to be the first victims.

Committee members have vehemently rejected all suggestions of the failure of this year's ball and claim the current financial laxity is inevitable, considering the scale and nature of the event. Citing the tentative but determined organisation of IC's inaugural summer

ball last year, one committee member described how, in mid-February, 4 students began with no money and no backing and produced a ball with an attendance in excess of 1000, and a 300 strong waiting list. In contrast, this year's committee enjoy the benefits of full Union backing, a structured organising team and a year's experience. Last year's event received an unprecedented £20,000 sponsorship deal from a company looking to form links with IC. With slim chances of a repeat of such good fortune, 6 team members have been assigned to attracting sponsorship. To date over 300 companies have been contacted and "every company targeted is at a consideration stage" according to the ball's Head of Marketing, Amir Hasan. He explained that the £16600 shortfall stemmed from their intention to double last year's entertainment and stated "The event will go regardless of how much money we get...it'll bigger and better than it was last year, that's guaranteed." Mr. Hasan was insistent that sponsorship would not jeopardise the ball and felt determination was the key: "We will keep looking for money until the event happens." But April brings with it the new financial year and prospective sponsors will be loathe to make such investments with a new annual budget.

The committee are looking for ideas, enquiries and members for the Summer Ball 2000 committee. Consequently there is an open meeting on February 3 in the Union Dining Hall at 12pm, lecturers and students alike are welcome. Up-to-date information on the event can be obtained by registering on the summer ball website at: [www.su.ic.ac.uk/summerball/](http://www.su.ic.ac.uk/summerball/)

# Lecturers Threaten Strike Chaos

By Sunil Rao

ing staff.

In a startling move, the Association of University Teachers threatened a "sustained campaign of industrial action" that could potentially cripple the admissions process for the academic year 99-00.

At the Winter meeting of the policy-making council of the AUT held in London on the 21st of January, it was agreed that the Association should press for a 10 per cent rise in pay, while calling on employers to "acknowledge in full the decline in pay levels of up to 36 percent since 1981 and make an irrevocable commitment to a rapid programme to close that gap permanently, and then keep it closed". It was also decided that a series of one-day strikes and boycotts, that could disrupt teaching and examinations, not to mention the clearing system for admissions, would go forward if the demands were not met.

According to the AUT's pay claim, published in December '98, educational institutions are generally in a good position to increase the pay of their staff.

Under the government's Comprehensive Spending Review, higher education will actually receive more money than the institutions were budgeting for, even without taking into account the additional income generated via tuition fees and increased funding from non-governmental sources (EU, charities, industry, overseas students etc). Moreover, over the past decade, student-to-staff ratios have gone up from 7.1:1 to 12.2:1, placing an additional burden on teach-

only likely to get worse if the massive increases planned in further and higher education (between 100,000 and half-a-million, depending on which reports you believe) actually occur - there is currently no provision for a corresponding expansion in staff numbers.

Staff from colleges in London (Imperial, QMW and Goldsmith's) also argued that, following the freezing of the London weighting for "old" universities for the past seven years, their salaries have been steadily eroded.

The grant allocation from the funding council does actually include a London weighting, but this apparently has not done much to alleviate the problem. University teachers have repeatedly been promised pay reviews that have never occurred, while many students command higher salaries within a few years of leaving university.

The Guardian reports that David Triesman, AUT General Secretary, called on ministers to bring in an independent statutory review body to handle and streamline pay submissions on behalf of academic staff. He added that members were not taking things lightly and did not wish to do anything that would seriously affect students. However, the fact does remain that any action can be triggered in two months' time by a ballot.

Chris Ince, Deputy President (Finance and Services), IC Union, expressed his hope that "the issues can be resolved by arbitration rather than having to resort to striking, which might jeopardise students' work".

## RAG Week

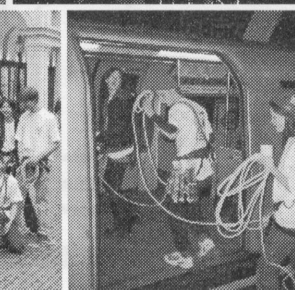
Continued From Page 1

breaking point) they captured the hearts of the onlookers.

As the compere, the redoubtable and madcap Katie Smith successfully punctuated the show in a fashion akin to Jenny McCarthy. She also presided over the raffle competition and the head shaving of six Linstead Hall randoms, though it was a shame that the latter fund raising idea was not done in public or to a more savage degree. The show ended with 'Mole' another IC band performing a number of well received standard popular hits. The evening was very successful since it

raised a shade under £900 towards deserving causes.

On Wednesday Rag hit the streets of London. Several clubs took part, including the Mountaineers, Circus Skills, Canoe Club, Gliding and Rag members. The Canoe Club brought along a canoe on wheels to aid collecting, while the mountaineers, joined together by ropes, scaled the streets of Westminster. The event was reasonably successful, raising around £800 throughout the



afternoon.

Other events for Rag week included the Hypnotist last Thursday and the Field Cup on Saturday (both of which happened after Felix went to press). Today (Monday) sees the final event, the Slave Auction in the Union Concert Hall at 12.30pm.

Clockwise from top left: SNKPJers outside the Union, The Variety Show, Mountaineers on the underground, collecting in Covent Garden

Photos: Various





## Stretch yourself this summer

Would you like to gain valuable work experience this summer with one of the largest consumer goods businesses in the world? Here's an opportunity to work for 8-10 weeks with some of the world's most famous brands like Persil, Peperami and Calvin Klein.

Unilever is looking for applicants for their 1999 Summer Programme. You can expect to work on genuine projects and get an insight into how a global giant really operates. You will even get paid for the privilege!

If you want to be considered for a place, pick up our brochure and application form from the Careers Service or telephone our helpline for further details on **0541 543 550**

**Hurry! Applications close on the 26th February 1999.**



Unilever





## Football Club Successes

Dear Felix,

Last week's "competitive" match report entitled "Silwood Stomp on IC 6ths" has prompted me to write this letter at long last. As captain of the sixths it has become apparent to me that anyone following our progress in your publication has so far read only about seven goal reversals to RSM II and Silwood Park, and may infact think that our 3-2 win at lowly Heythrop College is our only positive result of the season! Let me enlighten you all, and hopefully show you that we are not a waste of space, as many of you must think.

It is true that we suffered an ignominious start to the season. A largely inexperienced side succumbed to two heavy defeats by the big boys of Division Six, RSM and RAM. Since then our injured players have returned, some excellent new talent has been recruited, and we have grown as a team, in terms of both spirit and ability.

A creditable 3-3 draw against the then league leaders (unpublicised for some reason) started our revival, since when we have won our last three league games scoring eleven goals in the process. Our tremendous run of form culminated in a 7-1 cup triumph away to higher division opposition last weekend [for which a match report shall be/has been submitted], which sees us through to the quarter-finals.

Regarding the Silwood Park game, this was one of a number of friendlies used by myself to try out squad players, and the team that day included only three regular starters (i.e. a virtual seventh team). Even so, Silwood have some decent players and we too look forward to a possible rematch.

This brings me back to where I started, and makes me question if the football club receives the credit it deserves for its sporting achievements. I wonder how many people are aware that last season the 1st XI reached the Challenge Cup Final and the 3rd XI won their division, while the fourths reached the last eight in the national stages of BUSA, the 5ths reached a cup semi-final and the 6ths produced 4 players who now play for higher teams. It is anticipated that similar success will be achieved this season, so if the union is to use successful sports clubs to attract potential students, I believe these clubs have the right to expect what is due in return, namely more support, both financial and otherwise.

Yours sincerely,

Rob Davenport,  
Captain, ICUAFC 6th XI

## 'Lay Off The Pills!' Reply

Dear Sir,

I write in response to last week's anonymous letter, 'Lay Off the Pills!', regarding my article 'Agony or Ecstasy?' which appeared in Felix the previous week.

'Anonymous' has missed the point so dramatically that I wonder if s/he actually read the article at all. Everyone else I've had feedback from has got the point, but for Anonymous' benefit, I'll state it again. I am not saying 'never take ecstasy again'; and nor am I saying 'ecstasy will kill you'. What I am pointing out is that Es can, and do, cause long-term brain damage. Fact. Adam - who, incidentally, was real (and I didn't exaggerate his condition either) - was a walking example of what pills can do. I personally believe that a balance can be struck between enjoying yourself whilst reducing the risk; that, of course, is down to the individual.

Quite where Anonymous got the idea that I've never taken pills, or indeed that I've had a bad experience, I really don't know. If s/he'd bothered to read the first paragraph s/he'd know, unequivocally, that I have - and loved it. Clearly, Anonymous simply can't handle the facts, and is lashing out at random; the reaction is fairly typical of those drug-obsessed paranoids who like to think the whole world is out to stop them from having a good time. That Anonymous lacks the guts even to sign their name proves s/he falls into this category. Let us just hope that s/he, and those like him, grow up soon and learn to be sensible before too much brain damage is done.

Yours sincerely,

Sarah Rutt

## Mascotry Revenge?

Dear Black Hole Squad,

We are very disturbed to learn that after the theft of Sedrick Safe, "the safe is no longer safe." However we have recently learnt that Sedrick may still contain some valuable items. We would be very displeased if any harm were to come to these.

Good luck in finding Sedrick, I hope the rumour that the miners have him isn't true, they won't treat him properly and that would be just terrible. We will of course consider any ransom that is demanded, only when you can prove possession of Sedrick.

We are all praying that Sedrick is safe and well.

Hit Squad  
C&GU

## Wade In More...

Dear Felix,

I write regarding the events on the M1 during the Medics' Rag Dash; or to be more precise, regarding the ICSMSU hierarchy's reaction to them. I myself am a first year medic and I find it worrying that the president of my union took it upon himself to admonish those of my friends who were unfortunate enough to be caught up in this matter. That is not to say that I consider those students blameless; they were foolish, if not downright stupid to walk along a busy motorway, but surely even stupid students should be able to rely on the support of their union?

I should like to point out to Wade that the College does not employ him and his officers. He is not answerable to the Dean, but to us, the students, including those who he treated so appallingly, midway through an already stressful ordeal. I can see that as president, Wade couldn't go on TV and say that larking about on the M1 was a great thing to do; my concern is that he couldn't bring himself to express his support to those concerned in private. Or maybe Wade feels that as president, he has a responsibility to the 'wider community' and other sorts of crap like that which forces him to override his gut reaction, which (hopefully) would have been to reassure 'the M1 seven' that everything would be OK. Sorry, Wade; that won't wash; it's all or nothing: either you're a student and support the rest of us through whatever scrapes we get into, or you're not and you don't. If you consider yourself not to be a student, or not able to identify with - or at least offer comfort to - those of our colleagues who got into this mess, then what the hell are you doing at the head of our students' union?

Yours sincerely

Unsigned

## Good Show From The Hockey Thirds

Dear Felix,

In response to the report (1133) on the match between the IC and ICSM men's III hockey clubs, I would like to say I am glad to see that there is a strong sense of irony among a team that was well beaten on the day. Such a show of sportsmanship is commendable in any team. Thanks for the game and I look forward to our next meeting.

James Rowe  
ICSM IIIs

## Who's Afraid Of The QT?

Dear Felix,

Yet again some members of the administration staff in Sheffield have proved how high and mighty they are. When I contacted a certain member of the Estates Division about the possibility of arranging a sponsored abseil from the Queen's Tower for Rag, the response was particularly minimalistic. In fact, between all the staff in the afore mentioned division, they apparently did not have the time to reply by phone or e-mail, never mind a letter. When I delivered the letter to the person in question, I discovered that their office had moved. When I eventually found the new office I inquired as to whether this was in fact the Estates Division - one of the members of staff helpfully replied, 'It might be, who's asking?'. Is this the way we really want members of staff of OUR college to behave?

Anon

## Deadline for letters is 12noon Wednesday.

Letters may be edited for length, but will not be altered in any other way. Letters need not be signed, but a swipe card must be shown

when submitting

anonymous letters.



## The Week Ahead

### Monday

Games Meeting	12.30pm
Film Meeting	1pm
News & Photography Meeting	1.30pm

### Tuesday

News Meeting	12pm
Clubscene	12pm

### Thursday

Phoenix Meeting	12pm
-----------------	------

### Friday

News Meeting	1.20pm
Music Meeting	1.30pm





## Is IC waking up?

It seems that, for a change, ICU Rag has been a success. OK, so I don't have the final statistics concerning the amount raised (at the time of writing I don't even know how Thursday night and the Field Cup last Saturday went), but there definitely seemed to be a heightened awareness that it was Rag week around the college. The key, of course, is good publicity - in these pages, on posters and flyers around college, and by extremely loud word of mouth. Most of the credit must go to Sarah Coburn and the Rag 'team', but some should also go to you, the students - after all, you did much of the raising (and giving). If only College could have been so proactive and allowed the beer festival to go ahead...

On a similar vein, I would like to congratulate my fellow sabbs Dave, Chris and Marie, for raising awareness of the forthcoming sabbatical elections. They have been rewarded by six students standing for positions. Hopefully more will follow. Good luck to Dave Hellard in the Slave Auction, by the way - may he be bought for a president's ransom and the money used to further increase his office space. Due to popular demand, I will not be on sale, but if any mad fool does want me, I'm slouched on the Felix sofa Monday (and indeed most) lunchtimes.

## Thank You, St Valentine

Yes, that card, flower and stuffed toy merchandise extravaganza that is 14 February is rearing its romantic head again. As is traditional, Felix will print your messages of affection and disaffection in a suitably fluffy typeface. I am unsure whether to put these in next week's issue [1135] or 15 February [1136], so if you want them in next week please send/email them/etc by Wednesday early afternoon. Otherwise get them to me by Wednesday 10 February for publication the following Monday. Any and all poetry, drawings, silly names and desperate cries for sex accepted. I might even give a prize to the most witty one...

## Don't forget to Write

I am technologically inebriated. I now almost always carry around a mobile phone, minidisc player/recorder, microphone, and camera. I spend half of my day in front of a keyboard typing (as I'm currently demonstrating). I attempted to fill up a postgraduate application form the other day, and made a mistake for every ten words written. Let us not forget that a pen is not just for sucking. Someone suggested that I get a Palm Pilot to complete my mod-con kit. No way. I still use a paper notebook, and it hasn't run out of batteries yet.



# focus

**ICU needs YOU  
to tell us exactly what YOU  
think of us.**

**Comments & suggestions leaflets  
are in all outlets NOW.**

**If you want to get involved in focus groups  
please contact Mark Horne  
at [m.horne@ic.ac.uk](mailto:m.horne@ic.ac.uk)  
or contact the Union Office**

## Do You Have Asthma?

If you are prepared to participate in clinical trials to evaluate new treatments for asthma, please call:

**0171 351 8051**

(Asthma Laboratory)

Expenses incurred whilst participating in clinical trials will be reimbursed

Ethics Committee Approved

## Good with computers?

Persons with computer knowledge required to enter data and fix faults in newly installed system.

Flexible hours (5-10 / week)

Work in Regent Street

Good rates!

**0171 434 4559**

ask for Anthony Scholefield

Siv Jansson: Literature  
on Film

Changes through Time (illustrated talk).  
Central Library, Level 2 Conference Room  
Wednesday 3 February, 5.30 pm

Celestion DL8 speakers  
for sale

150 Watt, speaker stands included  
£100 ono  
Contact [comber97@ic.ac.uk](mailto:comber97@ic.ac.uk)

City & Guilds College  
Union Bar Night!

6pm Tuesday 2 February, Union Bar  
Grab an Exec member for a free pint!

## Modem For Sale

PCMCIA, 28.8kB/s, Digicom, brand new & boxed; all hardware (leads etc), sealed software and text.  
£30 ono  
Call Dan : 0171 244 8060 ([dc197@ic.ac.uk](mailto:dc197@ic.ac.uk))

Science and Maths  
Tutors Required

Science and Maths tutors required in London and the Home Counties.

Graduates only

Top rates.

Tel 0181 349 2148

(Top Tutors Agency)

Have you got any plans  
for this summer?

Sleeping, bumming around, typing up this year's notes?

Then this is not for you.

*Wanted: outgoing, motivated team members for challenging expedition to Chile.*

Interested?

Contact [benjamin.coleman@ic.ac.uk](mailto:benjamin.coleman@ic.ac.uk)

Indonesian Students  
Speak Out!

Last year a dictator of 30 years was overthrown by a mass uprising.

This week two Indonesian students active in the movement are talking at IC.

Hear their story!

Thursday 4 February  
Mech Eng Room 342

International Night  
Needs You!

International night is the largest event in the IC diary, this year it is on 12th February. We are looking for a decent DJ to perform at the after show party and a jazz or Latin American band (you will be paid!!!).

If you think you know of someone who can help, or if you think you're the man/woman then email Mo on [rjl297@ic.ac.uk](mailto:rjl297@ic.ac.uk) or contact the OSC.





## Right Angles To Reality

In the days of my youth I was told what it means to be a man. Now I've reached that age I've tried to do all those things the best I can. But it's not all been plain sailing - oh no. Good times, bad times, you know, I've had my share. Just recently my girlfriend (and it may surprise some of you to know that I have, or rather had, one), my woman left home for another man whose only outstanding feature, to my mind, was his striking brown eyes. I would have thought that being trampled underfoot would have shook me, but well I still don't seem to care. All I know is that I fell in love with a girl as sweet as could be, but that it only took a couple of days 'til she was rid of me. We seemed so right for each other - she swore that she would be all mine and love me to the end and I really believed that she was the one - but sometimes all of our thoughts are misgiven. Ooh it makes me wonder. It really makes me wonder. We used to have a whole lotta love but after a while I couldn't get through to her. We suffered a communication breakdown and it was terrible - she turned out to be a real heartbreaker. She was unfaithful to me on a regular basis, even in my own flat - she was messing around with every guy in town, dragging me down by bringing them on home. Just when I had begun to wonder "how many more times?" she dropped the bombshell: "Babe, I'm gonna leave you," but apparently only when "the summer comes a-rolling" - it was March at the time. In reality however, I knew that one of those days, and it wouldn't be long, I'd look for her and baby she'd be gone. I was right. She didn't even have the courtesy to tell me to my face - she just left me a brief note. Apparently she'd shacked up with an American. Last thing I heard they were going to California.

Well it didn't take too long before I found out what people mean by down and out. I began going out on the tiles in the evening, drinking heavily. More than once I woke up in a strange place, dazed and confused. But I can't really complain - it's nobody's fault but mine. I might have gone on like this indefinitely, but for a chance meeting that would turn my world upside down. Walking in the park just the other day, what do you think I saw? I saw people sitting on the ground with flowers in their hair and they asked me to stay for tea and have some fun. Time passed and I didn't notice, but it had got very dark and I was really out of my mind. I must have been, because otherwise I would never have had the courage to speak to this gorgeous blonde who was one of the group. Her name was Truda Mountain and she said she was from Norway: "From the land of the ice and snow, from the midnight sun where the hot springs blow," to use her own words. Straight off the bat she told me that she was unmarried but that she was

open to offers. For my part I was besotted, although I think some of what I was saying was lost on her - I was excited and nervous, and in such circumstances I have a tendency to ramble on. It got later and later, and eventually with the leaves falling all around it was time I was on my way. I thanked them and told them that I was much obliged for such a pleasant stay, but that now it was time for me to go. I took my leave of Truda with regret, but not before we had arranged a date. I suggested going to the cinema or the theatre: "Let me take you to the movies; can I take you to a show?" I said. But she smiled and said that a quiet drink would be better. I got the tube back to my place still walking on air - clearly this was a time for rejoicing, a celebration day in fact. Unfortunately the mood was somewhat spoiled by my being stopped by a plain-clothes ticket inspector who fined me £10 for having a Travelcard for only Zones 2-6 excluding Zone 1. I protested, saying that I didn't realise that it was quite so vital to have a Zone 1 ticket when travelling to Putney, but the he fined me anyway, saying that it would teach me a lesson and that "the time will come when you will learn that One is all, and all is One." Nasty man.

I had agreed to meet Truda the very next day in a bar near to her flat. It turned out that she lived a small apartment at the end of the southbound Northern Line with only a black dog for company. Thus, it was in the darkest depths of Morden that I met a girl so fair. I reached the appointed spot - a sorry-looking bar-cum-hotel called The Royal Orleans - with time to spare. Strangely, the entrance was locked and the only possible point of entry was a fire exit marked "Egress Only". But with little choice in the matter I threw caution to the wind and went in through the out door to find myself in a tatty but ornate entrance hall, decorated in the Indian fashion. It looked like a run-down version of one of those houses of the holy men that you occasionally see in travel documentaries - a place that had seen a good deal of wearing and tearing but that still had a certain presence. Eschewing the delights of the lobby I went in to the bar which was brighter and cleaner. On one wall someone had painted a scene of the ocean. Truda had not yet arrived and so I took my place at a corner table and asked to see the menu. I ordered tea for one and a custard pie, all the time looking around me and, on account of the giant mural, feeling strangely like I was

**Matt Salter**

down by the seaside. While I waited I decided to try the 1950s-style juke box that stood in another corner of the room. Unfortunately, it was broken and only played one record so that no matter how many buttons you pressed, the song remains the same. Still, the one functioning track was an Elvis number and as it'd been a long time since I'd rock and rolled I sat back to enjoy what the King had to offer.

Eventually Truda arrived, looking lovelier than ever, but walking, I noticed for the first time, with a pronounced limp. It was clear that she had difficulty supporting any weight on her left leg. When she had sat down, I asked about her ailment. She smiled, saying that it was an old injury she had suffered during a climbing accident in the fjords of her homeland and whilst her dancing days were clearly over she was much better now. At the time, she had been so badly injured that she could only get about with the aid of four sticks. But I was so bewitched by this living loving maid that even her idiosyncratic gait - I called it the Miss T. Mountain hop - only added to her allure, and the more we talked, the more I was smitten. So you can imagine my dismay then when she coolly announced that she was soon leaving London for good for more exotic climes. "Jamaica?" I asked. She shook her head. She was part of a UNHCR team working on flood relief on the upper reaches of the Indus. Apparently things there were OK at the moment but when the levee breaks, it was going to get dicey - hence the need for her rapid departure. She was taking a night flight with a little-known Welsh charter company called Bron-Yr-Air, the following Friday. She had chosen that particular airline, she said, because of the flexibility of the ticket which

allowed you to alter your preferred route and time of departure right up until the last minute. "Yes", she said, fixing me with her piercing gaze "there are two paths you can go by but in the long run, there's still time to change the road you're on". But I wasn't listening. Faced with prospect of never seeing Truda again I was seized with a sudden desire to accompany her to Kashmir. "Let me come with you," I begged, "I'm gonna crawl if necessary." To my great joy she agreed.

I got a job at an all-night store and was soon working from seven to eleven every night. It really made my life a drag, which I didn't think was right, but finally I had enough for the air fare. But fate intervened. On the appointed day, as I was packing my bags, the phone rang. It was Truda, at the airport. There had been a change of plan, she said, which meant that she would have to go to Pakistan alone. "I'm sorry," she sobbed. "Thank you, for everything." I was devastated and through a veil of tears I poured out my heart to her, begging her to stay, promising her all my love. I was becoming somewhat incoherent at this point and I had to apologise to her for not making much sense, saying that "since I've been loving you I'm about to lose my mind." But it was too late - the pips had gone and so had she. Happiness had been within my grasp, but yet it had never been truly mine - it was a case of what is and what should never be.

I was inconsolable for days but I'll bounce back. Every morning I look in the mirror and tell myself "your time is gonna come." That's one thing that the episode with Truda taught me: in this world, you've got to be strong and stand your ground. You've got to learn to be a rock and not to roll.



### ICU Cricket Club Trip to France

Open to all

### Booze Crooze

to Calais Hypermarkets then spend  
the afternoon in Boulogne.

**Ticket  
Price:  
£18**

**Saturday 6th Feb  
Leave: 8 am Beit Quad**

Tickets available from:  
The Union Office, or  
n.williams@ic.ac.uk







Here's the news: supermarkets are not cheap. When it comes to fresh produce, you can cut as much as two thirds off the bill by taking a trip to the local market. I'm lucky enough to live a stone's throw from North End Road market in Fulham, and my weekly visit rarely costs more than a tenner. Moreover, there is always loads there for me, and friends frequently pop by.

Shopping at a market is undoubtedly less convenient. Opening hours are restricted, and you will have to queue at a number of places to get everything. The range is also worse than supermarkets. It is impossible to be sure that the more unusual ingredients will be available, and you do have to be on the lookout for the really low quality stuff that is sometimes about.

Having said that, for me the advantages of market shopping far outweigh the disadvantages. These recipes can only be made for sensible money if you buy the ingredients at market prices. Both involve taking huge quantities of food, and reducing to portions which are absolutely brimming with flavour.

### Roasted tomato and red pepper soup

Serves six. This is a variation of the recipe featured in the New Covent Garden Soup Co. book. It feels like real cooking, because serious quantities of ingredients are used, and every last bit of flavour is captured. Don't be put off the the quantity of garlic used. It loses much of its intensity in roasting, gaining a really rounded flavour.

3 large red peppers  
10 medium tomatoes  
1 head of garlic  
1 medium onion, chopped  
1.5 pints of vegetable stock  
1 tablespoon of flour

olive oil  
salt & pepper

Pre-heat the oven to about 190C, gas mark 5. Wash the tomatoes and peppers.

Halve and arrange in a large roasting tin, deseeding the red peppers. Break up the head of garlic, and scatter the cloves (skin intact) about the tin. Finally, glug as much olive oil as you dare (I'd go for at least 3 tablespoons) over the top, then put the tin in the

# Cooks Corner

Chris Jackson

oven for an hour.

Take the tin out of the oven, and rest it over the hobs. Remove the tomatoes, peppers and garlic to a plate. You are left with a wonderful flavoured oil. Turn on a hob under one corner of the tin, then gently sauté the onion in the oil. You should find that the garlic has softened significantly. Squeeze the cloves out of their skins. In a cool corner of the tin, mash them with a little salt to make a smooth paste. When the onion is softened, mix with the garlic then push the mixture round the tin, scraping off any tomato or pepper that has stuck.

Transfer the mixture to a clean pan, and heat. Add the flour and cook for one minute, then carefully mix in the stock. Add the tomatoes and peppers to the pan, then bring to the boil. Simmer for about 20 minutes, then blend until smooth.

Season to taste and serve, preferably with loads of warm bread.

### Pork Braise

Serves one. This simple recipe is great when you're cooking for loads of people, but still want to make something with plenty of flavour. I've given the quantities per person, because this is eminently scalable. The only limit is the size of the pan!

10 oz pork chop  
half a red pepper, seeded and chopped  
a couple of mushrooms, chopped  
about 50g swede  
a quarter onion  
a quarter pint of meat stock  
a teaspoon of cinnamon  
oil, preferably not olive  
salt and pepper

Cut the pork into cubes, discarding bone but retaining any rind. Heat the oil in your pan until it is really hot (but not smoking), then add the pork, and fry for about a minute. The idea here is to brown the meat, avoiding an anaemic look and sealing the flavour inside. This simply will not work if the pan is too full. If there isn't enough room for all the meat to touch the bottom with space to turn, then fry in batches. When the pork is done, simply add all the other ingredients and stir. Add any rind too - this gives the braise added body.

Simmer for an hour, then season and serve with rice or a baked potato.

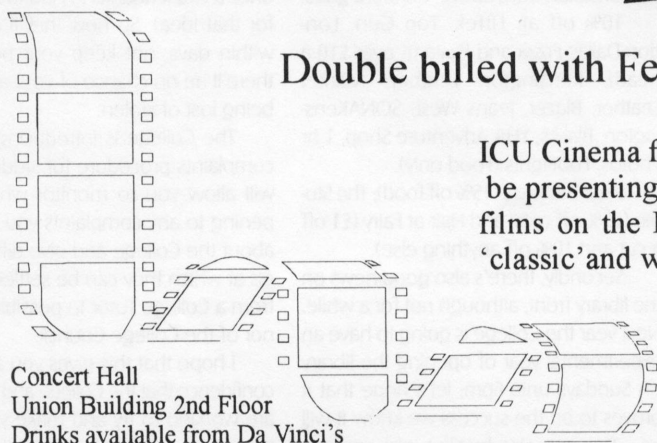
**Next week:** Death to diets, and perfect mushrooms.

ICU CINEMA PRESENTS:

# Alien

Double billed with Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas

ICU Cinema for the start of the term (and possibly longer!) will be presenting 'Modern Classics'. Your first chance to see these films on the BIG screen. For a double bounus, come to our 'classic' and we'll let you in to the second Monday film for £1!



For Programme info. see our web pages:  
<http://www.su.ic.ac.uk/cinema>





# Television Renaissance

## New & Improved

We started running our new weekly schedule at the start of this term, and in the last few weeks things have really started to take shape:

### IC You (Tuesday 13.15)

Rachel Green talks with members of various ICU clubs and societies, about what they do and why people should join. It's a great way to find out what's happening around College. If you run a club or society, we have invited you to appear on a show this term. For more information, email us.

### stoic live (Thursday 13.15)

The weekly magazine show, stoic live, is fast becoming compulsory viewing. Last week's programme was jam-packed Rag Week action, including shots from the Rag run. There are regular items reviewing music and the day's newspapers, and coverage of anything interesting that crops up.

### Something for the weekend (Friday 13.15)

Gareth and Joey host stoic's whistle-stop guide to the weekend. We take you through the capital's premier entertain-

ment options, and ICU's Mark Horne tells us what's going on at the Union.

### Rag Special (Lunchtime today)

We'll be covering the C&G slave auction at lunchtime today.

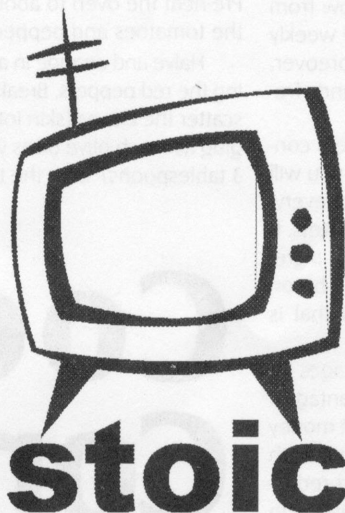
## Where?

You can always watch our programmes in the JCR, but we're looking to expand the number of places you can watch us significantly. You'll be able to see our programmes in more places within the Union building soon, and possibly in some departmental common rooms.

The most exciting future project is Internet broadcasting. Plans are well advanced to launch a service based on Real Video, which we hope will eventually provide a much better way to watch our programmes.

## Facilities

We've just finished putting together our lovely new mixing and editing facility. Over the last few years, Union funding has enabled us to buy pretty much all the kit that's needed to knock up top



further expenditure is planned over the next year to improve audio facilities even more.

## People like you?

Like any society, stoic is only as good as its members. It takes a lot of work to put together a TV programme, and we're always looking for people who'd like to get involved. There is an incredible buzz about putting together programmes, especially when we're broadcasting live.

If you fancy trying your hand at camera work, producing a programme, or as a presenter we'd love to hear from you. Alternatively, there are always jobs for people who'd like to do something technical. In particular, we need people who'd like to work on some really interesting software projects.

We're always responsive to people's views on what stoic should be doing. If you've got an idea, drop us a line or find us on the top floor of the union.

Email: [stoic@ic.ac.uk](mailto:stoic@ic.ac.uk)

Tel: (0171 59) 48104

# Bust-A-Gut

Oliver and Greg

Friday 22 January saw in the first Bust-A-Gut comedy night of the new year. As usual dB's was filled to capacity, teeming with potentially drunken students looking forward to another series of acts from the Carlsberg Ice Comedy Network.

Ents manager Mark Horne introduced the night, accompanied by his usual bombardment of 'original' heckles such as "Nice nose!" and "Nice shirt!"; he then went on to present Dan Evans as the compere for the evening. As with any good compere, he began with some audience participation. Although a standard tactic it went down very well, aided by his original usage of the microphone stand as a 'clapo-inducer'.

When Dan Antopolski mounted the stage, the audience was in a very good, light-hearted frame of mind. He had the elements needed to make a very good comedian but unfortunately he had only just appeared on television two weeks before with the same routine. Not only had most of the audience heard his jokes previ-

ously; they even had the courtesy to finish some of them for him. This culminated at the end of his act with a student heckle that left the comedian admitting defeat.

After the interval, Dan Evans came back, larger than life, to introduce a very short set from an up and coming comedian Phil Nicol (not the Phil Nichol who headlined in November). Although he did have quite a few good jokes, he did not have the time to win over the audience completely - one to look out for in the future.

Next up was the headline act of the night, Simon Evans. He certainly did not disappoint anyone. We were treated to a superb display of intelligent and sarcastic deadpan humour that left the audience at his mercy. His act was excellently composed and unusually involved virtually no swearing. Observational comedy at its best!

A truly enjoyable evening was had by all, and we look forward to Neil Anthony and Tony Burgess appearing at the next comedy night, on 5 February.

# Presidential Talk-Back

After all of my moaning over the last few articles, it's time to report back on movements in the College and the Union.

First of all, here's a list of discounts that we can get in High Street Kensington (note only HSK) with

an ICU card. There are still tens of companies I have to phone in order to get authorisation from above, but here goes:

10% off at: HiTek, Top Gun, London: Dallas Pizza and Pasta (if over £10 a head), Kensington Leather, Market Leather, Blazer, Jeans West, SONAKensington, Blacks, YHA Adventure Shop, 1 hr Photos, Footlights (Food only).

Plus: Tumblers (15% off food); The Studio (25% off cuts) and Hair at Fairy (£1 off a cut and 10% off anything else).

Secondly, there's also good news on the library front, although not for a while. Next year the College is going to have an experimental year of opening the library on Sundays until 6pm; let's hope that it proves to be the success we know it will be. They are also looking into opening later than 9pm on weekdays. The Health Centre is probably going to open later; as

David Hellard, ICU President



for lunchtime openings, we're still pushing.

Next up, as the Union has received so many letters of complaint about the London Transport scheme (please keep them coming), that if you hand them into

the Union reception, we will check them and then send them by recorded delivery once a week (thanks to Andrew Southern for that idea). So now they'll reject you within days, not keep your pound and there'll be no chance of your application being lost of stolen.

The College is introducing a formal complaints procedure for students. This will allow you to monitor what is happening to any complaints you may have about the College and give different levels at which they can be settled, ranging from a College Tutor to possibly a Governor of the College Council.

I hope that this gives you a bit more confidence that the College and the Union are working to try and make your life at Imperial that little bit easier. If you have any other problems email as ever [president@ic.ac.uk](mailto:president@ic.ac.uk).





# Student Managers WANTED!

- £8000 per annum
- FREE room in college halls
- Instant FAME
- Influence the future of the Union

**Students wanted now to work 1st July 1999 to July 31st 2000**  
**5 POSITIONS AVAILABLE!!**

ref **PRESIDENT**: President, Imperial College Union

The ideal candidate will be of strong character and good public standing. The ability to speak coherently while drunk is an advantage. The job involves dealing with the powers that be in College, representing the Union outside the College, and being ultimately responsible for the actions of the Union.

ref **DP(F&S)** : Deputy President (Finance and Services)

Not necessarily mathematically gifted, the person we are looking for to fill this position will need to be organised and authoritative. Responsible for the Union finances and the allocation of money to clubs, the ideal candidate will be the sort of person who knows how to say "no" to people. An ideal starting position for anyone considering a career in the city or in finance.

ref **DP(C&S)** : Deputy President (Clubs and Societies)

A sociable, person-friendly, generally (but not necessarily) sporting student is required to keep an eye on the Union's 200+ clubs and societies. The candidate we are looking for will be adaptable and able to appreciate the interests of all the clubs and societies.

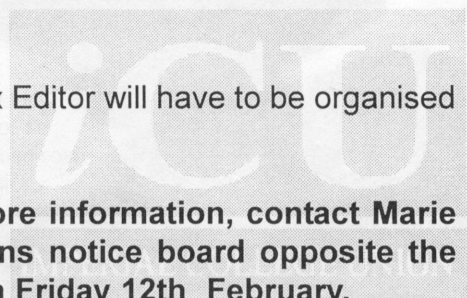
ref **DP(E&W)** : Deputy President (Education and Welfare)

Not as fluffy as it may sound, this position is important to the average student. Education is what we are here for and the candidate for this position will have the interests of the student body at heart. The ability to organise effective welfare campaigns to raise student awareness on a variety of issues is required. As this is the first year this position is in existence, the job will involve defining the role further,

ref **EDITOR** : Felix Editor

You only need to read this issue to realise that the Felix Editor will have to be organised and genuinely interested in journalism!

**To apply for any of the above positions, or for more information, contact Marie Nicholaou in the Union or sign up on the elections notice board opposite the Union offices. The deadline for applications is 5pm Friday 12th February.**







# Confessions of a CYBERVIRGIN

*One woman's quest for alternative fulfilment* by Michelle Martin



It was only last year that I lost my innocence. Before that day, I'd only heard about it via whispered conversations that I strained to hear, catching only a few disjointed words before being deafened by the explosive giggles that ensued. From what I had gathered, it was a phenomenon that went on behind closed doors, in 'private rooms' in the US, but it was spreading fast...

I was first corrupted by Rikki Lake. It was around the time of day when most students decide to sample the wide range of daytime talk shows available on television (strictly for educational purposes, obviously). As I flicked through the channels, I caught that familiar, comforting mantra "Go Rikki! Go Rikki!" and settled down with my cuppa for half an hour of dysfunctional family life. But today there were no alcoholic mothers, no teenage fathers and no girl gang members. Today, Rikki finally exposed the secret that had captivated me for so long - the world of cybersex. My days of innocence were over.

The show featured guests who had scanned the internet looking for love, romance or just a quick thrill. Each one had found the cybermate of their dreams and stolen away into a private room in order to consummate their link. This had led to steamy romances - stolen moments in the office and sleepless nights filled with passion. Each partner had laid bare their most secret of fantasies, safe in the knowledge that there would be no chance of their partner nipping out to Tesco's whilst they

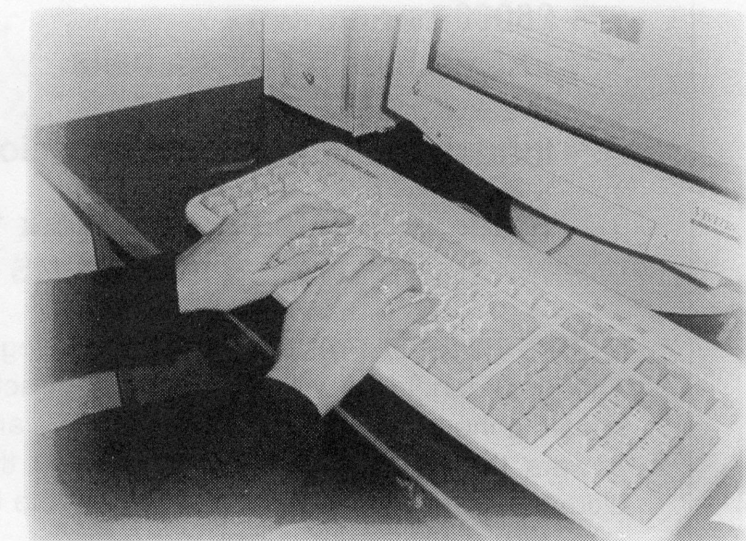
were handcuffed to the bed. Gone were the days of eyeing up the talent in the local bar, only to be left with your pick of the slobbering drunks still standing at closing time. When you logged on you could be sure of a love match. My eyes were opened. I knew that it would only be a matter of time before I succumbed to the joys of cybersex.

"you could even  
get plug-in  
attachments"

Although curious, I was also nervous. Would I do it right? Would my inexperience show? And what would my lover do afterwards? Would he steal my cybercherry and then log off, leaving me alone and confused? First I asked my friends for advice. Most of them were also cybervirgins, but some told me stories involving a 'friend of a friend' who had tried it. According to one of my more open-minded friends, you could even get plug-in attachments that could be remotely activated via your partner's keyboard. I decided to give this a miss as it may cause an unnecessary disturbance in the computer room. After weeks of deliberation, I was finally ready to experience my First Time.

What I hadn't realised was that, for the first timer, cybersex is surprisingly difficult to find. According to Rikki everyone was at it, so where were they all hiding? After 2 hours of searching I felt about as sexy as a used toilet brush. All I'd found was a rather unsavoury site entitled "hardcore grannies" (mine is currently turning in her grave) and an on-line dating service. The latter wouldn't have been so bad if the only member in London hadn't looked as if his face had somehow collided with a speeding tube train. And that was in soft focus.

I was just about to give up, when I stumbled



on the Naked Truth chat room. Could this be it? Had I found a cybersex playground? I entered my pseudonym - Lovebunny. Keen but not too sleazy, that'd do. After exchanging small talk with the group, I professed my innocence, and asked for some direction, "How can I enter a private room?" "Click on the View Personal Messages icon at the top of the screen to access the room. Then type their name, followed by a colon in order to send a private message," came a helpful reply.

As soon as my finger touched the mouse a barrage of messages filled the frame, some merely suggestive and some downright disgusting. Scrolling downwards, I considered them one by one...BlackStud wanted my phone number for rather more than small talk - no way. HotRod4u's spelling was appalling (as a friend using the computer next to me commented "he probably can't type very well using only his left hand"). This distasteful image served to cross him off the list immediately. Along with him went anyone who mentioned their 'big stick' within the first couple of sentences. Only a spotty young teenager would exhibit such a lack of foreplay. Finally I was left with Michael. Confessing to him that this was my first time, he promised to be gentle with me. As for what fol-

lowed.... well a lady has her secrets you know.

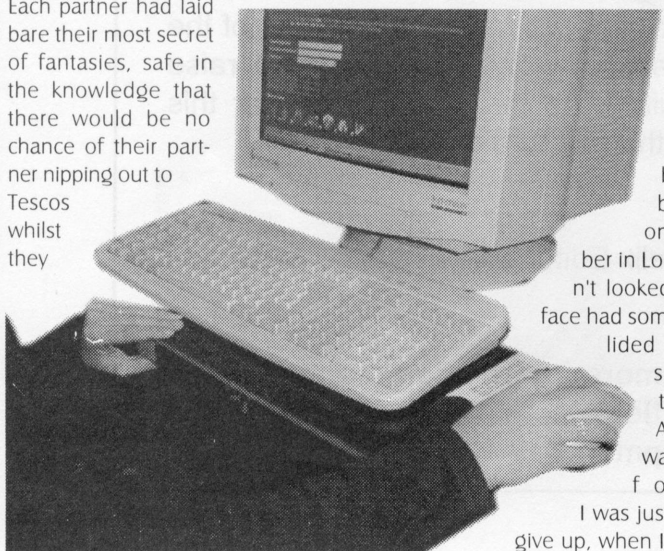
After it finished, he kindly offered me a cigarette. As we puffed away we chatted about our lives. Michael was a tall, dark-haired golf professional. And this was only the second time that he'd had cybersex. Somehow I wasn't sure where reality began and fantasy ended. It was when he asked me if I ever visited the States that the term 'desperate

"I was finally  
ready to  
experience my  
First Time."

sad social misfit' came to mind. Bidding him goodbye, he replied that he hoped we would meet again and that next time I didn't have to have cybersex with him if I didn't feel like it, we could just talk. Somehow I got

the impression that if I did talk to him again then he may ask me to marry him.

After my new experience I felt a little disappointed. After all Rikki's promises I was left wondering what all the fuss was about. When it comes to sex, in reality men may fumble with your bra strap and fart in bed, but at least you know one thing - what you see is what you get. In the world of cyberspace fantasy, there may be no flaccid moments or all too brief encounters, but you may well be writhing in ecstasy with an overweight bricklayer. So did this experience finally put an end to my obsession with cybersex? Virtually.





# CENTENARY LECTURE SERIES: MAKING PIGS FLY

Great Engineering Achievements of the Last 100 Years

## ENGINEERING IN NATURE

(and those who cracked it!)

**PROFESSOR IGOR ALEKSANDER**

Pro Rector - External Affairs

Author, Renowned Intellectual and Funny, too.

Mechanical Engineering Lecture Theatre 220, 5-6pm Tuesday 2nd February 1999



City & Guilds College Union Centenary  
1898 - 1998



# INTERNATIONAL NIGHT '99

**THE MOST SUCCESSFUL EVENT AT IMPERIAL**  
**A SPECTACULAR NIGHT OF FOOD , SONG & DANCE**  
**FRIDAY 12th FEBRUARY 1999**



**iCU**  
IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

**Tickets available from ICU Office & JCR**  
**£12 - Full ticket (Food Fair, Cultural Show & Disco)**  
**£7 - Food Fair and After-show Disco**



## Reviews

# Hilary and Jackie ★★★★★

**Starring :** Emily Watson, Rachel Griffiths, James Frain, David Morrissey, Charles Dance, Celia Imrie  
**Director :** Anand Tucker

There are certain genres for which British cinema is renowned: costume drama; bittersweet comedy; hard-hitting drama; even romantic comedy. Yet despite being acclaimed as one of the finest British movies of the decade, *Hilary and Jackie* contains none of these elements. Or all of them - let me explain.

In its simplest sense, it's a biopic of legendary cellist Jacqueline Du Pré (Watson), who rose to fame in sixties London, becoming the most famous classical musician of her day. But far more importantly, it's the story of her relationship with her sister Hilary (Griffiths), and how, despite almost identical childhoods, their lives take almost diametrically opposed courses. Both are musically gifted, but it is the highly competitive nature of their relationship which spurs Jackie on to greatness whilst Hilary leads a 'normal' life.

At the same time, however, it's funny - as both Hilary and Jackie battle with their parents to explore sixties liberation - and heartwrenching - as Jackie begins to slide towards her tragic end. And there are romantic subplots too,

revolving around the sisters marriage and Jackie's obsession with sex.

Despite the quality of the story, however, it's the construction of the movie that really deserves the highest praise. Director Tucker's only previous directing credit came with *Saint-Ex*, an arthouse

biopic hardly ever seen in this country. This time around, he has ditched the strange camera effects, documentary feel and surreal style, instead favouring a more audience friendly (although still non-linear) approach. Having followed the sisters through their communal child-



*Jacqueline Du Pré: Have cello, will travel..*

hood, the story then splits in two, first following Hilary's life, and then Jackie's. Fair enough, it's hardly an original idea, but here it's brilliantly played out, as the two sisters lives drift apart and then suddenly become one once again, with their relationship ebbing and flowing like the sea. It has to be a sign of quality when you see a scene repeated within twenty minutes, yet are happy for that repetition.

Put together with some terrific acting from the cast of unknowns (plus a surprisingly up-beat performance from Charles Dance), this makes for a brilliant movie. And then the music begins. Jacqueline Du Pré's trademark piece, Elgar's Piano Concerto, is used to perfection, sparingly reserved for two or three key moments when its swelling roll will send a chill down your spine. Powerful, emotional and heartfelt, *Hilary and Jackie* is without a doubt the best British movie of at least the last twelve months - give praise once more to those wonderful people at Channel Four Films - and deserves every ounce of praise that it receives. The Oscars are there for the winning.... **F**

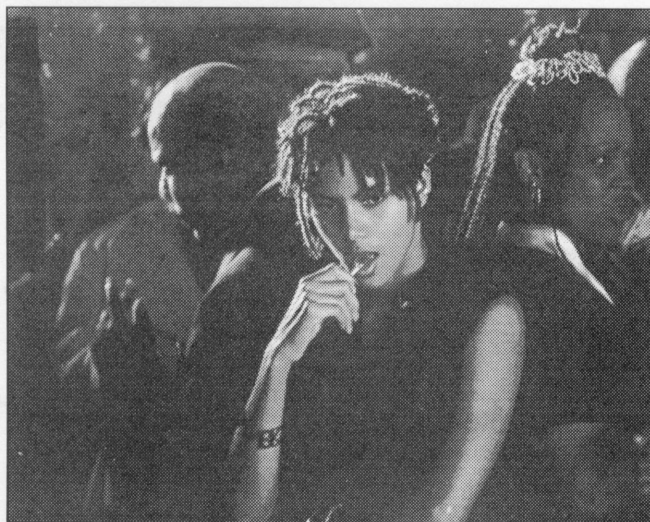
Dave

# Bulworth ★★

**Starring :** Sean Astin, Warren Beatty, Halle Berry, Oliver Platt, Don Cheadle, Graham Beckel, Paul Sorvino  
**Director :** Warren Beatty

Thanks to the American political rollercoaster that is the Clinton administration, we seem to be inundated with 'clever' political thrillers at the moment. *Primary Colours* was a thinly veiled commentary on America's growing distrust of its politicians, whilst *Wag The Dog* opted to reality in favour of satire. So, is *Bulworth* from the same stable?

The simple answer is no. The pitch behind the movie rests almost entirely on that terrifying phrase 'Warren Beatty rapping'. It's a truly terrifying concept that he barely manages to pull off - but not without some worrying suggestions that a large part of the American electorate can only understand him if he raps his campaign. Considering Beatty is a pillar of the US liberal movement, it's a very worrying attitude. Moreover, *Bulworth* isn't rooted in fascination with Clintons. It's a satire about the ethos of US politics; the overriding them-and-us dynamic which separates the politicians from the poorer half of their electorate. Beatty



*Warren Beatty and Halle Berry. Surely there's something wrong there?*

seems to honestly believe that if one middle-class politico actually experienced real life in the slums then all America's problems would be solved. How sweet. Senator Bulworth (Beatty) is running

for re-election and facing a nervous breakdown. He suddenly decides that his life is worthless, and puts a contract out on his own life. With nothing left to live for, he finally decides to start telling the

truth. He tells a black audience that no-one will ever make their lives better because they don't give money to campaign funds; he goes to all night parties and openly takes drugs; and, above all, he raps.

Thanks to some good support from the likes of Halle Berry, as the inquisitive love-interest, and Oliver Platt, as Beatty's long-suffering aide, it almost works. But only almost. Ultimately, *Bulworth* can't decide what kind of movie it wants to be - Beatty clearly wants to make a point, yet the inclusion of comedy hit-men only serve to weaken the message. Moreover, it's a message that applies to a fantasy world where South Central LA would be prepared to accept a US Senator in their midst. If nothing else, it's impossible to take any image or message away from the film apart from the enduring picture of Warren Beatty wearing baggy trousers and a beanie hat and rapping a political address. A surreal experience. **F**

James



## Reviews &amp; Competition

## Stepmom ★★

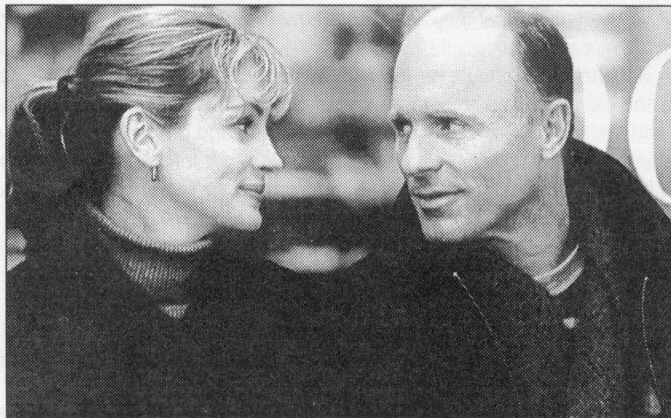
Starring : Chris Columbus

Director : Julia Roberts, Susan Sarandon, Ed Harris

Yuck. I don't have a problem with sentimental movies. I don't have a problem with crying in the cinema (I frequently do) but what I do have a problem with is any movie that tries at every turn to make you ball your eyes out and call for more Kleenex. *Stepmom* is such a movie.

Problem number one is definitely the choice of director. Chris Columbus has come to fame via *Home Alone*, *Mrs Doubtfire* and *Nine Months*. This is not the guy you want to put at the helm of a depressing weepie with hardly a laugh in sight. Thus, we're left with an irritating muddle of a movie, plus some really, really annoying kids.

On the other hand, the biggest plus comes in the form of the cast. Roberts and Sarandon are in typically good form (and are both hotly tipped for Oscar nomination), both producing their best work for some time. Roberts does well to win sympathy in the role of 'the other woman' in Ed Harris' life, who struggles to look after his kids. Meanwhile Sarandon finds the entire audience rooting for her as she gives up her children, despite regarding Roberts' efforts as appallingly



Old bald bloke gets Julia Roberts. Clearly a believable plot there then....

insufficient.

It's an incredibly cheesy tale, as their combined maternal instincts force the two women to get on, despite the fact that they hate each other and have diametrically opposed outlooks on life. This conflict is deepened when Sarandon suddenly discovers that she has cancer, and (of course) has to give up the children so that they can get used to their new mother....Somewhere in this pitiful

tale is Harris, in unfamiliar territory and completely out of his depth.

*Stepmom* serves only one useful purpose - to showcase the talents of its two stars. Sadly, just because it contains two good performances, that doesn't mean it's worth seeing. It's not - so don't. Unless you're going to the cinema with your mum - in which case take five boxes of tissues. **F**

Dave

# Win cinema tickets with the

# ODEON

## KENSINGTON

This week those lovely people at the Odeon Kensington give you the chance to win tickets to costume comedy smash *Shakespeare in Love*.

Gwyneth Paltrow has already won a Golden Globe for her acclaimed performance (once again demonstrating her surprisingly believable English accent), and is a hotly tipped favourite for the Oscars. She plays Viola, Will Shakespeare's very own Juliet, who drags the struggling playwright out of his spiraling depression and inspires him to write some of his most famous work.

Alongside Paltrow, Joseph Fiennes is in his element as the foppish bard, and an amazing support cast - including Judi Dench, Geoffrey Rush, Ben Affleck,



Tom Wilkinson, Imelda Staunton, Martin Clunes and Simon Callow - produce a brilliant ensemble performance.

We have five pairs of tickets to give away, plus a copy of the CD soundtrack, *Shakespeare in Love* writing paper and a special tie-in copy of Shakespeare's sonnets. For a chance to win, simply answer the following question:

**Writer Tom Stoppard wrote which other celebrated Shakespeare spin-off?**

If you know, then email your answers to [film.felix@ic.ac.uk](mailto:film.felix@ic.ac.uk) before Wednesday evening. The first five names out of the virtual hat will be winging their way to the sixteenth century for absolutely no charge.

## VIDEO RENTAL RELEASES UPDATE

### Six Days, Seven Nights

Harrison Ford, on a desert island, being brave and getting the girl - surely a winning combination? Sadly, no is the answer. It's an obvious, entirely predictable movie, that relies on a plot that could have been lifted out of a boy's own adventure.

The plane in which Ford is flying Anne Heche (famed for her relationship with Ellen DeGeneres more than her movie career) across the South Seas is hit by lightning, they crash land, they argue, they fight pirates, they escape, they fall in love. Yawn. Ford seems to be attempting to recreate Han Solo - but moved to the South Pacific twenty years on it just doesn't work.

### Replacement Killers

At last, with the success of Jackie Chan in *Rush Hour* and Jet Li in *Lethal Weapon Four*, the stars of Hong Kong cinema seem to have made their mark on Hollywood. Sadly, however, *The Replacement Killers* hasn't had the same kind of effect on the career of Chow Yun-Fat. That's hardly an injustice, though, as this movie isn't anywhere near the usually high standards of the diminutive star. The gunplay is good and there are some brilliantly over-the-top action sequences, but the choreography isn't up to scratch, leaving the movie without the crucial 'wow' factor.

### Lost in Space

*Lost in Space* is worth renting for two reasons. Firstly, the fight with the space spiders on board the mystery space-station is breathtakingly good, splattering state-of-the-art effects liberally across the screen. Secondly, Matt Le Blanc's performance is hilarious - it's basically Joey in space. On the other hand, *Lost in Space* isn't worth renting twice for one (simple) reason - the plot. It doesn't make any sense. At all. It only serves to link the effects shots (750 in all) together - and it even does that badly. Basically, it's a kiddies movie through and through. One to rent on a rainy Sunday afternoon. **F**

Dave





## Albums

## SNOWPONY

The Slow Motion World of Snowpony ★★★½



Pet Shop Boy and Girls

On first listen, I thought Snowpony were just another generic indie band, with their spritely guitars and melancholic female vocals. But after a few late nights listening to the album, sitting in semi-darkness and feeling in a pensive mood, they started to grow on me. They use a subtle blend of harmonies that caress your musical g-spot with a gently probing finger, arousing melodic nuances and absorbing rhythms in your temporal.

Two years in the making, *The Slow Motion World...* shows quite a resemblance to The Breeders and My Bloody Valentine, with whom bassist Debbie Googe once played. The songs still sound fresh though, mainly thanks to their use of aptly placed samples which lend a larger perspective to the tunes. This is due to the influence of ex-Stereolab keyboardist, Katharine Gifford, who has certainly had a lot of experience in the old sampling game.

The album as a whole has a good range of styles - no two songs sound similar - with a great mix of different guitar textures, from the raw stutter of the

opening track *Easy Way Down* to the funky Rolling Stones-esque riff on *John Brown*, their most recent single. The general tone of the album is reflective with tinges of jealousy, neuroticism and insecurity. This can make the lyrics very endearing and often makes a fairly dull song into an interesting one such as the track *Love Letters* which focuses on a broken relationship.

Don't think that it's all doom and gloom, though. The shuffling groove of the percussion stops it all getting too downbeat, and there's always a big, deep bass-line round the corner to keep you interested.

I don't think there's enough here to put *The Slow-Motion World...* into the 'outstanding' category but Snowpony have style and elegance, as well as eloquence. It's definitely worth making an effort to have a listen and I know I won't get bored of this album for a long time.

M

Tom

## THE MUTTON BIRDS

Rain, Steam and Speed ★★



The 'Birds looking a tad sheepish.

**R**ain, Steam and Speed is the fourth album from New Zealand's The Mutton Birds and to be frank it's a dull affair. It is certainly not as offensively dull as, say, Robbie Williams, M-People or The Lighthouse Family - it's just plain dull. The muso-friendly amongst us will rejoice in its AOR/MOR glow; American College radio will revel in its ordinariness. Those of us who consider Capital, Heart and Virgin to be the doyen of pop music broadcasting will adore the impassivity; and this seems to include almost everyone who works in the same lab as myself.

You and I know different, though. We know what's got it and what hasn't. It's something that can't be quantified and qualification is almost as hard. It isn't taught or learnt, it's intuitive. The problem is that there don't seem to be many of us that possess this ability to discriminate between what's got it and what hasn't. For every Elvis there are a dozen Cliff Richards; for every inspirational chart hit there are a dozen that are limp, pallid and downright offensively poor. I'm not saying this album is one of the latter, it's just dull, as I may have men-

tioned already; it's the Emmerdale of music; it's akin to an afternoon spent in the company of William Hague. One song, *The Falls*, manages to escape the mire, being almost sentient. The others come and go like Italian Governments. Keeping a track of which song is playing is nigh on impossible - the only reminder of their presence is the constant tedium.

If your goals are average and your yearnings swathed in the ordinary then this is the album for you.

M

Chris

## Singles

Hole - *Malibu*

The second single off of *Celebrity Skin* continues the trend of Hole bashing out pop songs. The new image really has the sign of money all over it - the problem is that this is really well done. The song has a definite Smashing Pumpkins feel to it, which isn't that surprising when you consider that Billy Corgan was involved. The single is backed with what seems to be almost a reprise of *Malibu* (Drag), which recalls the aggression of the Hole of old, and a good cover of Dylan's *It's All Over Baby Blue*.

Mansun - *Six*

Not only is there just one track provided here, it's a remix. Although it's hard to say what has been done to it as I've never heard the original version. The song makes a reasonable stab at being dreamy, but the vocals really get on my nerves. The band just doesn't seem to be suited to down-beat stuff, the vocals and the music don't work together. Just when the music makes a connection those whiny vocals come in and everything falls apart. The band have done better things.

McAlmont - *A Little Communication*

This really is awful. The vocals that are used on this are too high - why male artists try to sing at this pitch is beyond me. Seeing as this style pretty much relies on vocals, it's unsurprising that it's not much cop seeing as the vocals suck. There's also a Stepchild mix, which at first seems to solve the problem slightly by putting the vocal through a vocoder. However, you soon realise that the whole remix is built a really irritating loop that makes you want to smash your stereo.

Idlewild - *When I Argue I See Shapes*

With both the indie and rock press pushing them to kingdom come, how could Idlewild fail? By being dire, of course. The band are making a play for the indie audience by trying to incorporate more quiet bits into songs. This doesn't work and they look stupid, the more aggressive bits sound convincing. It's just that those quiet bits sound forced and stuck on, especially seeing as the vocalist can't sing in that style at all. Not only do they disgrace my homeland, but they have to come from the same city, they can just piss off.



## Albums

## LTJ BUKEM

Progression Sessions ★★★

The first two Logical progression titles from the last couple of years have been heavy, fast, loud and sample laden drum and bass affairs (who could forget that subliminal Ferris Bueller sample?) and it was with some optimism that I snaffled Mr B's latest studio offering.

The first impression is that of a more vocal style, keeping the trademark drum and bass drive but rounding off the edges of the sound, quieting down the big beats and generally calming the sound. He has added a very professional refinement to the analogue treble lines; reminiscent of Orbital in their subtlety and lightness of touch. The sampling, too, has been tamed to an infrequent treat instead of the staple (but wholly nourishing) diet of LTJ's previous works. Sure enough, as the album continues,

the listener is drawn in, and the beats get progressively harder and faster, moving into garage territory.

The vocals though, become a minor irritation with scant deviation from a very small repertoire of content and styles. For me, MC Conrad has an awful lot to say about nothing. The quality of the music itself, gliding gently yet decisively from track to track, mood to mood, does more than enough to satisfy, but after only ten minutes or so of listening you are begging for a change. A different vocalist or preferably an instrumental track? No, you get yet more of the unrelenting and almost grating onslaught of that same style, shamelessly and continuously extolling its own virtues. Even when a new rapper (DRS I believe) comes in, his style is largely undiscernable from the resident. It seems a minor quibble, and

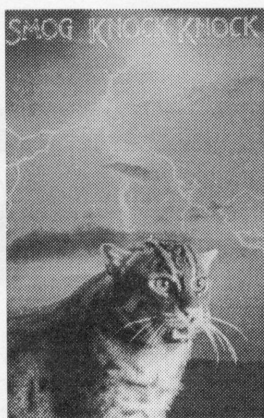
admittedly I've never been a fan of MCs banging on about how powerful the groove is and why we absolutely must listen to it - I would prefer it vastly if they would bloody well shut up and let me. And to be fair, the further the album goes, the more intensely the music comes at you, and bloody good it is too; a rare instance in the creatively saturated field of drum and bass. Again, the analogue effects have the potential to set it apart from the crowd, but that damn MC just won't shut up. It's like being stuck in a cinema with someone telling you how good this bit is or to listen for this line because it is important later: just leave me to it, OK? Great beats, great bass, great atmosphere, great analogue work, but, well, you guessed it...

M

Mr. Trout

## SMOG

Knock Knock ★★★



highly technological modern studio sound but at times the songs felt like they needed a little fleshing out.

Production arguments aside the lyrics themselves involve a lot of thought about how modern life is so anonymous, and routine. The songs detail fantasies about chance encounters with strangers, *On the Road*-esque travels through the country and beyond. The songwriter really seems to feel empowered by constant movement through his increasingly meaningless world. The lyrics really help prop up this album - with the "minimalist" instrumentation forcing you to concentrate on the words being sung more than the rest of the bands contribution.

This is an album of contradictions and half followed through ideas. After a couple of songs in this delicate style SMOG have fashioned themselves along comes a Spiritualised *Come Together* style rouser, which shakes you up, with the help of some tight harmonizing and the Chicago childrens choir.

I think this album will probably grow on me with repeated listenings but I can't see it redeeming itself to sufficient levels to merit a higher score. Summing up, this record has some really beautiful and delicate snatches of brilliance in it - but not enough to raise the standard above average.

One to watch next album around.

M

Joel

Hmmm. When I received this CD I sat down on my funky inflatable chair and slipped the CD into my hifi. All was well. But then my eyes glanced down at the sleeve notes - SMOG's style is described as "Super Sexy Space Cowboy". Oh dear, I thought. This does not bode well. Luckily the music on the cd does rise above the standard of the sleeve notes. But not by much.

I suppose if I had to pin some influences on this Chicago band, it would be Pink Floyd and REM. The lead singer has a gravelly, gruff but tuneful voice and the rest of the band seem to be well skilled in their chosen instruments. But while some tracks on the album worked in a simple and delicate way, I felt that some of the tunes sounded positively 'under produced'. I appreciate that the band may be trying to move away from the

## SIZZLA

Kalonji ★½

I wasn't expecting to be taken aback by this album when I picked it up, but in confidence to my instincts, I was right. That's not to say that the material is totally crap. On the contrary, some of it is very listenable and pleasant. I actually played this album twice within this week and it sounded different for the better on the second occasion.

I wouldn't describe the sound as pure, "standard" raggae, if I may, it's more like a streetwise hip-hop beat riding on strong raggae roots. Nothing stands out too much apart from break beats on tracks such as *Lovely Morning*, which is a reviving track in its own right. *Ancient Memories* is a perfect example of the hip-hop beats: mellow and fresh but the origin is founded firm; strong vocals and a beautiful compliment of flute and string. That's as good as it gets on this album.

The album is only listenable up to about half way. It just gets too boring after that. I hear a lot of the same backbeats on many of the tracks but that's just a probably a raggae thing. After a while, it just sounds like the same thing over and over - not good.

You can probably guess which are the only two good tracks on this album, but still not single material. It this album is meant to promote raggae then I'm not impressed. If it's just something Sizzla felt like doing in his spare time then he shouldn't have bothered. Don't expect to see this go platinum. M

Asad

## Singles

Midget - Artwork

Midget are doomed to cult status. Their music is too heavy for the average indie kid, but the lyrics are often too cheerful for the rock audience. The single is really good actually. *Artwork* itself is really bouncy, whilst having guitars that wonder into metal territory on several occasions. *Twice as shy* features the more punkier aspects of the band's sound while still staying cheerful. The single is rounded out by *Rubber Bullets*, which I'm sure is a cover, but I'm not sure who it's by.

## THE ESSENTIAL CHOON

Divine Comedy - National Express



On first listen I really just did not get this. However next time round it made perfect sense. The song is all about the joys of travelling by bus and is done in an upbeat Sinatra-esque style. After a few listens you really get into this. How can you fault a song with the lines 'Miniskirts were in style when she danced down the aisle in '63./But it's hard to get by when your arse is the size of a small country.' The humour in the song is spot on, nice b-sides as well.

Babylon Zoo - All The Money's Gone

I put this single on and as the song started, I thought that it had a worrying resemblance to a combination of Oasis and recent Smashing Pumpkins. As the song progressed the resemblance was refined to an electronic Oasis. The band even try a sort of strummy acoustic break, which is screwed up royally. This also happens on the b-side *Chrome Invader* and the remix of *All the Money's Gone* manages to improve the song by disposing of most of it. This single stinks of sell-out, the band seem to be telling us why they are making their comeback. They can just go away now and never come back. M

Jamie



## Album

## PRINCE PAUL

## A Prince Among Thieves



'Straight to video' film to follow shortly.

With more tracks, guest artists and random animal noises than your regular hip-hop album, *A Prince Among Thieves* is much more than your average offering. For a start it's been in the production pipeline for what seems an eternity, as release promises have been continually broken. However, now it's here and we forgive you Prince Paul for without a doubt you have produced one of the hip-hop albums of the year.

After time with De la Soul, Stetsasonic and a part-time job with the Gravediggaz, Prince Paul has all the credentials to produce the great hip-hop album that this is. Moreover, after further listening there proves to be much more to *A Prince Among Thieves* than what first meets the ear. Like the Goats' classic *Tricks of the Shade* and the Gravediggaz' superb *Niggamortiz*, *A Prince Among Thieves* tells a story. What's more is that following this music release we will later be treated with a big screen cinematic version of the story - straight to video, I'm sure.

So, what's in the story? Unsurprisingly, it's about the rise and fall of some thugs in the gangsta world of drugs, guns and music in downtown New York. The hero of the story is Tariq played by Breeze of local underground crew the Juggaknots and indie rap supergroup the Indelible MCs. The key to it all is raising the money to finish a demo tape for Wu-Tang overlord the Rza. Of course, to raise the cash our young hustler becomes a drug dealer and equips himself with a powerful firearm along the way. Another non-surprise is that Tariq - the

alleged good guy - ends up being shot dead by one time friend the evil True - played by newcomer Sha - proving that evil always conquers good in these stories.

But what about the music? The beat flavours are classic Prince Paul with Wu-Tang influences plus a little spraying of well-chosen beats for particular atmospheric scenes. Of the thirty-five tracks on the album the highpoints come with the disco spiced *More Than You Know* where Prince Paul's old collaborators De La Soul are in charge of the rhymes and Crazy Lou's *Hideout* where long time hip-hop headcase Kool Keith rants and raves as gun dealer Crazy Lou. There's further guest appearances from such stars as House of Pain's Everlast (as a policeman, appropriately enough) and hip-hop old boys Big Daddy Kane and Biz Markie. However, it's the random animals that seem to have been randomly scattered across the album who are the most welcome guests, especially the elephant and the sheep who both interrupt the flow from time to time. Who knows what the relevance of these beasts is though.

So after twelve years in the business, Prince Paul has landed his first solo album, and this time the magic number is five. **M**

James

## Tha Bomb!



This week has been rush, rush, rush. The problem stems from too much to do and not enough time to do it in and that's why this week all you get is a quick look at the singles out and due for release in Britain. Next week should be better ...but with the way I write there is some doubt.

## Westside - TQ

This has been getting nuff airplay and looks all set to do some serious damage on the charts. It's the first single off his *They Never Saw Me Coming* Set long player and it's right on point. Listening to it makes me wonder whether it's rap or soul, TQ (real name Terrance Quattles) has moved the goal posts creating a single that harks back to the smooth west coast sound but adds a little bit more. *Westside* is a homage to the man's homeland with the shout outs to fallen comrades (Tupac, Eazy) and props for the people he was down with back in the day. His vocals are excellent and the mid tempo beat is killer all adding to a standout single for the start of '99.

## Gimme Some More by Busta Rhymes

Gimme some more, more, more of this. Monster tune that's just there! It's Busta time! This boy just don't stop, after *Woo Haa* I thought there's no beating this, but for the second set he comes with *Put Your Hands...* and now for the new set he drops this. The boy is mad and this is out of this world....buy it!

## I Want You for Myself by Another Level

So many people have cussed me for giving props to

these boys, why? (I wonder....music ed). People look at their image of an all boy band geared for girls and cuss them, but you gotta check their tunes. This is a tight single that works on the vocals and these boys have got voices, it brings back the old days of real soul.



Destiny's Child - I'll get on your bus anyway!

## Get On The Bus by Destinys Child feat. Timbaland

First taste came last year on promotional copy and had us all licking our lips, waiting for the release, and now it's here. Timbaland blows everyone away with his fan-

tastic production and the four girls sing their hearts out. This is already massive and the British release should, if there's any justice, send it through the roof.



## When You Believe by Mariah &amp; Whitney

The dream team? When news first broke, that they were going to do a track together, back in the summer I was hyping it to the max. Now it's out and to tell the truth it's a bit of a disappointment, at least I think so. The vocals are solid, I mean these are two of the best voices in the business so you wouldn't expect them to be shit. The rest of the record is not really worth the effort, it just doesn't do it. Maybe it's because it's these two that I expect so much more, try again girls!

## Touch It by Monifah

Up-tempo little number that has Monifah trying to come out like the original freak Adina Howard and missing. Some solid, if dodgy, production and the vocals are good but the record hasn't quite got the finishing touch. It's the opening single from her new album to follow and I'm hoping there's something better on the album or else it ain't gonna sell.

## More Than You Know by Prince Paul feat. De La Soul

The first single release from Prince Paul's phat new album *A Prince Among Thieves* is his collaboration with old pals De La Soul. It's a real change from the hard flavour that hip-hop is experiencing, and the disco beat that the tune rolls along to is outstanding. Check it.

Milen



# ENTERTAINMENT

Tues 2nd

Weds 3rd

ICU presents...

## BAR TRIVIA

EVERY TUESDAY 8PM

*Da Vinci's*  
Cafe-bar

WIN £50 OR A CRATE OF LAGER

FREE TO ENTER

**iCU** Your union - serving your needs

ICU ents presents

## Club KES

Every Wednesday 9-1

Party tunes, chill out room & cocktail bar. Free b4 11 with entscard 50p after 11.

Your Union - Run for you

**iCU**

Fri 5th

COMEDY

## BUSTAGUT CLUB

TONY BURGESS & NEIL ANTHONY

dBs 8pm. £2.50/£2

Thurs 4th

Glamour, sophistication *Da Vinci's* and Cocktails after dark

## Cocktail Night

Every Thursday from 5pm  
In Da Vinci's Bar

Another service from your Union **iCU**

Printed by The Doc Group X49580

Sat 6th

Fri 5th

ICU ENTS PRESENTS THE ULTIMATELY KYLIETASTIC

## POP TARTS

A selection of chart hits past, present, future in dBs

FRIDAY 5TH FEBRUARY 9-2

£1/Free with entscard or before 11. Bar 'til 1, plus chill out room

Printed by The Doc Group X49589

**iCU** Another service from your Union - Run for You

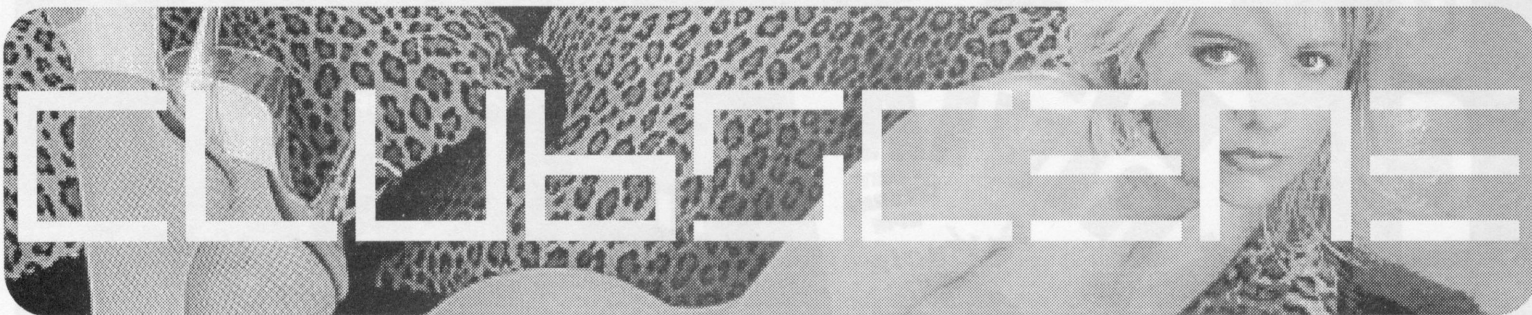
## Whiplash

SATURDAY 6TH FEB dBs 8-12 FREE

Metallica, Wildhearts, Marilyn Manson, Faith No More, Incubus, Offspring, Nirvana, Monster Magnet, Pantera, Korn, Snor, System of a down, AC/DC, Nine Inch Nails, Therapy? Etc

**iCU** Your Union - Run for you





## 333

Old Street, EC1. Saturdays, £5/£8/£10, 10pm-5am, capacity = 600. Dress code = none.

333 is the name of the club and the night, well the night doesn't have a name (neither does their Friday night do as far as I can see). But does this matter one little bit? Well, of course it doesn't. As long as everything is chilled and groovy in the club then who cares about big name nights with wanky cult followings? It's just as good to go to an unpretentious place like this with its own wanky cult following. There are plenty of regulars around on the Saturday night, but these are nice locals - no attitude or snobbery is shown to those clearly visible new comers like myself. It was as if I could have been going to the place for ages - and maybe I will in the future.

I like most of the clubs that I go to on your behalf (tough life, I know!), but this one was especially fluffy. From what I've said above it is fairly clear that the club is just as important in this instance as the night. And if you went there you'd see why they mainly keep it to themselves. 333 is set on three different levels (of course!). The base is made of hard-edged D&B beats (with the crowd

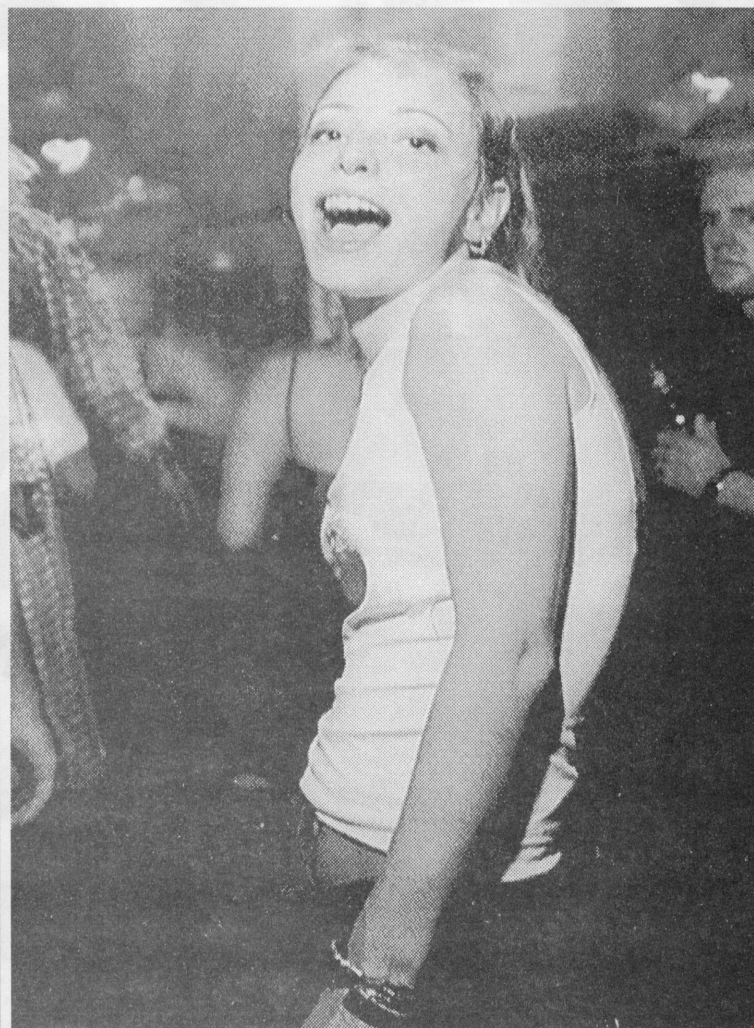
jumping about all over the shop), in the middle is your soft cheesy-house centre, whilst the topping is an exquisite chill-out room (one of the best I've ever been to). In this room where you can relax your body after a hard bounce around the rest of the premises, but not to twiddle, mind-achingly boring nonsense by the Orb and other assorted weirdos. No, this is chill-out music with a distinct edge to it. Soothing enough to be relaxing, but still up-beat enough to keep that underlying feeling that you really want to go back and dance on the main dancefloor at some point soon.

I know this is completely unprofessional of me, but I can't remember who any of the DJs were. No-one famous I don't think, but that was and is the whole point. It just didn't matter. The residents were stunning (both their mixing and the tracks they played), the crowd was great, the venue was funky, and you even had a choice of loos to go to (posh ones you had to pay for and skanky fellas that were obviously free). Nice place - try it out.

**Graham Gooch's Favourite.**



Roobarb



## Clubs to Watch in '99

### Swallow

"Swallow is a crew of teenage chaps on the edge of something big, with a blend of hard uplifting house, techno and drum and bass"

I've written quite a bit on Swallow, but before now it was only for one-off events. Now they have finally got themselves a regular night. With different kinds of music, loads and loads of DJs and a cheap entrance fee, it's a club for us students to watch out for, and visit.

It will be a fortnightly Friday night event, starting March 19th at the newly refurbished Club Innocence, SE1. Not far from London Bridge, it's easy to get to, and has loads of night bus routes so you can get home easily. For students it will cost £8 to get in, with the fun and

frolics starting at 10pm and ending at 6am the following morning. As well as the aforementioned music, there will be about ten DJs playing each event spread over a couple of arenas. MCs will also be in full effect, as will performers, dancers and drummers. Free sweets and icepops will also be available. Swallow will be one of London's best nights out, catering for a large audience, and is already getting rave reviews in a number of magazines and listings. Clubscene will be there when it all kicks off - see you there!



Gurm









## Pool:Shark (PSX)

Gremlin

★★★



It's a Pool game. Yes I know that you probably thought that the pool game had been done to death a few years ago. The last time the pool genre was seen it had several knives in its back and was staggering down a back alleyway. Presumed dead, Gremlin have found it and, following drastic surgery, have brought it back to the streets with its new persona; Pool-Shark. So what makes Pool-Shark better than all those games that were released previously? Is Pool-Shark a six-million dollar, fully bionic pool game or just a six dollar brush and shine job?

People remembering those old Pool games can conjure up the image of slightly squashed, squared off balls moving on a perfectly rectangular table. Things have improved since then. Pool-Shark offers the chance to play on not one type of table but a whole shop worth of different tables. Play on accurate Amer-

ican sized tables, UK pub tables, and even full size snooker tables. Also the type of pool table affects the background. Ahh yes the background. Obviously the programming skills required to display the table by itself were far beneath the programming team, and so they have taken to placing the table in a virtual room; so US tables play in either smokey pool clubs or airy American

bar scenes. UK tables are placed in a pubish atmosphere, or a nice snooker club. The programmers did toy with the Garage/Store virtual room for the 4 ft kids pool table effect, but left it out because the older programmers were complaining that that's really where their car



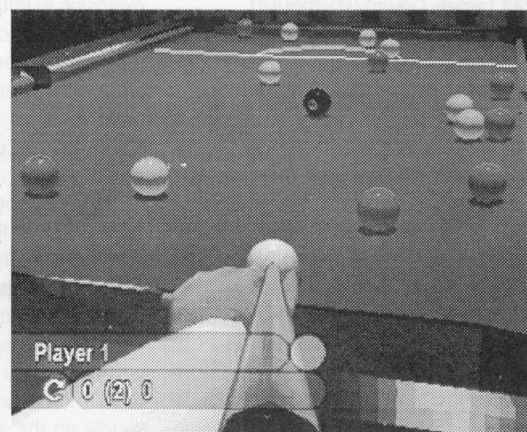
should be and if they didn't pack it away there would be no X-files.

But Gremlin have not stopped there. In an attempt to make this the complete pool simulation they managed to sort out all of the different Rules sets. Unlike the real world, you can find out the rules before playing a foul stroke and there is no opponent that suddenly admits that perhaps they really

should have mentioned that. Just to show off they even have managed to use rules that allow different numbers of balls to be used.

Pool, though, is a two player game. What happens when flatmates and friends refuse to play after they get beaten for the tenth time in a row? Luckily the programmers have decided to include some AI computer opponents, from the completely incompetent to the frighteningly good pool shark crowd.

So having captured the width of pool, how much depth and length does Pool:Shark contain? The graphics are crisp and the balls move along



the table amazingly like proper pool balls - where players of my ability can snap the cue ball into the pockets and off the table with an almost frighteningly regularity.

Pool:Shark is a good game that has been spoiled by one thing. This one thing is the control mechanism. Instead of taking advantage of the analogue controller and providing a control mechanism like Actua golf 3, (where the analogue controller controls the power of the shot), it is back to the old lining the cue and the ball up and then pressing the button as a power bar increases and decreases. While everything else in the game says play me, this control mechanism says keep your distance. Get used to it and the rest of the game is a delight. Definitely a try from your video shop before you buy.

Gary S.

## Preview Ville 3 - The Virgin Conception

### Resident Evil 2 - The PC edition



Finally Virgin Interactive is coming to the aid of all those PC owners who don't have Playstations or have playstation owning friends. All come and gather round for Resident Evil 2 is almost here.

For all those who have managed to avoid reading, listening or smelling the press coverage surrounding Resident Evil here is a little bit of a hint of what you've

missed. Back in 1996 Capcom released the original Resident Evil. A third person action adventure game which featured tension in skip sized quantities. Playing either a male or female special cop, it involved exploring a deserted house where you uncovered clues behind the mysterious disappearances, found weapons, and defended yourself against

various hell bound residents.

The sequel, titled Resident Evil 2 so not to confuse the American market, was set in a

much nastier and rather larger place.

Having already consumed the residents of the secluded house, the T-Virus has now spread to the nearest large population centre; goodbye roadrage, hello flesh eating zombies.

Once again you can try to discover how the virus

got to the city, while avoiding zombies, and helping the few survivors of the disaster as either a rookie cop, or if you like trouble, as a spunky young heroine.



So what have they done to improve it on the PC? Well the graphics have been beefed up, and there is the choice of either the original English or the Japanese versions to play through. Above all, as long as they have not messed too much with the gameplay element (and the 18 certificate seems to indicate not) the game will be a certain five star.



## Premier Manager '99 (PSX)

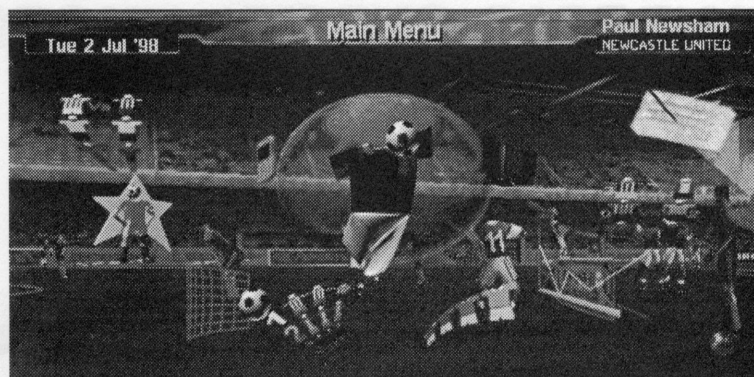
Gremlin

★★★

It's sports simulations a-go-go in the games towers again. But for once the game is not golf - shame as I had been rehearsing all of my divot and ball puns all week. No, it's Gremlin's Premier Manager '99, a football management game for the Playstation owner with too much time on their hands. Those who have relationships with the opposite sex might just as well get them to pack their bags and leave for Antarctica, for if you like football management games you might just be paying them slightly less attention for the next few months.

Enough hype, what about the game. How does it compare against Championship Manager 2, or even Championship Manager 3 (as if I've been allowed to see that little beauty!). Well

being a Playstation game there is a certain emphasis on form, but fortunately not at the cost of function. The graphics have been heavily revamped since the last version, with a new front end, and several revamped tactical screens. The '99 edition has also finally gone fully international, with both Italian and English leagues running parallel (yeah I know that CM2 did that a while ago, but remember that's playing the 16 Mb game on a PC while here you are running it on something with slightly less grunt). Another complexity is that training now occurs on a one-to-one basis. Working on Gascoigne's fitness at the expense of his skills, rather than making the whole of the side neglect their skill training is possible (even poor old sick note Darren



might finally make it through ninety minutes before he loses another ligament). Picking the side a little too tedious for your managerial post? There is an option to allow the AI to select the best team for the formation selected - though if you do select this option you are not taking the game seriously (bit like those cheats who select automatic gears for the driving games).

Off the pitch and in the office, it's a case of balancing the books. The ability to improve the facilities and increase the stadium capacity are two of the new ways to spend a fortune (though no retractable pitch or roof options have been included - so your stadium will never be perfect). To balance these improvements money can be brought in from sponsors. Obviously starting from the third division the sponsors you are going to get are not going to be spending a lot of cash, but bring some success

to the club and the money might start rolling in. Where there is pleasure there is also the flip side of pain. Bring the sort of success that Reading or Manchester C. were enjoying last season and there is a fair chance that the chairman might well give a vote of confidence, just before opening the door to the virtual job centre.

Worth the money? For all those statistic junkies, football management simulation addicts and unwashed with too much time it is more than a worthy successor to Premier Manager '98. Those who have never played a football manager game, select the automatic team picking function and it might just lose you a week or two (time travelling forwards rather than backwards). It is simply the best football management simulator on the Playstation.

Gary S.



### GUI - Abacus - MCW Presents "EMBRACE" Disco Party

Date: 8th February 1999, 10pm till late

Venue: Hanover Grand

Ticket Price:

£8 members, £10 non members, £15 at the door.

Tickets available from ICU Abacus Committee

Contact: Joey : jyc97@doc.ic.ac.uk





# ANDREAS GURSKY: PHOTOGRAPHS 1994-1998

## Serpentine Gallery

The world stands on the brink of the next financial meltdown. You are on the floor of a stock exchange, hemmed in by a riot of people in garish jackets. They are flashing secret hand signals and shouting about the price of 'October Arabica' and 'Brent Crude'. You are feeling confused and a little claustrophobic. Then you are in the high mountains, skiing across a glacier. The sky is blue, the air is cold and the scenery stunning. How do you feel now?

These are both photographs taken by Andreas Gursky and your personal response to his work is exactly what this exhibition is about. Take his stock exchange photo, *Chicago, Board of Trade*. At first, you approach to examine it, like an old school photograph, scanning for familiar faces. Up close, it is out of focus yet suffused by digital clarity. You step back and then the detail merges into blurred splurges; some kind of order emerges from the chaos.

The ideas of order and chaos are clearly ingrained in Gursky's soul and come out as unifying themes in his work. Born in Leipzig in 1955, he grew up in East Germany with experiences of political and artistic repression. In his mid-twenties, Gursky took the train west to

study at the Academy of Art in Dusseldorf, supposedly the richest city in Germany and famous if nothing else for its stock exchange.



The year is 1984 and the author George Orwell. Photos like *Times Square* or *Hong Kong, Stock Exchange* portray our world not as chaotic but highly regimented; our offices have taken us prisoner. According to Gursky, order and control even pervade rock concerts (*May*

*Day III*) and sprawling cities (*Los Angeles*). Meanwhile the politicians in *Bundestag* spiral towards ever increasing entropy.

Sparse landscapes are another of

Gursky's subjects, and one of these, *Rhein*, depicts a section of the river as an abstract object, devoid of people and obvious points of interest. *Engadin* is a startling panorama of cross-country skiers on a glacier, surely not high art, but technically superb and truly dramatic.

Gursky's pictures are carefully planned, contrived and extensively edited using a computer; they do not really exist. This is especially the case with a few of Gursky's photos, which tackle the concept of 'sensation transference'. All this somewhat facile phrase means is that our perception of an object is influenced by its context; the triumph of packaging over substance. In the photo *Prada II*, Gursky shows some shelving normally used to display expensive shoes in a flash boutique. Except there is nothing on display; nice package, shame about the contents.

Every photo is visually spectacular even if the intended meaning is hardly revolutionary. Try appreciating them as visual objects, rather than engaging your brain. After all, this exhibition is not earthquake material, but the massive size of each photo and the fascinating subjects make it worth going to see.

William Burns

Until 7th March

Admission: FREE

Nearest tube: South Kensington

Opening hours: daily 10am - 6pm

# ZANG TUMB TUMB - THE FUTURIST GRAPHIC REVOLUTION

## Estorick Collection

The Estorick Collection in Islington is the London home of modern Italian art. This means that the gallery has a strong tradition in showing Futurist art. A few months ago, I wrote about a brilliant show of Balla's paintings. *Zang Tumb Tumb* is the latest exhibition dealing with the Futurists' impact and influence on contemporary art. It focuses on the literary input of the movement. The first room is full of excerpts from books and illustrations. Most of the texts are in French or Italian with some English translations but it would be of great help to master at least one of these Latin languages. The main book studied here is *Parole in Libertà* (words in freedom) written by the leader of the Futurists, Marinetti. The manifesto includes claims that drastic changes need to be made in the way people write. It celebrates the destruction of syntax and affirms the complete disappearance of punctuation. These texts are tremendously energetic and inspiring. The Italians also had the help and personal involvement of the most original and ground-breaking French poets of the time: Cendrars, Cocteau and Jacob.

Through reading we get a better idea of what Futurism actually is. All the books are illustrated by the artists. They let their imagination loose and the results are as poetic as the authors' words. One of the most interesting innovations is the concept of 'onomatopoeias' - talking with onomatopoeias to attain a better understanding of language. They proclaim the splendour of geometry and mechanics thus creating a 'new beauty'.

These artists are remarkable in the way they challenged all the old ideas of the 19th century and proposed their own view of the world, incorporating recent technological changes. The second room concentrates on advertising and magazines. The Futurists were

also involved in promotion of products from their own country. This is yet another sign of their modernity and involvement in the progress and discoveries of their time. The ads shown are very effective - one for the Italian Lottery and the other for the aperitif Campari. Futurism is perfect for advertising because of the profusion of ideas and the surprising use of imagery.

Finally, the exhibition shows some newspapers and magazines published over the 1920s and 1930s, all brilliantly illustrated. *Stile futurista* had a

fundamental role in the history of the movement with its influential thoughts and drawings. This is compelling viewing.



The rest of the gallery contains a comprehensive collection of modern Italian art: sculptures, paintings and drawings. Since I last reviewed it, only gallery 6 has been changed. The political cartoons have disappeared, giving way to more drawings by Modigliani and De Chirico. There are two beautiful new pieces; a standing figure by Sironi and a seated woman by Boccioni. Both have tremendous poetry in them. The rest of the permanent collection is very interesting and highlights include Balla's paintings and Marinetti's sculptures.

It is essential that people go to visit the Estoricks' house. Futurist fans will be delighted to see more of what they like and first timers will be overwhelmed by these artists' extraordinary energy and imagination.

D.

Until 11th April

Nearest tube: Highbury & Islington

Admission: FREE to students

Opening hours: Wednesday - Saturday 11am - 6pm (12 - 5pm on Sunday)



## BRIEF CANDLE

### New End Theatre

Carlo Ardito's blue eyes sparkle when he explains how he paid £1000 for a genuine 1890 copy of Marie Bashkirtseff's journals, which - after years of obsession - inspired him to write his moving yet very witty play, *Brief Candle*. Marie Bashkirtseff was a 19th century Russian-born, French-bred painter whose premature death brought her the fame she had always longed for. But one need not know much about this now (sadly enough) forgotten artist to appreciate the performance.

The play retraces her life from the age of 13 when, comfortably secured in a cocoon of women figures and servants (her mother, aunt, cousin and Misha - all perfectly acted by a strong cast full of complicity), she longs for absolute love and knowledge. Between a few lines of Plato and Shakespeare (her intellectual endeavours are hilarious when it comes to French history!), she flirts with Dukes and Priests, as well as their hierarchical superiors, the king of Spain and the Pope himself. All the latter are played by Denis Quilley, who does a remarkable job of switching from one character to the other by way of costume changes. As Marie grows into a stunningly beautiful

woman "with the most elegant of skins", she steers away from her quest for love and her father's will for her to marry, perhaps a little disillusioned by her parents' own marital failure. She stands up to her father by pleading for the equal right of women to be professional artists. By choosing the arts (first music, then painting), Marie not only embraces a way of life, but also follows a self-imposed, strenuous discipline which conflicts with her frail constitution. "Whatever Marie is, she is intensely".

As the play unfolds, we are moved by Marie's wonderful character, played by the talented Celia White, who succeeds in conveying the existential questioning, ambition, enthusiasm, suffering and sometimes even cruel determination of the young woman. Progressively Marie loses her beautiful voice (note the live singing of Tosti's *Aprile* by Carol Wells

accompanied on the piano by Maureen Parry) and then her hearing. She starts reflecting on the pointlessness of human endeavours, the wickedness of a supposedly merciful God, and the ironical paradox between ambition and illness. Just as she starts to taste success, Marie reaches her ineluctable fate, and dies of tuberculosis. However - and this is the moral of the story - art triumphs over death since Bashkirtseff's writings and paintings today survive. Life, after all, should be lived like Marie's: "a candle cut in four and burning at all ends".

The play addresses serious themes, often with ironic undertones or outward humour, like the Russian elite in France during the 19th century, feminism, the place of art in life, the criteria of perfection in painting (Bashkirtseff critically describes Impressionism - as "patches"

which lack precision and are a "great mistake"), the role of religion and the hypocrisy of the clergy. Quilley brings the audience to laughter with his mastery of the nuances of sarcastic inflexions in his voice, while White brings a refreshing youthful smile to our faces. We never get bored by what we hear or see. Director Stella Quilley's deep concern for minute details can definitely be sensed, whether with the accessories, the interesting use of light and music, the divide of the stage (particularly relevant for the epistolary scene between Marie and the author Guy de Maupassant), or the original presence of a narrator guiding the play. Finally, the theatre itself is small and cosy, with no visibility or acoustics problems. What more can we say, but go and check the play out for yourselves! We thoroughly enjoyed it.

Jenny and Nisha

Until 14th February

Nearest tube: Hampstead

Performance times: Tuesday - Saturday 7.30pm (week-end matinees 3.30pm)

Tickets: concessions £7

## NEUROTIC REALISM

### Saatchi Gallery

This is the latest show at the very famous Saatchi Gallery, which regularly stages the most controversial, cutting-edge and exciting exhibitions in London. The display is the first instalment in a series promoting the latest works by some of the most forward thinking artists in Britain, some also featured in the brilliant *Die young Stay pretty* show at the ICA, which ended a few weeks ago.

Steven Gontarski has brought more of his fascinating sculptures made of polyester, PVC and synthetic hair. The shapes are extremely odd, some with a strong sexual feel to them. They are all tremendously compelling and quite beautiful. Martin Maloney's work, entitled *Sex Club*, is rather different. It focuses on different sexual behaviours of gay men. The paintings are highly explicit, portraying several ways of enacting sado-masochism. A lot of the people looking at these pieces were quite disturbed. Maloney's style is particular and this helps mock the stereotypes of the things he paints. His technique pays off well and he is very courageous to explore such a touchy subject, usually buried deep underground on the art scene. On the

other hand, Brian Griffiths' contribution *Osaka, Taylan and Ron* is really funny. He has used paper plates, milk bottle tops, cardboard boxes combined with all sorts of other bits and bobs, to make up what looks like the control room of a space



ship. Richard Wilson's *20.50* is stunning: he has simply created a pool of oil and the effect is difficult to describe. All I can say is that it's magical and like nothing else I have ever seen. Paul Smith has come up with two sets of photos. The interesting thing about this work is that

he is the only person on the pictures, often appearing several times on the same shot. It is clever and so amusing. The first series follows him on a night out on the town - at the pub, dressed in drag, wearing a Paul Smith T-shirt, getting



drunk and being sick in the toilets. The other depicts multiple war scenes where he attempts to show the horrors of violence. His work is definitely not one of my favourites. Finally, the main room of the gallery is taken up by an enormous installation of Tomoko Takahashi, who

has created a fantastic maze on the floor from a clutter of rubbish - TV sets, clocks, electrical appliances, type writers, loads of paper and stickers... Some of the litter is still working so there is an awful noise of ticking and banging. It seems like Takahashi wanted to represent a house, using objects from the bathroom and the bedroom, others that belong in the garden or the living room. You can spend lots of time just walking around reading all the notes on the walls. The overall impression reveals our dependence on technology in everyday life and how we waste so much.

This show is unmissable because it is yet another indicator of the strong and exciting art scene in Britain. These are the classics of the future and it is fantastic to witness the making of these fascinating new artists.

D.

Until 4th April

Nearest tube: Swiss Cottage

Admission: £4, concessions £2

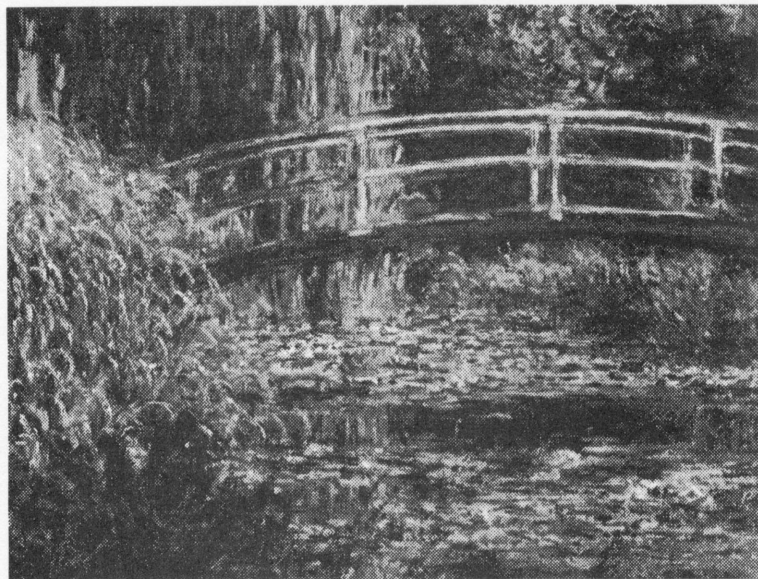
Opening hours: 12 - 6pm, Thursday - Sunday





# MONET IN THE 20TH CENTURY

## Royal Academy of Arts



*The Water Lily Pond (Symphony in Rose), 1900*

The heroine of the film *Clueless* incisively categorised girls as "the cute ones, the ugly ones and the Monets – the ones that look beautiful from a distance but when you get close they're a mess." Claude Monet (1840–1926) is the quintessential Impressionist, considered by many as the founder and leader of this revolutionary artistic movement. His picture title *An Impression, Sunrise* prompted a derisive journalist to coin the term Impressionism in 1874. Fascinated by light, his typical masterpieces are atmospheric blurs of pastel shades, ultimately capturing the spontaneity and vivacity of nature. In fact, he originally earned his reputation as a caricaturist and portraitist, before dedicating himself in earnest to landscapes. Monet celebrated his 60th birthday at the turn of the century and this major retrospective traces the evolution of his work during the final period of his career, with the intention of disclosing the mature facet of this artist.

His illustrious water lilies dominate the 80 canvases on display. Monet purchased the Giverny estate in 1890 and expanded the garden to include a water feature – without doubt the most famous pond in the world – "for the pleasure of the eyes and also as a source of motifs to paint." A phenomenal understatement, since the *Nymphéas* series is his definitive trademark. A version of the *Path* was recently auctioned for a record 19.8 million pounds. Monet, Monnaie, Money. Admittedly some pictures are visually stunning, however others are sickly sweet (better suited to a bordello, claimed an astounded critic). Monet churned out variations on his water lily theme with an almost obsessive passion.

Shimmering water, blooming flowers and lush foliage aside, the exhibition also offers a selection of images from Monet's travels to London and Venice. His multiple series, depicting identical subjects at different hours of the day



*Yellow and Lilac Water Lilies, 1914–17*

under various weather conditions (misty, cloudy, rainy, sunny) are particularly celebrated. "It's the fog that gives London its marvellous breadth and beauty." From his balcony of the Savoy Hotel, he repeatedly painted the Houses of Parliament and numerous bridges over the River Thames.

Controversy rages over the significance of Monet's deteriorating eyesight in his dramatic shift of style towards the end of his life. Hindered by a cataract operation, his crude brushwork verges on the boldly abstract with an unfinished, informal edge. He also appears to experiment with colour, including an atypical russet palette. The result is unconventional and refreshingly unrecognisable.

The aesthetic climax of the exhibition is the last gallery which contains samples of his ambitious *Grandes Décorations* project. This sequence of horizontal panels is particularly impressive by its monumental scale, some spanning 18 feet in

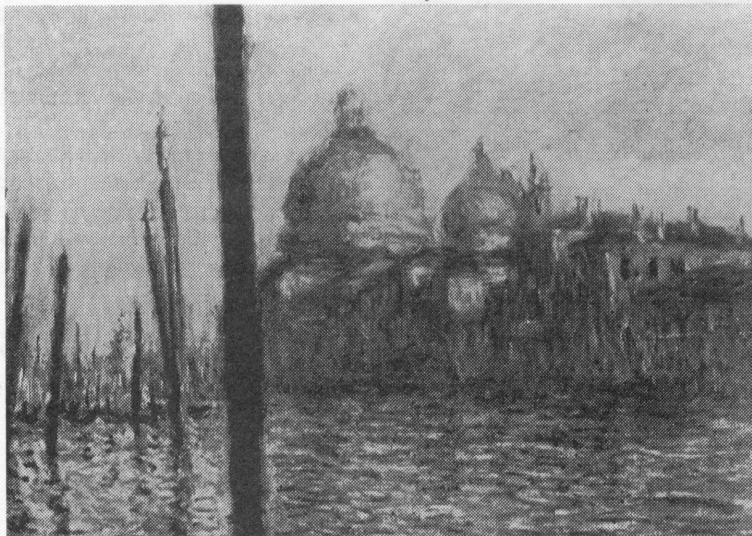
width. Monet donated 22 pictures to the French nation in celebration of the Allied victory during the First World War.

Monet invariably appeals to the public because his work is decorative, undemanding, accessible and familiar. The sensational demand for tickets (over 130,000 pre-booked places) is proof enough of his astonishing popularity in Britain. Although rumours of 24 hour opening abound, beware of gigantic queues and crowds. Despite the inevitable topical repetitiveness, shamefully inflated prices and outrageous merchandising, this acclaimed event is the highlight of the annual arts calendar.

Helena

Until 18th April

Nearest tube: Green Park/Piccadilly Circus  
Opening hours: daily 9am – 6pm (Friday and Saturday, extended to 10pm)  
Admission: £9, concessions £6



*The Grand Canal, 1908*



*Houses of Parliament, Sunset, 1904*





## HIKING

Friday February the 12th will see the first ever Imperial College Night Hike. The aim is to visit each of 10 separate checkpoints, with the winners completing the course in the fastest time. The checkpoints will be based on and around the South Downs, in the Burgess Hill, West Sussex area.

A checkpoint will consist of a minimum of 3 people, a tent, a gas light, a first aid kit and the punchcards with which the teams will authenticate their visit to each checkpoint. A team will consist of 4 people, equipped with one checkcard, a map, and a compass.

The night hike will be held on the Friday 12th February. The coach will leave the union on Friday afternoon, preferably sometime around 5pm and there will be a £5 entrance fee from each team member. The base will be the start and ending point, and the coach will leave the base at around 10am in the morning, but people will be welcome to stay around if they wish.

One minibus will be on call at the base, along with a few cars at strategic checkpoints. The base will be contactable by telephone. We plan to have 15 teams competing. Most of the teams are likely to represent specific clubs or groups of students at college, but anybody can enter.

If you're interested in taking part as a group of 4 people, then contact Mat Collins (m.a.collins@ic.ac.uk) or in the Resources Centre every Thursday from 1:30 - 2:30.

## SCOREBOARD

## HOCKEY

IC III (Disco Sq.) 4 - 1 Bart's II

IC Ladies I 2 - 0 Bart's

IC Ladies II 0 - 4 QMW II

## FOOTBALL

RSM I 0 - 2 Goldsmith's I

IC Ladies 5 - 1 St. Georges

## RUGBY

ICSM 3 - 16 Newcastle (see Page 2)

## BASKETBALL

## King's 73 - 76 Imperial

The first match of the new year for the IC Basketball 1sts was a real thriller! It was the quarter-final of the UL Cup against King's. For IC's opponents, it was a chance for revenge for their BUSA defeat earlier in the season. The way the match started, nothing showed how things would eventually turn out. In most of the first half, IC were very convincing defensively and appeared to take a permanent lead when they went up 32-17 four minutes before the end of the half.

At that point some strategic mistakes from IC's bench as well as a number of silly errors by the players gave the opportunity for King's to reduce the difference to 4 points by half time.

## FOOTBALL

## UCL VI 1 - IC VI 7

If you thought Fulham at Villa was a good report, this was better. A cup-tie played on a blustery afternoon was shortened to 40 minutes each way after the coach driver decided to take the scenic route.

The first half contained all IC pressure, at times it seemed that they had a man less! The excellent stand in defence spent most of their half camped out in the centre circle toasting marshmallows, it truly was tumbleweed time for goalie "Charger" Collins. The first came from a corner, the ball falling to unmarked "Stan" Booth who drove it in. A pile driver unleashed by "Wild thing" Williams after continual flair from "Ginolaah" Giret gave us our second.

The final goal of the half started with a great tackle by captain "The Gaffer" Davenport, neat passing across the field led by a first time cross from "Rivaldo" Raval and a superb yet simple header from Stan.

IC, playing uphill and into the wind in the second half were further playing

The second half was one of the closest games played by IC in the last few years, with both teams within 2-5 points of each other all through the half. IC was led by Guillermo San Miguel who seems to be finding his best shape, right before the BUSA knock-outs. The forwards, Simon Brennan offensively and Elias Iliadis defensively added to the pace set by the IC play-maker. At the end, King's performance was not enough to give the ticket to the semi-finals.

A determined IC won the tie 76-73 and progressed, despite the 4 unsuccessful desperate 3-pointers shot in the last 12" by King's shooting guards.

IC now have the chance to repeat the achievement of the previous two years, qualifying to the best 16 University teams of Britain.

weakened when Ginolaah was hit by a strong tackle 2 minutes in. However, his replacement, "Supersub" Raby, was immediately released down the right by wild thing and his touchline cross (he said shot) floated over the keeper. "The Doc" Wilson finally scored after missing a hatful and we let them through to gain a consolation goal (we were Stan's hat-trick came after a quick throw from the Doc but he was not best pleased at his immediate substitution, leading to later threats of refusing to score.

Our final goal constituted superb team play, Wild Thing passing to Big Al, who set Rivaldo off. He laid it to the Doc who duly returned the favour and Rivaldo found the top corner from distance. Rivaldo later said that he took a long time coming, but when he did it was spectacular, shooting over 20 yards.

The Gaffer, please dwell with his Gordon Strachan impression in the second half, stated (paying all due respect) that "today was a bit of a holiday because they were crap".

Even though at times we were a bit random, it worked and we stormed through to the quarter finals.

## RUGBY

## C+G 50 - 13 RSM

This was it, the last match in the C+G sparkes cup campaign. Victory would give the sweet smell of success and metallic taste of beer drunk from a trophy.

The RSM line up was full of strong players led by the mighty cockney who forgot, to his teams detriment, that we were playing union(not league Matt).

C+G, god bless 'em, turned up with more than the legally prescribed number of players so could make amends for his school boy error by the tax-free donation of Peter "the flying lock". One man down they got off to a flyer and crashed (wind assisted) down the pitch to put over a penalty. After a short-dose of electric shock therapy C+G were up to our old tricks again demonstrated ably by Will Stevns running through the RSM seal impressions. Chris duly "missed" the conversion to make it 7-3. RSM's Y fronts were brownd a few minutes later by our boy crasher Hyde took a stroll through a casual defence before executing a 9.5 dive under the posts.

The miners continued to do what they do best and entrenched themselves in our 22 eventually tunnelling over the line. It all proved worthless as we forged back up the pitch with scores from our lads Rich and Sven.

24-8 at half time meant the miners had dug themselves into a very deep hole. Rumours of pies under our posts brought resurgent action from captain cockerel who drilled over to score after a small technical foul by the fullback. It was a false dawn, the rumours fools gold, the try fest began. When the smoke cleared C+G had notched up some notable achievements. The first subterranean drop-goal, a maximum 10 points dive from davo, Charlie's conversion, Mikes' first sprint over 20 metres and 50 big ones.

Thanks also to Ashley Jarvis for coming out to Harlington to administer.

## Around IC &amp; Beyond

Mon 1	Tues 2	Wed 3	Thurs 4	Fri 5	Sat 6	Sun 7
CAG: Tools for Self Reliance, Basement of Beit Quad 6pm	Consoc: Tony Baldry MP Venue TBC 1pm C&GU Bar Night, Union Bar 6pm	Siv Jansson: Literature on Film, Central Library Level 2 5.30pm Club XS, ICU, FREE 9pm-1am	Phoenix Meeting 12pm ICU Cinema Fear & Loathing 6pm Small Soldiers 8.30pm	Bust-A-Gut Comedy Club £2.50 8pm Pop Tarts £1 9pm-2am	ICUSF: Picocon 16 (SF & fantasy convention) - ICU building, £5 10am SF Film Dark City 6pm Whiplash (Rock & Metal) dBs 8pm-12am	
ICU Cinema Alien 6pm Fear & Loathing 8.30pm	ICU Cinema Small Soldiers 6pm Exorcist 8.30pm STA Bar Trivia DaVinci's 8pm CAG: Soup Run, Basement Kitchen, Weeks Hall 8pm		CAG: Soup Run, Basement Kitchen, Weeks Hall 8pm Cocktail Night, DaVinci's 5-11pm Clayponds Cinema Trip contact lan.doyle@ic...			





## LADIES HOCKEY

## IC II 0 - 4 QMW II

On finding ourselves with only 8 players we struck a deal with the ladies football team, so that we played football for them (I scored an own goal) and they came to play hockey for us. The hockey match was brilliant, with the footballers making great defenders. Thank you Olly for playing in goal. We made several good attacks, but never quite managed to get any goals. Everyone played really well though and we were quite unlucky to lose.

## WOMEN'S FOOTBALL

## IC 5 vs 1 St Georges

Early domination soon resulted in an opening goal from Highlander, but St Georges quickly equalised when Minty ruined her otherwise perfect half by helping nudge the ball just beyond 'keeper Flo to level the score. A half time bollocking from the captain and IC returned to the battleground fired up, with Highlander getting her second within 5 minutes. Balls were whipped in beautifully from corners and runs, Gonads got one and Ginger got the next... George's collapsed and Highlander topped off an excellent second half by claiming a deserved hat-trick.

## HOCKEY

## Disco Squad 4 - 1 St Bart's II

We arrived at the venue in high spirits, fully expecting a tussle of joy against the feisty Bart's 2nd XI. After pushey, we displayed our skills to the cocky opposition for a full two minutes before they even touched the ball. However, we thought we were onto a loser when Bart's flicked themselves ahead. 1-0. We gritted our teeth, put our sticks to the fore and thrust ourselves upon them. Fabababio was the first to find the chink in their armoured underpants, scoring a blinding set piece. Before half-time Bart's were gasping for breath when we penetrated a second time, The Scumdant Skid putting the final thrust in to put the score to 2-1.

Half-time came and went, and before long Indian Carpet Catalogue, assisted by Larger Larger and Thrill Muff, was slapping the ball in to make the score 3-1 to the Golden Boys. The final blow to Bart's feeble attempts at resistance came when Fulltum, powered by his plums of fire, slammed the ball home 4-1. I thank you, we're going all the way.

Read about our exploits at [www.cognant.com/HockeyIIIs](http://www.cognant.com/HockeyIIIs).

## RSM FOOTBALL

## RSM I 0 - 2 Goldsmith's

After six weeks apart, the RSM machine reassembled last Saturday for a league fixture with follow strugglers Goldsmith's.

RSM began what is now an extended homeward leg of the season with what may prove to be the first of many six-point games, as the miner's attempt to dig their way out of a relegation hole.

Communication and language problems left the assembled team without a keeper, but skipper Masfield pulled an ace from his sleeve, Lanre Smith stepping in to fill absent Nick Perrier's boots.

As the whistle blew it was obvious that this was to be an even struggle with neither side taking control. Both sides enjoyed good spells on what was a heavily sodden Harlington pitch, still recovering from the previous week's rain.

Despite conditions the football was flowing, with both sides playing intelligently. Chances were being created at both ends, the lion's share of which were falling to the home side who somehow managed to spurn four or five good chances including a back post volley from Williams after a cross from the right beat the Goldsmith's back line.

The second half began as if the interval had never happened. The football was again penetrating although as time went on more and more of it was being

played in the centre of the pitch. This was where "Captian-for-the-day" Milner shone, an omnipresent force, relentlessly winning possession and then dispatching the wingers as RSM believed that soon one chance would be converted.

Yet it was after one such attack that Goldsmith's broke quickly and with plenty of support. The RSM defence was split as an excellent piece of play presented a Goldsmith forward with an excellent chance, too good to miss. He didn't.

15 minutes left, 3 points were still available such had been the quality of RSM's play although as the sand's of time elapsed so did the belief. Men were thrown forward in a last ditch attempt.

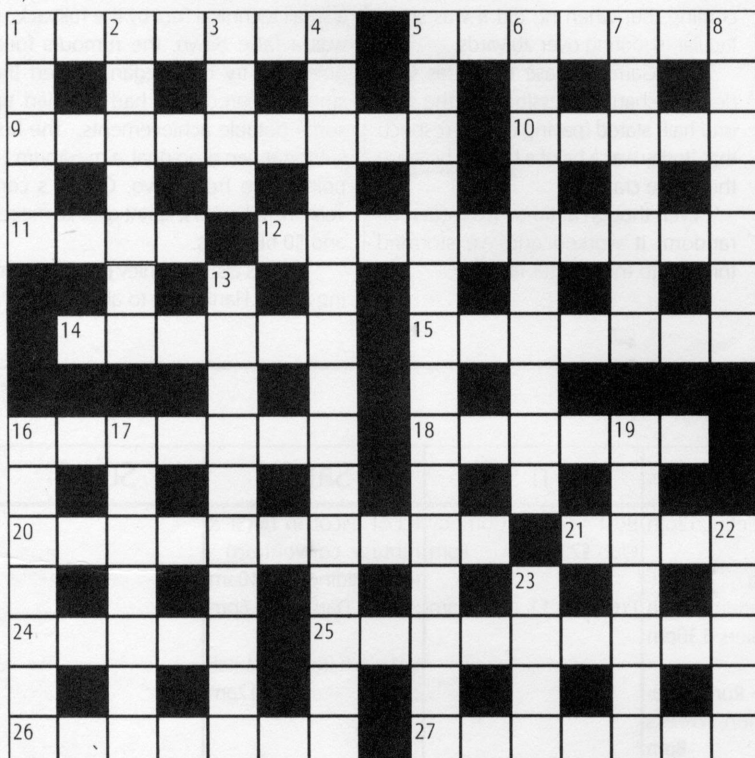
With 5 minutes to go Goldsmith's keeper and captain produced a save that was worth three points in any league. A sharp cross from Milner was met from about 5 yards out by Doug Spike's head. The ball zipped from his head towards the top left corner, until an outstanding reaction save kept the ball out, and seemingly crushed the RSM spirit.

With men forward the inevitable happened and Goldsmith's double the lead and won the match with a fairly scrappy goal.

Not the result required by RSM massive but the quality of football should make premiership survival a certainty.

## CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

by Gnat Chum



## Across

- 1 Fight with the queen for tool. (7)
- 5 Suss bet of lesser groups. (7)
- 9 Lubricating after United Nations get caught rolling out. (9)
- 10 Confused youth has right to go in. (5)
- 11 Thanks to Tom and Ethel we have a French head. (4)
- 12 Yellow feline. (7-3)
- 14 Cricket commentator has no time for phone. (6)
- 15 Peer Dominic's estate. (7)
- 16 Animal bowled you soundly with minced offal. (7)
- 18 I am razor of five feet! (6)
- 20 Exaggerates across America. (10)
- 21 Noise for attracting attention is an afterthought by the way. (4)
- 24 Is CIS gets together, could be fantastic. (3-2)
- 25 Travelling in ear nit tin. (9)
- 26 Get me to nag about explosive force. (7)
- 27 Making a north cut in ship is holy. (7)

## Down

- 1 Push to avoid putting on weight. (5)
- 2 Lit race produces performance. (7)
- 3 Bucket of quiet sounding beer. (4)
- 4 Reintroduction of engineers in business. (15)
- 5 Cane plants make castors? (5,10)
- 6 Mr Bruce Dab drops this as a result of messy eating. (10)
- 7 One's in-decent to be lured. (7)
- 8 Rat must wander in underground layer. (7)
- 13 Garment made of perspiration is top. (10)
- 16 Mo is after the mucky slob for causing hayfever? (7)
- 17 Have a disjointed affair with previous partner tightening muscles. (7)
- 19 Polaroid moment? (7)
- 23 In France, the year is not fattening? (4)

## Crossword Competition

This week's prize, generously supplied by Waterstone's at IC, is a £10 Waterstone's voucher. Entries to the Felix office (on the right as you go into Belt Quad). The winner will be randomly drawn from correct entries received before **midday on Wednesday** and announced next week.

**W** Sponsored by Waterstone's, your campus bookstore  
Central Library, open 10am to 6pm weekdays  
e-mail: [waterstones@ic.ac.uk](mailto:waterstones@ic.ac.uk)  
Tel.: (0171 59) 49604

**Waterstone's**