

FELIX



The Student Newspaper of Imperial College

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Election Question

BY ANDREW TSENG

The first signs of an impending ICU sabbatical elections fiasco appeared this week after it was found that vital equipment would not be available.

ICU is hoping to have ten ballot boxes located around the South Kensington campus; from previous years' voting, this appears to have been the optimum number of boxes. However, College will only provide seven swipe card readers. Last year, Andrew Wensley, then ICU President, made arrangements with college for the use of seven readers. It was suggested that ICU approach college at a later date if any more were required. But on further investigation by Lucy Chothia, ICU President, the three machines required would take another twelve weeks to arrive and at a cost of £17,000 each. With elections due to take place in six weeks, the ICU executive are frantically trying to arrive at a workable solution.

Possibilities discussed at this week's ICU Executive Committee meeting include the issuing of one-off voting passes to all students, and the issuing of ICU cards to all first and second year students. But any procedure which requires the sending out of thousands of pieces of paper is

(continued on page two)



Photo: Ivan Chan

'It is a small world', writes Ivan Chan. So much so that the Overseas Societies Committee (OSC) could fit most of the world in the tiny space of the JCR. Next week is OSC's International Week, though some societies can already be found in the JCR! Coincidentally, 'Malaysian Night' is taking place tomorrow. "It has slightly different look than last year", said Henry Sebas, Editor of Malaysian Society's Magazine. "We're concentrating more on the music this year." The cost is £8.50 and includes a 'delicious dinner' before the show.

Exam Papers Lost

BY ANDREW TSENG

Fourth year Aeronautical Engineering students are taking it easy this week after their exam papers were lost. They will have to take their exams at the end of February instead, shortly before they leave on industrial placements.

The papers, due to be taken during the first week of term, were sent using the Royal Mail

shortly before Christmas. However, they have still not been received by the external examiners, having apparently been lost during the Christmas festivities.

Under University of London regulations the department had no option but to cancel the examinations, giving fourth year students a brief respite from the rigours of academic stress.

Fortunately for the Depart-

ment of Aeronautical Engineering, the exams were to have been taken after the Christmas recess.

It is unclear as to what would have happened if summer papers were lost. Professor Peter Bearman, Head of the Department of Aeronautical Engineering, commented: "I don't know what you'd do then, jump out of the window or something."

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Fascism Crackdown

BY RACHEL WALTERS

In an attempt to combat incidents of fascism on university campuses, the National Union of Students has set up a 24 hour phonenumber, 'Campuswatch'.

The hot-line gives a recorded message inviting students to report graffiti, offensive leafleting and attacks. Callers are asked to give details of the location and nature of the incident, along with details of their student union so that the complaint can be followed up. The NUS say that they have had

3-5 callers a day to the new line.

Speaking to FELIX, Liz Lanka from the NUS explained how the service works: "If a student calls up to report an incident of fascism, such as offensive graffiti, we can give advice on how to get rid of it and give information on how to change policy in their student unions so that all graffiti is removed as soon as possible."

Ms Lanka said that whilst they hoped to be able to offer helpful counselling and advice, the service was primarily designed as a monitoring service. As part of the continuing NUS

anti-fascism campaign, the accumulated information will be used to draw attention to the scale of the problem on campuses throughout the country.

Emphasising that the service did not exist to put pressure on student unions, she said that they hoped to provide an environment where students could air problems in confidence.

Although Imperial is not an affiliated member of the NUS, they have said that calls would be welcomed from students at IC. The number to call is (0426) 942826.

Student Fraud

BY RACHEL WALTERS

Universities nationwide have been asked to increase checks on students as reports of grant fraud on a 'massive' scale have emerged.

The Universities and Colleges Admissions Service (UCAS) has identified 700 fake applications in the past year as fraudsters attempted to obtain the necessary paperwork to get grants and student loans. These could have netted £1.5 million in grants alone, and UCAS believes that there may be thousands more illegal applications going undetected.

Describing the fraud as 'big business', Tony Higgins, Chief Executive of UCAS, said: 'An individual will register at perhaps half a dozen universities on the same day and then collect the grant. They have computer equipment producing high quality examination and birth certificates.' He also pointed out that universities themselves stood to gain from the fraud, as they would end up receiving tuition fees for students that did not attend.

The problem is known to have originated in London, but it is not clear whether Imperial has been subject to any fabricated applications.

In a separate development, the beleaguered Student Loans Company (SLC) has come in for further attack. Already under official investigation for malpractice, the remit of the inquiry has been extended to include allegations of corruption. Ron Harrison, the former chief executive recently replaced by ex-Imperial rector Sir Eric Ash, is thought to have come in for personal criticism. Last year claims emerged that he had spent £600 on whisky for the boardroom. However, company officials have insisted that the bills were part of legitimate corporate entertainment.

Council to Lobby MPs

BY ANDREW TSENG

Imperial College Union (ICU) Council has voted its members to write to their MPs highlighting student difficulties. The call comes two weeks before the House of Commons is to debate student hardship.

Lucy Chothia, ICU President, was approached by the President of the Edinburgh University Students' Union, on behalf of the Ancients Campaign, asking students to write to MPs, before the issue is debated in the Commons.

The Ancients Campaign is a pressure group whose membership comprises all those universities established before 1960.

Though only part of the University of London, the Ancients Campaign has found that they got a better response when going straight to Colleges instead of through the University of London Union.

Presenting the motion to ICU Council last Tuesday, Ms Chothia suggested that Council members also bring the rising prices of the London Underground to the attention of MPs. She hoped that London Underground might consider offering student discounts on monthly or weekly travelcards. However, Council thought that discussing the London Underground would take attention away from other

student concerns and the suggestion was thrown out.

Tuesday's Council meeting, the first since the Governing Body passed most of the new constitution, brings to an end one and half years of constitutional change in ICU. The 'Mary's Amendment' was passed by an overwhelming majority. Claire Moloney, speaking at Council, said: "We saw the amendment before it went to the Governing Body and were happy with it." Council, whose membership is very similar to the ICU Council that existed two years ago, replaces the Union General Meeting as a once monthly, sovereign body of ICU.

(elections continues from page one)

likely to be difficult. "The logistics are a nightmare," commented Dan Look, Deputy President (Finance & Services). "The only sensible option seems to me to use the swipe card system as efficiently as possible." However, the decision will be made by the elections committee, a subcommittee of ICU Council who have full responsibility over the forthcoming

elections.

The problems stem from the merging of the ICU card and college security pass. Introduced by Rick Bilby, Deputy President from 1992-1993, the move was seen as a way to reduce the administrative burden on ICU staff, although some cynics saw it as a way to safeguard ICU in the run up to Government reforms of student unions. The result has been that all students arriving at Imperial from October 1993 have

a joint ICU / college security card, whilst new ICU cards are issued every year for everyone else.

St Mary's Hospital Medical School students will be unaffected by the trauma at South Kensington. Due to incompatible swipe card systems at the South Kensington and Paddington campuses, St Mary's students have been issued with separate ICU cards which will be hole-punched at ballot boxes.

Imperial College Top Funded

BY ANDREW LONG

Imperial students have the most funding, according to a report in last week's Times Higher Education Supplement. IC, receives £404 per student above the average level of support, £71 more per student than 2nd placed Oxford and a massive £998 more per student than Luton.

The Higher Education Funding Council for England (HEFCE), regulates the funding

by assessing each university in 15 subject groups. Following the publication of their latest assessment, HEFCE have come under fire for using a seemingly unfair system. Critics say that it is difficult to gauge the real size of the discrepancies, as universities teaching predominantly science and technology courses are clearly going to receive more funding than those which centre on the humanities.

Nonetheless, there is a

remarkable variation in financing levels within specific subjects. While each of our engineers rake in a most welcome £2738, Bournemouth engineers are allocated just £1362 per student.

The figures are drawing considerable censure from the universities which appear at the bottom of the table. HEFCE is apparently attempting to narrow the range of funding by applying harsher efficiency criteria to the more generously funded

universities, but it will be 15-20 years before the current range drops to within 5% of the average. Commenting on the situation, Peter Knight, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Central England, described the strategy as, 'one of HEFCE's less dynamic policies'.

Speculation within IC is that impoverished Imperial students will be considerably consoled, knowing that the college receives such great sums of cash on their behalf.

editorial

A Willful Week

It has been one of those weeks that weekends were designed for. On Monday I decided to increase the number of pages to twenty four which was possibly overstretching our second week of term capabilities. (Careful inspection of the newspaper before you will reveal that any page increase must occur in increments of four). It's a FELIX editor's worst dilemma – jump or cut? Being a brave lad I jumped.

Thanks fate. This week news was largely elsewhere and if sport happened we didn't hear about it. An article was cut at the last minute and the white space piled up. To top it all, the collator (the machine that folds and staples) is broken and the supposedly couriered part replacement that our skilled technicians (ie. a postgrad with a talent for taking things apart, and an optimistic view towards his re-assembly abilities) eagerly await is yet to arrive.

If this issue reaches you without staples I fear there has been a motorway collision of some sort.

I know no-one likes a moaner but it's been a good few weeks since I last whinged so poor me, poor me, boo-hoo-hoo.

Plee for more people

Following on from my tantrum above, I'd like to extend the warm hand of friendship to anyone who has any ideas they would like to implement in FELIX. Do you have an

unbeatable column concept or a series of features you'd like to write? Perhaps you're a photographer or an illustrator who would like to see his work in print? You'll find I have an enthusiastic ear towards all suggestions – and have a few ideas I'd like to see achieved if anyone feels they'd like to write. Come in and make a change.

Owain's Curse

I think I may have a gift for bringing out the worst in people. Consider my flatmates. All extremely able and intelligent people. All completely clueless as to what they will be doing next year.

The first to suffer was 'PD'. PD had a promising career in front of him as a capitalist and materialist: the future looked bright. Foolishly in a moment of weakness I read him 'Aubade' by Philip Larken – a mature adolescent's poem about death and pointlessness. "It's all pointless," cries PD. "I don't want a high powered job – I just want a job as a cinema attendant."

I met JJ last year in this office. As well as taking my own life down a dubious course, my sabbatical has allowed this young firebrand (with a Masters and holder of a first class degree in aeronautics) to charge around all day producing work for spurious publications and listening to the 'witless jabberings of indie-music' (Alexander, 1994).

Maybe it's the hair. MA should at least have been immune. This high flyer had his sights set on the horizons where

my sun sets. Surely he'd be immune to the McJob syndrome? (McJob – Menial, low wage, low prospects employment). Apparently not. He's decided MIT is not for him and has considering starting a business with me at the end of the year.

A McJob if ever there was one.

The Veal Deal

So people are sitting down in front of lorries to save veal calves are they? Does anyone else find it disturbing the lengths the British public will go to to be the most hypocritical nation on Earth? A French politician apparently smirked with a sigh of 'Ah, those British', when told of our sudden horror at the treatment of the calves. I have nothing against campaigning for animal rights but couldn't the campaigns become a little less erratic? At least the continentals seem to have some consistency in their treatment of animals.

It is well known that Hitler was a vegetarian: I wonder whether the Germans and Scandinavians also consider themselves to be the kindest nation to animals. There is an old theory in art that the English Romantics painted landscapes because they sympathised with nature whereas to the south, the Romantic latin artists of Spain, France and Italy avoided landscapes to paint human figures. It was at best useful for stopping their human subjects from dropping off the canvas.

Does the same hold for animals – are they just props and chops those countries?

Situation Vacant

FELIX requires a new Seven Day Diary sub editor after the current one fled due to other commitments. It would be especially excellent if the prospective candidate had his/her own ideas as to how things should be done and reads Time Out cover to cover! Please come to the office (NorthWest Beit Quad) for a warm welcome or phone 58072 and ask for Owain.

Credits

Editor	Owain Bennallack
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Cinema	Wei Lee
Clubs, Societies & Union	Piers Daniell
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Music	Vik Bansal
News	Andrew Tseng & Rachel Walters
Photography	Ivan Chan – A *
S-Files	The Team
Seven Day Guide	Wei Lee
Sport	Juliette Decock and Mark Baker
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Where's the student spirit gone? ... Get Gaysoc off the Blocks...

Edited this week by Owain Bennallack

Moving the Thin End

Dear Owain,
Yet again it seems that the great cogs of decision making in our college have sprung into motion, descending upon us their decree: thou shall vacate Beit Quad! Following Michael Ludlam's article in FELIX last week the Union move to the Sheffield building (or thereabouts) now seems imminent to me.

This left me wondering this: has anybody stopped to think for a moment what is really going on? One minute uncle Ron is discussing axing RSM the next he's juggling ICU into the bowels of Imperial College's most architecturally displeasing pile of rubble! What next? Turn the Queen's tower into a beacon to guide planes down to Heathrow? The Union move not only exemplifies the general trend in this College for increased centralised control, but also bodes of an ill future for the students. A future which may well be devoid of any student control over the

services we pay for, such as the Union entertainments and Sports Centre facilities (The Union lent the College over half a million pounds – at a non-existent interest rate – with which to renovate!) It would be an easy step for the College to take full control of the Union's services and eventually disband it entirely. Gone are the days of the rebellious student spirit, I grant you that. But Beit Quad is more than just a symbol for the student/college separation – it defines the autonomy we are entitled to and stands as the last bastion of student independence. Dan Look (Deputy President Finance) told FELIX that a referendum is possible. I say he owes it to the student body to decide such matters, although I hope it never has to come to that.

David Cohen
DoC PG

Well, the removal of the post of College Managing Director and the new Deputy Rector may hint at a brighter future. Unfortunately, I doubt most of us will be around to

hear what time has to tell, so slow is change at an institution like IC...

Gaysoc

Dear Owain,
Several recent letters, including Lucy Chothia's last week and mine last term, have been pessimistic about homophobia at IC.

To balance the record, I should point out that the College hosted the annual conference of the Terence Higgins Trust (the major AIDS charity in Britain) in 1987, and the International Lesbian and Gay Youth Organisation held its meeting in our Students' Union in the same year.

There is a popular story that the last IC gaysoc was 'sorted out' by the rigger club.

Strangely, every time I've heard it since I came here in 1986, this always seems to have happened 'about four years ago', in particular not within the memory of the narrator!

The college's equal opportunities statement does mention sexual orientation, but it is

piece of draghtsmanship which belongs in 'Animal Farm'.

Once upon a time there was a first year electronics student who, within two weeks of his coming out, not only completely changed his hairstyle and manner of dress, but also started running the ULU gay group, and got himself appointed IC gay students' welfare officer! Unfortunately, by the second term, IC, electronics and ULU were all beneath his dignity, so he dropped out and went to Goldsmith's to study drama.

The moral of this is that the College is what you make of it. Lucy has generously offered to co-ordinate efforts, so why not take her up on it and get a new IC GaySoc running? Meanwhile, the ULU group meets every Thursday evening and will welcome you support.

Paul Taylor

Letters may be commented on by a guest editor, whose opinions are not necessarily those of the editor, and cut due to space restrictions. Deadline: Monday 6.00pm.

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In the beginning was the word

+ The Prologue

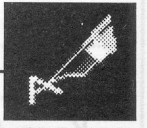
+ Beyond the Margins

+ Footnotes


TEXT REBORN

READ TO WRITE


THE AUTHORS OF CHANGE



The S-files. A page that pushes back the barriers of paper-data – in fact, some might say it pushes the barriers to breaking point. The paradigm that the S-files uses to construct itself – the icons, the hyperlinks, the graphics, the boxes of information – are all stolen from another media. The media is the VDU, the landing bay of computer based text. And the media is very much the message.


This week we explore where computers will take text'n'us that the printed page cannot. We buzz fast through the history of words and consider what this latest annotation really means: is  hypertext merely *Pulp Fiction* or is it the end of *War and Peace*? The big names and long words are explained away and in short, the next time someone asks you at a party: 'Do you think that the post-modern novel is dead?' you'll be able to reply: 'No, it's just a slow disk drive.'

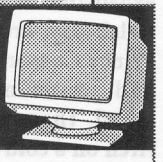
Silicon Semantics

Whilst the French have been deconstructing the  semantics of language, the rest of the world has been building computers.

And whilst literary theory may justify the shift of power to the *PowerMac*, the truth is that it would probably have happened anyway. Survival of the fittest.

Computers have been used as text engines for decades already, in the shape of *Word Processors*. *Word Processors* derive their power from their ability to keep text 'alive' by translating it through various functions into hard store. Whereas writing words on a page results in permanence that only replacement can overcome, computerised text is open like any other form of data to well defined functions. The most obvious of these are spell checkers and the mere ability to re-edit text. More powerful programs, such as the *QuarkExpress* package I'm using now, allow great control over the finished appearance of the word. Finished – does it have to stop here?

Obviously not. Hypertext is a term first coined in the 60's by  Ted Nelson. By retaining the words in the machine, hypertext is able to support cross reference linking to other 'nodes' of text. i.e. It is reactive, it is dynamic. The possibilities open to authors are enormous and range from multiple plots and multiple characters to whole new writing styles. But the real authors of change are the computer programmers who bring hypertext bundled with the *Macintosh* and the *html* hypertext system which is helping to fuel the internet explosion. If you stand around waiting for the next chapter to be written, you'll probably find everyone else has cut to the chase...



SSpeak





hypertext

(hi,purrr:teks-te) *n.* a paradigm for a language system based on the dynamic linking of words units

postmodernism(posd:modn:is_m?) *n.* a rejection of all the hitherto accepted certainties that

underpinned modern style and content.

semantics(sam'antiques) *n.* 1. the branch of linguistics that deals with the study of meaning. 2. the study of the relationship between signs and symbols and what they represent 3. logic. the principles the truth-values of the formulae in a logical system.

The words we write descend from the words we spoke. Novels arrived via biography to provide us with the most incisive form of self-contemplation the human race has yet discovered. In the course of time words have assumed a pre-eminent place in society as the repository of 'truth': in the courts, the school room and the paperback. But writers such as James Joyce, Gertrude Stein and  Jaques Derrida have seen through the veneer of authority carried by the literary cannon and attempted to find new ways of writing. In addition  post-modern theory has undermined the traditional view of the author-reader relationship. Books are on the run.

The *Deconstructionist* accepts that only by reading a book is the book completed. The reader brings to the work his own personal lexicon: his own ways of understanding words, his own history, in short his own set of life experiences. However skillful the author, he is always writing in a shared and confused language and must always rely on his reader to interpret the work as best he

can. For this reason it has been proclaimed that the author is dead. More realistically, the author is neatly demystified.

Hypertext is a paradigm for writing that explicitly makes use of the human presence of the reader. Like the ancient oral tradition, the reader is able to probe his storyteller by the use of link words (currently selected using a mouse and embedded into the text as a different colour or font). The author may write separate threads of narrative to be used in different situations – rather like the *Fighting Fantasy* novels of your childhood. Thus, different people may read the same book but reach different destinations. The computer, using hypertext, allows the author to escape the tyranny of chronological order and relate events or 'happenings' in a more digressive way, allowing the reader to move through the landscape of text in his own fashion. Only via this 'dynamic text' will writing assume its next, post-post-modern incarnation.



Visionary

Jay Bolter

A perceptive English Professor from the USA, *Bolters Writing Space* (1991, LEA) is the first major work to study the collision of literature and information technology.

Jacques Derrida

French literary theorist who has done much to dismantle the edifice of the literary cannon. His most famous work, *Glas*, is said to be unreadable.

Ted Nelson

Legendary 60's guru whose breathtaking insights, including hypertext and an on-line corpus, are becoming apparent in the form of the World Wide Web...

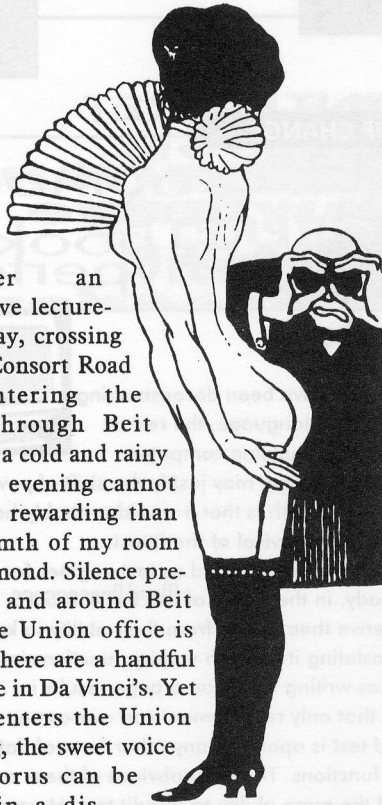
Credits

Editor: Duane Bennallack * Layout: Mark Baker

OpSoc

Cabaret

Keys: KitKat, Nazism, Sailors



After an exhaustive lecture-to-lab day, crossing Prince Consort Road and entering the Quad through Beit Arch on a cold and rainy Monday evening cannot be more rewarding than the warmth of my room in Richmond. Silence prevails in and around Beit hall, the Union office is closed, there are a handful of people in Da Vinci's. Yet as one enters the Union building, the sweet voice of a chorus can be heard in a distance... singing very confidently "Tomorrow Belongs To Me". "Oh God, you're late for rehearsal again", Conscience indicts me. But as soon as I reach the Concert Hall, all worries die away as I am about to enjoy a three-hour rehearsal to its full, while my voice is joining the other low-voice men in "Oh Fatherland..."

All those of you who have noticed the posters around College know what "Cabaret", "Le Cabaret" or "Das Kabarett" is. The major Operatic Society production for this year, scheduled for five performances from the 31st of January till the 4th of February inclusive.

Cabaret. The word itself in everyday usage usually conjures up pictures of seedy strip joints on dimly lit streets, or night-clubs where the exorbitant price of drinks is rarely linked to the meagre stage fare. To these images, the musical and the film *Cabaret* have added a grim aura of Weimarian decadence and a hint of satire. These versions of *Cabaret* are distant relatives of the literary *Cabaret* which emerged in France in the 19th century and blossomed into a unique medium for political and cultural satire in Paris and (later on) Berlin, Munich and elsewhere in Germany. Common ground is the presence of spectacle and an intimate space in which people can smoke and talk, eat and drink. Our team has been aiming to mix all flavours in various ways and proportions, and thus to

produce something unique, and very enjoyable!

The action opens in a Deutsche Reichsbahn train from Paris to Berlin at the beginning of the Thirties when Clifford Bradshaw, a young American writer, meets Ernst Ludwig, a pleasant man who surprises Cliff by putting his briefcase among Cliff's luggage when they reach the German border. In return for Cliff's discretion Ernst gives him an address in Berlin where he'll definitely find a room, Fraulein Schneider's house. Cliff begins teaching Ernst English and, on the New Year's Eve they go to the KitKat Club, where he meets Sally Bowles an English girl working there as a dancer.

The KitKat Club is now the stage, where the Master of Ceremonies along with the KitKat Girls (who are neither respectable nor wearing much!) take us through the story. Cliff and Sally fall in love, and she moves into Fraulein Schneider's house with him, where they meet Herr Schultz, a Jewish fruitseller courting Fl. Schneider, Fraulein Kost, an amiable mistress who specialises in sailors, and other characters of a fairly sleazy period in Berlin's history. Gradually Cliff begins to see the black clouds of Nazism gathering, and at the same time everyone else has a funny feeling that something very bad is about to happen...

I would tell you more but I have the feeling that the tall, thin fellow with the black cape and the scythe who is shadowing me is not Death, but my Director!

Seriously though, Amanda is not such a frightful person at all (believe me) and she has been the driving force behind this production, as has Jonathan, our Musical Director. Our team of actors and dancers have been working very intensively to produce a good show. The fact that we all had an enormous amount of fun in doing this ensures that the show will be a success. Above all I'd like to thank everybody involved for some of the most brilliant evenings at College this year. Guys and Girls, warm up for the final rehearsals and the performances! As for you, we'll be waiting to serve you at the KitKat Club the nights of 31st of January, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th of January...

FilmSoc

Film Society Update

Keys: Pulp Fiction, Exorcist

The next films to be shown at ICU Cinema will not be until February, due to the production of Cabaret by OpSoc. Films to be shown include: Pulp Fiction, The Nightmare Before Christmas, The Exorcist and more. Stay tuned to FELIX and our posters for information on dates and times.

However bear in mind that you don't just get to watch films with Filmsoc, you can get involved too. Come along, help us out and

get to see the film for free. If you're interested, turn up an hour before a show and ask for Michael. Other benefits do exist, since we do get to see the occasional preview; a few of us saw the new Star Trek film the other week. It's a cracking film, but you will have to wait till February to see it in the West End.

Ents

Week's Entertainment Guide

Keys: Comedy, Disco, Bar, Quiz

Tonight (Fri 20th) - Comedy, Atmosphere

The events lounge is converted briefly into a laid back cabaret venue for the return of the "Bust-a-Gut" comedy club with Dan Freedman, masturbatory insight from Tony Burgess, and that infamous raconteur Matthew Hardee. Admission to the comedy is £2.50 (£2 to ents card holders) and the show starts at 8.30pm prompt. As a 'Welcome Back' present, there's free Newcastle Brown T-shirts to the first 20 through the doors.

Then it's late night drinking and dancing, from 10pm till 2am, with "Atmosphere" - top tunes, late bar and all for just £1.

Monday - Football

Live big screen football in DaVinci's at 7pm.

Tuesday - Bar Quiz

Big money prizes in DaVinci's bar trivia night starting at 8pm. £50 (courtesy of STA Travel) to the victors, and it's just 50p per person to enter.

Wednesday - Club Spanque

Be a Spanquer! Tons of fun to be had, and it's free! 9pm - 1am, bar 'till midnight. Club Spanque beats those midweek blues.

Thursday - Cocktail Night

The height of sophistication... DaVinci's indulges the pampared side of your nature with its famous Cocktail Night - watch out for this week's specials, and the extensions of our range.

Friday - Atmosphere

The week turns full circle. Another Friday night, another opportunity to start your weekend in style with 'Atmosphere' (still no nearer to another name!). £1 on the door, bar until 1am, dancing until 2am.

OSC

Important Sports Notice

Keys: Football, Overseas, Loud

After the overwhelming popularity of the event in the past years, the OSC annual seven-a-side football tournament is back! Matches will start as of Monday 23rd of January. So, if you're a budding football star or a very loud football fan and want to know more about the tournaments, your queries will be answered by email on: gfc@ic.ac.uk, Giulio Contaldi, Chem Eng II.

Is your Society up to the challenge?

NatWest really piss me off. (No, this is not another piece about the evils of capitalism – Hobsbawm was the last of the Marxists and we're all Thatcher's children now.) The cash machine usually has 20 people permanently camped in front of it. The cash dispensers inside the Imperial branch are only open during lecture hours - and anyway you can't use your Midland card in them. As for queuing up, I don't really have 1/2 hour to be bored. Why is it that a service cannot be provided properly? I suppose we should all be grateful that there is that one cash machine for all 7000 of the students at Imperial. And that we are allowed to take out overdrafts.

A friend of mine graduated last year and got a really nice letter from NatWest asking about his future banking arrangements. My future banking arrangements, he wrote back, are with Abbey National. Do as he does: dump NatWest when you can afford to.

Talking of NatWest, does anyone remember our erstwhile President, Lucy Chothia, pledging to do something about bank charges that the Union pays. Has anything been done about it? Has anything been done about anything that Ms Chothia talked about? Anyone remember the College Second-hand bookshop? Then there was the one

Rant and Roll

about protecting Harlington from encroachments by Heathrow. What was Ms Chothia planning to do, I wonder? Buy a token share in BAA plc and disrupt their AGM? Or perhaps – more in the spirit of New Age protests – tie herself to a tree at Heathrow? Or perhaps something more accommodating: the boys and girls can play hockey on the runway in-between jumbo landings?

I was planning to write a column called SabWatch, in which I would report on the achievements of the Sabbaticals. But sadly that's another project that must be shelved due to lack of material.

What is happening in the Sheffield building? Does anyone have any idea? All that plushness on Level 5 and now this repainting and remodelling of the entrance. Perhaps this is in preparation for the Union move? No, somehow – call me cynical but – I doubt it. Why is this completely unnecessary work done? To boost the UK employment figures? More likely to show a better face to visitors. Not just any old visitors, of course; visitors to Sheffield, important visitors (you know, like the £60k facelift to Huxley's front when Mrs Anne Lawrence came to write her very own "10 print hello : 20 goto 10" program on the Fujitsu machine).

Minas

Notes from the UNDERGROUND

You meet the strangest people on the tube. Exhibit A: 'Mad' Angus, all vacant-lot eyes and mutant clumps of dirty bristles which might, in a bad light, pass for a beard (all mad holy men have beards; it's an ancient law or charter, probably). Angus has no fixed abode - unless you count the Circle line - and spends his time giving impromptu sermons to rush-hour commuters. He talks at length about living your life according to the Word of God, loving your fellow man and helping those less fortunate than yourself – such as giving an old man money to buy food. This appeal to his

fellow travellers' charitable instincts invariably falls on deaf ears. He'll give a faded smile to no one in particular, and proceed to bless the carriage and its inhabitants using a small crucifix and a series of apparently random hand movements, like a badly drawn flip-book man. People suddenly become very interested in Oranjeboom adverts, newspapers, or their shoelaces. Eventually Angus goes away to convert the heathens of the Northern line, and people exchange little wry glances as if to say: 'what a nutter, eh?'

Now you're probably expecting a 'Hey people, let's care a bit more about the homeless, OK?' moral about now: Angus may be slightly woofing, but he still deserves to be treated as human, right? Wrong. That kind of bleeding

heart riff would be just too hypocritical. So what if he's homeless and looks like an extra from Night of the Living Dead, doesn't he know the rest of us have problems? 'Sides, he didn't even know any of the good bits from Revelations, which is the very least I expect from reality-challenged scroungers before giving handouts.

No, I'm more interested in what passes for sanity these days. Take a look at Exhibit B the next time you're on the tube: they jump on like lemmings every morning, stand crushed against someone's armpit for half-an-hour or more, and never once look someone else in the eye. 9 'til 5 in a job they hate (or, worse, have no emotional response to whatsoever) and then back on the merry-go-nowhere of stale breath and stale minds.

Repeat until dead, or a retirement cottage in Milton Keynes. And they think Angus is the mad one? Yeah, I know every society has its social norms, but do they really have to be so...normal? In the follow up to 'Zen & The Art of MotorCycle Maintenance', Robert Pursig suggests that societies need 'mad' people because their perspective might be useful during times of social upheaval. If there's even an outside chance of him being right then you owe it your country to flip out in some interesting and colourful manner. After all, a new theory of social dynamics may emerge from the crayon scribbles on your padded wall...

*mentioned purely for pretentiousness points – this is a column, after all.

Crossword by Catfish

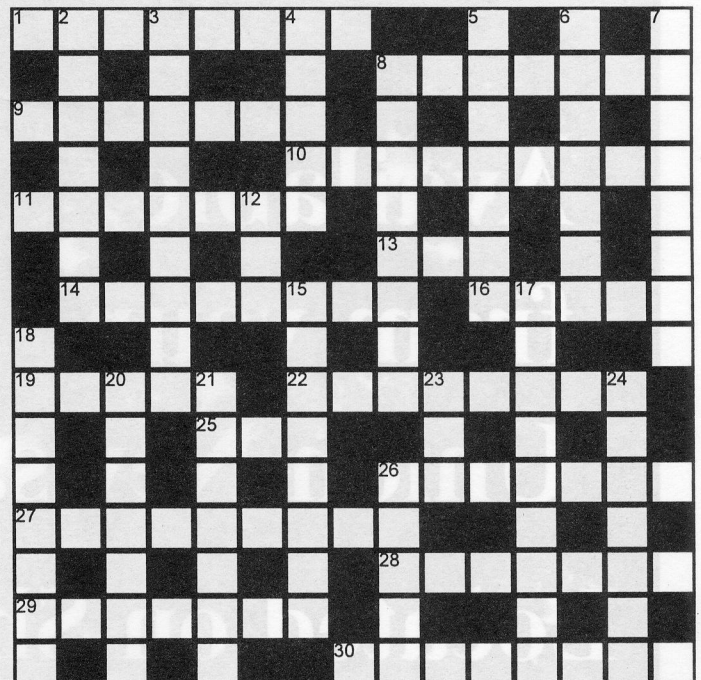
Across

1. Ran about, I heard, to dominate the injured (8)
8. Hero takes part in July's session (7)
9. Character is interrupted by the dance (7)
10. Seam of diamond has magnetic quality (9)
11. John's one who spat bit out (7)
13. Caviare sounds expensive! (3)
14. The time when money caused problems (8)
16. Poles accepted Adrian's return to chair (5)
19. Visitor delivered blow to player (5)
22. Mad sneer gives rise to erratic paths (8)
25. Anger of Republic is heard (3)
26. Hot rocks! (8)
27. Channels through which suet is removed from sheep (9)
28. Watch team on the beach (7)
29. I hear the fellow operates a crane (7)

30. Father returns in boat, to be mocked (8)

Down

2. Drop hot bird with villager (7)
3. A little bigger than a birdie! (9)
4. Promote former sailor, say (5)
5. Lightweight character in agreement with travellers (7)
6. Ads collapse around city, we hear - this will amaze (7)
7. His house fell, in legend - he needs guidance (8)
8. 12D goes there (8)
12. A vehicle appears from both directions (3)
15. Note captured by spoken song line, in rhyme (8)
17. Not odd that other's included a snack (9)
18. Humpty Dumpty's scholarly chums (8)
20. Oriental holiday at the beginning of November (7)
21. Giant ship (7)
23. Browbeat the old horse (3)
24. Quietly, the breast will tremble (7)
26. Is legal action to the point? (5)



Answer to last week's Elimination: the word left over was city

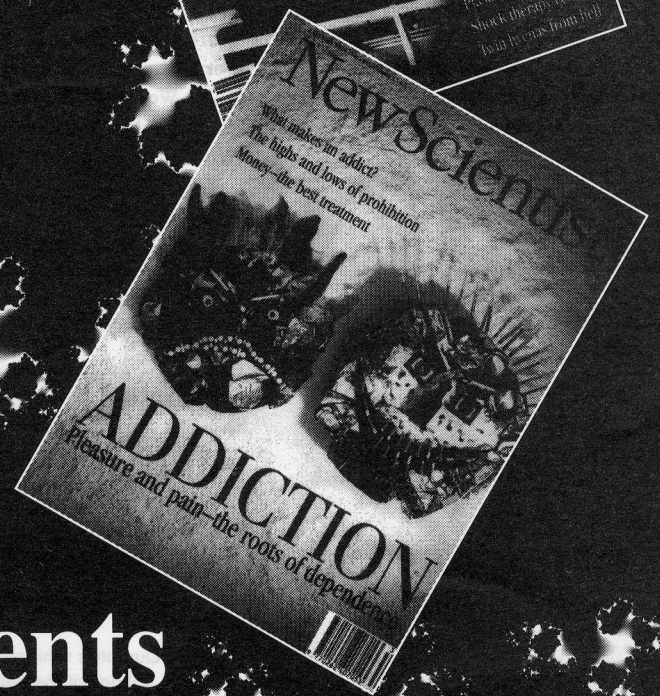
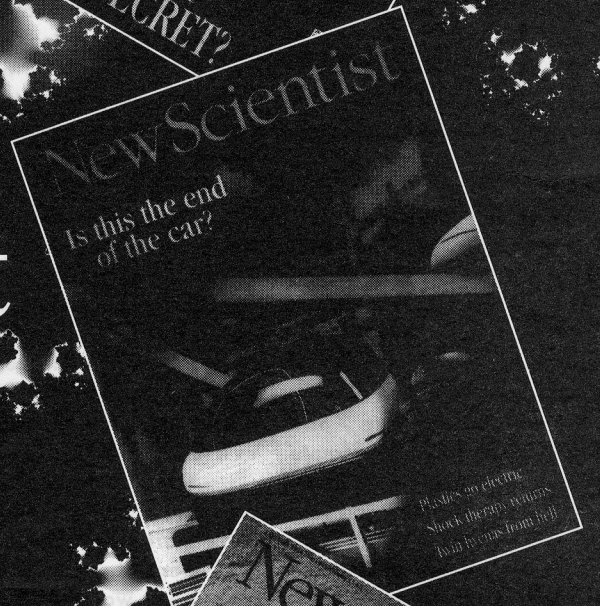
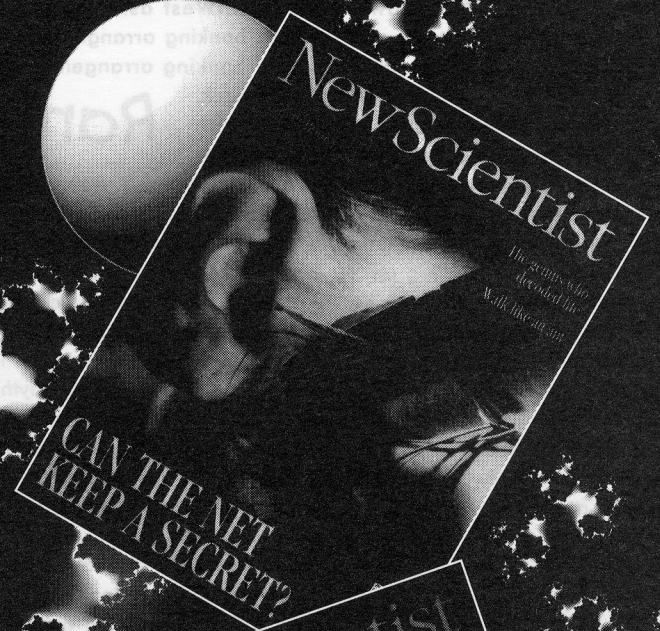
qU beuD

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 IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION
 NEWSAGENTS

New Scientist
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Thursday

Available
 from your
Union Newsagents

Located on Sherfield Walkway



The United Colours of Sporting Rebellion

After spending his first sixteen years in South Africa, Peter Hain moved to Britain in 1966. He studied Mechanical Engineering at Imperial for a year before moving to Queen Mary College. He became the Labour MP for Neath in 1991.

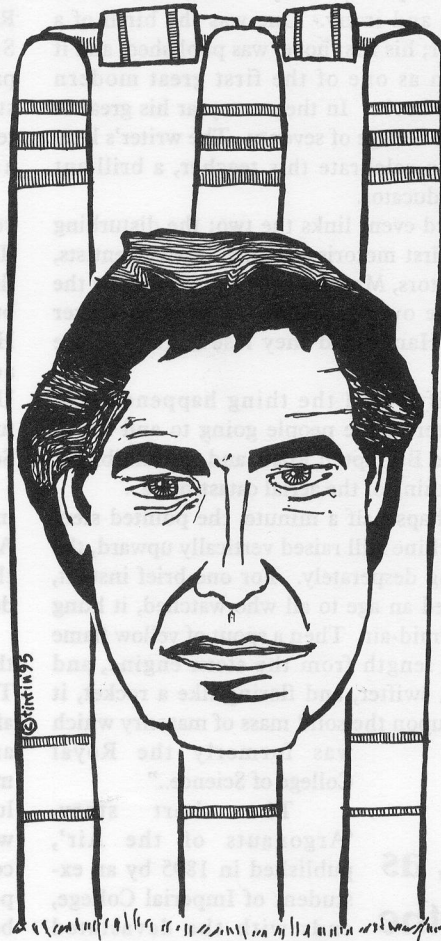
It is nothing to be terribly surprised about in retrospect. I mean where else would you expect to see Members of Parliament walking around except outside the Houses of Parliament. I'm actually there to interview Peter Hain, the Labour MP for Neath but being early I hang around for a while. Neil Kinnock motors passed with a big grin and a secretary in tow. On the other side of the road, Gerald Kaufman sidles by. It's the first time I've seen either man in real life and despite their numerous telly appearances, they look somehow different in the flesh. Maybe it's that they seem to have human traits instead of being just party ciphers. Just then Big Ben strikes and it's time to go.

After several different doors, an X-ray machine and two guard houses I'm in. I meet Peter's secretary and we go into his office. It's a cosy room, smaller than I imagined and the dominant feature is the small tv screen bolted to the wall. This appears to be for the purpose of telling MPs when votes are taking place so they can do their stuff whilst missing out the boring speeches. However it doesn't seem to change whilst I'm in the room so I can't be positive about that. Peter's on the phone – taking to some journalists as chance would have it. So I get to look around his office some more. There's a large poster of Nelson Mandela broadly smiling and the new South African flag in the background. A few pictures of Peter in action are dotted around, probably engaged in MP business. He finishes with the phone and we get started.

Peter Hain was born in Kenya but his parents were leading activists in the South African anti apartheid movement who happened to be out of the country for a year. He grew up in South Africa in what could be called rather trying circumstances. "Well it was different," Peter says. He still has a definite accent and his voice is quiet and slow. "But it was a very happy childhood, which I think is a great tribute to my parents, although it was unusual in the sense that they were jailed for eleven days at one stage."

Indeed by 1964 both his mother and father were issued with banning orders which restricted their movements and eventually led to the family moving back to the UK in 1966.

So did he experience political culture shock on coming to Britain? "There was a cultural culture shock", he laughs. "I mean for a start it was cold and wet and I was surprised,



it shows you the kind of romantic ignorance involved, but I was surprised how rundown London seemed." "Politically it just seemed less serious" he adds, "politics seemed less serious, it was not as life and death as it clearly was in South Africa".

Following 'A' Level choices of pure and applied maths and physics, it seemed that Peter was well on the way to becoming an engineer. Indeed before coming to Imperial to do Mechanical Engineering he spent an apprentice year at Lucas. However he was still active in political circles especially in the Young Liberals Movement. So it was that when it was announced that a (white) South African Cricket team were going to tour Britain, Peter, also a keen sportsman, proposed that the Young Liberals should take direct action to stop the tour taking place. From that point in January 1969 things developed very quickly and by August an

official group was formed. The Stop The Seventies Tour (STST) committee was set up to organise disruption to the tour. Peter was initially only the spokesman but he soon became seen as the chairman – at least the newspapers said so.

However at the same time as he was running around the country disrupting the Springboks' rugby tour, Peter was also a studying at Imperial. Considering our reputation as a right wing college, what was it like then? "Well, you know, I enjoyed my time there" he says. "I had an excellent tutor and people in my tutor group and my lectures were always friendly although I have to say for me Imperial was an academic sort of existence. I never spent any time socially there". However he did retain some affection for part of the Mech. Eng building. "I'd spend my lunch hour on the phone in a call box just opposite the mechanical engineering building ... I used to literally spend every lunchhour with a couple of sandwiches, being phoned back by newspapers all over the country and by organisers all over the place."

Yet after one year Peter decided that engineering and Imperial was not for him so he moved to Queen Mary College and studied Economics instead. However the STST campaign had been a great success. At its height it had attracted over 3,000 protesters to a single match and a total of 50,000 over the period of its organisation. It gained the support of major unions, caused international concern about the status of the 1970 Commonwealth Games, created a political hot potato within the UK and then finally fulfilled its aim. On the 21 May, 1970 the MCC finally withdrew their invitation to the South Africans.

Twenty five years on, Peter Hain the radical student has become Peter Hain the respectable MP. Does he feel limited by the fact that he has to work within the system now? "I was never content with only holding up a banner or pursuing a single issue campaign" he says. "I always believed in a general political approach because that's the way you change society". So are you still inspired to get things done? "I think it's an fantastic job" he ends. "My colleagues find it very frustrating but I think it depends as to whether you have any illusions about it ... my moto is you can only get disillusioned if you have illusions in the first place." **F**

One Hundred Years After The Destruction of Imperial

Mike Newman
celebrates the life
and character of
T. H. Huxley

One hundred years ago, 1895, three significant events took place. As always, with events that are chosen as triplets, they contained both contradiction and irony. One was the birth of a man as a writer; his first novel was published, and it could be seen as one of the first great modern science fiction books. In the same year his greatest teacher died at the age of seventy. The writer's later novels were to celebrate this teacher, a brilliant scientist and educator.

The third event links the two; the disturbing image of the first motorised flight. Two scientists, intrepid inventors, Monson and Woodhouse, fly the first aeroplane over London. As they pass over Kilburn and Hampstead they lose control of the plane and...

"So swiftly had the thing happened that barely a quarter of the people going to and fro in Hyde Park and Brompton Road, and the Exhibition Road saw anything of the aerial catastrophe..."

For perhaps half a minute, the pointed stem of the big machine still raised vertically upward, the screw spinning desperately. For one brief instant, that yet seemed an age to all who watched, it hung motionless in mid-air. Then a spout of yellow flame licked up its length from the stern engine, and swift, swifter, swifter, and flaring like a rocket, it rushed down upon the solid mass of masonry which was formerly the Royal College of Science..."

The short story, 'Argonauts of the Air', published in 1895 by an ex-student of Imperial College, ends with the devastated ruins of the college and its Student's Club as a monument to the 'gallant experimentalists' and to 'the desperate struggle for man's right of way through the air'.

The writer was H. G. Wells, and his teacher was Professor T. H. Huxley, Dean of the Royal College of Science. The book was 'The Time Machine'.

Why did Wells celebrate the image of his college by destroying it in 1895? This image of destruction was a reversal of the view Wells had of his almer mater. To him the College destroyed science by training students as technicians in the skills of science, and cramming them with knowledge, meanwhile destroying its heart and soul. This heart and soul, was represented by his two heroes, with their imaginative creativity. 'Argonauts of the Air' has true scientists accidentally destroying the threat to their science.

Wells' image of science can be found pervading nearly all his short stories and novels. The background to this is his student days at the Royal College of Science, then called the Normal School of Science, and a place dedicated to producing science teachers for the newly created state school system. Wells was a trainee science teacher, having won a scholarship while teaching as a junior master.

T. H. Huxley taught Wells during his first year. Their classroom and laboratory, described in 'Love and Mr Lewisham', is situated on the top floor of the 'Henry Cole Wing' of the V&A. This building was the Normal School of Science. Here Huxley taught with great enthusiasm, refusing to accept more lucrative teaching jobs at other Universities, and in America. He believed in the future role and importance of Imperial College and South Kensington.

In his teaching he used beautiful models, made in Paris, that can still be seen in the College Archives. He believed it was the responsibility of the teacher to free the minds of students from dogma and lack of thought.

"The politicians tell us, 'You must educate the masses because they are going to be masters'. The clergy join in the cry for education, for they affirm that people are drifting away from the church and chapel into the broadest infidelity. The manufacturers and the capitalists swell the chorus lustily. They declare that ignorance makes bad workmen; that England will soon be unable to turn cotton goods, or steam engines cheaper than other people; and then, Ichabod! Ichabod! The glory will be departed from us. And a few voices are lifted up in favour of the doctrine that the masses should be educated because they are men and women with unlimited capacities of being, doing, and suffering, and that it is true now, as ever it was, that the people perish for lack of knowledge.' - A Liberal Education and Where to Find it, 1868 (Professor T. H. Huxley)

He worked on Government committees on education, he wrote textbooks, one of which was for London schools, on how to use the local landscape to teach geology, geography and human geography. He believed you teach the child by starting with what they already know, using what is familiar to the child, and by the child actively doing things. He was on the first London School Board, despite protests from the Church. And he even successfully threatened to resign if the Board agreed to fund Church Schools. For this was the man that coined the term 'Agnostic' for his beliefs. He believed in the idea that truth was something you should always be able to test, open to scrutiny and

"...it is true now, as ever it was, that the people perish for lack of knowledge."

ultimately to verification. God and the afterlife were not open to testing and therefore not a part of knowledge.

After his first son had died at the age of four, just after Christmas (indeed near the date when he had been born – his name was Noel) and with Huxley's wife being a devout Christian, Huxley corresponded with the vicar and writer, Charles Kingsley. Kingsley, who admired Huxley enormously, wanted to convert him and wrote soon after Noel's death to this end. Huxley's response, a few weeks after this tragic bereavement tells us of the nature of this man;

"My Dear Kingsley – I cannot sufficiently thank you, both on my wife's account and my own, for your long and frank letter, and for all the hearty sympathy it exhibits... My convictions, positive and negative, on all the matters of which you speak, are of long and slow growth and are firmly rooted. But the great blow which fell upon me seemed to stir them to their foundation... I have searched over the grounds of my belief, and if wife and child and name and fame were all to be lost to me one after the other as penalty, still I will not lie.

... But the longer I live, the more obvious it is to me that the most sacred act of a man's life is to say and feel, "I believe such and such to be true."... The universe is one and the same throughout; and if the condition of my success in unravelling some little difficulty of anatomy or physiology is that I shall rigorously refuse to put faith in that which does not rest on sufficient evidence, I cannot believe that the great mysteries of existence will be laid open to me on other terms...

As I stood behind the coffin of my little son the other day, with my mind bent on anything but disputation, the officiating minister read, as part of his duty, the words, "If the dead rise not again, let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." I cannot tell you how inexpressibly they shocked me...

...As our laws stand, if the lowest thief steals my coat, my evidence (my opinions being known) would not be received against him.

But I cannot help it. One thing people shall not call me with justice, and that is – a liar. As you say of yourself, I too feel that I lack courage; but if ever the occasion arises when I am bound to speak, I will not shame my boy..."

Huxley represents a symbol of science as enquiring of truth but reflecting upon what truth means and how it affects the rest of our lives. He was a great writer; a biography of Huxley was included in the series of volumes on 'Modern English Writers', published by Blackwood, alongside George Eliot, Browning and Dickens. His life is about the relationship between education, science, art and politics. He, of all people, encompasses the history and meaning of the South Kensington complex of museums and institutions. His student, Wells, has left us the romantic legacy of his novels and short stories that examine these issues.

There can be no finer opportunity for Imperial College and all the other institutions to reflect upon themselves, their past and their present relationships, through a celebration of Huxley and Wells.



"The longer I live, the more obvious it is to me that the most sacred act of a man's life is to say and feel, 'I believe such and such to be true.'"

I urge those students who are excited about the nature of science and its relationship with human knowledge and creativity, as celebrated by the buildings, if not the institutions of South Kensington (read the inscription around the roof of the Albert Hall and you will be surprised!) to help organise events for next year. We need the re-starting of the Huxley Society, which I founded in 1992. Leave your names in the Students Union Office and sign a motion asking for the society to be refounded. It needs only 20 signatures, I think.

Michael Newman, Imperial College Alumni, Science Teacher, Teacher of English in Italy. (All references in this article, except those regarding the death of Huxley's son, can be found in a collection of Wells' writings about Imperial College, edited by Michael Newman called 'Breaking the Shackles', cost £2:00).

Dark Gifts and Money Makers

The saga that has followed the making of 'Interview with a Vampire' has been a prolonged one. At its root is the splintered relationship between novels and the entertainment industry. Jon Jordan looks into a heart of darkness.

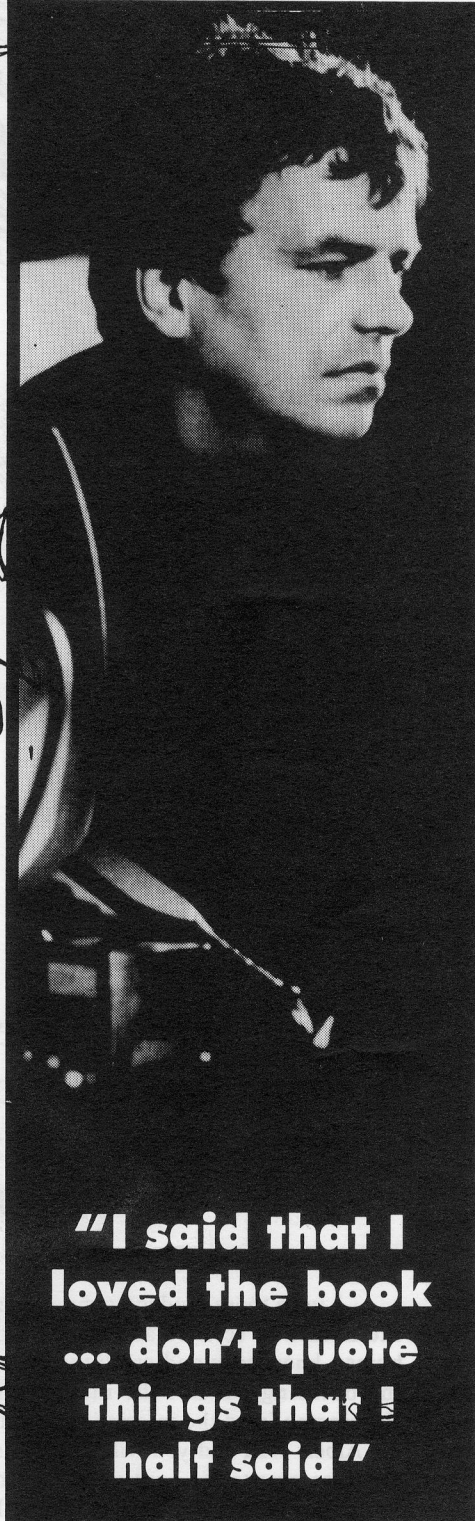
Neil Jordan wanders into the room and sits down. Next to him is his long-time producer, Steve Woolley. He sits in his chair, takes out a cigarette, puts it in his mouth and puts it away. Ahead of him sit a number of journalists but he seems bigger than all of them. Then the press conference gets underway. "Neil was this material you already knew?"

'Interview with a Vampire' is not going to go down as a classic film. Indeed it unlikely that it will even go down as a classic Neil Jordan film such is the standard his work such as 'Angel' and the 'Crying Game'. Yet there is something compelling in the way that 'Interview with a Vampire' has been made. In particular it speaks volumes about the role of author within the Hollywood system.

To start at the beginning would take us back to 1976 when Anne Rice's book of the same name was originally published. Since then various scripts, directors and actors were flung around without anything happening until it seemed that the story would remain properly, and perhaps more nobly, in the medium of print. In hindsight, however, this was nothing compared to what was to come.

Neil Jordan was one director that Anne Rice had recommended to take her book to film, his film 'the Company of Wolves' had particularly impressed her. However it was clear that Neil would only be the director if he had artistic control over the film. This was important because Rice had actually written the screen play she wanted to be used. With Neil Jordan as director there would be transfer of artistic control. Perhaps other authors would have been happy with their \$2 million fee and the knowledge that the film would help book sales, but Rice was more possessive of her work.

This was most forcefully highlighted with Jordan's decision to cast Tom Cruise in the 'lead' role of Lestat, following the refusal of Daniel Day Lewis. He's as much Lestat as



"I said that I loved the book ... don't quote things that I half said"

"Edward G Robinson is Rhett Butler" was Rice's famous barb on the subject. More interesting to those of us who have no idea who Edward G Robinson is was her follow-up statement which was, "when you're talking Lestat, you're talking Captain Ahab, Custer, Peter the Great".

However Rice's fluctuations over the movie did seem to be more than just bad mouthing someone's changes to your work. As Steve Woolley put it, "the novel was

written after the death of her own child. Of all her work this is the one book that is very personal to her and means a lot to her, so I think her approach was not professional but very much emotional".

Perhaps the most startling part of the whole affair occurred when Anne Rice sent out a two page press release to say that after actually seeing the film how delighted she was with the whole thing. Obviously it didn't take too long for this to be seen as publicity stunt from someone who had more than a passing interest in the film. However, cynicism aside, this ignores Rice's previous outbursts. When she didn't like the casting of Tom Cruise she said so. Now when she liked the overall film she also said so. Whilst this view was coloured by the rather florid language she used, insiders viewed it as a typical actions from an eccentric woman. As Neil Jordan said, "I'm sure the studio would have done anything to get her to do that but there's nothing you can do to change that woman's mind, believe me I know. If she had seen the movie and hated it you would have known about it. You'd still be hearing about it now".

In retrospect then, it would seem that Rice's attitude to the making of her film merely highlights the issues that authors who care about their work face in allowing it to be adapted for the cinema. I guess that most just take the money and run. Locked outside of the cinematic process Anna Rice took the only option that was open to her and that was to use the media. For her at least, the result seemed to be satisfactory and a sequel is already planned and has been written. At the end of the day perhaps the most contradictory position is that of Neil Jordan.

When he asked about the book at various points throughout the press conference, he was balanced in his praise. Phrases like "I did enjoy the book when I read it, I mean I thought I was overwritten" were interspersed with "it's the most humourless book ever written" and "I think the book does get a little bit turgid in its obsession about certain things" when asked about the book's homo-erotic element.

Then some brave soul asked; "I don't wish to bullsh*t you but you're just said in the course of the last 20 minutes that this was a turgid over written and humourless book. Why can't you go and create something original yourselves?"

For all the quickness and passion of Jordan's reply, "I said that I loved the book ... otherwise I wouldn't have done the bloody movie, don't quote things that I half said" there seemed to be some sort of truth in the question. **F**

Tea For One

by Mimi Chakraborty

There are four waiters in the room and precisely two tables are occupied. I am at one, and to my left on a raised dais on which the grand piano stands, and reflected by a large gilt mirror which fills the wall behind them, are a retired American couple, Bill and Barbara, whose argument about their daughter Rebecca currently holds the room.

Between several pots of tea and silver stacks bearing tiers of bridge rolls, crumpets and cream fancies – “they’re so delicious”, “they’re darn small” – some trifling elements of their life history emerge. Rebecca has abandoned Wisconsin in favour of Chicago, taking her two-year-old daughter Nora but leaving her husband Michael behind. The argument appears to be an ongoing one, and at any rate the fundamental thesis – an acceptable degree of juvenile freedom – is left unresolved.

In fact, Bill and Barbara and a third person at the table, a woman, would attract attention even without their ongoing narrative because they are, quite strikingly, attired in the same white and purple flash shell suits with Reebok trainers. On the handles of the one unoccupied chair hang two matching travel bags, also in exactly matching white purple, one for Him, one for Her. On its seat yet another has tipped over, revealing its contents: a packet of Handi-Wipes, a make-up bag and some Evian facial spray.

Between them a trio of waiters perform an elegant gavotte of pouring, serving and replacing. The device of afternoon tea is a complex one requiring separate spoons, forks, tongs and tea-strainers. The silver pots have hot handles and employ white linen napkins in order to be lifted, likewise the slightly smaller pots of water.

Part of what is striking about this incidental theatre is that it involves a quite serious effort of will to be any one of the parties involved – in other words to ignore completely the presence of the others. The waiters, one can imagine, would execute the same series of movements if they were serving an empty table, while the diners must behave as though the cups and saucers are moving themselves. Of the three at the table, only Bill succeeds at the game; both his female companions snag the rhythm with anxious shifting and murmured thank you’s and attempts to do things for themselves.

When the bill arrives, enclosed in an embossed leather wallet, Bill reaches for a brown leather body pouch and hands a credit card to the waiter without looking at him. The waiter is young but tall with dark hair and slender hands. He helps Barbara with her jacket, the zip of which has got caught up in her hair.

As it happens, the particular environment which yields this pattern of manners is the Chinese conservatory at the Lanesborough Hotel, on the corner of Hyde Park Corner and Park Lane. It is fourthirty, it is a bank holiday, it is raining. As the afternoon light slips from blue to yellow to grey, fat droplets slap against the conservatory roof which looks up into an internal courtyard. The enforced humidity of the room and the resulting condensation have provided fertile corners for mildew and moss which, although cleaned away on the inside, have taken hold of the exterior, and which, with a necklace of weeds, frame the sky.

The hotel has the distinction of offering London's most expensive suite, at five thousand pounds per night.

The conservatory has an unusual, Oriental design, enhanced by painted paper lanterns and Chinese baskets which hang from the sky. In fact it is quite possible to imagine brightly coloured exotic birds flapping and crowing in the upper branches of the trees and huge bowls of flowers which sit in brass bowls across the room.

At eye level, however, the carpet of white linen and sparkling glassware prevails. The gliding waiters and china cups and the discreet twinkle of silver on glass let slip an ambition for a very particular European aristocratic decadence, which is viscerally at odds with William Wilkins’ lush Manchurian suggestion.

That this is not really a problem, that a contradiction of architecture and design is in no way out of character with the contradictions of the hotel itself, is the unintentional message which time spent in the conservatory conveys. (As it happens Wilkins’ design was after the style of the

court of George IV the Prince Regent, which is now the Brighton Pavilion, a building whose curlicues and Turkish verandas might also be considered oxymoronic against the local colour.

Until 1980, the Lanesborough was the site of the old St George’s hospital, and before that it started life in 1719 as James Lane’s design for a town house for the second Viscount Lanesborough. The hotel has been open only four years, but has the distinction – at five thousand pounds per night – of offering London’s most expensive suite (a single room for a single night will put you out by one hundred and fifty pounds, by the way).

It is possible to walk past the building several times without noticing it and several times more without identifying it as a hotel; there is no choice of a swing door or a rotating one, there are no steps leading upwards, no signs for credit cards accepted or AA stars accrued. It could be mistaken, in sombre Belgravia cream, for an embassy or a club or even a private

editions. Scotch on the rocks arrives on a silver tray with a plate of hors d’oeuvres and minute linen napkin.

There are no public telephones, no newspaper stand, and, quite disablingly, no kiosk where one might nip in to buy emergency Tampax, Nurofen or condoms. In fact there is no evidence that money changes hands anywhere at all.

It strikes, finally, that the kind of people who might find security at the Lanesborough – as opposed to its flashier Park Lane neighbours – might be the kind of people whose lives accept a degree of pretended status, and who, in fact, infer it as real. Who require, to oil the wheels between meetings and drivers and wives and airports, the lubricant of one-on-one deference from a sequence of attentive inferiors. The kind of people who might not, as it happens, spot the error in placing an English racing scene above a roaring fire opposite a pink boudoir and looking down on a red, green and gold rug bearing a pattern of Oriental dragons.

The design of the hotel, though empirically haphazard, is quite specific in its intention, and on the evidence, quite successful. Where it most succeeds is in supporting a particular self-deception, deriving from the belief that rank and status are essentially deserving, and it is the purveying of this, finally, which is being paid for.

As it happens, to interpret the conflicting messages of the Lanesborough Hotel and therefore to fully derive its pleasures, it is necessary to be quite seriously poor. It is necessary, on the grounds of a quite appalling credit rating, to have been denied any one of the credit cards which the hotel is happy to accept. It is necessary to have been toying, over a period of several hours, with a single pot of tea, long gone cold. And to have omitted, on the grounds of an over-familiarity with tea bags, to make use of the tea-strainer (an action which results in immediate confiscation by a waiter of the cold cup with bits floating in it, and the production of a fresh one by another).

What results is a particular type of understanding, and consequently, of security, which yields only out of having nowhere really to go on a wet misery-soaked day, in a sleep walking city with problems one would rather forget, and bills unpaid.

THE MENU



It's the usual selection of the good, bad, ugly, slightly spotty, downright rude and occasionally twee. **James Thomson**, of DoC1 fame, returns for his second bite at **rotation**.



Tintin got his light brown plus fours out, left Snowy at a kennel and headed down to the Royal Academy for their **Nicolas Poussin** exhibition [at the start of a busy week].



An all action music team splits three separate ways, gets lost, jumps on and off guest lists but finally returns. **Tintin** tackles the **throwing muses**, **Owain** clutches **free kitten** to his bosom while **Vik** smiles at the new **dillion fence** lp.



Taking her cues from the Word could be dodgy but **Fiona** knows her bits from her pieces ... fluffy bras, vpls and all...



Gnash, gnash toothies are back. Anne Rice's [via Neil Jordan] vampire classic hits the screams near us all. **Tintin** checked out **interviews with the vampires'** delusions of grandeur whilst **Jenny Ho** dug around that **shallow grave**.



You continue to be served by the anonymous gastrognome of greatness, yeap **AC** goes 'yummy' down at **Oguiska**.



rotation



As the merry-go-round of life takes another twirl so we follow in its wake. James grabs a breath and holds on tight...

august - pushin and shovin
Shades of Jamiroquai here with a good mix of jazz funk and soul, and a better than average rhythm and bass section. Good but nothing to shout about.

fishmonkeyman - sunshine down
I liked this the first time round, but after listening to it again it gets really booooring. Light indie guitars with more than a foot in the mainstream rock camp, this could be so much better, but just runs out of ideas.

guided by voices - I am a scientist
Probably the best this week, it isn't particularly novel, but it's got character and grabs the attention. With its dry lyrics, and lines like "penetrator like a space invader, do the earth", this is a must.

tricky - overcome
This really should be found on the newsagent's top shelf. It's run of the mill dance, but with X rated lyrics. Unremarkable.

the wolfgang press - going south
Imagine Simple Minds trying to play funk. Actually don't, you might die from the trauma. This is worse, hard as it is to believe, and they even put four mixes of it on the cd! Can't sing, can't play, so it should do well in the charts. Aaaaargh!

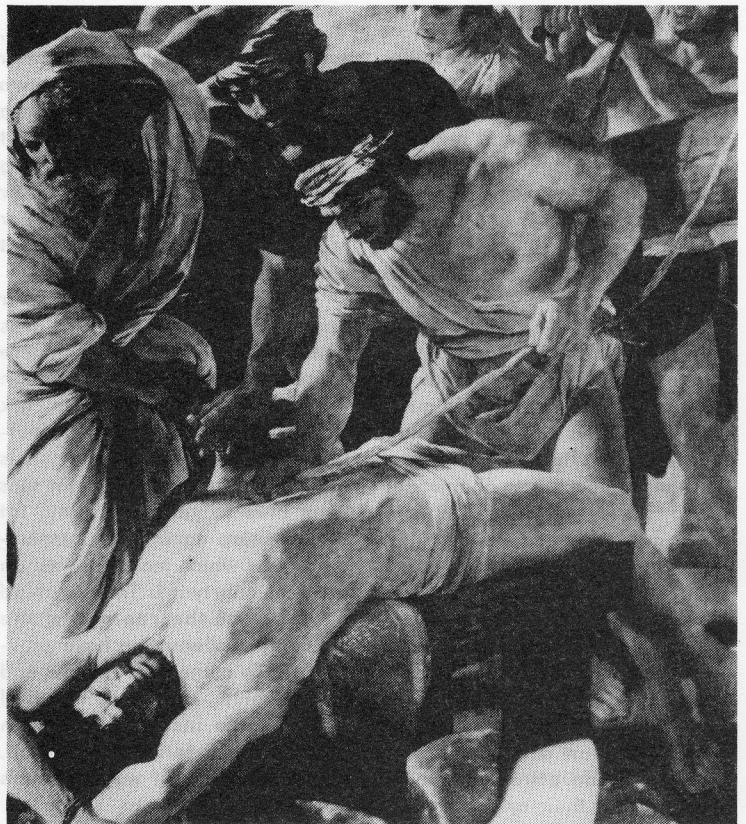
the fuzz - god bless the radio
Difficult to classify this one, but I'll call it 'grunge hop' from its mix of hip hop and scuzzy guitars. Actually quite literate musically, with good use of samples, and above all tongue in cheek. Marred only by a joke of a techno mix.

secret life - love so strong
Most gospel soul music now seems to have forgotten its roots, ravaged by the unstoppable march of technology. This is no exception; no real song structure, no musical identity, and way overlong. Why do they waste cds with this crap?

apache indian - make way for the indian
If you like Apache Indian already, then you'll like this. Standard 'spect to the brother reggae hip hop. It's okay, but original is not a word that springs readily to mind.



changing scenes of life



The Martyrdom of St. Erasmus [1628-29]

The most arresting sight in this exhibition is the first painting on show. One entering the circular anteroom at the Royal Academy, down looms Poussin's *the martyrdom of st. erasmus*. A christlike figure falls out of the canvas as a group of men crowd about the saint. They are slowly pulling out his intestines and winding them around a windlass. It's not what you expect from **Nicolas Poussin**, (1594-1665), considered the greatest French painter of his age. Yet the choice of subject is not at variance with the rest of the exhibition. After failing to win public acclaim with this work (it was inconceivably ordered as an altarpiece), Poussin had to paint for private patrons. Therefore he possessed a much freer rein to express his own choice of topics than other artists of his day.

Although born in France, Poussin spent most of his working life in Rome, drawing heavily on the Renaissance and antiquity as subject matter. Indeed of the nine galleries making up this exhibition all but one fall into the categories of biblical or scenes from antiquity.

Perhaps it was his early work that is now most admired. Taking such stories as *Venus and Adonis* and *Echo and Narcissus*, Poussin painted scenes of tragic and futile humanism. Within such works,

rivers are personified, the cherubic putti float about the skies dropping flowers and satyrs drunkenly fool with bacchante. To that extent both the stories and Poussin's portrayals of them are laced with the wiff of decadence. This too is reflected in the biblical scenes as the classical touches are introduced as allegories ie in *the triumph of david* a winged victory hands him an oak wreath as cupid plays the harp!

However Poussin is best known for his classical landscapes. They still retain the previous themes but enhance them by placing the much smaller figures within the realm of nature. Yet for Poussin this nature was as domestic as the architectural details he often used both on fore and backgrounds. It has been well said that his world was "all solid, cubes and cones of landscape and cloud ... everything remains graspable by man".

The last works he carried out were a series on the four seasons which highlighted biblical themes such as *winter - the deluge*. It was an appropriate end to his career.

Yet Poussin seems to be best placed as a precursor to others. Certainly this is an interesting exhibition but this would seem to be more for historical reasons than the deeper excitements that are generally associated with Art. 5

ending in your dreams

The main problem for the **throwing muses'** new album, *university* is that it's not what most people want to hear. After the departures and soloing sabbaticals of the last eighteen months, the crowds are split into the Belly and Kristin Hersh camps. Numerically the Belly camp are much larger, but if the Hersh camp attacked it would probably win, thanks to its age and sexual advantages. What is more interesting is that both 'star' and 'hips and makers' sold more copies than any of the Throwing Muses albums did when both Tanya Donnelly and Kristin Hersh played the same drum.

So what can Kristin now offer her new fan base? Well the Throwing Muses are more than just Kristin with a bassist and drummer. Bernard Georges and David Narcizo are certainly not pretty faces but they flesh out the sound that dominates the heartland of the album. The lyrical tautness maybe characteristic Hersh but here that's less than half the story.

Personally I find myself at odds with too many single selections and the opening 'bright yellow sun' is no exception in this case. It's laboured in tone and the choice of imagery, guns and poison, seems to be too obviously linked to hang on the Hersh's schizoid hook. But after this miscreant, you're find little to regret in the next eleven tracks.

'Start' crashes in with a reprise most writers would pay for. "I'll start at his knees and I'll end in his dreams" could be about almost anything but if it's seduction you're after, I don't think it will fail you. And as single word affirmations such as 'shimmer' and 'hazing' intersperse with delicate vignettes like 'calm down, calm down', it becomes easy to get swept away.

The most obviously Kristian tracks are the twin peaks of 'crabtown' and 'that's all you wanted'. Where 'crabtown' lazes into the distant poignancy that was so earnestly displayed on 'hips and makers', 'that's all you wanted' raises angelic wings whilst covering its ambiguous meaning. Yet these two apart, the consistency of 'university' is underpinned by the presence of a band. The downwards rhythm progression of 'hazing' is perhaps the singular example but you get the impression that the slow swagger of 'teller' and force of 'no

way in hell' will give an equally good return with persistent listening as the more accessible tracks.

Perhaps the overall moral to accept is don't live in the past. The Throwing Muses are dead. Long live the Throwing Muses. (8)

Kim Gordon is about to take the stage and I'm squashed between a forest of very tall guys and four hundred people who came just to see her. Because Kim Gordon is such a symbol to me: of womanhood, of age in the youth business, of selling rather than selling out, I'm terrified that she'll be somehow wrong. Too fat or too boring or too young or even too ugly. All very incorrect of me, all very true. But she's wonderful. Handsome at 40, impossible thin snakelidded eyes, dressed in her 'x-girl' brand (pink skirt and black fishnet stockings) and purring into the microphone with regal certainty. She's the 'super' in this supergroup, although the others play their part. Julia from Pussy Galore provides frenetic polemics, Marc from Pavement a loose bass and the drummer girl from The Boredoms also plays a silver horn. The music is conceptual and free-form: I wouldn't listen to it at home, as they say, but here it makes perfect sense. The mosh gets quite violent as does the stage. After a poem castigating several hostile NME hacks, Julia later accepted the challenge of creating a song about ugly men (a suggestion from the floor). After citing William Burroughs and Everett True as good examples, Julia stares out Kim. "No!" cries Kim in mock horror, "Thurston's cute!". We all laugh at this little in joke, but then all pop music is codified isn't it?

Fluffy bras on the Word are where it's at. Or so it seems as people from all walks of life have been overheard saying "fluffy underwear!" in varying tones of shock and derision. The best (the only?) in High St fluffy couture is at Ad-Hoc, where bras are £38 and the theme is extended to dresses (snakeskin, patent, plastic, rubber and leopard) at an equally lengthened price. If the student loan is looking drained, I say style requires that you grab a Evostick and slaughter your teddies.

Underwear does seem to be the thing à la moment. Post-war slim line dressing in smooth fitting material mixes raises the question of the Dreaded VLP (visible pantie



Free kitten attempt to crack the code with their bit-on-the-side project and succeed, partially. The music is new, more than a combination of the disparate group members. But the reason we're all here is the same. Very Important Indie.

What do Cheap Trick, Syd Barrett, a brilliant title track and a crud band name have in common? *Living room scene*, the new album by **dillon fence**, that's what. For four minutes they breeze their Carolina way through an invigorating piece of loud but very melodic guitar rock leaving you with the pleasant premonition that you're going to see two superb bands when they support the Black Crowes at the Royal Albert Hall. Oh, and it sounds like Cheap Trick (with a soupcon of the Faces thrown in).

And then, no more. 'Laughs' is an instant contradiction – a lackadaisical guitar jangle and sweet harmonies providing the background before the insertion of a moody, crescendo-ing guitar solo. It's still refreshing though and leads into the very Gigolo Aunts-y (and hence Cheap Trick-y again) 'queen of the in-between'. Elsewhere, the Syd Barrett connection is consolidated (think: Gigolo Aunts) via the lilting, early Floydian psychedelia of 'high school sap', and that previous premonition begins to blossom.

Alas, it never actually manages to bear fruit because for the last third or so they decide to go liting a tad too much and end up wilting instead. Not that we should end on a negative note. Try "a rather good" band instead of a "superb" one and go to see them anyway... (7) ⑤



beneath

line). Whole shelf units in M&S and pages in fashion mags are being dedicated to the ultimate desire icon – the G-string. Or, as skirts lengthen (to the knee) and tighten, the obvious new alternative is to go without...

Catwalks this season suggested the renewal of an age old concept to ensure a smoother overall line, whip out your grandma's long line girdles. For the 90's twist, add a transparent dress, stilettos and little else. Lovely. What this has done, however is to potentially

rejuvenate hotpants. The smaller and shinier the better, displayed under the new minis with waist-high front slits (and no thighs!).

The post-war influence is massive this spring. Red lips, cropped pastel twin sets with elbow length sleeves, sleeveless shifts and cardigans – tight around the neck or dropped into a V. Cigarette pant trouser suits and skinny patent belts emphasise the waist and legs, while rich cashmere mixes are on their way to supply the glamour. Rustic and neutrals are at last passé (hurrah!!), and replaced with pastel plastics. Palest lilac, pretty pinks and luminous transparency are set fair as the ways ahead. ⑤



the ravings of a demented irishman?



class



Judging from this latest rendition of the Dracula myth, vampires are keen on theatricals. Avoid dark streets on the way home from **interview with the vampire**, because your vampire film-goer will be a cross vampire.

It's 1791, and Brad Pitt is Louis, the disconsolate owner of a New Orleans plantation. He's lost his wife in childbirth, and has little to live for when an extrovert but lonely vampire offers him eternal youth. So Louis becomes a reluctant vampire in the graveyard where his wife is buried. Vampire vision shows him the statue on her grave slowly opening its eyes, but the film never makes anything of this aspect of Anne Rice's novel.

The two hungrily cruise New Orleans' bars by night. Tom Cruise, excellent as Lestat, concentrates on juicy women, with gorgeous young men for seconds, but for a long time Brad's conscience allows him only rats, chickens and poodles. Their relationship's less father-son and more camp, except that Brad Pitt's rather dreary. He pines. To cheer him up, Lestat makes a vampire out of Claudia, a tattered orphan of the plague slums. Brad has torched his mansion in a fit of the blues – and the first of many glorious fires in the film – but they apparently have sufficient funds for Claudia's education (and boy does she run through piano teachers). Initially she's a vile lisping brat, but you warm to her because she gets all the best gags. Anyhow, Lestat runs the household, but gets rather overbearing, and positively unsympathetic when Claudia realises she'll never grow up. (All vampires have long hair, apparently, and I thought this a good gap in the market for a specialist hairdresser

until Claudia's ringlets sprung right back the moment she cut them off.)

Claudia masterminds an escape by tempting Lestat with blood from dead meat, an absolute no-no for vampires. She and Brad tip his body into a swamp and whisk off to Paris in time for the next century. This is an opportunity for lots of Les Liaisons Dangereuses outfits and the 'French Accent Department', as Claudia has a fabulous time socialising and Louis searches high society for European vampires. However, when they turn up, they're a bit too naughty for Brad, the vampire with a human soul. In fact, Brad's rather drippy, and we never see him eat in public again. In the book, Louis has an affair with Armand, a cultured Parisian vampire; in the film they meet a couple of times before Brad mopes off to the rest of Europe on his own, upset with all that old world decadence.

Back in the twentieth century, Brad returns to America. He follows a faint sniff of vampire, which turns out to be Lestat, alive after all, but a bit shaky. Leaving Lestat hiding out, Brad decamps to San Francisco and tells his story to journalist Christian Slater. Slater's excited by the scoop (suspense-lovers stop here), jumps into his car, and guess what?

The scenery's lush throughout, but the film jumps from rioting slaves to sucking prostitutes' blood to doll shops to vampire gang-rapes to parent-child scenes, which rather wastes the audience's feelings. Louis' first rat-eating attempts are fun, like the Claudia scenes, making the film agreeable, if jerky. It's certainly a blockbuster – from Neil Jordan, director of 'Crying Game' (arthouse turned big success) – but would probably have

been better if Anne Rice hadn't written the script. Authors never have the guts to edit firmly. Tom Cruise is almost unrecognisable and superb as an antidote to Louis' dreary narrative; a more interesting actor than Brad Pitt might have had trouble with stodgy Louis. Neither Cruise nor Pitt are likely to antagonise female fans with the supposed homoeroticism: it's hardly developed and easy to miss in all the scene-shifting. As for the film being a lament for the days when you could suck all the blood you wanted without getting AIDS, give me a break.

In **shallow grave**, Alex, Juliet and David are looking for a flatmate. However, shortly after he has moved in, they find him in bed dead, naked, and in possession of a suitcase containing a large amount of money. They decide to keep the money and conceal the body by dismembering and disfiguring it before burying it in a "shallow grave".

The film begins with an amusing scene in which the three main characters are interviewing prospective flatmates. However, after the discovery of the dead body, the film suddenly becomes very bleak; the proposal and execution of the plan to mutilate and bury the body leaves the audience feeling uncomfortable (at times, the audience may feel that they are laughing in the wrong places)

Without 'big name' actors and because of its storyline, *Shallow Grave* undoubtedly lacks the commercial appeal of some of its American competitors currently on release. Nevertheless, it's a well-made film which is extremely well acted. **S**

Polish food is not just potatoes. In fact very few potatoes appear on the menu at **Ognisko Polskie** in South Kensington. Instead you are presented with an enticing but expensive insight into the delights of Polish food.

The setting is stunning, fit for any Polish aristocrat who happens to walk by. The pink and gold dining room with windows onto the lawn outside sets off the beautifully presented and served menu.

The pickled herrings with sour cream, sweet onion and black bread (£2.50) provide a staggering start to the meal. The herrings are soft, salty and succulent, making the English roll mop look like a peasant in comparison.

For main course the choice of traditional Polish fare is infiltrated by an occasional continental dish. However, the roast goose served with red cabbage and potato dumpling (£11.50) was unquestionably Eastern European. Its combination of flavour, texture and colour went straight to the gastronomic G-spot. This was exciting food, perfectly cooked and presented in large, attractive portions.

Leaning towards the continental side of the menu, the beef with potato roast and caramelized shallots (£11.50) was simple cooking, elevated to exceptional heights. The beef was beautifully pink in the middle and extremely light on the jaw. The potato roast was disappointingly soggy but still highly enjoyable and the shallots added a sweet edge to the meal.

For dessert the cheesecake is possibly the best in London. This is a traditional cheesecake, baked in the oven and served in a satisfying wedge big enough for two. Its texture was scrumptious: light but creamy with a sweet, cheesy, melt in the mouth taste. With sultanas dotted throughout and a crunchy chocolate coating, this provided the perfect end to an almost perfect meal.

To fault the food at Ogniska's is extremely difficult. The prices reflect the skill, time and effort that go into each dish. It is an absolute pleasure to eat here, so if you want a treat, go along and for a couple of hours you can be that Polish aristocrat. **S**

Ogniska Polskie, 55 Princes' Gate, Exhibition Road, SW7

[nb due to unforeseen stupidity, the author of the Interview with the Vampire review was not tintin but KC. We apologise to everyone – alright now?]

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FRIDAY

SATURDAY

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

Guide

Are you hard up?

The Ancient Universities (those founded before 1865) are writing to their M.P.'s explaining that students who study at these Universities are being hit by student poverty. There is a Government Debate on student Hardship on the 30th January. Council is asking you to join students from Oxford, Cambridge, St. Andrews etc. by writing to you M.P. and telling them how hard up you are. Ask him/her to support the students on Monday 30th January. When the M.P.'s were at college they had a full grant, access to housing benefit and income support during the vacation. Please write and ask for their support. If you don't know who your M.P. is ask at the Union Office they have a list of each M.P. and their constituency.

STOIC Schedule week ending 19/1/95

What's the big idea then? II Faster, lighter: less drag more power. April Snows B/W arty short - do not adjust your set Babewatching Colourfull MTV shorts ahoy Roaches Thrive All that's seedy from rag week Mystery slot er... havent decided get

At other times of the day, STOIC will show the One O'clock News, Neighbours, Star Trek : TNG, MTV etc... Coming up soon is our latest issue film guide, including a reviews of Star Trek Generations, The Nightmare Before Christmas and Pulp Fiction.

All times subject to alteration without notice. Contents may settle in transit. No user servicable parts inside. Nicam stereo in selected regions. Subtitles on 666.

Any ideas? 3rd floor of the Union Building and left, or you can contact us at any time, on (0171 59)4 8104 or email stoic@ic.

STOIC is The Student Television Of Imperial College

Times

(R) Regular Meeting

Places

- (SG) Southside Gym
- (SL) Southside Lounge
- (UB) Union Building
- (UDH) Union Dining Hall
- (UG) Union Gym
- (UL) Union Lounge
- (EL) Ents Lounge
- (JCR) Junior Common Room
- (SMHMS) St. Mary's

SMALL ADS

Careers Office
Rm 310, 10.00am-5.15pm, Mon to Fri
Carrers Information
Milkround Closing Date
Four is on Monday 23rd January. Applications in before 4pm.
Summer Vacation Training
Apply at Careers Office for UROP opportunities
Improve your Interview Skills short course for postgrads Wed 25th Jan in Huxley rm 343 2-4pm sign up in Careers Office
Postgraduates Mathematical Advice Centre Helpline
Ext 48533, Dr. Geoff Stephenson, Maths Dept.

Amateur
Renoir, Brunswick Sq
0171 837 8402
tube; Russell Square
1.45, 4.05, 6.25, 8.45
tickets; £6, 1st perf £4 with concs £2.50

Francis Dunnery
+ Denzil
Jongleurs
tube; Camden Town
0171 287 0932
tickets; £7

ELSEWHERE

Thames Barrier
Unity Way, Eastmoor St SE18
0181 854 1373
BR; Charlton the 15 min walk.
times; Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat, Sun 10.30am-5.30pm. Adults £2.50. Russian submarine adjacent to the barrier. Adults £3.95, concs £3.

Art 95
Business Design Centre,
52 Upper St
0171 359 3535
tube; Angel
time; Wed-Fri 11am-8pm,
Sat 11am-8pm, Sun
11am-5pm
entry; £6, concs £4.50,
five day pass £10

Japan Soc 12-2pm
meeting, Ante Room (R)
IC Roller Blade Soc 12.15pm
Meeting for all at SL followed by Hockey in Hyde Park (R)
College Communion 12.30pm
Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road (R)
Motorcycle club 12.45pm
weekly meeting, SL, (R).
Quasar Club 12.45pm
Quasar Trip, UL (R)
IC Wargames Club 1pm
Table Tennis Rm (R)
Islamic Society 1pm
'Judaism, Israel & Islam' Abdur Rahman Civ Eng 20
Conservative Soc 1pm
'Law and Order' Theresa Gorman MP, Mech Eng rm 542
OSC 1pm
Hon. Treasurer's meeting, CCR (R)
Aerobics Class 1.15pm
Beginners/Intermediate level 1, SG (R)
STOIC 1.30pm
Production meeting, Stoic Studios (R)
Ten Pin Bowling 2.15pm
meet outside Aero (R).
Jazz Dance 3.30-5pm
Beginners class, SG (R)
Aerobics Classes 5pm
Step level III, SG (R)
IC Chess Club 6.30pm
Club night, SCR (R).
IC Choir 7-10pm
Rehearsal in Great Hall

Eat Drink Man Woman
Renoir, Brunswick Sq
0171 837 8402
tube; Russell Square
12.55, 3.25, 5.55, 8.30
tickets; £6, 1st perf £4 with concs £2.50

Diesel Park West
WaterRats
tube; Kings Cross
0171 278 3879
doors; 9pm
tickets; 3.50

Cadaveri Eccellenti - photographs of Sicilian aristocrats by Max Jourdan

EC One, 34 Underwood St
081 968 6040
tube; old Street
time; Mon-Fri 11am-6pm
Until 29th Jan

FELIX

Islamic Society 1pm
Friday Prayers, SG (R)
ICU Rag 1.10pm
Rag Meeting EL (R)
Aerobics Classes 5.30pm
Advanced Step level IV, SG (R)
Labour Club 12.30pm
Clause IV Debate and Conference Vote at SL

Free minibus service
home from union building, 11.30 to 2am

Gliding Club 8.15am
Lasham Airfield. Come to Thursday meeting if it is your first time. (R)
IC Roller Blade Soc 10.45am
Ramp skating at Brixton. Skate Park, meet at SL (R)
IC Roller Blade Soc 2pm
Skating and Hockey in Hyde Park/Kensington Gdns. Meet at SL (R)
Malaysian Society 7pm
Malaysian Night. One thousand million smiles, to be held in the Great Hall great food, entertainment and a lucky draw. Tickets at counter daily near senior common Room or at the door.

Gliding Club 8.15am
Lasham Airfield. Come to Thursday meeting if it is your first time. (R)
Aerobics Class 12.30pm
Intermediate level III, SG (R)
IC Wargames Club 1pm
Table Tennis Rm (R)
Roller Blade Soc 2pm
Skating and Hockey in Hyde Park/Kensington Gdns. Meet at SL (R)
Opsoc 2pm
Rehearsal for 'Cabaret' in CH. (R)

Aerobics Class 12.30pm
Body Toning level I, SG (R)
Artsoc 12.30pm
Meeting, UDH (R)
Exploration Society 1pm
Meeting at Southside Upper Lounge (R)
Ski Club 1-2pm
Meeting, SL (Upper) (R)
Aerobics Class 5.30pm
Beginners level I, SG (R)
Concert Band 5.45pm
Rehearsal. Open to players of any ability, Great Hall (R)
IC Dance Club 6pm
Rock and Roll, UDH (R)
Opsoc 7.30pm
Rehearsal for Cabaret in UDH (R)

Cathsoc 12pm
Informal mass and lunch, Bagrit centre, Mech Eng (R)
S+G Outdoor Club 12pm
Meeting. Welcome, SL (R)
Yogasoc 12.15pm
Beginners' classes, SG, (R).
IC Sailing Club 12.30pm
Sign up to sail! SL (R)
Quasar Club 12.30pm
Meeting, SL (Upper) (R)
Photo Society 1-2pm
All welcome, SL (R)
UCO 1pm
Bible study, Mat B342 (R)
Circus Skills Soc 5-8pm
Table Tennis Rm UB (R).
Aerobics Class 5.30pm
Advanced level IV, SG (R)
IC Dance Club 6pm
beginners, JCR (R)
Wine Tasting Soc 6pm
£5, £4 UDH (R)
DramSoc 6.30pm
Meeting, UB (R)
Leonardo Society 6.30-8.30pm
Art classes Civ Eng Rm 101(R)
Canoe Club 7.30pm
Sports Centre pool, any level of ability, (R)
Chess Club 7.30pm
1st team match, SCR (R)
Caving Club 9pm
Meeting SL (Upper) (R)

All submissions for the Seven Day Guide must be given in by 6pm on the Friday before the week of publication. (Not including those which have (R) at the end of the entries - the submissions will automatically entered for you).

Interview with a Vampire
MGM Fulham Road
0171 370 2636
S. Ken tube and then bus
1.10, 4.10, 7.05, 9.40
tickets; £6, Mon-Fri
before 6pm and students
£3.50

Shallow Grave
MGM Fulham Road
0171 370 2636
S. Ken tube and then bus
2.10, 4.40, 7.20, 9.40,
tickets; £6, Mon-Fri
before 6pm and students
£3.50

Princess Carabo
MGM Trocadero
0171 434 0031
tube; Piccadilly Circus
2.40, 5.00, 7.30, 9.45
tickets; £6, half price
Mon, Tue-Fri before 6pm
£3.50

Nostradamus
Odeon Kensington
0426 914666
tube; Kensington High St
1.15, 4.00, 6.45, 9.30
tickets; £6, £6.50, before
5pm £3.50

Even Cowgirls Get The Blues
Electric, 191 Portobello Rd
0171 792 2020
tube; Notting Hill Gate
tickets; £5, concs before
3.30pm £3, after 3.30pm
£4

Belly
Garage
tube; Highbury&Islington
0171 607 1818
doors; 8pm
tickets; £7

Gene + Supergrass + Rub Ultra
Astoria
tube; Tottenham Court Rd
0171 434 0403
doors; 6.30pm
tickets; £7

Veruca Salt + Marion + Skunk Anansie
LA2
tube; Tottenham Court Rd
0171 434 0403
doors; 7pm
tickets; £7.00

NME Brats Night Spiritualised + Galliano + Echobelly + Menswear
Forum
tube; Kentish Town Tube
0171 284 2200
doors; 6.40pm
tickets; £9.50

Mike Scott
Hackney Empire
train; Hackney Central BR
0181 985 2424
doors; 7.00pm
tickets; £10.00

The Painted Page: Italian renaissance book illustration

Royal Academy,
Burlington House
0171 439 7438
tube; Piccadilly
times; Daily 10am-6pm
tickets; £4.50, concs £3
Until 22nd Jan

Wolfgang Laib, Beverly Semmes: beeswax and skirts

Camden Arts, Arkwright Rd
0171 435 5224
tube; Finchley
times; Tue-Thu 12-8pm,
Fri-Sun 12-6pm
entry; Free

Man Ray: Cubism, Dadaism and Surrealism
Serpentine, Kensington
Gdns
0171 402 0343
bus; 9, 10, 12, 52
times; Daily 10am-6pm
entry; Free

The Institute of Anxiety: works from the mythical
ICA, The Mall
0171 930 3647
tube; Charing Cross
times; Daily 12-7.30pm,
Fri until 9pm
entry; ICA day pass £1.50
Until Feb 12

It's A Pleasure: Nine contemporary artists
Royal Festival Hall
Galleries, Southbank
0171 921 0600
tube; Waterloo
time; Daily 10am-10pm
entry; Free

CINEMA

MUSIC

ARTS



IN THE SPECIAL MILITARY, SOLDIERS ARE TRAINED TO MOVE WITH A PORRIDGE.

VACANCY

WARDENSHIP

LINSTEAD HALL

The college invites applications for the position of Warden at Linstead Hall which falls vacant with effect from Easter 1995.

Wardens receive *rent free* accommodation in return for pastoral duties within their residence. The post is open to all non-undergraduate members of the college.

If you would like further information and an application form contact The Personnel Office, Extension 45514, 55512, 45510 Room 511, Sherfield Building.

Closing date for applications: 17 February 1995

All Clubs and Societies



Don't miss a great opportunity to tell people about your activities!

The **FELIX Xtra Curricular** pages reach over 5000 students and could be the perfect way to recruit more members. Or to tell the college what you've been up to!

Simply:

1. Write an article of about 300 words
2. Bring the article into the **FELIX** Office in the North West corner of Beit quad (preferably on a PC readable disk).
3. Articles should be submitted the Friday before the publication date.

FELIX: Your student newspaper

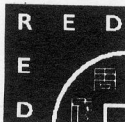
Local Special!

Special Express Lunch Menu

served between 12:00 to 2:00pm and 6:00 to 7:00pm

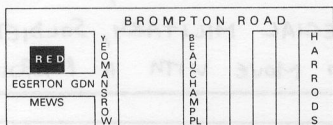
at **RED** of Knightsbridge 0171-584 7007

The best Chinese without artificial colouring and flavours.



A.	Crispy lamb with wok fried rice and seasonal vegetables	5.00
B.	Sun Sing Chicken with wok fried rice and seasonal vegetables	5.00
C.	spare ribs with wok fried rice and seasonal vegetables	5.00
D.	Aromatic Crispy duck with pancakes	5.00
E.	Buddha pot rice (vegetarian)	5.00
F.	Beef in black beans with wok fried rice and seasonal vegetables	5.00
G.	Special fried rice (prawn, pork etc.)	5.00
I.	Singapore noodles (prawn, pork spicy)	5.00
J.	Hot and Sour fish with wok fried rice and seasonal vegetables	5.00

Take away to your offices is also available



RED 8 Egerton Garden Mews Knightsbridge SW3

VACANCY

ASSISTANT

WARDENSHIP

HOLBEIN/WILLIS JACKSON

HOUSE

The college invites applications for the position of Assistant Warden at Holbein/Willis Jackson House which is currently vacant.

Assistant Wardens receive *rent free* accommodation in return for pastoral duties within their residence. The post is open to all non-undergraduate members of the college.

If you would like further information and an application form contact The Personnel Services Manager on extension 45517.

Closing date for applications: 31st January 1995

Why not visit
Barclays Bank's
Advice Surgery?

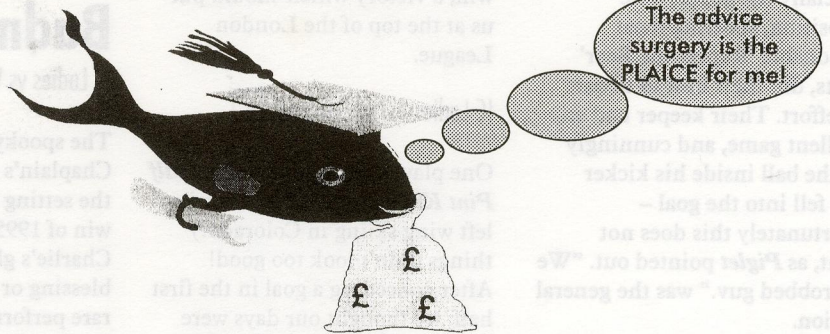
Every Thursday 12-2pm
in

Junior Common Room
or
Union Building

**STARTING
JANUARY 26TH 1995**

MONEY WORRIES?

No matter who you bank with,
we are here to help.



BANKING WITH



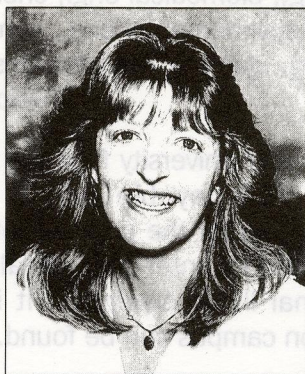
BARCLAYS

Personal service from Barclays South Kensington branch

HELPING NEW GRADUATES MAKE THE MOST OF THEIR EARLY
WORKING LIFE

The Graduate Manager

The role of a Graduate Manager is to focus on the financial needs of recent graduates who are now in full-time employment. Jenny Thomson, Graduate Manager at South Kensington can offer a wide range of professional support, help and guidance to graduates who are earning a regular salary for the first time.



Many graduates still owe money from their student days. Jenny will provide you with a more personal service based upon your individual needs. She will help with any financial difficulties you may encounter and give full details of the Barclays Graduate Package including overdrafts* and loans* at rates preferential to those normally offered by Barclays.

What's more, Barclays provides this special service entirely free of charge.

*To apply for an overdraft or loan you must be 18 or over (20 in Jersey). Barclays is a responsible lender and when considering your application for borrowing your financial circumstances will be appraised. And remember, if you should run into difficulties please contact us immediately.

Hockey

IC Mens 1st vs Royal Free Hospital

The first match of the new year brought us all back together for an important clash. The lack of fitness, caused by too much turkey and not enough exertion (if any), meant the defence was very solid, but stationary, especially the goalie. The opposition, sporting most fashionable 'Rupert the Bear' shorts, did their best to thwart our effort. Their keeper had an excellent game, and cunningly hid the ball inside his kicker then fell into the goal – unfortunately this does not count, as **Piglet** pointed out. "We woz robbed guv." was the general opinion.

The second half started with a whistle and ended with one too [How unusual! – Ed.] but in-between **Son of Satan**, inspired by **Captain Jazz**'s rousing talk, converted a penalty to give us the goal we thoroughly deserved. In

the dying seconds their ULU player was sent off, ending a jolly amicable game on slightly hostile terms.

IC Ladies 1st vs Barts

The atmosphere was electric, the rain was torrential and the stick tackles were rife! Yet our victorious team came through to win, a victory which should put us at the top of the London League.

IC Ladies 1st vs Sunbury

One player down (due to the **Half Pint Kid**'s hangover and our key left wing skiing in Colorado!) things didn't look too good! After conceding a goal in the first half, we thought our days were numbered but in true David Icke style the skipper pulled one back for us. "We are not worthy... we are not worthy..." Final score was one all to a team that has not lost this season.

Sport	IC Team	Score	Opposition
Badminton	Ladies	12 - 4	West Five
Hockey	Ladies 1 st	1 - 1	Sunbury
Hockey	Ladies 1 st	3 - 0	Barts
Hockey	Mens 1 st	1 - 0	Royal Free Hosp.

Badminton

IC Ladies vs West Five

The spooky decor of Charlie Chaplain's orphanage provided the setting for the team's third win of 1995. Whether it was Charlie's ghost giving us a blessing or whether it was the rare performance of our inspiring **Barbara** is debatable.

The game was close at first with the score level at 2 - 2. Once **Elaine** put down her friendship bracelets, **Carolyn** turned her knickers inside out and **Claire** put on her shorts the right way

round, the team rallied. The maltloaf and blackcurrant juice provided the motive for the subsequent massacre.

It was undoubtedly the best performance of the season and was sweet revenge from the match earlier in the year.

Get well soon to **Carolyn**'s car. Best wishes to **Paul**'s rash and **Elaine**'s friendship bracelets. (And **Carolyn**, we won't tell anyone about chatting up the taxi driver!!)

Basically, we won 'cos we woz better than them.

Help!

Yes, that's right... we need your help. The sports page will only work if reports or results are submitted for publication.

If you want some advice or help on writing a report, please pop in for a chat or email me (mltb1@doc.ic.ac.uk). If you disagree with the way the sports page is being run (perhaps you don't like the ticks and crosses) then it's even more important for you to tell us, so that we can change it.

Remember, it's YOUR sports page.

Catfish Xtra

Answers to last week's Elimination:

a. Central Park b. Old Man c. The Keys d. Erie, Superior e. Golden Gate
f. Grand Canyon g. Ford, Dodge h. Liberty Bell i. New Jersey
j. Donkey, Elephant k. Bible Belt l. Avenue, Yellowstone m. Space program
n. Sunshine State o. Death, Monument p. World Trade q. Bald Eagle
r. Stars, Stripes s. Ivy League t. Lincoln Memorial

The word left over was city.

Imperial College Graduate Fellowship

tenable at **Tulane University, New Orleans, USA** for a **Two-Year Master of Science programme** commencing August 1995

Tulane is one of America's most distinguished private universities. The Graduate School of the University is offering a fellowship for an IC Student who has graduated, or who expects to graduate next summer, with a good honours degree. Fields of study offered are:

biology, biomedical eng., chemical eng., chemistry, civil and environmental eng., computer science, electrical eng., geology, mathematics, mechanical eng. and physics.

Tuition and university fees will be covered, plus a stipend of \$5,750 payable over 8 months. The student is responsible for the payment of insurance, activities fees, Recreation Center fees, health center fees as well as personal living expenses. It is possible that part-time work on campus can be found.

Applicants must take (at their own expense) the General and Subjects test of the Graduate Record Examination, which may be taken here in London.

Further details and application forms are available from Miss Jaqueline Sweet, Asst. Registrar, Room 319, Sherfield Building. **Prospective applicants should contact Miss Sweet immediately.**