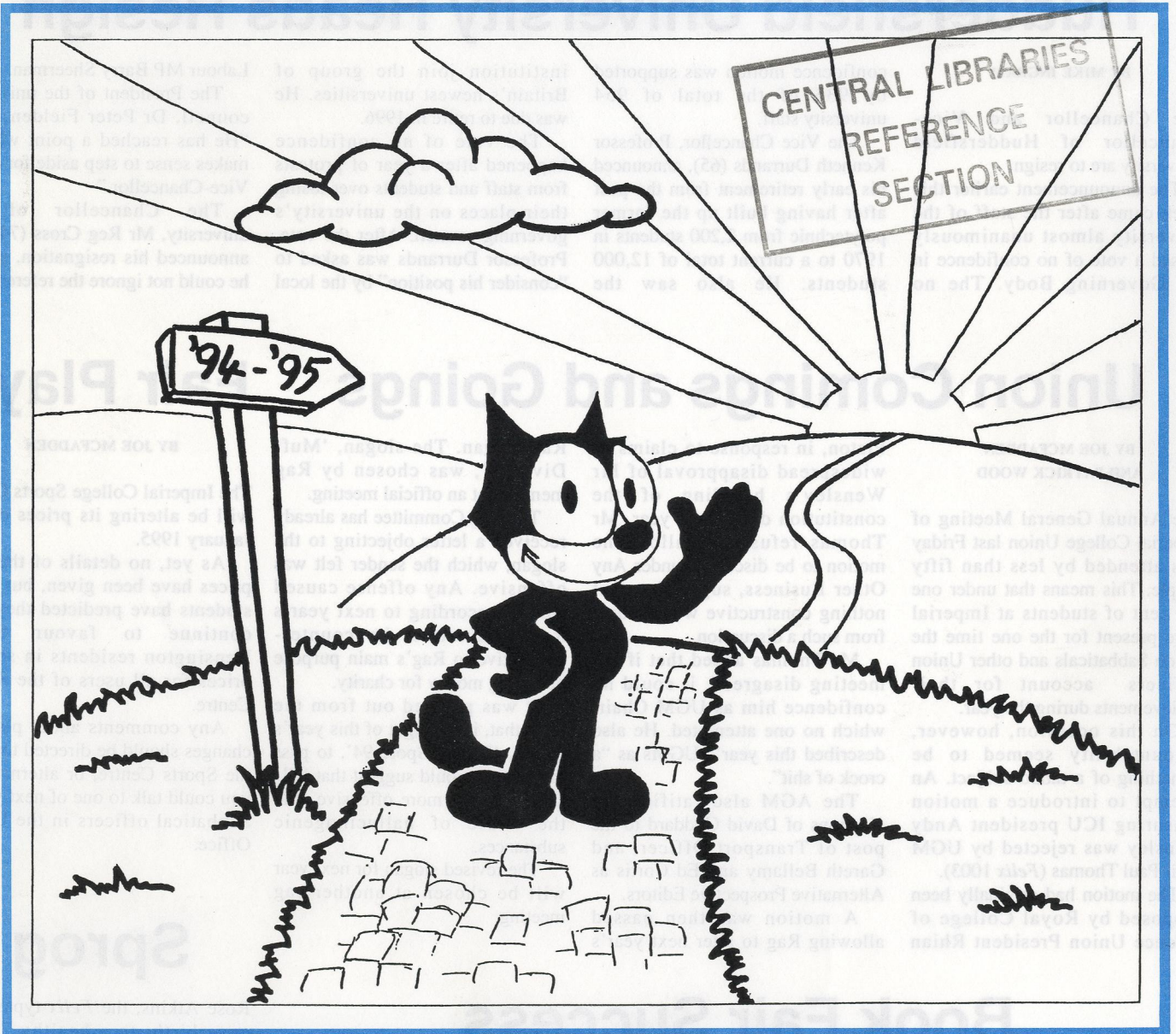




Felix

Issue 1004

24th June 1994



Cheers!

Doctors Suspended at St Mary's

BY JOE MCFADDEN

Two surgeons at St Mary's Hospital have been suspended after accusations of the unnecessary removal of a man's voice-box and a women's breast.

Consultant Solomon Abramovitch was suspended in May after Vincent Oliver, aged 68, had his voice-box removed when cancer was suspected.

Mr Abramovitch made the initial diagnosis but the operation was handled by another surgeon. Later the tumour was found to be benign and a formal apology was given to Mr Oliver who is now unable to speak properly.

An inquiry is underway to decide whether the voice-box was removed unnecessarily and establish Mr Abramovitch's role in the matter. Mr Oliver is

considering whether to sue the hospital. He said: "I am absolutely disgusted and I will make sure they pay for how they have left me."

Mrs Mary Ghilchik, a consultant general surgeon at St Mary's Hospital, was also suspended in March after a patient of hers had a mastectomy even though no cancer was present.

Mrs Ghilchik maintains that the patient had requested the operation

herself and that the complaint was made by the patient's relatives.

"I have been a consultant 24 years and am known for the preservation of the breast" said Mrs Ghilchik.

An internal inquiry into Mrs Ghilchik's conduct in the case has been completed and an external inquiry has begun.

Huddersfield University Heads Resign

BY MIKE INGRAM

The Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of Huddersfield University are to resign.

The announcement earlier this week came after the staff of the university almost unanimously passed a vote of no confidence in the Governing Body. The no

confidence motion was supported by 935 of the total of 954 university staff.

The Vice Chancellor, Professor Kenneth Durrands (65), announced his early retirement from the post after having built up the former polytechnic from 2,200 students in 1970 to a current total of 12,000 students. He also saw the

institution join the group of Britain's newest universities. He was due to retire in 1996.

The vote of no confidence happened after a year of protests from staff and students over losing their places on the university's governing council. After the vote, Professor Durrands was asked to "consider his position" by the local

Labour MP Barry Sheerman.

The President of the university council, Dr Peter Fielden, said: "He has reached a point when it makes sense to step aside for a new Vice-Chancellor."

The Chancellor of the university, Mr Reg Cross (74) also announced his resignation, saying he could not ignore the referendum.

Union Comings and Goings Fair Play?

BY JOE MCFADDEN
AND PATRICK WOOD

The Annual General Meeting of Imperial College Union last Friday was attended by less than fifty people. This means that under one per cent of students at Imperial were present for the one time the Union Sabbaticals and other Union Officers account for their achievements during the year.

On this occasion, however, accountability seemed to be something of a taboo subject. An attempt to introduce a motion censuring ICU president Andy Wensley was rejected by UGM chair Paul Thomas (*Felix* 1003).

The motion had originally been proposed by Royal College of Science Union President Rhian

Picton, in response to claims of widespread disapproval of Mr Wensley's handling of the constitution during the year. Mr Thomas refused to allow the motion to be discussed under Any Other Business, suggesting that nothing constructive would come from such a discussion.

Mr Thomas added that if the meeting disagreed, it could no confidence him as UGM Chair, which no one attempted. He also described this year's UGMs as "a crock of shit".

The AGM also ratified the elections of David Goddard to the post of Transport Officer, and Gareth Bellamy and Ed Cortis as Alternative Prospective Editors.

A motion was then passed allowing Rag to alter next year's

Rag slogan. The slogan, 'Muff Dive 95', was chosen by Rag members at an official meeting.

The Rag Committee has already received a letter objecting to the slogan, which the sender felt was offensive. Any offense caused would, according to next year's Rag Committee, be counter-productive to Rag's main purpose of raising money for charity.

It was pointed out from the floor that, in the light of this year's slogan, 'Fungal Spore 94', to pass the motion would suggest that ICU finds oral sex more offensive than the abuse of hallucinogenic substances.

The revised slogan for next year will be chosen at another rag meeting.

BY JOE MCFADDEN

The Imperial College Sports Centre will be altering its prices on 1st January 1995.

As yet, no details of the new prices have been given, but some students have predicted they will continue to favour South Kensington residents in setting prices for all users of the Sports Centre.

Any comments about planned changes should be directed towards the Sports Centre, or alternatively you could talk to one of next year's Sabbatical officers in the Union Office.

Sprog

Rose Atkins, the *Felix* typesetter, gave birth to a healthy 7lb 13 ounce baby girl last Wednesday.

Rose took maternity leave from her job at Easter and the *Felix* staff would like to offer our congratulations on the happy event.

Sources have suggested she will name the baby "Rotaprint".

Book Fair Success

An Imperial College Union Book Fair was held over two days in the JCR this term. The fair allowed students to sell used text books, which will be resold on a non-profit basis at the start of next term.

If successful, the Book Fair will be repeated on a larger scale next year. The possibility also exists that the Union Bookstore may also begin to sell second-hand text books next year.

President-elect Lucy Chothia was involved in organising the Book Fair, after her election promise of a second-hand bookstore was found to be impractical this year.

Don't Forget! Non-Smokers Die Every Day

Hot, Sticky Summer



Dan, Lucy and a somewhat mysterious hand

Whispers have reached *Felix* that President-elect Lucy Choccy-Biscuit and Deputy President-elect 'Desperate' Dan Look are said to have been spending a lot of time in each others' company.

Associates report long late-night phone calls between the pair and they have been spotted leaving each others' homes in the early hours.

Care to comment, Dan? Lucy? Eager for the salubrious details, we tried to contact the alleged love birds for their comments on the rumours we're so blatantly propagating. *Of course, they denied everything...or at least they would have if we'd actually reached them.*

Isn't sabbatical co-operation wonderful?

Ftang Ftang

BYE BYE

The College yawned today as it became apparent that nothing at all was happening. *Felix* reporters limping back to base seemed in poor spirits. "It isn't like a war out there," said one hack.

In an attempt to unravel the mystery we probed the sleeping Professor Whizbang, of the ghostlike Physics department, for more details.

"Well," he said, "It may that entropy is no longer breaking down. The universe may have reached the nadir of its cyclic contractions. Or it may indicate that everyone has buggered off home for the summer."

But Dr Beardy-Glasses, a logician in the mathematics department contested our findings: "No news is good news. Therefore, there is news." Miss Lucy Choke-Her snarled: "Sleeping? Who, me? Not me g'vner."

Jon Jordan's Beard

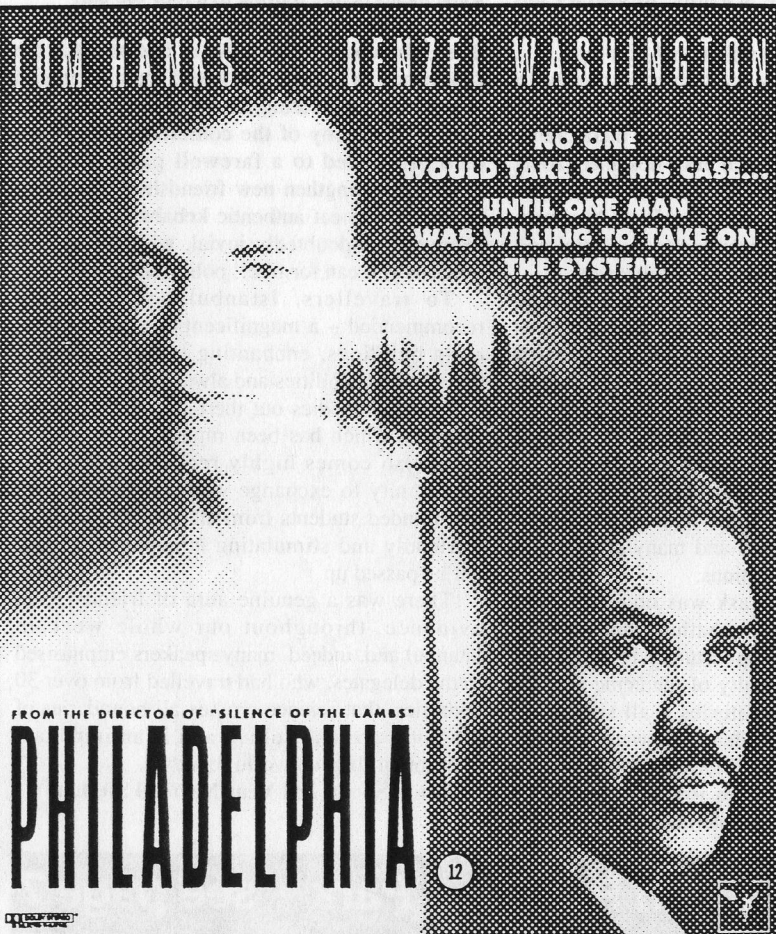
BY THE SEASIDE

Tintin, erstwhile Music Editor of *Felix* who also parades under the name 'J. Jordan', was found last night sobbing in a pool of tears.

His grief was caused by the defeat of his appendage, a small rust-coloured 'goatee' effect, in the elections for the *Felix* Mascot. The eventual winner was a bog brush reclining under the toilet. Mr Brush caused controversy during the

campaign with his posters, which the 'goatee' claimed were blatantly misrepresentative. They featured the brush slapped over Tintin's face with the caption "What difference?" emboldened beneath. The poster was withdrawn when a poll revealed that 9/10 voters couldn't see any likeness. The tenth, 'Mr J', insisted there was "No similarity at all!" before punching me in the face. Miss Chicken Chow-Mein also declined to shave.

5 ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATIONS
including **BEST ACTOR • TOM HANKS**



ICU CINEMA

Presents

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF "SILENCE OF THE LAMBS"

PHILADELPHIA

TODAY 5pm ONLY
ALL Seats £1.80

HAVE A GOOD SUMMER FROM THE
MANAGEMENT AND STAFF OF ICU CINEMA

Arty Summer

Now that the academic year is over, many of you will want that much needed break, while some of you will still be working, be it in UROP, MSc, PhD, jobs or whatever. In either case, you might feel like taking up art – from scratch or as a once-forgotten hobby.

To encourage you, IC Union's Leonardo (Fine Arts) Society will be holding art workshops, taught by Royal College of Art students over the summer holidays. The classes over the past two terms have been a great success. The exercises that we have done not only helped our technique but also released creativity (the best so far have been 'energy release' exercises where we wildly draw and paint over a massive sheet of paper – the size of two tables!). You might have seen some of our members' work in our recent exhibition.

The classes over the summer should only cost about £2 per session. They will probably be on Monday evenings from 6pm to 8pm in Civ Eng Room 101. If you are interested, leave a note for us in the Union Office pigeonholes before the end of term. Get cracking, get arty. You don't have to be experienced in art, only interested in experiencing art.

Bridge Victory

Thursday 16th June saw the long awaited clash between IC and ULU. IC produced its full quota of eight players. Unfortunately ULU could only offer four players through ill health. Consequently, two IC Bridge Club players defected to the other side, resulting in A Stallone and M Schaffer playing for ULU. This was a fitting penalty for them as Stallone wangled his way into the IC Bridge Club despite not being an IC student and Schaffer having forgotten to wear his sweatshirt.

The rivalry between ULU and IC brought out the best in our players, notably J Todd and D Goodwin who bid a difficult six club slam, producing a swing in IC's favour. The overall score reflected IC's domination of the match: IC 108, ULU 42. The teams were:

IC	ULU
D Goodwin	S Greaves
J Todd	G Deakin
A Joyner	M Abramson
M Bradley	J Schryber
R Cannings	M Schaffer
C Purvis	A Stallone

TWE Go Off To Edinburgh

This summer will see a number of IC students from all over the country converging on Scotland, or more specifically Edinburgh. The reason? Well, Theatre West End will be building a theatre during the Edinburgh Fringe Festival. We'll then be hosting our own, as well as other theatre companies', productions.

Do you fancy seeing the biggest festival in Europe? Can you afford a small amount of money for (subsidised) accommodation? Are you willing to work for a couple of hours a day in the TWE box office or guiding people to their seats in the theatre?

It doesn't matter if you don't act, direct or sing, in fact, if you don't even know your arse from your elbow when it comes to all things thespian and helping TWE at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival. If you are interested, then ring Phillip on 081 675 0817 for more information.

And remember, the licensing hours for the pubs in Edinburgh go on long into the wee small hours of the morning...

10th International Medical Sciences Student Congress in Istanbul

Having spent almost six months of the past three years travelling abroad, the opportunity of spending a week in sunny Turkey (perhaps ideally three weeks before exams) was not going to be passed up. Seven St Mary's students converged on Heathrow on Tuesday 3rd May eager to present the results of their BSc project work at their first international conference.

We arrived in Istanbul, the only city in the world to be built on two continents, to be met by students of the Istanbul university faculty of medicine. A short drive to Detam and the conference headquarters followed, where we registered and had our first opportunity to meet the 150 delegates from all over the world.

In the evening, we made our way to our hotel in Beyogluh. We spent the rest of the night sampling the culinary delights of the local restaurants.

In order to allow the 200 or so people involved in the conference to get to know each other, Wednesday morning was spent visiting the Topkapi palace – seat of the Ottoman sultans. A superb three-course lunch followed in the palace restaurant.

The afternoon was spent on a Bosphorus steamer going up the straits separating Europe and Asia lined with millionaires' villas, palaces and forts. We continued to the Black Sea before returning. The evening was spent attending a lively concert by the student band 'Cool White Coats' and a cocktail party. We were then shown around the Taksim square area by three local medics until the early hours.

Refraining from hurling verbal abuse down

the phone, we were woken at 7am by an alarm call provided by 'Mucko', one of the Turkish medics. Thursday morning was spent at the opening ceremony, with welcome addresses by the Dean, Head of the Scientific Research Club and the Mayor of Istanbul. Following a coffee break, there was a discussion on Andrology.

The afternoon provided an opportunity to visit the covered bazaar – a labyrinth of passage-ways and 4,000 shops with metalcrafts, leather goods, carpets and fake designer labels much in evidence. We visited the ancient hippodrome and the awe-inspiring Blue Mosque. Tired and hungry, we returned to our hotel and ordered the inevitable Pizza Hut takeaway.

Following a leisurely breakfast on Friday morning, Session V of the conference was monopolised by St Mary's students with presentations by H Sheth, C Roberts, R Sarwar and L Wiseman. Remaining presentations followed in sessions VI and VII. Our topics included 'Endothelin-1 Production by Human Breast Cancer Cells' and 'The Effect of the Menstrual Cycle on Muscle Function'. All the talks were well received and many prompted a number of detailed questions.

Relieved that our task was now over, the afternoon was spent sunbathing and writing postcards. I took the opportunity to be shown round the hospital, faculty of medicine and the student research laboratories – all sited on a single campus. All the delegates were adamant on not wasting our only Friday night in Istanbul. The St Mary's delegates joined forces with groups from Japan and America and individuals

from Germany, Turkey and Bulgaria. The evening was spent amongst the bars and clubs on the shores of the Bosphorus. This gave us time to relax, recall the past week and meet some locals before retiring to a roof-top bar.

Saturday saw 20 presentations on offer to those who could make it out of bed to catch the 8am coach to Detam. We opted for a lie in and last minute sightseeing, arriving in time for the closing ceremony of the conference. Everyone then proceeded to a farewell party, the last chance to strengthen new friendships, exchange addresses and eat authentic kebabs. The atmosphere was undoubtedly jovial, with a 'drink as much as you can for free!' policy at the bar.

To travellers, Istanbul comes highly recommended – a magnificent city with fascinating buildings, enchanting scenery, endless shopping possibilities and always vividly alive.

To other medics out there, this international congress which has been running for a decade now, also comes highly recommended. The opportunity to exchange views and ideas with like-minded students from all over the world in a friendly and stimulating atmosphere should not be passed up.

There was a genuine aura of friendship in evidence, throughout our whole week in Istanbul and, indeed, many speakers emphasised to the delegates, who had travelled from over 30 countries, that science crosses all boundaries of religion, race and culture and is an important contributor to good world relations.

Hiten Sheth, 3rd Year Medical Student

Dennis Saw talks about genetic engineering and its implications on our society. Will we ever be in a position to engineer the perfect human being?

White Mice Can't Jump

It's true. And neither can brown ones, nor agouti ones. The fact of the matter is, the common laboratory mouse, *Mus musculus*, has been so domesticated that, unlike its ancestors or its wild counterpart, it'll never make money from Nike Air (TM) commercials.

The up side is, of course, that it's much easier to catch the Speedy Gonzales that can't Kanga out of your grasp each time you corner it (or approach it menacingly with a carving knife). And all this happened before we'd even heard of genetic engineering.

Unsuspectingly, we as human beings have been playing with modifying genes since that first homo sapien decided: 'Bugger it. I'm not going to spend my time running after my meal. I'll catch a few and have my curry tethered to that olive tree. Heck, and for nan, I'll grow that new Emmer wheat hybrid that's been lying around the front porch.'

If we aren't brave enough to try, after calculating the risks involved to our best ability, MacDonalds would never have existed.

The result? Chihuahuas, race-horses (and the silly names that accompany them, eg. Thrice Lucky Rubber Duckie), bread wheat and mice that can't jump.

Biologists call something that stands the test of natural selection an 'Evolutionary Stable Strategy' (ESS). If we were to take the strict definition of that term, then there are a number of rather non-stable creatures that we have created. Would you ever ride off into yonder wild country with your trusty 12-bore shotgun, ever ready for the menace of a killer pack of poodles? Bread wheat is an even stranger affair. Much like seedless grapes, they cannot perpetuate without the help of man. Not only is the ear difficult to break up, if it does, the grains enjoy a brief second or two of flight, jettison the chaff (much like jumbo jets jettisoning their wings), describe a perfect parabolic arc and fall to the ground much like jumbo jets that have jettisoned their wings would. In evolutionary terms, they are ESS's only if human beings are around. We have, either advertently or inadvertently (industrial melanism of moths won't occur in a world populated with hari krishnas), become an inextricable part of the natural histories of many species of organisms.

So, why is the thought of genetically engineered organisms so abhorrent? We cull bulls to select ones that will result in bigger, better cow udders. The Victorians have been responsible for altering the face of many a dog and petunia. Indeed, it was because of their predilection for little furry rodents that the modern lab mice can't do the steeple chase.

Perhaps it is because genetic manipulators yield enormous power. So much power, in fact, that they are akin to a child with the knowledge of fusion. He/She can create limitless energy for the world but also limitless destruction. A technological Sword of Damocles. But isn't that a property of all new-born technology?

Genetic engineering has suffered more from the wild imaginings of science fiction authors than, say, virtual reality (bar Ben Bova!). I contend that poets, artists and authors are the voices of our collective social conscience. If this is true then we are indeed worried that some superbug might be released into the biosphere (or a super-rabbit into Australia); and we are worried that someone may one day try to genetically engineer the perfect human being, much like what Hitler attempted with his now outmoded technique of culling. Our social conscience is shaped by our history and those who are ignorant of our sometimes painful past are condemned to repeat it.

However, we are poised in a unique situation. In the past, much of society was left in the dark when technologists went about fervently knitting their sweaters of utopia, only to discover much later that there are no holes for the head or arms but one for the belly-button. The technology of recombinant DNA is unique because:

- it is freshly emergent and the public can be informed from the start;
- we also wield the disseminatory power of today's mass media; and
- the public is genuinely aware and concerned

Humankind at large cannot be ignorant of the potential side-effects of such research and clinical trials

of the potential of new genetics. If genetic engineers are those sweater-knitters, then the public is in a position to check that the right holes are being woven in the right places. But this will happen only if scientists keep the public informed of the state of play. Similarly, the public has to understand that much of science is intelligent, informed and intuitive

trial and error. I stress the latter. Remember that old maxim of learning from your mistakes? If we aren't brave enough to try, after calculating the risks involved to our best ability,

*The common laboratory mouse, *Mus musculus*, has now been so domesticated that it'll never make money from Nike Air TM commercials.*

MacDonalds would never have existed.

Let's face it: we have been blessed with a tool that can do wonders; that has the potential to cure cancer, to relieve babies from the devastation of Tay-Sach's disease. Whilst working towards such goals, we will most certainly generate information that could result in the genetic ostracism of sectors of society. As smokers have to pay the price of higher insurance premiums, will individuals predisposed to heart disease (that we can detect with a simple genetic test) have to contend with the same? Think of the problems we would generate if we discovered the nerd gene!

Saint Thomas Aquinas once quipped: 'We can will something only if we have already recognised it to be good.' [Actually in the modern context it should read as: 'We can will something only if we have already recognised it as giving us an advantage.'] I do not doubt that gene therapy and the like will be a major feature of future medicine. We can see its advantages, but we cannot ignore the more tricky sociological effects in the short term and the evolutionary effects in the long term.

As a scientist, I am sometimes appalled at the likes of Jeremy Rifkin. However, his job is important not for repeatedly painting doomsday scenarios and inciting wheelchaired demonstrations, but in reminding us that the new genetics cannot be performed in polished, sterile labs in ivory towers isolated from humankind at large. Similarly, humankind at large cannot be ignorant of the potential side-effects of such research and clinical trials.

Perhaps one day we'll be able to put that spring back into *Mus musculus*; but the questions of whether mice that can't jump are genetically diseased is one that has to be asked and answered by all of human- and rodent-kind.

Acknowledgements: I'd like to thank Dr Peter Little for inciting discussion and a riot of ideas.

Book

Aurian

by Maggie Furey

I don't read fantasy of the 'sword and sorcery' type very often. That's the first thing. I usually get put off by the words 'Book One of...' on front covers. That's the second thing. I picked this book up and finished it (all 600-odd pages) in less than three days (less time that it'll take to finish this review!). That's the third thing.

Not that this is a real heavyweight of a novel (despite its size!) – it treads the well-worn path of 'quest for mystical artefact with which to fight the forces of evil'. The difference between this one and others is the very high quality of its narrative – you have wonderfully developed characters, (mostly) good dialogue and a beautifully atmospheric backdrop to a well-told (if oft-used) tale. What more could you ask for from recreational reading?

The story follows the growth of Aurian, from impetuous Mage-child to mature young Mage-woman through love, anger, grief and finally redemption. Although the book centres on her, the story is told by many characters: Forral, a swordsman and her Mortal lover; her devoted servant Anvar; Miathan the Arch-Mage (and arch-villain) to name but a few.

Maggie Furey examines all the characters in great depth and as a result the plot becomes a composition of their lives and personalities rather than just a sequence of events involving people with odd names.

Rich and colourful, page-turningly good writing – this is fantasy as it should be. (I might even buy the sequels, when they appear.)

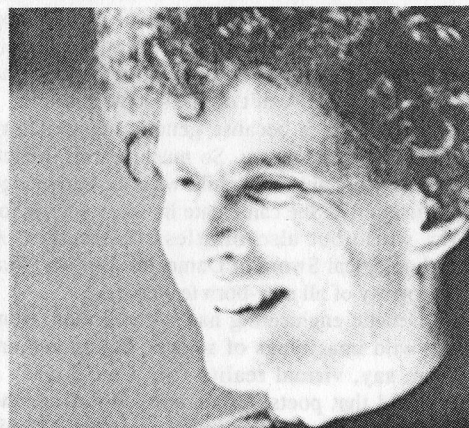
Catfish

Published by: Legend

Price: £4.99

Classical CD

New Knight of the Szymphony



Even if Sir Simon Rattle (above) cracked open a whole case of Cordon Rouge a fortnight ago, he couldn't have hoped to enjoy a headier celebration of his appearance on the birthday honours list than this new EMI disc.

The Polish composer Karol Szymanowski (I think that's 'Shummernoffski', more or less) died in 1937, aged 55. His Third Symphony, 'The Song of the Night' for tenor, chorus and orchestra, sets a Polish translation of a text by the 13th century Persian mystical poet Jalal ad-Din ar-Rumi. The music is like a blend of Scriabin and Debussy; ecstatic, swooning, perfumed impressionism. Violin and horn melodies aspire giddily, while strands of counterpoint teeter along the brink of tonality. The playing of the City of Birmingham

Symphony Orchestra is ravishing and the recording spectacular. No-one who has heard what Rattle and his band can achieve live will doubt that the EMI engineers have been anything less than totally faithful in their rendering of the orchestra's dynamic range, from a wisp of pianissimo violins to tweeter-jiggling climactic tuttis.

The main competition comes from Antal Dorati's early digital version with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra on mid-price Decca. Dorati is grittier, with a more immediate lower register to his recording and a more involving soloist. I found myself wondering momentarily if Szymanowski ought to sound as French as Rattle makes him. But the EMI performance is in a different league in terms of tone quality and pacing. Dorati sounds rushed in the Scherzo; Rattle starts off slowly, but after an Ali shuffle of an *accelerando*, he and his players float like butterflies.

The other main item on the new disc is the *Stabat Mater*. Szymanowski's setting of a Polish version of the lament of Christ's mother at the foot of the cross dates from 1926, ten years after the Third Symphony. His style has become more austere, but the music is if anything even more beautiful – try track six. Rattle's first rate trio of soloists steal the show; soprano Elzbieta Szymtka in particular is radiantly pure and lustful. [I think you mean 'lustrous' – Ed.] Indeed I do, bless your cotton socks.

Patrick Wood

Video

Monty Python's Flying Circus

Monty Python's Flying Circus is unlikely to need any introduction to most readers. Almost everyone knows a Pythonite who will at every opportunity launch into reciting entire scripts with vehemence worthy of a demonic possession. Such is the totemic influence of the show on modern comedy.

The good news is, on the show's 25th Anniversary, you can now get some peace. A new collection of videos with every episode in chronological order has been released, almost as sure to silence a comedy anorak as nailing their lips to a wall.

To the uninitiated, the show can seem like a televisual version of the freemasons. The stream-of-consciousness flow of the sketches and the furious surrealism of Terry Gilliam's animation bemuse some people and induce hysterical laughter in others. The Monty Python team's flippant contempt for any convention created a comedy show in contradiction of all others. As Michael Palin says: "There was really no reason why we did it, but of course, there was a reason why we did things for no reason at all."

The first volume (series one, episodes one to

four) certainly contains many recognised Python classics, including 'Mouse Organ', 'Working Class Playwright', 'Nudge Nudge' and 'French Flying Sheep Lecture'. The best way to choose which one to buy is to check the handy show summaries on the back of the boxes.

Even if you aren't a Python fan, buy these videos now. Your sense of humour may never forgive you if you don't.

Pestilence

Videos priced £12.99 each, available from all good retailers.

'O, nie spij, druhu, nocy tej!'

Theatre

Hamlet

The New Shakespeare Company presents three plays this summer: *Hamlet*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Card*. These three plays are being shown at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park. If it is a beautiful day with a clear blue sky which leads to a summer night where the starry heavens are revealed, then I believe the night is well accompanied by a Shakespearean play. However, having an open theatre near a popular park is always dangerous, especially if the actors have to shout to be audible. But the company comes up with a neat trick by using the metal concave set to reflect their voices into the audience. And a very fitting set it is too, where the apparitions which Hamlet sees and the scenes where Hamlet is missing is well integrated with it.

The play is a shortened version; there is a jump in the script where the confrontation of Ophelia and Hamlet is cut out for example, so the play can be confusing in some parts.

For those not familiar with Shakespearean texts, the following is the outline of the plot! A king dies and his queen marries his brother and in the meantime the son, Hamlet, is in the middle of this and cannot understand the



What is wrong my friend? (Hamlet is played by Damian Lewis)

suddenness of all that has happened. From his ghost-father he learns that treachery is involved. From this background the story is unfolded.

This is definitely a play not to be missed. However, I believe this particular production couldn't carry a lot of the weight which the play requires. Bright fading lights, beautiful intricate costumes and such a large set with loud sound effects give the grounding for my feeling that the director placed more emphasis on modern entertainment value than on the exploration of the play. It seemed to run in such a manner that

so long as you just let the atmosphere soak in and didn't concentrate too much, this production could be entertaining. I don't think this play is for the Shakespearean play critics; it wasn't too bad, but could have been a lot better.

Jack

Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park. Tube: Baker Street. 071 486 2431/1933. Tickets: £7-£16.50. Season ends on 10th September.

Theatre

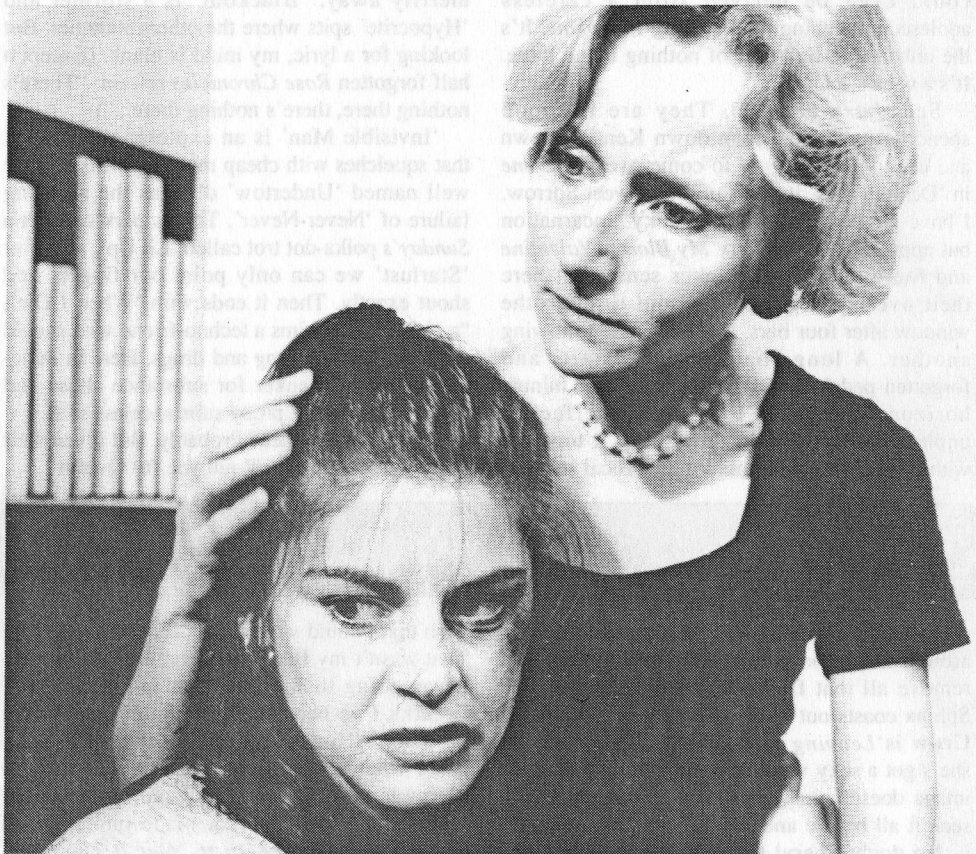
The Egg Or The Scorpion

Despite the small cast in this production, each role is essential and professionally portrayed. Initially, the play progresses slowly, but it picks up and becomes a rather emotional and intense experience. I felt that I gradually became as absorbed as the cast in many parts of the play.

It is an effective play and has a modern theme. "How civilised are we after 2,000 years of civilisation?" – this is the question that we have to find an answer to during the play. The topic arises from conflicts caused by different ideas and reasoning between each character.

A very successful woman, Joan (Anna Kirke), is on her way to a very important dinner at the peak of her career. She and her father, Peter (Bill Bingham), are confronted suddenly by Julie and Ned (Justine Glenton and Michael Brophy) whose appeals and demands lay a path to the past for Joan and her father to explain.

The part Julie played by Justine Glenton is particularly convincing. The make-up and costumes are subtle and the play is excellent



Joan (Anna Kirke) catches up with her past life when she meets Julie played by Justine Glenton

overall. However, the sound effects are a bit disappointing in parts.

Tom

Etcetera Theatre Club, Camden High St. Tube: Camden Town. 071 482 4857. Tickets: £7.50 (concs £5). Runs until 2nd June.

Find out why White Mice Can't Jump on page 5

Album



Lush

Split

Lush have their own sound which I bet brings sixteen year olds to tears: at least if I was sixteen I'd want a piece of it. But the naked lightness, I duly realise, that's residing beneath the welding sparks, acetelyne and melting metal could even be derived from a careless adolescent listening to *Smashing Pumpkins*. It's the unbearable lightness of nothing being there. It's a vacant lot.

See, Lush are pop. They are Europop spending its student loan down Kentish Town and even when they try to come over all *Come* in 'Desire Lines' it perks up into Sweet Sorrow. I have never heard their 'Spooky' incarnation but apparently it was very *My Bloody Valentine* and footwear fixated. Makes sense: but here their overlaid guitars sail out through the window after four bars, cut short, one following another. A long chain of false starts and forgotten pedals sailing toward the four minute horizon. Which isn't to say the effect is unpleasant, just disconcerting. Put it together with the symbiotic harmonies and vocal solos of

Emma Anderson and Miki Berenyi and the experience becomes an increasingly schizophrenic one.

'Light from a Dead Star', the opener, is a stand-out marvel. A glockenspiel clockwork crescendo that falls away from its choirboy peak as delicately as it arrived, it's a revelation. 'Kiss Chase' follows and sets the tone; sounds gorgeous and bristles with punkish indignation, but for a song about child abuse it smiles too merrily away. 'Blackout' is a stormer and 'Hypocrite' spits where the others stammer. But looking for a lyric, my mind is blank. (Except a half forgotten *Rose Chronicles* refrain: "There's nothing there, there's nothing there...")

'Invisible Man' is an exploration of S&M that squelches with cheap musical thrills and the well named 'Undertow' disarms the appalling failure of 'Never-Never'. Things perk up with a *Sunday's* polka-dot trot called 'Lit Up', and after 'Starlust' we can only point our fingers and shout exactly. Then it ends with 'When I Die', "a chew!" exclaims a techno-friend who should stick to his *Black Dog* and drugs. Here in indie-angst land we hanker for substance abuse and 'Split' is pretty but pretty substanceless stuff.

Lush - a good idea? Probably. But given their past, I have to say 'still' not yet. (6) **Owain**

wish that I could write like..."Jon, you're a slag. That wasn't my Beastie Boys review. I told you I was going to write it later and here it is." Eeeerkk I've been rumbled, Sphinx continues properly: "How do you interpret the Beastie Boys when they rap so aggressively but the dialogue smacks of baby-faced naivety? I'd rather slide down a razor blade into a vat of lemon juice than listen to 'Get It Together' again." Well I'm glad we sorted that out.

Helmet remain a part of one dimensional macho grunge rock machine on 'Biscuit For Smut'. As Mr Happy quoths, "in the past, Helmet have been accused of being one

Album

Sunny Day

Real Estate

Diary

Yet another great band on Sub Pop, it makes you wonder where they keep finding them. While the majors release garbage like *4 Non Blondes* and *Stone Temple Pilots*, Sub Pop release fine albums from *Sunny Day Real Estate*. Even though they have lost most of their roster within the last few years they are still the most consistent indie label - *end of laudanum ed.* SDRE themselves are emo-core. This stands for emotional hardcore which mixes heavy music with intense lyrics, in a way reminiscent of *Fugazi* and *Arcwelder* but also incorporating the wackiness of *Pavement*. (8) **Mr. Happy**

Album

8 Storey

Window

8 Storey Window

This starts off with promise. 'I Will' is a fine *Nirvana/Pixies* influenced song but good enough to be original. Unfortunately none of the following eight tracks manage to recapture the intensity of that opening. The songs themselves are alright but you can't help but wonder when the crunching sound of guitars is going to start.

The album is produced by *Levitation* frontman, Terry Bickers, which could be one of the reasons for their lack of intensity, *Levitation* themselves have never been known for loud guitars. But *8 Storey Window* are trying hard, they're just missing that vital ingredient at the moment. (6) **Mr. Happy**

Singles

A curtain begins to fall, it's time to fiddle around in the bottom of my belly button and remove all that fluff which has accumulated. Sphinx coasts out to the end of term, as **Sheryl Crow** is 'Leaving Las Vegas'. "Just because she's got a sexy voice and projects a rock-chick image doesn't make her public property. She's seen it all before and is now just singing about it. No doubt Sheryl Crow has at one time left Las Vegas." Huh? that man is on the pulse, and so he quickly pressures up to the **Beastie Boys**. On 'Get It Together' he is succinct to the point of, well I don't know. "The first one is complete crap. The second one is more like it." I only

dimensional macho grunge rock but this is the usual start-stop song fuelled by angry shouts."

We'll end on a note worthy of all the music page has tried to encourage this year with **Fuzzy** and their single, 'Flashlight'. More Bostonians bursting out of the metalwork of a modern pop city. The guitars are crisp and the twin vocals are interconnected like the synchronesh on a 1953 Buick. Of the three tracks available there's even one called 'Thurber', which maybe after the American writer and illustrator, and even if it isn't I remain impressed 'cos they fooled me.

Defluffed and fancy free, I wipe away some saline solution from my eyes, au revoir. *Tintin*

Cos I'm leaving Las Vegas today

Cinema

Beverly Hills Cop III

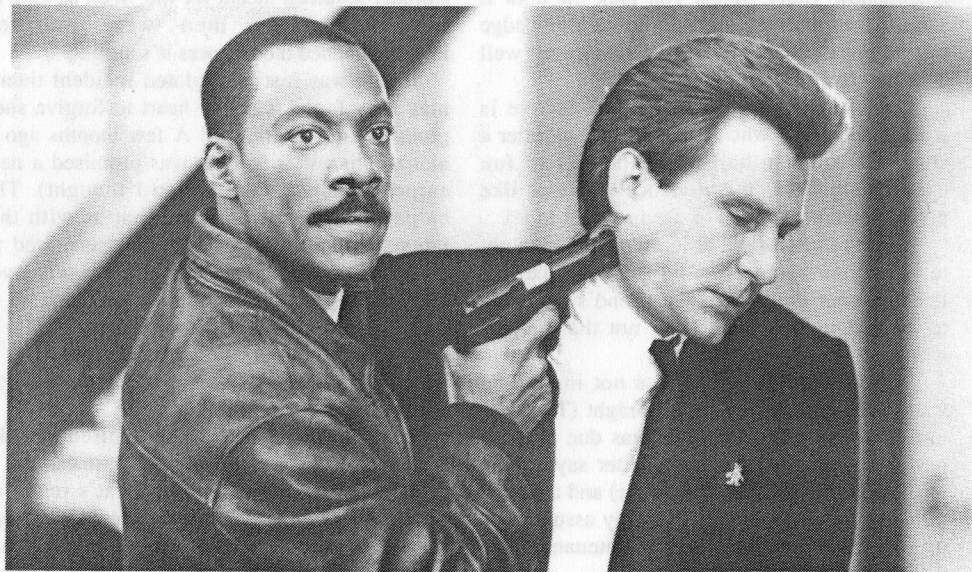
*Starring: Eddie Murphy, Judge Reinhold,
Hector Elizondo, Theresa Randle*

Director: John Landis

Where '1' was an outright comedy and '2' was just a piece of good-looking rubbish, '3' is a true action-comedy, very typical of director John Landis whose credits include *Into The Night* and *An American Werewolf In London*. The opening car-chase is a good one, punctuated by some very funny moments and it's soon clear that Eddie Murphy is back on form after twaddle like *Harlem Nights*.

The plot concerns a bunch of counterfeiter posing as a security firm for a Disneylandesque theme park in order to use the park as a base for their printing operations. When they kill a bunch of Detroit carjackers who've recovered a truck containing forged notes, the ensuing shootout takes the life of Axel Foley's boss. As a result, Foley traces the suitably camp (heh-heh-heh) bad guys back to Beverly Hills where he follows them to do that whole vengeance thing.

The film suffers a little from some rather ropery special effects and a rather vacuous (why am I not surprised?) love-interest, albeit one which leads to the best gag in the movie. On the plus side there're a couple of quite big explosions and as you'd expect from Landis



The return of Eddie Murphy as the cop with attitude

cameos abound from, among others, director Barbet Schroeder, ye olde effects man Ray Harryhausen and George Lucas. Although some of the sets look a tad cheap and the script is distinctly lightweight, *Cop 3* has enough action sequences and some rather odd humour while it lasts to keep most popcorn-movie fans like me

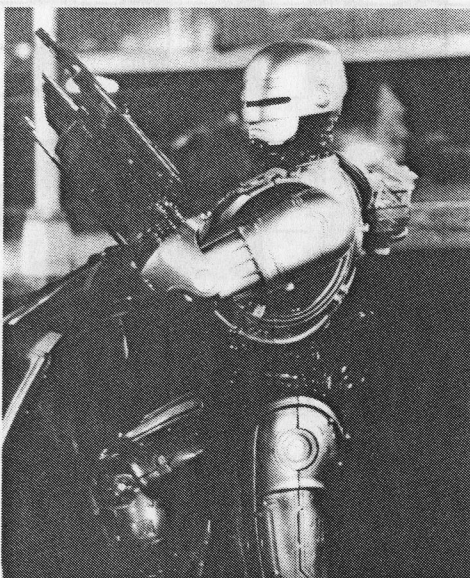
happy. For all you Arnie fans out there, it's got a reasonably high body count too. Definitely worth watching in a good mood, Saturday night kind of way.

jk

Out today. MGM Fulham Road, £6 (£3.50 before 6pm).

Cinema

RoboCop 3



Return of the cyborg cop with attitude

*Starring: Robert Burke, Nancy Allen, Rip Torn
Director: Fred Dekker*

If you didn't like the first *RoboCop* film then don't even read the billboards for this one. Even if you liked both of the first two, then read the billboards for this one and don't go any further. The *RoboCop* series is on the wrong end of a 1/x asymptote.

Let's play a game of word association. I'll start:

- S *RoboCop 3*
- P Asinine special effects
- S *RoboCop 3*
- P Heinous acting
- S Um, *RoboCop 3*
- P Hugely objectionable dialogue
- S La la la *RoboCop 3*
- P Nicely chunky soundtrack

This word game is getting boring, not unlike the *RoboCop* films themselves. So, let's have a quick narration of the storyline.

With immunity from the police department, an international corporate giant is tearing down the not-so-affluent middle-class neighbourhoods of Detroit with a view to creating Delta City, a

utopian super-metropolis. As our cyan cyborg observes the ruthless methods of this Japanese-headed construction company, he manages to have his priorities reprogrammed and thereby joins the community's resistance movement.

Three robotic ninjas are the only surmountable obstacles for our fashion-conscious friend but, with aid of a prototype jet-pack (conveniently stumbled upon), Detroit and all its happy families are saved.

The series' makers also reveal that *RoboCop* himself is DOS operated – we know from seeing 'command.com' on his function screen. Maybe this is why he don't work so good.

RoboCop 3 is intended to tug at your heart strings and make you wonder about the humanity of cyborgs. Purse strings, we think. You merely wonder what a cyborg with half a face is doing wearing quite so much lip gloss. It is actually a different guy under all that armour plating but you can't tell because he wears the same shade of lipstick.

Why waste your time?

Sphinx & Pestilence

Out today. Odeon Kensington, £6, £6.50 (£3.50 before 6pm).

College Maintenance's Open Door Policy

Dear Bec,

If there's one thing that you would assume every student in hall is entitled to it's the knowledge that for one year at least your room is somehow yours. When you lock the door it stays locked and you are safe in the knowledge that no-one else can get their hands on your well collected stuff.

The vital exception to this of course is maintenance staff who have the right to enter a student's room in hall to do the sort of fun exciting stuff that maintenance staff do: like giving you a new carpet or even a new bed (!).

However you would at least expect them not to leave your room open – that would be like fetching your jumper from a friend's car, only to leave it unlocked (the car, not the jumper) when you return to the pub.

As you can imagine, I was not impressed when I returned to my room tonight (Tuesday) to find it unlocked. I knew I was due to get a new bed (I had been given a letter saying one would be delivered the day before) and as it had arrived when I got back I can only assume that it must have been the trusty maintenance men that had left my door unlocked.

To add to my concern, they had left my room in a tip (well even more of a tip than usual), not

the sort of situation to come back to after a hard day of work.

The letter I received had promised that there would be no inconvenience, which I had stupidly assumed meant for me. Well as long as the maintenance men were not too inconvenienced then I guess it's alright.

If this was just an isolated incident then I may have found it in my heart to forgive such gross negligence, but no! A few months ago I, along with others in hall, was promised a new carpet. Great, at last! (or so I thought). The carpet itself was fitted fine, but as with this latest incident I was somewhat surprised to return to my room one lunchtime to discover that not only was my door wide open and all of my furniture was out on the landing, but there was no-one about to be responsible for it. But at least I wasn't alone – the other three rooms on the landing were in a similar state.

For both incidents I was promised that the work would be supervised at all times, and it probably was at the time, but that's really of little help when either my furniture is left out for all to steal, or worse it's left in my room with the door unlocked for all to steal – it was a nightmare! For the carpet fitting I'd even been asked to clear all of my stuff off of the floor,

desk, bed and table, leaving me as a typical junk-hoarding student to pack it all in to boxes, making it even more convenient for any potential would-be thief to lay their greedy mitts on.

In times when we are actively encouraged to 'lock our rooms at all times' especially to discourage 'opportunist thieving', I do think that the people in charge should keep a tighter reign over the one thing that is out of the students' control – namely maintenance work, after all it's their responsibility, not ours!

*Yours from a locked room somewhere in Southside,
Miss J Decock & Co.*

St Mary's Hospital LINKS Group

We are the student body of St John's ambulance and provide first aid cover for West End theatres, London venues eg. Wimbledon and also public events.

We will be running a course, 'Communication With The Deaf And Blind' on the first three Tuesdays in October. Anyone interested in attending should contact us via the LINKS pigeonhole at St Mary's.

Crossword de Sphinx et Pestilence

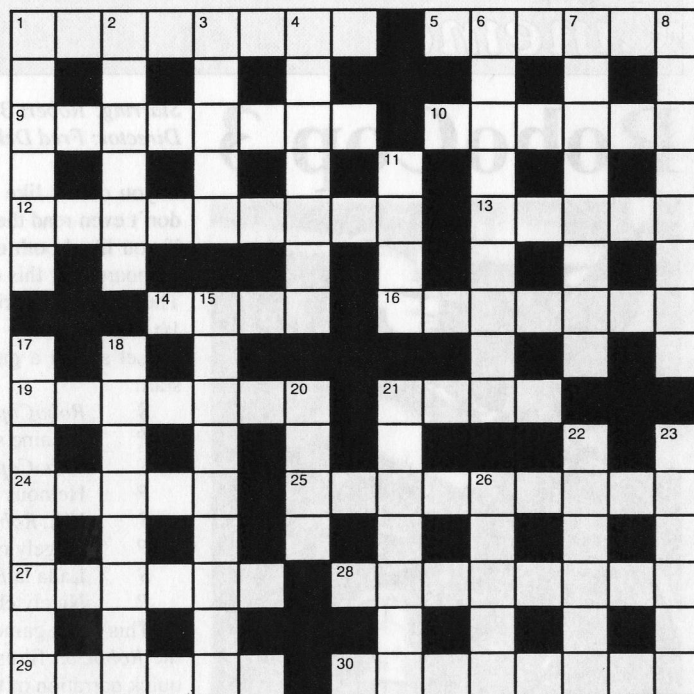
A light, delicate taster lovingly marinated in red wine and served on a bed of amusingly shaped but pitifully small Welsh parsnips.

Across

1. Fool in escape from intelligence (8)
5. Been stiffed? (4,2)
9. Enough trouble in the Royal Society makes things stormy (8)
10. South Africa left with 30 fish (6)
12. Least favoured are the United Nations and the German hounds (9)
13. Give thanks to the sailor for the Mongol (5)
14. Prospects for gold and breaks back (4)
16. A form of support for Munster in trouble (7)
19. Show a preference for Lima revolution – it's for the best (7)
21. Short-lived fashioned of the East will pale into non-existence (4)
24. Not even liar is rude to a landowner (5)
25. Confront with the best make-up (4,5)
27. They are for watching students (6)
28. At House No. 50, ULU makes capital (8)
- 29&30. An Apology for saying "Merde"? (6,2,6)

Down

1. A green issue about the King (6)
2. Beats with old weights (6)
3. Alien and woman put together an organic compound (5)
4. Mod cons used to offer some protection (7)
6. Political system Edith sorts out after a division (9)
7. Relegating display for the first time before a gin cocktail (8)
8. View gold in South American country (8)
11. Employs the first undergraduates satisfying every specification (4)
15. I roll a concoction round mad animal (9)
17. Contraceptive brought up through a coil – how sweet (8)
18. Flashy performer! (8)
20. It's not right to be abandoned (4)



21. Plant in artifact or yellow pot (7)
22. About to go, then come back (6)
23. Take by surprise with a brief "Morning, Mr President" (6)
26. Love rich organisation of singers (5)

Answers to this crossword are on the next page (no peeking!)

Editorial

Those of you fortunate enough to get hold of this issue of Felix will notice that it is not in quite the normal form. This is because, for the third time in almost as many weeks the litho has broken down, making it impossible to produce Felix in the normal way. Instead, we have spent the whole of today photocopying as many copies as possible. At a rough estimate, only about 400 will make it into the departments.

Anyway, onto other things. Like the attempt at a no confidence motion at last week's AGM. Why was it left so late? But then it wouldn't have achieved much would it?. Andy Wensley would have been supervised during the handover period and that would have been about it. If Lucy has any sense she won't trust anything he tells her in the next month and will find everything out from people who know what they're talking about.

Sadly, Felix this year has let Mr Wensley have a very easy time of it. We should have reported on his mistakes much earlier than we did. I started the year letting his first few mistakes pass unnoticed, thinking foolishly that

he needed to settle in and find his feet. I also felt that slagging the Union off from the start would give a bad impression to first years, putting them off getting involved in anything to do with the Union. But it doesn't seem to have made any difference. Look at the attendance at the UGMs, or at how difficult it has been to fill all the Officer posts these past months.

Also, the Felix news team unfortunately consisted of people with no previous experience in the Union and Union politics, people who had no real desire to show up all the errors and no knowledge of how it should be done. I am not a news reporter and so I lacked the ability to show them what to do.

But, as time went on, things got worse. Andy made more and more mistakes and all people did about it was sit around and moan amongst themselves. The people who proposed and supported the no confidence motion had been talking about it for months. Why oh why didn't they do something about it earlier. Then maybe the Union could have been something worth bothering with.

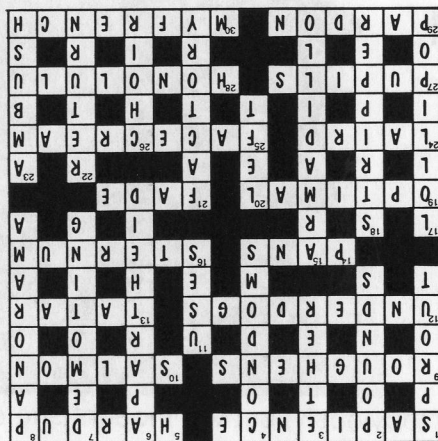
The Truth...?

Dear Beccy,

I am somewhat reticent to finally admit it, but Felix has fallen victim to an hilarious ruse. As my good friend Simon Baker (a pseudonym: his real name is Sheldon) mentioned in his saga of spoof letters, the puny reporting of the procedural ranglings (sickening) over the constitution completely failed to get to the bottom of the story. The bottom itself was of course Mr Baker, and he continued to produce what bottoms do for far too long. I am sorry. Had I known he was such an absurd gasbag I would never have involved him in my master plan. And I thought it was so clever.

Yours sincerely,
Mike Ingram.

Answers to this week's Crossword



SMALL ADS

Art classes over the summer. Leave a message for LeoSoc in Union pigeonholes or mail hji@doc.

Membership cards. If your club or society needs membership cards printed for the next academic year, please contact the Print Unit as soon as possible.

Wanted: Simon Baker. OK, I lied.

Answers to last week's Elimination

a	Take Stock	36, 70	ho	Rock Bottom	33, 74
b	Breast Stroke	75, 90	aa	Drop Goal	14, 19
c	Human Race	57, 30	ab	Hands Down	55, 13
d	First Lady	52, 24	ac	Dow Jones	1, 58
e	Madam Speaker	61, 104	ad	Service, Admirer	103, 93
f	Interest Rate	109, 31	ae	Mother Tongue	85, 91
g	Church Mouse	77, 62	af	Duty Free	15, 18
h	Left Wing	25, 40	ag	White Dwarf	73, 50
i	River, Balance	67, 94	ah	Stocking Filler	112, 81
j	Born Liar	10, 26	ai	Cross Country	47, 97
k	Straight Away	113, 6	aj	District, Victoria	107, 114
l	Reflex Angle	86, 41	ak	Skeleton Key	111, 2
m	Part Company	29, 96	al	Bear Witness	9, 106
n	Vacuum Cleaner	92, 95	am	Needs, Memory	64, 84
o	High Time	22, 37	an	Sheet Music	68, 63
p	Pot, Smack	4, 69	ao	Half Mast	21, 27
q	Good Grief	20, 54	ap	National Front	110, 53
r	Diamond Ring	99, 32	aq	Black Market	42, 82
s	Piggy Bank	65, 7	ar	Detains, Instead	98, 102
t	Well Done	39, 12	as	Spirit Level	88, 60
u	Vicious Circle	105, 78	at	Bare Facts	8, 51
v	Happy Medium	56, 83	au	Fountain Pen	108, 3
w	Political Career	116, 76	av	Civil Rights	45, 87
x	Double Dutch	79, 49	aw	King Edward	23, 80
y	Brain Wave	43, 38	ax	Devil, Herring	48, 100
z	Urn, Earn	5, 16	ay	Spot Check	35, 44
um	Least Square	59, 89	az	Radars, Malayalam	66, 115
er	Navy, Whale	28, 72	oh	Face Value	17, 71
hi	Roll Call	34, 11	my	Grandfather Clock	117, 46

Too Mild?

Dear Beccy,

Yet again you have been too restrained in your editorial comment.

Simon Baker is an immature prat and he has almost no understanding of his chosen subjects. What's more he completely ignores or fails to understand the response which he aims to generate from his letters. His incessant rambling and insatiable whining go to show just how grossly ignorant he is. What's more they make terribly boring reading.

With reference to my crossword competition feature which he keeps bringing up, like most of my exploits, it was conducted tongue-in-cheek. Not for the first time I'm sure, the joke is on him.

Doo-ee,
Simon Shaw
Sphinx (1992-94)

TWF Thanks

Dear Beccy,

Just a quick note to thank all the people who were involved in the highly successful Latin Night last Friday. The evening succeeded in raising a sizeable sum of money for the Westnell Nursery Peru. Special thanks to:

- All the Union staff.
 - Mick, the bar manager for the streamers.
 - The staff at Da Vinci's.
 - The ents people.
 - Sophia for the great disco.
 - The security and stewards.
 - All from Third World First who helped out.
- Yours sincerely,
ICU Third World First

Credits

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Business Managers: Dennis Saw, Jr
Steven Newhouse
Simon Govier

Spot The Spoof Story: Owein Bennallack
Tim St Clair

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Cinema: Wei Lee (Editor)
Sphinx & Pestilence
JK

Music: Jon Jordan (Editor)
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Feature: Dennis Saw, Jr

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Tim St Clair
Patrick Wood
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Addition to last week's 'Those who were part of the Felix team 1993/94': Andrew Tseng.

icu ents presents

END OF TERM PARTY

FRI 24TH JUNE

Union Building

featuring...

Blessed Ethel

+ support

Disco after until 3am
Bar until 2am

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Doors Open 8pm, First
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Right of Admission
Reserved.

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Change Without
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Judy Garland won't be appearing (obviously) but we thought she'd add a bit of class to this poster.

FELIX

The Student Newspaper of Imperial College

Felix is produced for and on behalf of Imperial College Union Publications Board and is printed by the Imperial College Union Print Unit, Prince Consort Road, London SW7 2BB (Tel: 071 225 8672).
Editor: Rebecca Land, Business Managers: Simon Govier, Steven Newhouse.

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