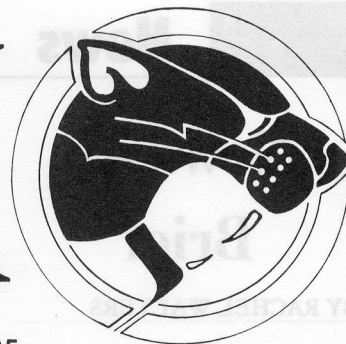


# FELIX



The Student Newspaper of Imperial College

No1028 12MAY95

## NUS...

BY ANDREW SMITH

The referendum on Imperial College Union's (ICU) proposed affiliation to the NUS is in danger of degenerating into a farce today as the pro-campaign continues to flout election rules. Illegal campaigning could result in claims that the ballot was unconstitutional and thus lead to a rejection of the results.

According to the Union Executive, posters which appear around College have to be checked by Ian Parish, Deputy President Clubs & Societies, but the pro-campaign supporters have repeatedly failed to do so. Mr Parish has rejected suggestions that the whole referendum could be put in doubt by the pro-campaign's failure to follow the rules.

The Union Executive Committee, which is responsible for running the referendum, has already decided that a previous breaking of their rules by the 'Yes-lobby' should be overlooked. Mr Parish thinks that this is likely to be repeated. Saying that it would be 'silly' to disqualify the pro-lobby for poster irregularities, he suggested that he would have probably passed the posters had he seen them initially.

Ms Sarah Thomas, chair of the anti-campaign, seems inclined to let her opposition's activities pass at present. Speaking to FELIX, she admitted that it was doubtful that the offending publicity would have a major influence on the outcome of the referendum. Ms Thomas

(Continues on page two)



Photo: Ivan Chan

*'Bonjour, guten morgen, sabaah el foul, hello', writes Ivan Chan. Last Friday morning saw the official opening of Imperial's New Language Laboratory. Very well-equipped, it has twenty video machines and twenty audio machines as well as two computer aided language terminals. "The group of people who will most benefit will be overseas students. They have a great incentive to learn the English language," said Ms Katie Gent, supervisor of the New Language Lab. "Students who would like to continue with a second language and students preparing for a year in Europe will also benefit," she added. Speaking during the opening Sir Ronald Oxburgh, the Rector, (pictured above in headphones) placed great emphasis on the merits of learning a second language. Facilities for studying a new language were 'extremely important'. He went to say that if there is a demand for further equipment for the language labs then Imperial will 'get more!' The language lab is situated in Room 305, Mechanical Engineering and is open from 9.00am to 9.00pm Monday to Friday. Every Wednesday at 2.00pm there is an introductory demonstration (no appointment is necessary). Both students and staff are welcome to use the facility. For further information ring ext. 48756 or contact the Humanities Department in Mech Eng.*

## Bottomley Battles Through

BY RACHEL WALTERS  
OUR CORRESPONDENT AT  
WESTMINSTER

Proposed changes to London's healthcare seem certain to go ahead with the government overwhelming Wednesday's Labour Party motion calling for the plans to be reconsidered. The House of Commons discussion focussed on the implementations of the Tomlinson report, which considers the proposed merging

of the capital's medical schools as well as the closure of hospital wards and services.

The plans for the amalgamation of teaching facilities in London include the new Basic Medical Sciences building which is set to open in Imperial College in 1998. Virginia Bottomley, the much criticised Secretary of State for Health, asserted her commitment to the future of teaching and research.

Mrs Bottomley maintained

that merging the present nine undergraduate medical schools into four multi-faculty colleges based at Imperial, King's, Queen Mary and Westfield and University College will benefit medical teaching. "We have got to build for the future, not fossilise the past," she said.

Margaret Beckett, presenting the opposition motion, questioned her logic in suggesting that the amalgamation of so many

(Continues on page two)

☐ news one&two&three ■ editorial&credits three ■ incoming five ■ feature: a bridge too far seven ■ feature: a moving experience eight ■ union: raft racing and the taste of hardship nine ■ xtra curricular: in the air and underwater ten&eleven ■ standby: art for you twelve&thirteen ■ eight day guide fourteen&fifteen ■ sport: politically correct sportspeak sixteen ☐

## News in Brief

BY RACHEL WALTERS

### Rector Disagrees

Wednesday's Board of Studies meeting saw the Rector, Sir Ronald Oxburgh, deliver his emphatic response to the New Academic Framework, proposed for University of London (UL) degrees. His reply, which emphasises the difference in standard between Imperial's degrees and those awarded by other UL Colleges, was accepted without complaint by the Board.

The New Academic Framework, a paper by Professor Andrew Rutherford, Vice Chancellor of the University of London, calls for standards to be set across UL so that the quality of the degrees given by its different Colleges would be uniform. In what amounts to an important statement of university policy, he says that there is a

need for better communication and the demonstration of the 'collective aims and objectives' of the different colleges.

Somewhat isolated amongst his UL colleagues, Sir Ronald responded that "parity of degree standards between universities in the United Kingdom is a chimera ... and the same arguments apply within the largest university in the United Kingdom, which contains institutions disparate in size and mission."

### Student Penury

The numbers of students using the ICU advice service has gone up in recent weeks, highlighting fears that increasing numbers of Imperial students are suffering acute financial hardship. Speaking to FELIX, Don Adlington, IC's student advisor, said that "over the past few years the financial problem has got systematically worse." He commented that money worries were an important part of student life, and that he was seeing very careful students being unable to survive on their grants.

### Cheaters Stay at Home

The University of London Academic Committee, meeting on May 1, decided that students caught cheating in University of London exams, which include all those Imperial College students take, will be dealt with by each UL College internally. The closely run ballot of the cross-section of students and academics from the various UL Colleges who attended the committee meeting saw the motion being passed by the slender majority of only 21 votes to 17.

### Too Many Students...

Imperial College has indicated that Constituent College Union freshers who normally have their get-togethers during the first week in the Great Hall will no longer be able to use this venue. There are now too many students entering first year to fit in the room for the welcome initiations. Instead freshers will have to trek along Exhibition Road to the Kensington Gore corner to meet in the Royal Geographical Society.

(NUS continues from page one)

did leave the option of objecting later open, saying 'maybe I will', but stressed that "the people running the referendum should be doing something about it."

The competency of the ICU Executive's running of the referendum is crucial to the legitimacy of the ballot. If the next ICU Council meeting on the 23rd May decides that their handling of the issue has not been acceptable, the whole exercise will be discounted. Ms Thomas refused to disclose her opinions of Exec's management of the referendum, saying that she would take any objections to them, rather than commenting to FELIX.

While it had been suspected that turnout might not reach the required one thousand votes, it now appears that the four days of balloting across campus could mean that sufficient numbers of students will vote for the count to be quorate. As FELIX went to press, after two days' voting, insiders estimated that between six and seven hundred votes had been cast. If another four hundred students express their opinions before 7.00pm today a legitimate decision will have been made.

It is still not clear whether Claire Maloney, St Mary's Student Union President, will encourage medical students to vote. Guidance by St Mary's Student Union in the recent sabbatical elections resulted in over two hundred extra medical votes for the preferred candidates. Clearly this could have a significant impact on the NUS referendum, but, with Ms Maloney said to be annoyed that Paddington students were not mailed the information given to South Kensington students, it is possible that very few votes will come from the northern part of the campus.

It has also emerged that last Friday's Referendum Hustings were even more confused than first thought. Jim Murphy, recently re-elected for a second year as NUS President, arrived late expecting to speak on behalf of the pro-lobby. ICU and the NUS are still at odds as to why the delegation was late with both parties blaming each other.

# Funds Promised (Perhaps?)

BY ANDREW SMITH

£20million from the Higher Education Funding Council of England (HEFCE) has been promised to Imperial College for the construction of the new Basic Medical Sciences building. The future of the project depends on an impending decision by the Department of Health (DoH) as to whether it wishes to give another £20m to the scheme. The undertaking will see up to five medical institutions merging to form a new Imperial College Medical School.

Mystery surrounds the announcement of the HEFCE money as the body itself has still not formally declared their funding of the project. It was Virginia Bottomley, the embattled Secretary of State for Health, who announced the funding in a Press Statement which also covers the proposed closure of a number of London Hospitals.

HEFCE have insisted that

they themselves have not officially announced their funding, emphasising that a formal statement on the overall finance will not be made until the DoH decides whether to contribute its £20m to the proposed merger.

Speaking to FELIX Anna Whelan, Imperial College's Planning Officer, attempted to downplay suggestions that the money is in the pipeline. She too emphasised that the HEFCE funding depends on it being matched by the DoH but added that "we all hope very much that it will go ahead." It is still not clear when a final decision will be made but the College's Planning Department, which has coordinated applications, is expecting it 'any day'.

FELIX understands that the Rector, who previously worked closely with Tory leaders as Chief Scientific Adviser to the Government, is confident that all the money will come through. It appears though that the the

project may be put in jeopardy by the Department of Health's wish that it be tested under its new Private Finance Initiative. The resultant delay that this would incur worries those planning the mergers, with Ms Whelan admitting that her department definitely did not want the building to come under the new initiative.

Another problem looming is that of the proposed demolition of the Royal College of Science II building which is expected to take place over the Summer. With this 19th Century building in a 'conservation area', certain sources have suggested that local authorities may find their nostalgic admiration of the ancient lecture theatres becomes an overwhelming obstacle to demolition.

The gutting of the theatres is planned to occur soon after students leave at the end of this term with demolition projected, barring complications, for September.

The annual Rag fete took place on the Queen's Lawn on Wednesday, writes Andy Sinharay. Various activities from stuffing cream crackers to talking to giant flowers, were on offer to the punters, all in aid of charities such as the Red Cross and the Marie Curie Cancer Research Fund. Ian Robertson, RAG Chair, told FELIX that there was some concern about the weather, threatening attendance and bringing the long-awaited mud-wrestling into doubt. "When we had the sun, the place was packed for half an hour," Mr Robertson explained. However one activity on offer, the opening of Queen's Tower which allowed panoramic views for 50p climb, proved so popular that many called for the Tower to be open all year round. Luckily as the day wore on, the weather held. Mud-wrestling finally took place in the late afternoon, and the remaining faithful were lucky enough to be drawn into the messy fray! Rag have raised in excess of £20,000 so far this year.



Photo: Diana Harrison

(Bottomley continues from page one)

undergraduate and postgraduate colleges into a fraction of the original space would lead to an improvement in facilities. The new site at Imperial is planned to house both St Mary's and Charing Cross and Westminster Medical Schools, the National Heart and Lung Institute and the Royal Postgraduate Medical School. The possibility of the Institute of Cancer Research joining is still being considered but the building will definitely include Imperial College's Department of Biology.

The sometimes acrimonious Westminster debate saw the Government under pressure from both Conservative MP's as well as the Opposition. Mrs Bottomley was accused of storming ahead with unpopular and discredited proposals. These were described as cost-cutting measures which threaten patient care and research. The bulk of the discussion clearly focussed on the controversial decisions to scrap accident and emergency services at a number of London hospitals. The call to reconsider the 'widely challenged assumptions that underpin the Tomlinson Report' could also have implications for the changes planned for medical education and research.

## editorial

### NUS Last Day

Remember that today is your last chance to vote in the NUS referendum. It is difficult to guess at the result at the moment. Early on it seemed like the 'no' voters were staying away, hoping that the vote would be inoperative. As the week has progressed however, they too have begun to cast ballots, fearful of one thousand 'yes' votes. I'm actually quite excited that the whole thing is coming to an end at last. Full results and analysis, as they say, in next week's issue.

### Begging Bowl

Well this week we've had to drop to sixteen pages. I don't blame anyone - I know how scared people are about getting a job and obtaining the necessary quality of degree - but I hope no-one blames me! In an attempt to halt

the slow insidious decline we will, from next week, be letting loose some of the things we've wanted to do all year. I hope it doesn't appear to gratuitous.

All contributions still very gratefully accepted.

### VE Day

Call me a friendless (veteran) thanker but I found myself alone in Hyde Park on Monday night. The atmosphere was strange. Unlike one acquaintance I made no attempt to break into the secure celebration 'compound'. Instead I walked the grounds amongst tens of thousands of others. It seemed more a rock festival than an official state day of celebration, such was the mix of people and the heady combination of poor amps, smoke, and lights. Oh, and the tourists.

I did find myself wondering at one stage just how many, if any, of the assembled were

actually British! I heard in fact more of the 1940's 'baddies' accents! It reminded me of an old science fiction story I once read. It featured the experience of a group of time-travelling Christian Tourists (it was written in straight faced 1950's superscience speak so don't smirk) who go on a tour to see the selection of Jesus over Barabus as the criminal to be sent to his death.

They are told by the travel company that under no circumstances could they attempt to save Christ, as this would alter the timeline. Instead, they are dressed in robes and encouraged to chant for Barbarus along with the Jews. As the tempo rises the cries get more fierce; only at the last moment do they notice the Jews are silent around the edges of the crowd, which consists entirely of tourists.

Why were the cheers for an ancient Vera Lynn so strident?

## Credits

Editor	Owain Bennallack
Printer	Andy Thompson
Assistant Printer	Jeremy Thomson
Business Manager	Tim Bavister
Advertising Manager	Wei Lee

### Editorial Team

Art & Literature	Jon Jordan
Cinema	Wei Lee
Clubs, Societies & Union	Piers Daniell
Columns	Marcus Alexander
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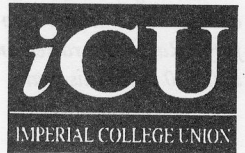


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## Over Here!

Edited by Owain B.

### Art in Demand

Dear Felix,

This is just a brief note to remind everybody that Phoenix, the I.C. Arts magazine, is scheduled to be published before the end of this year. To do this, we need contributions. These can be almost anything (within reason) – poetry, prose, artwork, photography, etc. The only proviso is that any writing should be reasonably short (500 words absolute max). All contributions must be in by the 25th May 1995. They can be sent to the Felix office, or directly to me, the editor, either by internal or e-mail.

Marcus Alexander Mech Eng  
UG 3 (m.alexander@ic.ac.uk)

### They Leave in Shame

Dear FELIX,

We've been together at Imperial for four years and we value the close friendship between us and all the good friends we've made and the good times we've had here, including many a pleasant evening in Southside and the Union Bar.

However, during all this time, we have never felt the need to regale our fellow students with the sight of our genitals. We have justified this selfish attitude of ours by noting that in the sad, oppressive world outside Imperial,

where the enlightened liberal attitudes of the Constituent College Unions' Social Clubs sadly do not prevail, such behaviour could result in arrest by the Police and criminal prosecution.

We realise now that we have been reaping the social rewards of being members of Imperial College student society while ourselves not respecting its illustrious traditions and not making the effort to adopt its groundbreaking standards of behaviour and social conscience.

We hereby wish to apologise for this staggering display of insensitivity on our part, and make public our contrition and shame. We realise it is now too late to make amends, as it is not possible to atone in the little time we have left here for the sins of our four years. We wish also to thank our fellow Imperial students of the CCU Social Clubs for the tactful tolerance they have displayed in the face of our arrogant presumptions. They have our sincere esteem and admiration, but we will not insult their modesty with unworthy flattery. No praise can speak louder of them than the paean of their actions.

Yours etc,

George Karaolides  
Xavier Siemens  
Benjamin Wandelt

**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.**

## FELIX DEADLINES

letters – monday 6pm

you must bring your id card along too

clubs and societies' articles – friday 6pm

you should limit these to 250 words. If you want to write more, please come in and see us first.

reviewers' meeting – mondays 1pm

for music, cinema, theatre, clubs, art

news meeting – mondays 6pm

for all potential news animals

features meeting – wednesday 1pm

if you've got ideas for features or want to be given them, this is your FELIX meeting

### Photocopying

We can offer three A4 photocopying rates depending on the amount you want to do.

up to 100 copies from one original – 5p per copy  
between 100 to 300 from one original – 4p per copy  
over 300 from one original – 3.5p per copy

## Size Matters

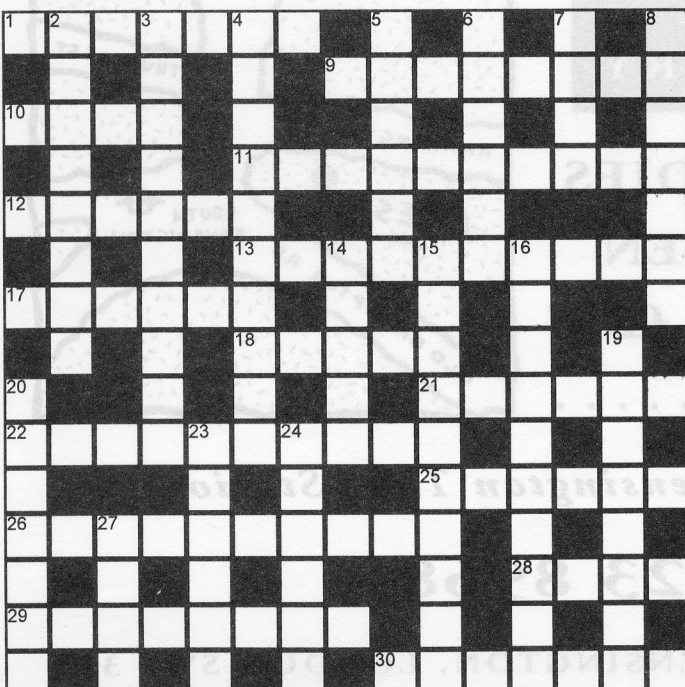
'Ere, issa bit small innit?

**Yes, and it can only get smaller at this rate! With everyone leaving FELIX for exams the editor, like Will Carling without the captaincy, has nothing to edit, forcing a major life crisis.**

**How can you help this dire situation? By finally writing that article you've been planning all year! It's the summer term, everything's looser and the wackiest ideas will be gratefully accepted at the FELIX office, north-west Beit Quad.**

**Remember: An Editor is for Summer not just for Christmas**

### Crossword by Catfish



#### Across:

1. Guidance given to French seasoning (7)
9. Playboy's Spanish house, with river running round (8)
10. Almost beautiful, but too thin (4)
11. Spectacular return makes impact on Wall Street bearing (6-4)
12. Scottish sprite is weedy, they say (6)
13. Study cheap American books about spices (10)
17. Flagwaver will put up with hesitation (6)
18. Put into retreat after current bad show (3,2)
21. Objecting to a poem (6)
22. Fight off soldiers in time to reach castle walls (10)
25. How current crosses gap, in pipe (6)
26. Be without passion concerning poor performance (10)
28. Drunk as starters before ording opening round (4)
29. Knowledge about gold which

- players feel sick over (8)
30. Goddess of some French measure! (7)

#### Down:

2. Closed by one Italian writer and journalist (8)
3. Reward honesty by first handing over cash (3,2,5)
4. Bless once traces are removed (10)
5. Thanks playwright for waistcoat! (6)
6. Might stitch-up cause chaos? (6)
7. Stick which will turn up in river (4)
8. It's bright to admit point about decoration (7)
14. An idiot with regard to chemical (5)
15. I am playing cards out of boredom (10)
16. Drain can be unnecessary (10)
19. Is circle a job for graph line? (8)
20. Only a sailor knows about seafood! (7)
23. Flowers for girls (6)
24. Wear French fancy-dress to

# FilmsOC Presents...

Doors open 15 minutes before time stated. ICU Cinema is no smoking but drinks from Da Vinci's bar are welcome. E&OE; ROAR

MERYL STREEP  
KEVIN BACON  
DAVID STRATHAIRN

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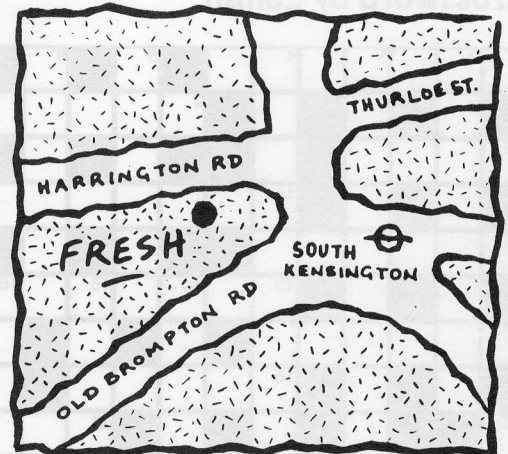


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# A BRIDGE TOO FAR

*As we all know, male nakedness is an acceptable part of University tradition. But get a woman in that position and you get national coverage for a week.*

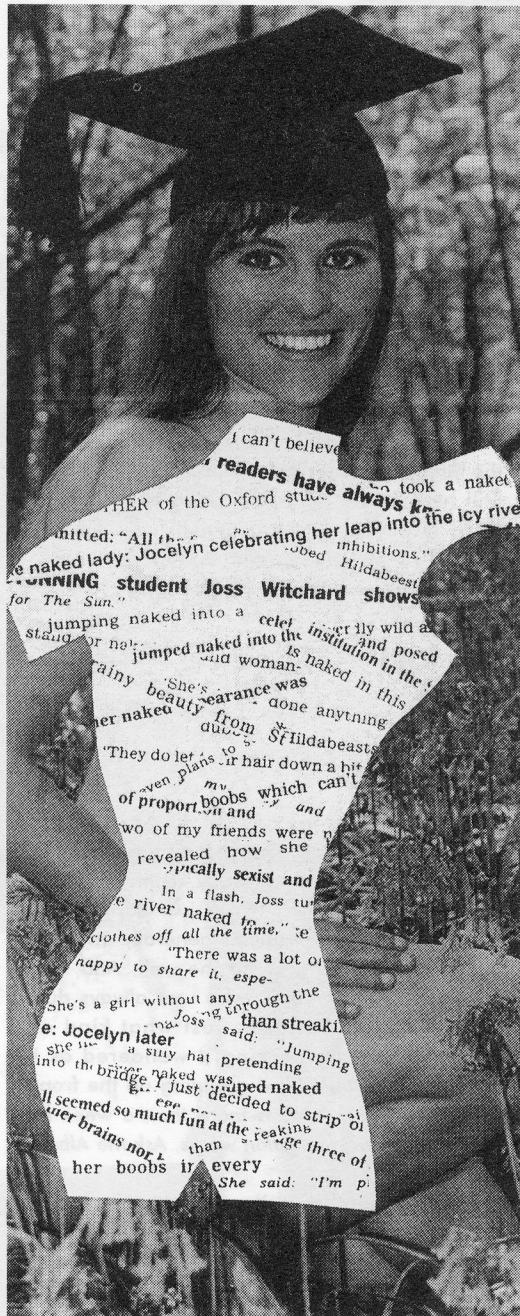
**Jon Jordan**  
*investigates a cultural phenomenon.*

You'd think that nothing would be more traditional than the annual May Day festivities at Magdalen Bridge, Oxford. As the Choir break into song, twenty or so drunken students, in various states of undress, take a leap of faith from the bridge into less than four feet of water. Does anything better demonstrate the glorious stupidity and zest for life of the Oxbridge upper middle class? In fact so popular has the scene become that over fifteen thousand spectators gather to watch it. But what was different this year? A certain Jocelyn Witchard, that's what.

"Every year drunken fellas jump in. I wanted to be the first girl to strip off and do it," said Jocelyn, 22, quoted in *The Sun* the next day under the headline 'Dip, dip Hoorays'. 'Jocelyn splashed around swigging champagne as Hooray Henry pals whooped with delight,' *The Sun* continued in its 'crayon style'.

*The Mail* also covered the story, although they chose to use the title, 'Miss Witchard', and managed to publish a slightly more circumspect picture (it's amazing what you can hide with long, if wet, hair). Sensitive to its audience however, the article's leader included the phrase: 'How would you feel if she was your daughter?' The breakfast tables of A level students around the country must have trembled.

Just in case any mothers were unconvinced, *The Mail* also decided to conduct an interview with Mrs Francis Witchard: 'a community housewife who is married to Maurice, a retired RAF chief technician', it eagerly informed readers. "Oh dear," was her first pearl of wisdom. Still, further questioning resulted in "I expect she



was a bit drunk at the time" and "She's never done anything like this before". With a last vague foray into feminism - 'She does feel women should have equal opportunities in life' - it appeared that was the end of the whole matter. A sudden rush of blood and alcohol to the head, a couple of photographs and no harm appeared to have been done. At most there would be a brief period of fame or embarrassment and a couple of worried phone calls from home but that would be all.

'Girl from St. Thrillda's' screamed *The Sun's* banner. 'Now she takes the plunge as the star of page 3'. Whoops!

Taking *The Sun's* Penny (actually £1,000) was probably the stupidest move Jocelyn, or 'Joss' as *The Sun* now familiarly called her, could have made after leaping

over the bridge in the first place. Not only was she described as 'bawd and gownless', a 'diving belle' and a 'water babe', she became a bit player in *The Sun's* continual attempt to justify Page 3. Joss' quasi-feminist line now read more like a battle cry. "I'm proud of my body and I'm happy to share it, especially for *The Sun*" she said. Words which have graced the mouth of many a bimbo were now aped by *The Sun*-styled 'brainy beauty'.

There was also mention of two further developments. One was that she had lived for three years with a 37 year old man and the second was a confession: "I take my clothes off all the time". So much for the homely suggestions of dear old mum. Still *The Sun* did manage to include a picture of her parent's house with the helpful description, 'respectable'.

Of course that was not an end to the matter. On the same day as the page 3, the late editions of *The Evening Standard* replied with the headline, 'Why Joss is the shame of St. Hilda's'. Taking *The Mail's* lead, this echoed the now latest sentiments of 'midwife Mrs Witchard, 57' concerning her wayward daughter. "She is naked in this picture but she is wearing her college cap in a way that makes fun of the college," Frances was reported as saying.

*The Sun* kept the story firmly on the boil with a follow up double page spread the following day. Although Joss's ex-lover had mysteriously aged six years, from 37 to 43 in 24 hours, at least he now had a name. 'Hippy Barry Raithby' was pictured showing *The Sun's* photographer, 'inside the cramped van where they shared nights of love on an old brown bed'.

"She is just a beautiful genius," Barry remarked, echoing a line that *The Sun* had already made quite clear. He also repeated that Joss had a habit of stripping in public and said that he had watched her go in on that 'fatal' bridge-jumping morning.

Back the dreaming towers, Joss' college authorities were becoming none to pleased with all the attention. In particular the use of phrases such as 'Hildabeasts' to describe the antics of the college's all female members was not being taken lightly. "We are a serious academic college," their common room president, Ms Diola, commented.

And so to the moral. What initially seemed to be simple case of clothes off and into river at second sight now appears rather more byzantinian. Can we really still swallow that it happened on the spur of the moment? The differences between 18,000 Oxford onlookers in the flesh and four and a half million *Sun* readers in the 'black and white and red all over' has never looked so small. ■

# Moving Experiences

by Owain

**D**o you want a coffee? I say to the builder as he plugs his equipment into the kitchen wall socket.

"No, ta mate," he replies.

"Then tea perhaps?"

"No really, it's okay." He carries his drill back to the door.

"Cornflakes possibly? Or toast - I was just making some." The door closes, wedging on the white power flex. I smell the toast burning and smile. Looks like I've managed to find one of the hot bits of the stove.

I like to keep on good terms with the builders - after all, they're practically neighbours. Well, I suppose most neighbours don't pop in whilst you're having a shower to do an 'estimate' (of what, I ask, clutching the towel more securely) nor are all so open with their opinion about your diet and health: "No, you don't wanna fry everything man. Look at you - you need some exercise and frying food isn't gonna burn up those k's for sure..." You know where you stand with them. (On top of about two inches of shavings and sawdust).

Many of Imperial's students are right this instant looking for somewhere to live next year. Many will end up in worse situations than facing the depressing sight of your fashionable slum being converted into a luxury hotel just in time for you and your fellow students to be kicked out. Many will face extortionate rents, plagues of biting insects, no security, blocked plumbing and noise from every conceivable noise outlet. (I know because I've experienced all of these as well). This article is intended as a guide to what went wrong for us. Learn from our mistakes!

House hunting started badly when only one of us hunted for a house. The rest either languished in foreign countries or in bed. The problem with hyper-competent friends is that you can end up piling too much straw onto their backs and you never realise when they break just how many loads they were carrying. (Tip One: Find a house together. Ditch hyper-competent friends and move in with disorganised wasters).

I did look at Loot once and saw this ad for a place in Camden. Five bedrooms, two reception rooms, kitchen and bathroom, well-furnished, about fifty quid each. It sounded ideal(ish) but it was beyond walking distance which brought stern disapproval from some of the team so we never even looked at it. Out of everyone, I guess walking distance was most important to me, yet I overlooked that fact in later months and harked on about 'that excellent place I found in Camden'. In reality it was probably gone by the time it hit Loot.

I reckon all the typists at Loot moonlight as estate agents and sell the hot property on the phone the moment it arrives, continuing to

type in the entry whilst cradling the phone in their shoulder, lest anyone become suspicious. Maybe the ads are fakes, filler to boost a lean issue. We certainly never called anywhere that hadn't already been taken. (Tip two: the accommodation section in Loot is a fairy story. Read before bedtime).

Still, the hyper-competent friend had found some places in West Kensington. He actually was responding to a one line entry in the accommodation office housing list but that line turned out to be a tardis of entry points to different properties. In fact every time he visited the landlord he seemed to see a different place. Still he and the landlord coalesced around a third storey apartment which we all went around to visit. It seemed fairly respectable, except that it was being gutted.

## "This flat was much better - it had floors and everything"

"Yes," said Mr Murry. "It still needs a little work before you can move in but I hope to have this area tiled by Wednesday. Then we must decide whether to put a bar in, just along here." Mr M's solution to problems generally involved a small bar running along the wall. And 'the man with his computer' who was always due two days after our visit. Just what kind of computer was he packing, I wondered as I looked at the toilet bowl propping up the front door. (Tip three: It takes more than a week to complete major renovation works. Ask the Albert Memorial)

After another visit we, rather sensibly I thought, decided not to part with £1000 cash to secure a deposit on various spaces filled with rubble. No matter, Mr M had another place lined up. This flat was much better - it had floors and everything. One of its best features was two front doors, allowing one of the bedrooms to exist independently of the others. One of our party, we felt, was just right for that role (the one languishing in a foreign country).

The only trouble was another party was looking at it whilst we did. An impromptu conference was called in the back bedroom.

"This place is okay, I think," I said.

"Yes, it's alright," they replied.

With such unanimous enthusiasm and only four weeks to go before we'd be chucked out of hall for the new first years, desperate measures were called for. I returned to the living room, shouting back to Paul about how bad the state of the plumbing was, the draughts, the fittings, all for the general interest of the group of students milling about by the

window. Our eyes flashed as they met.

"Yes," I called to Paul. "These landlords only get away with it because the second years are so gullible..."

The group rapidly adopted a 'we're not gullible second years' pose and then dived into a hurried conference. This gave me a chance to slip out again and through to the landlord that Paul had cornered in the bathroom. They were discussing some modifications Mr M wanted to make before we moved in. But he was quickly haggled around to a no-modifications equals less rent stance, which we much preferred, having seen the 'modifying' process at work in the other flat. (Tip four: You've seen Wildlife on One. It's survival of the fittest out there...)

We left the flat with Mr M telling us all about the warehouses of furniture and fittings he had at his disposal to give us whatever our hearts might require.

Paul went to pay the deposit after work the next day. A grand, cash. 1K handed over to a man who had apparently changed his name from Merry to Murry to 'make a fresh start'. (No, I'm Mr Merry - that's Mr Murry, said his brother whom we met in the foyer of the same building once, attempting to sound out a new landlord after Murry had scared us. The whole setup reeked of a tax swindle).

It was then that we discovered a hiccup. Paul, being the one who had just given a third of a student's whole grant to the man, didn't want to be the one to tell us but it was obvious from the way he was biting his nails that something was wrong... (he didn't even stop to take off his socks).

"Oh it's nothing serious. He doesn't own the flat or something, that's all."

"What?"

"He's waiting for the Jewish holidays to end or something. So he can buy it. Or something."

We waited. The days passed. The house did not get bought. "I'm waiting just like you," Murry said. Except you have a house and a roof. "Well yes, but you can always sleep in another of my properties whilst you're waiting."

Somehow we stuck with him and, two weeks before the start of term, we moved into another property of his. It was quite stunning, with gold fittings and a jacuzzi bath. Situated on the sixth floor, above Cromwell Road, I stared out through the triple glazing across West Kensington to a Bark Psychosis soundtrack for a week. Dreaming of high-rise cocaine habits and lavish champaign parties, I almost forgot about the deposit we'd given to a man for the luxury of having nowhere to live.

Mr M didn't though. "No, I'm afraid I haven't managed to buy it. I'm terribly sorry." Yes. "You'll all have to be out by Sunday because I have some new people moving in. Arabs."

Arabs - he made it sound like a threat. We all panicked, and Paul panicked enough to actually find us somewhere to live.

To be continued...



# Rafting Wild on the River Wye

by Ian Parish

on the team, so we shouldn't end up down the Dog and Duck every night. The organisers of the race, CHAR, have managed to find a 2000 person marquee and bar for the evenings' entertainments, so as long as we are still alive we should have a good time.

If you would like to sponsor the rafters, then there is a form in the Union Office. The first £500 raised will go the Pymlinon Trust and the rest to our nominated charities: the College Day Nursery and the Mangotsfield Opportunity Group.

This event has cost the participants a total of about £1000. Both Dan and I are thankful to the mad men and women willing to give up their time for this adventure. We also have to thank the following people for their support for us entering the race: Union Management, Transport Committee, The Bookstore and STA Travel.

One hundred miles of the river Wye will be the challenge over the next Bank Holiday weekend for members of the Union and College Staff. A team of ten will be rafting down the river Wye for charity. The race will take three gruelling days covering the distance from Hay-on-Wye to Chepstow, some of the river is even in Wales!

It all started from a simple idea and one phone call, and has now grown into a major event for the Union team entering this years "Annual 100 Mile River Wye Charity Raft Race", taking place over 27 to the 29 May. The team is made from all walks of College life. Dan Look and Ian Parish the Deputy Presidents of the Union

lead the team of Security Guards, Union Staff and Students. "We wanted a Union team, but we now have a team from a mixture of College and it works well", said Dan, "There are 73 other teams in this race. We are the only Students' Union team. It takes quite a bit of organisation." The raft is named "The Prince Consort", this was thought to be a suitable name considering the Unions' surroundings.

"With the team made from all walks of College life, this is a great exercise in industrial relationships", Dan continued, "all the team realise that although this is going to be a very tough weekend it is also going to be

good fun. We have already attended two meetings in Hereford, but still no-one has answered our biggest worry - how to go to the toilet in the middle of the race?"

To give you an idea of what is going to happen to these people I shall run down some facts for you: The raft is 50 foot long, 10 feet wide, takes fifty 25 litre barrels and weighs about 600 lbs. The main structure of the raft is aluminium piping, with a foam filled fibreglass bow. We expect to be rafting for about 6 hours each day. If we end up with a time

under 20 hours for the 100 miles we shall be pleased, the fastest teams win in about 13 hours! The likes of the Army, and British Telecom enter this race so with our

limited funding we will be happy just to finish. "This event is similar to a marathon on your arms for three days running", was the only advice the rafts previous owners could come up with! Apparently we are able to steer our raft. The only problem being is that when we find ourselves heading for trouble we actually have to speed up, or else our rudder won't work!

The ten rafters will be relying on our backup team for support, food and mending any damage to the raft. The back up team are the real workers, it will be the rafters who will bask in the glory. Luckily we have two Chefs

**"This event is similar to a marathon on your arms for three days running"**

# Student Hardship Rising

It is evident from the number of students using the Union advice service that student financial hardship is continuing to increase. There are cases of students working long hours for low wages and others who have not eaten for several days in order to pay essential bills such as rent or fuel bills.

The budget at the end of 1994 was not good news for students. Gillian Shepherd, Secretary of State for Education, revealed that institutions will have to make a financial cut of almost 3.5% per person as student numbers rise<sup>1</sup>. The rates for grants will be reduced which will result in more students having to rely on loans. Mature students will be badly affected by the abolishment of the allowance received by students over the age of twenty-six<sup>1</sup>. All in all, funding for higher education is to be cut by £25 million in each of the next two academic years and will continue at the

reduced figure into 1997/8<sup>1</sup>. To make matters worse, students are facing long delays in having their student loan applications processed and this has had a knock-on effect on paying rent etc.

While looking at the financial problems faced by home students, we should remember that international students outside the EEC do not receive LEA grants and cannot apply for student loans.

**"There are cases of students who have not eaten for several days in order to pay essential bills"**

There are discussions taking place which consider ways in which students can pay for their education. Recent suggestions include the idea of students repaying maintenance and possibly fee costs through national insurance and tax. This added burden would be very worrying when most students already face having to repay student loans and large debts when they leave college. It is thought that 18 to 21 year old students are accumulating debts over £2000 and it is possible that older students may owe up to £6000<sup>2</sup>. The growing financial pressures may discourage people from poorer backgrounds from entering higher education in the future.

In addition, it is increasingly difficult to obtain funds from charities for students.

It can be said that student poverty exists now, and measures which may worsen the situation should be strongly opposed. How can students who have to worry about meeting their basic finances be expected to cope with the pressures of their studies?

It may be possible for institutions to introduce schemes to assist students in financial difficulties such as providing cheaper accommodation, cheaper meals, help with the cost of books and cheaper nursery places. Some colleges have set up systems to waive or reduce fees in cases of extreme hardship. Current provisions such as the access and hardship trust have helped many students to cope with the pressures that financial hardship brings.

We are rapidly approaching examination time - surely the most stressful time of the year for many students. This article is intended to highlight some of the financial problems which can increase the pressure on students. Please be aware of this and refer any students under stress to people who may be able to help, such as the Union Adviser, Counsellor, or College Tutors.

J. Cummins and M. Kavlak  
Union Advice Office, Beit Quad  
1 Times Higher Education Supplement  
2 The Guardian 23/3/95

## Ents

### Another week of temptation

Keys: Harry Hill, Carnival

So, here we go again, another week, another set of choices – should I revise or should I sunbathe or watch “Going for Gold”? I remember (vaguely) what it was like. But I’m afraid we’re about to put more temptation in front of you (as if you needed it). So, for those of you luckily enough to have finished your exams, or if you’re just seeking a well deserved break – here’s where it’s at.

Friday May 12th: A bit of a coup this one, and definitely worth taking a night off for. I.C.U Ents is proud, and very excited, to present one of stand-up’s soon to be megastars, Harry Hill. This is an exclusive show, prior to Harry shooting his live video in the West End and we guarantee it will be your last opportunity to see this act in such an intimate venue. So, if you want to catch the winner of the 1994 “Independent on Sunday”, “Time Out” and “City Limits” Comic of the year awards, and the star of Harry Hill’s “Fruit Fancies”, then the doors open at 7.30pm prompt. It’s just £2 a ticket – providing that “Bust a Gut Comedy” really does bring you the best value for money in the capital. Please note admission is strictly limited for this event, and will be allocated on a first come basis, so don’t be late. Also we’ve been asked to point out that this event is strictly students, staff and guests only.

And if that wasn’t enough fun for a night, we’re also giving you the chance to indulge in a little ELIXIR, to refresh your tired minds. From 10 ’til 2 free yourself to the pumping House and Garage sounds as we give the Ents Lounge over to the coolest cuts in clubland. (If that doesn’t sound too much like one of those terrible Dance Zone TV ads). Admission is £1 after 9pm, or FREE before or have been to the comedy.

Monday May 15th: Chill out in the Quad while taking advantage of our weekly £1 a pint offer on a chosen product. Bar opens at 5pm and it’s strictly a ‘while stocks last’ scenario.

Wednesday May 17th: A very slight change to the format for Club Spanque – since most of you are either revising or just enjoying your evening in the Quad, the disco will now be ending at 11.30pm and the Quad will be cleared by 11.45pm.

Thursday 18th: Ideal for those balmy summer nights (there’s a song in there somewhere) – grab yourself one of our exotic COCKTAILS and imagine yourself on a beach. The most sophisticated way to spend a night.

Friday May 19th: Another chance to witness the success of “Bust a Gut” as one of



Stomping: Harry Hill kicks out in the tasteful surroundings of the Ents Lounge

the country’s top student comedy venues, as it stages a prestigious London heat of the National Comedy Network Open Mic Awards. This acts as a showcase for some of the best, as yet, undiscovered comic talent in London. The show features five acts and is compered by one of the current stars of the circuit, Boothby Graffoe. Entry is £2, doors open at 8.30pm, the show starts at 9pm prompt and there’s a FREE bottle of Newcastle Brown Ale to the first fifty in. Again, if you just want to dance and drink the night away there’ll be a disco ‘til 2am with a lam bar. £1 after 9pm.

So, there you have it, another week of dubious pleasures. But that’s only the start of it... Here are some more edited highlights for the rest of the term.

Friday May 26th: Leave your pretensions at home, and put on your sling backed dancing shoes, as we give ourselves over to a night of classic pop and disco sounds at “SHAFT”. So, if you long for the chance to dress up and dig the sounds of anyone from ABBA to Yazoo, or Duran Duran to Wham! then this is the night for you. There’ll be ABBA and Muriel’s Wedding prizes for the funkier threads, and as usual it’s only £1 in.

Friday June 2nd: Now for a bit of a change and just to prove we do listen occasionally, a chance to try out I.C.U POP TARTS. A night with less of an emphasis on dance music, and more on that much neglected pop and indie tip. So, if you think we’ve ignored guitar pop and ‘student classics’ for too long, then tonight is just the night to stomp around!

Friday June 16th: Just in case you’d forgotten – this is the date for Midsummer Night’s Carnival. Tickets have started to sell fast and are only available from the Union Office in Beit Quad. As well as all the goodies advertised already, we can now confirm the line-up in Whirl-y-Gig as: DJ Monkey Pilot, Joi and Earthribe. We’re also in the process of confirming support of a barbecue to add to the fun in the Quad. This is going to be the highlight of the Ents. year the best £5 any of you spend, so don’t miss out.

I hope you all agree that we’ve got a decent end to the year planned, but we’re already looking forward to next year here in the Ents Office, so if you feel like getting involved, and making your opinions known then why not come and see me anytime, or attend our weekly Ents Meetings at 1pm on a Tuesday – everyone is welcome.

## Gliding

### Easter Trip to Shropshire

Keys: Ridge, Wave, Bungee

As Easter approached this year the gliding club decided to re-visit the venue of last year's escape - Long Mynd Airfield, Shropshire. For club members used to the flat site at Lasham the Long Mynd counts as a fair hill and reports of the previous years conditions sounded good!

Arriving at the bottom the first challenge was to get 496 (our twin seat training glider) and its towcar up a 20% incline single track road, with some sharp looking bends thrown in for good measure! The solution was to leave the glider at the bottom of the hill and get a local with a land rover to tow it up, especially as the locals knew how to cope with oncoming traffic that panicked at the sight of a glider trailer on such a narrow road.

Most of the people who were coming for the weekend arrived a couple of hours after the glider, around lish on Friday, and after rigging 496 we enjoyed some flying in the sun and our first taste of ridge soaring.

Relying on rising air as they do, gliders tend to congregate on ridges. (The air blows up the side of the hill, and carries on up), and the 'Mynd is no exception. The added complication of hang glider pilots drifting around the airfield ensures that your lookout improves dramatically - as Matt will testify (and no doubt his instructor, Sarah, as well...)

Our hosts for the weekend, the Midlands Gliding club, were very welcoming and friendly and we rapidly found the bar in the evening. In fact we ended up running the bar, probably because it was self service and the taps were so difficult to stop when trying to pour half a pint. Relations were so cordial that Andrew managed to get thrown in a stagnant pond at midnight on the Saturday, together with the lady who orchestrated his ducking. He should have been suspicious when he was asked outside to participate in 'races' to cries of 'we need more Mynd people', when there were already about ten people gathering around him...

Sunday dawned grey and wet so we packed the glider and waved it off before we took down our tent. In the meantime it had become suitable for bungee launching off the edge of the hill, so we stayed to watch and help with this spectacular sigh, before we left for Lasham and home. Next year? Back to the 'Mynd probably.

For more information about membership or a trial flight, or if you just want to see the photo's of a very wet Andrew, come along to our Thursday meetings (Aero 266, 1-2pm) or email: [jhm@doc.ic.ac.uk](mailto:jhm@doc.ic.ac.uk). We are currently organising a summer trip to Le Blanc, France.



Lift-off: Underwater Club's boat takes to the air shortly before the divers go under

## Underwater

### Underwater Club's Easter Trip

Keys: Suck, Blow & Go

Mention to someone that you've just spent the first week of the Easter vacation SCUBA diving off Falmouth and their response can be virtually guaranteed: "Diving? in Britain? in March? you must be crazy!" No just suffering an addiction to Britain's fastest growing sport. The Easter trip annually marks the start of the Underwater Club's diving season. After six months of training dives in the dregs of Imperial's swimming pool, everyone lucky enough to get a place was desperate for some "real" diving. For the novices present, including myself, these would be our first open water dives ever...

After loading up a transit full of equipment and a minibus full of students we started our crawl out of London traffic, heading for the open roads that would whisk us to Falmouth! After seven hours of sitting on wooden benches in a traffic jam, we arrived in Falmouth. Cue the first pleasant surprise of the trip, our home for the week was one of half a dozen caravans: more luxurious than my digs in London. As we were too late to do any diving that day, there was nothing else for it but to go to the pub.

The 7.30am briefing signalled the start to each day, during which details of the days activities were given and questions answered. Being a newcomer to the game I was uncertain of what to expect. Any images of the glamorous sport that appears on the Holiday program quickly disappeared, when I found myself huddled in the lee of a particularly old and knackered ICU minibus, pulling my way into a wet-suit amid a late March hail storm.

Training had been in the swimming pool, where the water was warm and clear, this was substituted for the cold waters of the sea. Any familiarity that had been built up with the equipment we'd used throughout training vanished the minute all the extra kit needed for open water dives appeared. After you'd worked your way into a wet-suit, hood, gloves, weight-belt (the list goes on...) not only were you knackered, but even the simplest of exercises became an ordeal.

The week's diving was to vary from introductory shore dives in the sheltered waters of Porthoustock cove, to meticulously planned dives to a 38m deep wreck. (Novices need not apply!) Many of the dive sites were quite a way from the harbour where the RIB (a rigid hulled inflatable) was launched; in what were apparently "moderate" conditions, just the trip out to the dive site would put even the biggest roller-coaster to shame.

Virtually all of the dives were on a wreck of one form or another and the majority still had huge sections of steel, teeming with sea-life and begging to be explored. During the week, people surfaced talking about everything from wrasse to conger eels, small swimming crabs to the Godfather of all Lobsters.

The week was fittingly brought to an end, as it started, in the pub with after dinner awards for all the people who had "excelled" themselves during the week. A couple of the more unusual being "Hurler of the week", awarded to Dave Taylor for being the only club member to throw up both above the surface and 20m below it. Steve Foster went home the proud owner of "The Albatross" (a broken propeller) that is passed down through the club to the biggest liability of the moment, for running the boat that he's spent so many hours maintaining onto a submerged reef.

## THE MENU



'They tried and failed?' questioned *Magpie*. 'No. They tried and died' returns the sorry response. Yes it's **dune** on video. 'Dune, desert planet...' he continues. Yes, yes, very good but I bet you can't do the parrot sketch?



Lots to do, no time to waste – *tintin* on **cornershop's** new album, *Stylus* on **offspring**, *Bratt Anderson* on **pet lamb** and *Nick* on **marion**; those last three all live and kicking.



Samin wandered lonely as a columnist trying to satisfy the summer requirements of a demonic standby editor desperate to fill space. Unlike Wordsworth, Samin found 'his bit' of London. Read it in the column that refuses to die



*Jenny Ho* on the *Cantona* that is **i.d.**, *Magpie* shoots from the little Jewish director with **bullets over broadway** and *tintin* sheds tears over the fate of **the steal** – they are your film team. Listen and obey.



Cheeky chappies, *Jeremy Thomson*, *Matt Booth* and *Ali O'Shay*, produce mayhem and confusion in equal measures. They are this week's happy **rotation** crew. Take it away...



## curried

Originally released in 1984 – to less than universal praise – the David Lynch directed **dune** is a stunning science fiction film. In part this is due to its strong visual flair; for example the architecture and props are less *Star Wars* and more early *Flash Gordon* with a dash of *Dalian surrealism*. However Lynch also has a totally unique view of Frank Herbert's original book, and with these elements combined he manages to create over two hours of compelling viewing.

You have watch it several times to fully understand the complex plot though. David Lynch's imagination often jumps from one idea to the next in an attempt convey all the background information, which leaves the viewer somewhat baffled.

Although *Dune* may have many intertwined themes, the underlining plot involves the intergalactic politics of the Padisha Emperor, as he forces the House of Atreides to move to a desert planet called Arrakis or *Dune*. The planet's importance is that it's the only place where the spice, melange which allows travel through space and time, is found. Whoever controls the spice production, controls the universe.

When originally released *Dune* was hounded by the critics and flopped at the cinema, but with the passing of time, it's become an undeniable cult classic. Having it on video is a definite advantage to understanding it too.

From 8th May; £10.99



## sunrise

With a title like *woman's gotta have it*, you might think that **nothing's** changed down **cornershop** way. Wrong. Their fourth album sees a welcome move towards the trancey eastern twirls which have gained *Tjinder Singh* such acclaim with side project, *Clinton*.

There's something of the old agit pop on display though; tracks like 'call all destroyer' and 'hong kong book of kung fu' still punch their weight. However, it's delights like 'roof rack', with its floating lead guitar, and the eight minute roving drum trip-out of 'looking for the way in', that really carry your ear with hop skip and jump. And whilst there are the odd papered-together cracks, overall *Cornershop* appear to be heading towards a surprisingly tuneful horizon. (7)

They may look like *Pavement* but **quicksand** they snarl and the lead singer has an aversion to melody. It's fast industrial punk-metal, only they seem to have ignored the last ten years progression in both those genres to produce a very dull sound. The nasty looking skins lap it up though; the bald row of heads nodding like some fleshy executive toy, but there was nothing there.

So to the **offspring**. They take to the stage and the crowd go absolutely mental. The mosh is enormous, everyone sings all the words, twenty girls to my left pick up where *Riot Grrl* went wrong and spill their own blood away from the bullies at the front and I admit I'm carried away with the enthusiasm.



But their second song sounds like their first, which isn't much different to the third.

Still, the performance is great and involves a singing vocal audition, an audience demanded snog between two strangers and a thirty strong mass stagedive! But 'self-esteem', together with *Weezer's* 'sweater song' stand out embarrassingly from the rest.

It's telling that they encore with *Nirvana's* 'territorial pissings' and already the song seems an historical relic. As the new kids on the territory arrive, we're into our second generation of popular 'alternative' bands. Unfortunately the standard is already falling.

**pet lamb** are kind of hard to make out. It's not because they're on another plane being unique, it's more they're doing their own thing and anything worth something has some sort of individuality.

The Irish quartet open like they mean to go on with 'the bast\*d', a word that crops up with such frequency in tonight's set you wonder they they know anyone they actually like. Anyhow they go on and upwards in their pop/hardcore breeding quest. Their last single, 'where did your plans go?' and the

all out trash attack of 'insult to injury' were just two excellent examples of a band torturing a skewed tune with violent noise.

They finished with a(n) intense 'never rest again'. Its catchy refrain; "and I will kill you in the end, cos you will never rest again" combined with a melody to die for. I'm sure the band would be happy to oblige.

'Get there for the doors', said *Vik*. I realised my mistake as **puressence** completed their set within the first 10 minutes of me arriving. From what I could tell they appeared to have it together – congratulations to the sound man who produced a well defined sound. As for the band? Well they could have been *Gene* on a bad day.

After a pleasingly short break **marion** appeared and blew the support away; both musically and in the volume sense. They kicked off with 'falling through'; full of energy and power followed by 'moving fast'. Towards the end, *Marion* appeared to loose the plot a little but then pulled their gem of a debut single, 'sleep', out of the fire. Following tumultuous applause they returned for an encore that consisted of the most impressive track yet: 'father's day'.



## ⊖ stagnant

It took me a long time to think of a bit of London that, well, represented my London. Then I remembered the canal.

The canal moves from A to B, from Camden Town to Kings Cross, from one part of London to another. The A and B could only be London places. The canal, the route, could only be a London canal. Once proud, a useful part of the city, now the dirty water just reflects the grime of the structures around it.

Camden Town itself is a peculiar place. It's "trendy" I suppose. I use the word in quotes because Camden Town is considered, thought, known, to be trendy. Yes, there are the clubs, cafes, bars. But because it's considered to be trendy the tourists – the young Japanese – descend. In a way the Market is the symbol of the Town, of London Town. You can buy and sell anything there.

It takes several twists and turns along the canal to get away from Camden Town. You see the last bit of the designer Sainsbury's. You walk along and the new signs inform you that the waterway is now a property of Thames Water plc or whoever. The canal is dirty. Bottles, condoms, carrier bags – the disposables of our age pop their heads out of the green water.

But there is an alternative picture of the canal. You have to look for it. There are house boats, the wildlife reserve. And on sunny days couples sit at the edge of the canal and open a bottle of wine. The house boats remind me of Amsterdam. But there the boats are actually homes. Here they are shelter for people escaping from the city, for people who cannot afford to live in "proper" houses.

Half an hour, forty minutes later, you get to Kings Cross. Kings Cross, the exit to the North. Kings Cross, famous for boy prostitutes and drug addicts. The once-proud railway station is neglected and grimy. Islington, a sign says, lies half a mile away. Ah, English civilisation is within reach. The contrast to the start of my journey is sharp: Camden Town is full of shops, the hustle and bustle of a souk; Kings Cross is dead, nothing more than an intersection. From where I stand now I can see the new British Library building struggling to rise.

This is our Pergau. A sign of our times; of money-gobbling initiatives that benefit only the elite pass holders. ☹

## ⊕ kop

In *i.d.*, four policemen go undercover at a London football club to investigate hooliganism. Assuming the identities of football thugs, they attempt to get close enough to the ringleaders to put them away. However, the football and hooliganism merely act as a background to a psychological drama which follows the decline into violence of one of their number, John.

Going undercover changes John (Reece Dinsdale); he finds that he cannot help enjoying the violence which occurs on the football terraces. Not only that, but it begins to play a part in his homelife as well.

Released during a period when the levels of aggression on the pitch, as well as on the terraces, are increasing, *i.d.* confronts the monstrosity of football hooliganism. Still Philip Davis' directorial debut is not a film which people will come out saying they enjoyed, but it's certainly a film which both engages and intrigues.

It's undeniable. Woody Allen is back on track with **bullets over Broadway**, following his homeside turmoil and, Oscars aside, it's even made money!

John Cusak plays David, a New York playwright, eager to see his masterpiece on stage. Financial backing finally comes conditionally from New York's local gangster boss; the boss wants his girl, Olive (Meg Tilly), to have a part in the play. David's dilemma is to direct the play without offending the gangland boss. His job is made even harder thanks to the continuous script changes forced by Olive's bodyguard – someone whose writing talent comes from a harsh life in the real world.

The exuberance of all the characters lifts the film from being 'another Woody Allen film' to a hilariously funny film. Dianne Wiest has one of the most memorable roles; her manipulative charms have David drooling at every encounter. She gives him energy while taking the play and subtly molding certain parts to prop up her own aging career.

When the play finally reaches the stage the change is evident. David has to face the problem of whether or not he has betrayed the art of writing to win success on Broadway.

If you've never seen a Woody Allen film before, **Bullets over Broadway** is an excellent starting point.



Well, usual as it may seem, I feel I'm out on an unusual limb. Everyone and their blind grandmother seems convinced, **the steal** is an awful film. Even Barry 'I wouldn't know a creditable attempt at the cinematographers' art if it passed me fifty quid – thanks very much rise, time to raise eyebrows in my sexy if demure way' Norman has given it the proverbial NY cheer. So why did I find it funny? Mmmmm, probably because I thought '4w&f' was such a fag-end.

With one exception (American of course), **The Steal's** cast is fine and British – heck it's even got Stephen Fry and Jack Dee in bit parts! Of course the plot is, in the main, twee, there's some awful technobabble and the odd cringe worthy part, but I'll repeat (for clarity); in parts this film was very funny. If you see **Outbreak** instead you deserve everything you get. ☹

## ⊕ rotation

Every artist has their own sound and to compare them to others is unfair, it restricts their image not only to the comparison, but when two or more similarities are cited, to the narrow Venn overlap. Hence Matt Booth and I, Jeremy T, have attempted the task of wholly independent reviews...

**pinkie maclure** – hedonistic  
j; blatant name and an orchestral intro add interest to this otherwise obscure trance track. It that a man or a Pinkie?  
m; I hope it's not a bloke with a hair cut like that. Sounds like a computer game.

**the verve** – this is music  
m; not very original. Like the rest of the Manchester indie stuff around at the moment  
j; Manchunian's the word, Matt.

**band band machine** –  
breathless  
m; sounds outdated, mid 80's band. Repetitive. Repetitive, horrible null points.

**supergrass** – lenny  
j; everything's going right for Supergrass; signed by EMI etc  
m; easily the best single so far, not saying much though...  
(Sorry but supergrass are a serious load of reconstituted \*\* –ed.)

**teenage fanclub** – sparky's...  
m; the singing, I don't like it. They used to sound different, this one is too normal.

**boo radleys** – find the answer...  
j; extremely nice. I want to hate it but I can't – it's so nice  
m; the rest of the ep is B side material but this may well have to be SINGLE OF THE WEEK

**salad** – motorbike to heaven  
m; there's a creepy feeling to all their songs. This is not as good as 'drink the elixir' though.

we make our roundabout way to Ali O'Shay's room where we made use of his plate spinner

**dodgy** – staying out for summer  
m; I don't think much of this.  
a; dodgy's crap, isn't it?

**shed seven** – where have you...  
m; this is dead good.  
a; nahh, a load of crap, I say.  
j; good stuff. A serious contender for single of the week.

POST EXAM BLUES

EVENTS

REGULARS

MISS MEDIA

FILM

MUSIC

ARTS CINEMATIC

VISUAL

AT HOME

IN TOWN

FRIDAY SATURDAY SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY

- Harry Hill 7.30pm, Elxir 9pm-2am, Labour Club 12.30pm, Islamic Society 1pm, ICU Rag 1.10pm, Aerobics Class 5.30pm, Free Minibus Service 11.30pm-2am from the Union. Gliding Club 8.15am, Roller Blade Soc 10.45am, Roller Blade Soc 2pm, Tae Kwon Do 8pm, Aerobics 12.30pm, Art Soc 12.30pm, Exploration Soc 1pm, Ski Club 1-2pm, Aerobics Class 5.30pm, Concert Band 5.45-7.15, Bridge Club 6pm, Benelux Soc 12pm, Catholic 12pm, S+G Outdoor Club 1ish, UCO 1pm, Aerobics Class 5.30pm, Wine Tasting Soc 6pm, Dance Club 6pm, Tai Chi 8pm, Roller Blade Soc 12.15pm, Motorcycle club 12.45pm, Micro Club 1pm, Aerobics Class 1.15pm, Gliding Club 1pm, Jazz Dance 5-6.30pm, Ten Pin Bowling 2.15pm, Jazz Dance 3.30-5pm, Aerobics Class 5pm, Labour Club 12.30pm, Islamic Society 1pm, ICU Rag 1.10pm, Aerobics Class 5.30pm, Free Minibus Service 11.30pm-2am from the Union. Live music with The Stranglers. The Smell of Reeves & Mortimer 9.30pm, Eurotrash 10.55pm, Eurovision Song Contest 1995 8pm, Have I G N F Y? 10.30pm, The Ox-Bow Incident 10.30pm, The Andromeda Strain 11.20pm, Fawcett Towers 7.30pm, The Net 8pm, Thirty Minute Theatre 2pm, Ren & Stimpy Show 7.10pm, The Music Biz 9.40pm, The Gunfighter 10.55pm, Star Trek Next Gen 6pm, Newsnight 10.30pm, Tracks 8.30pm, Fist Of Fun 9pm, Meat 9.30pm, John Peel 10pm-1am, The Mrs Merton Show 7pm, Paul Merton's Life of Comedy 8.30pm, Forrest Gump 8pm, The River Wild 8pm, Leon 8pm, Babes in Toyland + Ligament 8pm, Dave Stewart 8pm, Kingmaker 8pm, John Mayall 8pm, Little Odessa 8pm, Andre Masson 8pm, Questionnaire - Test your Artistic Quotient (or AQ), Word for the Week: Vorticose

Regulars - Please tell me if you want an entry reinstated, changed, removed or almost anything else by the Tuesday morning the week before it happens. Thanks. Jeremy T.

BOOKINGS Suede RAH 21 May £15/12/10, Portishead Willesdon Empire 27 May £12/10, Jesus & Mary Chain Shep Bush Empire 31 May, Teenage Fanclub Shep Bush Empire June 2, £8.50, Stranglers Shep Bush Empire 3 June £12.50, Sonny Rollins Barbican 3 June £25/10, Dodgy Forum 9 June £8, Michelle Shocked Mean Fiddler June 9 £10, Pavement + dEUS Brixton Academy June 9 £9, Freak Power Astoria June 14 £7.50, Blur + Bao Radleys + Sparks + Dodgy Mile End June 17 £20

THURSDAY NEXT FRIDAY

- Cocktail Night 5-11pm, The Open Mic Award 5-11pm, Aerobics Class 12.30pm, Conservative Soc 1pm, Gliding Club 1pm, Jazz Dance 5-6.30pm, IC Chair 6.15-8pm, Dance Club 7pm, ULLU Lesbian & Gay Soc 7.30pm, The Mrs Merton Show 7pm, Paul Merton's Life of Comedy 8.30pm, John Peel 10pm-1am, The Mrs Merton Show 7pm, Paul Merton's Life of Comedy 8.30pm, Questionnaire - Test your Artistic Quotient (or AQ), Word for the Week: Vorticose

Union Annual

General Meeting

ALL ANNUAL REPORTS AND THE ELECTIONS OF NONSABBATICAL UNION OFFICERS

THE POSTS AVAILABLE ARE: ACCOMMODATION OFFICER, EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES OFFICER, ICCAG CHAIR, PG CHAIR, RAG CHAIR, TRANSPORT OFFICER, WELFARE OFFICER AND WOMEN'S OFFICER.

## Squash

London University Squash Leagues

The London University Squash Leagues are run during the autumn and spring terms. Forty-five teams from eighteen different universities compete in the five divisions. This year Imperial College's five teams have achieved some of the best results ever seen by one university.

The first team won Division 1 and claimed the league trophy whilst the fourth and fifth teams won Division 3 and 4 respectively. The third team's second place in Division 2 secures their promotion to Division 1, joining the first and second teams for the next season.

Congratulations to all those who played for the college, especially the team captains for all their time spent organising the matches.

The full results are on the Squash Club notice board, as are details of the committee positions available for next year.

## Editorial ☺

As you may have spotted, we have an abundance of reports this week, but I just about managed to cram them in! More seriously folks, I tire of spontaneously constructing editorials from thin air so – gasp! – I will be presenting a guide to strange and different sports starting from next week (as we DoC students don't have much to do for the rest of term). Any sports reports received will, of course, be published!

*Mark.*

Sport	IC Team	Score	Opposition
Squash	1 <sup>st</sup>	1 <sup>st</sup> place	LUS Division 1
Squash	3 <sup>rd</sup>	2 <sup>nd</sup> place	LUS Division 2
Squash	4 <sup>th</sup>	1 <sup>st</sup> place	LUS Division 3
Squash	5 <sup>th</sup>	1 <sup>st</sup> place	LUS Division 4

## PC SPORT

To kick-off the series of strange sports, a glossary of politically correct (vaguely) sporting related terms:

- charm-free.** Boring. Example: "The charm-free members of the chess club spent many an engaging hour indulging in their hobby."
- chemically inconvenienced.** Under the influence of alcohol. Example: "The newly-elected Deputy President was unavailable for comment due to his chemically inconvenienced state."
- emotionally different.** Psychologically disturbed; crazy. "The best rugby players tend to be emotionally different, claimed the coach."
- follicularly challenged.** Bald. Example: "Trevor was often mistakenly assumed to be follicularly challenged after the head-shaving night."
- his 'n' hersory.** History. Example: "Imperial has a fine his 'n' hersory of amusing bar games."
- knowledge-based nonpossessor.** A person, especially a student, who knows absolutely nothing about a given subject. Example: "On the subject of cricket, Julian is a knowledge-based nonpossessor." commented David, observing Julian's use of a golf-club on the field.

ICU ENTS (with help from DRAMSOC) PRESENT, IN THE UNION BUILDING....

Cocktail BAR  
&  
Chill OUT AREA



WHIRL-Y-GIG  
SPIN & BANDS  
DJ Monkey Pilot &



SURF MACHINE

# Midsummer Night's CARNIVAL

FRI. JUNE 16th. 9-3am.

**TICKETS £5 (adv)**  
available from Union office  
**£6 (door)**

Prizes for beachwear!  
Students & guests only. ROAR.  
FREE candyfloss  
FREE "Bizz" soft drink.



CIRCUS  
ACTS



FOAM  
PARTY

2am  
bar  
STEEL BAND



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**5 WEEKS TO GO!! TICKETS ON SALE NOW !!**