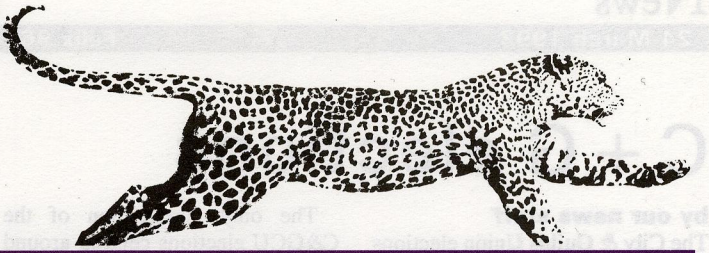


FELIX



The Student Newspaper of Imperial College

Issue 963

24 March 1993

IC Student Wins

An Imperial College student was elected as a sabbatical of the University of London students' Union (ULU) in controversial circumstances last week.

Ben Hancock was elected to the post of Vice President (Finances and Societies) at a meeting of ULU's General Union Council (GUC). GUC is a body made up of students of the University of London who have been sent to represent their colleges to the University. This group of up to eighty people, then chooses who should then be elected to spend a year paid representing students at the whole of London University. Voting takes place at the meeting following speeches by and questions to the candidates.

The hustings and voting could have been best described as a rollercoaster ride for Ben Hancock. He began the evening having been banned from his candidature. Under the GUC election rules a candidate is only allowed to produce one sheet of A4 paper to publicise themselves. In Issue 962 of Felix an interview with Mr Hancock was published, this was ruled to have contravened the regulations of the election. In a compromise move, the elections committee then ruled that Mr Hancock would be allowed to stand as a candidate and answer questions, but not give a speech to GUC.

This held until the speeches for the post started, and the barring from the post took place. Confusion reigned for at least an hour and a half while speakers, including other candidates for the same post and ULU sabbaticals, demanded that Mr Hancock be allowed to put his

case. Ellie Merton, ULU Vice President (Communications and Welfare) as acting returning officer refused to submit to overwhelming pressure from the floor to change the election committee's decision and allow Mr Hancock to speak.

Danny Chippeck, ULU Vice President (Sports and Recreation) along with David Pellor, Senate for Law, both executive members of ULU lead the revolt and forced a vote which conclusively overturned the elections committee ruling. After the vote had been passed one member of the election committee resigned before the hustings process could continue as planned.

With all the votes cast Ben Hancock was declared the winner after three recounts, beating the nearest contender, Paul Phillips, by thirty five votes to thirty. Commenting after the result had been announced, Mr Hancock said that he did not believe that he had benefited from the publicity generated by the controversy. He said he was very pleased but believed that his policies had been responsible for his victory.

In a separate contest the post of ULU President was won by Simon Rix. Mr Rix overcame opposing candidate, Annie Hawkins, by thirty nine to thirty five votes. The other sabbatical post contested at the GUC was Vice President (Communications and Welfare). Sara Ragab was the only candidate. She was not present at the meeting and was beaten by Re-open nominations, a similar device to New Election used in Imperial College. Next year's London Student editor will be Liz Llewelyn, the present assistant editor.

Security Catch a Thief



PIC BY MIKE CHAMBERLAIN

by Declan Curry

A suspected thief was arrested following a chase through College buildings. A member of the Diplomatic Protection Squad detained and charged the man on Queen's Gate after he was 'restrained' by College security staff.

The arrest followed a spate of thefts comprising of purses, wallets, chequebooks and chequecards. Witnesses have told Felix that the man was seen on three separate occasions leaving rooms from which property was later reported as having been stolen. Despite the circulation of a description of the suspect, he evaded College security officers on these occasions.

The man was spotted by a

member of College staff just after 6pm on 17 March. Security was immediately alerted, and College security officers on the scene gave chase. The pursuit led through the Huxley Building, resulting in damage to one of the doors. The chase ended on Queen's Gate, where the man was restrained by several security officers. A member of the Diplomatic Protection Squad, who was passing on a motorcycle, was flagged down to give assistance. The man was detained in the security lodge in the Huxley Building. He was taken to Rochester Row police station, and was released on bail. The man faces charges of criminal damage, and Police investigations are continuing into possible theft charges.

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Opinion

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Overboard

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Clinton
in Britain?

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Reviews
Reviews!

C + G elections

by our news staff

The City & Guilds Union elections saw an unprecedented turnout on Monday 15th and Tuesday 16th March, with all positions contesting some 170 votes each. Kate Dalton, this year's C&GCU President, said she had never known the 100-vote quorum to be broken before.

Standing uncontested for the position of President, Paul Griffith took 141 of 171 votes cast, the remainder going to New Election, and a small number of papers being spoilt. Mr Griffith said later that he was 'very happy to be elected', adding that although the 6% voting figures were not very good, he was encouraged by the votes being three times greater than that of previous years. Most of the uncontested candidates won by margins in the region of 100 votes, with the candidate for Vice-President, Joe Baguley, scoring the lowest majority with 113 votes to New Election's 50 votes.

The only competition of the C&GCU elections centred around the post of Entertainments Chair, with Subhashis Chowdury standing against Tim Atkinson and New Election. New Election was eliminated on the first ballot, and the reallocation of votes enabled Mr Chowdury to defeat Mr Atkinson by 30 votes on the second count. Neither candidate was confident of victory before the result was announced, both agreeing that the elections had been 'a fiasco'.

The winners are as follows: Paul Griffith (President), Joe Baguley (Vice-President), Mark Walton (Honorary Secretary), Liam Cusack (Honorary Junior Treasurer), Amit-Ranjan Sinha (Academic Affairs Officer), Ian Parish (Departmental Society Officer), Subhashis Chowdury (Ents Chair), Richard Oussedik (Publicity Officer), Geoff Maxwell (CGCA Representative), and Bulbul Basu (Guildsheet Editor).

Science minister visits



by Andrew Tseng

William Waldegrave, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, called for a focused centre for science and technology in Government in a speech at Imperial.

Thursday 18th saw the cabinet minister in charge of the Citizens Charter and the Office of Science and Technology speak by invitation of Save British Science.

The Chancellor stressed that applied research was not better, nor more necessary than pure science and technology research. Mr Waldegrave gave two conditions for university teaching, 'firstly it should be excellent, and secondly it should be suitable'. He added that 'being

useful should be a side issue and should not be important in deciding whether a subject is taught'.

Professor Igor Aleksander, Head of Electronic and Electrical Engineering, queried Mr Waldegrave about short term funding of projects being more favoured than long term funding by institutes and funding councils. Mr Waldegrave responded by saying that, 'Universities should concentrate on long term research projects'.

Mr Waldegrave is expected to bring out his Science And Technology White Paper around mid- to late-May.

RCS elections

by Andrew Tseng

In a possible indication of his popularity, Paul Thomas, RCS President, failed to get elected as RCS Academic Affairs Officer (AAO).

Sarah Lee, the current AAO, attained a 23 vote majority over the 65 achieved by Mr Thomas. In a comment to Felix, Mr Thomas said, 'Sarah has done an excellent job, I wish her the best of luck'.

Duncan Austin claimed the post of Honorary Secretary in the only other contested post, beating Mark Summer by 31 votes.

An upset has occurred for the

post of Vice-President; Simon Gibbons and Robert Leamon, standing jointly failed to get ratified by a RCS General Committee Meeting (GenComm). In a letter published in this issue of Felix, Mr Gibbons and Mr Leamon cite their year in Europe as the cause of losing the uncontested election.

The post of president was uncontested for the first time in several years. Rhian Picton, currently the Biochemistry Departmental Representative, was ratified as RCS president at the RCS GenComm. In an interview with Felix, Miss Picton announced her intention to make startling changes to the RCS. 'I'm going to have a forum where people can complain and give ideas'. When pressed further she said, 'it's most important that we give people what they want'. Miss Picton later added that she was looking towards closer cooperation between the RCS and the other Constituent College Unions, naming the City And Guilds College in particular.

In the remaining elected post, Emma Holmes, currently the Honorary Junior Treasurer, won another term of office after standing unopposed. Miss Holmes was ratified at the RCS GenComm.

Part-Time Postgraduate Staff Required

BY CENTRE FOR COMPUTING SERVICES

There are opportunities for postgraduates to work part-time at the Centre's Help Desk. Each successful applicant will be required to undertake one duty session a week of around four hours with pay at PG rates.

The Help Desk operation is supported by the Apriori Help Desk Management System. Apriori logs, tracks and manages problems and queries from first contact through to problem resolution. Whilst knowledge of Unix, networking, and PC and Mac applications is an advantage, the primary role is to work with Apriori for which training will be provided.

If you are interested in working as a member of the Help Desk team and gaining experience in the many computing activities supported by the Centre, contact Mike Nock (416 Mech Eng, etc 4938, E-mail—m.nock@ic).

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ASK AT ENQUIRIES

Editorial

The Horror of GUC

Expecting a meeting of eighty students held in a bar to be constructive, reasoned and useful would be a little too much. When it is a meeting of the most egocentric personalities in the University of London, productive debate is not on the cards. Last Tuesday's meeting of GUC, the General Union Council of the University of London students' union went far beyond this.

It was not the votes upon votes upon votes, or the quoting obscure strictures from a mystical little green book, even the fact that the ballot boxes for one election closed before any candidate had a chance to speak, it may have been that half an hour was spent discussing whether men should be permitted to

vote in the women's officer election, but it wasn't. What really galled was the fact only ten people felt they had the right to impose all of this on the rest of the meeting.

Every time an issue was raised, the same faces felt they had to stand up, rather like watching a human merry-go-round of wooden, garishly painted models continuously enjoying the sound of their own voices. Unfortunately, if you did want to speak and you weren't deeply personally acquainted with the chair of the meeting, you did not stand a chance.

The only moment in which freedom of speech reared its ugly head was when Sharon Redrobe, president of Royal Veterinary College, forced her way to the microphone to complain about not being allowed to speak, which was a fair point, but only added to the general chaos.

How can this body expect to

represent the students of London? The few that control and run ULU are elected from the odd one or two who bother to turn up to GUC. Generally, they are sabbaticals or heavily involved in internal politics, so spend most of their time perpetuating the backstabbing and infighting that takes place at GUC. The few good things that do get done, are hidden behind closed doors so that they do not fall prey to some personal vendetta from some other hack.

It is small wonder that colleges like Imperial consider opting out of the University of London, if this is the best they have to offer. Bound up with a deeply undemocratic structure, a building which is seen as a venue or a leisure centre and representation of sixty thousand students by a self-centred clique, I doubt if the University of London will continue in its present form for very much longer and

GUC should seriously consider the need for its own existence. And the sooner it does get its act in gear and does some serious restructuring, the sooner it will lose its well earned reputation as an ego supporting, CV boosting, small-minded coven of rejects from the real world.

Credits

News: Declan, Andrew, David
Reviews: Sara, Mario, Richard, Phil, Kristine, Gareth, Poddy, Jacob, Gareth
Light all the reviewers
Features: Every club and society at IC, Mimi, Sports: Sarmad, Ismail

Thanks: Rose, Andy, Simon, James, Declan, Steve D, Beccy, Steve N, Chris, Rick, Dom, Marc Swan, Ian Hodge, Greg, Dave Cohen, and any one who this term has tried to tame the collating machine, I am eternally in your debt.

PICTURE BY MIKE CHAMBERLAIN

Cat's Eyes

The winner of the competition hosted by IC Radio last week was **Raggie** from Physics. He nominated **Keith Morale** from Physics I to be slagged off. With the limited data that he (Keith) lives in the library, here goes: **Keith you sad man, get out the library! It is annoying to the librarians and to all who use the library. Get a proper home, then a life!**

Islam - the argument so far...

Felix 958: ConSoc write to Felix, describing a letter sent to them by the Islamic Soc, challenging them to 'an open debate on Government policy in the Middle East'. ConSoc shit-stir by reporting that the Islamic Soc called western civilisation 'a disaster' and replied by mocking the fact that Islamic Soc claimed that Islam to be 'complete ideology'.

Felix 959: Muzaffar Qureshi writes in complaining about the frivolous use of the word 'Jehad'.

Abdullah (no surname) also writes in, attacking the western civilisation and plugs what Islam offers, in 300 or so words of what could be mistaken for a political manifesto. He goes on to arrogantly forgive the ignorance of ConSoc and again invites them to the debate mentioned in Felix 958.

Felix 960: Beit Back slags of Islam. L M Urban from Biochemistry writes in to defend the western civilisation and urges Abdullah to make the distinction between a government and a religion. He/she takes examples from he/she considers to be fuck-ups on the part of Islam, and takes the shine off the Islam ideology.

Felix 961: This was the four page election special, so no space for letters.

Felix 962: A leaflet written by Najeeb Khan that was banned around college is re-printed in Felix. It plugs at considerable length the Islam ideology and slags off the British Government. Fahad El-Adawi writes in defending Islam (what happened to Abdullah or Islamic Soc?). His (I assume Fahad

is a he) letter is a montage of quotes and propaganda for the Islam 'way of life'.

Felix 963: Geoff Maxwell steps in on behalf of CathSoc as defence for the British Government in a short-ish letter. Alan Bailey on the other hand adopts the space-filling technique of letter writing in an attempt to settle the dispute. Not a bad effort. Other students/ex-chairpersons add their two pennies worth.

Felix 964: Roll up! Roll up! Place up ya bets! You'd be stupid to miss this once off opportunity to make money! Simply guess what will happen next and decide on how much you want to gamble. Present your cash and choice to Felix by 12pm on the first day after the holiday and see your money proliferate.

9/7 FAV - Islamic Soc write in with more propaganda

5/2 - An outsider to the argument writes in with his/her opinion

4/1 - The printing machine or the typesetter will fuck up, so there will not be a Felix for the next six weeks

5/1 - Abdullah returns by slagging off the western civilisation

13/2 - Someone writes in complaining about this article

8/1 - Fehad El-Adawi re-defends Islam with more extracts from the Quran

17/2 - Jonty abandons the letters pages in despair

15/1 - ConSoc write in...

33/1 - Another Beit Back

50/1 - Alan Bailey replies...

66/1 - Islamic Soc issue a fatwa condemning all pro-western civilisationists to death

200/1 - Crocky replies...

333/1 - All Socs are suspended for boring students with the debate

10,00/1 - Felix is discontinued

70,000/1 - The world will end

2,283,273/1 - Pigs learn to fly

999,999,999/1 - All relevant Socs and persons involved agree to differ and accept each others opinion, but write into Felix explaining this in approx. 10,000 words

1,000,000,000/1 - The entire matter is forgotten and the letters pages become Islam-free

P.J. Dodd

Silwood sulk about elections

Dear Jonty,

By now everyone is doubtless sick of hearing about the elections, but with the prospect of another one next term for the Hon Sec I feel I should say something.

Silwood Park this year was completely ignored by all who stood in the sabbatical elections, so if you got elected well done, whoever you are. There was no information available on any of the candidates

for any of the posts, a fact reflected in the news that even though there was a 40% turn out to vote at Silwood almost 80% of those that voted opted for new election for all of the posts.

There aren't many votes at Silwood, I accept that, but like it or not if you just got elected you are responsible for us. Expecting you all to visit Silwood or to hold a hustings here is probably too much to ask (although a certain Chris

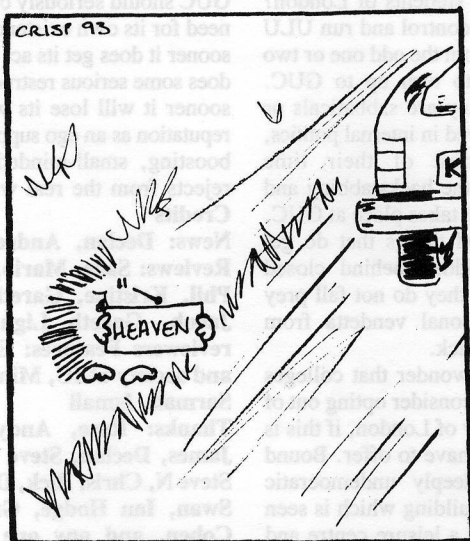
Davidson once visited to canvas for votes) but I don't think it is too much to expect some posters or information on the candidates. It doesn't take much to put some posters in an internal envelope and send them to Silwood I'm sure the Union representatives here would be only too happy to pin them up.

Before you all accuse us of being apathetic and not finding out for ourselves about the elections just have another quick look at 40% turn

out to vote and compare it to the average for the whole of Imperial. If that is apathy then how would you describe the candidates attitude to Silwood?

Just to end on a bit of free advice for anyone standing for the Hon Sec post, I know where there's about 40 or 50 votes just waiting to be snapped up if you can be bothered.

Nigel Varndell (and anyone else who voted new election at Siwood).



ConSoc worship

Dear Jonty,

In an attempt to draw a line beneath the correspondence with the Islamic Society, we would like to make the point that our letter (Felix 958) was simply a reply to their request (a seemingly annual occurrence) for a public debate—read ‘riot’—about the government’s foreign policy towards the Middle East, and the application of Islam as a solution to its problems. We understand that a previous such debate, at which we were not present, degenerated into a heated public slanging match. Given the likelihood of our being grossly outnumbered, we are not inclined to accept their challenge.

We would like to make it clear that we do not have any objections to those who practice Islam. Indeed we would broadly support a ‘free market’ in religion, it being purely a matter of personal preference.

Greek uproar

Dear Jonty,

RE: Mediterranean Conflict Article

Reading your Felix Issue of the 12th of March 1993, I came to the article by Ersin Akartuna, titled ‘Mediterranean Conflict’ and to be honest to you I was totally dumb-founded.

In this article Akartuna made accusations that in the international night special issue she had found two articles, which she found offending (as I understood her arguments), and also that they were written by ‘Greek fanatics’ and furthermore that any ‘real’ Greek person would not have been as fanatic as the Hellenic society

members. However, the attempts by some of the more fundamentalist types to outline the alleged benefits of their undemocratic integrated political, economic and judicial system by slating our own democracy and indigenous religious institutions, are also offensive.

We cannot help commenting on Abdullah’s observation (Felix 959) that there are only 95,000 millionaires in Britain. This dire situation will be improved now that Littlewoods has increased a 1-1 score draw to 3 points, thus improving the individual’s chance of winning the £2 million jackpot!

Yours,

Elizabeth Reeves (Chairman)

Mark Richards (ex-Chairman 92-3)

Richard Forcman (Vice Chairman)

ICU ConSoc

members.

May I briefly say at this point that I personally, am not a member of the Hellenic society here at College, and also that I consider an insult to my person to be called a Greek, since I am a Hellen, from Hellas as my ancestors called (and is still being called) our country. Therefore, I do consider myself a ‘real’ Hellen, but certainly not a Greek. If you are puzzled I do sympathise, but please refer to the Turkish history to see the origins of the word Greek.

Coming back to Ersin Akartuna’s article, my curiosity was exceeding my resentment for such insults and also I tried to see the reasoning that

Views of a moderate man

Gentlemen,

As the author of the Hellenic Society’s article, I feel compelled to respond to the Turkish Society’s letter of the last issue.

The Turks are right in saying that no one would believe their propaganda: every nation has the credibility it deserves, and Turkey, from being the ‘Sick Man of Europe’ in the 19th century to being the Kurds’, Armenians’ and Greek Cypriots’ oppressor, as well as the West’s poor cousin, today has made no progress.

Another reason no one believes this propaganda is that a superficial knowledge of the history of the area is sufficient to demonstrate its gross inaccuracy: Greece did not invade Turkey in the 1920s: Turkey had fought with the Germans in the First World War and Greece, being on the victor’s side, was awarded part of the frontier territories which, apart from being historically Greek, were home to a prosperous Greek community which had been massacred during the War (900,000 civilians executed). When the Greek authorities came to invest in the area, they were met by rebellious Turks: The Greeks, unprepared for war, lost, and the Turks, not completely satisfied, proceeded to new massacres of the civilian members of the long-

established Greek community (tens of thousands killed; 1,300,000 deported—date given by French historian Castellan).

As for Cyprus, the Treaty of Guarantee allowed a punctual intervention, upon the condition of both Greece’s and Britain’s agreement, for the uphold of the Constitutional order. Not only the Constitutional order had not been broken to justify an intervention, but the Turks, by their invasion and occupation of 40% of the Cypriot territory from 1974 to this day (which differs from an ‘intervention’ in a big way), destroyed Constitutional order permanently. Also, nothing at all can justify the killing of 4,500 Greek Cypriot civilians and the uprooting of a further 200,000 (fully documented by the UN, Amnesty International and other human rights monitoring groups, in contrast the the Turkish claims of ‘Greek massacres’). How about today, after 19 years of occupation? Are you still re-establishing the Constitutional order (in contempt for the UN Resolutions which condemn you)?

Yours faithfully,

Emmanuel Saradakis, Physics PhD, on behalf of the Hellenic Society.

Dr Barry Hill

Dear Editor,

DR BARRY HILL

As Dr Barry Hill’s wife, Gillian, I want to thank everyone who remembered Barry by sending flowers, letters and cards to my family. I also want to thank those who sent donations to the British Heart Foundation.

Barry’s funeral was attended by many of his friends and colleagues from Imperial. Tributes came from both academic and administrative staff, apprentices and students. Graham, Lesley, Robert and I feel very proud of Barry’s contribution to education at Imperial College.

followed. Hence my thinking too the following ‘paths’ of reasoning:

In the Hellenic religion, Jesus Christ declares that no man should answer violence back with violence yet if I am not mistaken, the Koran, every unbeliever of the Moslem faith should be treated with the sword and total annihilation. Then I remembered an incident two years ago in Istanbul, where a whole tourist bus of Hellens visiting the city, was put on fire by a Turkish fanatic, and 32 people, including two children were burned to death since they could not escape from the bus.

Finally I also remembered all these UN accusations about the Turkish

army attacking constantly the Kurdish tribes in their territory, and massacring Kurdic villages.

All the above, as you understand, came in strong contrast to the above named article, especially since I have never heard, seen hints of such behaviour in my country. And then in the midst of all this puzzlement, I finally grasped the point of the article!

Ersin Akartuna’s article was a try for jest! Thus relieved, please convey my best wishes to Ersin Akartuna, for she has actually lifted up my mood considerably today.

Yours sincerely,

Georgia Sigala (PG 1).

Bar conspiracy

Dear Jonty,

Linstead Hall Bar

I would like to correct the false impression given by your article under this heading, in last week's issue of Felix.

The Linstead Hall Bar was not closed by the Catering Manager, Simon Westerman, but by myself. Simon Westerman happened to be on holiday at the time.

There is no conspiracy to close the Hall bars but there is a determination on the part of the College to ensure that all bars run strictly in accordance with the

requirements of the licensing authorities and college regulations. As your article pointed out, there was a reported error in the bar's accounts and this necessitated a temporary closure, so that the matter could be properly investigated. The fact that the error did not prove in the end to be as serious as it first appeared to be, does not mean that the decision to close temporarily was wrong or inappropriate.

Yours sincerely,
Angus Fraser.

Islam weekly

Dear Jonty, Editor Islam Weekly

Have you ever been on holiday and had some irritating bastards pester you all week trying to sell you timeshare holidays? Have you ever been on a degree course and

had some irritating bastards pester you for three years trying to sell you the ideal of Islam.

Name withheld to avoid annoying bastards pestering me for the rest of my sentence.

Crocky's view

Dear Jonty,

I was pleased by the calm tone of the reaction to the 'Beit Back on Islam in Felix 960'.

Since we seem to have non-fanatic muslims ready to discuss things maybe they could make it clear how the Islamic 'way of life' regards women (declared inferior to man by the Koran), the Jewish people and their religion (Angel Gabriel was first spoken of by the Jews—this does not give him a 'nationality' but an 'origin'), or atheists and polytheists. Could they also explain the concept of Jihad, which it seems 'technically' cannot be called for beyond certain Middle-Eastern borders, and explain to what extent the Koran allows humans to administer Justice (including killing people or putting a price on their head) in the place of God, whom it would seem is old enough to defend himself and will have the last word anyway. (This last point can be made to Christians dogmatically protecting Jesus against blasphemy).

Believe me, I have an interest in the ways of Islam, but also great concern as to how it is understood by those who follow it.

Islam does have a history of non-peaceful conversion, though possibly not half as bloody as that of Christianity. Muslim-majority countries also have a history of common wars (Iran, Iraq, Syria, Egypt, parts of Lebanon and North Africa...) and please, we all know that Muslims, like countless other groups, have been kicked around and still get thrashed nowadays—this is in no way a private privilege, nor a reason to present them as passive victimised angels.

Please try to answer these questions with as little dogma as possible that means without attributing too many desires and actions to God, about whom you'll disagree forever with millions of other believers who all think they follow the Final Message, the Real Way or whatever else.

Yours expectantly, Mr Crocky.

A Slice of Life

Owain Bennallack

It took Odysseus ten years to get back from Troy. The man didn't know his own luck. A few wailing witches and a one eyed sheep herder and suddenly half his ships are bubbling under the Adriatic. Now if those hardy Greeks had the misfortune to require the use of public transport en route - disembarking at Ithaca special wheelchair ramps and Zimmerframes would have been called for, before the brave but geriatric sailors returned to their old castle. There Odysseus finds his wife, not on the point of being wed to another, but fumbling over the bathroom sink, simultaneously adjusting her dentures and examining her great great grand daughter for head lice. And I'm assuming he wasn't travelling at autumn, with leaves on the line delaying his journey until the coming of the Roman Empire.

I know I should be tolerant but it's just I would so much rather meet a disgruntled Minatour, travel card in cloven hand, at Gloucester Road tube station than the loonies

I bump into. They scare me. Wednesday was simply a rollercoaster ride through human instability. Just getting home, a forty five minute journey, brought me into contact with most of the rejects from 'One flew over the Cuckoo's nest'.

They were mainly harmless mind you. Well, excepting Damien. Damien is the name we shall give to the young gentleman who sat next to me on boarding the Circle Line train. Damien wore black. Only black. Fine, so do I sometimes. His arms were exposed. They looked like he'd decided green was not an appropriate skin colour and had clumsily attempted to paint over them with a thin coat of Dulux 'Snow White'. The result was a less well known shade - Dulux 'Walking Dead'. He had 'tatoood' (they looked more like machete scars...) on each forearm some rather natty upturned Crucifix's. On his coat was a badge with 'Charles Manson' emblazoned across it, the names of his victims written beneath. At Victoria I got ready to leave.

Damien turned to face me, head vibrating with the headphoned Death Thrash he was pumping into it, and gave a long low moan that reminded me that one day I was going to die, and Damien would probably rather like to be present.

Okay so I survive, and make it to platform nine. Enter stage left an old Asian woman, carrying an empty picture frame. Now Damien wasn't mad, his parents had just let him watch driller killer at too tender an age. As the lady placed the picture frame to my face, nodded thoughtfully and then howled into the air before shuffling off to repeat the trick I mused about whether it was possible to somehow sense a video nasty through the walls of the womb. She was completely out of it. And not one of the commuters was in the slightest bit perturbed.

So I'm sitting at the back of the carriage, trying to think of any evil deeds I'd done that morning, and half expecting Jeremy Beadle to turn and give me his devilish grin. An old chap comes and sits next to me. He seems normal enough and the train trundles out of Victoria. It's over the Thames that he reveals his true and half expected colours. Spying the coarse hessian rucksack I carry he says 'Ah, now that's an old para issue isn't it?' I think it's a copy, but I'm not sure so I nod

and shake my head. 'Hmmm,' he replies, 'I've seen a few people fall down with those on their backs I can tell you.' He begins to list all the equipment he would carry with him in the field, fighting so that I'd be able to live in a country where people like him are free to walk the streets. 'Oh yes, and Billy we never saw him again, after Lyons'. Then he looks at me and I know what's coming. Good grief, we're only seconds away from Clapham Junction. 'Billy? Billy? It cant be you can it?' Damn right it can't. 'You've grown your hair you old dandy but...' I run.

The bus. I'm upstairs on my final leg. If you ever need to find a madman look to the top left seat of a London double decker. A portly old black gentleman begins tapping his feet and miming a harmonica solo, then launches into a heart breaking drunk rendition of 'Season of the Blues'. And I'm thinking of the government which has abandoned these people on the streets, to take their own lonely roads, all of which lead to London. 'Care in the Community'! It has the same ring as 'Barmiztvah in a pork shop'. While I'm wondering who's really mad, John Lee Hooker the Second stamps his foot and wails 'Now it's the Season - uh uh yeah - for the Blues'. Too right.

Musical chairs

Dear Jonty,

We hate having to write a CCU rant, but we have been left no choice by the actions of certain members and hangers-on of the RCSU. It is difficult to mount an election campaign from another country, but we managed. The first, blatantly unfair, attempt to organise an election (not that 'organise' will be a familiar word to the people concerned) was finally quashed when it was realised that it was simply an attempt for a few of the RCS lads to swap the jobs around a bit without involving unpleasantness like democracy.

We then took part in the second election campaign, and, for reasons of normal student thrift, kept our election advertising to a minimum when we realised that we were unopposed. We hadn't counted on what appears to be some kind of 'tit for tat' campaign by some of the 'hacks' and random hangers-on who like to hang around the RCSU congratulating themselves on their importance. There was of course, no way we could answer a series of untrue allegations from Paris and Padua, and no way that we could put our mothballed election campaign back into action against New Election. It seems a typical and rather sad case of a few of the 'mascoty boys' clique getting

Alan Bailey

Dear Jonty,

At the beginning of this academic year I made a more than generous offer of '...contributing to the air fare to Iran for any Muslim who hated this country and Western culture in general.' This followed the circulation of the infamous 'Nobby the sheep' article. My only condition was that they promise never to return. This offer was NOT meant as an insult to the Islamic community at all. It was in fact aimed at those who quite clearly have no respect for British traditions, do not wish to integrate and really hate living here. I was in fact prepared to do them a favour (as well as the rest of us!). No one took me up on the my offer.

I was therefore surprised to receive in my pigeonhole yet another article from the Islamic society continuing the feud with ConSoc. I wonder what dodgy 'organisation' is funding the Islamic society as to enable them to continually publish this garbage. Not being a member of either society, I feel in a position to

together.

We do not expect to be contesting any further election, because we have very tough degree work to do out here. This, of course, is another unfamiliar concept to those who seem to consider themselves our opponents, most of whom are extending their RCS careers by the traditional routes of retaking years, hanging around on the dole, or simply attempting to retain their tenuous position at Imperial by plagiarising the work of others.

Possibly the only good thing to come of this election campaign is that the current 'Hon Sec' (in the sense of using the pot rather than doing the job) has decided not to screw up the job of president as well next year.

We're sorry that we've had to take part in the kind of bitching campaign that we've always hated, but distances of several hundred kilometres make more conventional debate impossible. Perhaps it's quite appropriate anyway, given that our 'opponents' had no hesitation in taking advantage of our inability to reply.

Yours,

Simon Gibbons (Physics 3, Year in Europe, Padua)

Robert Leamon (Physics 3, Year in Europe, Paris)

perhaps settle this dispute.

Let's take the Islamic letter first. We are told that the countries in the Middle East are not really Islamic states. Well they seem to think so, and anyway they are a damn sight closer to an Islamic state than Great Britain. Logically would it not therefore be preferable for Najeeb Khan to go to one of these?

Then Najeeb turns his eye to law and order. He justifies the 'cutting bits off people' punishments by saying how barbaric some people are in the West, and uses the case of Jamie Bulger. He is thus comparing Islamic Law to the minds of crazed murderers! How odd. He says that Islam believes in the after life and that this motivates people to behave themselves. After life? What are you on? I certainly wouldn't mind having a pint of it!

Then its the economy. Apparently an Islamic state would have 0% interest rates. What about exports, exchange rates, inflation etc. He missed out the issue of the weather. No doubt under Islamic law the sun would shine very day

Tolerance and respect

Dear Jonty,

The recent debate in Felix on Islam has, I believe, missed one vital point. The document distributed around College by the Islamic Society, banned by security and reprinted in Friday's Felix is well written and informative. However, it makes a misleading and unfair comparison.

Whilst discarding the current Islamic states as imperfect implementations of the ideology of Islam, it criticises the British government directly. Is the author

indicating that the current government is a perfect image of the principal Western ideologies—democracy, capitalism and social welfare? If so, current affairs prove that assumption to be wrong.

It is important to have some debate on such important issues, but both the Islamic and Conservative societies need to be reminded of the need for tolerance and mutual respect.

Yours sincerely,

Geoff Maxwell, Elec Eng 2, CathSoc Vice-President.



and the rain wouldn't dare fall because of the threat of the eternal damnation! Like in 'Nobby the sheep' he says that Islam could provide the solutions to all the world's problems. How would he solve the biggest problems facing this country? Those of the Republican terrorists in Northern Ireland and the issue of Europe.

He admits that there is no Islamic state and of course, there could never be in the modern world and like other religions it's all fantasy and the cause of most of the world's problems.

Now the other side, ConSoc. Nationally the Conservatives have lost their way. We have a Prime Minister with no real vision or ideas. He is surrounded by a bunch of nobodies (with a few exceptions) in the cabinet who can't have the best interests of the United Kingdom at heart. If they did they wouldn't be prepared to sell us down the river in Europe as Major intends to do. They also would treat Northern Ireland as a genuine part of the United Kingdom, instead of

appeasing IRA scum by continuing with the treacherous Anglo-Irish agreement. Most Tories must be kicking themselves that they ever got rid of the former PM whose judgement was first class (except for the Anglo-Irish agreement) and who stuck up for the United Kingdom at every opportunity (unlike the grey suit).

The point I am making is that neither the Tories or Muslims should criticise each other when their own houses are so out of order. One side is based on fantasy and would probably be better understood after consuming a good deal of mind blowing drugs. The other is not sure where it's moving or if it's even moving at all, and is led by a dithering incompetent. Come to think of it Mark and Najeeb seem to be made for each other.

Yours as ever,

Alan Bailey.

P.S. last week's Felix contained at least five articles regarding Islam. Might I suggest you change the name of Felix to the 'Daily Jang'.

Easter Ents

Friday night sees the end of a long term of college. To celebrate and laugh off the nightmares, we've arranged a special comedy spectacular. Three top comedians, who've been the recipients of many prestigious awards are appearing in the Union Lounge.

The main act, Harry Hill, recently won the Perrier Award for the Best Newcomer 1992. He's appeared on all manner of comedy shows and is generally regarded to be the next 'Vic Reeves'. His act at the Edinburgh Festival last year was a huge sell-out and he's been described as 'The Future of Comedy'. The compère for the night will be Boothby Grafoe. Having compered in many London Clubs, last year he was the compère of the Glastonbury Festival, performing in front of as many as

4,000 people. He recently won a Time Out Comedy Award for his achievements and who am I to argue with that.

The support act for the evening is Dave Thompson, a stand-up who has played all the top comedy clubs on the circuit. So, for a bill which would normally cost about £7, all we're looking for from you today is £2. What a bargain! All this and a late bar 'til 2am, disco 'til 3am, Smile Zone Happy Hour (8.30pm-10.00pm, all drinks reduced by 20%). Need I say more? Yes! Tickets are very limited. An end of term event is likely to sell out in advance. Don't be disappointed! Buy your ticket now from the Union Office.

Andy.

P.S. Doors open 8pm. Acts on stage 9pm. Bring student ID.

C&G Colours

The following people have been awarded City & Guilds colours:

FULL

Tomos Williams
Jonathon Price
Andrew Neville
Edward Hughes
Andrew Kernahan
John Sunderland
Matthew Brown
Steve Hoborough
Mark Walton
Geoffrey Maxwell
Paul Griffith
Elaine Taylor
Garrett O'Connor
Gavin Pearson
Christian Enderby
Nicholas Watson
Anjit Chauduri
Nishant Dighe
Gary Judd
Mark Jackson
Zayeed Alam
Sarah Welsh
Kate Dalton
Lucia Clipstone
Andrew Tseng
Rob Hodgkinson
Bruce Sayers
Rachel Smith

HALF

Rob Kensey
Steve Wilkinson
Eric Allsop
Nicholas Morgans
Colin Johnson
James Hall
Nicholas Howells
Alex Bell
Kirs Nieuwenberg

Ander Grorostiaga

Julian Phillips
Julian Rees
Adam Locke
Steve Nawrocki
Matthew Crossman
Nicholas Crossman
Gabbi Hilu
Kojo Abban
Ian Prish
Liam Newcombe
David Guerney
Pauli Markkanen
Steve Waite
Joe Baguley
Deedak Rao
Dirk Margenroth
Stephen Graham
Helen Roberts
Greg Summers
Marcus Krakowizer
Austin Smith
Samir Karia
Taji Okadi
Nicholas Morrey
Sarah Lee
Joshua Burrill
Michelle McLean
Paul Griffiths
Jean Pascal Delahaye
Tim Atkinson
Andrew Clark
Ferrando Franco
Liam Cusack
Ruth Edwards

Certificates will be available from the Guilds Office next term.

Lucia Clipstone
Colours Committee Chair.



Silwood

Unless you study Biology or happen to be related to Scott of the Antarctic it is unlikely that you have found your way out to Silwood Park. Situated in deepest darkest Berkshire, two miles from Ascot racecourse, Silwood is a field station of Imperial College and is home for between 100 and 200 postgraduate students.

Recently the dearth of communication between Silwood and the main campus was addressed by an 'Outreach Day'. The President Chris Davidson, Student Adviser Stefano Ruis and a permanent member of Union staff Michelle, spent the day at Silwood talking to residents. During this time the particular problems of Silwood students were addressed and a plan of action devised. The Outreach Day was a great success and plans are afoot for repeats.

It is easy when living at Silwood Park to feel that you are not a part of Imperial College Union and events such as these help overcome this.

Unfortunately, the behaviour of candidates for the recent elections did not act in the same way. You might have noticed that the 'favourite candidate' for Silwood residents was New Election. This is not because we have no interest

in the elections, quite the reverse; it was in response to the interest shown by the candidates, in a word nil. Not only did they not bother to visit, providing the opportunity for hustings, but we also failed to receive any posters or flyers. Any candidate who had bothered to visit would almost certainly have assured themselves upwards of fifty votes; prospective officials take note.

However, with the Outreach Day I hope we have reached a watershed in terms of communication between South Kensington and Silwood. Systems have been established which will allow Silwood students to interact with clubs and societies at S. Ken more easily. Furthermore, I would remind you that you can make use of the facilities here at Silwood. Admittedly we do not have the range of c&s, however, if you fancy a day out in the country at the weekend why not come and explore the 250ha. of Silwood Park, or find out what postgraduate life is really like by visiting the bar during the week.

What I am trying to say is Silwood is more than a page in the prospectus, it is a community and a part of Imperial College with which you may interact.

Mark Cox (Silwood Chair).

Flashback

At the end of a second term of highly successful ragging, let's take a brief look back at the events that made the current total the highest ever - £60,000.

It all began with a handful of eager Raggies setting off for Rag Conference, in Manchester, even before term began. Three days, and a lot of beer, later they returned, full of ideas and all clued up, keen to make Rag even bigger and better. Term began, and just a few short weeks into term, so did Rag Week. Complete with the inevitable and unmissable Hit Squad, and even those (dare I mention them) controversial Frontal lobotomy-ograms, plus a whole host of crazy events, including the annual Dirty Disco, Slave Auction (yep, I bet most of the slaves, like myself, still haven't paid their debts!), and the Beer Festival. What more could you possibly desire?!

A little further into term, Chris Davidson was cruelly murdered, sparking off a London-wide search for the culprits of this horrendous crime. Teams even managed to collect a little loose change as they

chased the killer.

Throughout all this, the regular concert and football match collections, that have become so much a part of this year's Rag, have been continuing, allowing anyone interested free entrance to Simply Red, B-52s, and many more... All in all, a pretty good term, with another one promising to follow close on its heels. What do we have lined up for next term? Well, knowing that this is traditionally the time of year when everyone suddenly remembers that they are supposed to be doing a degree, and that if they want to remain at Imperial another year they need to pass this one first, Rag will be taking everything easy, as it were. The main event of term will be Rag Fete on May 12th, where at least 22 charities, plus various clubs and societies, will be running silly stalls such as a laser shoot, balloon race, gunge wrestling, and lots more. If you are a member of a club that might like to participate in this event, contact Lorna or Rach in the Rag Office soonish.

Easter Events

Coming up over Easter we have a whole load of thrilling collections, all listed below for your convenience. If you know you'll be around for any of these and fancy lending a hand to shake a can, pop over to the Rag Office (no longer a Rag Orifice, it's been tidied recently!) and find the appropriate list. Names have already been taken at last Friday's meeting, but there are still places left, so don't delay.

March

23rd Crystal Palace v Liverpool
24th QPR v Blackburn Rovers.
30th/31st Jesus Jones, Oxfam collection.

April

30th Mar-24th Apr Deacon Blue concerts, all dates.

3rd WWF collection, Met Flag Day.

5th Suzanne Vega, Oxfam collection.

18th Coca Cola Cup Final, (Arsenal v Sheffield Wednesday) Save the Children collection.

20th GLFB collection, St. Pauls.
28th England v Holland, Children with Leukaemia collection.

May

1st Leukaemia, Met Flag Day.

4th/5th Hothouse Flowers, BIBIC collection.

8th QPR v Aston Villa, Epilepsy collection.

Thanks To Thresher

A quick thanks go to Thresher (Gloucester Road branch) for providing the prize for the Dirty Dozen winning team - Falmouth Keogh, for those of you that have

forgotten already. No prizes for guessing that what Thresher kindly donated was something to do with alcohol - two crates of something-to-do-with-alcohol, to be exact!



Praying for the wind to change at the parachute jump.

PIC BY MIKE CHAMBERLAIN

Beasts Bash Bristol

On Saturday 13th March, as twenty-odd nervous people prepared to jump out of a perfectly good plane in another part of the country, a handful of collectors set off for the wilds of Bristol on the second most daring expedition ever attempted by Rag. Accompanied by a man-, nay, collector-sized, panda suit and a hedgehog named Tim'rous, they proceeded to con the people of Bristol out of a grand total of £50, and even managed to have a good time whilst doing so. Well, doesn't that prove something? The total may not be huge, but speak to any of the collectors involved and

you will find that they all had a brilliant time - possibly something to do with the panda snorting coke in MacDonald's?! (There is actually an explanation for this strange behaviour - apparently the panda suit has no mouth, so a certain Jaymz Handley was forced to drink coke, via a straw, through the nostril...!). Thanks to a lovely sunny day, and a very friendly bunch of Raggies from Exeter, the fact that both Bath and Bristol Rags were as hard to find as the Red Tomato on QT was incidental to the enjoyment of the day, so I am reliably informed.

Posts Pending

At the beginning of next term, at an EGM, Rag will be electing next year's Chair. Normally, this would have already been done, but as nobody stood for the job it couldn't be done. If you are interested enough in Rag to consider this, then you will already know about all this, and don't need telling anyway! Other Rag posts, such as Internal Affairs Officer (the poor little hard-working person that laboriously slaves away at the minutes every

week, not to mention being responsible for wittering away a page or two of Felix EVERY week! ie me), Sponsored Events Officer, Hall Rep Coordinator and lots more, will be elected at the AGM on 7th May. If you think you may be interested in any one of these posts, grab this year's officer and get them to give you the lowdown on the job. If you're STILL interested - see you at the elections.

RAG Flying Day

Fancy jumping out of a perfectly good aeroplane? A lot of Imperial students have been over the past two weeks. See below for more freefall insanity

Ten past six on a bright sunny Saturday morning, what a glorious day to act like a bird. An uneventful trip into college for 7.45 to meet up with fellow skydivers and parachutists, an uneasy, pensive sense of excitement lingers over the 26 jumpers who depart their destiny at Hinton in the Hedges airfield.

At last the airfield, well at least on sight, we seem to stalk the airfield in ever decreasing circles, was this a sign, no, just another right turn. At last an entrance, and what an entrance, the wrong one straight onto the runway. On finally sorting out where we were supposed to be, the party splits up with the 23 parachutists departing to the local village hall to complete their training and the four tandem skydivers to commence their training. Being one of the tandem skydivers I was trained thus, meet Larse your strap-on instructor, this is the harness which attaches your back to my chest, when the plane is at 9,000 feet you will sit on my lap 'but I hardly know you', I will tighten the harness after the other three skydivers have departed the plane at 9,500 feet we will shuffle to the exit, you will sit on the edge, your thumbs in your shoulder straps, knees together, legs bent under the plane, head up and away we go, then you immediately arch your back, keep your knees together with your legs bent, back as far as possible, training finished.

The first two tandem skydivers jumped, Rupert first looking a bit white and worse for wear afterwards and having been out on the town the night before didn't help 'was it really a sickening experience?'. John followed and on landing was on a bit of a buzz 'well is it better than sex?!'.

At last my destiny arrives, I get kitted up with my flying suit, harness, helmet and goggles. Biggles eat your heart out.

Meanwhile the intensively trained parachutists return to be greeted with the news that the ground wind speed is greater than ten knots so no jumps could take place until it dropped below. This fortunately did not apply to me.



I approached the plane with mixed feelings of eager apprehensive anticipation. Five skydivers, squeezing into the small interior, the plane was a bit ropey with various pieces of tape, holding things together thank goodness I had a parachute on. We taxied down the runway turned and away we climbed, I was sitting on the floor next to where the door should have been, but instead this was the open jumping space. During the climb the other skydivers indicated the increasing height, the fields below formed a patchwork quilt of greens, browns and yellows, so soon just over 5,000 feet, the mile high club, well not quite. The first skydiver departed: he was doing a low altitude dive he disappeared rapidly, ('gulp!') my heart beat increased yet again and what is this hollow feeling inside 'why am I here and what am I doing?'. Nine thousand feet onto my instructor's lap, 9,500 feet where did the other

two skydivers go; Who's next? I shuffle to the door, what was it? ah thumbs in shoulder straps, knees together, legs bent under the plane, look up, just a quick look down wasn't a good idea it was a long way. I look up, heart racing, savouring the fear and enjoyment too late to back out, and away. What a sensation: no sense of falling, no sense of speed although it is 120mph plus, the wind roaring in my ears, ripping at the flying suit, trying to tear off my goggles, time for aerial acrobatics. A 360° to the right then the left with swift sharp execution, how long have we been falling, what's our height, will the parachute open, enjoy and savour the moment. A tremendous jerk and an upward movement the canopy is open, no more fear just an adrenalin high now the glide down, spiralling, turning and hovering, the view and sensation are fantastic, no, here comes reality: a perfect stalled upright

landing, but me well I am still flying...It would be so easy to become a skydive junky living for that adrenalin rush and pushing yourself to the limit with radical manoeuvres.

Meanwhile back on the ground the wind speed finally dropped below 10 knots but the light was fading all too fast which meant only 6 parachutists actually left the ground and experienced their own 2,000 feet jumps conquering their fears and apprehensions getting a buzz of a lifetime.

The light or lack of it prevented the rest of the party jumping, and the last tandem skydiver Charles too. This means a return visit for those frustrated who live life to the full. Don't be frustrated and remember if you don't return Multiple Sclerosis sufferers will remain frustrated. Give everyone a buzz and succeed—that's what life's about!

Bubbly Jubilee

Lise Yates digs deep into more history of London's fastest expanding tube.

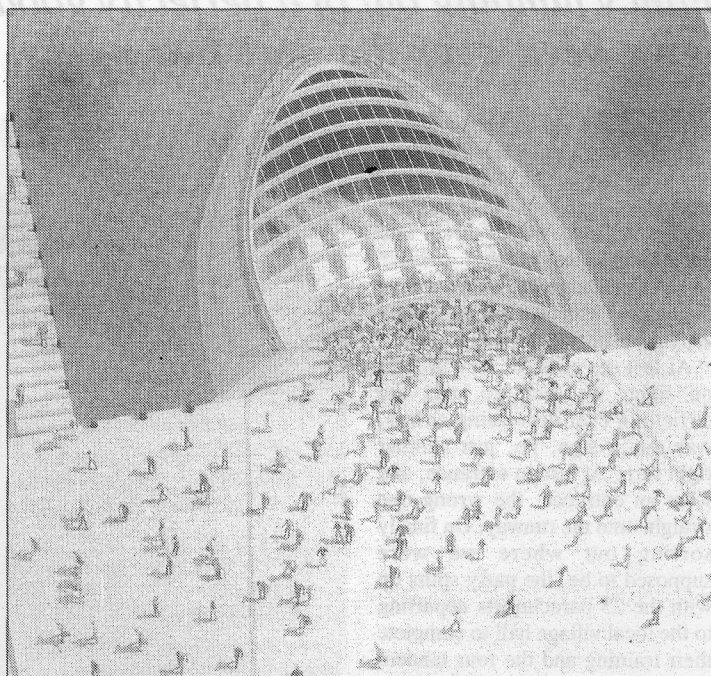
1989. Olympia & York, owners of the Thatcher monument, Canary Wharf, propose a private rail kink to Central London; Cecil Parkinson, temporarily distracted for secretarial pursuits announces the Jubilee Line extension in November.

Isolated by the Department of Transport and London Underground (both preferred a fast link from Liverpool Street to Paddington 'Cross Rail', or a line from Chelsea to Hackney), left wing London boroughs (annoyed by the 40% private capital contribution), and powerful right wing boroughs (Westminster and City both wanted a line North of the river), Parkinson's only supporter was, predictably, the London Docklands Development Corporation (LDDC). Parkinson ploughed on, securing the support of the South London boroughs with stations at Southwark and Bermondsey.

The eleven new station buildings over the ten miles of the track consist of the most ambitious expansion of London's ailing public transport system since the Second World War, opening up a whole new area South of the Thames, an area cruelly neglected by the tube at the moment. (Only 30 of the 270 stations are South of the river), and connect Docklands to the West End in under twenty minutes.

The new station at Westminster will be the lower floors of a new Parliamentary building, in the environmentally sensitive area on Parliament Square from there the line heads under the river to Waterloo, interchanging with British Rail and thence, to Southwark. Southwark essentially acts as an interchange for British Rail's Waterloo East sited on the corner of Blackfriars Road and The Cut, it possesses a pivoting glass canopy to close the station at night.

The next station down the line is



yet another British Rail interchange, at London Bridge, and from there the line proceeds to Bermondsey. The second new station, and one in the decaying inner city area, the potential for rejuvenation of the locality is massive. Situated at the junction of Jamaica Road and Keetons Road, designed to allow daylight to flood down to the platforms, and, with an office block on top, curved to allow the sun's rays to reach the homes beyond.

Canada Water is planned on an interchange with the East London Line between Rotherhithe and Surrey Quays, and incorporates a new bus station. The line then tunnels beneath the Thames to the Isle of Dogs and to Canary Wharf, the most expensive station on the new line (projected cost £60M), is expected to be amongst the six busiest stations on the whole network. Built within the West India Docks, the station is mostly hidden beneath a new park area, with entrances rising from the ground in huge glass bubbles.

The line tunnels below the river yet again to North Greenwich, which is to be built with three platforms, facilitating a possible future extension East to the Royal Docks. The line tunnels below the Thames for the fourth and final time, North to emerge from tunnels to run parallel with BR's North London Line to interchange at

Canning Town with that Line and the new East extension of the Docklands Light Railway to the Royal Docks and Beckton. The Jubilee continues with the North London Line to West Ham, to interchange with the District/Hammersmith & City and West Ham, connected with a bridge with extensive use of glass bricks. The new line runs with the North London line to its terminus at Stratford, to interchange with the Central Line, the proposed Channel Tunnel line and the aforementioned CrossRail.

Footnote

Whether the Jubilee ever gets built is still very much up in the air. The recent Government spending cuts for London Transport (a 25% cut in funding) have already led to closure proposals for two stations (Aldwych, Mornington Crescent), and the delay caused by them on work at South Kensington led directly to the bomb being able to be hidden behind exposed panelling. This, coupled with the need for public investment, mainly from the financially troubled Olympia & York, could still force the abandonment of the project, leaving London with a rapidly decaying public transport system, clogged road and increasing environmental pollution.

THE MAGPIE PROJECT

Vacancy for Laboratory Assistant III

Following the successful integration of two other assistants a third is sought.

The MAGPIE project in the physics department is the construction of the largest pulsed power current generator in Europe.

When completed in March 1993 its 1.6 million ampere current from a 2 million volt supply will be used in the quest for nuclear fusion.

The job will be unglamorous, primarily being gofering, form filling, telephoning, cleaning and manual labour with a small well motivated team.

The applicant will be enthusiastic, intelligent and trained in Physics or Engineering. Pay will be via a EUROP student bursary.

Contract: ASAP for 3 months

Contact:

Dr James Bayley

Plasma Physics Group

x 6887

The BEST Summer Programme '93 is now in full swing. From July to September, Lisbon to Tallinn, Business Psychology to Arctic Marine Technology there will at least be a BEST summer course to match your interests.

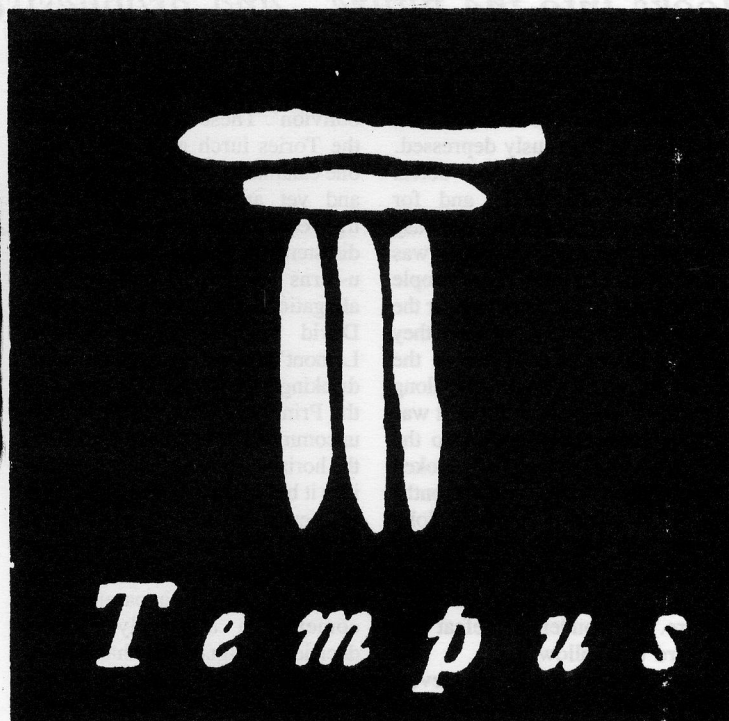
The Board of European Students of Technology's (BEST) programme is financed by Tempus (an EEC scheme) and the organising universities, allowing the course all inclusive attendance fees to range from free (which is most of them) to a maximum of 100 ECU (around £80). The courses themselves consist of 2-4 week academic, social and cultural activities in groups of 20-30 students from all over Europe. Accommodation and catering are fully provided at no additional cost, as well as a range of extra activities.

Interested? Well, why don't you come along to room 400 in Chem Eng, any Wednesday at 12.00 (sharp), where you will have the opportunity to receive more information as well as meet the current BEST members at IC. I must that the Chemical Engineering Department for their support, without which we would not have a BEST group.

Any Chem Eng 'year in Europe' students wishing to attend a careers fair in Paris in order to find a summer placement in France should come by as well.

A Truly International Experience

Bernat Albinana describes what is available on this year's BEST Scheme



THE BEST SUMMER PROGRAM '93

3-15 July	Ecole Centrale Paris, France	Recreating of Waste
3-16 July	Ecole National Supérieure d'Arts et Metiers, Cluny, France	Power Laser and Applications
4-17 July	UPC Barcelona, Spain	Traffic Management in a Big City
4-18 July	University of Veszprém, Hungary	Environmental Concerns
4-11 July	Ecole Nationale Supérieure d'Arts et Metiers, Lille, France	Composites
11-21 July	University of Patras, Greece (Common Course)	
4-17 July	Technical University of Budapest, Hungary	Revitalisation of Forest 'Gemenc' I
18-31 July	Technical University of Budapest, Hungary	Revitalisation of Forest 'Gemenc' II
11-25 July	Politechnika Warszawska, Poland	Image Processing and Applications
16-31 July	STU Bratislava, Slovakia	Data Processing, Networks and Artificial Intelligence
18-31 July	Université de Liege, Belgium	Finite Elements Method: Fundamentals
18 July-1 August	Politecnico di Torino	Technological Requirements and Environmental Concerns in a European Energy Scenario
25 July-11 August	Tallin Technical University, Estonia	Business Psychology of the East for the Western Business Standard
31 July-13 August	Lund Institute of Technology, Sweden	Leadership and Work Environment
31 July-13 August	Lund Institute of Technology, Sweden	Ecological Modelling
31 July-13 August	Lund Institute of Technology, Sweden	Holography
15-28 August	Norwegian Institute of Technology, Norway	High Speed Marine Vehicles
16-27 August	Technische Universiteit Eindhoven, Netherlands	Intercultural Communication
16-29 August	Chalmers Studentkar, Sweden	Chemistry in Environmental Problems
23 Aug-6 Sept	Helsinki University of Technology, Finland	Arctic Marine Technology
28 Aug-11 Sept	Instituto Superior Tecnico, Portugal	Design and Flight Testing of Unmanned Aerial Vehicles
5-14 September	Ecole Nationale Supérieure d'Arts et Metiers, Aix, France	Industrial Conception and Environment
5-19 September	Technical University of Timisoara, Romania	Parallelism and Concurrency in High Level Languages
6-17 September	Royal Institute of Technology, Stockholm, Sweden	Practical Applications of Lasers
6-20 September	Université Catholique de Louvain-La Neuve, Belgium	Time Dependent Materials and Structures Behaviour
14-24 September	Institut National Polytechnique de Grenoble, France	Neutron and X-rays Radiations in Solid State Physics.

The Clinton Factor

As fireworks burst over Pennsylvania Avenue, the Labour Party looked West for inspiration. Would the Clinton Factor help? Could the party reform? Would John Smith ever win an election? Mimi Chakraborty looks into the future...and prophesises doom.

Fourteen years in the doghouse is always bad for morale, and the party John Smith has inherited have reasons to be seriously depressed. A record fourth election defeat takes some explaining and for Labour, answers haven't been easy to find. It's not that the party was unpopular, it's not that people didn't like them, it's just that for the few nanoseconds in April when they slipped behind the Tories in the polls some mean person came along and called an election. Once it was all over, they leapt back into the lead again and have scarcely looked back since. A few short months after he became his own man, John Major set about exploring the territory of negative popularity, going where no man had gone before. No wonder the defeat was so hard to swallow.

Almost a year on, however, Labour seem set upon bungling the next election as well, by dint of simply not bothering to change. Having failed to capitalise on the Tories new Kamikaze-style of government, the party fell all over itself in the rush to squabble about 'Clintonisation'. From the reactions of some, one could be forgiven for thinking that this was a process which compelled paid-up members of the Party to have 'Bill is my hero' tattooed across their foreheads. The idea of sending a delegation of shadow-cabinet ministers to meet Clinton's top aides and gen up on *How To Win An Election After a Very Long Time* seems modest by comparison. However, it still provoked howls of outrage from those who saw the creeping hand of Clintonisation was nothing less than the beginning of 'a battle for the soul of the Labour Party'. These are exactly the people who John Smith would like never to have to speak to again, but sadly they are all members of his own party.

If the traditionalists are unhappy, it was nothing compared to the mods, many of whom were muttering loudly about the incompetence of the new leadership. In the months following their election John Smith and Margaret Becket found themselves fielding accusations of weak

leadership, lack of direction and of 'sleepwalking into electoral oblivion'. These same months saw the Tories lurch gracelessly from one calamitous decision to another and yet another still. After an unprecedented catalogue of disasters; the retreat from the ERM; u-turns over the pit closures; allegations over Matrix Churhill; David Mellor's affair; Norman Lamont's cheque-card, houseguest, drinking habits,...etc, it was said of the Prime Minister that he had the uncommon ability to spot a crisis on the horizon and lead his whole party into it before most political pundits had even realised it was there. Against an onslaught of better advice, John Major stoically led by the chin taking on apparently any comers. In a clearly tactical decision designed to shake up a party in danger of falling into a complacent snooze, Nice-Mr-Major led his party through a tableau-vivant of Dante's seven circles of Hell. Displaying masterful leadership not normally seen beyond the lush fields of 'One Man and his Dog', the Prime Minister shepherded an increasingly bewildered flock into policy-collapse, party division, public fighting, media derision, international humiliation and at the very point his party had its lowest popularity rating since the war, he threatened it with a General election.

The Tories didn't bother to stop when they saw a brick wall, they just went on going. A week began to look like a long time between crises and increasingly incredulous hacks found themselves scrambling to keep up with a Prime Minister who was always one disaster ahead. John Smith, whose debating talents lie in a somewhat forensic ability to dessemble rhetoric, found himself unexpectedly flailing and his skill irrelevant. With an à-la-carte menu of pit closures, public interest immunity certificates, hospital closures, rail privatisation, dodgy arms-sales, rising unemployment, media-intrusions, royal taxes, he was still unable to impose himself on any of the debates. Increasingly this failed to cheer Labour



backbenchers, who began to ask each other if anyone remembered voting for him, and if so why. Bryan Gould spoke of the party 're-considering its decision to elect John Smith', others chipped in with 'failure of radicalism' and John Prescott's plea 'for God's sake give the man a chance' had the effect of making a poor leader look even more hopeless. What had gone wrong? John Smith had emerged as the front-runner in the Labour leadership campaign even as Neil Kinnock stepped off the platform on April 9th. His eventual election on July 18th was only a formality. He had planned to give his party time to recover from its defeat while introducing a series of rolling reforms—his 'new plan for a new century', evidence that he inclined toward the long view. Unhappily, he tripped over the short view first, and in less than four months he seemed to have fallen flat on his face.

To be fair to John Smith, it was never really his fault. He had been all set for combat with a man in a grey suit, who liked cricket and said 'not inconsiderably' a lot. Nobody

told him when he took the job that the real enemy would be a saxophone playing JFK look-a-like from small-town America. When Clinton won in November, it was death-by-comparison for John Smith. If the Tories support of the Republican campaign was a blunder, the ensuing acrimony still had the happy result of shielding Major from any direct counterpoint with the new President. Not so the luckless Mr Smith, whose party held a champagne bash at the Dorchester to celebrate the Presidential inauguration. Labour had forged links with its opposite number during the election also, and had presented themselves as being on the same side fighting the same battles against the same enemy, and the party was to boast a common victory. As a strategic move this ranks with inviting your girlfriend to meet a distant cousin—who happens to be fabulously sexy, incredibly powerful and America's most popular person—and then hoping you're the one she still wants to go out with.

As Clinton made his inaugural speech, champagne corks popped and all eyes were fixed on the satellite link-up. The Labour party had been given front-row, complementary, velvet-lined seats and the picture they were watching was 'The way we might have been'. If John Smith can't deliver the goods then he will be given the hoof by someone who can. The most serious challenges to himself and Margaret Beckett come in the shape of Tony Blair (Shadow Home Secretary) and Gordon Brown (Shadow Chancellor).

Tony Blair is very bright and streetwise—he recently said 'Hell' on Walden, and talked authoritatively about 'sex' in a letter to the Sunday Times. In a debate on terrorism recently he had Tory bulldog Kenneth Clarke giggling nervously as he saw his chances of becoming Britain's-next-Chancellor visibly wither. Blair's rapier thrusts into the Home Secretary drew cries of delight from Labour's back benches. Beside him, John Smith and Margaret Beckett looked on, doubtless proud, but for all that, they looked a little glum. In another life Blair might have been their clever young son, who had come back from university full of new-fangled ideas and now no longer treated them with the respect they deserved.

Gordon Brown is also very clever and often looks very cross. Although he makes Labour's plans for the economy sound dull, he will be able to wake people up by hitting them with a big mallet. These are the things people need to know about future party leaders. Blair has repeatedly called for galvanising new policies which is also nice to know. Recently they both went to Washington to meet top Clinton aides. They learnt some valuable lessons; Bill Clinton was elected because people liked him. In order to make people like you you must tell them what they want to hear. Clinton promised everybody everything, and he played the saxophone as well. If the Haitians have to stay at home and he has to raise taxes, the comforts of the Oval office will help take the edge off his idealistic despair. (The Tories have known this for a long time. Even when there is a recession at election time they never mention it.) Both Blair and Brown are part of the generation of Labour MP's who have never experienced government. This means that when they are hauled up by Messrs Prescott, Dobson and Skinner, (on the subject of Labour's historic past links with the unions, municipal ownership, socialism) they will be

able to pretend not to remember. This may make some people bitter, but everyone else will understand.

Resisting the temptation to ditch Smith over the nearest cliff Labour's progressives stepped up demands for 'radical new policies'. Right behind them thundered the old guard threatening that the party was 'too right wing' and that there had better not be 'too many new bloody policies'. Charting the delicate path between the leadership launched 'The Commission for Social Justice'. This was an independent review of all aspects of Social Policy, including the universality of benefits with reference to a demographically changing society. It had never been easy to make the Citizen's Charter look like a really Big Idea, but where Downing Street policy advisers and hard-man William Waldegrave failed, the 'new Beveridge report' stepped in to do the trick. Theoretically it should be difficult to disagree with a report

which promises everything, but not for the Labour party. Though the idea was almost fainting with its own worthiness, the fact that it wouldn't deliver until 1994 and then might throw out some of Labour's most sacred principles meant that like the dregs of an old box of Quality Street, there was something to disappoint everybody.

This is John Smith's big problem; how to reconcile the irreconcilable, how to hold within the arms of one party those whose motto is 'Downing Street and don't spare the horses' and those whose motto is 'Everyone must go back to the old days'. In edging toward the middle ground he runs the risk of bumping into Mr Major, and with talk of 'rights and freedoms of the individual, they could even swap speeches. Both have recently given keynote addresses to the party faithful, and the temptation to rattle on at length was resisted by neither. Mr Major spoke wistfully about village bakeries, and threw in some

high-Tory paternalism which doubtless held his Carlton Club audience (average age seventy-plus) in thrall.

Mr Smith tried to engage in promoting policies which were both individualist and collective whilst ignoring any inherent contradiction. Both shared similar themes in some respects. The problems of timeshare policy; on Europe; on Health and on Social Policy are more damaging to Labour than to the Conservatives, since Labour have less room to manoeuvre.

If the sight of Blair and Brown discussing 'New Paths To Victory' with American spin-doctors does not worry John Smith, then the sight of Robin Cook sipping dry white wine along side them should. Cook is one of the most impressive of the shadow cabinet, not least because of his ability to maul any government minister who falls in his way—he is said to 'look like Lenin, though without his sense of humour,' and he has warned that Labour may never win an election again. He has never stood for a leadership position himself on the grounds that he is not populist, but having managed both Kinnock and Smith's campaign for the leadership, he may well be preparing to play bridesmaid for a third time.

John Smith may be left to play out a period of usefulness, and then be challenged some time in 1994. To Blair's advantage are his youth and obvious ambition. Clinton may have entered Washington on a bus, but Blair and Brown availed themselves of a stretch limo with all mod cons. They needn't worry, it is just this kind of rapacity which will attract votes. People who want cars will vote for people who have got them.

Of course, even Blair and Brown may not be successful, as Britain cautiously noses out of the recession, the next four years can be expected to deliver modest growth. As other European countries are heading into decline; Germany has broken its back over re-unification costs; France seems racked up on high interest rates it cannot afford; even the mighty Japanese are paying the price for gross Capital expenditures of the late eighties. Britain has at least weathered most of the worst. Four years down the line things may look a little brighter for the Tories, who knows? Either way whether it is Smith or Blair, or someone else leading the Labour party, it will be impossible to ignore that this party's future hangs over the edge of the abyss.





The Fat Lady Sings, apparently.

**The Fat Lady Sings
—Mean Fiddler**

I saw a vision of loveliness at this gig, exquisite and elegant, captivating and charming, gorgeous and graceful. But enough of this mindless banter, onto the band. *The Fat Lady Sings* are, in stature, short. Very. And they feature seventies man, complete with dancing shoes, as their keyboard player. I felt quite superior in my usual smug manner. But having been away for many a moon, they exhibited a quite understandable, if not totally popular, desire to play some new material, just playing an old song 'when we think you're getting totally hacked off'. And of this new material my undoubted favourite was a nifty little tune called 'Drunkard Logic', along with

**Mint 400, 3½ Minutes
—Powerhaus**

'To Begin at the Beginning,' wrote Dylan Thomas. He was sadly mistaken. Beginning there is definitely not the way to lead a life, particularly this one.

Today has not been a day for objectivity, but for preoccupation. Intropective self—pity, and a lack of real spice in my life are eating me like one of Idi Amin's notorious rats. Bitter and twisted, the last thing I want to see, the last thing I deserve is another dose of 3½ *fucking Minutes*.

They seem to follow me around. I saw them support *Kingmaker* (who?), had the single rammed down my throat, and then suffered

fellow Irish band, *Hothouse Flowers*' cover, 'Love Don't Work This Way' (and they thought I wouldn't notice that one).

But, as I was asked, 'Have they got any better?' No, they haven't. This was proved by the final song of the set, their *raison d'être*, 'Arclight'. It's always been majestic, but it's been more exalted before, than tonight, where it sounded drowned in over powering drums at the start, and too quiet at the end. No, *The Fat Lady Sings* haven't got any better, but that doesn't mean they're no good. They're good, but they're not any better. It ain't over yet.

Lise Yates
● New single out on Monday, on East West.

the ICU travesty. Today of all days, this is not what I want.

I'm on my own. The Indie beer boys all take one look and think 'no girlfriend, not out with the lads, no Senseless Things shirt.....must be a wanker.' They're right though. The singer is wearing eye—shadow. They are pitiful, I can't go on with this.

Mint 400 are loud but samey, I was reasonably impressed, but fuck it, I wouldn't buy it.

The T-shirt girl gave me a badge, so not an entirely wasted evening. Bang.....

Glyph Mac
● What a senseless waste of human life.

Radiohead—Underworld

Radiohead, one of the best new bands in Britain at present, or just a haphazard project that got lucky with one song, opinion concerning their arrival is divided. If 'creep' was just a one-hit wonder, as the band introduces it as, is there anything more we can expect from them? *Radiohead's* most noticeable musical direction is the contrast in volume employed between verse and chorus. This is taken to the extreme with an introductory solitary bassline, drums and whispering vocals whilst after a couple of phrases the rest of the band crash in creating a rather frenzied but impressive maelstrom of noise.

However, even if such a song-structure is repetitive, it is of course wildly different from the lame non-entities on the scene at present. Indeed *Radiohead* pick up on this for one of their main lyrical themes—'Pop is dead, long live pop, died a death of back catalogue.' *Radiohead* appear as the saviours of pop, which is very noble if they have the music to go with it.

And after tonight, I think they have. This is reinforced by their somewhat frustrated character. As Thom Yorke sings, he screws up his face, his rank, sheared hair falling around him, whilst Jon Greenwood plays the guitar with the fretboard behind his head, or strums the guitar against the plectrum. Anyone can play guitar, but only a few can play like Jonny Greenwood without grinding their knuckles to dust. *Radiohead* may be dominated by an extreme self-loathing, an almost destructive ideal of one's

Eat—T&C2

So, in association with XFM (it's indie radio, not racial equality) we're here to commiserate the passing of an auld enemy, the T&C2. What the hell, I never liked it anyway? So what if Vince Power is the devil incarnate? Enough.

Eat, Eat, Eat. Swampy rockers with a sound from who knows where. I've told you all this before, if you don't get the message now, it'll be over your head forever. *Eat. Gorgeous.* Heh, heh, heh, terrible puns, what do I care? I'm free, to do what I want, any old time. Shut up, Shut up, I'll do what I want to do.

Lise Yates.
● Eat play at the Phoenix festival in July, Stratford.

persona—the bedraggled hair, taunt, tight clothes and watery eyes paint a pitiful picture of destitution, yet behind the horror there is a certain black humour which prevents the affair from becoming a degraded morbid show for the terminally unstable revealing a slight glimmer of hope. The band played 'Rhinstone Cowboy' as the first encore, much to the amusement of the crowd.

The highlight of the gig was the new track 'Stop Whispering'. Typical guitar rifts with Thom sharing his loneliness, his difficulties with relating to other people, his hatred of those that can, and his instinct that he should be seen but not heard. Anyway halfway through the guitars totally fade out followed by the bass and drums whilst Thom sings 'doesn't matter anyway'. Then silence and Thom screeches 'FUCK YOU'. The hatred, pain and outright openness of this made everyone step back, open their eyes and smile. We love *Radiohead*, we thought. We want to wrap him up and put him to bed and read him a story and look after him. Then the guitars are off again, racing through an explosion of energy, the crowd is moshing and I am beaming at the beauty of it all.

Radiohead are all love and all hate, they are the ugly ducklings of pop, with standard raised they are ready to rescue the crumbling scene that is British music. *Radiohead* are quite capable of this, destined to ride of into the sunset and live happily ever after.

Amen and good luck.
Ralph.

photo: paddy



Eat: The Fat Man Sings.

**Eric Clapton
—Royal Albert Hall**

What the hell am I doing here in the Albert Hall with my father? The friendly, bearded face of safe guitar songs and coffee-table books has drawn a predictably balding, overweight, Montego driving, 'satellite TV and a mortgage' audience out of Suburbia. Away from their Estate Agents' desks, behind which they undoubtedly pine the plasticity and inoffensive nature of the fundamentally air-guitarable seventies, off-handed mish-mashes that some have had the gaul to describe as innovative and creative.

They are resolute in their knowledge of what is about to happen. Two hours of back catalogue. A living, breathing greatest hits album for them to sing along and finger-pick their belt buckles to. A user-friendly tell your mates in the office-a-thon to which they will bring their wives as a birthday present. (Oh lovely dear.....how thoughtful.)

We stand on our shameful cheap balcony (if you can describe £14.50 cheap), and I revile at my inevitable metamorphosis into one of these bastard sons of the post-Thatcherite middle-earth that is Dagenham or Cowley..... Depressing.

While I am in mid-sigh, two thousand enamoured Persil users break into an infatuated peel of applause for their messiah as he ambles solitarily to his chair. He is handed a polished acoustic guitar.

'Nice to be back in civilisation' he beams in an - I've just spent the week in Los Angeles winning Grammy awards and letting people give me money - sort of way. He looks around demonically.

An enormous 'plink' fills the arena as a twenty five ton penny drops inside my head.....Fukin' 'ell.....Fu, Kin, El.

Bessie Smith. Then some Robert Johnson straight out of the delta. This is circa 1930. The fat bastards look puzzled. Charlie Patten, then suddenly, a dash northwards to Chicago and a pianist turns up on stage. Big Bill Broonzy and the Muddy Waters version of 'Rolin' and Tumblin'. What the more musicians, a drummer (sic), a harpist (who looks a bit like Paul Butterfield but isn't *thank God?*mmmmmm..... I'll get back to you), Duck Dunn the Bass player, and Andy Fairweather-Low (who's been running on and off stage like Glenys Kinnock doing encores) arrive.It's now the early 50s. Elmore James, an Otis Span and then the ultimate 'Fuck You, I won't do what you tell me!', 'Forty

Mambo Taxi—ULU

Not as outrageous as expected, in fact were quite sweet, this may refute riot grrrl ideals but did manage to sarcastically pot *Belly* (playing in the main hall)—the kind of music easily consumed, which sticks around in your stomach for a while, but only for unrestrained release.

The *Taxis* however, musically suggested direction, oozed and tempted you, but left you without, leaving just a thought of the ephemeral joys possible, yet I am a classic new man, slapper, lad, a-hole, pratt, slut etc.

Did sense the cliquish facade amongst the Voodoo Queens, Huggy Bear etc, but appeared down to earth in reality, and though recently written that they were worried about inherent male control, this didn't seem the case. Presumably because I was just another ignorant male surface indulger.

Would've liked to see them angrier, but love them or hate them, they gave 100%.

Lucas.



Four', Howlin' Wolf from the '54 Chess sessions. God damn this blokes got some balls. 44 is so cacophonous, it even pushes the limits of music, let alone blues. People (my old man among them) are walking out. Muddy Waters follows, late 50s stuff, the Forty-somethings scratch their receding hairlines. Someone screams out 'Layla' - he bleeds in an undisciplined and, frankly, erratic manner when I drive a chair leg into his eye socket. After a quick flash around with the mop, we flit southwards to Philadelphia, and the Stax sound of the early-mid 60s. 'Born Under a Bad Sign'- wait, wasn't Duck Dunn on the original Albert King version?.....I'll check.....what do you mean probably?.....you've ruined my entire paragraph. I dig out the album and it doesn't say. Ah! let it, sure he's an ugly auld bastard on a good day.

They hate it and I'm laughing in their faces for it. It's an hour before the first guitar solo. Skin shedding bottle-neck atop an old Buddy Guy classic. Dubious introduction though, and I'm left thinkingmaybe.

Sure enough, the inimitable Mr Guy strolls out for the encore and plays in his usual 'first thing I think of' style (complete with chicken

**Saint Etienne
—Equinox**

If it wasn't for the hundreds of others standing around me I'd have cried. It's not that I'm embarrassed to show my emotions but it wouldn't have been worth the effort. It seems I was in a majority of one. Everyone else was singing along, it was like a football crowd. That must be the ultimate. When you become so famous that the fans at Arsenal know the words, when every man, woman, baby, dog knows what size shoes you take. Heaven help me. I want just the music. I don't want all this other crap.

It was when they did a cover of a David Bowie song that I left. It was all too much, I can't remember which one it was and it matters not one iota. What did they think they'd gain from doing this? No one can imagine the pain I felt, when something that you cherish goes, the hole that's left hurts more than I care to say. 'It's like being castrated at the moment of orgasm.' Thanks Jarvis, at least someone out there understands.

peb

● Saint Etienne's 'So Tough', released on Heavenly/Creation.

impressions).

The last number goes back to Bessie Smith and the 1930s. If I took the notion/to go and jump into the ocean/ain't nobody's business if I do.....- Couldn't have put it better myself. What a summation of the whole experience. Clapton is totally rich, has nice clothes, attractive girlfriends, dead children and a huge back catalogue that breeds money like nothing on earth. Now he's just played his cliquiest blues set ever and walked off with a self-satisfied grin.

Disappointingly, he will never get the real sound of all those old tunes, one reason being his guitar is always in tune. Neither will he be one of the greats - particularly with the likes of Hubert Sumlin and Buddy Guy still running around showing people what it should sound like for real. However, the total blues package that has gone over the heads of Mr and Mrs Desk Job tonight can command nothing but respect from aficionados of the genre, and the revelation that perhaps he's not a wanker after all.

Alienating a whole audience is nothing if not extreme, so why do it?.....because he can.

Glyph Mac.

The cycle of music moves from a period of constraint to indulgence. More than when we started, groups are looking better and thinking better. But there is still very little romance in the world of page three. Honesty is selfish. It's what keeps the Tories in power into the 90. We are all bourgeois now. Seattle was the source of desert strikes, Robert Smith is as wealthy as Phil Collins, Kurt Cobain is as wealthy as Peter Dinklage. That is the nature of Rock 'n' Roll. — MANIC STREET PREACHERS, March 1993.

putting our house in order benefits

Voice of the Beehive, Thousand Yard Stare, Airhead—ULU, Tuesday

Airhead have reinvented themselves. They regrouped as a cross between Suede and Nirvana, changing themselves, dropping the bagginess quicker than a Soupdragon dropping a hot potato and leek. And they've lost a member. One down, three to go. But in all of this they've retained one vital recognisable characteristic. They're still crap.

Thousand Yard Stare, on the other hand, have not mutated. *Thousand Yard Stare* run through pretty much the same set we'd seen a couple of weeks previous at the

Blue Aeroplanes, Kingmaker—ULU, Friday

At last, I deem myself worthy of passing the pearly gates into the true inner sanctum of Felixdom. (*I do the deeming around here, matey - M.Ed.*) I have followed the three rules of any hack attending a show: stand at the back and don't smile, don't clap at the end of a tune and turn up late to all shows or leave early. Then you're hard, cool and have earned your press pass. Respect.

So here I am, long bwack coat, sipping me brown, having missed the first band and arrived half way through the *Kingmaker* set. Excuses all round, my wisdom tooth was giving me teething pain. Heh, this is 1993 and life is great, just like Frosties. Digression, the essence of Chaucer.

Three men on an empty stage, something was missing, just what was it. Robert Mitchum smiles at the great pretender. Loz sings about real things that affect everybody and the indie bop kids nick his beer and jump off the stage. Bloody kids. I was in 'Nam me, '69. I heard 'When Lucy's Down' but the rest was new material. Most of it was typical pop riffs that don't inspire me to write anything.

The Blue Aeroplanes, by contrast, were remarkably good.

ol' Camden Palace. 'No score, after extra time' opens, with assorted other gems from 'Hands On', and a few new numbers thrown in for good measure. *Thousand Yard Stare* are about a thousand times better than *Airhead*.

Voice Of The Beehive. So good I can't think of anything to say. I was suitably sweaty afterwards, which is always a good evaluation of the grooviness quotient of a good gig. *Voice Of The Beehive* are even better than *Thousand Yard Stare*.

Lise Yates

● *Thousand Yard Stare's* collection of early material, 'Fair To Middling' is out now on Stifled Aardvark/Polydor.

The set starts with the band hidden behind a polythene sheet upon which their shadows are projected through a wall of smoke. This curtain is promptly pulled down after an older crowd have recognised the song. Then we're away. There are four guitarists—the entire band family and roadcrew must have been hired. At one point the drummer plays guitar. There is also a dancer. Oh no I think, another Bez, Boz, Baz twat. Yet I am wrong, the dancer is a great addition to the set.

The Blue Aeroplanes are a great live act. Their originality is outstanding. They break all the rules, write decent songs, employ the bouncer as guitarist, throw flowers at the audience, and totally enthral the audience. For their first song of the set, the female member plays and sings a solo ballad titled 'Separated'. She introduces it as the song the rest of the band wanted her to play as she was the only female in the group. Totally unprepared for this, she apologises for her first mistake and starts again. Total showmanship. This band were great, buy their albums, sing their praises but most important of all, go see them.

Ralph

Putting our House In Order (POHIO) is a registered charity set up to help the homeless. Amongst their events planned for next month include a rock memorabilia auction (see Q for details), a series of comedy clubs at the end of April, gigs organised by Eve (*Headcleaner, Some Have Fins*) and Wuija (Huggy Bear, Jacob's Mouse). They will also be releasing a single on April 5, in four different formats, featuring 12 different versions of 'Gimme Shelter', on Food Records. Artists featured include *New Model Army* with Tom Jones, *Voice Of The Beehive* with Jimmy Sommerville, *808 State*, *Utah Saints*, *Pop Will Eat Itself*, *Little Angels* and *Hawkwind*. The Charity can be contacted at, and donations sent to, POHIO, Suite 22, 4th Floor, Pall Mall Deposit, 124-128 Barlby Road, W10 6BL.

Albums 

dc Basehead—Not in Kansas Anymore

dc Basehead is angry, black and sexually aggressive. He wants us to know that. The language 'n' attitude in 'Not in Kansas Anymore' expresses this in strong terms.

But despite the lyrics the music is mostly mellow; the basslines are melodic and make you sway rather than freak out—some of the toons

are so laid back they're horizontal. 'I need a joint' is sweet jazz/soul to make you weep—here and elsewhere the sounds almost negate the strong words.

I couldn't believe the difference between the sound and the sentiment. It's mellow, thought-provoking stuff. As a dance record there is much to dance to, it's music to think with—not to rave with. The instructions say that after you've listened to the words for a couple of playings then 'pump up the bass and volume and rock this shit'—It doesn't fit...

Al Mac.


10,000 Maniacs—Candy Everybody Wants

A creepin' from the looming forest come the *10,000 Maniacs*, clutching singles from their latest LP 'Our Time in Eden'. A jaunty affair this after the shiny doom of their previous stuff. Which is not to say that 'Candy Everybody Wants' is your usual easy stocking filler. Rather it floats on either a crackling tune and the general all-round excellence of leader Natalie Merchant.

The other single tracks give glimpses of their other sides. The literately tipping of hat in 'Jack Kerouac' and homely portrait of 'My Sister Rose' are as good a range as you can hope to get of the world according to *Maniacs*. A fine place to pass the day, believe me.

Tintin.

● Released on Electra.

 Singles

Jesus Jones—The Right Decision

It doesn't sound like *Jesus Jones*, that's my problem with this. *Jesus Jones* sound like 'The Devil You Know', like 'Never Enough', like 'Who? Where? Why?'. *Jesus Jones* sound like techno with loud guitars, *Jesus Jones* sound like pop tunes, and this doesn't sound like *Jesus Jones*. That's my problem with this.

Lise Yates

● Out on Food, March 29. *Jesus Jones* play London Astoria, 30,31 March, 1 April.

The Frank & Walters—Fashion Crisis Hits New York

As soon as 'After All' hit the charts at the beginning of the year, anyone who didn't predict a re-release of early material should have been dismissed as blind and stupid. So here's the first, the previously deleted EP2, in all its glory on the second of an oh-so commercial two-cd pack. The first contains a re-recording of 'Fashion Crisis...' and a live version of 'Time', and assorted other tracks dragged from the past, which you, as an astute reader of our reviews, have already bought, correct?

(For those of you who foolishly ignored our recommendations, 'Fashion Crisis...' is probably The Frank & Walters best single, excepting 'After All', a pristine blast of nonsense which takes at least two weeks of constant listening to decipher.)

Told you so.

Lise Yates

● Out on Go! Discs, April 5.

A Certain Ratio and Denise Johnson—Turn Me On

Five remixes that are surprisingly different enough deserve to be on the same CD. Only the 7" 'Edit' is a bit bollocks, but I normally find 7" isn't enough to 'turn me on'.

All the other tracks are pretty funky. Thumping bass and sweet singing, perhaps what would be described today as 'New Power Soul', or just good old *Soul II Soul* style. The tune is definitely reminiscent of *Soul II Soul*, especially track four—'Primetime Mix', which sounds like *Soul II Soul* on a *New Jack Swing* trip.

The nicest track is track five 'M21 Mix', it's a bit more 'chill' and a bit adventurous. She *does* get turned on right at the end if you know what I mean. OK this isn't especially original but the sound of her sparking up right at the end is a nice touch.

If you're into this kind of music, buy it. Sounds good in the sunshine.

Wish.

● On Robs Records.

**The Poster Children
—Tool Of The Man**

Do you remember *The Weather Prophets*, dear reader? In other words, are you ancient? Are you pre—or post—C86? Forgive me for this obsession with your age, but I'm feeling a little over the hill today. Any road, and it's long and winding road to the point of all this, I'll tell you now, any road, *The Poster Children* sound a bit like the aforementioned band. Sort Of. They're the only reference point I could pick out in my study of this album. I did notice that my CD was green, but then, we don't judge a

book by its cover in these parts, as you should know by now. But this is meandering, space-filling toss. Hear, hear. So what's it all about? Bear with me, I'm feeling rhetorical, skirting around the point, dressing it up in the emporor's new wardrobe to cover the whole focus of it all. There's nothing much to say about this album. I'm so non-committal, but is it my job to make me care? Bear with me, once more, 'cause I'm finished now.

Lise Yates
●Out now on Creation.

**Frank Black
—Frank Black**

This took me a bit by surprise as normally one would expect a solo career to be a change of direction and style - usually this goes hand in hand with a drop in standards and a shoddy first album.

Not guilty on both counts for our Frank' (Kill Uncle Spoons); his inherent good taste and sense of style are still apparent here, with the album taking over from the last lot and demonstrating exactly how much of *The Pixies* he was.

There is a Brian Wilson (*Beach Boys*) song here, and an

instrumental that really deserves lyrics. I always seem to find *The Smiths* on things these days (*That's only because you refuse to accept that Morrissey is a sad has-been -M.Ed.*), and sure enough they're on the third track of side two. No bad thing that, after all, if you're going to rob, may as well be the best. (*Are we still talking about The Smiths here? -M.Ed.*)

Not extraordinarily good but I would have to rate it as a Very.

Glyph Mac.
●Out now on 4AD.

**System 7
—777**

About six months ago I had the startling revelation that all music is a waste of time. I'm sure many of you will disagree, that without music it would be a dull place. But ask yourself, why? Why would it be a dull place, and indeed would it? When was the last time a piece of music prompted more than a short-lived emotional response? Has this ever happened?

The problem that I have with music is, what's it all for? Is it truly music's place to be revolutionary? Personally it would be far easier to

believe in music if it was, but how can it? I don't want music that even attempts to.

Some music though is music for its own sake, purely for the sound. It doesn't try to change you, to shape you. That it leaves up to you, the only person that can affect you. I find in this music something that is much more than I expect, something that can be considered pure.

I see a light at the end of the tunnel and it's green.

peb

Dinosaur Jr.—Where You Been

Shouting.
Guitars.
Smart.

Glyph Mac

Boyfriend—Hairy Banjo

Sometimes titles can be so apt. *How can Hairy Banjo be an apt title, you wittering buffoon?*

Indulge me, my friend. This album sounds like it was played on a hairy banjo. It's murkey, turkey, lurky sub-*Big Star/Teenage Fanclub* stuff. There's a song about wearing leather and plastic which sounds a bit kinky. Have I said enough about the music now, I want to go to bed?
Lise Yates.

**Adorable
—Against Perfection**

Adorable. *Adorable* have one really great song: their first single, 'Sunshine Smile'. An oh-so beautiful lament on love. It's not included here, so all this is a bit off the wall, but I thought you'd like to know. What is here, man? What is here? Oh, it's all competent, all 'finely crafted' (Eeeek, a cliché). stuff, and all that, but there's nothing that makes me really want to scream and shout and cry and dance and prance about like that first single. And that makes me want to scream and shout.

Lise Yates.
●Out now on Creation.

Rod Stewart—Lead Vocalist

Rod Stewart, a man once beguiling enough to be young and good. Listening to the early part of this album, you can see it all again. The heady heights of *The Faces* were his making ground. The easy bluesy raunch of the pubbing lads laid down a channel for present bohemians such as *Quireboys* and *Black Crowes*. The airbrushed complexion of a band on the way down into decadence in hazy smoke is an image which has been with us ever since.

But what happened to Rod?—The glory days of such epic eyeopeners as 'Handbags and Gladrags'—surely a 70s soundtrack, and 'Cindy Incidentally' were only a passing turn. As Rod became a star, juggling fabulous women and football fanaticism he slowly drifted

from his roots. No more would we hear the energy of 'Stay With Me'. The loopy guitar intro scratching across vinyl and hitting your feelgood buttons. All we're left with is the rump end of 'Lead Vocalist', by which stage it should be just 'Vocalist' as Rod's got no band to lead. The second half comprises of covers from various star turns like Stevie Nicks and the *Stones* etc. But like most of Rod's career since the *Faces*, it's bland and plays its hand too early. Only Tom Waits' 'Tom Traubert Blues' finishes with the open hand of youth regained.

The remaining *Faces* reformed recently for MTV, so maybe Rod's getting the message; the sad thing was he was really quite good back then. Who wants to live forever?

Tintin.
●Out now on WEA.

**Digable Planets
—Reachin'**

I have a problem. Can you picture this? It's a summer evening, the sun just reachin' the horizon and a slight breeze wafts around the gathering of friends that have gathered to chat. In the background a there is a moment of silence as one track ends and the next starts. 'What is this?' one asks. 'Something I picked up recently' is the reply. That's the problem.

I have no idea what they're going on about, and I fear that most people that listen to this. It's not that

it's crap, nothing further from the truth. It's fine, very fine. The music that is. For the lyrics I can't say a thing. I have a feeling that they are 'political', whatever the hell that means in a time when everyone is trying to broadcast their own idea of perfection. But if nobody listens to what you have to say no matter how good it is you'll get nowhere. Even if people do listen to you most of them are so locked up in their own dreams that they'll just ignore you.

peb
●Out now on WEA.

**Molly Half Head
—An Interview, sort of.**

Who the fuck are Molly Half Head ? ... Heads are scratched and brains racked.

Don't panic, folks, this is by way of introduction. Yet again, Manchester has produced a band among bands. The story so far is:- Four lads got together just over a year ago, wrote some songs, played some gigs, and at the end of 1992 caused an absolute riot at the 'In the City' conference, where every single major record company in the country clamoured for their signatures. Normal people, at this point, sign the contract and jet off to Brazil to get deep inside themselves for that crucial first album... So what do Molly Half Head do?... Guessed it yet ? ... That's right, sign to a local Manchester independent, (*Those of you who are a little less susceptible to the hype might note that the band actually signed to Columbia, part of Sony Music, for a ¼million, and just signed to Playtime, the independent for two singles to gain some credibility with the saddoes who don't believe that major labels*

have any good bands -Factual M.Ed) and embark on a free tour to promote their first single, sleeping on their mates' floors, and suffering a distinct lack of T shirt salesmen

The Music (oh yeah...bit of an old tangent there, but we're back now - calm down alright!) I said 'Sounds a bit like early *Killing Joke*.' They said 'A lot of people say that, but we've never heard any so I don't really know.' It doesn't really sound that much like *Killing Joke* at all really, I was just being a clever bastard ... obviously a universal hack problem it seems.

The single, 'Taste of You', is something of a masterstroke, so much so in fact, that we took the interview along with the publicist's right arm, as she proffered it. Once again - this happens with everyone I like - the B-side, 'Vivid Witsun' is better than the A-side. Still, I'm picking bones.

Now brass tacks. *Molly Half Head* are very, very good indeed.

Glyph Mac
●The single is out now on Playtime. See this week's competition for how to win a copy.

The first ten people to come into the office and say 'I want to win the competition', or something similar, will win a copy of the new Molly Half Head single, and a poster, too. I'm Easy, like Sunday Morning...

Book



The Wizard, the Fairy and the Magic Chicken,
by Helen Lester,
illustrated by Lynn
Munsinger
Prehistoric Pinkerton
story and pictures
by Steven Kellogg

No, I haven't gone mad. Don't be so parochial. So what if I want to review books written for the 3-6 age group? There's an important market to be tapped out there. Now that Imperial College Union has done the right thing by the Day Nursery with the type of legal opinion last seen in the Maastricht debate last month, we have to cater for our younger members. It also means I get a few cheap presents to distribute when I go home at Easter.

At a rough stab, **The Wizard, the Fairy and the Magic Chicken** is for the younger of the age band, anything from 3-5 years. It starts with promise. *There once lived a Wizard, a Fairy and a Magic Chicken. Each thought, 'I am the greatest in the world' and tried to outdo the others. And each was jealous of the other two. And that spelled trouble, a lot a trouble...*

Stations of the Tide
by Michael Swanwick

This is a strange book. Well written and readable yet somehow it does not suck you into the plot.

The plot is good. A story of an extensive galactic civilisation where the spread of high technology onto under-developed worlds is controlled. However, an item of contraband technology has been taken by Gregorian back to his home planet of Miranda and the Bureaucrat has been sent to retrieve it.

First he must find Gregorian, and this is essentially what the book is about. The man has a God-like status and following, and finding him is difficult and dangerous.

The characters are not being forced from one situation to another with nebulous plot links as you might expect in books of this genre. But the plot moves naturally along and the characters come nearer their goal.

An original and descriptive book, but lacking some pace and urgency, which could make it a nice Sunday afternoon read.

Steven Newhouse.

● Published by Legend, £4.99.

OK, I lied. It isn't a work of children's fiction after all. It's a well researched, carefully documented account of the workings of the senior management on the 5th floor. Substitute the Cashier, the Stocktaker and Lieutenant Khartoum as you wish. *'MY wand has a PICKLE on it, said the Magic Chicken'*. Just like College executive, with that turkey explaining how he's going to solve the pickle cause by the purchase of Clayponds and the non-sale of Montpellier, for example. *'I can kiss a pig,' said the Wizard*. Well, we knew that. By the way, the pig ends up as a singing frog. Hmmm.

The end of this story is beautiful. *For the very first time, the Wizard, the Fairy and the Magic Chicken agreed. 'RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!' they shouted*. As seems to be the norm with kiddies books, this one is vibrantly coloured, rather like the new breed of university chemistry texts. Purple is used rather well, and the ferocious monster looks rather benevolent, even Chancellor of the Exchequer like.

The front of **Prehistoric Pinkerton** shows a large, Marmaduke (Hussey?) -like dog dreaming about being a dinosaur, which seems to be hatching, well, pups. This unusual lesson in animal reproduction aside (bit like Alien,

The Butcher Boy,
by Patrick McCabe

A measure of this book's brilliance can be gauged by Neil Jordan (producer of 'The Crying Game') buying its film rights. The book was the 1992 winner of the Irish Times/Aer Lingus prize for fiction and is published, appropriately enough, on St Patrick's Day (17th March).

The story centres on a boy, Francis Brady, growing up in a small rural town in Ireland in the 1960s. Small events and childhood jealousies combine to lessen his grip on reality. Thus begins a gradual descent into his own fantasy world which is very selective about what it incorporates from the real world.

It is an inherently tragic story, but is very wryly amusing when Francis offers his opinions on facets of Irish life (especially the Church!). This book will leave a lasting impression on you that far outweighs its brevity. It shall take its place among the classics of modern Irish literature.

I just hope that Tom Cruise doesn't get the lead role in the film.

GM Ingram

● Published by Picador, £5.99

really), the large dog appears to have teething problems, which enable him to become a bit of a beaver and eat trees. Oh, it's a Great Dane pup, is it? First we had the Budweiser Clydesdales, now we have the Carlsberg Pups.

I instinctively dislike kids' books with the words 'stegosaurus' or 'diplodocus' in them. The portrayal of the natural historian in the book is a nice example of how not to do it. It is no wonder scientists complain. Firstly, the dinosaur specialist is called 'Zandorfosaurus', which doesn't roll off the average five year old tongue with great ease. Then, he is described as devoting all his life to collecting bones. Great. That will inspire kids up and down the land. The drawings show him as some sort of fat, idiotic dentist, and given the sympathy of children is going to be with the dog, it doesn't help to have him shout, firstly, *What are those children doing? No one is permitted to approach the skeleton, and then It's a dog. Alert the pound! Surround the mongrel*. This is all topped off with that beautiful dialogue,

- *That's absurd. The museum wouldn't think of displaying a common tooth!*

- *This is the closest you will come to meeting a real dinosaur, and*

A Morning For Flamingos
by James Lee Burke

A routine assignment transporting two prisoners to their executions goes fatally wrong when they try to escape. Dave Robicheaux is brutally wounded and is set on revenge.

In an attempt to recover his own sense of self, he is persuaded by the DEA to go undercover as a drug dealer in New Orleans. His life quickly becomes a nightmare as he becomes increasingly involved in the life of a mafia don. The mysteries of Cajun voodoo magic add another twist to the story.

The drugs and detection are mixed in with the family life of Robicheaux, his Vietnam experiences and the injustice and persecution felt by the 'people of color in southern Louisiana'.

James Lee Burke has a very vivid style of writing, with the ability to conjure up a perfect image in only a few words. This along with the contrasting violence and personal touches makes this one of the best detective novels I have read in quite some time

Bland

● Arrow £5.99

Pinkerton (the brute on paws) is a lot friendlier.

I wouldn't buy this one, thanks. Stick with the chicken.

Bodhran

● Published by Macmillan Picturemac,
both £3.99 ea.

Nicola by Nicola Owen

This is a true story: the PMS case that made legal history. Maybe I was the wrong person to read this, being male and not having personally experienced PMS (premenstrual syndrome), but I was interested nonetheless.

She describes the life of Nicola who up to the age of 14 was a successful dancer, hard working and a bright, happy girl in a just as successful family. Things then started to go wrong. Her relationship with her mother turned sour; she began to overeat and then force herself to vomit; she went to a dance school then gave up dancing and she ran away from home. By the time she was 18 she was in Holloway Prison being charged with arson on two accounts, endangering life and intent to kill. Whilst in prison she had attempted suicide by slashing her wrists, hanging herself and drowning. The doctors, psychiatrists and lawyers were ready to send her to Broadmoor for the criminally insane.

However, her parents worked long and hard showing much love for Nicola, trying to prevent this. Her mother, Pam, was the one who kept pointing out that Nicola's life had only changed so dramatically since her periods had started. They found a doctor (female) who could help. For the last four years of her life she had been various tranquilizers that had no effect other than removing her from reality or turning her into a zombie. The cure for Nicola's problem was described as a miracle ('though today it is known as the 'pill'), as not much was really understood about PMS. The book is fairly well written apart from the opening of the first couple of chapters which nearly made me put the book down before I'd started. However, as I got into it I found myself pulled into Nicola's life. It's a good book which has given me some insight into the nightmare which women can suffer from, 'though it also left me quite bemused.

GBH

● Published by Corgi, £4.99



Theatre

Blackmail

Alfred Hitchcock's *Blackmail* is the first in a short series of silent films with new scores at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, the film itself has been partly restored as well. Watching the film with the live musical accompaniment involved having to appreciate both mediums simultaneously, though obviously each complemented the other, and I found it a kind of schizophrenic experience. On the music side, the piece sounded startlingly modern in places, and it seemed to lift the film out of the conservative 1920's. I also noticed how extensively the

music was used to convey an emotion for lack of dialogue. The film was also interesting unto itself - one can see many elements found in later Hitchcock, eg. the bird's eye view of a winding staircase as seen in *Vertigo*, and the acting, although heavily hammed up, was thoroughly enjoyable. Full marks to the BFI.

Aralia Elegantissima.

Hedda Gabler

Henrik Ibsen wrote this play in 1890; however, it is still not outdated, being about a woman who feels not only caught in her marriage but in her life in general, her demands reaching beyond pomposity into the aesthetics of suicide. This time, it was staged by

Hot Head Productions at the Etcetera Theatre. It was a bit of a surprise that the leading role was played by a black actress because it's a bit of a change to the usual blonde stereotype and an interesting feature. However, Julia Hagan convinced in being a smug, spoilt General's daughter (although I found it irritating that nobody had taught her how to move in this kind of tight-cut dress). The actors and actresses obviously were very enthusiastic about their play. I liked Anstey Thomas as Mrs Elvsted and Kenneth Owens as Judge Brack best since their acting was the most natural; but perhaps it is due to a prejudice that I found the others to much of the British waffling type rather than a more down-to-earth Scandinavian approach.

Kristine.

●Etcetera Theatre, Oxford Arms, 265 Camden High Street, NW1, Camden Town tube. Box Office 071-482 4857. Tickets £4-£5.50.

Crazy For You

Recession busting, depression lifting, book now for a mid-exams treat, I challenge anyone to emerge from this show not whistling and skipping. If you see one show whilst you're in London make it this one. You will not see better sets, costumes, choreography, dancing, singing or acting. They've definitely got rhythm.

Sara.

●Prince Edward Theatre, Old Compton Street, W1, Leicester Square tube. Box Office 071-734 8951. Tickets £11.50-£30.

Bluebeard's Castle

This second item in the double bill salvaged the 'operatic feel' to the evening, which the first item (although technically operatic) didn't quite have. The introduction was intriguing: a screen depicting twilight, a low voice in a strange tongue, and a woman dressed in a mildly seductive manner setting the scene in an eerie fashion...cue Bluebeard (Gwynne Howell) and his new wife, Judith (Sally Burgess). The screen rises to reveal a castle corridor.

Judith becomes intrigued as to why seven doors are always locked. On persuasion he relinquishes to her the seven keys, with increasing reluctance. Behind each door is revealed an aspect of him which he doesn't want her to discover—a torture chamber, an armoury, a treasury, and a secret garden, each stained with blood. The fifth door reveals his kingdom (electrifying music at this point—some of the words were unfortunately drowned out), followed by a pool of silent tears behind the sixth. When she finally persuades him to open the seventh door, she discovers three wives (not murdered, but alive) belonging to the Morning, Noon and Twilight. She then goes to join them, as wife of the Night, leaving Bluebeard alone.

The acting and music were very good indeed, and there was clever use of staging throughout. There's an interesting twist at the end of the tale.

A thoroughly entertaining opera, and evening as a whole.

Donald.

●The London Coliseum, St Martins Lane, WC2, Charing Cross tube. Box Office 071-836 3161. Tickets £4-£42.50.



Blackmail.



Opera

The Duel of Tancredi and Clorinda

To someone more used to traditional opera, the set-up seemed quite bizarre. The stage itself was white: a huge screen with a niche containing a sofa and limited additional acting space. The actors (Narrator: Paul Nilon; Clorinda: Patricia Rozario; Tancredi: Christopher Ventris) contrasted by wearing black for the most part, with a little green. No 12th Century costumes here!

The acting was good, though sometimes I couldn't correlate the acting to the music. Their singing was excellent—I could hear the words 99% of the time.

It's a story of thwarted love. Tancredi (who was a First Crusade Crusader) falls in love with a Saracen maiden. One night she dresses as a warrior and sets fire to an English encampment. He chases after her, and they duel before dawn. As the sun rises, he mortally wounds her and removes her mask. Horrified, he discovers his mistake. She asks him to baptise her and pray for her soul, even though she had lived her life to the contrary. He baptizes her and she dies in his arms, having attained eternal peace.

Five Madrigals lead you through the story to the duel, followed by the duel itself. Monteverdi's musical moods throughout do justice to the story.

Possibly the modern presentation is meant to appeal more to young people—period costumes with a bit more scenery might have served better. Enjoyable, nonetheless.


Obsessions

An alcoholic German doctor has been visited by a beautiful, arrogant European woman who strode into his jungle outpost, demanding help (guess what). That's how his passionate obsessions started. Doctor (Rob Inglis) is revealing us his story in this one man play adapted from Stefan Zweig's 'Amok'.

The action revolves between the ship's deck, a medical outpost in the Javanese Jungle Government house and sleazy downtown Djakarta. Everywhere 'that sultry, oppressive atmosphere that plays on your nerves like a thunderstorm till they snap—and you run amok'. By the way, amok (from Malay) means a rush in frenzy. Totally blinded with his passionate obsession, the doctor is ready to sacrifice everything, his career, his doctor's licence and life to save her secret.

Although Rob Inglis (who also adapted this play) managed quite successfully to carry out dialogues with invisible persons and to move from one situation/place to another, somehow he failed to express all those passionate obsessions, which was what the story was about. He performed and looked very tired. This tiredness was somewhere between an acting tired and emotionally exhausted person and a really tired actor performing late at night (the play starts at 9.30pm) in front of a half empty audience.

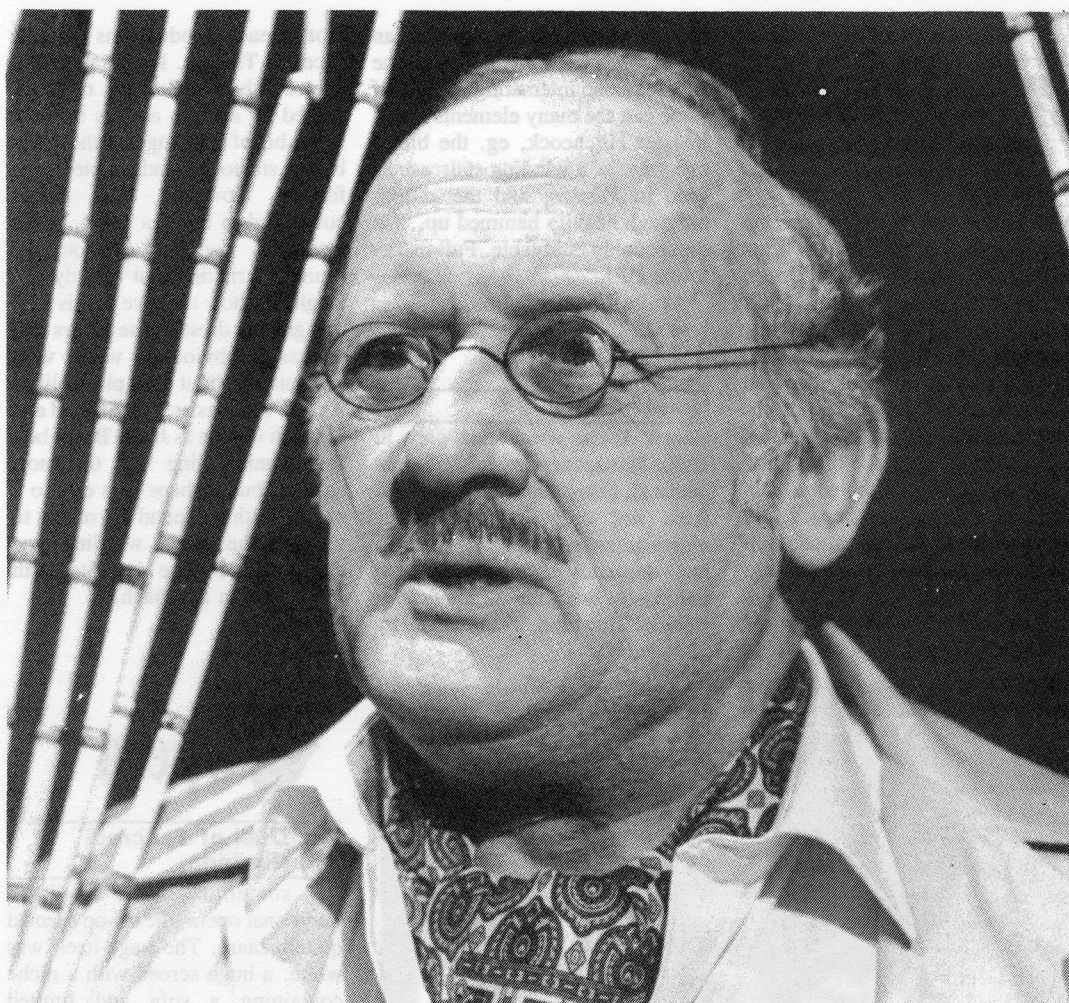
If you do go to the Sunday Market in Camden and if you can kill time there until 9.30pm (maybe, a couple of drinks in the Oxford Arms, where the Etcetera is) why not, go and see this play since you are there already. Otherwise don't bother.

Elena.

● Etcetera Theatre Club, Oxford Arms, 265 Camden High Street, NW1. Box Office 071-482 4857. Tickets £5.50.

The Three Sisters

Tempted with a last minute ticket I found myself seated before *The Three Sisters*. Perhaps I must therefore claim part of the responsibility for the dismal response Rose Bruford's group managed to evoke in me. I tried, I really tried. Alas, their efforts were fruitless. This production was very, very dull.

*Obsessions.*

It was also very, very long—and yet the characterisation remained largely undeveloped. The 'thumbnail sketches' of characters never became credible. The two servant characters of confused regional origin (you can't beat a Geordie/West Country accent and a limp to instantly create someone stupid and harmless) were of source of particular dissatisfaction. Ironically, they were also the sources of greatest amusement. The simple roles and straightforward exchanges were handled best. Perhaps Chekov was a mistake.

Elaine Pyke handled the part of Marla fairly well, although she herself looked bored at times. (Understandable in the company.) How she could find anything more interesting in Jerusha than in Kulygin did not become apparent—in fact the male cast seemed to be the unfortunate sufferers of 'Charisma Lobotomies' all-round.

I did spy a cast member yawning at one point, but I won't tell who.

Disbelief, therefore, hung thick in the air—while onstage each member of the cast launched his/her piece of dialogue to minimal response from the others (—the sound of castaway lines thudding on the floor was practically audible

throughout the performance). Still, we ploughed along, with the volume of speech at a constant 'forte', varying to brief 'mezzo forte' in moments of extreme poignancy. The lack of aural sensitivity was not aided by the staging, which placed the dinner table in the wings of the theatre, leaving the actors barely visible and screaming over to a distant and yawning audience.

Enduring memories—Marla's fate was indeed a poor one, of all the three sisters she at least did deserve better—perhaps one day she'll get to Moscow. I'm afraid I don't know if she got there or not—after the longest and most inept piece of scene changing I have yet seen I'm afraid I sloped off home to catch *Northern Exposure*.

The 'not able features' award for this evening goes resoundingly to the noses of all cast members, which had more character and interest in them than anything else on stage. Fabulous hooters, shame about the production.

Laura.

● The Cochrane Theatre, Southampton Row, WC1. Box Office 071-242 7040. Tickets £3-£5.

Alfie

Alfie is a play about a London based Don Juan and his incredible love life. Well, you would think it is after seeing the first ten minutes of the play, but as the story unfolds a deeper message seems to emerge. From scene to scene, and from love to love we are confronted with situations which are quite unexpected in that their serious, and sometimes sad atmosphere clashes with Alfie's happy-go-lucky personality. Using these scenes, an honest attempt is made, to unveil certain murkier sides of the relationship between the sexes. It is this insightful text, as well as Alfie's incisive monologues which gives the play its power.

Alfie often talks directly to the audience and tries to induce in them a judgement of his character, as well as a general sentiment towards him. This is vital since the audience must witness his tribulations as if they were happening to a acquaintance or a friend. Adam Faith achieves this admirably and thanks to him the full potential of the text is brought forth. This rare combination of great acting and a great script make this play a must for any theatre lover.

Manor.


Hoffa

James R Hoffa as most of you may not know was one of the most important figures to come out of the American labour movement in the thirties. He shaped the history of the nation's most powerful labour union, the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. This epic film follows the career of the aforementioned figure over four decades—from his passionate struggle for power to his final enigmatic fall.

The great man himself is played by Jack Nicholson, so effectively in fact that you soon forget about the *Few Good Men* and the *Jokers* and watch, mesmerised as Nicholson 'becomes' Hoffa in what is surely his greatest acting moment. Supported by such distinguished names as Danny DeVito (who also directs) and Armand Assante (to name but two) this film has no trouble persuading Joe Public that it means business.

Everything revolves around an anonymous diner, standing alone on a highway, somewhere in modern America, and through the eyes of Bobby Ciaro (DeVito), Hoffa's trusted friend, we are treated to flashbacks over Hoffa's career every once in a while returning to the diner, where the story progresses. This works exceptionally well and other than being so refreshingly original is carried out so innovatively that this must rank as one of the best films I have ever seen. Somehow I just don't think it will get the credit it undoubtedly deserves. Why do I hear you ask? Well, it's just that this film has not been aimed at a British audience. Although most Americans are as familiar with the name Hoffa as we are with Thatcher, I couldn't help but feel slightly left out, wishing I'd known more about the man before I saw the film.

If you enjoyed *JFK*, then you must see this film, if only because it recreates the same sort of atmosphere, if you didn't then it'll probably bore you senseless.

Some thought of Hoffa as a God, some as the devil and opinion will be divided about this film in a similar way, though I can't recommend it highly enough.

Mario.

Braindead

While spying on her son on his first date at the zoo, Lionel's domineering mother is bitten by a rare monkey. The bite slowly transforms her into a flesh-eating zombie (ring any bells?) and the mayhem begins.

This is the most gory film I've seen in a long time; pulsating internal organs, severed limbs and blood by the tanker full, combine to keep you on the brink of losing your dinner right from the start.

It is also one of the funniest films I've ever seen, the whole cinema was falling around in the aisles so I've got to recommend it to anyone looking for a laugh.

Beware, this film is only for those with strong stomachs and I wouldn't advise having a big dinner before seeing it, you certainly won't want to eat afterwards!

There you go, fin.

Ian.

Sommersby

The moment Jack Sommersby (Richard Gere) returns from the Civil War, to reclaim his life after a seven year absence, he brings dramatic change to his home town and everyone in it. His wife, Laurel (Jodie Foster), cannot believe that

Candyman

In inner city Chicago, there is a legend of a hook-handed killer named Candyman. This is the subject of university student Helen Lyle's (Virginia Madsen) doctoral thesis. Her investigations lead her to an unsolved murder in a run-down tower block known as Cabrini Green. There she finds the first piece of solid evidence - a giant mural of the killer's screaming head - and gradually the myth evolves into uneasy reality.

Forget *Nightmare On Elm Street*, this is a real horror movie. The emphasis is not so much on blood and sharp implements, although it doesn't miss out on that, but more on the breakdown of rationality and gradual weakening of Lyle, whose hard-faced attitude crumbles before Candyman (Tony Todd) and his dripping hook. The violence we are exposed to is terrifying without being particularly explicit, due to excellent direction (from Bernard Rose). Philip Glass provides an brilliant, haunting soundtrack which complements Candyman's deep, echoing voice. Clive Barker has finally realised that he should leave film making to others (after the awful *Hellraiser* trilogy) and stick to writing and producing. All the fuss about the recent spate of violent movies has no foundation if they continue to be of this quality.

Aralia Elegantissima



Sommersby: coo

her once difficult and violent husband has come back a kind and loving man and neither can certain members of the community.

This 'epic tale of love, deception, denial, hope and sacrifice' starts promisingly but quickly becomes boring. The photography which

involves various shades of brown, and the 'epicness' of the acting, is a struggle to sit through. The only rousing moment was the hanging at the end. Unless you worship the actors, go and see something more interesting, like mud.

Aralia Elegantissima.



Candyman: You give me a buzz



Forever Young

Do the following phrases sound familiar: courage, taking risks, seizing the moment—and get one more chance? They do don't they, admit it. We've had them all by the truckload before and by gum we're going to have to sit through it all again.

Daniel McCormick (Mel Gibson) having been frozen for over fifty years awakens to find himself in 1992, lost, alone and out of step. Daniel never got a chance to declare his love for his sweetheart Helen (Isabel Glasser), and must now come to terms with his own life, in so doing, becoming a catalyst to help others do the same.

You want to puke, right? Well go right ahead and do it, I must say this film can be faulted in many ways, most of them arising from the fact that it has all been done before, all the morals have already been drilled into us, isn't it about time we had something more original, please?

My main gripe however, is that this film tries to be too many things, instead of simply concentrating on



what is really at the heart of this picture; a love story. Like an onion however, there are too many layers to peel away, most of them may

well be wholesome, edible, true and thoughtful, but there's just so much you can eat (right?) and by the time you get to the middle you've lost

your appetite and it's all a bit bland and tasteless. Strictly above average.

Mario.



Accidental Hero

Bernie La Plante (Dustin Hoffman), risks life and limb to save the plane full of people that has just crash-landed about ten metres in front of

his car. Standing alone amidst a driving rainstorm, Bernie in no way thought it was a good idea, f'ing and blinding his way throughout the whole rescue. This unlikely

'Accidental Hero' lives by the credo 'keep a low profile' and abiding by this religion disappears into the night leaving only a size 10B loafer, lost in the mud, as a remnant of him

ever being there.

Gale Gayley (Geena Davis) a TV reporter aboard the plane, in search of a good, wholesome, American way type story begins to hunt this 'Angel of flight 104'.

To cut a long story short. John Bubba and down and out (Andy Garcia) comes forward as this hero (Bernie having given him the matching shoe) and so begins a warped tale of Bernie desperately trying to claim what's his and Gale searching for the truth, while John reaps the rewards.

The film finds its premises in America's craving for heroes—and finds its irony in how the media and indeed most of the nation define those idols (the blow-dried, designer-clad, optimistic and superficially sincere and strictly preferred).

While the acting is faultless, especially Hoffman, the plot seems too sugary and sweet to swallow and as a comedy there just aren't enough laughs to carry the film along. It's too short and you are left feeling in need of more to fill your mind. Strictly for the optimists and those with a passion for the 'there's a little good in everyone' type of thing. I'm sorry but this film just didn't smack me in the face as hard as I'd hoped.

Mario.

The Easter Sports Ed Rant

Here it is! The Sports Review of the year for IC. A two-page extravaganza containing the best of the year; the results, the final positions, the trophies and the tournaments won. Yes, all in all a conclusive and momentous year for IC as can be seen, but ...

Unfortunately due to avoidable circumstances, our Felix Easter Special Edition is a bit short on its own expectations and promises. The fault being a break down of communication. All the Sports captains were to be informed and were to duely write a brief summary. However as with most things in life, something had to go wrong. So without wallowing any more in our sorrow I shall just thank the enigmatic Dribblers for finally bringing in a definitely positive result (see back page).

It seems that the value of the Felix Back Page has finally been realised, and of recently we have been inundated with reports and results. I would like to thank everyone who has given something in. However I would just like to point out that this year we have pursued a most-recent-is-best policy and have given first preference to the more recent articles. So please, please, please if you want your feature in, be quick about it. Otherwise your efforts may go to waste.

Finally, to digress, the British Open Squash championships will be taking place between 12th to 19th April. Those interested in going to have a look (no we don't have any tickets to give away!) can obtain Booking Forms in the Union Office.

Sarmad.



Gosport is Cold Tour

On Friday 26th February, the IC 'sharks' went on tour for the first time this term to Gosport. After eventually deciding on which boards to take and completely emptying Sainsbury's, we set off. Friday night was spent consuming the odd 'medicinal' pint and wondering how a greying 50 year old could be employed as DJ. The next morning at 7.00am, James wasn't too impressed when I woke him up to inform him that it was bloody windy outside—miserable git! Despite being of a reasonable strength, the wind was in the wrong direction—offshore which is dangerous for those still learning. So we spent most of the morning looking for a beach where the wind was in a suitable direction (cross-shore). We found just the place, a small inlet for the intermediate, bordering on the open sea for the experts. Ignoring a small snow flurry, and those wingeing about the cold, we rigged up and went out. Conditions were 'rippin': the gently shelving beach was perfect to launch from and the speeds we got up to bridged on the orgasmic. We were all revitalised by a humungous Chinese on the Saturday evening in

preparation for a mind-blowing Sunday. The conditions on Sunday were similar when we got on the water at lunchtime. One exception—the windspeed went through the roof. I almost dumped in my wetsuit when I nearly lost control during on particularly screaming run. Those on the shorter boards were jumping and carving like I'd never seen before. There was more to come: half way through the afternoon we sailed into a full-on snow blizzard: the wind reached a crescendo and the temperature dropped dramatically. Being masochists we carried on, until the wind finally dropped. A truly bodacious weekend's windsurfing except of course for those board hoppers in the club—thieving gert gypsies! Despite being introduced to the gaseous contents of Sarah's bottom, the journey home passed without incident. Thanks must go to Dan and Phil for driving us around and to James and Julia for some stormin' organisation. If you too would like to trip the watery fantastic with us—come and see us any Tuesday lunchtime—1.00pm in Southside Lounge.

Vacation Work??

Can't find a summer job? Need a break? Join us at one of the largest arts festivals in the world!

The Edinburgh Festival incorporates festivals of Street Theatre, Jazz, Film, a Military Tattoo and the Festival Fringe, which is an 'anything goes' of comedy, cabaret and theatre. This year, it will take place from 15th August to 4th September.

Theatre West End will be taking three plays to the Edinburgh Festival Fringe. We first spend a few days converting a church hall into a professional theatre. This venue, which is one of around 150 on the Fringe, is used to stage both our own plays and those of other professional theatre groups, who hire the venue from us for a few hours each day. In all, there are around five hundred shows on the Fringe every day. We will provide you with subsidised accommodation in Edinburgh during the Festival, and enough free time to enjoy being there in return for a few hours work in the venue each day.

Working in a theatre is fun, whether it involves constructing the

stage, making props, working in the Box Office, building the Box Office or being on Front of House. Do not worry if you have had no experience; this is an opportunity that you are unlikely to have had before and almost certainly will not get again. We are always willing to take anyone with little or no knowledge of theatre work.

We shall be arriving in Edinburgh a week early, in order to build the venue, on 7th August and staying until the end of the festival on 5th September. If you are not free for the whole time, don't worry, just come for a week or so!

This will be Theatre West End's tenth anniversary on the Fringe, and to celebrate, we are having a party to which everyone who is interested in coming to Edinburgh is invited.

The Edinburgh Festival is the biggest and the best four week long party you can find in the UK in August, see you there!

Anyone who is interested in being involved with TWE '93 can find us in the DramSoc Storeroom in the Union Building every lunchtime.

Rowing Results

On Saturday 13th March, four Imperial College Crews took part in the 1993 Kingston head of the river race. The two novice men VIII's gave brilliant performances, with the first crew winning the novice class and earning a shiny new trophy for the boat club mantelpiece. The second crew had a slight weight disadvantage, but this did not stop them from completing the course quickly and in style. The women members of the boat club have had to fight hard for recognition, but, last weekend, eighteen months of intense training paid off with two excellent results.

The Senior 3 IV had their work cut out in a tough group, but they rowed well and achieved an admirable second, with a time that actually beat the winners of the senior open class. The novice women, were more fortunate and stormed to victory in the novice class winning with an excellent time. The women's crews now plan to split into IV's to prepare for the summer regatta season. With the fine performances exhibited this weekend, both the girls and novice men are well on course for a good result at Henley later this year.

Dribblers Round Up

The Dribblers have had a busy year. Along with lots of social events we've been playing matches most weekends.

Last term we played our first international against a Canadian and this term have been on tour to Sheffield. The Dribblers seem to have lost a lot of matches but we've also won quite a few and as a result

have managed to come third in the London Colleges League and reach the semi-finals of the London Colleges indoor tournament.

We're a team of very talented players and can only go from strength to strength. Our record of never losing a boat race still stands and probably will for the foreseeable future.

Skittles

The college scratch singles recently ended with a win for 'rubbish skip' Sharpe after a tight final. The final group consisted of Richard Waring, Sam Chen, Phil West and Pete Sharpe. The first match produced comfortable victories for Pete and Phil. Sam Chen finally moved into gear for the second game, defeating Phil West 178-149. Pete picked up his second win by sparing the 10-pin in the 10th 160-156. The scores meant that the winner would be the victor in the Pete Sharpe v Phil West game, unless Sam Chen could pull out a remarkable 3rd

game. Sam Chen completed a victory of Richard Waring but his score of 156 was insufficient to challenge either Pete or Phil for 1st place. Pete Sharpe saved his best game for last defeating Phil (Bottler) West 210-181.

Final placings were: 1) Pete Sharpe 11.35 points, 2) Sam Chen 8.67 points, 3) Phil West 7.22 points, 4) Richard Wearing 4.40 points.

High average for the tournament was 177 by Pete Sharpe, followed by Sam Chen 167.

Shotokan Karate

IC-Shotokan Karate Club sent a team of 7 students and former students to the Southern Region competition held in Reading on February 20th. This competition is one of the main events in southern England and so the team went with high hopes even though some of the strongest members of IC Shotokan Karate, like Paul Potter (2nd Dan—PhD student in Biotechnology) were missing.

Dr Robert Newton (2nd Dan and known for 'bobbing' people) and Maziar Kakhi (2nd Dan) were the most experienced members of the team and both won fights for the squad.

Robin Soole (Computing), Simon Petrovich (ex IC) and Chris Brockwell had their first appearance in a major competition. Even though they were all out after the second round, they came back with unbroken spirit and will probably form the core of IC Shotokans future Kumite squad.

If you are interested in seeing the boys (and girls!!) in action or want to try it out yourself—why not come along to one of our training sessions (Mon 19.30-22.00; Thu 19.00-21.30; Sat 10.00-12.00). You can also contact Uta Boltze (IC Shotokan Club Secretary), ext 5572.


Careers Info

MILK ROUND—don't worry if you were too late to apply for the Milk Round, we shall be writing to 800 employers in April/May and you should apply for their remaining vacancies in May or June at the latest.

SUMMER VACATION TRAINING opportunities are now available in the Careers Service. Over 100 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.

For further information come to the Careers Service, Room 310 Sherfield—open from 10am to 5.15pm Monday to Friday. A Duty Careers Adviser is available for quick queries from 1-2pm daily. You can also book a SHORT APPOINTMENT of 15 minutes between 2-4pm on Tuesdays and Thursdays.



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