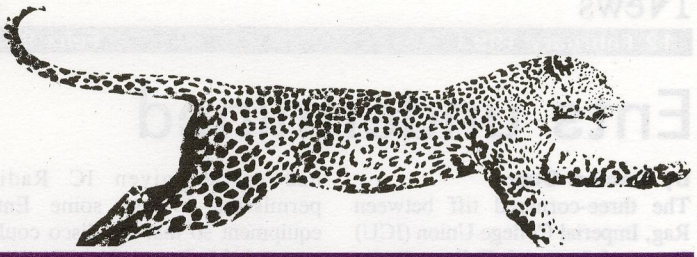


SP

FELIX



The Student Newspaper of Imperial College

Issue 957 12 February 1993

Sports delays

The Imperial College Sports Centre will not open until 7 am on Monday 21st February one week after the advertised opening date. Official opening is to be delayed for seven days due to continuing difficulties with contractors employed to run the refurbishment operation. The exact problems are not known but the project is now 6 weeks beyond the planned opening date of Monday 4th January. Previous delays in the opening have been attributed to: too many committees and the hardness of the ground in which the Sports Centre is located.

Mr Rick Bilby, ICU Deputy President, did not know how students would be compensated for the further loss of use of the Sports Centre. The contract under which the refurbishments took place means that the contractors will suffer a penalty for every day of delay. It is expected that the delay now incurred will create serious debate about how much the contractors should be paid. Even though the work has yet to be completed, an unofficial opening will be held at midday today for senior members of Imperial College to preview the changes.

Elections

by G Light & D Curry
The election for the 1993-4 Imperial College Union (ICU) sabbatical posts ignited this week. Election papers were posted outside the Union office last Monday at 9.30am. By Thursday evening, six candidates had publicly declared their ambitions, and two Ian Davies and David Goddard, were already proposed and fully seconded. At the time of Felix going to press late on Thursday, the declared candidates were Ian Davies, Beccy Land, David Goddard, Max Jalil, Charles Leary and Rachel Mountford. New Election will also stand for all posts. Rachel Mountford, a third year Civil Engineering student, is standing for the post of ICU President, currently held by Chris Davidson. Miss Mountford is currently Chairman of Rag. Ms Mountford will almost certainly be challenged by Andrew Wensley a third year mathematician, Mr Wensley has yet to officially declare

his candidature. Miss Mountford, who has ten seconders, has not, as yet, been proposed for the post of President. Marc Swan, President of St. Mary's Hospital Medical School Students' Union, angrily denied speculation in last weeks Felix that he would act as Miss Mountford's proposer. Ms Mountford was proposed late on Thursday by Nicky Fox, ICU Housing Officer. David Goddard has put his name forward for Deputy President, a post currently held by Rick Bilby. Mr Goddard, in Physics 3, has been proposed by Sarah McCartney, a third year Maths student. Mr Goddard was last year's editor of *Broadsheet*, the RCSU newssheet. Mr Goddard is one of sixteen students seconding the candidature of Charles Leary, a biologist standing for the post of Honorary Secretary Events (Hon Sec). Mr Leary is currently Chairman of the Jazz and Rock Club, one of the

RCM visit



The Queen Mother (Gawd bless her) after visiting the Royal College of Music on Tuesday

Union's newest societies. Mr Leary has been proposed by Graham Hay, currently Chairman of the Social, Cultural and Amusements Board, a Union Major Sub-Committee. Another of Mr Leary's seconders is Rachel Mountford, presidential candidate. By 4.30 pm on Thursday another candidate, Max Jalil had also stood for the post. Max, this year's *Broadsheet* co-editor, is seconded by four people and has no proposer. Ian Davies, a third year computer scientist, is standing as prospective Felix editor. Mr Davies known as 'Poddy' and 'Lise Yates' is currently Felix music editor. A somewhat controversial figure, Mr Davies' candidature was, until recent weeks, a well-kept secret. Mr Davies has been proposed by Mark Jackson, otherwise known as 'Trig'. Beccy Land will also be standing for the position and has been proposed by Stuart Rison. Felix, IC Radio and STOIC will

fully cover the elections. Each media is bound to provide equal opportunity for every candidate to put across their case. IC Radio and STOIC interviews for each post are to be announced and coverage in Felix must include each of the candidates names in the body of the report. Other avenues of publicity include Radio jingles and TV videos which will be charged for and costs included in election expenses. The election campaign officially starts on Friday 19th February. Hustings will take place at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School Students' Union at 6.30pm on 2nd March, and in the Union Lounge, South Kensington, at 6pm on 4th March. Elections will take place in all departments on Monday 8th and Tuesday 9th March. The result should be known on the evening of Tuesday 9 March, and will be ratified at a Union General Meeting in the Concert Hall, Union Building, at 1pm on 11th March.

7
Be My
Valentine

11
Riley
Roars On

12/13
Rag
Looks Back

16-21
Reviews &
Music

Ents undermined

by Declan Curry

The three-cornered tiff between Rag, Imperial College Union (ICU) Ents and Imperial College Radio continues this week. The dispute began last week when Ents refused a disco booking from Rag, despite the personal intervention of Chris Davidson, ICU President, and Mandy Hurford, Union General Manager. The booking was for the 'Great Rag Bash', the penultimate function of Rag Week. The disco was eventually done last Friday by IC Radio, using a mix of their own equipment and some Ents equipment. The remaining Ents equipment, which is Union property, had been hired out for a private function by Dominic Wilkinson, ICU Honorary Secretary.

The start of the 'Great Rag Bash' was marred by a disagreement between Ents and IC Radio, with Andrew Kerr, Ents Chairman, among those refusing to allow IC Radio access to Ents equipment. Rick Bilby, ICU Deputy Chairman,

had earlier given IC Radio permission to use some Ents equipment so that the disco could proceed. Mr Kerr, who refused to be party to this, locked the equipment in a cupboard owned by Ents, and withheld the key. The door was subsequently opened by Mr Bilby, who, as one of that night's duty sabbaticals, also had a key. After some further heated discussion between Mr Bilby, Mr Kerr, Ents, Rag and IC Radio, the disco was allowed to continue. The hire fee for the disco had earlier been waived by IC Radio.

During the later stages of the evening, Mr Kerr and another member of the Ents team were overheard shouting personal abuse at Rachel Mountford, Rag Chairman. Eyewitnesses told Felix that some of the comments were intimidatory, and were intended to cause upset and offence to Miss Mountford. Miss Mountford and Mr Kerr did not comment to Felix on this incident.

Graduates jobs drop

by Declan Curry

Further evidence of student hardship was published this week along with figures showing that only 38% of last year's graduates were fully employed by Christmas 1992.

A survey by Strathclyde University welfare officers shows that 15% of students occasionally go without food, while 24% of undergraduates say they cannot afford textbooks. One in four Strathclyde students have term time work. The welfare report says that 'nearly everyone said that they could not concentrate on studying because they worried daily about making ends meet'.

The Strathclyde report follows an earlier survey conducted by the *Times Higher Education Supplement*. The THES poll, conducted among 2,770 readers, showed that 75% of those asked thought student financial hardship is damaging academic standards.

Only 8.7% of those asked argued that student hardship did not damage standards.

Allegations of financial hardship have also attracted the attention of over 70 MPs who have signed a House of Commons motion which says that 'underfunding' has brought about a crisis in higher education. The motion says that a shortfall in funding has led to a 'lack of student accommodation forcing students to pay rents at exorbitant levels'.

There has been a continuing decline in the percentage of graduates employed at the end of their graduating year, falling from 51.5% in 1988 to last year's figure of just 38%. This contrasts with an increase in the percentage of graduates emigrating, going into temporary employment or further education and training.

The 1992 end of year graduate unemployment figure of 9.8% is up from the 1988 figure of 6.2%.

Walkway buy out



PIC BY MIKE CHAMBERLAIN

by Andrew Tseng

At Imperial College Union (ICU) Council on Monday, Chris Davidson, the ICU President, announced plans for the development of the Sheffield 'Walkway' that leads to the Junior Common Room (JCR).

The plans involve the introduction of trading outlets along the walkway. Space would be created by reducing the size of the JCR and converting alcoves lining the walkway into shop units.

In an interview with Felix, Mr Davidson said that the plans were still subject to a feasibility study. When questioned about the likely timescale of the development, Mr Davidson said, 'I'd like to see it happen over the summer'.

Negotiations are currently underway to determine whether the outlets will be run by the College or ICU. Discussions and market research on the type of outlets are also taking place.

Doors damaged

by Andrew Tseng

On Saturday evening, one of the doors on the 2nd Mezzanine floor of the Union Building was kicked down during a performance of a play by the Chinese Society, who have admitted liability to the incident. The door enclosed the main light switch and junction boxes that supply electricity to the whole of the Union Building.

David Henderson-Begg, one of the bar staff, and Steve Newhouse, an ICU steward, were the first on the scene. The Chinese Society production was reportedly in an

intermission when a security guard locked the door, and as a result the Chinese Society could not lower the house lights for the second half of the performance.

After trying, unsuccessfully, for 20 minutes to get a key. One of the Chinese Society members kicked down the door. The shift engineer is reported to have wanted the performance stopped immediately and the Chinese Society banned from the Union Building. However, in the event, the performance went on without further incident.

Evelyn Gardens common room change

by Jacob Andelin

Shared common room facilities for all halls in Evelyn Gardens are to be introduced, with the creation of a single 'Evelyn Gardens' Hall of Residence. Current plans suggest that all students will be able to use the

four existing rooms in the Evelyn Gardens area. These rooms would become a television room, a quiet room for studying, and a room for dancing. No purpose has yet been found for the fourth room.

The plan was announced at last

Monday's Imperial College Union Council meeting by Nicky Fox, Union Housing Officer. The new communal common rooms will be placed in the basement of existing halls. Access will be from street level using the security

'swipecards'. Residents of the hall in which a particular social area is placed will then be given exclusive access to their hall from the common area, again by use of the 'swipecards'.

Editorial

RAG attack

PJ Dodd isn't entirely uncontroversial, whether you like Cat's Eyes or not, many people around Imperial read it if only, it seems, to provide more ammunition to criticise.

Even given this interest, I was still horrified to discover that Mr Dodd had been assaulted last Friday by what is known as a 'Frontal Lobotomy-o-gram'. This delightful display of brute force was organised by the RCS Union, that renowned bastion of sensitivity, but not advertised as part of the usual japes for Rag Week. Before any one complains of a serious sense of humour failure, Mr Dodd was not alone in his objection, several other members of Felix staff were extremely intimidated by the actions of this masked group of thugs and

the only other 'Frontal Lobotomy-o-gram' performed last week also received a compliant.

Sensibly, Rachel Mountford and Paul Thomas have distanced themselves from the actions of these hooligans, being acutely aware that if Rag is not enjoyed by all the students participating it quickly loses any support or interest. But this does not stop the accusation of 'well, he was asking for it'. I particularly resent this attitude, if someone publishes something, criticism is expected, mugging is not. Surely, more intelligent ways of registering your disapproval can be found. Still more surprising is that Mr Andrew Wensley a usually sensitive individual should make himself party to these actions, I am most disappointed.

THES

STOIC have once again scaled new heights of publicity seeking. In this weeks 'Antithesis' column of the Times Higher Educational

Supplement STOIC's pornographic shenanigans were reported in graphic detail. Even Publications Board chairman Hugh Eland was quoted extensively and accurately, pouring scorn on the whole shemuzzle. There is still a chance that STOIC will receive world recognition for the extensive work it does.

Sabb election dates

As a little piece of extra emphasis on sabbatical elections, if it were needed, I will now add a list of dates for all you candidates to add to your diaries.

12th Feb Artwork for printing to be completed by 19th Feb.

1pm on 22nd Feb for Manifestos for all candidates to be printed in that Friday's Felix.

No printing can be released until the 19th Feb when the Sabb election campaign officially starts. After which you can wallpaper the JCR in pictures of your face, be nice to medical students from a place you

never knew was part of Imperial College before and make your friends your worst enemies. I, along with the rest of the student media, will make your life hell, I do not wish any of you luck, I wish you justice.

Credits

News: Declan, Gareth, Jacob, Andrew. Features: Rhian (thanks), Chris Riley, Chris Pease, Khurram. Reviews: Sara, Poddy, Mario, Richard, Kristina, Phil, Sport: Sarmad and Ismail
Thanks: Rose, Andy, Chris, Rick, Dom, Lorna, Rachel, Beccy, Steve N, Steve Dunton, Simon, James, Alex T, Mike Chamberlain, Josh, all the reviewers please keep coming back, Dougie for justice, Markus, Ian Hodge, Dave Cohen, Kevin Rushbrooke, Greg Iles, Stefffff.

Cat's Eyes

Valentine's Day

I love Valentine's Day, because it is a rare opportunity to start malicious rumours and spiteful gossip. Turn to page seven and have a good laugh at some of the messages as I did. (To quash any rumours before they get out of hand, I did **NOT** write any of the Valentines).

Rachel FRED Basset

Don't flatter yourself sweetie.

New Programme

At last there will be a worthwhile programme for IC radio, one which is strictly based on IC news and events only. Due to start at 6.30 pm on Tuesday 23rd, the yet to be named half-hourly show aims to contain all the events for the forthcoming week as well as the previous weeks news and information. Clubs and Societies take note: the publicity is totally FREE! Only an idiot would pass on this opportunity.

Security Alerts

I am not the only one who is fed-up, no sorry, correction, pissed off with the state of the London

Underground at the moment. Since last week, South Kensington tube has been closed three times at least; last Wednesday (3rd), Monday night (8th) and Wednesday morning (10th). And there was also the mass closure of several stations on Wednesday 3rd; 15 at least I counted. Like many commuters, I dream of the day when there are no security alerts, no cancelled trains, clean platforms (not the shoes), clean trains, cheap fares (this really IS a dream) and station announcers who have excellent pronunciation.

Sex

For poor perverts everywhere there is now the opportunity to watch 48

hours (or thereabouts) of non-stop sex. This weekend, BBC2 and Channel 4 are competing for viewing figures in the TV sex war. Both sides promise tantalising treats all Saturday night and for part of Sunday night and have recruited sexy, young presenters to host the soft porn shows, such as Nina Myskow. Hmmm, can't wait!

Dracula

Seen Bram Stoker's / Francis Ford Coppola's *Dracula* yet? Don't. Read the book instead and save yourself the anguish of watching Keanu Reeves attempt an English accent.

P. J. Dodd.

Beit Back

Rag week; loveless, lifeless, tasteless, helpless and hopeless. Why bother? That joke isn't funny any more!

Rag Twats—who are they? First year norms with a violent desire to be mad, silly and part of it (part of anything that will accept them more like). Yes, no one else would have them. So a jolly good time is had by all at the jolly old rag office,

RAH! RAH! FUCKIN' RAH!

I know! What a marvellous fund raising type activity it would be if we got a humourless ex-public school boy to dress up as a gnome (yes kids a gnome) and disturb biology lectures for a hundred or so students trying to pass a few silly exams.

Or even better—go into Felix and physically assault Phil (Cat's Eyes) Dodd for a few pennies to help the orphans! (It's OK kids, always remember that the ends justify the means when you're a sad bastard).

It's a well known fact that there are no bad soldiers, just bad officers. Rachel 'Rag Chair' Mountford went wrong when she didn't get a grip of her people at the outset. Being in charge means that you are responsible, and the bullied public school boys unleashed back

on society with a cause and an excuse for vindictive and violent behaviour should have been vetted out of the programme to start with.

They should have a little test—here's one we prepared earlier:

1. Are you a first year Mechanical Engineer with no friends?

2. Did you get constantly bog-washed and fed laxative chocolate at your minor public school?

3. Do you own a Freddy Mercury tribute concert t-shirt?

4. Are you a middle-classed state school kid that felt cheated by having missed out on all the boyish public school japes like beating the only black kid in the school until he bleeds profuseley from the mouth and rectum.

Not all the Raggies are Rag Twats, but there are enough to make it a big waste of time and energy for all of those involved for the right reasons.

As we all know, Rag raises an awful lot of money for charity—fair enough. It's just the twat brigade that gets me down. **The ends never justify the means.**

Perhaps next year we can hope something truly constructive and meaningful like a sponsored 'Morrissey Quote-athon'. I'll start.

'Two lovers entwined pass me by, and heaven knows I'm miserable now!'

Oh! I'm fed up with this already. Got any *Primal Scream*?

Views expressed in this article are not necessarily shared by Felix or ICU staff

Rag week

Dear Jonty,

Now Rag Week is over it is time for me to say a few thankys to everyone involved:

Josh & Trig for Guilds Carnival, RCS esp. Paul & Steff for Beer Festival, IC Virgins & Mines Rugby, Boris & Omar for Dirty Disco, Guilds (Kate etc) for Slave Auction, Film soc, IC SciFi, Steve Newhouse, Flemming & Jon for RCS Services, Hit Squad, Union Stewards, Chris Rick & Dom for crisis management. Cathy & Michelle for keeping me sane. Jazz&Rock soc for the bands, and

B/sht lust

Dear Jonty,

I do, of course, realise that the prospect of being handcuffed to me is enough to drive even the most well-balanced male-insane with lust for a period of time—however, judging from last week's outburst in 'Cat's Eyes', it would seem that your well-loved and witty correspondent P J Dodd was

Other centres

Dear Mr Beavan,

In September I bought a leisure pass for Kensington and Chelsea Sports Centres. To do this I simply had to provide proof of residence in the Royal Borough and proof of being a student. This pass means that I can enjoy free swimming at any time and a substantial reduction for the use of the weights gym.

Different meanings

Dear Jonty,

With reference to the letter by Gavin J R Pearson printed in Felix, Issue 955. The correct procedure for any student having grievances with a permanent member of staff, particularly an ICU receptionist, is to approach the President of the Union or the Union manager, who will deal promptly and discreetly with their complaint. In this particular instance, if I were dealing with the matter I would have ushered Mr Pearson into my office, asked him to take a seat, listened to his deprecation and then offered him some advice or appropriate channel of action, such 'Why don't you fuck off and get a life you anally retentive dip shit'.

This response if of course a complete fallacy, but is though as factually accurate as the content of Mr Pearson's letter, who

Ents for two discos. Bov & Stu for the fab Rag Mag An extra special thanks to IC Radio and Dave Cohen for a brill disco at the Rag Bash. Thanks also to raggies in cloakroom & on the stall; Helen, Karen, Caroline, Jon, Francesca, Julie, Liz, Marc, Chris HF, Geoff, Gareth, Mouse, Charles, Gareth W., Miles, Nicola, Becky, Lucy, Annie, Bruce, Lynne, Kristine, Sam, Jaymz, Jane, plus all the committee and any one I might have forgotten.

Luv'n hugs,
Lorna Rag Sex

affected rather more badly than most.

May I respectfully suggest that, in order to prevent this kind of thing happening again, you get a cold shower installed in the Felix Office as quickly as possible?

Yours,
Rachel Bassett,
Joint B/sht Editor, 1992-93.

squash courts, badminton courts and sauna suite. The pool at Chelsea is open from 7.30am to 10.00pm six nights a week. This pass costs £15.00. Just thought that you might like to know.

Yours-in pocket-
C. Convey, Maths II

incidentally I'm told, had to be directed on the correct spelling of menstrual, which as a point of information for Mr Pearson has something to do with women and nothing to do with a chocolate covered sweet (that melts in your mouth and not in your hand). Though I should imagine that Mr Pearson's experience with the latter far outweighs his experience of the former.

As a second and concluding point of information the term 'menstrual tension' is incorrect as it is now a medically recognised syndrome, the title of which is PMS, which coincidentally also happens to be the three title letters of Permanent Member of Staff.

Spooky isn't it?
Dominic Wilkinson,
Honorary Secretary (Events) ICU

When will the trouble ever stop?

Dear Jonty,

I read Felix 956 with interest, I refer particularly to Lorna Mountford's letter. Lorna is however mistaken, because the vast majority of people I know agreed with what I wrote. I can substantiate this by saying that bar staff, Dramsoc people and regular users of the union thanked me for putting my point across so succinctly.


Students at this college are sick and tired of the sloppy standards of service that they get in the Union and I have stuck my neck out and voiced this. Students booking a van to go to Ireland or Germany don't want to find out that they can or can't have the van two days before the trip. They want to know who runs which clubs and when events are. What is more, they don't want to be insulted when asking questions.

If the receptionist at my sponsors

(Jaguar Cars) was stropky she'd be sacked. The fact that is she doesn't know the answer to a question she politely asks the customer to wait and then finds out the answer coolly and efficiently. The same applies to our receptionists. There are three million unemployed at the moment and I'm sure that we could find two polite individuals to replace the rude examples of the breed we currently have.

Whilst Lorna may experience all sweetness and light from Cathy and Michelle the point is that most people don't. If they feel so put upon that they have to insult any single customer then they're always able to hand their notice in and get their P45. Hopefully they'll wake up to this fact and do something about it.

Yours sincerely,
Gavin J R Pearson, Mech Eng 3.



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Hibiscus thanks

Dear Jonty,

Foremost, on behalf of the Malaysian Night Committee, I would like to thank all participants, sponsors and friends of the Malaysian Society, who have in one way or another, helped to make the 'Hibiscus Evening' a success.

The 'Hibiscus Evening' is believed to have fulfilled its objectives, among others, to foster an appreciation of the Malaysian identity, by means of promoting the country's diverse ethnic cultures. To nurture more interactions and bring about better understanding, we have taken the initiative to invite parties of various interests, both within and outside IC, political and non-political alike, to join us in the 'Hibiscus Evening', by ways of complimentary tickets.

Speaking from the Malaysian Society's point of view, the 'Hibiscus Evening' has brought together most members, cultivated and strengthened the friendships among one another.

The 'Hibiscus Evening' could be seen from a different angle. We represent the lucky few who have been provided with the opportunities to study abroad, and are constantly aware of the welfare of the less fortunate. To make it even more meaningful and memorable, we have volunteered to contribute a significant amount of any profit made (balances unclear at the time of writing) to selected charities, both of this country and Malaysia.

To conclude, the Malaysian Society has come a long way, right from the formulation of concepts to the realisation of the 'Hibiscus Evening'. Once again, my utmost gratitude to the working committee, backstage crews, and men and women who have put on their traditional garments, some undoubtedly for the very first time.

Yours sincerely,

H M Kho,

Chairman, Malaysian Night Committee.

Nightline

Dear Editor,

I am writing to inform your readers that London Nightline at ULU has now become a Registered Charity (number 1015744). London Nightline has been running for over 22 years providing confidential help and information to students in London. Nightline is run by students who have been trained in the art of telephone counselling and listening.

As a registered charity our objects are:

'To provide relief of persons suffering from despair and distress who are students at any legal institution of further education in London and neighbourhood by the provision of a telephone helpline, thus reducing the incidence of suicide amongst such persons.'

The lines are open 6pm-8am everyday during term time, phone 071-436 5561.

Yours,

Sarah-Jane C Morris,
Coordinator London Nightline.

SOME COWS BY ELVIS PARSLEY



(A) REGULAR COW



(B) CALIFORNIAN COW



(C) GREEK COW



(D) RESERVOIR COW



(E) STUTTERY COW



(F) BRAM STOKER'S COW



(G) SELFISH COW



(H) MAD COW

Find me a place where the sun never sets

Dear Jonty,

It is some time since I have written to Felix but after reading the letter last week from the cowardly Crocky I felt I must put pen to paper and respond to this badly written piece of drivel. I say cowardly since this person doesn't even have the guts to sign his/her real name. He/she is obviously ashamed, quite understandably, of the inaccurate and curious arguments. Let's take the points in turn.

Crocky goes on about how the monarchy does not provide any identity to this, or Commonwealth, countries. Not being a Royalist myself I am not bothered about his criticisms of the monarchy.

His curious references to Britain's part in world history do however bother me, not just because he is wrong on a number of issues. When British forces left colonial territories yes there were troubles, but can't he see that it was

the very fact British forces were there that kept peace and stability for many of the preceding years?

He also makes reference to World War II. Nobody in the world can criticise Britain's role in this war. People like him are an embarrassment to the memory of the many brave men and women who laid down their lives for the freedom of the world. He should be given a white feather.

Another point he made regarding the creation of '...several new countries hating one another guts.' This again he blames on the British. At least Crocky is consistent. This is the same rubbish that he spouts throughout the entire letter. The reason why there are troubles in the Middle East, Ireland and the Indian sub-continent is due to Mad Mullahs, terrorist scum and religious fanatics.

One of the most extraordinary claims is '...we may not even

understand the recent war with Argentina'. What are you on? The reason is simple. Our boys kicked out a bunch of jumped-up Argies who invaded British sovereign territory. We had an obligation to protect the British dependants living there.

Still he keeps spewing s*** like a broken sewage pipe. The European Community is the next issue he turns his ignorance to. It was a sad day when we joined the Community, but now we're in it we must attempt to stop the ludicrous directives. We must also attempt to scupper Mr Delors plans of a united Europe. Unfortunately Mr Major, unlike his predecessor, is not able to do this.

Crocky then writes '...try to rebuild Britain through positive aspects.' This, after a whole letter slugging off Britain—in particular it turns out the English.

He finally slags off all those who

he thinks support the monarchy. One of the categories was '...beer drinking bogroll newspaper readers.' By this I have been told he means certain tabloids—the most popular newspapers in the whole of the country. By this snobbish and superior attitude he just confirms the view that many decent people would already have of him. That he suffers from the British disease, commonly held by the middle-class intelligentsia chattering classes, who tell ordinary blokes like myself how to think. They can't wait to put our country down at every opportunity and look down on the vast majority of British people. He is an undesirable element who has no place in this country.

Yours as ever,

Alan Bailey.

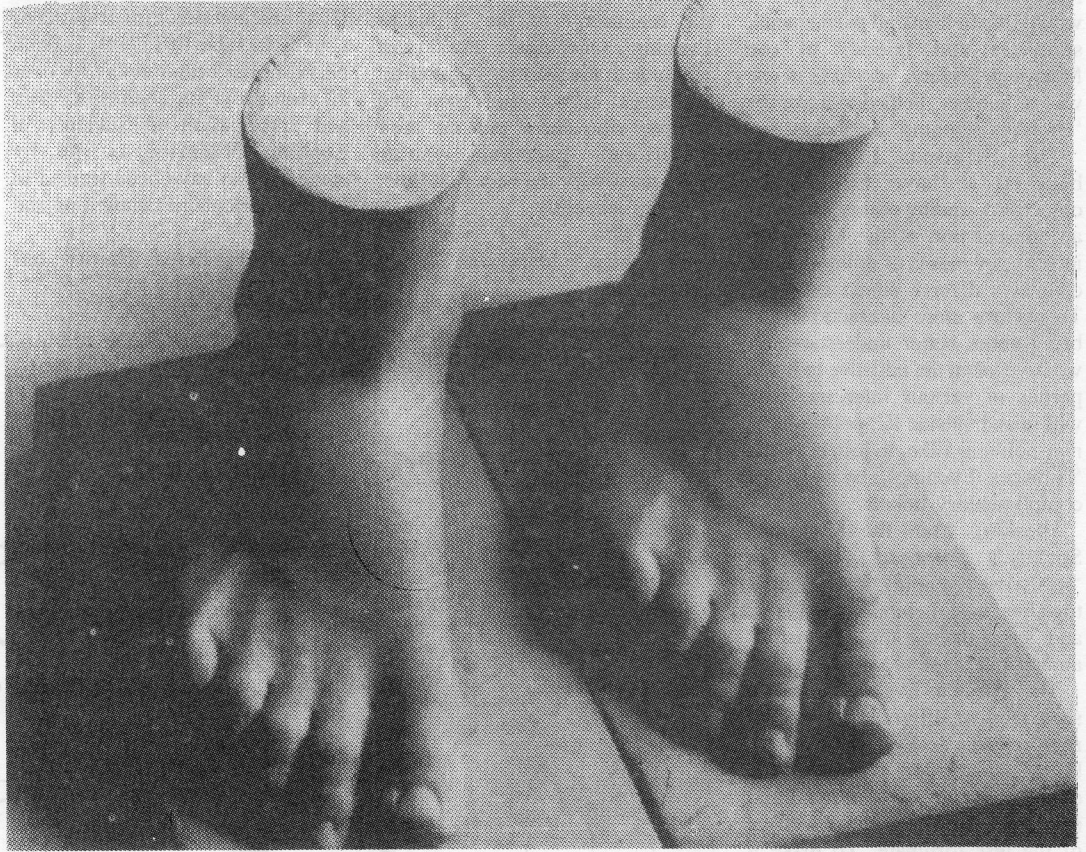
P.S. I refer to Crocky as he because no female could write such rubbish.

Not losing your RAG!

Ents is back! Contrary to popular belief, we're still going to be with you every Wednesday and Friday night. So, after our well-deserved break, we're ready to give you some of the best, cheapest and highest quality entertainment in London.

This Friday sees the return of Atmosphere. As well as the usual lucky bag of Ents goodies, we've got a God amongst London DJs. The original—Norman Jay. The Kiss FM DJ is gracing the hallowed ground of our beloved Union and he'll be playing the finest club tunes around. He's played at the Bass Clef, Shake your finger pop, Talkin' Loud and he'll have you frugging and grooving like you never knew you could. And yet again, we're cutting prices to only £1 (Ents Card Holders Free). Let's face it you'd be paying at least a fiver anywhere else to hear him DJ. All that and a bar 'til 1am, disco 'til 2am and Smile Zone Happy Hour 8.30pm-10.00pm). As usual there will be NO READMISSION. You just can't beat the feeling.

Andy.



NeXT.RIP.

Careers Info

MILK ROUND—details of interviews are put up on the notice boards outside the Careers Service a few days before the interview date.

Summer Vacation Training—opportunities are now available in the Careers Service. Over 90 employers have supplied details. Details of the UROP scheme are available in Departments and in the Careers Service.

Penultimate Years—start thinking about your future now. If you don't know what you want to do, come to the Careers Service and try **PROSPECT**—our computer aided careers guidance system.

Careers Seminars are being held each Wednesday afternoon from 2.00-4.00pm. Topics include Second Interviews and Assessment Centres, Test Practice for psychometric tests and the Job Market for International Students, sign up in the Careers Service.

For further information come to

the Careers Service, Room 310 Sheffield—open from 10am to 5.15pm Monday to Friday. A Duty Careers Adviser is available for quick queries from 1.00-2.00pm daily. You can also book a short appointment of 15 minutes between 2.00 and 4.00pm on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Small Ads

● **THIRD World First**—Thursday 18th February, Fair Trade Day, 10-2 JCR. We will be selling Café-direct

● **ISRAEL or Palestine**. Is there a peaceful solution? Brown Committee Room, Thursday 18th Feb, 1.00pm. Socialist Workers Students Soc.

● **STOLEN**—Rag Exec Jacket, Black baseball jacket with Rag Exec written on back. Please return to Union.

● **PART-TIME** Computer programmers required to start immediately. Contact Stephanos on ext 7100, Management School.

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★To Nummy, Luv yer loads,
and I want your faggles, love
from Fragggle

★J.H. 'Woof' R.M.

To Lise Yates
I want you to work on my (6
inch) column. We can make
music together-Poddy

★Chris Davidson. Same
place, same time, after next
council meeting for more
highland games. A. Sabb.

★Lorna, Whips and Chains
may break my balls, but that
catsuit will always get me!
Sexpot.

To the catering manageress
You will always cook me into
a stew
JM the PM

★To Sara:
One to show regard true and
sincere,
The same to explain the
crude remarks and the leer,
were not meant to hurt,
annoy and offend,
They're only a character
defect of self, hard to mend.
'We hurt the ones we love the
most'
a saying, plagiarised, that's
true
So here I write to appease
and please you.
Happy Birthday for
Wednesday,
20, still young and fair
Hugs for Sunday
More than a bit debonair
'If I'm the bottom, you're the
top'
Apologies, Respect &
Farewell.
Love, Biblebasher.

★Sex Kitten, I'll be your
beastie forever

★To the man with the Big
White Baggies in Linstead—I
can see you! Love, Rm No.
???

★You scratch my back, I'll
scratch yours—Grrrr. R.M.

★Chris, words can't express
how I feel about you—will a
blow job do? I love you.
Minnie xxx

★Chris P, Tie me down,
L.M.

★Sc6WA. Love you all and
want your babies.

★Duncan. Keep quiet and
I'll wax your trousers (with
you in them!). A

★Kristina, Nous T'Adorons.
C S A

★Mike Chamberlain—Is that
a maggot in your pocket or
are you just pleased to see
me? JH

★Stuart R. Would you take a
Norwegian out to dinner?

★Katherine—you are several
hundred miles away and I
suppose you could also be
dead—I wish I had been
sincere—D.

★PJD, love your eyes.
Rachel.

★Batman—so, what should I
have done with that mango
you gave me? Love Donkey.

★Chris, never mind the
scratches.

★Dear Gabriella, Oh that
you would be my 'current
affair'. Then we'd really
make that news together.
Your Celtic Disc Compact.

★S—I wish I had been
insincere—D

★Donkey—the prunes seem
to have done the trick—see
you soon love Batman.

★Rick—Sexy haircut, sexy
guy—can I see your badger?

★Oh Rick—you bright eyed
bristling boy with boxers full
of badger. I'd like to rip

them off (with teeth) and
nuzzle on your tadger.

★To Big Bell, make me ring,
Little Bell.'

★To Cathy: Wonderful
tonight.

★Hey darlin' Let's make hot,
steamy tea together (with
spoon!) All my love Yo-Yo.

★To the Late Sir Alfred—I'm
sorry about this, I do have a
sort of vague respect for
you—I'll explain later—the
slightly later Reverend
William Archibald.

★'G'—does she give good
head?

★Rachel Basset,
You blonde haired woman,
You sexy thing,
You're the love of my life,
You're everything.
Your curvaceous body,
Drives me wild.
Your peachy white skin,
So soft and mild.
No one is more beautiful,
Not Aphrodite nor Venus.
Everytime I think of you,
It does something to my
penis.
Meow.

★Oooh Poo Bars—and I
thought you loved me.
Bondee.

★CP, You'll never know my
desire for you. Love
Unrequested.

★To Jonty—you narcotic
love-bundle—let me scour
your tawdry ramblings—D

★Jim—how's Mr Wiggly? S.

★Flower
Life without you would be
empty
NeXTSTEP

★Falco
You can mono me anytime
Red book

★Hunky, dishy, horny, sexy
male seeks relationship purely
based on sex. Any female
member of the animal
kingdom considered, except
females from RSM. Maxim
Jalil.

★Jo—I'll get a double, OK.
Lots of love, David.

★CD. Death by orgasm—still
on?

★Dear Money Bags, My lust
for you will be never ending.
½ the Irish Mafia.

★To the sexy business
manager
You can manage my affairs
anytime
GATEAU

★I LOVE the man in that
strange Sunday afternoon
aftershave,
?@doc

★Dear SG, I love you.SG.

★Rolf Harris will never be
the same again-999AM

★To those lads and lasses in
YELLOW,
We hate your guts.ICU

★He ain't heavy, he's my
boyfriend
caf '13' ad

★To the Bar Staff, what's
wrong with soda and iced
water?
The Felix Soda and Water
drinkers.

★To Kenco
I would propose if I could
Cadbury's

★To 'da boss
Hoped you liked the Postcard

★To killer
You can attack me any time
Boxed

★Phil Love—Artistic
Associations would be fun
Fork

Sham-e-Ghazal, A Night Of Songs

Natasha Anwar reviews the latest happenings from the Pakistan Society

Saturday 20th February will be an important day for all music loving members of college. For it is on this day that a variety programme has been organised by the Pakistan Society in conjunction with Pak Socs from other London Colleges. This is the first musical event to be brought into existence by the present day committee, and is the largest collaboration of its kind between London Pak Socs.

The evening is entitled **Sham-e-Ghazal**, which simply translates to a night of love songs. It is to be held in the SCR (Sherfield), with doors opening at 7pm. The show will start with an exhibition of Pakistani humour in the form of several small comedy sketches performed by students from LSE and Kings College. This promises to be quite an experience, with much audience participation expected - you have been warned!

However, the highlight of the evening will be a performance by Kausar Habib, a renowned ghazal



Which one of the present committee members will be re-elected?

singer from Pakistan, accompanied by Agha Sarwar. Many people

(especially young Pakistanis) are under the impression that ghazals are songs one sings when depressed, suicidal or suffering from indigestion. This cannot be further from the truth. If you take some time to listen to a ghazal, without any preconceived ideas that may prejudice your judgement, I am sure you will realise that ghazals are beautiful pieces of Urdu literature (phrases, sonnets etc.) that are threaded together with mesmerising music.

Even if you do not understand Urdu, listening to the music alone is an unforgettable experience. Tickets can be bought from committee members of the Pak Soc. Priced at £4 (non-members £4.50), there is a limited number of tickets available, so buy now to avoid disappointment. Which one of the present committee members will be re-elected?

After the 20th February, a date outlined in my diary is the 26th February - **Election Day**. Anyone interested in hard-work, slanging matches, thinking-of-interesting-things-to-do, and all without much hope of any praise or gratitude, then please contact the President so that nominations can be considered and publicised. The official election nomination papers will be put on the notice board on Friday 19th February (that's next week!). A nominee requires a proposer and a seconder, who can both preferably

say more than "Vote for him/her because he/she is my best friend". All the posts on the committee are up for grabs, so get working on those oratory skills.

The resident committee has decided to collaborate the elections with an **Iftar Dinner** (the month of Ramadan is under two week away!!). It is planned that the dinner shall be held in the Union Dining Hall, starting at 5.20pm (approx.), with the elections taking place in the Concert Hall immediately after (approx. 7pm). Surely an auspicious end to a year of tyrannical reign by Khurram Sair (the resident President)!!!

Further details of the Iftar Dinner and elections can be obtained by reading the next issue of Paigham (due Friday 19th February) or consulting our notice board on the Sherfield Walkway.

NB: To all members of the Pak Soc, I urge you all to attend the elections on 26th February, as any questions you may have pertaining to the happenings during the past year can be answered. Per chance you may have any suggestions for improvements, these will be noted by the new committee. Also any objections towards nominations can be reviewed, since there is no use complaining about the Pak Soc if you, the members, can't be bothered to get involved yourselves.

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Power Play

Rhian Picton reports to mere mortals about ICU Council.

My name is Rhian Picton. I am the Biochemistry Department Representative. Part of my job is to sit on Imperial College Union Council, to represent my department's views and to contribute to any discussions that involve students. There was recently an academic affairs half-day, which all the departmental and academic representatives were invited to. This was an opportunity to question the Rector (Sir Eric Ash), Vernon McClure and Gareth Jones (the College Senior Tutor) about academic problems in the departments.

However, it was blatantly obvious that a lot of the academic representatives didn't know a lot about what happens in college and the union, and more specifically are vague about what happens at Council. If they don't know such things, how is anyone else supposed to know? Someone there asked why nothing was printed in Felix, and I said that I would bring it up at Council.

Which is why, the day after Council, I am writing this. When I mentioned that I thought every student should know what happens at Council, there was unanimous agreement from the council members. We all give up time to discuss the issues that a lot of people might dismiss as boring, and we would like to know if other students are happy with what decisions we make. Do people think anything? The government may try to disband student unions before too long, and I think that we would lose any identity as a student body that we still have now, if we lost the student union, and that worries me. Some people don't even know what the union does. Does anyone care?

What follows this is a quick description of who and what ICU Council is and an account of the January Council.

In next week's Felix, there will be an account of what happened at yesterday's (8th February) Council, because I have run out of room.

At the end of the January report, I will include the most urgent problem from the February Council, as people's opinions are welcome.

ICU Council. Who is it?

ICU Council consists of the people who do a job within ICU. They include Steve Farrant (Chair of ICU; the ICU exec, Chris, Rick and Dom; CCU Presidents; Academic Representatives for ICU, CCU's, departments; Officers, such as women's and welfare; Chair people, such as Rag, Overseas Committee (OSC), Athletic Clubs Committee (ACC); Old Students Representatives; two first years, who were elected at the first ICU UGM; and four permanent observers, Cathy and Mandy from the Union Office, Howard (Publicity Officer) and Jonty (Felix Editor).

What is it?

ICU Council is an open arena—anyone can come along and speaking rights are usually given. The officers can submit written reports and request the support and opinions of Council regarding things that they would like to do. Council members can question decisions made by people on Council, and if a debate arises a vote is taken to decide what Council thinks *should* be done.

So, what happened at the last Council?

The minutes of Decemeber Council were passed. There were no matters arising from them. Reports to Council were then discussed.

Important points from the reports.

Chris's Report

1. When the government were discussing making students' membership to Unions voluntary, ICU set up a working party to decide how we could attract members if it happened. We decided to promote ICU to both the government and students as an organisation that is vital for helping students, as there was unclarness on the role of the Union. A new meeting has been called.

2. the Walkway outside the JCR may be developed into retail units. This is a great idea which is still



being discussed.

3. One of the ideas of the voluntary membership working party was to hold a 'Reaching Out Stall' that had information on all the clubs and societies of ICU. This was held successfully on January 19th.

4. An 'employment agency' may be set up to act as a go-between for students and college/local job vacancies.

Any other business is the final part of Council.

There was a discussion about the article in Felix that reported Chris Davidson as being drunk at ULU GUC (General Union Council). Several people at Council were at the meeting, and they told Council that the report was untrue in parts. It was felt that an accurate account of the events should be sent to Felix as the reputation of ICU's President could be damaged if he ignored the report (as he wanted to).

The final thing to mention then is a subject that was brought up for discussion at yesterday's council (8th February).

Tim Cotton, the transport officer is in charge of ICU's minibus fleet. The insurance policy will need renewing in just under 14 days. At the moment if a driver crashes a

minibus he/she must pay the first £100.00 for the claim. This, Council felt, was a totally unreasonable amount of money to expect students to pay. Council suggested several things to Tim.

1. Try to find a better insurance company.

2. If there is no cheaper insurance company then ICU must find a way to help the students eg create a SLUSH fund (which would cover some of the initial payment).

3. This would probably result in the price of hiring an ICU minibus increasing, but it will still be necessary to maintain the fleet, since drivers of private-hire minibuses must be 23 years old. Obviously, not many clubs and societies have members that old who could drive for them. This is why Council want ICU to maintain the minibus fleet.

Anyone with any questions, ideas, thoughts, agreements or arguments with my personal ideas, or with any decisions we make on Council can get in touch with us via Felix, the Union, their Dep Reps, Clubs and Societies chairpeople etc. But please, we are trying to help the students, not harm them, and we welcome any comments if we can use them to improve what we do.

the Prisoner



WALL BLOK N.

1992/1993. WITH APPROVAL TO PATRICK MCGOONAN.

On a bike and a prayer

Chris Riley finds the road to the Atlantic becomes more difficult in the penultimate episode of the Moroccan saga

It was over ten days later that we freewheeled towards Jbel Toubkal. The road climbed, twisted and weaved through the Pre-Cambrian lava flows, passing cliffside green villages cascading from Iberian-buff crags on a deep blue sky. Sour was twenty-six kilometres away and long in coming, particularly for Andrea who had been feeling sick all day. It had one shop where we bought vintage cokes and squeezed ourselves into a chink of shade to swig them. The village came out to watch, but quickly went inside when my camera emerged.

My rear tyre was refusing to stay inflated and I repaired it three times before we reached Amsouart for our last stop before Toubkal. The village nestled by a broad clear ford and sprouted up the valley sides in geometric blocks of balconies and wall-less rooms with post card views. All around were timeless hills of wind washed cashew nut trees and green meadows of grazing lazy livestock. The main street was shady and rubble strewn. Poultry

clucked around the edges. The hotel owner was Omar - a man with a strong business acumen - a hotel to please, and a relaxed 'anything is possible' attitude. The centre piece of the building was the middle floor of a vast airy room with cushions round the edge and a view up the valley towards Imhilene.

When you enquired the price - he just blinked slowly and said 'si vous voulez.' He bought us sweet milky coffees in long glasses, and we sat and sipped them whilst staring up the valley at the poplars and peach trees swaying below the rose-red lofty peaks and the blackberry blue sky.

In the day light which remained I readied my bike for the planned ascent of Toubkal tomorrow. It was decided that I was the only one to take the bike up the mountain. The other two would act as sherpas to carry the food, water and sleeping bags for the two nights and three days on the peak. We would collect a guide from the villages on the

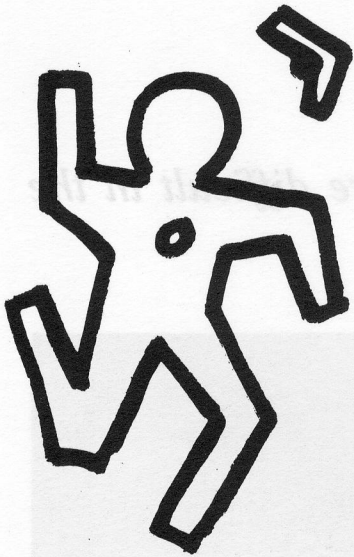


struggled past a new house they were building on the edge of town. His little weasely face looked us up and down and his one tainted tooth quivered with glee. He grabbed a load off us and beetled up the shady road to his cafe to negotiate a price. The 200 pounds he originally asked for to act as guide dropped swiftly to 20 and after a nod of agreement from us, he disappeared inside the mud stained building to emerge two minutes later in a pair of broken slip-on-shoes, a pair of half-mast brown corduroy trousers and a short sleeve shirt. His luggage was a white plastic bag of two pieces of bread and a tin of sardines. Armed thus, he put on both Andrea's and Stephane's rucksacs, causing his neck to be bent double and his chin to rest on his chest - and he was off up the rubblely path to Lake Ifni.

By the time I caught everyone up carrying my bike over the rubblely hair-pin bent track, the guide was having reservations about his impossible load. I left the other two to sort out a new deal involving a mule and plodded on up the cliff-like scree slope, bike over shoulder.

It was beyond my comprehension that a man dressed so inadequately could guide us without food up such inhospitable terrain. We pressed on in the afternoon across a gigantic beach of shingle over a mile long, from the lake to the Toubkal Gorge. As I bumped my bike over the rocks we passed a group of French trekkers heading down from Toubkal. They nodded but hardly acknowledged us as if we were pedestrians on the Champs Elysees - instead of adventurers at the base of North Africa's highest mountain.

From the edge of the shingle the track climbed like some never ending loft ladder up to the peaks of the rich brown cones. The peaks were a world away and scratching at the passing cumulo-nimbus and cirrus clouds which flew in formation vapour trailing over the rocks. The perspective was destroyed by the immensity of such structures and it was inconceivable to imagine we could ever reach it by climbing alone - let alone carrying a bicycle! *The story finally concludes in the Felix Travel Special, Next Week!*



So you survived Monopoly, so you survived the great sightseeing challenge? Well this time: Play with Death. Chris Davidson is eating daffodils by the root. Who dunnit, where, with what and ... WHY? The as yet unexplained death of the uncontested leader of IC Union has prompted RAG to offers thousands of prizes to the teams that will help them in the quest for the murderer. So shake that ass and play CLUEDO tomorrow (or pretend to be a duck-billed platypus for the day). If you haven't been hung-over for the whole week, you should have noticed the odd dead-body outline around Imperial College. If your IQ is positive (in IC?) you may have associated them with CLUEDO this term's Sexiest, Hottest, Grooviest, Most gory RAG event yet. So what's all this hype? Come to think of it, what's CLUEDO anyway? Remember MONOPOLY? Well CLUEDO uses the same concept, take a small fry board game and make it BIG, very BIG, London BIG. CLUEDO is based on the well known board game... CLUEDO (A concept that EVEN a physicist can come to grips with). Those of you who have never played CLUEDO haven't lived. But you can come and redeem yourself this Saturday. The main aim of our CLUEDO, is for you to have fun, however, as a sideline, a bit of dosh for RAG would be welcome. The money you collect goes to BIBIC. BIBIC is the British Institute for Brain Injured Children.

Tiddlywinks was big, but it hurt your fingers, Monopoly was bigger, but not gory enough, The Great Sightseeing Challenge was large, but where were the mascots? Answer: They were warming up for the biggest event of the all... CLUEDO. Be there, meet Death, meet Theta, see Spanner and Bolt, meet the CLUEDO characters in

Give Us A Cluedo



Dr Black loses his head over a game of billiards.

flesh and avenge the death of your hero and mine... Mr. Stud 93, Chris 'Scottish but Horny' Davidson. Convinced yet? OK, here's what you do: Turn up in Beit Quad as soon as possible after 10 AM on Saturday with a team of four to six people. At this point, you'll be given a collecting tin and a clue sheet. The object of the game is to visit the nine locations around London that are relevant to the rooms on the CLUEDO board. The catch here is the fact that you have to work out, from the clues, where these locations actually are. For example the Hall might be the Royal Albert Hall (its not). The rooms are: Billiards Room, Dining Room, Conservatory, Ballroom, Kitchen, Library, Lounge, Study Hall

The characters are:
Miss Peacock.....Blue
Miss Scarlet.....Red
Mrs White.....Guess
Agent Orange... You will know him when you see him
Prof. Plum.....Purple
Grim Reaper.....Black
Rev. Green.....Green
Dr. Black.....Black

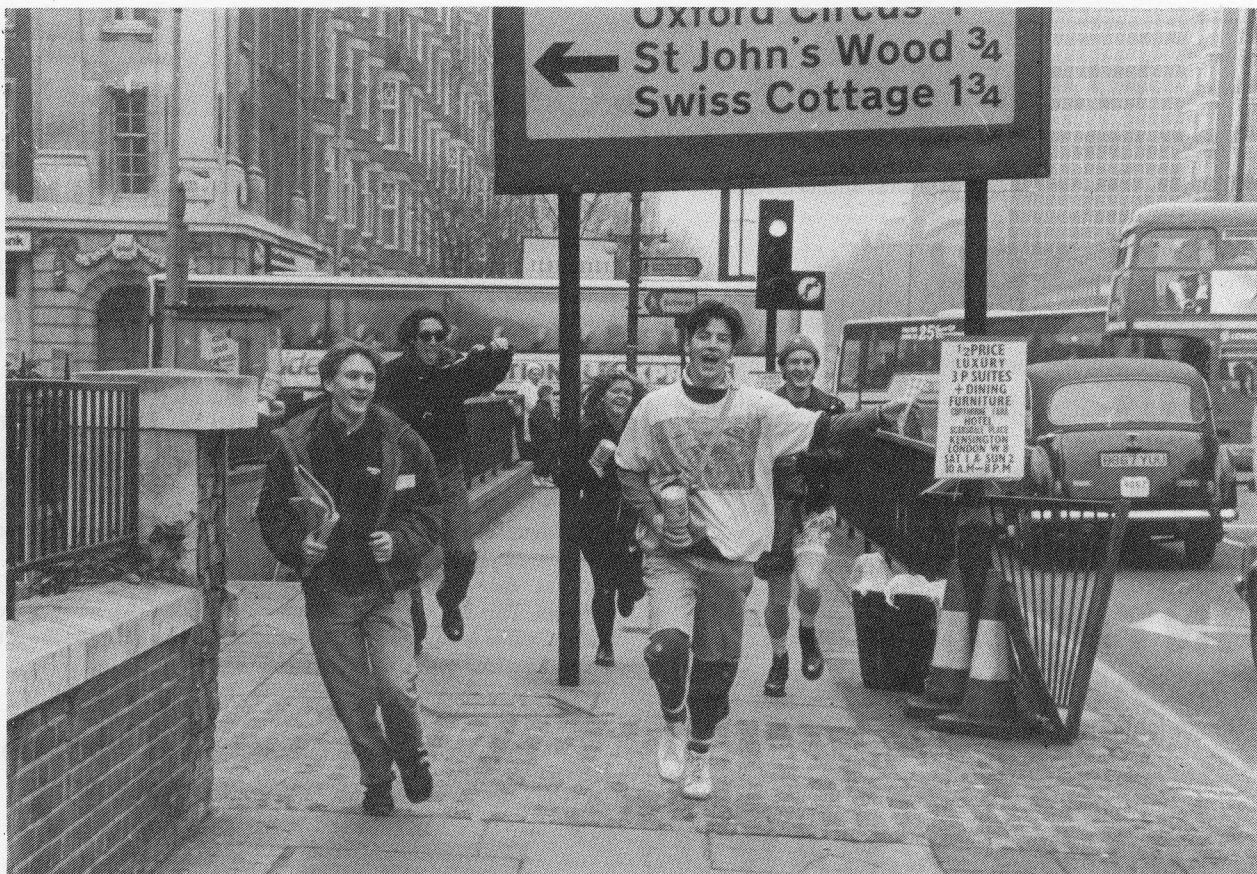
The weapons are:
Revolver
Dagger
Rope
Lead Pipe.....Theta
Spanner....Spanner & Bolt
Candlestick.....Davey

Anyway, at each of the locations there will be either one of the characters or one of the weapons. When you think that you have spotted one of them ask them: 'Do you wear roll-on deodorant?'. If you have the right person then you will get a signature on your clue sheet and a clue as to WHY the murder happened. If you don't have the right person...

Oh by the way, if you are having trouble working out the clues, the marshalls are eminently bribeable (currency unit: 1 pint). If you find Dr. Black (the dead guy) cavorting with the Grim Reaper then you have found the scene of the crime. To find who dunnit and using which weapon you have to visit every location on the board and deduce whom and what is missing. I should mention at this point that none of the CCU mascots were involved. They will be making an appearance

at some random time and if you happen to be there at the same time as one of them, you get bonus points. Did I mention treasure? When you think you know why Chris was assassinated (him being Scottish is not sufficient) then your team can act out a short sketch illustrating your brainwave. If you have collected any relevant 'treasure' (no not traffic cones or shopping trolleys) along the way you will get extra points for using them as props. On the subject of points, here is how they work: 1 pt- for each pound collected (divided by team size) 10 pts- for each location signature (50 if mascot was there) 25 pts- for right place 50 pts- for right assassin points are doubled for a full set of signatures max. 50 pts for sketch.

There will be separate prizes for winning team and highest collector. Last year Cambrige RAG took part and whipped our ass. This year we also have to contend with Charing Cross and Essex, so this time pull your finger out and fight for the recovery of our honour. Finally; don't forget to collect lots of money along the way.



Last years players on acid



**British
Institute for
Brain
Injured
Children**

Parachuting

This years RAG Parachute for Multiple Sclerosis Society has been booked for the weekend of 13th March. It will take place at the London SkySports centre on the M40 (about an hour out of London on the M40). Training for the jump will take place the week before in college and will take the form of a briefing on one evening, followed by training in a gym the next.

To jump, a deposit of eighty pounds is required - payable to

Multiple Sclerosis Society, but this can be reclaimed if over one hundred and thirty pounds is raised in sponsorship. This cheque MUST reach me by the 28th February at the LATEST. Pick up an application form and a sponsor form at the RAG meeting today, 1.10 Ents Lounge or contact me, Michael Chamberlain (RAG Sponsored Events Officer) via the RAG office.

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Noaa, just kidding about this one!

Debate

The newly up and running Debating Society, after a rather hesitant start, is now firing on all cylinders. This coming Tuesday (and hopefully every other Tuesday after that) we will be holding a public debate. This time the motion 'This House believes that Financial Aid to the Third World is counterproductive' will be debated. Main speakers are from the Third World First and Conservative Societies.

These speakers however only set the ball rolling for the floor debate which is your chance to show the wisdom of Solomon and the erudition of Mark Anthony. It is this floor debate that will make the event tick and so we need you to

take part in a structured but informal and often vigorous discussion (followed by a good deal less structured and more vigorous discussion in the bar). So if you feel strongly about this topic (on either side) or you just enjoy winding up those who get too politically correct come along to the Brown Committee Room (top floor of the Union Building) at 7.30pm on Tuesday 16th February.

If you cannot make it but would like to take part in future or have any burning issue that you would like to be debated, please contact Chris Hodge (Chemistry 1) or at Garden Hall (94) 823.

& Cambridge Club, London.

Having won the Southern heat of the competition held at Imperial last term, Martin faced finalists from Cambridge, Edinburgh, Leeds and York, to battle it out in a series of complex nosing challenges for this year's title.

The winning nose belonged to Marcus Walden from Leeds University, who was presented with

Wine

Imperial College Union Wine Society's Martin Pockock was narrowly beaten at the final of this year's The Macallan/Decanter University Malt Taster of the Year, held on Burn's Night at the Oxford

Coffee

The diagram below shows how much of the price of an average jar of coffee goes to those who produce the crop, only about 8%. This is because the coffee market is dominated by several large coffee companies who keep the cost of the primary product low, as a consequence many of the coffee farmers live in abject poverty and many are forced to abandon their plantations.

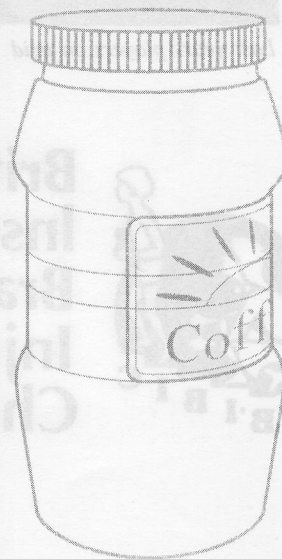
Oxfam and several other 'alternative trading organisations' have therefore launched a new mass-produced coffee which returns 22% of the retail price to the growers. This is Cafedirect, a high quality coffee produced in Mexico, Costa Rica and Peru. Cafedirect is

available in Oxfam shops and is now starting to be stocked by the large supermarket chains. This will be the first product to be launched bearing the Fairtrade Mark, this is a mark which guarantees a product is paying its producers (both in the Third World and here) a fair wage and providing acceptable working conditions.

ICU Third World First and a local Oxfam campaign group will be providing information on fair trade and a chance to try Cafedirect in the JCR on Thursday 18th February from 10 till 2, a taste is free and a cup is only 10p, and if you really like it packs are for sale. So come along and drink to a fairer world.

£1.50 jar of instant coffee: A breakdown of costs

12p Wages	*
35p Costs of production	*
18p Taxes	*
7p Transport	
21p Direct costs of processing	†
57p Advertising overheads & profits	†
* Costa Rica	
† UK	



'I get no kick from cocaine...ANYTHING GOES.'

a £250 cheque, 6 bottles of The Macallan 18 year-old and a one year subscription to Decanter magazine—not a bad reward for an afternoon off lectures smelling whisky.

Remember that the Imperial College Union Wine Tasting Society meets every Tuesday at 6pm in the Union Building. Still to come this year:

- 16 Feb—Valentines Sparkling
- 23 Feb—Burgundy
- 9th March—Rhône
- 12th March—Spanish

Although we cannot guarantee that you will go on to be Taster of the Year, we are confident that you will get something out of every tasting evening. Tastings cost £3-£5 and membership for the year is only £5.

Up the Pedestal

The Mountaineering Club's first trip of 1993 was to the Roaches, in Staffordshire. We travelled up on the Friday evening, eventually finding a campsite and more importantly a pub.

We awoke on Saturday morning to find ourselves in the middle of thick mist, with no sign of the mild, sunny day the weather forecasters had promised. However after a quick trip into Buxton to stock up with food, we ventured to the crag. The weather gave no signs of improving, but undeterred we ventured onto a few of the easier climbs. During the day there were few flashes of brilliance from the club's star climbers, but beginners had plenty of experience of easier climbs. The day ended with Andy getting stuck half way up a climb called 'Pedalstal Crack' in failing light, but a rope was lowered to him and he eventually climbed up, it now being completely dark. We spent the evening back in the pub, finally out-drinking Coventry Polytechnic's Mountaineering Club (we know they're no longer a poly, but it seems they don't).

During the night there was a large amount of rain, which was good news for those who wanted a lie in. By 9.00am the rain had stopped, but it had been replaced by an icy wind. We were returned to the crag hoping that the wind had dried the rock. For once it had, and the base of the crag



was even slightly sheltered from the wind. This was not the case at the top and the lead climber was often almost frozen solid by the time their second had followed them up. During the afternoon we even saw the sun (a rare event) and harder

routes were thought about, and in most cases climbed. Finally we returned to the minibus, just missing a large raincloud moving towards the crag.

The Mountaineering Club has trips every other weekend and no

previous experience is necessary. For further details see the noticeboard opposite the climbing wall, situated by the entrance to the Livenet TV studio off the Sherfield Walkway.

Sneakers

This week, FilmSoc is pleased to be showing *Sneakers*, a high-tech movie with stacks of stars in it, lots of laughs, and a plot that *Time Out* described as 'twistier than a Mandelbrot Curve'. Still playing on Leicester Square, the film features Dan Aykroyd, River Phoenix, Mary McDonnell and Sidney Poitier supporting Robert Redford and Ben Kingsley as good guy and bad guy who were once partners in computer crime together. Redford plays Martin Bishop, who heads a team of computer gurus who specialise in hacking to test corporate security systems. Bishop's dark past catches up with him, when the CIA use it to force him and his team to do a job for them, and retrieve a little black box of particular interest to them. Using their limitless supply of Bond-style gadgets in all manner of dangerous

surroundings, the team battle to get the box, leading to a showdown between Redford and Kingsley, who plays a surprisingly mean bad guy with a really mean pony tail. The cleverest comedy thriller in a long time, from the amusing anagrams of the actor's names in the opening titles, to the hilarious final scene, this film is guaranteed to make you chuckle and will please everybody. This is one not to be missed!

Entrance is only 90p for members, otherwise £1.90, and membership is a real bargain at £3.50 including *Sneakers* free, especially when you consider that in the next few weeks we've got *Peter's Friends*, *Death Becomes Her*, and *White Men Can't Jump* all queueing up for the chance to be matched in Mech Eng 220. See you at 7.30 next Thursday.

'Every night the set that's smart is indulging in nudist parties...ANYTHING GOES.'

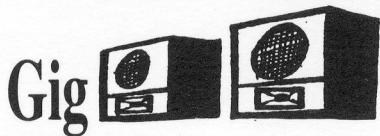
ICSF-Aliens

ICSF is proud to present its eight day Alien binge. Kicking off on Monday, it starts with a rare H R Giger (*Alien's* designer) video about the production of *Alien*. We will then show *Alien* itself in full widescreen, which will be followed by *The Making of Alien 3* and also a documentary about Alien director Ridley Scott. *Alien* is a science fiction/horror classic featuring terrific photography and designs that are still stunningly original. The film is not for the squeamish, so bring along someone you want to throw up over.

On Tuesday, we are pleased to be showing James Cameron's (*The Terminators*, *The Abyss*) riveting

sequel to *Alien*. Despite being one of the most exciting action films ever made, this film still boasts a superb central performance by Sigourney Weaver, in the midst of guns and aliens aplenty.

Monday's events are in Chem Eng LT1 and start with the Giger video at 6pm and *Alien* at 6.30pm. Entry is 70p to Members for any or all of the screening. *Aliens* on Tuesday costs £1 for members to get in to and starts at 7pm in Mech Eng 220. Membership is just £3 and includes your first film entry. Remember, just when you thought it was safe to stop screaming, we still have *Alien 3* to come!



Scorpio Rising—ULU

Scorpio Rising are not on top form. Mr Scorpio looks a bit bored, to tell the truth. He's not prancing around like he usually does. Maybe he's shy with his new female bassist. The lights are still flashing away as ever, but his hearts not in it. It's kind of infectious like measles or mumps or a really bad case of some other highly dodgy and contagious childhood disease. I think I've caught it and I actually like this band, even if they do make you come out in a rash. 'Bliss' is still

rather superb even when the band's bored out of their collective skull, and my new Scorpio T-shirt does glow in the dark rather nicely. In fact it's much better in the dark than it is in daylight where it just sits and looks turquoise, and clashes with my Scorpio Rash. So all in all, not too bad a night, and the spots have almost gone now.

Lise Yates and Fleur-who-wasn't-there.

● 'Silver Surfer' out now on Chapter 22.

Alice in Chains—Camden Underworld

I recalled this band from two years ago as an intense experience, and tonight was an intense gig, with no unnecessary stuffing, refreshing in a band so relentlessly hyped recently.

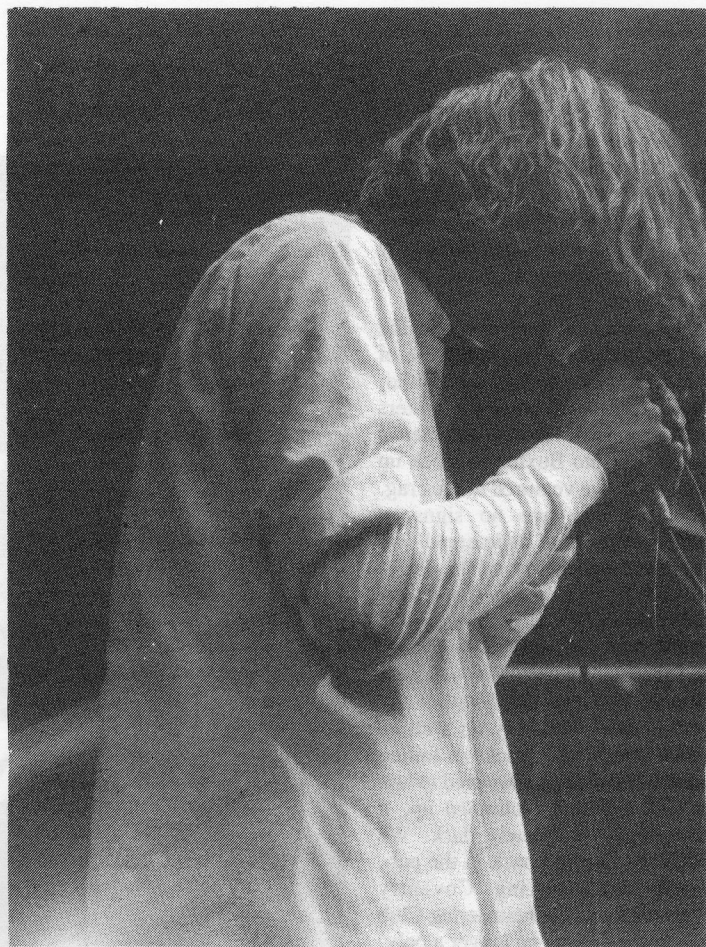
A good 'Sugar'-ish support, whose name I didn't catch were followed swiftly by AIC in powerful form, 'Dam That River', 'We Die Young' assaulting the senses, and a frenetic pit in the Underworld's claustrophobic confines drawing me in, not unwillingly.

New bass player, Michael Inez fits in well, and the bottom-heavy

rhythm section chug drives the songs in their unconventional directions. New album 'Dirt' has an ambiguous stance, is it pro or anti-smack? Whatever viewpoint it takes, the consequences are made blatantly clear, and material like 'Junkhead' and 'Angry Chair' makes bleak statements, for you to interpret as you please. The killer blow is 'Man In A Box', and the Underworld Saturday curfew leaves us with a short set, and no encore, but short and sharp suits this band so much better than overblown egotrips anyway.

Charlie.

● *Alice in Chains* play T&C, 26 Feb.



Scorpio Rising, and Dougal.

St Etienne—So, tough

What planet? The first words on this album are 'cigarette, a cup of tea, a bun', leading to Sarah Cracknell going on to sing about Kentish Town tube and the Racing Post like a post kitsch 'Tom's Diner', before the first minute is out, and so on to 'did you see the KLF last night?'. With sixties/seventies soundbite frenzy, *St Etienne* oddball their own way out of their personal pop tree and into something altogether more peculiar, tunnelling deeper as their album progresses, until at the very end, a vaguely eighties theme pops up, sort of new romantic, and then back to the café, for the last words 'chicken soup'. 'Mario's Café', that first track and the forthcoming single 'Hobart's Paving' ('Do you think a girl should go to bed with a fella if he doesn't love her?') are the highlights—and what's more, this albums seems to possess reverse second album syndrome—i.e. it's better than the first.

'So, Tough' is head, shoulders and most of upper torso above 'Foxbase Alpha', and that was pretty much the dog's bollocks. The difficult third album should be a solid stunner.

Lise Yates

● Out on Heavenly/Creation, February 22.

Albums



Alice in Chains: Would you let your daughter near this band?



Town & Country Life



Sir Ian McKellen (slight return)

Sultans of Ping FC— Casual Sex in a Cineplex

'Yippee!', said me. 'At last the long awaited album from the *Sultans of Ping!*', and immediately ran home to listen to it. Well, what did I think? I liked it. I didn't love it though. The songs are well groovy and don't seem to lose too much for being studio tracks rather than the live versions I'm used to. 'Veronica', 'Kick me with your

leather boots', 'Where's Me Jumper?', most of the classics are included, but unfortunately my two favourites namely 'The Little Turnipfish' and 'Football Hooligan' are not. However, my favourite track off the album has to be 'Shopping': 'pull on your flip-flops and let's go shopping, dear'—appeals to my mentality and says a lot about theirs.

FOB.

Ween—Pure Guava

I'm sure there's some kind of Sony corporate tax thing involved here. August records (not Elektra, whatever you read elsewhere), Creation's sub-label, evidently have a brief to sign the oddest bands on the planet on the assumption that they couldn't possibly sell. Look at their track record (no pun intended). They sign *Shonen Knife*. Then they sign *Ween*...picture the scene in accounts...

'Listen to this *Ween* band. Couldn't possibly sell! Sign them. That'll stop us having to pay tax on the new Terence Trent D'Arby album.

'Yes, that'll sure be a massive seller. He's so spot on.' Accountants! Suckers! Wrong again, boys. 'Pure Guava' is a very strange album indeed and it sounds like *everything* from Paul Young to Neil Young; from *Musical Youth* to *Sonic Youth*; consequently it is the only album you ever need to buy.

Lise Yates

● 'Pure Guava' is out now on August/Creation.

Alexander O'Neil—Love Makes No Sense

Jimi Jam and Terry Lewis—the producers responsible for this album are also to blame for producing such artists as Janet Jackson and they must have had more than enough time to put this bland collection together in their tea-half-hour.

Is black soul music ever going to advance beyond a jumble of over-used clichés? This has just about confirmed for me the stereotyped image of black male solo artists who sing from their groin. For example how can you take this stuff seriously? 'Girl let me take you to where you want to be' and 'Baby I want to get inside you' oooh, yeah.

I didn't get far enough into this album to hear the line 'all night long' but I'm sure it's in there somewhere. But to be quite honest this wouldn't get me past taking off my white sling-back stillettos.

Reefa.

● 'Love Makes No Sense' is released on A&M now.

So, the T&C's going to close. So what, who cares? It's not as if they haven't had two years notice of the owners intentions (Murphy told them they would have to move out on the 25th March two years ago). Did they expect to be able to get another stay of execution like they did before? Wouldn't it have been wiser to have spent the last two years looking for a new place instead of just the last two months? And is the T&C really that good a venue. Sure, it puts on good concerts, but that can hardly be put down to the club, it's due to the promoters. The view in parts of the club can be restricted, due to the bizarre floor layout, unlike the other comparable sized venues in London, the Astoria, the Academy, and the Apollo, not that they are without their faults. The Grand in Clapham, shortly to be opened to full capacity is a beautiful venue.

And don't you think it a little hypocritical of bands like *Carter* et al to protest against the closure,

when only a year ago, they were criticising the T&C policy of adding 25% to T-shirt prices. That then usually rounds itself up to £3 on top of a ten pound T-Shirt. I'm sure the cost of these things, the memorabilia is of more importance to most concert goers than whether they see a band in Kentish Town or Clapham.

The T&C's closure won't stop bands coming to London, that would be commercial suicide, it'll just send them to other venues.

As for the T&C2, it's one of the few really bad small venues. Most pub back rooms are better equipped and the ceiling is too low to see the band from the bar. London already has plenty of small venues, and some of the are pitifully underused. The Mean Fiddler's Subterrania is a case in point.

The T&C are not the unblemished guardians of rock 'n' roll that people make them out to be.

Poddy.

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Dig Your Own Rave

Felix

investigates a new trend amongst young people.

So, the square Miss D goes to a rave. Looking somewhere between Laura Ashley and Oxfam bargains—I donned a pair of jeans and a black roll-neck hoping not to advertise my total unhipness.

My brief: Well, what does a rave look like?

Driving down Kingsland Road, East London, you'd never know—if you didn't know—that behind a delapidated frontage a rave was happenin' (man). The clues are cars—VWs and 205s and the groups of trendy young things strutting down the road. When I arrived there was a slight hitch to the event as there were police in their hundreds trying to close it down. But, alas, legal loopholes saved the day—more about that later. So, I took a deep breath and strode out. There were fearsome security guards around who advised me to 'grab a cup of tea and get in the queue'. So I did. Tickets, which had to have been bought in advance (legal loophole No. 1), were £15 and to prevent forgery had a UV marking on them. Wow, thinks I, this is business. Now, before I go on I must reiterate again that this is not my world, nine out of ten Saturdays you'll find me watching *Casualty* and eating frozen lasagne. So how was I to know that my imaginings of lycra shorts and garb were so out of date; 'God that was ages ago, yeah, that was last-summer'.

So, having declared my body a drug and alcohol free zone and came to watch others who hadn't. I was as straight (in every sense of the word) as you get.



Anti-raver, yesterday.

We were in a warehouse of some description. There were three different rooms and a simple chart on the wall telling people which room has which DJ at what time. The walls had pictures and freezes and projected images on them. One ceiling had a parachute draped from it. Other than this and some impressive lights and lasers the rooms were bare but for a pulse and pulsating bodies, all dancing their own way. I soon saw that no one cared what anyone else was wearing, no one was there to pull, everyone's dance was as good as another's. Of course, there were drugs, but not so much as I expected. There was some dope and some speed, as far as acid and ecstasy, no doubt it was there but not half so prevalent as Inspector Morse would have us believe. Drugs were not the scene, the scene was music that doesn't let you stop.

That's how people finish Marathons. The dancing itself is a high. It's switch off the world—it's the bodies, the music, the lights and in a sense, it's a way of being 'at one with yourself'. The rooms were full but somehow there was enough space for everyone.

Thousands of people all dancing. So I watched. Such a buzz.

To buy a drink you need first to have bought some straws, of the drinking kind from the straw lady (?) who sold them at £1 each. It's really quite weird, but there you have legal loophole No. 2. The walls were dripping, the heat was comforting, conversation was not easy (or necessary).

What impressed me was the professionalism. The people behind this know what people want. They want to dance, they want to buy oranges, some want to have their face painted. The people who run

these things may not be pillars of moral society but how many night clubs service the loos and put clean bog roll in them at 4am. I mean, they've already got our money! And the drinks are about half the price of the average nightclub.

Drugs are a big part of the scene, I saw evidence of the, but it's not full of it—and if you're there until the end then I'm sure some stimulants might help you reach 10am on your feet. I just think people want to dance, they want to party in a primal way and leave the modern world behind them for a night. But a legal version of this atmosphere wouldn't work. There's thought, planning, grooveiness and planning behind the whole operation. Nothing sinister—tell your folks—some people know how to party.

The Rave Game

Bored with Monopoly? Well, play Cleudo then (Hello Raggies). But once that's over, what next. Want a board game that your grandmother probably won't approve of? One that Richard Branson definitely doesn't approve of? The Rave Game is here.

Originally released in 1991, the original version attracted top reviews and sold by the thousand.

Until the News Of The World got hold of a copy, leading to the game being banned from sale in Virgin and all the major games stores and catalogues. The game's creator, BP Wow was physically ejected from the Earl's Court Toy Fair last year. TV advertising stopped by the IBA, on grounds that the game may offend public decency. The game is now 'remixed' in an updated

version. What on earth is in this game?

Apart from a Jamie Hewlett (Tank Girl) poster, there's three phases to the game, involving collecting flyers for the big rave from clubs around a city, followed by travelling around the country, collecting E-nergi tokens to put in the players' stash bags, avoiding being busted, and finally the rave

scene, exchanging your E-nergi tokens for dance cards, to make up to a three piece psychedelic jigsaw, all taking place on a dayglo and silver playing mat.

The game is available for £24.99 from RAVCO, PO Box 10, London N1 3RJ. Playing the game is not thought to be illegal by Felix's legal office.



Smile!

5 Film

The Public Eye

It is difficult to see Joe Pesci as anything other than Leo Getz in *Lethal Weapon* or bungling thief in *Home Alone* yet his talents do not just lie in comedy. He puts in a

convincing performance as Leon Bernstein (The Great Bernzini), a freelance photographer who sleeps by day in a seedy room the size of a broom cupboard. At night he prowls the streets of 1930s New York listening to the police broadcasts of crime and accidents. His pictures are sensational to the tabloids but more importantly first to reach the press office. His nocturnal activities make him a

lonely and untrusting cynic who never wants to get involved with what is on the other side of the lens. Enter Barbara Hershey as the femme fatale. He falls hopelessly in love with her and one by one breaks his own rules on her behalf. The FBI take an interest in his activities with the mafia and he uses the situation to further his dream of having his work published as serious photojournalism. Leon is

based on a real photographer Widgee and some of the photographs used in the film are his. The story is not very well paced and at times seems to be going nowhere yet perseverance pays off in the end. (The use of stills and music is very effective from director Howard Franklin, together with the sets and costumes help make an atmospheric if a little slow.)

Captain Caveman.



It's life, Jim, but not as we know it.

Stay Tuned

Aren't first impressions somewhat deceiving at times? I mean, this film has a plot most would scoff at, trailers and press releases most would choose only to ignore, but no, I thought. Amongst the wafer thin plot lies an almost irresistible chocolate layer of a film, whipped until smooth and fluffy, creamy and dark yet wholly innocent. Yes that's right this film is so stupid and crazy

it's funny. What you get for your money is an hour and a half of deep-throated television satire, oh yes there is a plot amongst all that but it soon gets lost and forgotten as you sit almost uncontrollably on the edge of your comfy, soft cushioned, Spanish inquisitionless chair, waiting for the next piss take, seeing if you can guess the sketch before all is revealed.

Basically, that's what this film becomes, a collection of Saturday Night Live type sketches pasted together with one of those 'Mr Couch Potato gets sucked into television land by Beelzebub's friend shunted from programme to programme as he tries to survive 24 hours of shite telly' storylines.

Try and see this film, not for a story or a splendid evening's entertainment but to laugh as loud

as you can in the cinema at every sketch you see. Keep an eye out for 'Yogi Beer' 'Silencer of the Lambs', '30 Something to Life', '3 Men and Rosemary's Baby' and especially 'Dwayne's Underworld!', 'Dwayne's Underworld!' Party time, excrement! Wiff. Wiff. 'Stay Tuned'—it's CRAZY.

Mario.

● In the West End and all over London from Friday.



Opera

The Turn of the Screw

Taken from Henry James' classic tale of ghosts and hysteria, Britten's chamber opera (libretto by My Fanwy Piper) concerns the arrival of a young woman (Valerie Masterson) at the country house Bly, there to act as governess to two children, Miles (Samuel Burkey) and Flora (Megan Kelly) in the absence of their estranged guardian. But her appearance uncovers (or perhaps precipitates) the terrifying decline of the children towards evil, and finally possession.

Where James' novel hinted that the source of the evil could be hysterical children and a neurotic governess, Britten's interpretation is very much that of the supernatural—a battle between good and evil. The music, fifteen complex variations of a single twelve note pattern, creates such a

variation of moods that the emotional extremes of the story are almost casually mirrored. Here, conducted by James Holmes, the performances of the central characters are exceptional—notably Philip Langridge as the ghost Peter Quint and Megan Kelly's Coliseum debut as Flora. Her portrayal of a young girl dragged into evil has a mevolent sexuality that is decidedly creepy. Langridge's Quint, seemingly desperate to control Miles, and battling with the governess for the boy's soul, is absolutely haunting.

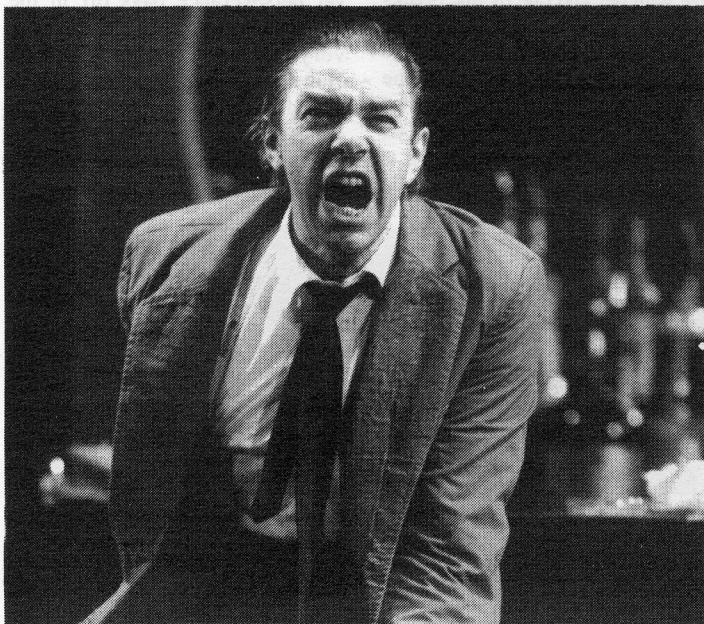
With an almost minimalist stage set which makes contrasting uses of both projection and shadow, Jonathan Miller's production (here revised from its last performance in 1991 by David Ritch) splendidly captures the essence of what is, after all, a damn good ghost story.

M J Doyle

●The London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 NE5, Charing Cross/Leicester Square tube. Box Office 071-836 3161..



Turn of the Screw.



Rigoletto

Rigoletto

The end of the first act; the cast take a breather, the stage hands rush to change the extraordinary set, and the audience fumble for their programmes to try and work out just what the hell is going on. Well, it seems clear that our hunchbacked hero Rigoletto (complete with hump and outrageous limp) has been cursed by Monterone, and blatantly obvious that he's keeping a mistress locked up at home (or is it his daughter?). But who is Ceprano and why is everyone so keen to kidnap his wife? Is the 'Duke' only after cheap tricks with Maddalena, or is he really in love with Gilda? What with all of the above and Sparafucile (the assassin, what else?) making assignments all over the place, you tend to get a bit confused and, only occasionally, lose the gist.

However, these are mere cursory details—the music is fantastic; a

dark, brooding overture, frenetic changes in pace, and wonderfully depressing ending. Sometimes the orchestra (under the direction of Mark Elder) seem to overpower the performers, but this gives you ample excuse for missing the plot. The sets (designed by Patrick Robertson and Rosemary Verco) are breathtaking. The production has placed the events in the New York Mafia society of the 1950s, and whenever the curtains lift, the audience sit up. The key characters are performed with vigour and an infusion of real excitement, notably Jonathan Summers as Rigoletto and Rosa Manian as Gilda. This is true opera—tragedy, comedy and bloody good music.

M J Doyle.

●The London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2N, Charing Cross tube. Box Office 071-836 3161. Tickets £6-£42.50.



Concert

Gidon Kremer and Oleg Maisenberg

The two respected recitalists came together to give us a programme spanning a century of violin and piano repertoire. Unfortunately Mr Maisenberg had sustained a mysterious injury prior to the concert forcing a change of programming, shunning Schubert's Rondo Brilliant and Bartók's 2nd Sonata in preference to Schubert's

2nd Sonatine and two works from the Second Viennese School. We were, however, treated to three splendid encores. Gidon Kremer's eloquence and sonorous tone were breath-taking, but somewhat marred by his tendency to go 'walkabout' whilst performing, slightly akin to Nigel Kennedy (well, nothing like Nigel Kennedy really, thank god) which was both visually and acoustically offputting. Oleg Maisenberg's accompaniment was both sensitive and individual, and my heart went out to him as he hobbled off and back onto the platform after each number, obviously in great pain.

The Schubert, though

superficially a very simple piece for both violinist and pianist, exploited the intrinsically song-like character of the greatest song-writer of the mid-nineteenth century. This lyrical style, oddly, continued in the pieces of Webern and his mentor, Schoenberg, feeling rather out of place where a more brash, coarse tone would have been more apt. The second half brought 19th century works for Schullhof, Dvorák and Liszt; fireworks after the calm of the first three pieces. The sublimely intense writing of Schullhof (who perished in the concentration camps of the Second World War) and Dvorák were a wonderful contrast to the clinical

Webern and were played with gay abandon (if that is still PC) and no little degree of raunchiness when required, mirrored with very private moments when one hardly dared to breathe (although certain members of the audience still managed to cough to the profound annoyance of me, and half the audience, I suspect). The climax was reached with the Liszt Grand Duo Concertant, a warhorse for both performers, brilliantly executed with sensitivity and panache.

Gwen

●Barbican Centre, EC2. Moorgate/Barbican tube. Box Office 071-638 8891.



Theatre

Souls

This is the first production of Robert Griffith's play, which follows the lives of a group of Russian Serfs in the 1820s. Anatole, an actor, is brought to the estate in order to train a group of serfs to perform before their Count and Countess.

The small cast performed well, not only in their main roles, but also in the parts they played during the reminiscences of Anatole, and others. Movement played an important part in the play, and worked well to convey the varying moods, especially Yermilovna's

Foot Above the Head

Foot Above the Head is an adaption and re-working of Shakespeare's unfinished play 'Timon of Athens'. A cast of eight women including a violinist, explore the story of false, profitable friendships.

Timon of Athens is an unusual play and certainly incomparable with the great Shakespeare tragedies that preceded it. Blood Stone has managed to adapt the original text, full of roughness and inconsistencies, into a performance that is finished in its conception.

Timon, a mistress of Athens, is surrounded with many, false and flattering friends. She is naive and unaware of her financial state. Her bounty shows itself in hedonism and high living, more than old-fashioned benevolence. Sudden discovery of naivety, and finally, unexpected discovery of an inexhaustible supply of gold make the whole story seem like a fairytale. However this does not detract from greatness of this work. The exact cause of Timon's death is left poetically obscure.

Sioban Stamp, as Timon, gave a good performance, however, acting wasn't the strong point of this play; the stage, with real desert sand, was. Every detail was chosen with care and objects falling from ceiling make a great metaphor showing Timon's beliefs in people and wealth disappearing. It is worth mentioning the stage manager, well done, Anna Howarth!

If you are in a fringe theatre mood, *Foot Above the Head*, a benefit for Friends of the Earth, is worth a visit.

E Clarici, J Dymott.

● Turtle Key Arts Centre, Farm Lane, Fulham, Fulham Broadway tube. Box Office 071-385 4905. £5, £3 concs. Tuesday: Pay What you Can (min £1) + 50p.

dance for her dead husband.

The use of a narrator who was involved in the story added a great deal. For some of the relatively young cast it was obviously difficult to relax, leading to a slightly stilted nature of some of the scenes, but the majority of the acting was very good.

The theatre can be found in a large garage at the back of a courtyard (hence the theatre's name), and seats about thirty. Its small nature draws you into the play. I highly recommend this play—it's fairly cheap for one thing, but a word of warning—wear warm clothes as the theatre is very cold.

Laura.

● Courtyard Theatre, 10 York Way, N1, Kings Cross tube. Box Office 071-833 0870.

Small Talk About Chromosomes

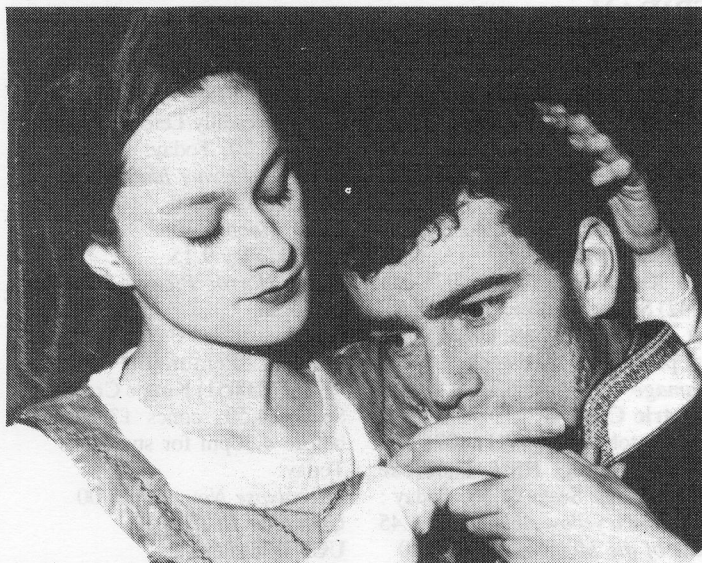
You can be quite sure it's going to be something different when the cast troop in, sit down at the table laid out as if for a press conference, and immediately shoot off into mad debate, all conducted via microphones.

Actually this is just the beginning of a strange, dazzling and often downright bizarre piece concerning itself with what happens when Bill and Shona (James Eastaway and Sue Mound) find their relationship rapidly disintegrating. The title refer to the work of a doctor, exceptionally acted by William Brooke (he is one of the two real doctors supposedly in the play?), whose job it is to counsel them on the consequences of embryo testing.

The refreshing style mooted here translates particularly well in the Bush, a small theatre above a pub, where the closeness of the cast definitely adds something. Additionally the clever use of music breaks, the dance routines and a well constructed set which makes good use of limited space. My only reservation was with the film at the end: entitled 'Pier Pressure' and projected from the stage for the characters to watch, it involved a day at the seaside with two un-introduced children, Bill and the doctor. Just where this left us, after the play had seemingly been wound up, I'm uncertain. Nevertheless after only two years together 'Theatre PUR can feel rightly proud of this entertaining and highly original piece of theatre.

Tom.

● Bush Theatre, Shepherd's Bush Green, W12, Shepherd's Bush/Goldhawk Road tube. Box Office 081-743 3388. Tickets £6-£9 (+ 50p membership).



Soul

Paramour, Twilight, Pavane, Don Quixoté, Facade, The Green Table

Six ballets in one evening may sound like an effort, but don't be fooled. The programme permits a diversity of forms and styles to be presented, each complimenting the other. 'Paramour' is a light-hearted look at flirtations between two couples, with an amusing twist in the tail. This was followed by a complete change of mood with 'Twilight'. A ballet for two dancers exploring sexual politics within a couple's relationship. A very modern ballet, it received a muted response, despite being extremely well performed. I was pleased to see the Birmingham Royal Ballet, still prepared to present such difficult and little-seen works. Kenneth MacMillan's *Pas de deux* to Fauré's 'Pavane' followed, and immediately the mood changed again. Beautiful and moving, an apt tribute to the great choreographer who died late last year. 'Don Quixoté'—*Pas de deux*, notably the only non-20th century ballet of the evening, was next on show and can obly be described as stunning. Lively, vibrant and exciting, the crowd actually cheered and whistled at the dancers. I have never seen a reception like this, to a ballet, before.

Next stop, 'Facade', a witty, popular ballet consisting of seven short dances. This proved to be an amusing interlude before the final and longest of the evening's offerings—'The Green Table'. Altogether, a powerful and imposing ballet, it portrays excellently the horror and futility of war. The whole show was superbly presented and left us all slightly overawed.

An all-round-enjoyable evening, and I would recommend

Birmingham Royal Ballet's 'mixed bag' evenings to anybody—particularly if you've never been before. They make an excellent introduction to the diversity of the medium.

FOB.

Hobson's Choice

Boot boy rises to run cobbler's shop via spinster sister and Drunken Master...Hmm!

Eschewing the staple balletic fare of swans, fairies and an influx of national dancers. Composer, Paul Reade, and choreographer, David Bintley, have produced a stunning full length ballet from Harold Brighouse's northern rags to riches fable.

Reade's pretty melodies and witty rhythms explore every plot detail (try to overlook some grotesque 'Hollywoodesque' orchestrations by Lawrence Ashton) and Bintley embellishes each note with enchantingly natural and refreshingly original steps. The result is an involving, fluid and detailed dramatic line unusual in the classical ballet medium.

Birmingham Royal Ballet's production polishes every facet of this modern classic to a sparkle:

Vincent Redman's shyly chirpy boot boy wins every heart including Marion Tate's. Her tight-lipped Maggie has the guts and grace of a shrewd woman not to be messed with. Her sisters, and attendant beaux are touchingly young, happy and in love. Every nuance and outburst in Bintley's steps is delivered with ease and oomph. DO NOT MISS THIS BALLET.

Sara.

● Sadlers Wells Theatre, Rosebury Avenue, EC1, Angel tube. Box Office 071-278 8916. Tickets £5-£28.50.

FRIDAY

Cinema
Camden Plaza
 211 Camden High St, NW1 (071-485 2443) Camden Town tube. Seats £5; 1st show daily £3.80; concs £2.30 1st perf only. This week:
Dracula 12.25 3.00 5.40 8.25
Chelsea Cinema
 206 King's Rd, SW3 (071-351 3742) Sloane Sq tube. Seats £5.50; 1st show daily £3.80; concs £2.80 1st perf only. This week:
Damage 1.15 3.40 6.10 8.40
Electric Cinema
 191 Portobello Rd, W11 (071-792 2020) Notting Hill/ Ladbroke Grove tubes. Seats £4.50. Today :
She wore a yellow ribbon 2.45 6.45
Last of the Mohicans 5.40 8.40
Gate Cinema
 87 Notting Hill Gate, W11 (071-727 4043) Notting Hill Gate tube. Seats £5.50, Sun mat £4; concs (card required) £3 Mon-Fri before 6pm, Sun mat £3. This week:
Damage & The Cutter (11 mins) 1.40 4.05 6.30 8.55 Late Fri, Sat 11.20
Loita Sun Mat 11.30
Last Tango in Paris Sun Mat 2.15
MGM Chelsea
 279 King's Rd, SW3 (071-352 5096) Sloane Sq tube then bus. Seats £6; concs £3.50 Mon-Fri before 5pm. This week:
Honey, I blew up the kid 2.10 4.15 6.30 9.20
Dracula 1.10 3.50 6.35 9.20
Muppet Xmas Carol Mats 1.10
A few Good Men 3.10 6.10 9.10
Home Alone 2 Mats 2.00
Reservoir Dogs 4.35 7.00 9.40
MGM Fulham Rd
 Fulham Road, SW10 (071-370 2636) South Ken tube then bus. Seats £6; concs £3.50 Mon-Fri before 5pm. This week:
The Bodyguard 1.00 3.45 6.35 9.25
Stay Tuned 1.40 4.10 7.25 9.35
Last of the Mohicans 1.10 3.55 6.50 9.30
Singles 1.40 4.10 7.10 9.30
Sister Act 1.25
Public Eye 4.10 7.10 9.30
Minema
 45 Knightsbridge, SW1 (071-235 4225) Knightsbridge/ Hyde Park tubes. Seats £6.50; concs £3.50 1st perf Mon-Fri for students. This week:
A Winter's Tale 2.15 4.30 6.45 9.00
Notting Hill Cornet
 Notting Hill Gate, W11 (071-727 6705) Notting Hill tube. Seats £5. This week:
Dracula 3.05 5.50 8.30 Late Sat 11.10
Odeon Kensington
 263 Kensington High St, W8 (071-371 3166) Ken High St tube. Seats £5.80 and £6.30 This week:
Honey, I blew up the Kid 2.05 4.30 6.55 9.35

A Few good men 6.10 9.15 late Fri, Sat 12.20
Prince Charles
 Leicester Place, WC2 (071-437 8181) Piccadilly/Leicester Sq tubes. Seats £1.20. Today:
My Own Private Idaho 1.30
Delicatessen 4.00
Bitter Moon 6.30
'Mo' Money 9.15
Rocky Horror Picture Show Late 11.45pm
Scala
 257-277 Pentonville Rd, N1 (071-278 0051) King's Cross tube. Seats £4.50; concs £3 Mon-Fri before 4.30pm for students. Today:
Apocalypse Now 2.30 8.00
Godfather Pt III 5.10
UCI Whiteleys
 Whiteleys Shopping Centre, (071 792 3324/3332). This week:
Dracula 12.20 3.10 6.30 9.25
Public Eye 12.35 2.50 5.20 7.40 9.55
Bodyguard 12.35 3.25 6.15 9.15
A few good Men 2.25 5.40 8.45
Honey, I blew up the kid 11.30am 1.55 4.10 6.45 9.00
Stay tuned 2.10 4.25 7.00 10.00
Sister Act 12.25 2.40 5.10 7.30 9.45
Home Alone 2 1.45 4.35 Reservoir Dogs 7.15 9.35
Music
Bloggers ITA, Blade
 Underworld, £5.
Kick Asteroid, Violet Years, etc.
 White Horse, Hampstead, £3.
Undercover
 Fridge, £7.
Theatre
BAC
 176 Lavender Hill, SW11 071 223 2223, Membership £1.
Impro Special 8 pm Tickets by donation
The Bush
 Shepherds Bush Green W12, 081 743 3388,
Small talk about Chromosomes 8 pm not Sun £6-9
Courtyard Theatre
 10 York Way N1 071 833 0870
Souls 8 pm till Sun £4-6.50
Drill Hall
 16 Chenies Street WC1, 071 637 8270.
Elegies for Angels, Punks and Raging Queens 7.30 Not Mon, £6-10,
Etcetra Theatre
 Oxford Arms 265 Camden High St. NW1
Elephant in a Rubarb Tree 7.30 till Sun, £5.50-6.50
The Dock Brief 9.30 pm till Sun, £4-5.
The Gate
 Prince Albert, 11 Pembridge Road W11, 071 229 0706.
The Set Up 7.30 pm £5-8
Lyric Hammersmith
 King St W6 081 741 2311

Greasepaint 7.45 pm Not Sun, Sat Mat 2.30 pm
Lyric Studio
 see Lyric Hammersmith
Simples of the Moon 8 pm Sat Mat 4.30 pm Not Sun
Tricycle Theatre
 269 Kilburn High street, 071 328 1000
The Ash Fire 8 pm not Sun, Sat Mat 4 pm, £7-11.50
College
Rag Meeting
1.10pm in the Ents Lounge oppsite Da Vinci's.
Third World First weekly meeting 12.45 Southside Upper Lounge
Fitness Class
 5.30pm in Southside Gym step Class take your student card.

SATURDAY

Cinema
Prince Charles
Night on Earth 1.30
Backdraft 4.00
Patriot Games 6.45
Boomerang 9.15
Electric Cinema
All Dogs go to Heaven 12.00
Pacific Heights 2.50 6.50
Single White Female 4.45 8.45
Scala
Simple Men 2.45 8.30
Trust 6.40
Unbelievable Truth 4.40
UCI Whiteleys
Music
Sidi Bou Said.
 Rough Trade, Covent Garden, 1pm, FREE.

SUNDAY

Cinema
Electric Cinema
Mauvais Sang 2.10
Les amants du pont neuf 4.20
What have I done to deserve this? 6.50
Labyrinth of Passion 8.50
Prince Charles
Pretty Woman 1.30
Brief Encounter 4.00
Cyrano de Bergerac 6.00
Frankie & Johnnie 9.45
Scala
Angel 2.50
The Crying Game 4.30
Candyman 8.00
Music
The Godfathers, Big Boy
Tomato, Cast.
 Clapham Grand, £6.
Theatre
BAC
Storytelling night 8 pm
College
Fitness Club
 2.00-3.00pm in Southside Lounge. Intermediate.

MONDAY

Cinema
Electric Cinema
Bob Roberts 1.40 5.15 8.50
This is Spinal Tap 3.40 7.15
Prince Charles
Lover 1.30
Fried Green Tomatoes 4.00
Delicatessen 6.45
Basic Instinct 9.45
Scala
Cafe Flesh 4.45 9.25
City of lost souls 1.40 6.20
Sex Madness 3.20 8.05
Music
Spin Doctors, etc.
 Borderline, £5.
Theatre
Etcetra Theatre
The Man in the Welsh Lunatic Asylum and The man in the English Lunatic Asylum 8 pm
College
Dance Club
Beginners Rock and Roll 6.00pm in JCR.
Latin Medals 7.00-8.30pm
Fitness Club
 5.30-6.30pm in Southside Lounge. Beginner
Premier League Football
 7 pm in Da Vinci's lavish on TV.
Imperial College Cricket Club
 Net sessions at MCC indoor cricket school, meet 7.15 pm in Mech Eng Foyer WHITES ARE ESSENTIAL. Contact Jon Mottashed Chem Eng 4

TUESDAY

Cinema
Electric Cinema
The Draughtsman's Contract 2.15 6.40
Prospero's Books 4.15 8.40
Prince Charles
Bitter Moon 1.30
Schtonk! 4.00
Twin Peaks - Fire walk with me 6.20
Night on Earth 9.00
Scala
Cape Fear 3.50 8.30
Raging Bull 1.40 6.10
Music
Zip Zip Undo Me, Throw That Beat In the Garbage Can.
 Borderline, £5.
Theatre
BAC
Sisters 8 pm £7.50, Tuesday pay what you can
College
French Soc
 Club meeting, 12 noon Clubs Committee Room
Free Juke Box and Jazz in the Union Building.

Dance Club

Improvers Ballroom/Latin 6.00pm
Intermediate Ballroom/Latin Medals 7.00 pm
Advanced Ballroom/Latin 8.00 pm
Riding Club
 Meeting 12.30-1.30, Southside Upper Lounge
Radio Modellers Club
 meet in Southside Upper Lounge 1-2pmor contact David Walker in Chem Eng 3.
ICSF
 open their Library every lunchtime to members who join for £3
SPLOTSOC
 Every Tuesday 12.15pm-1.30pm in Southside Upper lounge
Fitness Club
 5.30-6.30pm in Southside Lounge. Advanced
Dance Club
 Beginners Ballroom/Latin 6-7pm. Intermediate Ballroom/Latin 8-9pm. Advanced Ballroom/Latin 8-9pm.
Stoic
 1.15 Stoic News

WEDNESDAY

Cinema
Electric Cinema
Toto the Hero 3.50 7.10
Delicatessen 5.15 8.50
Prince Charles
Simple Men 1.30
Patriot Games 4.00
My own private Idaho & Life's a Gas 6.30
Coolley High 9.00
Scala
Pink Narcissus 4.00 6.40 9.20
Music
Clouds, Hang David, Julie Dolphin.
 Orange, £4.
Theatre
Etcetra Theatre
Killing Him 9.30 pm £4-5
College
Club Libido
 from 9.30 to 1 am come and party in the Ents lounge Rag and IC Radio not invited.
Tenpin Bowling Club
 meet 2.15pm in Aero Foyer or contact David Walker in Chem Eng 3
Fitness Club
 1.15-2.15pm Southside Lounge. Intermediate/Beginner

THURSDAY

Cinema
Electric Cinema
The Pleasure principle 1.30 6.20
Bitter Moon 3.50 8.10
Prince Charles
Night on Earth 1.30
Twin Peaks
Fire Walk With Me 4.00
Short Film: The Big Fish
Schtonk 6.40
Out on a Limb presents *Querele* 9.00.

IC Radio Schedule

Day Time	FRI 12	SAT 13	SUN 14	MON 15	TUE 16	WED 17	THU 18
8-9						Steve	
9-10	MORNING MUSIC JAM						
10-11							
11-12							
12-1	Steve T	Robin	R Saw	Mr B	Penguin	Dan the	Groove
1-2	R Saw	G		Phil H	& Phil	Man	Farm
2-3			Howie G	R Saw	Kev & Dog		Lofty
3-4	Globe	Lofty			R Saw		
4-5	Trotter	Album	Bruno	Cath		R Saw	Greg &
5-6		Charts	Brooks Top 40		B Crotaz		Melissa
6-7	Jaymz		(Radio 1)	Bruce	Oli & Reg	Happy Hour	
7-8		D J			Mission Impossible	S + M	Jase
8-9	News	F A	Richard	Monday Prog.	Rob	8 o'clock Edition	Marcus' Blues
9-10	Adam &	David Mac	& Justin	Alan	Adam & Nigel		Show
10-11	Lemmy	Eitoroh	Neil		Neil	Damon	Ian Parish

ELECTIONS PRINTING DEADLINES

Artwork by 15th Feb (to be printed by 19th Feb)

Manifestos by 1pm, 22nd Feb

any work submitted later CANNOT be guaranteed to be completed

FREE TICKETS TO B-52s Sunday 14th Brixton Academy

Monday 15th & Tuesday 16th Hammersmith Apollo

See Rag Meeting, Friday 1.10pm Ents Lounge (opp Da Vinci's)

Arrogant 4ths

University of London,
Upper Reserve Cup Quarter Final
Imperial IV 4-1 St Georges II

Imperial College Association Football Club is blessed with total quality in the form of this year's fourth team who approached the University of London upper reserve cup quarter final with the resolve and tenacity never before seen in college soccer.

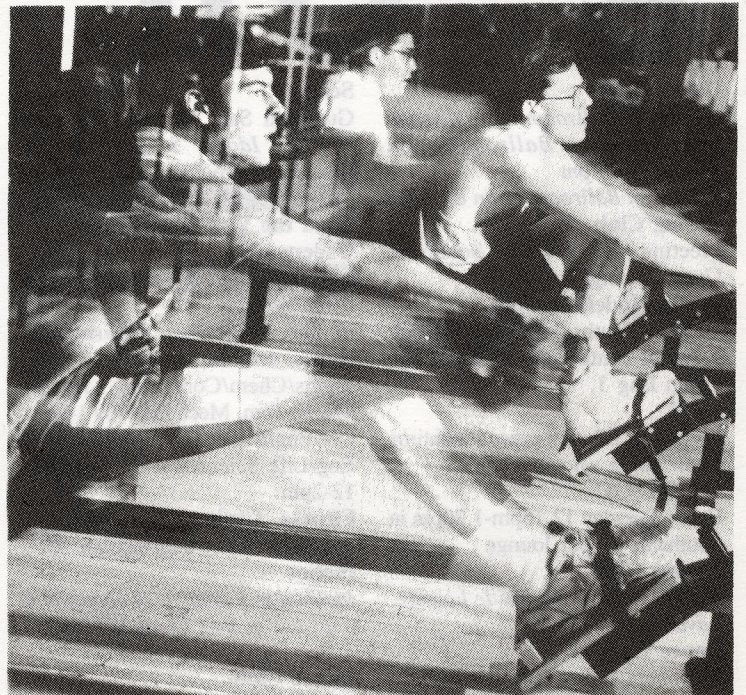
Strangely the arrogance of the fourth team didn't deter St Georges from gaining an initial advantage after an uncharacteristic slip-up by goalkeeper Greatorex. However IC bounced straight back, scoring almost immediately with a well worked move from defence, through midfield onto R Snell and J Diss and finally crossed by A Said to be trusted home by N Strevens. A second goal from IC followed 10 minutes later resulting from a quick throw, from new boy K Burrett, to Said who buried clinically. One, of course, thinks back to the midfield hustle by D Buckle to ensure the throw.

The second half continued in the same euphoric vein with Diss converting our relentless pressure

into points, additionally opening his account for IC, with a text book header from a pin-point corner. One, of course, thinks back to the midfield hustle by D Buckle to ensure the corner. The game progressed from this point with IC consolidating in defence assisted by fine performances from A Gelli and K Otikoju who were both new to the full back positions. Crunching tackles were prevalent in midfield and were complemented perfectly with the ability and vision of M Dikko and K Burrett up front.

Once IC held their death grip there was never going to be any escape for St Georges. The final nail in their coffin was a fourth goal beautifully converted by Said from a fine through-ball by one of the old hands, R Ramachandran. The final whistle blew before the game could be restarted.

Surely after this performance no one can fancy getting IC in the semi-final draw, and we face this penultimate game with the unquestioned inevitability of proceeding to Motspur Park for the final. One, of course, looks to D Buckle to ensure that destiny is assured.



The National Student Indoor Rowing Championships held in Imperial College's Great Hall on Sunday.

First Results

The Imperial College Indoor Football Tournament (IC 1ST) started this week. The opening games proved to be very exciting with good football played by all the teams. Special mention must go to the Pakistani forward (very thin, but very nimble) who was instrumental in the defeat of the Lebanese team. The results so far are given below, with next week's fixtures. Teams are required to be at the Volleyball Court at the times stated in Felix every week.

Results

Group 1	
Malaysian 3	Chem Soc 11
Pakistan 14	Lebanese 5
Group 2	
Indian 3	Cypriot 10
Sikh 12	Hellenic 3
Fixtures Week beginning 15.2.93	
Tuesday 16th	
1.00pm Pakistan v Malaysian	
2.00pm Chem Soc v Lebanese	
Wednesday 17th	
7.30pm Sikh v Indian	
8.30pm Cypriot v Hellenic	

IC Hockey Win

IC 1st XI Hockey
IC 1-0 UCHMX
Our train was kept a'rolling towards platforms one and two for victory at Waterloo. Yes, our League-Cup double hopes are still alive. After winning four out of five last league games, this one was crucial. Heavily depleted by injury and desertion we entered the game like

Kurt Cobain's wardrobe—hastily thrown together in the dark of an unlit bedroom. Despite this, we bloomed into an early lead as Dave F, the goal mouth bandit stole the ball from John F's stick to score. We had many more shots but there was always something in the way. Oh well, nevermind.

Wild Country

We'd like to remind you that this is the well known wild man club of Imperial. We can also boast the fittest women in College. With our world tour this year beginning in Reading (other venues to be announced) we're having a pretty exciting year. This Saturday is, however, particularly exhilarating, since our 'Hyde Park Relays' are taking place around the Serpentine, beginning at 2pm. This is arguably the largest student race in Europe, with over 1000 competitors drawn from all the main universities in the UK, plus teams from Dutch, French and German universities. Sadly this year Princess Diana is unable to

attend as 'patron of the Games' (in fact she hasn't been able to make it very often in previous years—bless her)—but the race still promises its exotic mix of foreign, dusky and British sweat, especially with our traditional 'drown the foreign teams in the Serpentine' laugh-a-minute trophy ceremony allowing booking free travel on most major channel ferry routes over Sunday.

So, if you want to see the team with worse steroid abuse than 'Neighbours' get trodden into the ground. Come on down to the SE end of the Serpentine at 2pm on Saturday.

IC Rugby Lose

Imperial College Second IV 0 - Royal Free Hospital First IV (about) 40

Many thank-yous to the RCS players who stood in for IC players at Harlington on Wednesday. Poor turn out, again, left us short before we started. After two injuries in the first twenty minutes we were lucky that the Firsts opposition had not yet arrived and a couple stood in for us (Cheers). Half time, and loads

down, the Firsts opposition had arrived and so 13 men turned a brave face and showed some determination to hold them off for the second half. It was a disappointing game this far into the season.

Imperial College Rugby meet Mondays at 6 and Tuesdays at 12 in the Union Gym, watch the notice board next to the Union Bar.