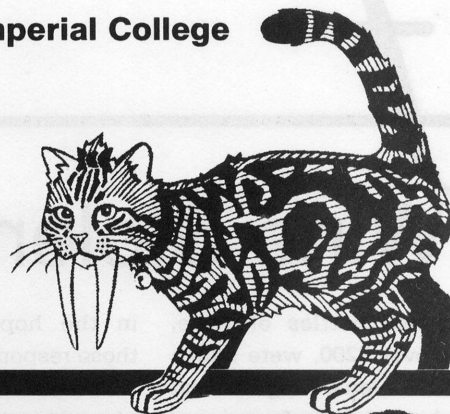


felix



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

**Four Page Rag Rundown.
And this one isn't naked.
(Page 8)**



**Tjinder Sings.
Cornershop Rock!
Hahaha. (Page 18)**



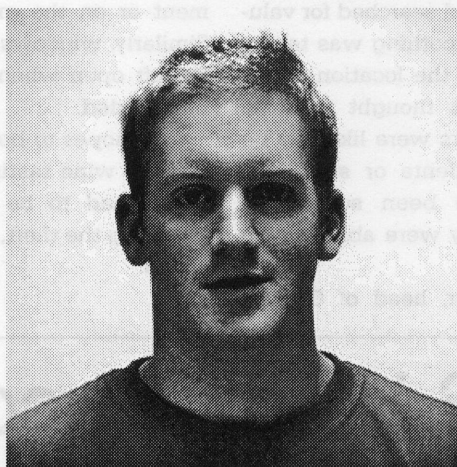
Last Chance to Vote Today

The election race to decide next year's sabbatical team has been heating up all week and culminates today in Imperial students' last chance to cast their vote. The most prominent election events took place on Tuesday and Wednesday, when the candidates were quizzed by students at hustings in both Wye and South Kensington.

At the Wye campus there was a good turn-out, and the candidates for President and *Felix* Editor were particularly carefully grilled. Wye's integration (or not) motivated most of the questions along with funding issues and, perhaps unpredictably, fox hunting.

The second ordeal for candidates came on Wednesday in the Union building, but was overshadowed by controversy about these elections' returning officer, David Francis.

The first candidates to take the stage were those for Deputy President (Finance & Services). All the candidates performed similarly, usually agreeing both on their manifestoes and answers to questions.



David Francis: Returning Officer

At this point, Tasha Newton, former Union President and maybe not as much of a College celebrity as Andy Heeps, unexpectedly took the stage to request that questions be taken from the audience. The original intent had been to submit candidate questions through David Francis, some of which he declined to pose, but she was backed up by an emer-

gency convention of the Union Executive, which took place near the bar. Regardless of whether or not this meeting was valid, the Election Committee decided to overrule Mr Francis' questioning strategy, thus allowing questions from the floor.

After all this fun, the candidates for President were put through their paces. The traditional pints were downed (though Mr Francis declined strong audience requests to do so too) and issues from the NUS to the LEQ system and funding were raised.

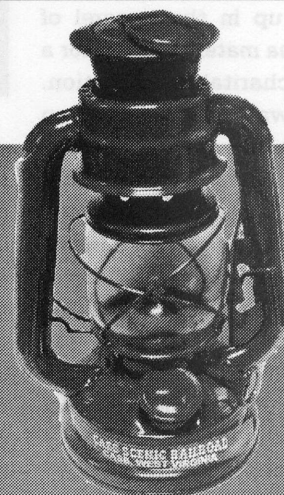
Questioning for the Clubs & Societies Deputy President and that of Education & Welfare proved reasonably uneventful and were followed by the hustings for *Felix* Editor, which were as colourful as expected.

The results from the elections will be announced in *Felix* early next week.

Alisdair

"At the bottom, I followed the small hole, for the first time getting totally out of daylight!"

Caving... We Think...



Wine Stolen From Union

Thirty-two bottles of wine, worth over £200, were stolen from the Union Dining Hall last week in the latest of a series of thefts and attempted thefts in the Union building.

The consignment was placed there at lunchtime in advance of a wine tasting session by ABV - the RCSU club formed by the merger of the former wine-tasting, cocktail and real ale societies - but was taken at some point during the afternoon. ABV members are able to use the sessions to learn how to 'taste, sniff and slurp' wines under the guidance of an expert.

The Union has conceded joint responsibility for the wine having being left in the unsecured room but has agreed to fully reimburse ABV for the loss. Security are currently checking CCTV footage

in the hope of identifying those responsible.

The theft comes in the wake of a series of similar incidents on the first floor of the Union building. A student had their bag stolen recently from reception, and the handbag of Mandy Hurford, Union Manager, was taken from her office in a 'walk-in' theft.

In addition, the office of Dave Parry, Union Finance Manager, was involved in a similar incident a month ago. It is thought that thieves entered and searched for valuables, but nothing was taken. In view of the location of the office, it is thought that the perpetrators were likely to be either students or staff, and may have been scared off before they were able to take anything.

Ken Weir, head of College

Security, told Felix that students and staff alike should remain vigilant with respect to securing their personal property. He added that bags and coats should never be left unattended over the back of chairs, for instance when in the libraries. Room doors should always be locked when rooms are to be left unattended, even if it is only for two minutes. Valuables should never be left where they can be seen from outside, especially in rooms in the basement or on the ground floor. Similarly, windows should not be left open when rooms are unattended.

ABV hopes to hold its introductory wine tasting session, which had to be postponed following the theft, in the near future.

John S

f

Issue 1230

1 March 2002

Deputy Editor: Ali Wren

News: Alex Coby

Reporter: John Stratford

Books: Jon Matthews

Arts: Jon Brenner

Film: Darius Nikbin

Sports: Vacant

Crossword: Dr. Hot Fudge

Comic: J

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RAG Week Success

More than £9000 was raised for the Shooting Star Childrens' Hospice Appeal during this year's RAG week.

The eight-day extravaganza culminated in last Friday's 'School Uniform Day', in which students took the opportunity to turn up in the apparel of their *alma mater* in return for a small charitable donation. Money was also collected on the day by a pair of RAG kissagrams, and several hundred balloons were released from the Queen's Lawn in the RAG Balloon Race. Collectors also hassled money from businessmen and women in Canary Wharf before heading back to Friday night's RAG party at the Union.

The week of fundraising had begun on Valentine's Day, just over a week earlier. A barber-



The long road home: Parachutists head to ICU

shop quartet had toured the campus to deliver serenades and roses to unsuspecting sweethearts. Many volunteers armed with collecting tins were out in force at the gates of College early on Friday morning and the International Pub Crawl raised yet more money for the appeal the following day.

RAG fundraisers took to the

streets of the capital with a set of challenges to complete on Wednesday in the London Raid. IC Radio acquired a life-size cut out of a man and woman locked in somewhat more than an embrace and managed to obtain the support of Radio 1's Mark and Lard. Other fundraisers took part in a game of tiddlywinks along Oxford Street.

The C&G Slave Auction took place on Thursday, and IC Radio's 'Ben and Jerry' broadcast the event live from the JCR. The Hit Squad were also out and available for hire to attack any student or staff member with 'custard pies'.

Other events included a night of Jazz at the Union and abseiling down the Chelsea Design Centre. In a fundraising event not connected with RAG, a group of students also took part in a 'Sponsored Naked Kamikaze Parachute Jump', and ran from Harrods to the Union building sans clothing.

For more details about what went on during the biggest week of the ICU calendar, see 'Helen Arney's Diary' on pages 8-11.

John S

NUS - Your Choice

On the 14th and 15th of March, the students of Imperial College will be asked the question whether they want to join the National Union of Students. To make an informed choice it is important to understand the NUS and how it works.

What is the NUS?

NUS is a membership organisation comprising a confederation of local student representative organisations in colleges and universities throughout the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland which have chosen to affiliate and which pay a membership fee.

NUS represents the interests of about three million students in further and higher education throughout the United Kingdom. NUS aims to provide research, representation, training and advice for individual students and students' unions.

Annual Conference

The sovereign body of the National Union of Students is Annual Conference which takes place each spring. Every students' union is represented at the Conference. Annual Conference determines the policy of the National Union and sets the campaigning agenda for the next year by

determining key policy areas. Conference has a number of sub committees including Elections Committee, Steering Committee and National Executive Committee.

National Council

National Council, along with Regional Conferences aims to hold the NEC accountable for their work and responsibilities. The Council meets at least three times a year and reports to Annual Conference.

National Council directs the work of the NEC within union policy; makes recommendations to Conference regarding the accounts and estimates. National Council guides and generates ideas for the NEC on their campaigns. National Council may also pass policy, in exceptional circumstances.

Regional Conferences

The eight English regions are known as 'Ordinary Regions'. Each ordinary region holds a Regional Conference to which each college is entitled to send the same number of delegates as they did to the previous Annual Conference. Regional Conferences take place twice annually, once in each of the first two academic terms.

NUS Affiliation

Every Constituent Member union of NUS pays an annual subscription fee. This is calculated by a number of means, depending on the number of full and part time students who are members of the union and the amount of money the union receives from their college. The funds raised from fees are used to fund the campaigns, activities and administration of the National Union. The affiliation fee for Imperial College Union will be £35,000 per year, with a reduced fee for the first year.

NUS Services Limited (NUSSL)

Being a member of the NUS allows you to join NUSSL (although you do not have to join it). NUSSL is a limited company operating as a purchasing consortium that procures deals for commercial services (including beer, stationery etc). Imperial College Union is already a member of a different consortium and it is vital to compare the relative prices offered by both consortiums to assess the value in joining NUSSL.

Find out more

For more about the advantages and disadvantages of joining the NUS, go to www.union.ic.ac.uk/nus.

The ICU Islamic Society Presents

discovery
the united colours of islam

**4th, 5th, 6th, 7th &
8th March 2002**

**Keep your Eyes
Open**



**IT'S IN
YOUR
HANDS**

"SUSTAINABLE FUTURES"

ICU ENVIRONMENTAL SOCIETY
2ND ALTERNATIVE CAREERS FAIR

DATE: 6 MARCH

VENUE: CIVIL ENG (LVL 2) 201 & 207

TIME: 1230-1700

[Http://union.ic.ac.uk/esoc/acf2002.html](http://union.ic.ac.uk/esoc/acf2002.html)

e-mail: thomas.tibbits@ic.ac.uk

The Caves Of Morocco

In the early eighties a French team explored a high plateau near Jbel Ghat, (Jbel = Mountain, Ghat. The 'Gh' is pronounced as a throaty R sound). The plateau is surrounded by a horseshoe shaped ridge, the peak of which is just below 4000m. The report documented many caves, mostly vertical shafts, in several different areas of the plateau. The French expedition had only covered a tiny proportion of area of the plateau and we were intrigued enough to want to take a look for ourselves.



It was decided that a team of 5 (Tim Wright, Hugh Penney, Jan Evetts, Colm Carroll and Ed Austin) would spend 2½ weeks on the plateau. September is the best time to visit the Atlas since the heat of the summer is over, but winter has not yet set in. Since we would be staying in one place, no driver would be needed. So we contacted the owner of a local guide, Mohammed Achahri and he sorted out all the logistics.

On August 28th, we flew to Marrakech. We had two days to doss and sort out some supplies, which we decided were better to get out there. The most significant of which was carbide. For those who don't know, carbide is a rock like substance that when mixed with water fizzes to give off acetylene gas. This is burned to provide light in the caves. In less developed countries it is normally found quite easily since it is used for lighting and welding, but we were not so lucky, and had to engage in some very shady dealings before we were supplied with what we needed. It felt like we were buying crack.

The other supplies, however, were easy to get from various stalls, and on Saturday we met our driver, Lassan, picked up Jan

from the airport and headed for the stunning Bougoumez valley.

The most amazing thing about Bougoumez valley is the colour - it's green. For the entire drive from Marrakech, through the plains west of the mountains, to the foothills of the Atlas, an arid, dusty, rocky brown terrain was normal. As we rounded the final corner into the valley, we could not help but be amazed by the fertile green fields laid out before us. This is quite an achievement since it's such an enor-

mous valley, supporting a population of many thousands, but with a single large stream as the only water supply.

The next morning we travelled by landrover to Abachkou where we swapped four wheels for four legs. By the time we reached Abachkou, it was 3:00pm, so we would not be able to reach our destination that day.

All the kit for six people for 2½ weeks was loaded onto just four mules, a sight that has to be seen to be believed. We walked carrying only water and cameras for about three hours, following a small track along the river and passing small villages made up of mud huts. The only way we knew we were in the 20th century was the occasional solar panel, or satellite dish peeking from a window. This really was very isolated, so enchanting - we loved it. Eventually the source of the river was reached, a bubbling spring emerging from the stones. The dry riverbed stretched off into the distance. The muleteers had never been here before, and did not know where to find water further on - so this was the camping spot for the evening. The plateau was still another 8km (and 1200m higher).

That evening, the massive communal

tent was put up. The chef and muleteers made us dinner while we relaxed, studied the maps and explored a little. It was perfect, until the next morning at least.

The first thing I did that day was the only thing I was capable of: I was sick. I got up, tried to take some paracetamol and a bit of water - but my stomach was having none of it. At 9:30am, the sun was rising fast and I found somewhere to rest in the shade while everyone packed the kit onto the mules. When we set off I was less than enthusiastic, after an hour I was able to go no further. I found a rock and hid from the blazing sun. Jan kindly offered to stop with me for 24 hours so I could recover. Everyone else continued up the mountain. The mules were to descend the next day to return to Bougoumez, and Colm would come with them to guide us up the mountain.

Jan and I were quite exhausted having had a rough night's sleep and little food. We slogged up the final steep ascent to our new home. As we rose out of the valley, we left behind all the green, and entered a desolate moonscape. The only vegetation was 'hedgehog' bushes (small spiky shrubs).

The camp was at the head of hanging valley, above the main wadi. The plateau, where the caves were to be found was over the western ridge of the valley. The main tent was erected, and Hassan set up the cooking area inside. The rest of us tried hard to find some vaguely flat, non-spiky ground to pitch tents on. The water supply was a small dribble that filled a series of cascading pools, about 5 minutes from the camp.

It quickly became apparent that we were not alone. In the evening, we saw several fires. A population of shepherds was living in the valley with us. The next morning we met one of them as he beat us to the water supply. His sheep drank all the water, so we had to wait hours for the pools to re-fill.

We split the caving area into several zones. The nearest (zone A) was the area just above the ridge. Zone B was the central region of the plateau. The farthest area from the camp, zone N was where the French expedition found the most caves.

In order to orientate ourselves, we split into two teams. Myself, Hugh and Jan decided to visit zone A, and follow the ridge down to the lowest part of the plateau, where an enormous dry riverbed, followed by a narrow gorge plunged down a 200m

August 2001

drop to the main valley below. Colm and Ed went to zone B, spending time walking round the plateau to get a feel from the place. A dump of kit was assembled at the top of the ridge, above the camp to save us having to carry heavy caving equipment up the steep and rocky climb every morning.

Walking round the plateau, it also became apparent quite how many people lived on the plateau. A population of over 10 shepherds lived in small rock shelters. They collected water from the few small springs that could be found on the plateau. Their shelters we made homely with a few rugs and cushions to sit on. They had a supply of flour and oil, to make bread and tinned fish for sustenance. You could not help but be stunned by how these people lived. Our chef, Hassan told us that they were being paid to look after sheep from the valleys during the summer.

So far, we had not found anything of major interest, so we decided to focus our efforts on the farthest part of the plateau (zone N). This area looked to have the best potential and many small caves had been found by the French expedition in the last days of their expedition. While most of us stayed at camp to allow Hassan to descend to the souk, Jan set off for an exploratory walk around this zone. His plan was to figure out a good route to get there, walk through the area, and take photographs. It was a mammoth trip, and when he returned he was rewarded with chocolate cake, baked in our new camping oven. Hassan, returned from the souk with more supplies, including some meat! That evening we had a massive feast, washed down with a little whisky and vodka.

The next day, a team set to take a closer look at the area. We stopped for lunch in the shade of an overhanging cliff. We had a good view of zone B, and studied the maps to try and find out where we had been the previous week. As we relaxed, a shepherd appeared. Communication was difficult but with rudimentary Arabic and Berber we managed (just about). He was asking for something, which we eventually discovered was a lighter. We gave him a spare one, and after that all the shepherds were asking for them!

We explained to him we were looking for caves. He seemed to indicate he knew where there was one, so we decided to fol-

low him. He headed straight up the other side of the dry valley back towards zone B. We could not believe how quickly he could move around the landscape. He was wearing a pair of very old and knackered shoes, and even with our walking boots, we were still not able to keep up. After about an hour, walking past several surface shafts he took us to an innocuous looking pile of rocks. He disappeared under them, and we followed him in. Inside was a small spring, one of the few hidden springs on the otherwise dry plateau. Just to the side of the spring was a shaft which looked to be about 5m deep. A small back hole could be made out at the bottom to one side. He watched with interest as Jan tied a rope round one the boulders and I descended down. At the bottom, I followed the small hole, for the first time getting totally out of daylight! I sat on a small ledge and threw a rock down into the darkness below me. It rattled for about 10 seconds, and then hit the ground. This looked very promising. We did not have enough rope to go any further, so I retreated back to the surface. We thanked the shepherd, and gave him some tinned fish and bread in return for showing

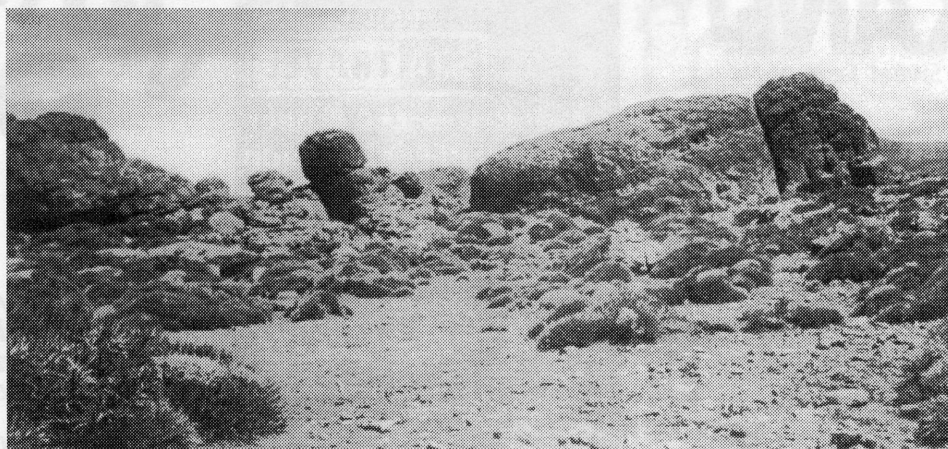
over to zone N, to try and do what we were supposed to do the previous day!

It took us about 3 hours to get back to the cave, it was not easy to find! Armed with more rope, Jan descended first, and continued down the main shaft. I followed him, while Hassan stayed safely on the surface. As Jan descended, we used a tape measure, compass and clinometer to make a detailed survey of the cave. When Jan reached the bottom, he had a look around, but it went nowhere. We had found another cave with a flat floor - very tedious.

Colm and Ed had had a better day. They had found an area with loads of stuff to look at. They had also managed to find a good route there; a return trip could be done in less than three hours (we were all pretty fit by this stage, and had acclimatised to the heat and altitude).

We spent a couple more days exploring zone N, walking and taking in the splendid isolation. On Tuesday, the muleteers arrive to take us home.

The descent back to Bougoumez was easy. We rested at Abachkou, waiting for the landrover to take us the final few kilometres, while the mules continued their



us the cave. He disappeared off, presumably to find his sheep.

Leaving the kit at the cave, we returned to the camp. The next day we would return with more rope. We celebrated the first real discovery that night. We asked Hassan if he would like to join us the next day to see what we had found. He was entirely baffled as to why we wanted to visit this desolate location, but agreed to come with us.

The next day, Hugh stayed behind to guard the camp, and Hassan, Jan and I returned to the cave. Colm and Ed went

journey home. We were greeted by Mohammed in the gite that evening with soft beds, good food and hot showers ready to go! The fecund valley of Bougoumez seemed like paradise compared to where we had been. After a good feed and a few drinks we slept like babies, ready for the final journey to Marrakech the next day.

Tim Wright

If you're interested in joining the caving club on their expedition to Slovenia this summer, contact caving@ic.ac.uk or look at our website: <http://www.su.ic.ac.uk/caving>

**Friday
1st**

START

**THE BEST OF
70s & 80s
SOUL FUNK
DISCO**

union
djs:play



8pm-2am
£1.50 Union/£2 Guests

Friday Night Out
Supported by
dB UP HI TimeOut

**Tuesday
5th**

**UNION
QUIZ
NIGHT**

sponsored by

STA TRAVEL

Prizes: £50 & beer
8:30pm/FREE@the union

Da Vinci's

**Wednesday
6th**

**CHEESY
WOTSITS**

union
djs:play



£1/pint Tetleys or
Carlsberg while beer
lasts from 5pm (dBs only)
Plus extra seating for DaVinci's Café

8pm-2am
£1 Union/£1.50 Guests
Barbque in the Quad

dB ICU Good Fun
@ good prices

**Thursday
7th**

KARAOKE

They're
playing our song
at the Union.

8pm-11pm
FREE@the union

dB ICU Good Fun
@ good prices

**Friday
8th**

union
djs:play

KANDY

The Sweet Taste of Ne



Commercial Dance
House / Ibiza Tunes

8pm-2am
£1.50 Union/£2 Guests

Friday Night Out
Supported by
dB UP HI TimeOut

**Tuesday
12th**

**UNION
QUIZ NIGHT**

sponsored by

STA TRAVEL

Prizes: £50 & beer
8:30pm/FREE@the union

Da Vinci's

Pik-a-boo

A Night of PURE
R'n'B/Garage

dB ICU Good Fun
@ good prices
DJ D-Mon & DJ Bliss
7:30pm Free@the Union

**Wednesday
13th**

**CHEESY
WOTSITS**

union
djs:play



£1/pint Tetleys or
Carlsberg while beer
lasts from 5pm (dBs only)
Plus extra seating for DaVinci's Café

8pm-2am
£1 Union/£1.50 Guests
Late Night Hot Food

dB ICU Good Fun
@ good prices

**Thursday
14th**

BUST-A-OUT

2001 Perrier Award winner
in Edinburgh

"Truly exceptional. Ayoade
has the potential to be up
there with the very best of
them."

Edinburgh Evening News

**RICHARD
AYOADE**

First 72 tickets over
the bar get FREE WKD

Purchase advance tickets
from the Union Reception

Doors 7:30pm

£3 Union/£3.50 Guests

dB WKD The Daily Telegraph
OPEN MIC
AWARD

ICU Good Fun
@ good prices

Union Building
Beit Quad

R.O.A.R.



Da Vinci's
— Café bar —



Open noon-11pm Saturdays and noon-10:30pm Sundays

imperial
college
union

IC Radio

ICR has shat on the grave of rock'n'roll

At last year's Student Radio conference we were given a bollocking by Sony's Sumit Bothra. Student Radio, he said, used to lead where now it was content to follow. Too many Heads of Music were Xeroxing the Radio One playlist. How was he supposed to plug new up and coming bands when all we played was Hear'Say. Then he started singing the praises of Toploader and robbed his argument of credence, somewhat... He also stole our pizza. What a bastard!

He had a point, though. Student Radio has changed; that's because students have changed. But is there really any point in giving heavy rotation to stuff that Radio 1, Capital, Xfm and, God help us, Radio 2 are already playing? I would argue not: If you're not offering anything different, then you're probably gonna lose your listeners to the more professional station with the bigger rep and the bigger

profile. The level of promotion college radio can offer is inconsequential to the likes of Hear'Say, so why not support someone equally (more?) worthy who actually needs it?

Of course, you can't be a complete indie snob. Well, you could, but you'd be a dick-head. Britney Spears has done some good tunes. S Club 7 have done some good tunes. But, like I said, they're tunes which are forced onto the public in a constant barrage of promo and publicity and which, to be blunt, appeal to the lowest common denominator so are bound to sell. Besides, right now is one of the most exciting periods for music in ages. There are bands and artists of all shapes and sizes bringing a range of styles and sounds that's as wide as the ocean.

There's something to suit everyone: Fun for all the family. It would be criminal to ignore a vast swathe of it, just because we were afraid of leaving the shallow end

of the, er, musical swimming pool, as it were. And let's face it, Radio 1's crap, X is OK, but not great and Capital, Virgin, Heart, Magic and all those other station with made up sounding names are barely worth mentioning. So what if student radio can't compete with commercial radio? We shouldn't even try: Who wants to be like Chris Tarrant? We are in position of enormous privilege in that we're not cow-towed to sponsors insisting on control over output, demanding certain concessions in playlist policy.

We get to play pretty much what we want. So let's pick up the ball and run with it. If it's a good record let's play it, whoever it's by. It's a big beautiful world out there, so open up the window and take a great big sniff...

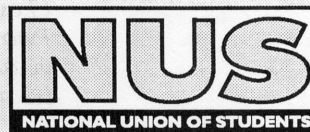
icradio
www.icradio.com



Why I am voting

YES

to



A note by David Francis, Student, Imperial College

The NUS represents, and wins, for students. There are numerous examples of this plotted throughout history, in particular I would like to highlight the beneficial relationship struck up between the NUS and UCU which has produced outstanding concessions for students such as the Student Railcard and the London Transport Card. But representation is all about getting information in, analysing it, and producing significant results because of it. At the moment, students at Imperial can not influence the direction the NUS takes. Imagine a scenario, for a second: England is governed by Parliament, but the people of London could not vote in the Elections for the members or indeed the leaders of that Parliament. How can the Parliament ever hope to listen to the concerns of Londoners when it removes even the most rudimentary rights?

The argument that Imperial's students aren't political (either with a capital or a small "p") holds no weight with me. If you went around Imperial's many campuses, and asked the students how much they think they should be paying in tuition fees, or whether or not they should have a market rate loan as opposed to an interest rate free one, or whether they think they

deserve a grant; I can guarantee that each and every one would have an opinion. In the current set up, 11,000 students can't tell the NUS what they want. I believe that ICU is robbing those students of a right that many other students at other Unions have. The government speaks to the NUS. The Research Councils speak to the NUS. The Student Loans Company speaks to the NUS. Who speaks to ICU?

The NUS card gets you discounts and saves you money. Now, Imperial College Union can push its subvention (the money it gets from College) through many different hoops and around various circles, but by affiliating to the NUS, students here will be able to see actual, tangible benefits manifested through there being more money left in their wallets. It's as simple as that.

Joining the NUS also gives the option of subscribing to NUSSI, the buying consortium that gets cheap beer, stationary etc. Initial figures show that Imperial College Union could save up to £20,000 by doing so. Nice.

So there we go, it's simple really. Shouldn't the question really be "why wouldn't we affiliate to the NUS"? Check out the website for more details.

If you are interested in supporting the Imperial Students say
YES to NUS campaign visit **www.nusatimperial.co.uk**



Rag Week

14 Thursday
(45-320)

RAG Week eve and Valentines Day - will it be my lucky day?

I have arranged a date with five very attractive Men of the World. Apparently they enjoy bursting into lecture theatres and offices, singing charming Valentine songs or camp sea shanties and presenting roses to unsuspecting victims for charity. Mmm, caring, sharing and nice voices too, I wonder...

(Alcohol units consumed: One bottle of JD for the purpose of whetting their whistles; Serenades sung: 12, plus a few freebies; Current total £120)

15 Friday
(46-319)

First day of RAG Week! The first of too many early starts...

Bun-freezing gate collections first thing in the morning with the committed (or should-be-committed?) Rag crew. Why do I do this? Because it's fun! And involves free breakfast... Three feisty RAG devils made it into the Union to add some RAG Week fun and frolics and to spread a bit of love to everyone else. Zero out of five yesterday. Maybe I'm doing something wrong? Perhaps I'll try the unfailing properties of alcohol tomorrow...

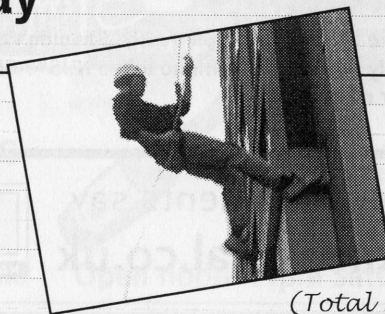
(Four pain au chocolat and a croissant - lots of calories, negative points! Two glasses of orange juice and another couple of hundred pounds raised - lots of vitamins, cancels out the negative points and then some. Could probably squeeze in a few extra pastries now.)

16 Saturday
(47-318)

International Pub Crawl, almost as good as a romantic weekend break in New York (huuh, I should be so lucky!)

Hmm, can't remember a lot about this afternoon - am v. drunk and v. tired. Seemed to start in the Union with three friends, an oversized spanner and some serious rugby action. Twenty worldly-themed pubs and 80 units later we landed in Southside. Seemed to have done well with raising money though. Impressed by everyone's stamina, especially that Sam & Matt duo - seven hours of IC Radio coverage, those boys can last...

(Alcohol units consumed: 20. At least, I think so... Current total: £1500)

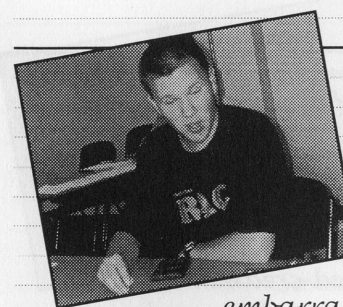
17 Sunday
(48-317)


Sponsored abseil down the Chelsea design centre. Complete madness!

I can't believe what crazy people will do for charity - I mean, those harnesses make your bum look so big! But with so much money at stake it was definitely worth the fashion disasters and some particularly nasty chafing.

(Total raised for St John ambulance: £2,809.03)

Diary 2002

Monday 18
(49-316)


All ready to go out and raise some cash after the weekend!

Bitch of a morning at tube stations collecting from commuters, such mean people, why won't anyone think of the children? But v. cheered up by IC Radio following us round all day - I think there's a beautiful friendship developing. Jazz & Rock put on four fabulous bands - the Rocking Chairs, What the Funk, Urban Bongo and Meantime. Got v. drunk on cocktails and danced in an embarrassing way. How can the week get better?

(Alcohol consumed: lots, the bar was rammed. Extra points for developing my good karma and chilling out all evening)

Tuesday 19
(50-315)

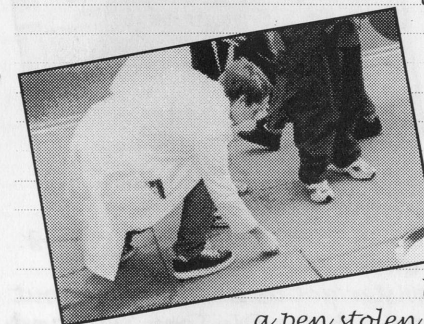
And I thought it couldn't get any better...

I will not drink again, ever, ever, ever. At least, not cocktails. And no dancing either. At least that's what I thought, until Jazz Big Band came onstage and it all went v. funky. Plus ICU cinema showed classics Blues Brothers and the Italian Job - if only every Tuesday Night turned out to be as good as this...

Wednesday 20
(51-316)

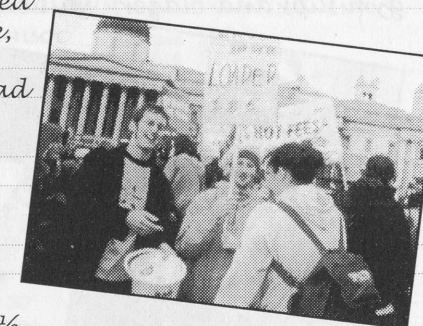
Raided London (and survived!)

Something completely different for today - the RAG London Raid! Started in the JCR with challenges, buckets, 150 students and a will to collect as much cash as possible in the most bizarre situations we could find. What a fantastic day! Came back six hours later having: Picked up



a penguin in Regents Park Zoo, applied for a Japanese passport, flown a bra on a flagpole on High Street Ken, kissed a few traffic wardens, posed in Harrods' window display, raided UCL, met Noel Gallagher, Mark & Lard, June from T4 and some interesting cardboard friends, swapped clothes with policemen, traffic wardens and milkmen, juggled in Trafalgar Square, performed with buskers in the street, had

a pen stolen by Ken Livingstone, tiddlywinked down Oxford Street, stripped to boxer shorts in any situation possible, blagged our way into anywhere and everywhere and hassled anyone and everyone for cash in the streets. Such a riot - v. v. good fun!



(Total raised so far: £5,700. Hours spent counting: 4½. Calories burnt: Hundreds and thousands from running round London all day! Alcohol units: Stopped counting after having too much fun!)

21 Thursday

(52-313)

Slave Auction day - now's my chance! If I can't catch them, buy them!

Sounds like my only opportunity this week to get hold of a big chunk of Imperial Man for myself, I was there with my cheque book open. Never mind, at least there was free Ben & Jerry's with every slave. Lots of bizarre flanning activity from the C&G Hit Squad too. Sod the diet, it's RAG Week! Give me a peanut butter and chocolate spread RAGwich while you're here!

(Calorie count: Through the roof - think of all that whipped cream... Money raised: £500 at least, and worth every penny)

22 Friday

(53-312)

Suddenly, I remember why I never made it as a prefect...

Extremely short skirt, peanutted tie, white shirt unbuttoned too far, boots and bunches, was truly ready to get Back to School for RAG this morning. Retro action all day - trips up the Queen's Tower, Big Balloon Race on the



Lawn, hassling bored businessmen in the City for cash with not much more than fishnets, cheeky grins and a tuba quartet from the Royal College of Music RAG. Skived back from Canary Wharf to nip round the back of the bike sheds for a cheeky fag, go "up town" with the boys at lunchtime, fake a note from me mam to get out of cross country practice and dance badly at the end of term party in between swigs of vodka from under the table.

God, it was just like being sixteen again...

Bumped into two gorgeous girls who were kissing people in exchange for donations. They seemed to be in high demand wherever they went, and raised lots of cash along the way - sounds like a job I should have applied for...

Big-up stylee Back to School Party in the Union, packed out like nothing else this term with everyone in gym slips and blazers. Still can't work out how the school uniform

dress code seems to end up with everyone wearing less clothes than normal... Bands played in the School Hall, giant twister got us all rolling about on the floor and classic cheese DJs Tom, Dan and Mark Horne partied with us all night.

Went home with the head boy... a v. good week - can't wait until next year!



(Alcohol units: not sure, but three were vodka jelly, which surely doesn't count? Calories: Do Jelly Beans have calories? Total for the week:

£8,000 plus whatever else we find down the back of the filing cabinet - the number can only go up!)

Thank You!

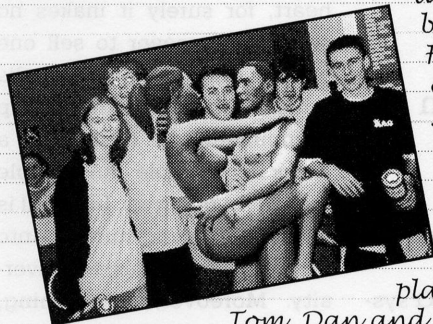


David Tregidgo, Priscilla Chow, Jatil Damania, Nick Jones, Martin Dingler, Ruth Chapple, Sam "skater" Sharpe, Chris Liston, Richard Walker, Joel and Ned, for being a righteous and fabulous committee and keeping it all on track with your commitment and support. You made it fun!

So many events, so many people, it wouldn't have been such a success (or such a riotously good laugh!) without you - the beautiful Barbershop Boys, S&M Sam, the Wye Princess (now the legendary South Ken Princess) Jo Picone, Ruth Chapple, Vikki Hind, Jacki & the BFree posse, Helen Clubb, Mustafa Arif, Nick the Greek, Sam Downey, Shazia, Hayley and Saff for support and spare buckets, Enrico, Diane

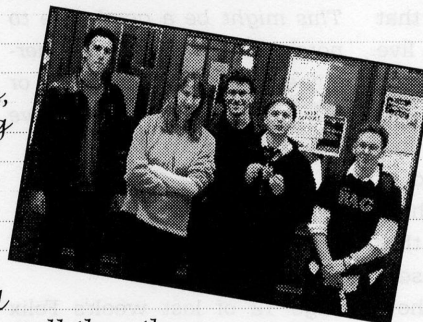


and all the RSM vodka jelly babes, Jenni Wood and the LINKS crew, Ben Hawkins, Andrew Ince, Ant Dearden, Martin Cloke & all of JBB, Richard Plackett, Mike Wheeler, the J&R bands and SMC (thanks for tea!), Helen Hawkings, cloakroom kittens Jude & Tasha, all the stewards and bar staff for putting up with drunken raggies, Antony, Steve, James, you're naughty boys, Katy, Atlanta, Holly, Charlie, Sarah & Ali, you were amazing, all the bands that



played on Friday plus

Tom, Dan and Mark, you all rocked the house! More thanks to all club & soc chairs, CCU random raggies, hall reps, Sheffield departments, London Raiders and everyone who took photos during the week - too many to name, if I take up any more room Ali will kill me, so please accept my thanks and know how much we've appreciated it.



Grateful thanks to Dave Parry, Aziz & Zona for sorting the financial f**kups, to Mandy and Michelle for preventing all the other f**kups before they happened, Penny, Ham, Simon, Mick, Jerry, Rob, Nicky: thank you all for taking us seriously and giving so much support for what we were trying to do last week.



Extra special thanks to Dave Roberts for saving my time, my nerves and my sanity, Ed & the Dramsoc

Dark Side for always being one step beyond the call of duty, Steve & IC Radio for bringing fun times and funky music respectively, STOIC, Will and Ali for giving a flying one, and as always to Iain for keeping my feet firmly on the ground.

Most of all a huge thanks to everyone who turned up to the events, donated your hard earned cash or just had a good time. You're the ones who have helped make sick kids' lives a bit better by working so hard and having so much fun. Respect. Check the website for more updates, and see you all next year!



Helen

Condom-inium?

Dear Felix,

I would like to write to both Jolyon Thompson and Irene Weinreib with regard to their reply to an Inkwell article printed the issue before, an article I wholeheartedly agreed with.

Surely the single most important aim should be to promote being responsible and safe to those who are going to have sex, and to make this as easy as possible. And the worst argument has to be that displaying condoms would be offensive to those whose religious group opposes contraception. I'm sorry, but if I was a member of one of these religious groups then I would find this argument itself offensive. We undoubtedly live in a multicultural society: Surely it is time that we are all able to accept each other the way we are, and live peacefully together? She argues that it's disappointing that we live in a society that is too repressed to talk about sex, yet seems happy that we live in a society too repressed to openly accept each others beliefs. I'm not arguing that we should be brazen or insensitive, but I would ask how many people would admit to be offended by a few packets of condoms placed discreetly in the corner of the health centre?

In reply to Irene, if the health centre has to provide statistics concerning their supply of condoms, how are they able to give 2500 to the ICSU to distribute during freshers week? Do the freshers have to fill out a form? Since they are able to do this, can they not for example provide 20% without this frankly ridiculous bureaucracy? These could be placed in the health centre at start of

each morning's surgery and made available to those who do not feel confident in having to fill out a form and having their "statistics" placed on their patient record.

Sadly, it seems that because the health centre has favourable statistics regarding unwanted pregnancies, it therefore feels that there is no motivation for trying to make those statistics even better. It's easy to accept things for the way they are, but much more difficult to strive for improvement. Especially in the face of people such as Jolyon who seems delightfully happy in blindly accepting the status quo, without any considered thought for the issues involved.

Yours,
Anonymous.

Just for the record, we believe Jolyon is a man, contrary to the belief of our correspondent. This might be a good time to note that letters are not generally edited except for length or offensive content - or offensive grammatical errors. Ed.

Elect-rocution

Page 12 of last week's Felix explains the ICU voting rules: 'You will then be required to vote by the Single Transferable Vote System... If you put a 1 next to RON, all other numbers will be ignored.'. Why is this? It's reasonable you could put RON as your first choice and then go on to give a second choice, if you want to say: none of the above candidates is really up to the job but if it has to be one of them then candidate X is the best of a bad lot. This way of giving second and subsequent choices (in case your first choice doesn't get in) is what STV is

all about.

With the current system, if you put RON as your first choice you effectively lose the rest of your vote. But this does not apply to other candidates. Perhaps someone from the Union could explain the reason for this discrimination against RON.

Ed Avis

We have contacted the Returning Officer for the sab-batical elections, David Francis, who replied that there was indeed an error in the article. RON's votes will be reallocated just like any other candidate if RON is eliminated from any ballot. Ed.

LEQ-rocution

Dear Felix,

Please could you find out from Prof Rawlings:

1. How much did the LEQ system cost IC?
2. Where did the money come from (internal, government, or private sector)?
3. Who built it (was it in-house or contracted, and if contracted, who to)?
4. Are departments forced to use the college LEQ or are they free to develop and use their own system instead?
5. Would he welcome an alternative system developed by IC Students?

The rumours I have heard answer:

1. £40 000
2. Government
3. Contractors
4. They have to use LEQ
5. Unknown (likely no)

but I would appreciate having the truth from the person who should know best...

Regards,
Philip Willoughby

The Hall Guy

Dear Felix,

It has come to my attention that Sir Richard Sykes is intending to sell Garden Hall, in Prince's Gardens (Felix, 25 January).

Garden, as is affectionately called by all its residents, was only refurbished in the last couple of years, and has a warm and friendly atmosphere, with the obvious advantage of proximity to university. Even if you choose to disregard such important factors, you cannot help but wonder whether Sir Richard really has his students' interests at heart, for surely it makes no sense whatsoever to sell one of the only remaining halls which offers such cheap accommodation (from £35 a week in double and triple rooms). In doing so, Imperial is effectively being turned into an ever more exclusive university. Moreover, if anything, Imperial needs more rooms not less. Can it seriously afford to lose any? For example, most of the other great London universities offer accommodation for third or final year students.

If this plan is allowed to go ahead, then surely there will be nothing to stop any further decisions to close down other halls. It is all good and well that Imperial needs to raise money, but at who's expense?

I urge Felix and its readers to question the motives behind Sir Richard's plans, and to ponder on the implications of reducing cheap rooms near the University. Is this really the best way forward?

Garden Hall Resident

Letters may not be edited for punctuation or spelling, but may be edited for length. Mail letters to felix@ic.ac.uk

Imperial College Union Musical Theatre Society.

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 Sat: closed/Sun: 6-close

imperial
 college
 union
 BARS

This Week	Friday	Weekend
Union Events	Shaft 70's wibbly stuff with overtones of CHEESE. I love cheese. So fragrant, and if you leave it in the sun long enough, it will evolve into a rabbit. <i>Union, All Night</i>	Ummmm I don't know what I usually put in here. Maybe something happens. I don't know: Leave me alone, I'm trying to have a nervous breakdown. <i>My Life, Eternity</i>
Student Activities	Voting You should be voting today. There's an election on. Even if you don't care, do, because it's the fundamental basis of democracy. So there. <i>All Departments, All Day</i>	Hamlet More Danish hilarity with Shakespeare's best hero seeing dead people and making other people dead. A Medic Production. GO! <i>Union Concert Hall, 7pm</i>
At The Movies	O Not to be confused with the story of O, which is naughty and mildly pornographic, this is a version of Othello, which is apparently quite good. Martin Sheen as coach!	Waking Life Get stoned. Watch this. Check... bloke meditates on the nature of reality in this partly animated tale of a man trying to teach himself how to control his dreams. Cool.
Television & Radio	Simpsons Well, to be honest, after the success of last week's <i>Star Trek Voyager Fest</i> , I have decided that we need a terrestrial channel fest... <i>BBC2, 6pm</i>	Life Of Brian (Okay, not the Simpsons, but it is on, and it is one of the most classic films of all time. Always look on the bright side of life, etc. How good.) <i>Channel 4, Sunday, 10pm</i>
Gigs & Concerts	Blues Brothers Band Many of the original band get together including Steve Cropper, Lou Marini, Matt Murphy and Alan Rubin with guest Eddie Floyd. <i>Shepherd's Bush Empire</i>	Church Of Simian No idea. Some surreal stuff that I think we reviewed last week... you know, the guys with the crow/cow on the front cover. Weird. <i>St. Matthew's Church</i>
Phobias & Neuroses	Peladophobia Fear of bald men. This is because hair is your aerials to the cosmos, which is why bald men are so uptight. And thus so scary. To all those other people. Maybe.	Coprastasophobia We do not talk about these things here in the <i>Felix</i> office, but constipation isn't funny, and if you have this condition, then you'd think so too. No, really. Fnarr fnarr.

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
Ermmmm Similar to the weekend, but on a Monday instead. One of my favourite days, because I go mad. Come and help at <i>Felix</i> if you want. <i>Felix, All Night</i>	Trivia I'm good at this. I know all about completely useless things. My maths teacher told me it was pointless, but now I win cash at pub quizzes. <i>Da Vinci's, 7pm</i>	Wotsits Wot Are Cheesy They take a form of corn based substitute, and mix it with yummy cheese flavourings. And then get very drunk with sportsmen. Yum. <i>Union, All Night</i>	Karaoke Go on, you know you want to. Not to mention the fact that there are many drunk American girls there who will also be 'singing'. Hehe. <i>Union, 8pm</i>	Kandy MMMMmm. Sweet sweet Kandy. Hip Hop, Rock the Shop, Get a Mop and Grind to a Stop. Then DANCE! That kind of music, and more. <i>Union, All Night</i>
Public Ents Meeting I assume this is for you to come along and have your voice heard about the state of Ents (nights) at the Union. Go along to have your say. <i>Union, 12.15pm</i>	Acting Workshop Kat Quatermass looks at intensely emotional text and explains how actors can work with it. All are welcome: learn how to express yourself. <i>Union Eastwing 6B, 6pm</i>	Chess Club I love these guys. Pawn to King 4. Or Ping to Kawn 5. Maybe Pinn to Kawg 8. Who knows? It's all too clever for me. But then, I'm thick. <i>Brown Room, 6pm</i>	IQ Party I'm not homophobic, but if you don't know what this means, you probably don't want to go along. But maybe I'm wrong... I usually am. <i>dBs, 7pm</i>	Grease Also on 'Tuesday thru' Saturday, this production by the Musical Theatre Society should be very cool, Beauty School Dropout. Sorry. <i>Union Concert Hall, 7ish</i>
Shipping News Dogger, Fisher, German Bite, North Westerly Gale Force 3 Proceeding. Sorry, that's the forecast. Kevin 'Don' Spacey rebuilds his life, possibly with Judi Dench.	From Hell I'm still excited about this, since it's got Johnny Depp in it, and I'm afraid he is fundamentally cool. So go and see it. Even if he does have a silly accent.	Haan Maine Bhi Pyaar Kiya Not sure, but it's doing pretty well in the charts. It seems like Bollywood to me, and I think it's a love triangle story. If you like dancing...	Ali Strangely not about the <i>Felix</i> deputy editor, this is instead about some boxer who was quite famous once. Who knows, maybe he was a war hero?	Training Day I could do with one of these, since I seem to be losing my touch. Maybe it's because I drink too much. Maybe it's just 'cos I'm naturally stupid. Oh yes, go see it.
Simpsons ...And as such I have chosen the Simpsons this week, because I can tell you now that they are on BBC2 every day for the whole week... <i>BBC2, 6pm</i>	Simpsons ...And probably will be for the foreeable future, perhaps even into the next millenium. To be honest, I'm quite excited by this... <i>BBC2, 6pm</i>	Simpsons ...Since I've always been disappointed by not having Sky so I can watch them at least once a day. But now I feel vindicated... <i>BBC2, 6pm</i>	Simpsons ...And I don't even have to remember complex things like the time and channel, since it's the same time and the same channel, each time... <i>BBC2, 6pm</i>	Simpsons ...Needless to say, I'm fairly moist at this prospect, and as such will be sitting in my room all year. So don't expect any more <i>Felices</i> . <i>BBC2, 6pm</i>
Angie Stone Nu-soul bintings from some binty bint who may or may not be attractive. No-one will tell me, becuae I'm so one-dimensional. <i>Shepherd's Bush Empire</i>	Walkmen They wander around, and they're men. Maybe playing musical instruments, rather like travelling minstrels. Perhaps they play lutes. Or not. <i>The Monarch</i>	The 45s Presumably a band relating to vinyl record speeds. They were quite good when they were the 33s, but now they've sold out. Boo. <i>The Metro Club</i>	Sum 41 Nu-ish-metal-rock-sperm-aardvark-azer-baijahn-your-mum-sucks-donkey-knob-ban-dit-type-band-banter-banter-banter. <i>Brixton Academy</i>	Royksopp No idea at all. Never even heard of them. Nor has anyone. Not a single person. So they're probably really alternative and cool. <i>Astoria</i>
Malaxophobia I think most men have this, according to reliable sources. It is the fear of foreplay. I'm not exactly scared of it, but I'd rather get it out of the way ASAP..	Parthenophobia Virgins. They scare me. There should be more sex, in my opinion, and then I wouldn't be so scared any more. Shag me to alleviate my fear. Please. Pretty please?	Arachibutyrophobia This fear is not very common, I don't think. I don't know, maybe it is. It's the fear of having peanut butter sticking to the roof of your mouth. So now you know.	Athazagoraphobia This is a fear of being ignored. Oi! Listen. I'm trying to educate you. Is no-one listening? Why not? Oh, help me... I'm losing it... I want my mummy... Aaaagggghhh.	Panophobia This is when you're scared of everything. I mean truly fearing for your life in all situations. I suppose it would keep you fit, though... a permanent adrenalin rush.



A Hi-Fi Serious

Out this Monday on London records

Big guitars tuned as low as they can go, playing a viciously heavy riff - something we hear a bit too often in these nu-metal-heavy times. It usually means that we're about to hear some spoilt American brat whining on about why his trousers don't fit properly or something. But not this time, baby: today is brought to you by the letter A and the (album) number 3.

Anyone not familiar with the work of A ought to be ashamed of themselves. This London-based band are living proof that it is possible to play great tunes, have fun and rock stupidly hard without pandering to the self-centred, nihilistic tendencies of a hormonally imbalanced Slipknot fan.

Your average A song involves finding a blissful melody, adding some lyrics (about how cool they are/catching the tube/why Starbucks are shit), lacing the whole thing with comedy sound effects and then playing it like a seriously talented Van Halen cover band.

Those of you already associated with A probably want to know if this new platter is much cop. Well yeah, it is. The tunes may be a little more sedate, with less hardcore outbursts than before, and the lyrics slightly less juvenile (which is a shame). But the hooks bury deeper and faster than before, the standout tracks such as *Nothing* and *Starbucks* are certainly the best things they have ever done, and I have a nagging suspicion that most of the songs will be taken to a new dimension in a live setting, where this band really shine.

[See page 18 for an interview with lead singer Jason Perry.]



Ben



Timo Maas Loud

Out this Monday on Perfecto records

This album came with an impressive DVD case and stickers, so of course I instantly agreed to review it. Though I had been impressed with Timo's music before, notably his wicked remix of Azzido Da Bass' *Doom's Night*, I wasn't sure what I would get from this album. I shouldn't have worried.

Unsure as to which dance category this album falls into, I checked the biography - apparently it's "wet and hard!" I'd say it's got a bit of trance, house, progressive and breakbeat - so, basically, this is for anyone who likes dance.

The two big collaborations on this album are with Kelis and Finley Quaye. OK, so Finley might not have released anything for a very long time, but he's still out on the scene. His track *Caravan* is very spiritual, with his usual soothing vocals. The Kelis track *Help Me* has a mysterious beat in the background and a general ghostly feel to it.

The new single *To Get Down* will be a floor-filler, with its funky beats and wicked guitar riff. Another highlight is *That's How I've Been Dancin'*, which has great vocals and an awesome beat.

I definitely prefer the real house tracks on the album - the slower beats just drag on a little bit too long. The only other criticism I have is of the track arrangement - the tempo of adjacent tracks seems to differ dramatically, and perhaps a slow progression would have been better.

Overall, a great album with funky beats and not a single song that I dislike. *Loud* will definitely enhance Timo Maas' status as an artist, and I hope to hear some of these tracks when out clubbing.



Oscar



...Trail Of Dead Source Tags and Codes

Out this Monday on Interscope records

The third album from Texan rock misfits ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead has the same underground rock ethic as their previous releases, the eponymous ...AYWKUBTTOD and *Madonna*.

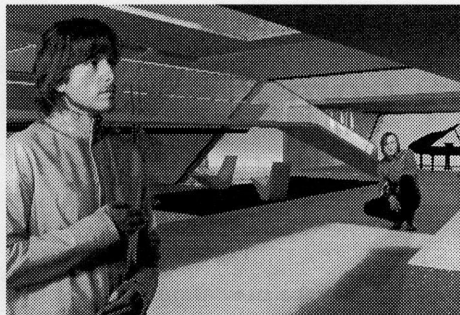
Listening to this kind of music makes me feel like I've lost something. I'm not sure what, but as all those guitar chords, impassioned vocals and frantic drums come at me, I feel strangely disconnected, as though I should be having a moving experience, but I'm actually not. Or maybe the sheer intensity of a band like ...Trail of Dead requires more than just a brief listen - perhaps you have to really feel the music before you can appreciate it fully. Or maybe they're just not as good as other rock bands.

This album certainly grows on you. The first listen just flows over me, and it takes a while to get into the whole thing. I think the people who would get the most out of this are those who really live and breathe rock and guitars - essentially, it's one for the fans. Because this is quite hardcore. Not in an overwhelmingly heavy Mudvayne/Carcass kind of way, but in a strangely disjointed manner. You'll be listening to psychotic power chords, and then some French folk music will pop up.

Occasionally loud, occasionally sensitive, often anthemic and sometimes tending towards the self-indulgent, this album is full of surprises and never conventional. Not for all tastes, but if you like rock and you like something a bit different (you know who you are), then I would recommend ...Trail of Dead.



Tom X



Air
Everybody Hertz

Out now on Source records

Air's "new" offering does not consist solely of new music, but is a compilation of edits, remixes, alternative versions and one new song.

There are four different versions of *Don't Be Light*, which range from upbeat to R&B to a slow, electronic mix. There are two takes on *How Does It Make You Feel*, both slow, with a chorus that sounds like UB40.

Modjo really incorporate their own distinctive style in their remix of *People In The City*. The other mix of this track is by Jack Lahana, who turns the tune completely on its head, rapping the chorus.

I'm not going to waste much space describing my views on these remixes - they're pants. The only saving grace on this record is *The Way You Look Tonight*, a chilled-out, soft, delicate song resembling tracks from *Moon Safari*.

The CD comes with an enhanced video of *People In The City*. But there's nothing "enhanced" about it - just a bit of zooming around a city followed by footage of the band at the Mayan Theatre.

This is nothing special, and I only hope that Air release something new soon.



Toby B



Aqua Bassino
Beats N Bobs LP

Out this Monday on F Communications

After the likes of Llorca led the way with modern jazz last year, now comes Aqua Bassino, also known as Jason Robertson, giving us a tasteful selection of nu jazz mixed in with a twist of deep house.

The album begins with a lovely song combining a soulful acoustic guitar, a deep house beat and a soprano saxophone with some vague water sounds that set you drifting away. You then glide on towards *Love Is Here To Stay*, which, like most of the tracks, features the vocal talents of Nikki King.

Aqua Bassino then steps up a gear with *Baby C'mon*, a chilled-out tune with a sample from *Sweet Home Chicago* and a vibrant deep house beat.

Other artists, such as Colin Steele, are also introduced, playing over the general vibe created by Robertson.

Although very well made, the album never has a real sense of direction and seems monotonous. In this post-St. Germain era, too many have jumped onto the nu jazz bandwagon, and as a result, the sound is becoming repetitive. More new ideas and creative touches are required.



Toby B



Various
Long Time Dead

Original Soundtrack

Out now on Talkin Loud records

Though I can appreciate that this CD has more than a little to do with the film *Long Time Dead*, I think it would be better just to sell it as a *Best Of Breakbeat And Garage* compilation. I understand that some people who saw the film may now be drooling at the thought of getting their hands on the soundtrack, but since the film itself got such a frosty reception, this superb and diverse collection of tunes really needs to be sold on its own terms.

With a driving mixture of breakbeat, funk and drum 'n' bass, this is a great soundtrack for a warm, moody evening. Neil Barnes' opener is truly dark and utterly impossible to dance to, but it's just about OK for some slightly scared head-nodding. The standout track is Colonel Red's beautiful soul/hip-hop mixture, and things actually approach the "quite nice" category with Zero 7's *Waiting Line* (pic above) - a gorgeous blend of Portishead trip-hop and Air keyboards, all caressed with a pleasant, dreamy vocal.

More surprisingly, however, there's some good garage here too. I find garage hard to appreciate at the best of times, and there are a couple of average examples on here, but they're rescued by the ever-reliable MJ Cole. *Nextisms* is full of offbeat rhythms, featuring strings neatly juxtaposed with a surging bass line.

With Roni Size and Krust charging in to finish off the album, this is a great ride through much of what is good about the UK dance scene today. Forget about the film. Buy this for the music.

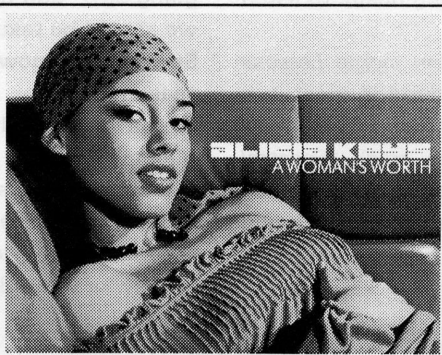


Derek

ALICIA KEYS COMPETITION

Alicia Keys' debut album *Songs In A Minor* was one of the major success stories of 2001. Her new single *A Woman's Worth* is released on 18 March. To win a copy of both, just tell us how many Brit Awards Alicia Keys was nominated for.

Please email your answer, along with your name, year and department, to music.felix@ic.ac.uk by Thursday 7 March.





LIVE: Cornershop @ Scala

The venue was packed for Cornershop's first UK gig in four years, and we were treated to new material from their forthcoming album *Handcream For A Generation*, due for release on April 1 through Wiiija. There was no support band, and the only pre-Cornershop entertainment came from a sixties-style DJ set and a patched-up video of the idiotic adventures of Peter Sellers.

Cornershop's set started in a pretty strange way: nobody on stage, a brass sample, and then the bass guitarist came on and played in a funky style. Then, the drummer, two guitarists and a sitar player entered, and a really lively sound filled the venue. Finally, a percussionist arrived with the singer, Tjinder Singh. His vocals, added to the sitar and the percussion, produced the distinctive Cornershop sound, typified by most of the tracks on their previous album *When I Was Born For The 7th Time*. Then some pictures and videos were shown with some kitsch Cornershop logos, and we knew that the funky days were back again!

The first three tracks, taken from the new album, lacked freshness and fluidity. Tjinder seemed to have difficulty smiling, and seemed more interested in his technicians than in the audience. The band were not very subtle when the three guitarists all played at once; I preferred it when other instruments became involved, such as keyboards or an Indian bass. Then, we heard six songs from *When I Was Born For The 7th Time*, including the singles *Good Shit*, *Sleep On the Left Side* and the famous *Brimful Of Asha*. These suddenly gave me a compelling desire to listen again to their last record.

Their fifty-minute set finished with the new single *Lessons Learned From Rocky I To Rocky III*, which sounded great in a sort of pop-rock style and was almost conventional. Thankfully, they came back for an epic fifteen-minute track (*Spectral Mornings*, taken from the forthcoming album), which managed to make the crowd dance thanks to a mixture of pop-rock and traditional Indian sounds.

A pretty good gig, but definitely too short.

INTERVIEW with Jason Perry from A

Felix caught up with the motor-mouth of rock to discuss snowboarding tips, plans for global domination and the release of their third studio album (see review, page 16).

FELIX: How was the recording of the new album?

JASON: It was great to get back into the studio. We'd been touring and promoting the last album [1999's *A vs Monkey Kong*] for three years because we staggered the release - it came out first in the UK, then across Europe, and in the States a year later. The touring was getting to us and if we hadn't called a stop to it and got into the studio, it would have all gone a bit pear-shaped.

So now that the recording's over, what are the tour plans?

I'm gagging to get back out on the road. We'll be touring here in Britain over the next couple of weeks, playing the Astoria in London, and then going over to Europe for a couple of weeks. We'll be hitting the States for the summer, then on to Japan and the rest of Asia for the end of the year.

Are you on the Warped Tour in the States this year?

We've done the Warped Tour before, and it was ace. You get to see loads of wicked bands night after night, like Pennywise - those guys are amazing live. You get to hang out with great people and just do cool shit for the whole tour. Plus, you get to play in some crazy places, like this one time we played a Warped Tour date in a bullring in Spain.

The new album seems to be a little more serious, and there are none of the short hardcore songs. Why is that?

To be honest, I don't think we did the hardcore punk stuff very well - it was a bit of pissing around, and not really what A was about at all. We take the whole "making music" thing really seriously. Anyone who takes the business side of music is crazy, but the one area we're really concerned about is the music making. That's it. I think this is the first time we've been allowed to make the music we've really wanted to make, so this is the true sound of A.

Any chance of some piss-take B-sides, like the *Owner Of A Lonely Heart* cover?

Oh yeah, B-sides, we may well do some piss-takes there.

What about the live show shenanigans? Will the snow machine be travelling with you this time?

You know what that snow machine smells like? You can just imagine some fourteen-year-old getting back from the gig covered in that stuff, and his parents going "What the hell was going on?!" and never letting him go to a rock gig again! Yeah, we should be taking that out with us again.

Speaking of snow, have you managed to get out to Tahoe this season?

We haven't had the time. We were going to try and get out to Mammoth whilst we were recording in LA, but we ended up just chilling with some mates and shopping instead. We're looking into maybe recording the next album in Tahoe next winter though, which would be great. Recording and boarding constantly for a couple of months - nothing could be better!



Singles Roundup

HUNDRED REASONS - If I Could

I wonder if Hundred Reasons (pic above) will ever be popular? Too odd for the monkeys who go ape for Blink 182, and too pop for the hardcore masses, these over-earnest lads fall heavily between two stools. This time around, they've neglected to include either a decent, memorable tune or some good rock action. They've been good in the past, but this is disappointing.

■■■■□□

Kunal

GOMEZ - Shot Shot

At last, some new material from Gomez. This is not a bad song, with a catchy chorus and many different instruments, but it's not in the same league as *Get Myself Arrested* or *Bring It On*. Nonetheless, it makes a welcome change from the sombre remix album *Abandoned Shopping Trolley Hotline*.

■■■■□□

Toby B

THE EIGHTIES MATCHBOX B-LINE DISASTER - Morning Has Broken

This band have got a lot to answer for - their name is a veritable mouthful, and their new single *Morning Has Broken* is enough to cause any small child listening to burst into tears. Sounding a bit like a satanic cross between the Strokes and the Sex Pistols, this single is sure to annoy parents across the country. Having said all that, and although the A and B-sides are virtually indistinguishable, this is well worth a listen or five.

■■■■□□

Jess

THE DANDY WARHOLS - Get Off

A catchy tune that picks up pace as it goes on, with a simple rhythm and strange chanting voices in the background. At first, I didn't think much of this, but it's definitely one of those tracks that just sounds better on radio.

■■■■□□

Toby B

OUT THIS WEEK

The following are due for release on Monday 4 March:

ALBUMS

- A - Hi-Fi Serious
- AQUA BASSINO - Beats N Bobs LP
- TIMO MAAS - Loud
- SAHARA HOTNIGHTS - Jennie Bomb
- ...TRAIL OF DEAD - Source Tags And Codes
- VARIOUS - Sounds From The Souk

SINGLES

- THE 45S - Waiting For My Heart To Break
- BUSTA RHYMES - Break Ya Neck
- ...along with all eight singles reviewed below

LAST MAN STANDING - Nobody

Glam-rock meets punk in this dark effort from Last Man Standing, whose mixture of heavy guitar riffs and gravelly yet tuneful vocals sounds like King Adora's Maxi Browne singing for The Clash. The B-sides are more of the same, proving that this band are definitely one to keep an eye out for in the near future.

■■■■□□

Jess

CORNERSHOP - Lessons Learnt From Rocky I To Rocky III

Tjinder Singh is back! And this time round he doesn't need the remixing talents of Fatboy Slim to make him sound good. *Lessons Learnt From Rocky I To Rocky III* sounds a bit like early Super Furrries without the Welshness, and the song title itself has to be the greatest for... well, ages. Expect this to be on the Radio 1 (over)playlist for at least the next ten months. Good B-side, too.

■■■■□□

Ben

THE SUPERNATURALS - What We Did Last Summer

Oh dear! Whatever happened to The Supernaturals? They used to be known for happy guitar-based rock, bringing us such fabulous songs as *Smile* and *Lazy Lover*, but now all we get are drum machines and too many synthesizers. *What We Did Last Summer* is such a mess that nothing can repair it. The vocals grate, the beats don't work and there are too many Human League noises. Westlife aside, I never thought my ears could be hurt this much.

■■■■□□

Tank

ALPINESTARS - Snow Patrol

Snow Patrol is a lively dance track with a thumping bass line and electronically mastered vocals, singing lyrics which seem to be based on some kind of alpine sport. The B-sides are a bit of a let down, however - a Lo-Fidelity Allstars remix which sounds too much like the original, and a pretty non-descript track called *Social Circles* which sounds like it could have been made using a Commodore 64.

■■■■□□

Jess



The Gallery

@ Turnmills

It's the day after Bedrock's first night of the year, and I'm strung out. But I'm at The Gallery, so it doesn't matter any more. An up-for-partying crowd almost fill the floor even when it hasn't really kicked off yet. There aren't any glow-sticks here, but everyone wears bright enough clothing to get picked out artistically by the lasers.

What is really noticeable is the scary lack of attitude at this place, even when drinks are spilt over people or they bump into each other.

One o'clock: Max Graham transports the crowd to Planet Turnmills, a place where premium bangin', funky, trippy house is dropped and where the DJ makes us dance like we're on the points of his Technics needles. I carry on dancing and jumping and yelling and whooping and cheering and throwing down moves I never knew I had. It's like I'm on coke and not caffeine. Amongst the sonic chaos, I recognise the new Trisco track and soon we have waves upon waves of tough-nut, sledgehammer beats to shake the kidneys and intestines of the Gallery massive some more. This is a stonking dance marathon to shake off the working week - or whatever your problems are.

The synth bass starts to shake the room (and my ears), but I'm in the zone now. The pounding high-impact keyboard slab-stabs take me to that place in my mind where I'm thinking of perpetual explosions of light (greatly aided by Mr Newman's kickass laser light show; he's even having problems keeping up with the music). Right to the very end, the Gallery crowd are screaming, yelling and cheering, and I walk away thinking "that was a top night out".



INTERVIEW

with Max Graham

FELIX: Coming from nowhere to rank at No 23 in the DJ Magazine chart is great, but how did you get there?

MAX: Most votes came from the US, and I'm very happy with that, but I'm aware that down-to-earth grass roots promotion is what helped my earlier career more. I used to send out charts of tunes I thought were hot to Hope Records regularly, so they knew my name, and that way I established a relationship in order to access new promos for the progressive sound which hadn't really taken off in Canada at the time. In the end, they were like "the Canadian guy's on the phone about the charts", because I bugged them so much, but when I needed the records I got them and when I started sending my own demos around, I was already known thanks to my legwork, and that's really paid off for me.

Transport 4 [a double CD mixed by Graham] was named as one of the compilations of the year by M8 magazine, but the first review from DJ magazine criticised its lack of emotion compared to other mix CDs and the fact that it banged it out from start to finish. Your feelings on that, Max?

That's how I play. You can't be anyone other than yourself when you're mixing; if it's not you then it won't be any good. I had to be myself rather than fit the brand too closely or sound like some other DJ. In general, trying to permanently change your sound too quickly according to what you think is the next big thing just makes you sound terrible, because it's just not you.



You've been DJing, making tunes and remixing in stacks since you broke through with Bar None in the UK. What's in store for the future?

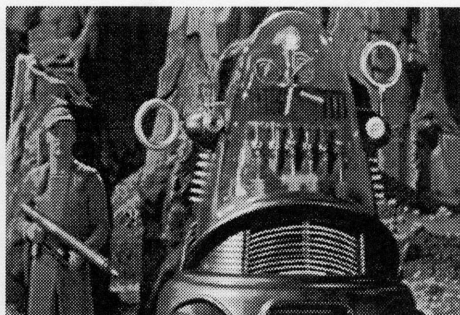
I'm 90% DJing and 10% producing at the moment. I only started producing to further my DJing career - ideally I'd DJ rather than produce. I love all that. My newest tune, *Crank*, is signed and out in the spring. The next mix CD, the follow-up to *Transport*, is also slated for around the same time, and in the meantime it's more DJing and also a couple of collaborations with other artists and DJs who I really respect.

Canada's your home, but how do crowds react differently across the world, and in Ibiza are they really just one big melting pot?

Israel goes off, Tokyo goes off, New York goes off, London goes off - but y'know what? Every club and every crowd eventually becomes the same.

This is your second Turnmills gig at The Gallery, so what attracted you here in the first place, and what drew you back?

Timo Maas, actually. He was lined up to play and said to the management, "I'll do it, but this other DJ I know needs to play here as well", and he got me the gig. I loved it. After six weeks off [from New Year 2002], I was really itching to get back here and play again. It's really just the crazy party vibe of the place that brought me back - the crowd here always appreciate you.



21st Century Body Rockers @ Cynthia's Robot Bar

This was the first 21st Century Body Rockers night, organised by Cool Delta, and as such my expectations were high. Cool Delta, in their own words, specialise "in only cool, credible releases", these cool, credible people being the likes of Aphex Twin, The Strokes, FC Kahuna, Seafood, Ed Harcourt, Cornelius, Squarepusher, Sigur Ros, Mull Historical Society, Adam Freeland, Preston School Of Industry and Felix Da Housecat to name but a few. All in all, you'd be forgiven for expecting an eclectic mix of leftfield, ambient, moody, alt-rock, no-wave, post-rock, lo-fi underground beats, breaks, harmonies and soundscapes...

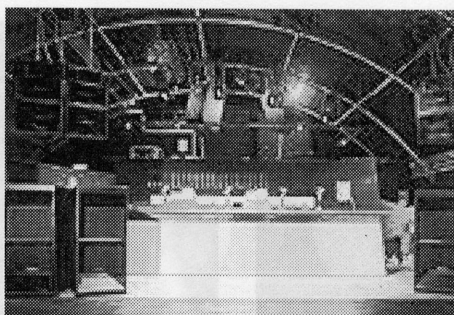
The venue itself suggests something slightly to the left of the avant-garde. Cynthia's Robot Bar is nestled away under the arches at London Bridge, and as such it comprises a maze of routes through retro-futuristic decorated rooms. Everything is shiny metal and flashing red lights. Seats light up when you sit on them. A robot serves you drinks (well, actually it was a large, clunky contraption that was malfunctioning and just replied "PANIC" to the request for a vodka and cranberry). And, of course, all the people look "cool and credible".

So much for my expectations. The DJs from City Rockers proceeded to play what can only be described as "tech-house" all night. In all the rooms. Without any variation or innovation. It never even made it to techno proper, or to hard house, or to a decent four-to-the-floor. Any hint of the avant-garde had been ruthlessly removed, leaving me wondering if I'd come to the right club.

Every Saturday. Doors open at 11pm.



Robert



There @ Heaven

You've all heard of it, you all know where it is, but how many of you have actually been? Heaven has been described as "probably London's best-kept clubbing secret". Well, it's not exactly a secret that there are three huge floors, each with different music policies. It's no secret that the crowd in attendance aren't exactly shy - "no holds barred" begins to have more interesting connotations. It's hardly a high-level, confidential and politically sensitive datum that the dancefloors and bars are packed with beautiful boys and girls of all orientations proceeding to first glow, then perspire and finally sweat. So, whither the mystique and aura? Go down and find out.

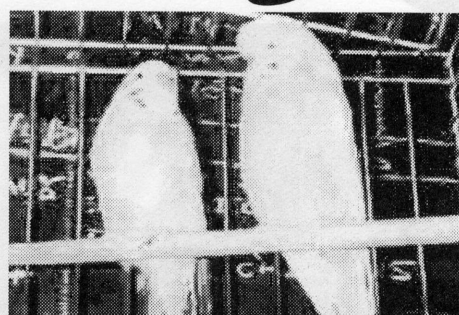
Let us begin our tour of this delectable, decadent and degraded diversion in the main room, where the heaving crowd are kept smiling and raving to hard house and high energy trance. There's plenty of action from the DJs to keep our sweaty mob happy for a while. Let us leave this crazy, loveable bunch and head towards the Star Bar. Tonight is a special night, for no less a star than Kenny Carpenter (of New York's Studio 54 fame) is DJing. We may not have asked for house, but that's what we've got - the finest in US house to writhe rhythmically to. Or maybe you can keep in time to the shakes of the other guests, such as Joey Negro.

Perhaps you fancy something different. Why not mosey on into the Dakota Bar, for some urban beats and alternative flavas? You are now in the office party to end all office parties, the speakers are pumping out Kylie and the Chemicals, and someone's nicked the fax machine. You no longer care.

Every Friday. Doors open at 10pm.



Robert



Going Clubbing On The Cheap

Word up peeps.

If you read this on Friday and you're not going out tonight, then shame on you. However, if you'd like to join the elite ranks of Felix clubbing reviewers, and blag your way into some quality (and, alas, kwality) clubs, then simply read on...

I am looking for people who are interested in clubbing (or just scoring a free night out for themselves) to write to me at clubs.felix@ic.ac.uk, leaving contact details. Telling me what sort of music you like would also be helpful.

Continuing the blagging theme, we now have a word from our sponsors...

Are you having the time of your life?
No?

We at Mixmag are putting together a team of chancers, blaggers and nutbags to work with us on our club promotions street team.

Impress your friends by earning money, getting in free to London's best clubs and gaining experience in club promotions.

Up for it?

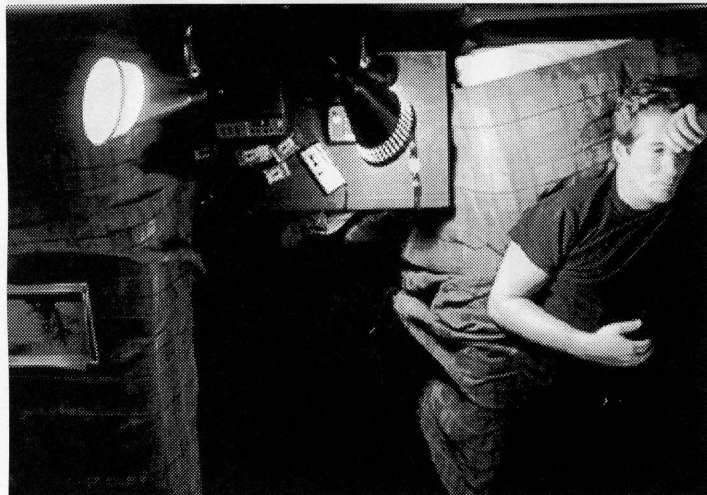
Send us your photograph, list your favourite clubs and music, and tell us how you get your mates to go on a big night out. Email all this to:

mandy@mixmag.net

or write to:

Mandy McGarvey,
Mixmag,
Mappin House,
4 Winsley Street,
London, W1W 8HF

Patrick



The Mothman Prophecies Released 1st March

A two hour episode of the *X-files* featuring Richard Gere certainly won't be to everyone's liking, and I didn't really expect it to be to mine, especially given the B-movie title.

Ever since my first encounter with the Gere oeuvre, *Pretty Woman*, a lovely, romantic tale about a businessman and his hooker, I have found it hard to understand his enduring success as a lead actor. But I was able to enjoy this movie despite his presence. His performance is not too painful at all and things are helped by Mark Pellington's direction (basically, don't ask too much of him).

After a split-second vision causes his wife to crash their car, John Klein (Gere) walks away but his wife later dies in hospital. In her final hours she produces reams of odd sketchings of what she supposedly saw. Then, two years later, on a foggy overnight drive to Richmond, John's car breaks down. He tries to get help at the first door he comes across, but there he is greeted by a gun pointed at his face and a voice telling him he has been expected. The puzzled journalist from the Washington Post has found himself hundreds of miles from where he thought he was, in the town of Point Pleasant, Virginia. The town has borne witness to eerie apparitions and eye witnesses describe the figure depicted in his wife's drawings. John is intrigued and sacrifices his work assignment to investigate. More sightings occur and many of those who come into contact with the Mothman become able to correctly predict global tragedies. It is left up to John the journalist to explain what is going on.

With almost no appearance from the Mothman himself, the film takes a much more psychological, human approach to the unexplainable phenomena that surround the main character, John Klein - but, nonetheless, there is really very little point to this film. We don't learn about John's grief at the death of his wife, nothing much is made about the possibility of being able to glimpse the future nor the accepted dismissal of witnesses as crazies. There is not much to ponder on beyond the leaving of the cinema - but, having said that, I enjoyed it while it lasted.

Adam Joyce

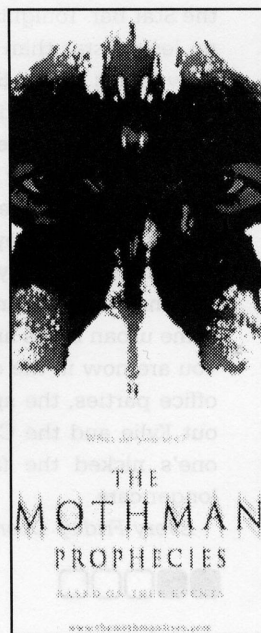


Richard Gere PROFILE

The star of *The Mothman Prophecies* has been a Buddhist for over a decade and is just as famous for being a humanitarian as an actor - although I have only just been told he does acting...

Gere has been one of the foremost and most radical supporters of the Tibetan independence movement. He has even been banned from the Oscars after making anti-China comments on air at the 1993 ceremony. In fact, Jackie Chan threatened to "bosch him up" after the ceremony if he did not "keep his opinions to himself" in the future. Chan vs. Gere... China owns Tibet.

Richard Gere was born in 1949 in Philadelphia. His father was called Homer, an insurance salesman. He dropped out of university to pursue a 'career' in acting. Initially, gaining notoriety as an actor in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* (1977), his big hit was *Pretty Woman* (1990). After that, his movie career has been a scramble up the slippery slope of anonymity. He has kept himself afloat with such armbands as *First Knight* (1995), *The Jackal* (1997), and *Runaway Bride* (1999) - which means *The Mothman Prophecies* is his first decent movie in living memory.



MOTHMAN COMPETITION

This week's competition gives you a chance to **WIN! WIN! WIN!** (or lose) a whole lot of official Mothman Prophecies merchandise and promo gere. Bosch. Answer the question and you could win a Mothman Rucksack, a Mothman T-shirt, another Mothman T-Shirt and Special Vision Distortion Specs (SVDS). So...

In which chilling 1996 movie did Edward Norton star alongside Richard Gere?

- a) American History X
- b) Primal Fear
- c) Red Corner

Answers to film.felix@ic.ac.uk. The Taxi2 comp winner was Giles Ross, a 2nd Year Biologist.

Richard Gere

Q&A

You haven't made a supernatural thriller before, is that why you wanted to do this?

No, it was the script itself. I didn't say, 'I want to make a scary movie'. The script came and I could see the possibilities, although it went through a lot of drafts to find the balance between a scary movie and a smart movie.

What did you like about the script?

The emotional stuff was rich. In the beginning, my character's in the perfect job, he has a beautiful wife, they're talking about babies, they're buying a house, everything's great and then literally in the middle of laughing, there's a car accident and she's gone. Now if you put that on top of the metaphysical story of 'Is there anything out there?', then you have something that has a lot of power.

You wanted to avoid the clichés of the genres, is that why we don't see the mothman?

That's the B-movie version of this. The assumption is that this is a metaphysical story, not a ghost story, meaning that we're making the adult's thinking version. So the trick and brilliance of director Mark Pellington was finding a visual vocabulary that would suggest a presence and give you the kind of chilling feeling that was much deeper and larger than 'Don't open that door!'. This was more like a dream and dreams aren't usually 'there's something behind the door', they're more a feeling that seems to take over everything.

You normally play characters who are in control but your character in this, John Klein, thinks he's going mad....

I don't think the people I play are in control. I think the characters always strive for control and it's the fact that they can't have it that makes drama. They have the illusion of control but the universe never gives any of us control, otherwise there'd be no drama at all. You know, people think they're on balance, life puts them off-balance and they have to find some way to re-establish balance.

Do you think your efforts on behalf of the Tibetans and your criticism of China have ever had a negative effect on your career?

No, no effect at all. I never really think about it. You know, you say something that wasn't popular but I'm not aware of it when I'm doing it and then, quite often, I get these letters from my co-workers, other actors or musicians, thanking me for saying what ever I said.

When you were a teenager, did you think that at 52 you'd be a major star?

Oh, I never saw past 25. How can you project that far ahead? I had no idea. I mean, it's like asking a rock star if they think they'll still be prancing around at 55. It's like no, you think you're going to be dead at 26.

Since the success of *The Sixth Sense* there seem to be more and more movies with supernatural themes. Why are we so fascinated by it?

I don't think it ever goes away. It's part of our collective unconscious, whether we're tribal people or we're urban people. I think it's genetically-coded in us and, in a way, that belief is more powerful in urban people who are continually having it cut out of their lives. So that need to express it is always there.

What's your favourite scary movie?

Well the scariest movie I ever saw had no ghost in it and that was "The Servant". It was a Joseph Losey film from a Harold Pinter screenplay and it was the same kind of terror that "Mothman" deals with: it calls into question the nature of identity. I think that's scary to everyone.

Do you believe in psychic phenomena, and have you had any personal experience of ghosts?

I have no interest at all in that, although if someone came up with the Loch Ness Monster I'd be interested. As for ghosts, there's been nothing that shook me to my marrow.

Your co-star is Laura Linney, who you worked with on 1996's *Primal Fear* when she was still unknown. Was it fun working with her again?

I was delighted because she helps elevate the film to the right level. We're very good friends and now, after *You Can Count On Me*, everyone realises how good she is.

You don't seem to dominate co-stars like some big movie stars..?

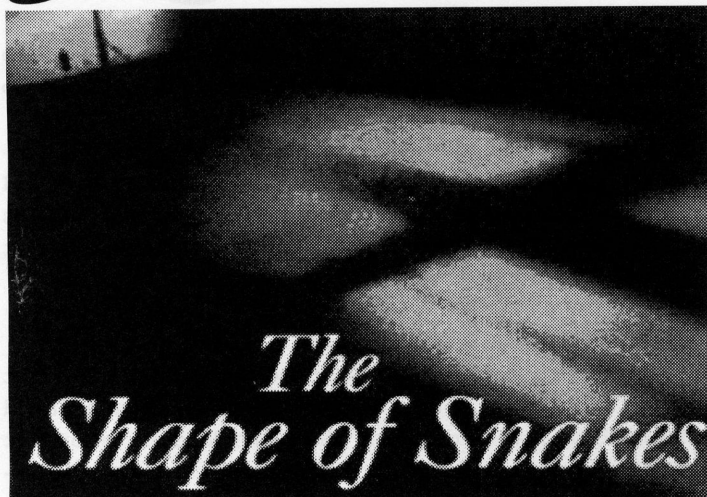
No, I like the collaborative process. I like people working together and what the project says and does is equally important to me as what I do. Do I have ideas about it? Of course I do and I've been around long enough now for people to listen to me, for better or worse. But the satisfying thing about doing this movie was working with all these extremely talented, hyper-creative people who were also very trusting and open, which was important because this had to come together quickly; we didn't have six weeks of rehearsal time.

You started out doing stage musicals like *Grease* and now you're making the film of *Chicago*. Is that fun?

It's a total delight and it's something I haven't done since I was a kid. Even then, I was working in musicals, but they were never this kind of Broadway show. I get to sing and dance with beautiful girls and I have a big tap-dancing number at the end.

You're a *New Yorker*, so how did you react to the events of September 11th?

It was so shocking that it kind of calls into question the nature of identity on many levels. The skyline of New York changed in one hour. Just mind-boggling. To imagine that it's gone; something that we thought was going to be there as a monument forever. And the identity we had as a country totally changed and so did the people. As the anger and vengeance came up, that shocked our identity as well. You know, we're Christians, we're Buddhists, we're not supposed to feel this way.



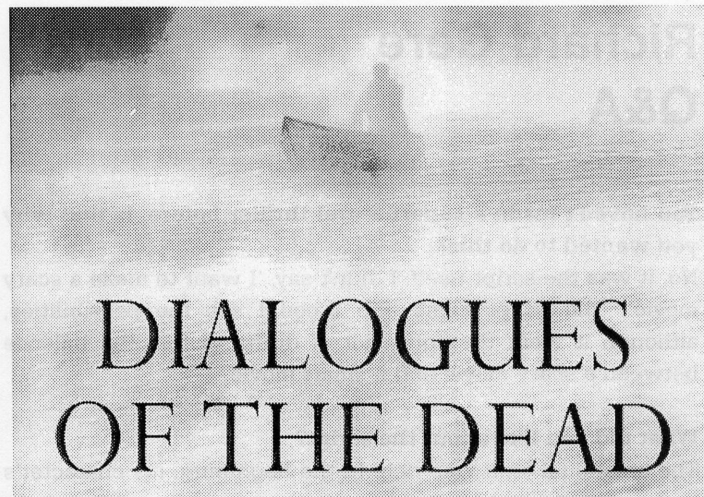
The Shape of Snakes

Minette Walters

On a rainy night in a lower class London suburb, Mrs Ranelagh unexpectedly stumbles across an old black woman, Annie Butts, lying at the side of the road. Mad Annie is the neighbourhood enigma, the local cat lady, who often seems drunk and disoriented, and who is fiercely paranoid. As she looks at Annie's bruised body and into her eyes, she is convinced that Annie has been murdered. The police and the rest of the neighbourhood, including Ranelagh's husband and her best friend, insist Annie was simply the victim of a hit and run driver. However Mrs Ranelagh, who is already struggling with a troubled marriage, vows to prove otherwise. She wants justice. Or does she merely want revenge?

In this dark novel, the true stories of Annie and Mrs Ranelagh, finally surface. For example, the misunderstood Annie was a victim of Tourette's Syndrome, harassment, and probably racism. Her possessions have been stolen, her cats threatened. In her painstaking twenty year investigation of Annie's death, Ranelagh uncovers layer upon layer of deceptions - wife and husband abuse, vicious assault and rape, marital indifference and infidelity, and thoughtless cruelty to animals and children. In this novel, no one, including best friends, husbands, and seemingly good samaritans, are quite what they seem.

However, Walters does not merely create and solve an intriguing mystery. As each revelation in the solution of Annie's murder occurs, the perceptive reader comes to question anyone's ability to easily recognise or prevent evil. As Walters says, like the shape of snake's heads, evil too comes in many subtle forms. Through her skilled, thoughtful writing, Walters breathes life into many difficult, ethical questions, such as: Why do people hate so illogically anything which is different? How do violence, cruelty, and racism become an integral part of a child's life? Are only parents to blame? Fortunately Miss Walters offers hope; some good people do care; and some adults overcome part of the horrors of their past. Without a doubt, this complex, mesmerising, and often disturbing novel is one of Minette Walters' best.



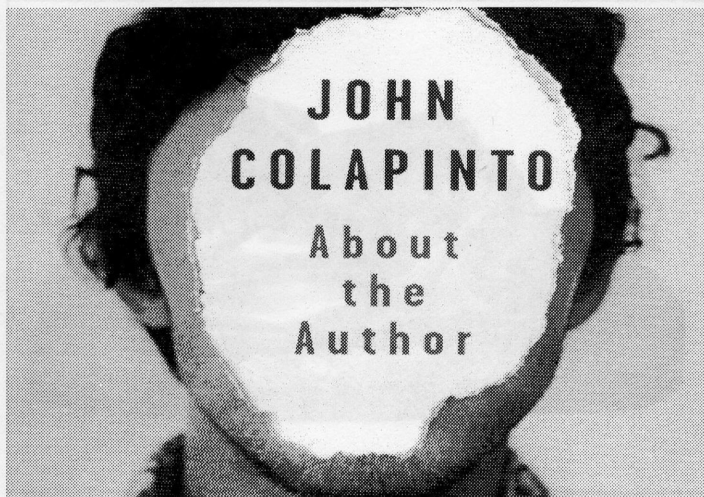
Dialogues of the Dead

Reginald Hill

A short-story contest for the local newspaper brings more contestants than anyone had expected. One of them submits the distasteful "The First Dialogue," which recounts the death by drowning of a nice man while the writer looks on and doesn't help. A day or so later a news item appears in the paper describing the incident in detail. The readers dismiss it until "The Second Dialogue" appears in their mail sack and a similar news item is found in the newspaper. By the time of "The Third Dialogue" the police are involved with a murder investigation. The writer of the Dialogues is dubbed the "Wordman" and the chase is on. The only problem is that the Wordman is an extremely cunning killer as well as a wordsmith without equal - and in all that he does he seems to be toying with the police and media. The text of both the "Dialogues" and the novel are rife with wordplay and obscure words. Have an unabridged dictionary (preferably the Oxford English Dictionary if possible - it plays a role in the book) handy if you are the type that feels compelled to look up unknown words.

Although Dalziel, Pascoe and Wield play prominent roles, the spotlight is taken by the rookie DC Bowler (known as "Hat" - another of the myriad of wordplays in the novel) and the librarian Rye Pomona. Much of the story and investigation are told through their eyes, and a more likeable and interesting pair you'll be hard pressed to find in Hill's oeuvre.

Hill keeps the reader's interest at a high peak wondering who the next victim of the Wordman will be. This is a fine book, well written and witty. It isn't as emotional as *On Beulah Height* or *The Wood Beyond*, but it does show Reginald Hill teasing and entertaining the reader, demonstrating his literary skills and knowledge without patronising his audience. Anyone who likes Hill's work will enjoy this book; anyone who has ambitions to move beyond conventional detective fiction will find this an entry into a new world; and those who regard serial novels and detective fiction as an unimportant genre will discover how the constraints of form can be used to hold together an impressive piece of work.



About the Author John Colapinto

Cal Cunningham calls himself a writer, but he's too busy to sit down and actually write anything. He spends his days working as a bookstore stock boy and his nights and weekends in the bars of Manhattan chasing women. On Sunday mornings, he spins tales about his conquests to his roommate, a reclusive, hard-working Columbia law student named Stewart Church in their small flat in Washington Heights. When Stewart is killed in a bicycle accident, Cal finds a novel - a brilliant novel - based on Cal's own exploits hidden in Stewart's desk. Cal is appalled, and then inspired. He sends the novel off to one of New York's leading literary agents, claiming it is his own, and work begins on turning Cal into the next literary giant.

Cal is horrified when, whilst looking through Stewart's work for a short-story for a magazine piece, he finds evidence that the manuscript of Stewart's novel was sent to a woman. He intercepts this copy and immediately falls in love with Stewart's ex-girlfriend Janet, and soon ends up marrying her. The book is a smash hit, and as he claims the rewards of literary lionisation, Cal convinces himself that he is, really, at bottom, responsible for the writing of the book, if not exactly its author.

The novel convincingly portrays Cal's determined delusion that everything has worked out just as it was meant to be. As he begins his new life with Janet in Vermont, he thinks how "Stewart's ghost had turned out to be a benevolent spectre after all, his spirit helping to shape my destiny, to guide both Janet and me to this moment." Which is all well and good, until Cal discovers that someone else is in possession of a copy of the original manuscript.

This novel is very much in the style of the Thomas Ripley novels by Patricia Highsmith, with its very dark, almost noir feel. The sense of desperation that Cal Cunningham feels when his life is at stake from his blackmailer is very gripping. This is John Colapinto's first novel and is one of the best that I have read in a long while, with an excellent prose style and a really satisfying ending.



Bitterroot James Lee Burke

Billy Bob Holland, ex-Texas Ranger and now an attorney, goes to Montana to visit his friend Doc Voss. However, the visit turns into a working vacation when Voss is arrested for the murder of a biker who participated in the gang rape of his young daughter. Voss has been active in speaking out against a company dumping cyanide into the river of the Bitterroot Valley, as well as antagonising the local right-wing militia. He also had a confrontation with the biker prior to his murder. Voss is not the only one with a problem, though. There is a killer in Montana, newly released from prison, who is tracking Holland. He holds the attorney responsible for his sister's death and intends to make Holland pay for it. The FBI is also planting informants in some of these anti-social groups in an effort to determine if it can learn more about the Oklahoma City bombing, and Holland works to play these groups off against each other. Throw in some mob-connected villains and the author has indeed created a dangerous mixture for all concerned.

Burke is perhaps the most poetic crime writer currently working in America. His ability to paint a portrait with words is unsurpassed, offering the reader a true visual feel for the settings and the characters. While all those in the novel are well drawn, the standout is Billy Bob himself. Haunted with guilt over the accidental shooting of his partner, Holland sees his ghost everywhere - in fact, he actually looks for the spirit to appear so he can discuss his life, as well as the case, with him. Further, the author has constructed an engrossing tale of mystery that is not for the faint of heart.

The Shape of Snakes is published by Pan, £6.99

Dialogues of the Dead is published by Collins, £6.99

About the Author is published by 4th Estate, £10

Bitterroot is published by Orion, £12.99

All these books are out now and would make excellent reading during the coming Easter break - not as a substitute for revision but as a wonderful supplement to it.



Stones in his Pockets Duke of York's Theatre

Until the 29th of June you have a chance of seeing one of the funniest plays in the West End. *Stones in his Pockets*, written by Marie Jones is based in Ireland and follows the goings-on of two Irishmen, Charlie Conlon and Jake Quinn as extras in a movie - shot in a small Irish town - wanting to make it big. Their bid for fame is helped by meeting the lead of the movie, Caroline Giovanni in the local pub, who takes a fancy to Jake. With twists and turns to follow, the story thickens with the suicidal drowning of Sean, which opens Jake's eyes to the hostile, obnoxious film business.

The acting throughout the show is brilliant, Lloyd Hutchinson, who plays Charlie and Kieran Lagan who plays Jake, also play every other role in the show. With over 15 characters it may sound as if it's easy to lose the plot, but that never happens. Both actors do a fantastic job at putting on different styles for each character, using different postures, accents and attitudes to distinguish all apart: you'll be gasping for air through laughing at the characters' quirks and habits. The switching from one character to another is well done, directed by Ian McElhinney, who uses the changes in posture, sudden movements across the stage and other little tricks to convert Lloyd Hutchinson and Kieran Lagan into their alternate characters. One wonders how they'll even leave stage or do the switch to change characters as it is done in so many ways.

Lloyd Hutchinson is a delight to watch as the Director in the play and Kieran Lagan is superb as Mickey, the only surviving extra from the last film to be shot at Co Kerry, "The Great Man". The first act is full of laughs, while the second becomes more sombre after the drowning, but somehow is able to tie in humour around the situation. You end up one moment completely enthralled by the plot, and then the unable to concentrate due to the ferocity of your laughing.

Overall this play has to be seen: it doesn't get loads of amazing reviews and nominations for awards for nothing, and I can honestly say it is worth spending your pennies on. Tickets start from £16.60 and the nearest tube stop is Leicester Square.

Toby



Iolanthe Savoy Theatre

'Iolanthe' is a story of thwarted love, and its eventual consummation. In an absurd fairy world, Iolanthe, the fairy of the title is disgraced for marrying a mortal, and is banished to live at the bottom of a stream. So beloved was she by her Queen and the other fairies, however, that 25 years into this sentence she is pardoned.

It transpires that the distasteful stream was her choice of abode in banishment to be close to her son. A son! Half fairy, half mortal (from the waist down), and one who is deeply in love with a mortal - a mortal who is a ward of Chancery. Here Gilbert and Sullivan's plot contrivances become manifestly clear. Of course, the Chancellor will thwart Strephon's (the son's) desire to marry Phyllis (his loved one) and the production will end inevitably with their eventual reunion. And Phyllis, you've guessed it, was once married to the Chancellor.

The few features in its favour - the gloriously ungraceful, bawdy fairies, or the well-observed scenes amongst the peers and Lord Chancellor - did not redeem it. It was difficult to engage with the story or the personalities. Perhaps this was because of the medium - the libretto was often difficult to hear, despite the cast's impressive attempts to enunciate clearly. That, or an essential difference with Messieurs Gilbert and Sullivan about what constituted an entertaining story. In any case, all that one could feel towards the resolution of Strephon and Phyllis' plight was complete indifference.

The story line thus dealt with leaves the production itself. Declaring itself an opera, one might be forgiven for expecting something rather more accomplished and visionary than what one got. Whereas, at least the cast members of musicals can sing, dance and act, the cast of *Iolanthe* failed to satisfactorily do any of these things. Even allowing for a certain amount of parody, we were still in bad pantomime land.

It might be that *Iolanthe* was simply not to our taste, or operatic ignorance rendered its charm to be invisible. The Savoy itself, however, was a delight. It was plush, comfortable and a fitting setting for much worthier things.

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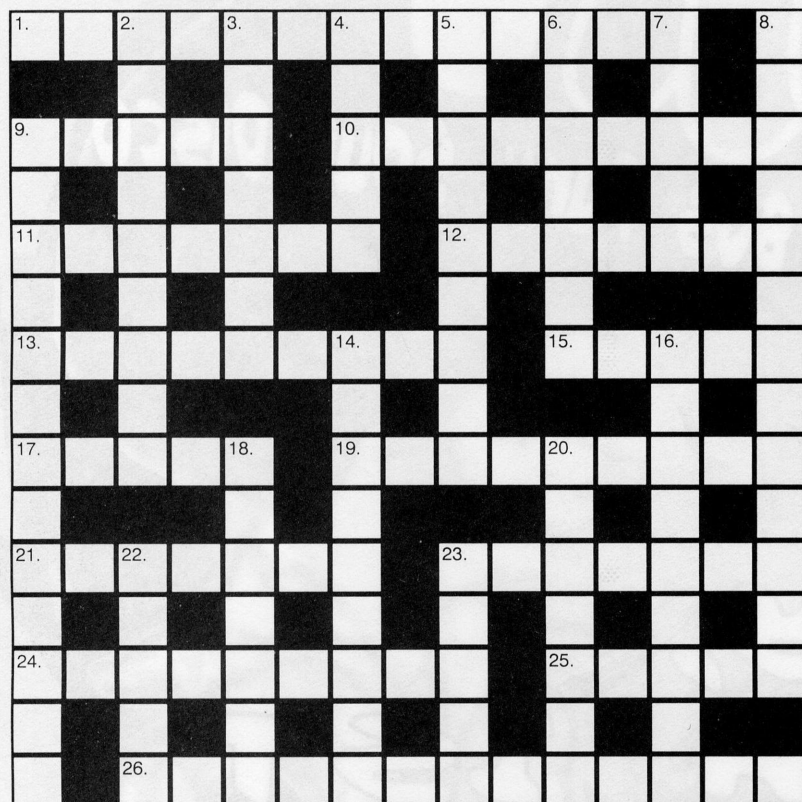
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Crossword by Dr. Hot Fudge



Answer to 1229 - Across: Herself, Integer, Abstainer, Acned, Stamina, Stetson, Breathalysers, Police Cordons, Sun Dial, Neither, Usurp, Yachtsman, Enlarge, Reserve.

Down: Hearsay, Rasta, Evasive, Fantastically, Tragedy, Gangsters, Rodents, Restaurant Car, Bilingual, Postule, Crisper, Opiates, Derange, Homer.

I'm back at the helm of the crossword this week to keep you buggers on your toes. We've tried to make the quotes a little harder this time as some cheeky young scamp complained about last week's efforts. It looks like me and Bobby C might be getting a bit more space next year to entertain you with our witty wizardry, so if anyone's got any ideas for cool, new coffee break features or fancies themselves as a budding crossword compiler let us know, cos' we'll be on the look-out for fresh talent. Last week's winner is **Kris Dickerson**, Biochem III. He/she (sorry I don't know) will join the ranks of millions in the draw for the PS2. Keep up the good work my pretties.

Dr. Hot Fudge

Across

1. Distraught due to failed centre of Edward. (6, 7)
9. Second note from git will happen again. (5)
10. Oil favourite part on upper motorway. (9)
11. Bloke goes to church with extras to find bloodsuckers. (7)
12. Run article in front of spectrum. (7)
13. Lessen the seriousness of degree containing universal answer from the east. (9)
15. Knight conceals reserves with instrument. (5)
17. Man found in lycra igloo. (5)
19. Ned is out to find game-makers to dig-up. (9)
21. Ancient chief has a 99. (7)
23. Dog kept in naff exhibition, we hear. (4-3)
24. Step on mega exercise machine. (9)
25. Half of spinning toy held by concealed neck bone. (5)
26. Fish and pig accompany small bloke surrounding rook and extreme sportsmen. (13)

Down

2. Band contains monster he's followed to endless trap. (9)
3. Eastern painting of chicken is made of fired clay. (7)
4. Intensely promotes home. Why? For soft drugs. (5)
5. Lawyers sat on tyre, foolish! (9)
6. Royal is held by subjects near the equator. (7)
7. Geeky democrat from the west converts an insect. (5)
8. On the return journey one could be confined to the local hospital? (8, 5)
9. Thrill ride is constructed from curling device and surface protector. (13)
14. Hard to resist preserve has been given copyright. (9)
16. Up and down motion set to work out. (3-6)
18. Relative gets massive masters degree. (7)
20. Choose not one or the other before she puts one in the goal. (7)
22. Revolutionary and loud son make great cooks. (5)
23. Gunfire coming from girl that Five love. (5)

freakfighter!



physicians...



GFQQ - The Great Felix Quote Quiz

by Bobby Cyclops & Dr. Hot Fudge

1. "I'm the antichrist, and you've got me in a vendetta kind of mood. You tell the angels in heaven you've never seen evil so singularly personified as in the face of the man who killed you."
2. "I have no idea to this day what them two Italian ladies were singin' about. Truth is, I don't want to know. Some things are best left unsaid. I like to think they were singin' about something so beautiful it can't be expressed in words, and makes your heart ache because of it"
3. "No questions. No answers. That's the job we've chosen. You just accept it and move on."
4. "I work for Dick Jones... DICK JONES!"
5. "10 million, 10 million, 10 million dollars! 10 million, 10 million, 10 million dollars!"

Bonus Question. Name the predators of the Oompa Loompa world

Number of players: 65

The Leader Board - top 15

Name	Score
Daniel Sauder	127.5
Christopher Dent	125
Chris Ince	124.5
Simon North	122
Anthony Rodrigues	116
Andrew Ince	113.5
John Anderson	112
Michael Simonds	97.5
Fred Marquis	93.5
Chris Toffis	71
Rebekah Hymas	62.5
Aroscha Bandara	61
Gregory Mann	59.5
Geoff Lay	58
Kim Randell	58

Answers to coffee.felix@ic.ac.uk or
to the Felix Office - West Wing
Basement, Beit Quad.

Answers to last week's quotes:

1. John Rhys-Davies/Gimli - Lord of the Rings
2. Robert Duvall/Col. Max Radl - The Eagle Has Landed
3. Frank Oz (voice)/Yoda - SW: The Empire Strikes Back
4. Willem Defoe/Caravaggio - The English Patient
5. John Cusack/Martin Q. - Gross Pointe Blank
6. Michael Biehn/Kyle Reese - Terminator

Now Fudglings, when we talked about your feedback for prize ideas, we expected answers along the lines of "as many DVDs as I can buy" or "the best games console on the market" or even "music vouchers". However, when we get suggestions of "a remote controlled tank with working gun", frankly we don't know how to respond. We'll give you a little more time for your feedback, but remember that there are three-hundred notes up for grabs!

I hoped you liked the joke last week, and as I have a large collection, I thought you might like to hear another. OK, here it is....

I was walking along the street the other day when a haggard old man, covered in dirt and wearing nothing but a 'Megadeth' t-shirt stopped me and beckoned towards my trousers. Thinking that he wanted them (as he was wearing none himself) I began to back off. Then he grabbed a hold of them and gestured quite obscenely to the bottom of my trousers. Again, I tried to back away but he reached into his rucksack and pulled out a pair of sheep-sheers. Quite puzzled now, I asked him what he thought he was doing. In a gruff, animal tone he grumbled "I'm going to cut off the bottom of your trousers and send them to the library!". I paused for a while, stunned. After a while I realised - that was a turn-up for the books. If you're lucky I will delve deeper into my collection next week!

Bobby Cyclops

2 for 1

back to basics

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OFFER EXPIRES ON JUNE 1

Football II

Royal Holloway III 2.....6 IC II Shock! After piling the pressure on, Holloway hit us on the attack and their player skinned Magic, spent from the night before, before doing Mills in a similar manner. As Judas began to sing at him, the striker responded by nutmegging the keeper. IC were now fighting. Magic atoned for previous errors by drilling a twenty five yard free kick into the bottom corner. When Brad poked in a rebound from close range. Chances came by the bucket load and the match could have been killed before half-time. .

Barry summoned us to draw on our strengths and stay on our feet against players who were clearly unable to defend against the electric pace of the seconds attack. We flew

at them, punishing their efforts to push forward. One way traffic ensued as Baskett completed a fantastic hat-trick, Lansdowne scored a deserved interchange goal and Cartwright hit the goal of the game, a bolt from twenty five yards into the top corner. Their only response was to pile men forward and when Dave H "lost his man" at the far post Holloway had managed to score the token two goals the seconds concede as a matter of habit in the cup. The final whistle went and the celebrations started. The arch rivals of Holloway had been thrashed an embarrassing 6-2 to send the mighty seconds to the final, on March 9.

Come along and support in the provided coaches, and see us bring the cup back to South Kensington. Boost.

Ice Hockey

IC Devils 10.....3 Cambridge B

The first period was the calmest and least eventful: good for the new players still finding their feet, and allowing our more experienced players to give us a 2-1 lead after a couple of goals from Mikko.

Things started warming up in the second period, with our self-titled 'C. Penguin' being given a five minute penalty, along with his victim, for practically slicing one of the Cambridge boys in half. By now Cambridge were used to our ice, with their dwarfish centre making several dangerous breaks toward goal. However, thanks in no small part to keeper and man-of-the-match Adrian Gill, and some nifty defence work, we kept a clean sheet during this

period. Our attack thoroughly outclassed the Cambridge defence this period, with impressive shifts from all three lines. At the close of the second we led 7-1 thanks to goals this time from Mikko (3), Dmitry and Alex.

Despite a couple of consolation goals which excited their centre enough to stick his tongue out at our bench (keep it for your bird you hairy twat!), there was now no way back for them. We pulled ahead further with Mikko, Dmitry and another of our attacking elite putting three more past them to end the game 10-3. A solid performance from experienced and new members alike, the game will provide us with a good base for the series of matches and possible tournaments we have lined up in the near future.

Wushu

"Awesome!" - In one word, this is how the IC Wushu Team would unanimously describe Sifu Chen Lei's masterclass that took place on Saturday 9th February in Southside Gym.

Sifu Chen Lei's breathtaking performances of Taijiquan, Changquan 'long boxing' and the Drunken Style (which are part of the highest level of this discipline) clearly testified to his absolute mastery of the different wushu forms - both in space and time. They were not merely demonstrations of human physical fitness at its highest level, but of mental and spiritual awareness as well.

Watching Sifu Chen Lei, a quadruple National Wushu Champion of China, one would be very tempted to say

that truly, there is no better mirror than wushu to reflect the beauty of Chinese thought and the Yin and Yang philosophy. Indeed, wushu is about harmony between contrasts. It is grace and strength combined; it is both relaxed fluid moves and powerful energy explosions. It can be slow and languid on the one hand but swift and precise on the other. Wushu is about discovering the secret of a calm mind guiding a quick body for maximum efficiency.

5 hours of intense training with one of the most inspiring martial artists of our times turned out to be, indeed, a most fulfilling experience for all those present - for IC wushu lovers, definitely an earth-shattering sensation.

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A Fine Cornish Pasting

Cambourne 17.....29 RSM

The sun rose around Hyde park last Friday as "all three" of the RSM rugby team "the best looking team in IC" made their way to the union office. They, were greeted by the sight of Enrico in the early stages of a nervous breakdown. Spirits were high as the RSM were on their way to humiliate a bunch of Cornish retards - Camborne School of Mines - for the sixth year in a row.

We settled on to the coach, and were introduced to Dean, our driver for the weekend, and no sooner had we reached Queens Gate, Jim "The Panther" Mccusker produced a porn stash that would rival the contents of any Soho sex shop. Somewhere near Exeter, Flo decided that everyone was in need of a bit of light entertainment, Light it wasn't, Dean couldn't keep his eyes on the road and the bus swerved wildly across the motorway. (think two marrows being forced in a smarties tube). We arrived in Newquay to drop off the Homosexual footballers and associated riff raff so they could go drinking. The real men arrived at the panty-cellyn's sister hotel (ask geology 3) and settled in for the night. A Chinese and a game of arrows later, people went to bed, but not before Rhys had squeezed in a sly pint or two.

Those that had not succumbed to hypothermia during the night rose for breakfast and were served by the Cornish female wrestling champion, and a training session later and we were ready for action. The drive to Camborne was accompanied by Chin-Choi's musical collection to get in the mood, and a brief stop at Tesco's resulted in

the purchase of half a Banana plantation and 50 gallons of Lucozade. Following a word of inspiration from Dean, along the line that we were to go and F*cking murder the scum, we set out for a trek through a cow field and arrived at the Camborne ground. Camborne were training nearby, a spying party was sent out, and Henry set the tone for the day by abusing the Camborne captain Sideshow Bob. The crowd arrived and the game was about to start live on Cornish radio and taped for masses, as unfortunately the TV has not yet reached Camborne. Segun punched a few doors in preparation for a Camborne players head. The game started, Segun got an early try which resulted in the RSM propaganda minister Brewster bursting into life and announcing to the masses that Camborne had cracked. They had cracked, into their ringers...

A few tactical substitutions later and Camborne were 45 stone heavier in the pack, but they couldn't do anything to halt the black magic, and The Angel Gabriel ran in a try or two. A passing seagull picked up the ball and dropped it over the RSM posts giving the inbreds 3 points.

At some point in the first half Segun broke his shoulder but didn't notice until Sunday. Who knows what the score was or when the tries were scored, but half-time arrived. Some wag from Camborne tried to streak, but he hadn't bargained for the Northern streaking king in the RSM crowd. The Ginger prince Don Juan de Christian burst from the crowd and chased away the Cornish pervert before being floored by a back injury. The display of pasty flesh put the RSM boys out of synch for

a few minutes letting Camborne catch up to 17-19. The panther was injured so the RSM secret weapon Super Brewster made his debut, quite why no one knows, but he provided entertainment by swiftly having his nose pulverised by some thug. Bigg Dave had an argument with a concrete post and came off worse, any sympathy from the ladies would be appreciated. Some inbred surf boy stamped on Henry and was sent off, Flo desperate to hit the dance floor scored, then deciding that was not in the constitution Enrico rattled one in. What a surprise, we won again the final score 17-29 to the RSM.

The drinking began in earnest, Henry was live on the radio, a star in the making. We went to a dinner, where

there was a lack of wine so we sent someone down the off license thing descended into anarchy, lots of people had birthdays and Brewster chucked the flower arrangement at some Hom from Camborne football and announced Henrys engagement, which was news to him. Balson entertained the local ladies, to put it mildly. We drank some more there were some fireworks and then it all went a bit hazy. On the way back Mr Nigeria "found" some cigars, the bus Withers tried to dismantle the bus, Brewster tried to grope anything that moved. Much food was stolen from the service station, and that's all I can remember. Victory bar-night ensued and we think Nightingale got tied up somewhere, but who cares. *Ambo journalism incorporated*

Open Invitation

The Union will be hosting an open discussion led by the Union President, Sen Ganesh, concerning the evening activities held at the Union.

This will be held in the meeting room 7B in the lower level of the East Wing of the Union Building, Beit Quad, 1-2pm, Monday, March 4.

Opinions are being sought on the nights held at the Union; especially the type, frequency, costs and variety, among any other concerns you may have about the Union.

All are welcome, whether you come to the Union often or not at all. *Your opinion matters.*



Work for yourself. Work at the Union...
...and make a difference to your social life.

Ultimate National Championships

The first game for Discdoctors was against the lowest seed, Exeter, and Discdoctors took the game comfortably, 6-1, but were not in full swing by the arrival of the second game against the Lancaster, and the game was lost 6-4. This game appeared to wake Doctors up, who then played against the home team, Loughborough. After the previous weekend's demolishing, Doctors wanted vengeance. In a tight game, with some difficult calls, Doctors managed to keep Haze to a low score, and eventually took the game 3-2. Sheffield were the next opponents, and the Doctors turned them over 8-4. The following game was against tournament favourites, Glasgow.

They were commanding throughout the game, and although Doctors were full of effort, and played some good ultimate, the better team won comfortably, Glasgow taking the game 7-4.

The next game was against a strong Ow! side from Oxford, and ended in a 7-7 draw leaving Doctors with a 3-2-1 record, and a following match against Portsmouth. Doctors' nemesis once again threw their zone and killed off the Doctors' offense. Doctors heads dropped, and sublime took the game easily, 6-2.

Due to a very close group, the final result of the first round put Doctors in third place in the pool, now seeded 6th overall. This was a dramatic improvement on their initial

seeding of 13th, and also guaranteed a top eight finish. The party went along with the Doctors team, as usual at the centre of attention. Well, perhaps not. At least we all had a nice sleep and were raring to go the next day.

The quarterfinal was against the oldest club in the country, the Warwick Bears. Discdoctors were very fired up for this game, as were the opposition. Discdoctors were on defence first, and managed to force a turnover and get the crucial break point. Another point followed, and Discdoctors were looking good. Bears managed to get back to 2-2, and from there the teams traded points. It was 6-6 at the end of time, and so the game went into

sudden death. After numerous nervous errors from both teams resulting in a number of turnovers, and a difficult situation with some music, Bears eventually took the win.

After this disappointment, Discdoctors played against Leeds. The spirit of the team was very low, and a poor performance meant Leeds took the game comfortably.

The 7th-8th place match was then against Cardiff. The game was played in a very light-hearted manner, as both teams were disappointed not to be in the top four. So, finally, Discdoctors ended up 8th in the country. Well done to Glasgow, the worthy winners of the competition.

Tim

Dancesport

The IC Dance Team arrived in Reading for the Southern Universities Dance Champion-ships, ready for battle against the rest of the Big Three (i.e. us, Oxford and Cambridge). We arrived early and everyone had a full £2 breakfast courtesy of 'the big ASDA', which could perhaps justify the good atmosphere and hence our good results that day...

For the first time this season, our Beginners managed to outnumber Oxford in their Latin section of the competition with 3 of 5 finalists in the Jive and 2 of 5 in the Cha. Two couples also managed to get into the finals of the Beginners Ballroom, so all in all, well done to Phong and Gait, Philip and Annelise, Tom and Jo, Konrad and Melissa, as well as Simon

and Sarah. As for the Opens, Ellis and Indika won the Advanced Latin and the award for 'the couple showing the most promise as voted for by the judges' (or something along those lines). Special congratulations to Ashoke and Bryony for winning the Novice Ballroom.

The Team event went well, with every mixed final having at least one IC couple (2 in the Jive, Waltz and Quickstep). We didn't win a team trophy this time round but it was still a good day (which was measured by the amount of singing, or screeching, depending on who you talk to, generated on the coach the way back). There's IVDA in two weeks, guys and gals, and we KNOW we're good enough to beat 'Watford'.

CP



Live sport
on the

BIG SCREEN

Saturday 2nd March
Newcastle v Arsenal 12pm
Six nations rugby union
France v England 2pm
Ireland v Scotland 4pm

Sunday 3rd March
Derby v Man. United 4pm

Tuesday 5th March
Blackburn v Villa 8pm

Wednesday 6th March
Liverpool v Newcastle 8pm

Ground floor, Beit Quad
Prince Consort Road

imperial
college
union
BARS