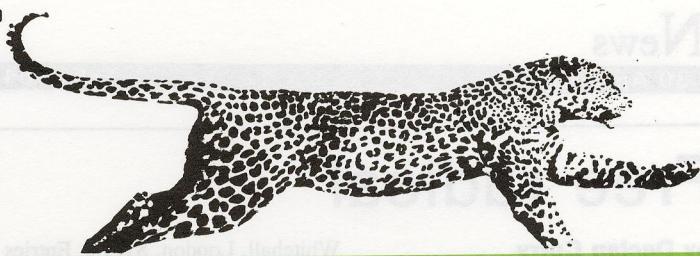


FELIX



The Student Newspaper of Imperial College

30th April 1993 Issue 964

Smoked out

by Jonty Beavan

Narcotic smokers face immediate detection following the installation of new fire alarms. Smoke from cigarettes containing marijuana or hashish could trigger the fire alarms introduced over the Easter vacation, health and security sources have revealed.

The installation of the fire alarms has been prompted by Health and Safety demands for conference accommodation. Opening the buildings to a wider range of visitors means that they must be rated 'L1' for fire safety, the same as hotels and boarding Houses. The major alteration has been to increase the volume of fire alarms at the pillow head of each bed. The increase in the number of smoke detectors has been followed by a rise in the number of unexplained fire alerts.

All smoke detectors are screened so burning tobacco does not activate them. Though the extra fumes produced by pipes or cigars can

cause an alarm to be triggered. According to security sources, 'any other smoking substance' will also set off alarms. Mr Graham Cox, Imperial's Fire Officer, said that when a new system is installed in buildings already occupied, some 'teething problems' will occur. Mr Cox added that each detector could be 'interrogated' to find the source of the alarm, and that a number of fire warnings had been activated that were not caused by pipe or cigar smoke.

The Warden of Weeks Hall, Dr Simon Walker, said that there had been about half a dozen alerts since students returned after the Easter break. The disturbances could be irritating, but the system was new, sensitive and sophisticated and had been installed for the protection of residents. Dr Walker told Felix that there had been one accusation of cannabis use, but that those concerned had denied it and he had no evidence to disbelieve their claims.

Road law

by Jonty Beavan

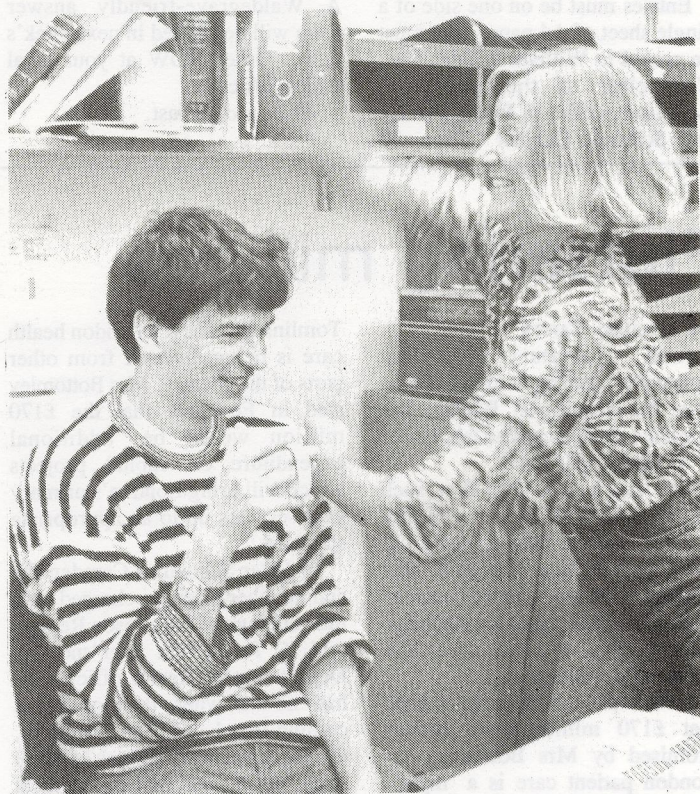
This month Westminster police have started a drive to reduce the number of lawbreaking cyclists.

Cyclists who ride without lights, on pavements, through red lights and the wrong way up one way streets could find themselves in court, warned PC Clive Coleman recently. Police have been ordered to crack down on bike crime in London from the first of May. Until then, cyclists who are caught disobeying the law will be warned and possibly officially cautioned. Any bike rider apprehended after

1st May will be forced to make a court appearance, and could face a fine.

PC Coleman said that the purpose of the campaign was to increase awareness among cyclists that traffic laws applied to them, as well as other road users. The drive will be backed up by leaflets and posters emphasising the safety aspects of obeying traffic laws. PC Coleman said it was important that Imperial students were aware of the risks of flouting the rules of the road as so many students ride bikes through Westminster.

Good Win for Bill?



The National Union of Journalists has launched a campaign to save a former Felix Editor. The Bill Goodwin Campaign Fund plans to help Mr Goodwin take his case to the European Commission of Human Rights. The case will be heard on 7 September.

Mr Goodwin faced a possible 12 year jail sentence in a case heard in November 1989. Working for The Engineer, he received classified financial information about a well known company, which for legal reasons we cannot name. Mr Goodwin contacted a senior executive of the company, who obtained an injunction banning the publication of the story. The High Court ordered Mr Goodwin to reveal his source. He refused, and was found guilty of contempt of court. Mr Goodwin, escaping with a £5000 fine, told Felix he had not been jailed 'because of the publicity'. The case was thrown out of the Court of Appeal and discarded by the House of Lords without hearing. It will now be heard by the European Commission of Human Rights in Strasbourg. Donations can be sent to: Bill Goodwin Appeal Fund, c/o the NUJ, Acorn House, 314-320 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8DP.

5
Lonely
Hearts

8
Trip
Away

10/11
Marathon
Man

14-18
Reviews
and Records

Free radical

by Declan Curry

The prize for this week's Felix competition has been sponsored by William Waldegrave, the Science Minister. In a call for better understanding of science, Mr Waldegrave told reporters in Brighton that he would give a bottle of vintage champagne to anyone who can tell him what the Higgs boson is, and why they want to find it.

Entries must be on one side of a single sheet of A4 paper, and must be posted to William Waldegrave, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Office of Public Service and Science, Cabinet Office, 70

Whitehall, London, SW1A. Entries may also be left with Rose or Jonty at the Felix office, for faxing to Mr Waldegrave. The closing date for entries is 1 June 1993. The champagne will be provided out of Mr Waldegrave's pocket.

An interview with Professor Tom Kibble, a former Head of Physics at Imperial and one of the discoverers of the wretched particle is on page 9 of this week's Felix. A Waldegrave-friendly answer form will be printed in next week's Felix. Order NOW at your local Union office.

While stocks last.

Jobs flop

by Declan Curry

Unemployment among Imperial College graduates is rising more rapidly than at other colleges, according to figures just released. Despite this rise, the figures show that unemployment among Imperial's graduates is still much lower than for the country as a whole.

Official figures issued jointly by the Government Statistical Service and the Department for Education show that, nationally, 13.2% of 1991 graduates were still unemployed at the end of December

of that year. At the same point in 1990, only 8.8% of 1990 graduates were believed unemployed.

Meanwhile, Imperial College Planning Unit figures show that 5.8% of 1991 Imperial graduates were 'seeking employment' at the end of December 1991. Only 3.3% of Imperial's Class of 1990 were jobless by Christmas of 1990. This year-on-year percentage change of 75% for Imperial graduates is considerably higher than the national 1991/90 percentage change of 51%.

Fluttering millions

by Declan Curry

Health Secretary Virginia Bottomley, facing another storm over the Tomlinson Report, has opened a mobile cardiac laboratory at St Mary's Hospital.

The heart unit, the first such facility within the National Health Service, will be used to carry out heart tests at local hospitals. Mrs Bottomley said the unit will help the NHS in London 'meet the challenge of providing a more accessible service for patients.'

Meanwhile, doctors have claimed that £170 million extra money promised by Mrs Bottomley for London patient care is a 'myth'. Medical journal 'Pulse' reports that money for implementing the

Tomlinson plans for London health care is being diverted from other parts of the country. Mrs Bottomley said in February that the £170 million would be 'additional expenditure on capital projects which will bring London's primary care services up to an appropriate standard.'

Dr Peter Scholar, a Camden GP and member of group charged with introducing the Tomlinson Report, told IC Radio that after meeting Department of Health officials he had 'no idea where the money was coming from'. Dr John Chisholm, GP negotiator at the British Medical Association, said that the medical profession had been dealt a 'three card trick'.

Heads

by Andrew Tseng,
News Editor

Professor H Worthington has been appointed Head of the Department of Geology, succeeding Professor R Selley. His term of office extends from 1 July 1993 to 31 August 1998.

Other senior staff announcements see both Professor W Wakeham and Professor I Aleksander, having their appointments extended to 31 August 1996. Professor Wakeham is currently the Head of the Departments of Chemical Engineering and Chemical Technology whilst Professor Aleksander is the Head of the Department of Electrical and Electronic Engineering.

Screwed

The Science and Engineering Research Council (SERC) says it has been 'screwed to the wall' by 'tight' Government funding. The claim was made after the Council refused funding to Professor Sir Geoffrey Wilkinson, the Nobel prize winner still working at Imperial's Chemistry Department.

Professor Wilkinson applied for £30,000 to pay for a post-doctorate researcher, chemicals and equipment. Sir Geoffrey, who won the Nobel Prize in 1973, says he sent the rejection slip to his MP. The SERC says that it can only afford one third of chemistry projects submitted for funding.

Blatch to the drawing board

by Declan Curry

An Imperial Governor was part of an academic ambush which last week forced a headlong Government retreat on its latest schools Bill.

Lord Adrian, a Crown-appointed member of Imperial's Governing Body, told Education Minister Baroness Emily Blatch that Government plans to extend the powers of Education Secretary, John Patten, were 'beyond the scope' of the new Education Bill. The Imperial Governor added that he was 'unsure' of the Education Secretary's motives.

This attack, and a threatened Conservative revolt forced the Minister to rescind her proposals to

extend the Education Secretary's executive powers over education in England and Wales. The climbdown took place in the House of Lords, during the Committee stage of the 1992 Education White Paper.

Although the Bill re-organises primary and secondary education, university chiefs became embroiled in a row with the government after John Patten, the Education Secretary, introduced a new clause to the Act last February. Known as 'Clause One', the new wording instructed the Education Secretary 'to exercise his powers' over publicly funded bodies which 'carry responsibility for education in England and Wales'.

Academics were outraged at what many saw as a secretive Government attempt to restrict academic freedom, and to dictate what they could teach. University vice chancellors said that they were 'puzzled and concerned' by the new clause, and demanded the 'specific exclusion' of higher education institutions from the new schools bill.

The Government front bench clashed with senior Conservative and Liberal Democrat peers, who said that the new law would 'leave universities vulnerable to interference by the Government'. Rebel peers were joined by academics in the Upper Chamber, who expressed concern about

academic freedom. Academic freedom was last discussed in the House of Lords last year, when the peers defeated Government plans to allow the Education Secretary to impose conditions on university grants, and to link university funding to the use of academic time. One peer, Lord Simon of Glaisdale, said that Clause One was the Government's fourth attempt since 1988 to undermine academic freedom.

Baroness Blatch told the peers that she was withdrawing the clause in order to meet university fears. Earlier, the Baroness had insisted that the plans did not give the Education Secretary new powers over universities.

Editorial

Blood, tears and charred bodies, just some of the special effects brought to us over the past few weeks by Balkan-vision. Working through out ex-Yugoslavia, Balkan vision TV has achieved new heights of horror, original depths of despair, a technicolour panorama of the worst in the human condition. Parents, make sure your children are locked up in bed when this raunchy shocker howls across Logie Baird's brain child, because we are not sure if they could cope with this X-rated production.

As BVTV enters every home of the civilised world, Mr and Mrs Nuclear Family react. He grits his teeth and resolves that if he were there it would all be different; 'we would show them what for', he mutters. She sheds tears of silent

horror at the mutilation, thanking God that it is not her children that are caught in the killing fields. And in the village and the town, a cry rises up, 'we do not want this to happen', they shout, 'do something', they echo; the people are speaking.

In the halls of power, deep southern indecision is rife, grey compromise does not answer the questions. They know that a people that held the Nazis at bay for four years can not be easily persuaded to go home and sup cocoa with their rivals. They know that each action has a reaction, and the body bags will soon fill with election-losing British soldiers instead of unknown peasants from a foreign land.

There is no conspiracy, just plain uncertainty, no right and plenty of wrongs. The great Satan and Moral Guardian of the planet can see no achievable objective; there will be

no action, just delay. But all the time the West is being dragged in deeper and deeper, more troops, more aid, more sanctions. Until the fateful time that our soldiers are killed or maimed, then with a backlash of wounded pride, we will join the war that few want and fewer understand.

Sometimes the most cynical alternative seems to be the best: Don't let anybody in or out of the former Yugoslavia, block off the borders, and leave them to it. When the embattled parties come to a natural peace or there is no one left to fight, resume the usual diplomatic ties and relations. But who could stand by and let humans barbecue each other? Does anyone possess the calculating inhumanity to do this? Who will look across the blackened battle ground, as the smoke clears, see the piles of ethnically cleansed bodies and say

it was all for the best?

There is no answer, all I can say is, as a pretender to the media that will bring every bloodstain and broken limb in your living room, I am glad I don't have to decide.

Credits

News: Andrew Tseng, News Editor, Declan Curry, Steff. Feature: Mike Chamberlain, Alex Tavener, Phil Henry. Clubs: Ismail. Reviews: Phil Dodd, Donny O'Nonchalant, Mario. Thanks: Tamsin, Rachel, Prof Kibble, John Vandridge Ames, Rose, Andy, Bec, Steve Dunton, Simon, Steve Newhouse, Chris, Rick, Dom, Crocky, Paul Thomas, Gareth PH, Ian Hodge, Gareth Light, Sara Abdullah (who she? - Ed), Jacob, Lucas, Tintin, James, Madame Jojo, Sam, Sphinx, PJ Harvey.

Chris Stapleton

Saved

Dear Sir,

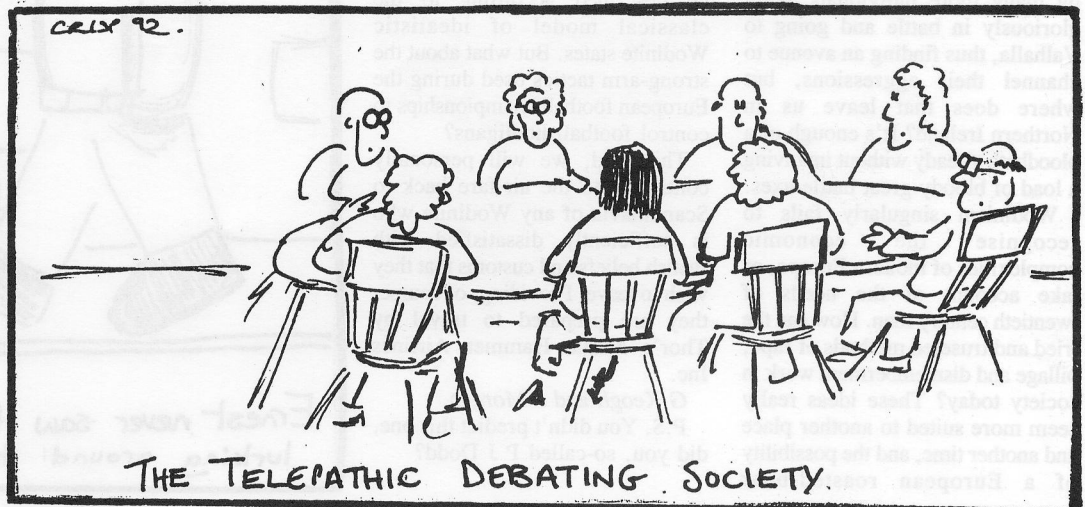
I would be grateful if you could find space for the following memo in the next edition of Felix:

'Many thanks to the two blokes who left their guitars and valiantly pursued a thief through the union and across Beit Quad on my behalf on Monday 15.3.93. I am glad to say the thief ditched both bag and jacket in his hurry to escape.

Many thanks also to the honest person who found the abandoned effects and took them to the Union Office. You are all appreciated. It was more than I imagined or prayed for to have *everything* returned.

Thanks a lot.

Yours faithfully,
Helen Vaughan.



Cat's Eyes

I would like to begin, if I may, by setting the record straight on a few points:

I am not going to edit Broadsheet despite the rumour that was flying about last term and which is still very much alive. Clues to the creator of this cruel gossip would be greatly appreciated.

In Felix 963, I did predict, with odds of 5/2, that an outsider to the Islam affair would write, and indeed they have. Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms whateveryournameis, and friend, failed to recognise this and insisted on adding the prefix 'so-called' to my name. Why, I don't know.

Lack of space in bygone Felices, all be it my fault, prevented from clearing up the misunderstanding

about my views on Dep Reps. They do a bloody good job, and I never said otherwise. What I said or meant to say was that I thought the level of responsibility was small in comparison to that of IC President. Hence the line '...major responsibility NOT..' was used in Cat's Eyes in Felix 959. My opinion could be wrong, however, and any cretin could quite easily get elected, Dep Rep or not a Dep Rep, and do the job with little ease.

Apologies to anyone who was offended by the Malcolm X article some time last term. Many thanks to Cecile who wrote in to point out a few grievances that black people may have had about the article.

Nearly the end

Only 8 weeks until the summer

hols. Some of you may have started your exams already, while others, like me, have exams in the last couple of weeks. Whatever your situation, the academic year is nearly over.

Make London Safe

Shit idea! Why not spend the millions it would cost for this project to succeed on tracking down the perpetrators of those bombings? The 'Make London Safe' plan, as highlighted in most papers earlier this week, is impractical, costly and not the best solution to an ever increasing problem.

Union Stewards

Someone sent me a rather odd riddle or joke or whatever you want

to call it; it goes something like this: 'Q— Why do Union Stewards were their radios in their back pockets? A— So they have both hands free for talking.' Hmmm.

Space Filler

Star Trek

We're Famous

Felix is famous (sort of). We got a mention in the diary column of the Guardian earlier this week, because we have an interview with Professor Somebody, who lets lose a few clues as to what a *Haggis boson* is. Why should anyone care what one is? There is a prize of a bottle of vintage champers for the best/correct answer. Want to know how to enter, read a few pages on...

'So-called' P J Dodd.

Shurely Shome mishtake?

Dear Private Eye,

Now that the sports centre has been completed (?) can you tell us if the instigators of the whole affair, G Marshall and V Straw have

Ragnarok

Dear Jonty,

We have been following the recent politico-religious debate between members of the Imperial College Conservative and Islamic Societies, and we feel that it is imperative that the scope of the debate should be widened to take in a broader range of religious backgrounds. We refer of course to those most outspoken devotees of Thor, Wodin (Odin) and Loki collectively known as Wodinites and the members of the proposed WodinSoc.

Let us consider the issues raised in earlier letters; the question of law and order could well be answered by many more individuals dying gloriously in battle and going to Valhalla, thus finding an avenue to channel their aggressions, but where does that leave us in Northern Ireland? It's enough of a bloodbath already without involving a load of bloody great battle-axes.

Wodinism singularly fails to recognise the economic complexities of modern Europe, or take account of the needs of twentieth century man. How can the tried and trused methods of rape, pillage and dismemberment work in society today? These ideas really seem more suited to another place and another time, and the possibility of a European roasted-board

bought season tickets yet. I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,

Simon Fraser, Management PG.

mountain is, we think you will agree, a chilling one. As for laying the spoils of war at the feet of the King instead of paying taxes, well, all systems have good points, but we just can't picture Prince Charles in a bear skin and horned helmet.

The incessant desires of the Wodinites to seek out new lands to conquer, terrorise and die gloriously in, seems to understate the concept of a coherent European whole and the entire principle of religious and racial tolerance is swept under the moose-hide rug.

The Wodinites claim that modern-day Scandinavian countries such as Sweden and Norway cannot be described according to the classical model of idealistic Wodinite states. But what about the strong-arm tactics used during the European football championships to control football hooligans?

This said, we will personally contribute to the air-fare back to Scandinavia of any Wodinite who is sufficiently dissatisfied with British beliefs and customs that they wish to leave. Providing, of course, they are prepared to travel by Thor's Magic Hammer Airlines Inc.

G Keogh and J Morgan.

P.S. You didn't predict this one, did you, so-called P J Dodd?

Shooting season

Dear Editor,

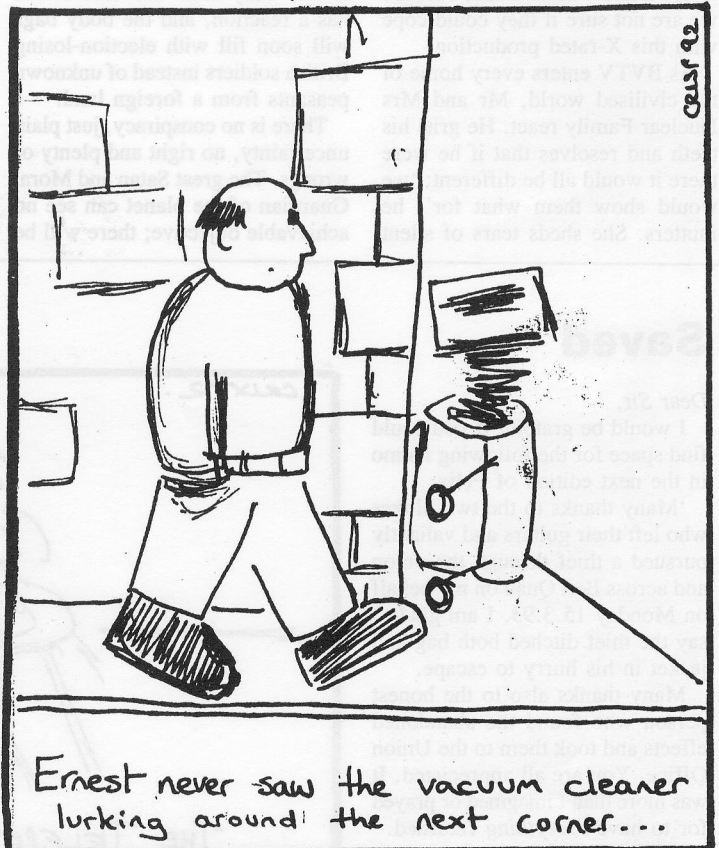
May I use the pages of your organ to inform the officers of Imperial College Rifle and Pistol Club that their firearms are now safely in the new armoury and as of now Angus Fraser and myself are no longer Bailees of their property. I should also like to thank Gordon Baker of the Artists Rifles Clubhouse Bisley for putting up with storing the said firearms for the last eight months without any cost to Club or College

even though the building works took three months longer than promised.

Finally I should like to thank the people who helped me to re-equip the armoury, Paul Woods and Keith Fraser and express my gratitude to Jill Farmer of Biochemistry for the use of the van and apologise for its late return.

Yours,

Nick Royall, Geology Staff.



Planting the flowers on a tired debate

Dear Jonty,

The Fruits of Islam.

In response to recent articles on Islam, particularly 'How to save your soul' in your February 26 issue. I was interested to read of no less than eight bad fruits, produced by the tree of western civilisation as an indication that Islam is the right way.

The root of this fruit being 'freedom and benefit' giving rise to selfishness. Let us look at the other tree for a moment. When one speaks of freedom, one must be careful not to associate it with Islam for the two never shall meet. You need only look at the deadened eyes of women in chadors who are permitted no identity, respect—and any beauty that they do have is carefully hidden. The Quran advises men...that as for women

from which they fear disobedience, they should admonish them, send them to their beds apart and beat them.

Islam can no longer call America or any other western country the Great Satan, their problems are much closer to home. To look at Islam, is to me to see a flower plucked, where rigid legalism has replaced freedom, where 'fatwas' have replaced mercy.

There is hope, one of the 44 Islamic Republics have replaced the Shah's symbol of sword-wielding lion with the symbol of a tulip. But as for the others and their continued oppression of all that is spontaneous and beautiful, one can see that a loving God does not put the sap in this tree.

A Tulip Lover.

Dear Jonty,

In Felix (Issue 963) Conservative Society wrote:

'...However the attempts by some of the more fundamentalist types...'

I am a fundamentalist, I believe through using my mind that a creator exists and that the Koran is from Allah. I am intellectually convinced that it is the truth and I invite all you 'free-liberal thinkers' to rationally assess whether you think there is creator or not and

Although it genuinely pains me to do this, it is about time this debate closed. I do appreciate that many people have strong feelings on the role of Islam and how the west deals with Muslim cultures, but, at present, the arguments seem going round in circles.

If you really do wish to add

whether the Koran is from God or not.

I once again ask the Conservative Society to debate with us. The debate could be arranged and chaired by the Debating Society.

Are the Conservative Society only capable of taking cheap shots at Islam in Felix or can they intellectually defend their belief and way of life.?

Harun al-Rahid, Member of Islamic Society.

anything further to this discussion, I will allow you five minutes of my precious time to convince me why your opinion needs to be heard. If I'm convinced the letter will be printed, otherwise this tedious argument is at an end.

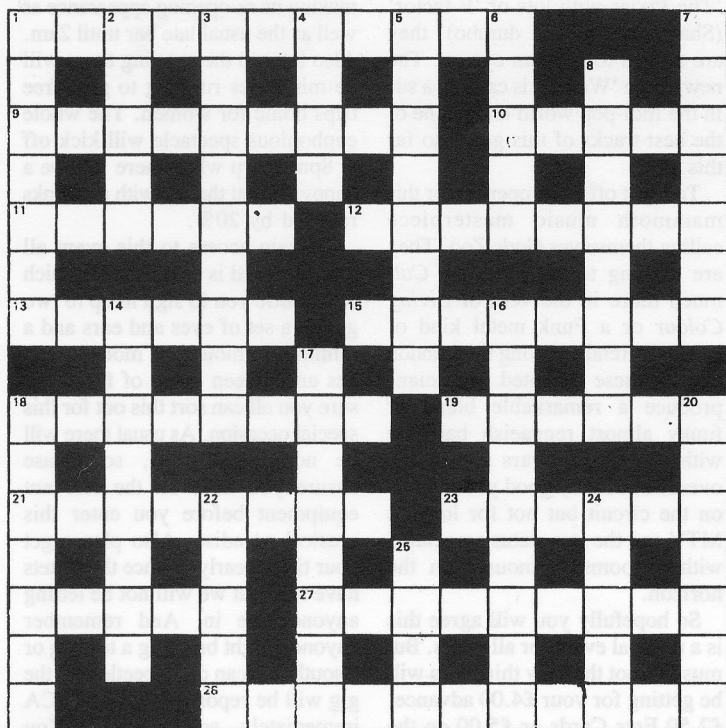
Lonely Hearts

- **Shy, lonely wallflower** seeks cross-pollinator to help her bloom.
- **Cute and Cuddly Rugby player** seeks well sexy, caring female, to keep warm at night.
- **Horny hockey player** seeks macho male for steamy showery sex sessions.
- **Sex-mad biologist** seeks God-like bloke for late night practicals.
- **Sexually frustrated IC Radio bloke** seeks someone to twiddle his knob(s).
- **Inexperienced, innocent IC Virgin** seeks dominant partner for extensive S&M sessions. Eager to learn.
- **Charming, intoxicating lesbian** trapped inside man's body seeks sympathetic Eurasian female to help her come (to terms). Must like Oscar Wilde, and have some idea of how to use a penis.
- **Hard-core Raggie** seeks charitable male to add to her collection and rattle her change. Must be solvent!
- **Attractive, sensual, non-conformist, hedonist, artistic and that's just me. Lonely male seeks similar, gregarious female—PH @ Felix.**
- **Politically-correct student** seeks black, mentally-impaired, one-armed, single-parent lesbian for conversation and the odd vegan lunch.
- **Turette's syndrome sufferer** for a fucking good sodding relation-fuckshitwank-ship.
- **Horse-fancier** seeks stable relationship.
- **Voluptuous, big-breasted woman** seeks short, spotty science student for fun nights. Must like short-wave radio and know lots about the Glasgow-London night service. Preference given to short-sighted people. Call 0898 774455 and ask for 'Big Susan'.
- **Outgoing intelligent lady** wanted, for something slightly different. Straight hair preferred.
- **Large, hairy male seeks similar.**
- **Large, hairy male** seeks Immac.
- **Short, hairy male** seeks missing link, must have correct skull dimensions.
- **Desperately seeking** forthright, ample-breasted, Amazon. Karate or aerobics instructor preferred, some gymnastic experience essential for love and supple relationship.

- **Small cat** seeks squirrel posse for S&M relationship.
- **Man with penis-engorgement** seeks similar female to compare notes.
- **Short-haired and soulful sex machine** would like to let chicks know he's open for business. Must know lots about marital devices.
- **Lard-eating northerner** seeks woman for washing up, ironing and beatings.
- **Siamese twins** seek diphallic man.
- **Ambidextrous man** seeks Siamese twins.
- **Bearded, rollie-smoking, folkie** seeks Angora goat for steamy dipping.
- **High-heeled sadist** seeks man with strong back.
- **Wanted dead** blerk for magotty shags.
- **Itchy groin** seeks sensitive razor and talc.
- **Long-haired lover** from Dover Docks seeks summat rough to proof-read book on Jubilee line. Name not important.
- **Noel Edmonds fan** seeks corrective therapy.
- **Politically astute commentator** seeks Guardian columnist for spicely conversations.
- **Short-haired BOY** seeks Morrissey for fun evenings, will bring own daffodils.
- **Nottingham smoothy** recently retired seeks world for conquest.
- **Recently deceased beaver** seeks taxidermist for life beyond the grave and fun evenings.
- **Cute male, recently moved** seeks concrete slab for healthy sexual relationship and theatre trips. Apply HM Prison, Brixton.
- **Beautifully spoken Northern Irish radio presenter** sought by Mop Head.
- **Virile adventurous man** sought by voluptuous, lavishly-attired, outgoing ragette. Ex-Chippendales need only apply. Will supply own skin-textured latex bodystocking.
- **Sorry lorryload** of soiled and soggy bog roll sought by newspaper office to edit music pages. Toilet fetishists need only apply.
- **Double-jointed contortionist** sought by sight-impaired voyeur. Please supply x-rays.

Crossword

by Sphinx & The Phantom Bandit



ACROSS

1. Old climber passed the summit (4,3,4)
9. Rule James rebels at in Israel (9)
10. Hell fire! (5)
11. Sexual plan Rachel holds back (6)
12. Tries to set army reserves back with urges (8)
13. Stanley hugs me for blooming reproduction! (6)
15. Difficulties with questions (8)
18. Very anxious to tell you where the American lives (2,1,5)
19. Cuts always made in a ship (6)
21. The small, soft Scotsman is an actor (8)
23. Gilder made a messy streak (6)
26. Lug it about with shame (5)
27. Return and take ones revenge (3,4,2)
28. Pete is to run around trying to impress (11)

DOWN

1. Disapproves of things (7)
2. Queen right-else there's a mistake (5)
3. Will meant to get drunk after exam (9)
4. Point where the Spanish head of state finds fish (4)
5. I am old but still childish (8)
6. Sovereign island producing cotton (5)
7. Tim is so upset about teh separation (7)
8. Utter end (8)
14. Theoretical facade Michael's wrapped up in (8)
16. Make a meal of advice to scrum when the ball is lost (9)
17. Choke novice in odd surroundings (8)
18. Greeting cut short disruptively by a number (7)
20. King in social position must be in the clouds (7)
22. Erect reversibly (3-2)
24. Capital is all right invested in broken toy (5)
25. The way you get an eye sore (4)

BJ Selecterizes your Friday night

If you answer yes to any of these questions then this article is ideal for you.

1) Did you have a really bad time at home over Easter?

2) Are you bored of all the exam revision?

3) Are you looking for a very cheap quality night out tonight?

4) Do you like music?

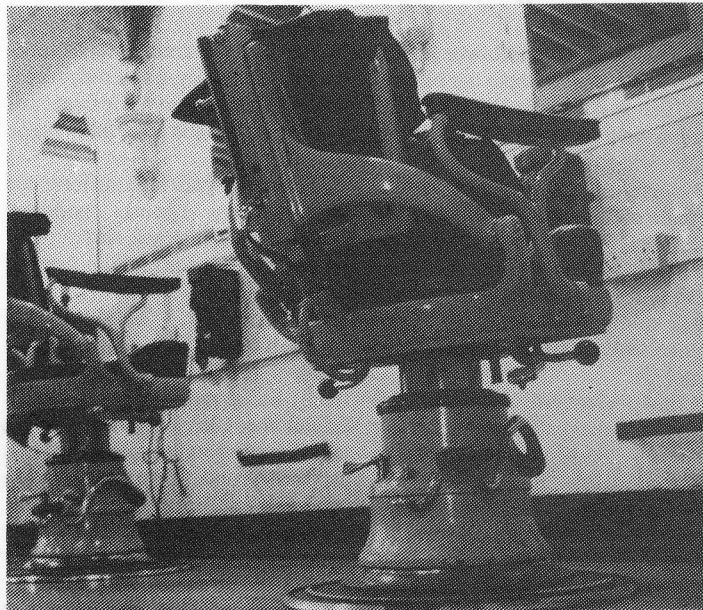
Well the perfect solution is just around the corner in the last of this years Ents carnivals this Friday. The Summer Swing Ding your last chance to enjoy yourself before your exams or if you are completing them the perfect end to those countless weeks of work now they are finished. Although the regular Friday night 'Atmosphere' discos will still be running this is the last of the big events the perfect opportunity to catch up with all your great mates after the Easter break.

This Swing Ding brings together all forms of music and entertainment in a bevy of frenzied fun. We have deliberately scoured the globe for an event which encompasses all musical tastes.

Top of the bill of this glorious adventure into musical nirvana is the infamous *Selector*. Now before

you embarrass yourself and say 'Who?' look up their name in the annals of rock/pop history. You would do well to look under the category of Ska. The selector were the Kings and Queens of the Ska hill in the late 70's and throughout the 80's. Along with other ska legends such as *The Specials*, *Madness* and *The Beat* they were responsible for the entire ska movement and the rise of 2 Tone records. Their hits include 'On My Radio' missing Words 'Too Much Pressure' and they play a strict ska sound that is as poignant today as it ever was. Certain to get you all to your feet so that you'll be dancing so much you had better bring a spare pair of shoes as you are likely to wear one pair out.

The dance music representatives at this epic celebration of music is in the form of Ariel. Described in the press as bringing together the rough sounds of techno and hip hop with undiluted hard hitting guitar riffs and blissed out vocals into a convincing overall sound. But anyone who has seen them or saw their recent appearance on 'The Word' recently will know this is just music journo bullshit for excellent



SELL OUT

band. They are the latest signings to De-construction records and their new EP 'Let It Slide' is being hotly touted in Clubs of all type all over the country.

Bringing up the rear are seasoned Indi-pop band *The Hearthrobs*. One of Gary Crowleys favourites at the moment they are unlike the run of the mill Indi-guitar bands they are good! Described in the press as 'The Pixies with lots of 'F factor' (Shagability to you dumbos)' they are a band to keep an eye on. The new single 'Worser' is causing a stir in the Indi-pop world and is one of the best tracks of this genre so far this year.

To top it off is the openers for this mammoth music masterpiece calling themselves *Gods Zoo*. They are nothing to do with *The Cult* much more in the vein of *Living Colour* or a Funk metal kind of band. Currently playing the London circuit these talented musicians produce a remarkable blend of funky almost reggaeish backline with blistering guitars and vocals overlaid. A very good young band on the circuit but not for long as MTV and the star status associated with it looms ominously on the horizon.

So hopefully you will agree this is a musical event for all tastes. But music is not the only thing you will be getting for your £4.00 advance, £2.50 Ents Cards or £5.00 on the door (if there are any tickets left). There will be fairground attractions

so that you can exercise your other appendages. Also back by immense public demand will be the return of the mighty Imperial Cocktails.

These have been especially brought back to enhance the evenings enjoyment and so you can get really pissed (let's not beat around the bush here!). The sublime Ents discotheque has undergone extensive refurbishment and will be making its re-opening appearance as well as the usual late bar until 2am. Also later in the evening there will be minibuses running to give free trips home for women. The whole euphonious spectacle will kick off at 8pm sharp when there will be a happy hour at the bar with all drinks reduced by 20%.

To gain access to this event all you will need is a union card which will entitle you to sign in up to two guests a set of eyes and ears and a minimum amount of money...Oh yes and a keen sense of fun!! I'm sure you all can sort this out for this special occasion. As usual there will be no re-admission, so please ensure you have all the relevant equipment before you enter this musical paradise. Also please get your tickets early as once the tickets have sold out we will not be letting anyone else in. And remember anyone caught bringing a tea bag or a south African dung beetle into the gig will be reported to the RSPCA immediately, so don't do it. You know who you are and so do we !!

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TREVOR ROY SALON

52 KENSINGTON CHURCH STREET

071-937 6413

Slogans Galore

We are now at that time of the year when we have to vote on what the slogan for next year is going to be, and for this we need your helpful suggestions. Listed below are a few of the slogans for previous years, most of them with an animal theme. So, get thinking - and post your ideas to Rag, either in the pigeonhole in the Union office, or in the Rag Office itself. After all,

you don't want to be wandering round with a hard-earned sweatshirt or t-shirt with a naff slogan next year, do you?

- 93 Off your tree
- 92 Bug-a-wee
- 91 Elephants Come
- 90 Rampant Rhino
- 89 Dragons Divine
- 88 Lemmings Fate
- 87 Pigs in Heaven

Platypus

A quick note to all the parachutists, although it will only mean something to those that jumped on the second weekend... "The fat cow was in the swimming hyphen pool, looking through the window at me. I smelt like jacuzzi, and a duck

hyphen billed hyphen platypus horse nut bolt. So I had to go in the nude without any flumes."

P.s. get your money in soon!

P.p.s. that goes for you too, bungee jumpers!

Exam Escape

Yet again, the Rag committee (being made up of such caring, kind and generally luvverly people), has got together a whole load of distractions to take your stressed minds off all that nasty revision. For your convenience, here is a selection from the multitude available...

1st May Chelsea/Coventry, Help the Aged 3-4th May Hothouse Flowers 9th May QPR/Aston Villa

16th May FA Cup Final, Parkinson's

When you've decided which of these your life is not complete without attending, take yourself along to the Rag meeting on Friday and find out the details. What better way of escaping from all that exam pressure than giving yourself a well-earned break, and getting a little closer to that next Rag incentive at the same time?

Close Competition

The Halls competition will close on the 7th May, and any receipts not received by our wonderful Treasurer, Mark, by this date will not be put on the Hall totals. Sorry! The winning team will be announced, and the prize given, at Rag Fete, so make sure you're

there. There is, of course, absolutely no truth whatsoever in the rumours that the prize will be another barrel of beer. So there! Guess again.

**Tamsin Braisher, Rag
Internal Affairs Officer**

RAG TOTALS

Hall	Residents	Total Raised	Total per Head
Falmouth	184	£7421.24	£40.33
Willis Jackson	78	£3086.72	£39.57
Fisher	185	£3670.06	£19.84
Garden	89	£1538.44	£17.29
Tizard	120	£1960.23	£16.34
Southwell	174	£2301.90	£13.23
Weeks	66	£777.13	£11.77
Linstead	188	£2124.01	£11.30
Selkirk	72	£393.10	£5.46
Bernard Sunley	101	£193.75	£1.92

NO!

I think **Sharks Galore '94**
is a crap slogan!

'94

is much better.

Free Beer

On Wednesday 12th May Queen's Lawn will be descended upon for the annual RAG Fete. This year things are being done differently!!

Charities which have been supported by RAG are putting on stalls for your entertainment, as well as clubs and socs. This means **BIG EVENTS**. We have for your

amusement The BAR FLY, BOUNCY CASTLE, LASER SHOOTING, FREE BEER and lots, lots more. Watch out for posters round College for more details. The Fete starts at 12pm. **BE THERE!**

**Lorna Mountford, Rag
Secretary**

**Confused?
Unhappy?
Worried?**

Then why not go and talk about it?

**Don Adlington,
the Student Counsellor
can be seen quickly,
without any fuss and on a
completely confidential basis.
Ring extension 3041 or call at
(First Floor)
15 Prince's Gardens.**

LSD - Tripping the tests of time

Two weeks ago Hyde Park was the scene of a strange, colourful and flamboyant anniversary. Phillip Henry describes the scene and Jonty Beavan fills us in on the history of the chemical background to the party

On the 18th of April, at speakers' corner in Hyde Park, there was a celebration of the 50th anniversary of LSD. Approximately a thousand people attended along with a considerable number of police.

The event that they were celebrating took place on 16th April 1943. A young and brilliant graduate of the University of Zurich, complained of dizziness and left work at the Sandoz laboratories in Switzerland early. Upon returning home experienced what he later recorded in his diary as, 'An uninterrupted stream of fantastic pictures, extraordinary shapes with intense kaleidoscopic play of colours'.

Unable to pin down what had caused this unusual experience, he came to the conclusion that it must have been contact with a substance that he had been working on. The chemical was a derivative of wheat ergot he had discovered five years earlier in 1938. The scientist, Dr Albert Hoffman, had named the compound LSD-25.

Amazed by the intensity of the effects and that the rigorous laboratory conditions meant only a tiny amount could possibly have been ingested, Dr Hoffman resolved to investigate further. On April 19th 1943 he took 0.25 milligrams of LSD-25 dissolved in a glass of water as a self experiment.

After being overcome with extreme confusion Dr Hoffman returned home by bicycle accompanied by his laboratory assistant. During this journey the now well recorded symptoms of LSD became obvious. Overcome by fear and a belief that he had lost his mind Albert Hoffman spent the remaining time under the influence of the drug believing that a demon had invaded his body and his neighbour was a 'malevolent, insidious witch, with a coloured mask'. By the time a doctor had arrived, Dr Hoffman had returned to relative coherence, but remained anxious that he could have poisoned himself. As dilated pupils were the only evidence of ill health that the Doctor could find, Hoffman was sent to bed to recover.

Apart from condemnation of irresponsible research techniques,



Why are banners like this one banned? The bearers of this one aren't sure.

Hoffman's colleagues were amazed at such minute amounts having such enormous results. Research on the mysterious substance continued and attempts were made to apply the peculiar effects for medical use. Treatment of mentally ill patients with what was described as a 'psychoactive drug' appeared to have a positive effect. Terminally ill cancer patients who could no longer respond to pain relieving drugs were completely relieved of suffering after ingesting LSD.

At the same time as this research was continuing, another side of LSD was coming to the fore. The late 1950s and early 1960s saw LSD becoming the plaything of a generation interested only in challenging the existing order. Art, books and most famously of all, the hippy movement were inspired and motivated by the drug. Uncontrolled experimentation on the scale that took place during the 1960s was to have consequences, Mental Hospitals were filled with wards of 'Acid Casualties' who had overindulged on the chemical. It was not long before LSD became a controlled substance.

Hyde Park two weeks ago became the centre of activity for the remnants and rejects from the 'Love Generation'. The rumour that Dr Hoffman would appear and speak to the crowd proved false but the

proceedings went fairly quietly. Besides the usual bunch of eccentrics who accumulate regularly around this area such as evangelists, black militants and general loudmouths, there was, on this particular occasion, a soap box for advocates of the legalisation of the drug. However, the large majority simply came to associate with people of a similar disposition just for a chat and a good time.

Rather than being a large mass of bodies the crowd were separated into smaller groups which congregated around epicentres of activity. These were dealers, groups indulging in tribal dancing to home-made, extemporaneous beat or smiling hippies who, judging by the various smells that were wafting across the park, were openly smoking pot. The whole atmosphere was party-like, friendly and open, with a surfeit of shiny, happy people.

When the inevitable arrest did take place the situation changed to one of anger and a concentration of police formed around the accused to stop the gathering crowd of several hundred rescuing him. Rather surprisingly no violence erupted but, instead, there were a few irate words exchanged. When the police presence dissipated the celebratory atmosphere returned.

A rumour circulated that there

would be a rave after the carnival but despite questioning random individuals, nobody seemed to know exactly where it was. One person was eager in pointing out that it was not an illegal rave because there would be no dancing - officially. This is a convenient legal loophole that would have allowed the event to take place without any police interference.

Sale of the substance was discreet even if the users were not; one particular speaker was loudly extolling the virtues of the drug and informing us of his more unusual revelations which included all trippers partying on the planet Venus thus explaining why scientists have yet to penetrate the atmosphere with radar. The listening police looked on with bemused expressions and exhibited a fairly relaxed attitude to the harmless ramblings of this strange man. Despite this, the speaker warned that at dusk he would have to run home since the 'Thought Squad Division' were after him...

The crowds started to disappear from half past five onwards and everybody seemed to have enjoyed themselves, but in San Francisco the atmosphere was reportedly far more intense with larger numbers of people attending and activities planned to take the crowd late into the night.

Ripples in the universal pond

Jonty Beavan *talks to Professor Tom Kibble about this year's Schrodinger Lecture, which takes place on Thursday*

Every year a thankless task is doled out to a senior physics academic at Imperial College, every year someone has to persuade the greatest names in Physics and Mathematics to come and blind the unwashed masses of South Kensington with the brilliant glare of their scientific insight. Fast becoming a ritual here, the 1993 Schrodinger Lecture will take place next Thursday 6th May in the Great Hall and will be presented by Professor Micheal Berry.

But what of this year's masterplanner? Professor Tom Kibble, ex head of the Department of Physics here and the forgotten half of the Higgs-Kibble Boson (An elementary particle that it is hoped will unify all the forces of nature), has that role. Before allowing him to unashamedly plug Micheal Berry's lecture in the hallowed pages of Felix, I asked Professor Kibble about the background to an event that has become a part of life here.

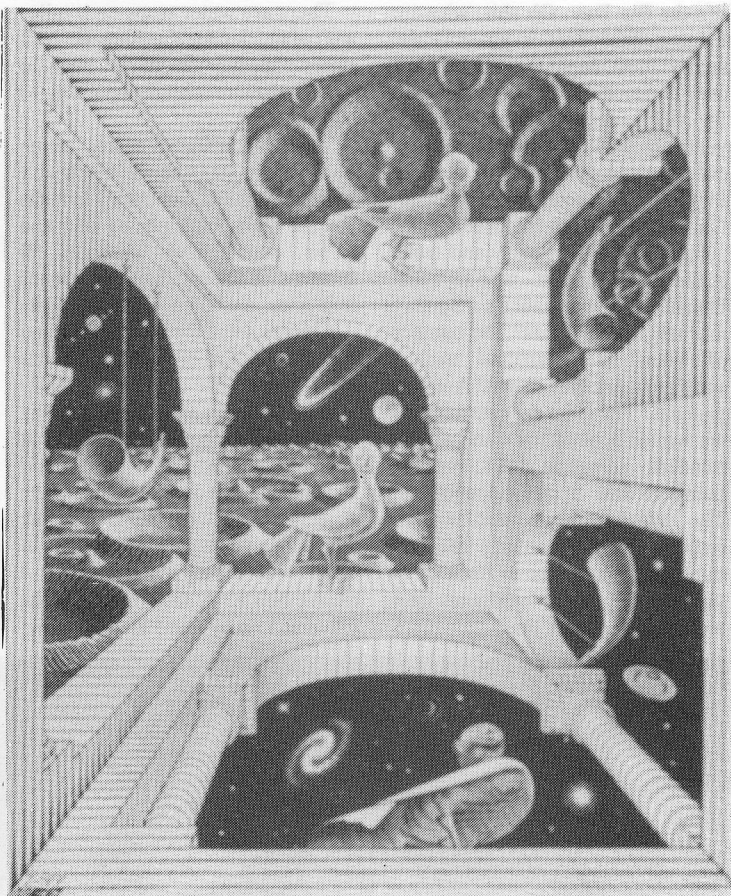
The Schrodinger lectures started after a conference held at Imperial six years ago to celebrate the centenary of Erwin Schrodinger's birth, the gentleman responsible for forcing the confusion of quantum mechanics upon the world. Such a success was the event, that the organisers had the rare difficulty of having a lot of money and not knowing what to do with it. It was decided that a lecture should be organised one year later with a prestigious speaker, again the lecture received sponsorship and allowed another speech to be held the following year. Thursday's

lecture is no exception and is sponsored by Taylor and Francis Limited, thus insuring that we are not lost for a lecture next year.

Although Schrodinger's work has had far reaching consequences on science in this century, promoting these labours was not the aim of the committee that arranged the lectures. Instead the principle was to generate interest in science by directing the discussion at an undergraduate audience. Schrodinger himself was renowned as a clear and charismatic speaker when covering technical subjects, having several books of his popular lectures published in his lifetime. And so, under the flag of popularising science many of the world's most famous and influential scientists have entered Imperial College to speak with our undergraduates.

Steven Hawking came in 1989 to put forward his opinions on imaginary time. Mandelbrot spent some time here in 1991 talking about fractals. His lecture proved to be so popular that the Great Hall in the Sheffield building could not cope and the event was moved to Westminster City Hall. Although mathematical sciences are always going to a guiding force behind the lectures, this is not always the case: In 1990 Leslie Orgel chewed the fat about the origins of life.

Micheal Berry the guest of honour on Thursday, is a Royal Society award professor at Bristol University. His numerous academic achievements include the Royal Medal, the Paul Dirac Medal and the Julius Edgar Lilienfeld prize.



Although an eminent intellectual he is renowned as an orator and his constantly giving lectures around the country. Best known for his work on what is called 'Catastrophe Theory' and adaption of the ideas, like Chaos, which produced the famous Mandelbrot set, to Optics and theoretical physics. When he applied catastrophe theory is to the world of Quantum Mechanics which rules the smallest aspects of matter, Micheal Berry discovered an effect which he named the 'Berry Phase' and this will be the main point of the discussion on Thursday.

Professor Kibble describes the concept as 'a very intriguing idea' with far reaching uses. A simple way of visualising the principle is found in a common bicycle wheel. Imagine a wheel is held horizontally and a mark put on any point along its rim. If the wheel is then moved the path of the motion and the corresponding movement of the

mark on the rim of the wheel can be related in what Professor Kibble described as a very interesting way'. Standing alone this example would be of little interest to Physicists, but the methods used can be applied to the intricacies of Quantum Mechanics, a source of fascination and research funding to all involved with science.

Enthusiastically recommending the lecture Professor Kibble warned that the venue may fill up quickly. Indeed while we were talking he received a phone call in which the possibility of moving the event to a larger site was discussed. For those of you interested in going tickets can be obtained from Mr Vandrige Ames room 333, level 3 of the Sheffield Building. Give or take the crush of people the lecture will start at 5.30 pm on Thursday in the Great Hall, Level 2 of the Sheffield Building.

SCHRÖDINGER LECTURES 1988-93

1st 1988	Dr J Georg Bednorz 'High Temperature Superconductivity—Discovery and Development'
2nd 1989	Professor Stephen Hawking, CBE FRS 'Imaginary Time'
3rd 1990	Dr Leslie Orgel, FRS 'Molecular Replication and the Origins of Life'
4th 1991	Professor B B Mandelbrot 'Chaos and the Fractal Geometry of Nature'
5th 1992	Professor F J Dyson, FRS 'Quantum Past—The Limitations of the Quantum Theory'
6th 1993	Professor M V Berry, FRS 'Some Geometric Phases'

Easy like Sunday morning...

Alex Taverner, a second year chemist at IC ran this year's London Marathon. Hoping to raise £1,200 for TUSK FORCE, he retells the story of his exertions below

It's the Big Day. Oh shit, why am I doing this? This is possibly the second most stupid thing that I have ever done - the first was turning up for the Liverpool Marathon last year. Oh well, it's too late to back out now and besides, I'm running for charity this year. I finally get up, Oh God, it's dark hundred hours.

I got to the start early and froze in the cold and wind - who says that Blackheath is pleasant on a Sunday morning? At 0730hrs? The number of keen faces around me is appalling; Are they stupid? Are they suicidal? The Elite race started and we waited around for ours, absent mindedly adjusting shoes, running numbers and frozen appendages. The whistle blows, and we all respond by not moving for two minutes whilst those in front of us start running...three minutes later we cross the start line.

There are water stops each mile; a bit of quick mental arithmetic $26.2 \text{ times } 250\text{ml} = \text{about } 6.5 \text{ litres to drink}$. How much are we going to sweat?

The first half goes easily; at the half way point I see the clock at 1 hour 24 minutes. Subtract 3 minutes for the start, multiply by one and a bit, equals about 2 hours 50 minutes. Brilliant! Mile 16 comes and goes, and then so do my legs.

Cramps set in for the duration and by Mile 18, I'm on time for 3 hours 10 minutes. The cramps get really bad by Mile 20 and I have already seen lots of people dropping out because of them; the winds around the Isle of Dogs did not help. I wave to Mike (him with camera) a few times then get back to the matter in hand and promptly trip over a drinks bottle. A few more people wave as I go by and I grin to them.



I'll be back...

The Embankment, Trafalgar Square, The Mall - almost home!

I see the fountain outside Buckingham Palace and nobody's going to stop me now! Top gear - it takes six minutes to complete the final mile and my legs are giving way; they're shagged. It's time for tea, medals and hospitalisation.

After recovering, I took an hour completely failing to find the gorgeous young lady who came to see me finish this race (it later transpired that I kept looking the wrong way when I went past her over Westminster Bridge!). The race over, I stay to cheer home a few more hundred mad, impetuous fools and go home. Oh well, 3 hours 27 minutes hard work and it's all over for another year. The true horror comes later when I tend to my feet and find out that I have ripped the muscles in my legs to buggery. Anything in a good cause (well, nearly...!)

Thanks to all those who helped me train, sponsored me and came to see me run.

Special thanks: Cathy, Mat., Jonty, Mike, Emma, Alison, Phil(i), Rachel, Jane and the Felix crew. STOP-PRESS: Just wait until the Berlin Marathon later on this year.....



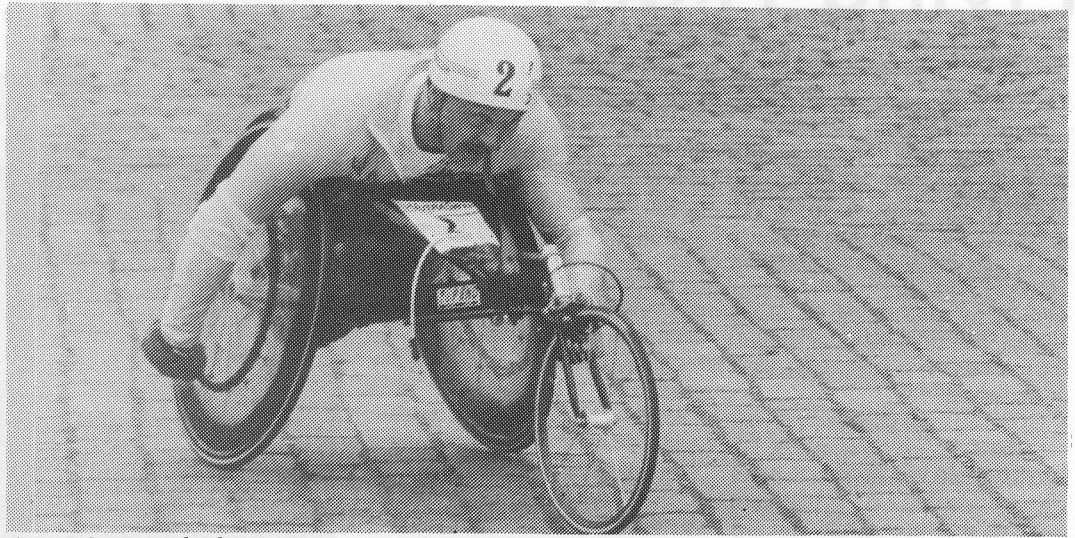
Our hero striding through the pain barrier.

While Mike Chamberlain takes a camera firmly in hand to shoot and tell the spectator's story of the London marathon

'I've got a job for you' said Jonty, 'Go and take photos of Alex running the marathon'. No problem I thought, get up, cycle across London, point and shoot, what's so hard about that? Nothing really, apart from the start of the marathon is 9.00am, the other side of London, the other side of the river, in zone five; it might as well be the other side of the world.

I set my alarm for 6.30am, I ignore it and go back to sleep. 7.15am, oh shit, I'm late already and I'm not even up yet - I get up, I grab my camera, lenses, film, more film and a bag to put it in and set off across London on my bike. I get to college and wait for Jonty, its 8.00am. Having said he would like to come he could have the decency to turn up. 8.15am; No sign of Jonty, I cannot hang around any longer, leaving a message for him, I set off across London.

Crossing the river at Blackfriars, I manage to pick up the marathon route marked by a blue line at the far side of Tower Bridge. At least now I know I am going in the right direction. I get to the Cutty Sark at 9.00; its packed already, everybody in London seems to have decided that this was a good place to watch as well. I look around for a decent



A marathon on wheels is not as easy as it sounds..

vantage point to no avail, the official marathon press have all the best spots, and with out a 'Marathon Media' pass I have no chance. Oh well impromptu press scrum time; Get out of the way you Fat American Tourist. I struggle to get a decent position; too late Liz McColgan runs past in the lead and all I can see is the back of some granny's head. I move to the side and get a decent view. 10.00am, A cheer goes up, its the lead men - I point my camera, aim, and fire off

a few shots, nothing amazing and not what I came here for, but its a start. I wait; 10.18, some guy runs up and kisses his girlfriend, it must be the start of the fun runners, I catch a glimpse of Alex as he runs past - I give him a cheer, at least now I know where abouts he is running - he's on for a good time.

I dive on to my bike and start heading back to Tower Bridge, no easy ride this time, 35,000 other people all want to use the road at the same time and I don't appear in

their plans, I move on to the back streets, diving in and out of river side walks and doing more U-turns than a Tory Government, as I reach deadend after deadend. I get to Tower Bridge just in time to see Alex run past - no time for a photo call here, its photogenic but packed solid. I move down a side road to catch the later stages of the course, 100 metres for me, 7 miles for the competitors. The women's leaders had just run through and Liz was in 3rd - serves you right for being so cocky think I.

I move round to get a decent vantage point at one of the less popular viewing points, I am shooting across a bend and I get a decent angle on the lead men as they run through, I run off 5 shots in two seconds thanks to the motor drive and focus prediction on my camera. That's more like it I think, now to get some shots of Alex. Crossing under the track using a Hotel car-park, I fast talk my way past a marshall to acquire a new vantage point. Now I can see any on coming runners and there's not a fat American tourist in sight. I wait, more runners, I recognise some of the faces who where ahead of Alex at the Cutty Sark. Alex is late, he has slowed down by about 15 minutes. I catch sight of him in the corner of my eye as he comes into view; keeping him in the centre of the shot all the time I fire as many photos as I can.

Once back on my bike, I head along Embankment, up to Westminster bridge again, the finish, more waiting, more runners; Alex is late, very late, I assume I have missed him when the first of the chicken suits passes me, I head home.



Old, fat Eamonn Martin, the eventual winner in second place during the race.

Flying High

On April 1st, seven courageous climbing freaks found themselves in a brave new world of hot rock when the plane from Gatwick, bound for Wales, found that it could not penetrate the dense low pressure region focused on the Snowdonia National Park. Contingency plans took us to Alicante on the Costa Blanca, and from there, in 'Bullet' the hire car, we sped to Calpe, Rob at the wheel.

GCSE Spanish phrases ('I do not eat school dinners because they are horrible') and Jans humble Espanol ('Seven beers please') managed to book us into a campsite for one night.

Pilgrims to the volcanic rock faces; disciples to Cliff Craggs, author of 'Costa Blanca Climbs' (our bible for the next ten days). We first scaled the penón de Ifach by the South face taking the 'Via Valencianos' route. Five pitches (820ft) and 6 hours later we'd made it to the summit, five hours after the tourists who'd walked 'via the path'. Julian, determined to win the most hideous shorts competition, caught malaria while he cooked bolognaise that evening and doubled his success for the most bitten legs.

Bivvying on gravel for a second night prompted us to hire cheap accommodation for a week, found with ease at this time of year. Although the caretaker wouldn't permit prussiking attempts from the balcony or the eyesore of the inside of Rob's sleeping bag draped over the verandah he made no comment on the fact that Julian wore his award-winning shorts in the pool area, overlooked by other residents.

We climbed extensively, at gas mark 5, shorter routes at Toix East and West over the next few days which had original names such as 'The Green Route' and 'Another Green Route'. All the routes in the The Guide were well protected with bolts placed every couple of metres (an essential part of a Spaniards rack is a 'Black 'n' Decker rock drill) and the rock gave good friction. The only risk which presented itself was falling on one of Rob's 'teatowel' extenders. Sarah renewed her status as an aid climber on one horrendous slab.

On a second multipitch route up the Penón de Ifach by the N W face, Martin came face to beak with a nesting seagull, who, finding his

sunhat offensive, divebombed him. We climbed in the Mascarat Gorge the following day, despite creating our own mountains of egg-fried rice made interesting by the odd molecule of meat, and the group split the day after, one party climbing at the Dalle D'Ola and the other at Sella, an hours drive away along hairpin bend roads.

One group of three spent a day ascending the 1200ft Puig Campana. Sunbaked and thirsty, Andy delirious after expecting a 'relaxing day' (quote Rob) to recover from Extreme climbing the day before, we descended after ten pitches by a treacherous route to arrive (thanks only to the glow from some luminous yellow Ron Hills) at the pick-up (—a bar) at 9.30pm. While some took a day off to buy up the rock boot factory shop in Alicante (and finding it shut resorting to the golden beaches), three others braved a 790ft, 7 pitch route ('Via UPSA') up the South side of the Barranco Del Mascarat. Again, a treacherous descent route: 'Traverse the narrow ridge...' (a knife edge) '...follow the terrace...' (what terrace?) '...climb the 15ft wall (Diff) onto the open hillside...' (Open? NOT! Lots of scree and scrub) '...Turn L and descend E

into a gully...' (Smooth rock at 45°!) '...then across the railway line...' (Slide under passing train) '...to eventually reach...' (drop 15ft onto...) '...the road. Do not be tempted to turn L too early as there are cliffs below.' It seems Cliff Craggs didn't make it.

Sella was the place to be. It boasted a huge range of climbs for all abilities, all bolted on a selection of crags, free camping amongst the almond groves and settlements of long hair Spanish climbers, and no dodgy descent routes. We spent the end of the tour here. Martin claimed titles for both the hardest lead and the greatest lob (although Sarah's was more dynamic) but failed dismally at the ongoing shorts contest despite wearing two pairs at the same time. Ian gained, hands down, the most patient belayer award for staying awake (just) as Rob remained on a microscopic ledge for 1½ hours (an underestimation, no kidding!) as he waited for the next iceage to erode new holds.

Sarah Wingrove.



Deadly doner in

On the 27th March sixteen mad fools voluntarily entered a Union transit van and embarked upon a two-day journey to the Isle of Skye, which included a deadly doner kebab in Dumbarton at the end of the first day.

The wind picked up as we approached Glen Bittle campsite and as the gate closed behind us, the rain started.

The first day saw an absurd attempt to reach Waterstein Head in force nine winds and cannonball rain which unfortunately had to be aborted.

On Tuesday an intrepid party set out on a 17 mile walk in similar conditions to the previous day's efforts, taking in one Munro (a peak over 3,000 ft or 914m in height) and overcoming the terrors of the Bad Step: a dodgy traverse of a steep rock face with the Atlantic Ocean beckoning below.

A second party attempted Bla

Bheinn (928m) but were beaten back by the slightly less than favourable conditions.

After a brief stop in Portree, where several members were seen to consume large quantities of doughnuts, we proceeded on Wednesday to the Old Man of Storr, which resulted in an unwarrantedly vicious snowball fight. It was at this point that one of the authors endured an uncomfortably high heart rate while ascending a snow laden gully. This discomfort was offset by a remarkably favourable change in the weather, with sunshine and blue skies.

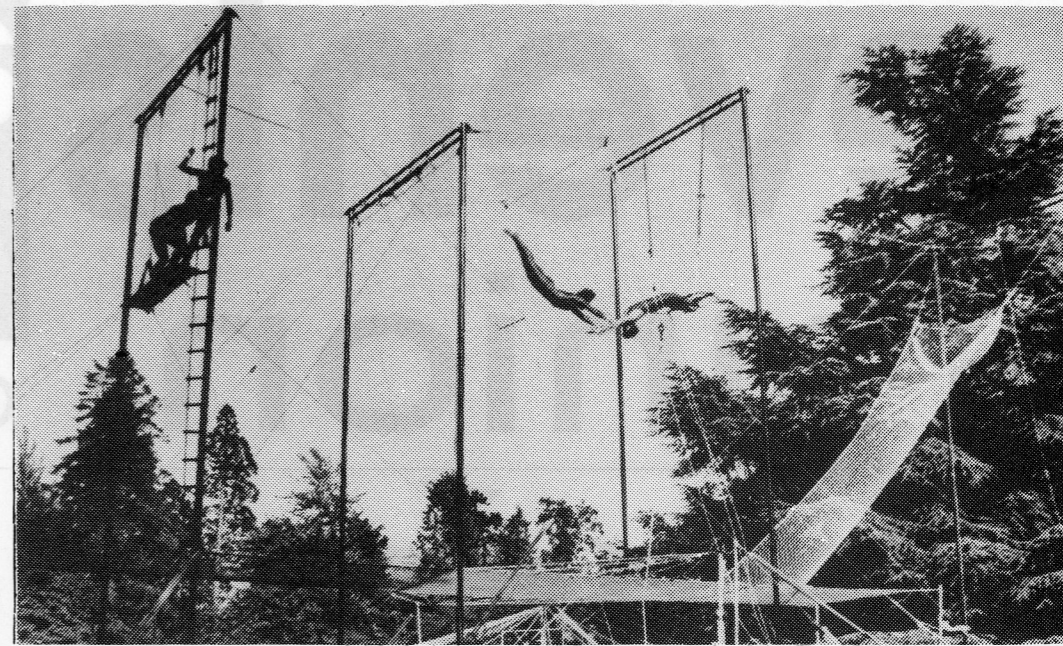
By the following morning two suicidal maniacs had decided to attempt an ascent of Sgurr a Mhadaidh (918m) and Sgur a Greadaidh (973m), finally being stopped by sheet ice some 20m short of the second summit.

Meanwhile, those who had

Circus

Balls, knives and people are flying through the air. Clowns delight, tumblers leap and all kinds of act bewitch and enchant the eye. The audience is enjoying some of the best circus acts in the country, brought together on the unprepossessing stage inside a decorated warehouse in darkest Islington. This is a night out with a difference. Cabaret night is the 'shop window' for Circus Space and if you feel inspired by the dashing young men (and women) on the flying trapeze you can return during the week to learn for yourself. In the autumn of 1989 a group of enthusiastic circus performers set out to provide a site

in London where they could practice and create new circus acts. They found a suitable derelict building and, undeterred by the evidence of twelve years occupation by pigeons, set about making it in to a usable space for training. They approached Gillian Harwood of United Workspaces, responsible for the property, and she agreed to let them use the building for a few months until a tenant could be found. The recession removed any realistic chance of this happening and Circus Space began to develop. Years later the pigeons are a distant memory. The building has been thoroughly renovated, including the



installation of heating and toilets, all the result of many hours of volunteer labour. They pay a princely rent as formal tenants and enjoy the support of the London Arts Board. The informal teaching has become a well organised system of regular classes and occasional workshops for all levels of skill. The aim is still fundamentally the same: the development of good circus in Britain. They offer quality teaching, both to professional performers and as a leisure activity for enthusiastic amateurs. In particular they are proud to be able to provide aerial skills training. This was one of the main reasons for

founding the Space, as it requires specialised trapeze equipment which is not available elsewhere. Also they have a resource of expert gymnastic skill. I frequently attend one of the popular juggling classes, where I practice along side the best without feeling out of place. It is an excellent way to push myself to learn new tricks, in an environment where I can get the help to master them. It is also a fun way to meet

other jugglers and enjoy an evening of something quite different. If you are interested in Circus Space, either to train there or to see one of their cabaret shows you can pick up a flyer in the Union Office with more details. I recommend that you at least go along and see what is happening there if you have an interest in circus arts. Note that there are no animals there, Circus Space is for human circus acts only.

Are you eligible to register under the NHS at the Health Centre?

All eligible students and other members of Imperial College are invited and urged to register at the Health Centre under the NHS, if they are not already registered with another GP. Registrations at the College Health Centre bring in funds which are devoted to improving services (not to staff income), which is all related to fixed scales!). Moreover, only NHS registered patients are eligible for emergency visits at night and weekends when necessary.

So, if you are eligible and would like to use the Health Centre, please register.

Dunbarton

retained some sanity walked over Macleod's tables: two flat-topped peaks on the North-West of the island.

It should be noted that by this point some 14 of the 16 members of the party had contracted the dreaded lurgy and were suitably restrained in their activities. The union van was also suffering from several mechanical maladies.

Friday dawned bright and clear, several hours after which a party ascended Bruach na Frith (958m) before descending to the Sligachan Hotel for liquid refreshment.

The remainder of the party ascended the ridge of Sgurr nan Gobhar and Sgurr na Banachdich (965m) which resulted in superb views of the entire Cuillin ridge and a 'fascinating' scramble along a snowy ridge to the neighbouring

peak of Sgurr Dearg before a break-neck descent of the scree slope down to the camp-site.

Saturday dawned wet and windy with increasing numbers of the party incapacitated with the lurgy. One party walked down Glen Sligachan and over a col towards Torrin, whilst the other party sat in a cafe and, later, a pub (briefly) before meeting the others and returning to the campsite. The prospect of a Tuna Mornay drove the entire party to the pub in the evening where in suitable quantities of alcohol and food were consumed and this article was written.

Should you feel an affinity for such acts of insanity, please contact Ross Richards (Aero II) for details of our forthcoming summer tour.

Paul Davison
Richard Harpin

the **events** **a**
union **t**
and

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— Café-bar —

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atmosphere throw caution to the wind
and yourself to the floor at
the thumping and pumping
ents disco...check posters.

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Singles

MC4—Iron Sky

I often wondered about people wearing MC4 t-shirts. Strange fellows thought I. I got rather more excited on finding that one of their LPs had a cover with a Hieronymus Bosch painting on it.

Even if you're unsure about his paintings, the name is surely enough for instant sainthood. The one thing led to another until I found myself spinning 7"s of vinyl, and desperately trying to look cool, oh yeah I've got all their t-shirts, LPs, baseball hats...

But to business. You get three tracks for your money kids. All packaged on nice light blue plastic. The first one is the best, dead short (2:52) and as chewy as a snail. The lead singer can't sing but is soon drowned by the guitars and it gets better, even verging on good. The last 30 seconds consists of feedback and the middle includes the line 'and the rain fell like bullets from a gun'. The front cover's ok but not by 'His Holiness the Bosch'. (Recommended action for the week, invest in the aforementioned 'Sebastopol Road'. Even if you hate the music, put the cover on your wall and take down your 'Betty Blue' poster. Who says we don't give you advice?).

Tintin.

Albums

Sarah Brightman—Dive

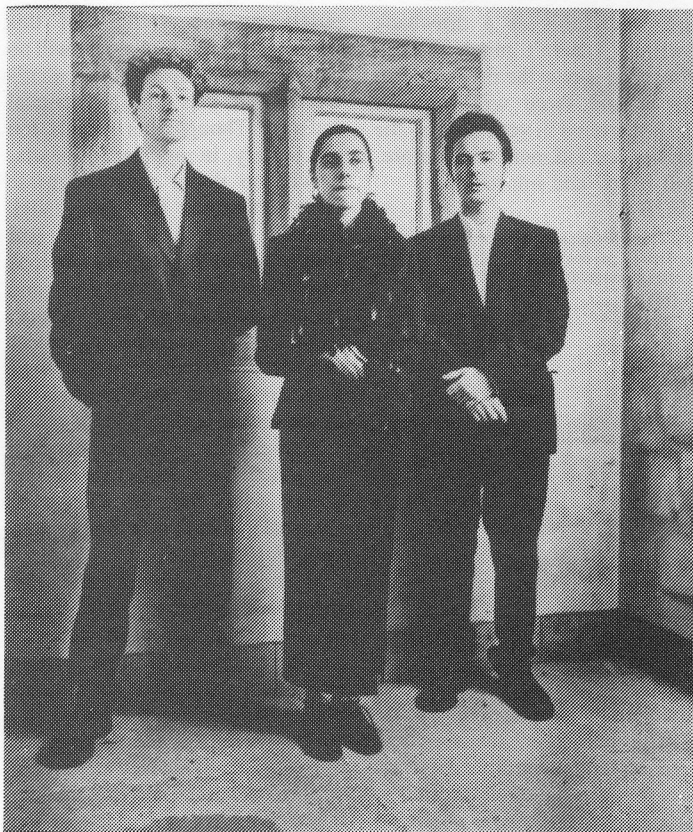
The accompanying booklet contains some photos, revealing in parts, of sex-goddess diva Sarah Brightman. So tantalising, my copy is now unashamedly stuck together. Yeah, right.

With tiresome similies between tears and rain, the main theme on

Hyperhead

Diverse and sparky, expect the unexpected here. Duck and weave the traditional.

Hyperhead are a very good pop group that make lovely songs. They never say rude words and if you like their kind of music, then you'll probably like the album. If you don't like it, that's all right because after all it's simply a question of taste and it shouldn't reflect badly on a person. And another thing - everone's got a right to like what



P J Harvey, to whit, Stephen Vaughn, Polly Harvey, Robert Ellis, 'Well, someone smells of photocopier fluid, and I'm damn sure it isn't me'

P J Harvey—50 ft Queenie

Being a fellow of goodly disposition and untraceable dialect, I would like to say that I love the West Country, for so it is true. The folk are

Hello! I am a gap between reviews. Please do not read me unless you are a ouanker. 'Dive' is water, manifesting itself onto every song, but ever since Jimi sang "Driftin' on a sea of forgotten teardrops...", any other attempt at watery songwriting aesthetic, notably this one, appear futile. In fact, songs such as 'Seven Seas' and 'Ship of Fools' seem suspiciously like secondhand titles, and are not surprisingly shite. No doubt she can sing, as often shown by her ex-husband's commerial avarice, but with squeaky clean production and pathetic songsmithery, it is just complete crass.

Talking of bad taste, a cover of

For those of you who did not get the above, that is, 'wanker' with an 'ou' they want, and that's the bad thing about music reviews because it makes you feel a real stinker if you like something a reviewer says nasty things about. Music reviewers are silly because they never see things from everyone's point of view. If people wanted to hear other people's opinions on records, they would ask their friends, not read music reviews.

Remember, pretending to understand things you don't, and regurgitating the popular music

charming, plump, and not queer at all, the landscapes are among the most beautiful to be found in this country, and the beer, the strawberries, the clotted cream, are all, mmm, tasty! And the music? The Wurzels and a few wank-plank

Procol Harum's 'A Salty Dog', though intricately arranged, smells like necrophilia, or to be more precise, necrophiliac beastiality. Hmmmmm. Could be fun, but beware if you've got any cuts. Anyway, is prog-rock cool and vogue these days? Do you care?

Ms Brightman's new venture is remarkably like a non-swimmer diving into the deep blue, oh so romantic sea, and drowning. Haha. How's that for your beautiful musical conscience, you Aqua Girl Star.

Lucas.

press doesn't make you a bad person, just a transparent, sad, fuking 'Let's go to Finsbury Park -it'll be really fab' T-Shirt wearing, camden palace, naive, spoddish indie-pop twat with no concept of what's going on around them, and not worthy of proffering their opinion on anything ever, or until they get some living done, or serious amount of social education in a very short period of time.

Dangerously good record, I would definitely buy a copy for

spankin' stiff-cocked metal bands. The music's shit.

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF... Hi! I'm Polly Jean from Ecstatic Existential Poems R Us, and I've got somethin' for ya... I'm twenty inches long. If you liked, bought, sucked up 'Dress', kissed and stripped 'Sheela-Na-Gig', blew 'Dry', then you're nice, and I have a special fondness for you. If, on the other hand, you have never heard of P J Harvey, then you're an arse for not paying attention. PAY ATTENTION NOW, ARSES! GO INTO A LARGE PRIMARY-COLOURED RECORD STORE, AND SAY 'GOOD DAY, I WOULD LIKE TO BUY '50 FT QUEENIE' BY P J HARVEY. HOW MUCH IS IT PLEASE? OH, THAT'S TERRIBLY REASONABLE. HERE IS THE MEAGRE SUM WHICH YOU REQUIRE. THANK YOU VERY MUCH, I'M SURE I WILL HAVE MANY HOURS OF TROUBLE-FREE ENJOYMENT WITH THIS', AND DEPART TO YOUR COSY ABODE TO PLAY. (N.B. Do not, above all, stifle the urge to shout 'Wow, this P J Harvey chap is shit hot')

Donny O'Nonchalant

●Out Now on Island Records. New Album, 'Rid Of Me', available now as well. What're you waiting for? Go out and buy it! I don't know, you're a useless lot... P J Harvey play the London Forum on 23rd and 24th of May. Be there or suck sugar.

The Cranes: Forever

Heh heh heh. *Cranes*, eh? So where've you been for the past two years, then? Sitting on some slavering reviews of an uncomfortably sexual nature, or just going on a big, sexy, expensive tour with *the Cure*, and letting Bob Smith foot the bill for fags, beer, make-up and taramosalata?

I'm trying to say, look, luvvs, your time has been and gone (*looks at watch thoughtfully, then casts eyes heavenwards*) ooh, about thirteen months ago, and it's too late to do anything about it now. You used to be breast-deep in a gorgeous, muddy doom, but you're all marshmallow now. It's nice marshmallow, but...

Go on, you bitch, make me cry.

Donny O'Nonchalant

●Out Now on Dedicated.

myself if I didn't already own one.

Disque Verte.

(*You can't spell. Do you know that? You can't spell for toffee. You're writing's kak, too; a lorryload of dogpoo if ever I saw one - sic. Ed*)

**Volume Six
—Compilation CD**

There's loads of these type going around. Most of them are to be found lurking in newsagents posing as magazines with free CDs stuck on them. This one is different.

Firstly they're honest, let's face it, here we have a CD with a free magazine. Logically it is therefore found in record shops and goes for around a tenner.

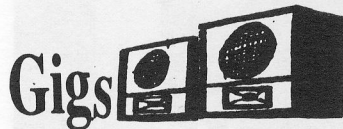
Secondly, they're a different shape. The magazine, all 192 pages of it, is CD size, with the CD lodged in the back cover. Nice for storing with your other bits of plastic. If you're a fan of record sleeves/case inserts, this is the ultimate.

Then we have the music. Lots of it compares with your average CD-magazine. (This volume 17 tracks, almost 80 minutes of music). Also, all up-to-date, otherwise unavoidable versions of songs of established, up and coming and obscure indie/new wave bands (*Gallon Drunk, Ünmen, Senseless Things, Björk...*).

Altogether a well thought out, bargain priced package but... Well when you buy a compilation you might expect to hear the tunes you hear in your favourite clubs, or in the charts (indie or otherwise) not random album tracks. Some people

might view this as a drawback however, I didn't mind, after all every song is new the first time you hear it and these will soon be buzzing around in your head as the trendier one did mere days before. Well happy and impressed.

FOB.
I won't warn you again about reading these pointless bits of text. If you don't stop, I'll have to use more forceful language and ruder words, like 'cunt', for instance



Hello there! Do you know Mike Chamberlain? Isn't he a donkey?

**dc Basehead/David Gray
—Powerhaus**

Emotive and gritty, David Gray embodies the soul-searching power of Van Morrison, the simplicity breeding such incredible depth and though angry, the subtle hints of remorse make it overwhelming. Such that by the end of the set, it unashamedly reduced me to tears. When the first single 'Birds Without Wings' came out, he actually sounded morose and I never even bothered lifting an eyelid, but

purely on the strength of this performance, his new album will no doubt be a gem, sparking for all it's worth, but alas only to critical acclaim. Though this sounds too reactionary, in my heart of hearts, it will no doubt rank alongside Love's 'Forever Changes', Nick Drake's 'Five Leaves Left' and Van's 'Astral Weeks'—no obvious single material, but timeless and classic—perfect for 4am misery. CD's are inappropriate and do not do justice to David Gray, but vinyl may capture that rawness lingering in the air tonight.

Respect is due as he has supported an eclectic variety of artists such as the *Balanesco Quartet, Miranda Sex Garden* and now, *dc Basehead*.

Spiritually cool vibes and funky motifs with unbelievable lightness pervade this set, lead Michael prancing around on stage exclaiming obscenities and at times improvising. Crowd pleaser no doubt, refuting the claims of misogyny about his new album, but political polemics and *that* mellow factor, a little too distinct for my liking—more *Digable Planets* like coherence could be better.

dc Basehead were enjoyable, but for my conscience, David Gray remains untouchable.

Lucas.

**Gorgeous Space Virus
—The Dome 24.3.93**

An orgy of sounds, explosive, abrasive and devastating; Joe the Lion guitar snarls, power drill guitar screeches—these guys really know how to redefine their instruments. changes in tempo and swirling Tardis-like effects play with your conscious and lift your feet off the ground. It's like being given a training course at NASA, except it happens in the space of forty minutes. Jack's solid drumming, Ajay's awesome presence, Vid and Nick's intertwining 6-string machine guns leave you wondering who the front person is—that I believe is the whole point.

If accessible music is your thing, then stay at home and watch yourself zombify in front of the tele, GSV are only for the mental elite and it should stay that way. With a name such as theirs', and considering they like to leave it on backstage walls and plenty of toilet cubicles over London's venues, they deserve the attention however unorthodox.

Suddenly I'm there at the front, unaware at what has just hit me. For the moment, the unsigned GSV are just waiting, waiting to infect a large amount of people.

Lucas.

**Putting Our House In Order
Huggy Bear/Cornershop/
Jacob's Mouse/Mambo
Taxi/Blood Sausage/
Collapsed Lung**

Jam-packed and selling out early, it left some very unhappy punters. A drunk, bedraggled man was given unnecessary rough treatment by 'ardkore bouncers, his crime was to try to get into a full house. All right, he was intoxicated and maybe a little unsteady, but whisked off by the police? A real benefit for the homeless, no doubt.

What the gig was like I wouldn't know, the guest list was stopped at 9pm, ten minutes before I arrived and I couldn't get in—turning up any earlier would've been very un rock 'n' roll. When confronted by an NME hack and myself, an 'official' blatantly ignored Felix and by pulling some preferential strings left me darker than my already sombre mood. And at the least it could've been a spiritual gig...

Wiiija, with great bands from Brighton, Leicester and Bury St Edmunds (or so I've heard) deserve all the attention, whether or not they may be using charity as a platform to promote themselves; but for tonight's door policy enforced by the Powerhaus people—**FUCK OFF AND DIE YOU WANKERS.**

Lucas.

**NEXT WEEK:
DODGY COVERS AND
'UNLIKELY' COLLABORATIONS**



New Model Army with Tom Jones: 'Hang on a sec, lads, me war/wound's givin' me gyp'



Opera

LSO – Yuri Bashmet

The London Symphony Orchestra's spring season ended with a short series of concerts featuring the virtuoso violist Yuri Bashmet. Exciting and challenging programming has become a hallmark of LSO festivals, and the Bashmet series was no exception. The music ranged from the Classical to the contemporary, and included the world première of Alexander Tchaikovsky's engaging and eclectic *Etudes in Ordinary Tones*. Bashmet's beautiful and varied tonal palette went from rich lyricism in the Walton concerto (conductor Valéry Gergiev could have been more idiomatic here) to the intense final statement of Shostakovich. His awesome viola sonata made its full impact despite one or two slow tempi.

The LSO start their summer season on the 5th May with Bruckner's Fourth Symphony under Sir Georg Solti.

Plinthos

●The Barbican Hall. Box Office 071-628 4151.

The Queen of Spades

The construction of Tchaikovsky's last symphony is the work of a skillful dramatist, and few who know the *Pathétique* will be surprised at the masterful theatrical pacing of the composer's setting of Pushkin's 'The Queen of Spades', revived by the ENO during April.

Tchaikovsky identified closely with the central character, Hermann, a tormented outsider who is torn between his love for the rich noblewoman Lisa and the obsession

with gambling which eventually destroys him. David Pountney's production is psychological rather than naturalistic; billowing, opaque drapes suggest the mists of insanity invading Hermann's mind. The set, a raised semicircular colonnade, remains unchanged throughout the opera, which involves the relocation of Lisa's suicide from the banks of the river to the Countess's bedroom, with some loss of atmosphere.

Music Director designate Sian Edwards draws a beautifully blended sound from the orchestra, preferring to hint at rather than spotlight instrumental textures. The subtle accompaniment to Peter Sidhom's excellent singing makes enthralling listening of Tomsy's Act I aria. In Act II, no less compelling is the old Countess as she recalls her youth as the Venus of Moscow, toast of Parisian high society; a true pianissimo from Patricia Payne and the merest glint of muted brass in the orchestra.

Graeme Matheson-Bruce captures the complexity of Hermann, but is a little underpowered. Janice Cairns is an accurate, strong-voiced Lisa.

Patrick Wood.

●Last performance tonight at the Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, at 7.15pm. Tickets from £6 on the door.

NEXT WEEK: Preview of the ENO '93/'94 season.

Reviewers Wanted

In truth Phil must relive Ground Hog Day until he gets the day just right.

This is an enjoyable film which is in essence about how Bill Murray must pull Andie McDowell in order to end a particularly nasty day (by virtue of the fact that he must relive it so often). In order to do so, Phil must turn himself into Rita's ideal man (charming, intelligent, caring, plays a musical instrument, humble and other stuff). Though the reformation of Phil is a bit annoying (and predictable), Phil's abuse of his own particular brand of immortality makes up for this.

On the whole it's worth seeing. **Ismail.**

Book



Rogue Warrior by Richard Marcinko

This autobiography is like no other that I have ever read; it seems like an adventure thriller of the military, but is in actual life written by an American ex-Navy Captain. This man was responsible for the conception, establishment and training of one of the world's top CRW (Counter Revolutionary Warfare) teams, SEAL Team Six. The book starts by reciting a mishap at 19000 feet, when his parachute fails to open during a HAHO (High Altitude High Opening) deployment on exercise. It improves.

The book continues to recite his life from early on in his life when he drops out from college (which he calls Voluntary Disenrolment), through his joining the navy and his training through various special warfare sections and his climb through the ranks. It transfers all the excitement of the situation at hand, be it in Vietnam in the '70s to

testing the security at top Military establishments throughout America and abroad.

This man is a true maverick; a brilliant leader and warrior in the field of unorthodox Special Warfare techniques. He is arrogant, egocentric, obnoxious, violent, brilliant. To some he is the ultimate example of a bad officer - he drinks with his men, he swears at Admirals, he shits on senior officers, but to others he is the perfect warrior. He somewhat extreme training methods are frowned upon by the paper pushing "Dip Dunk" staff officers but he gets results which the much higher up CNO (Commander of Navy Operations) appreciates.

I found the book truly compelling and if it were not for me already being in the military, it would make me feel like volunteering immediately. A brilliant author. If this book is well publicised I can foresee it becoming a best seller. Excellent. 10/10. For those of you who read this book, remember: Don't use "Goatfuck" as a noun!

AT

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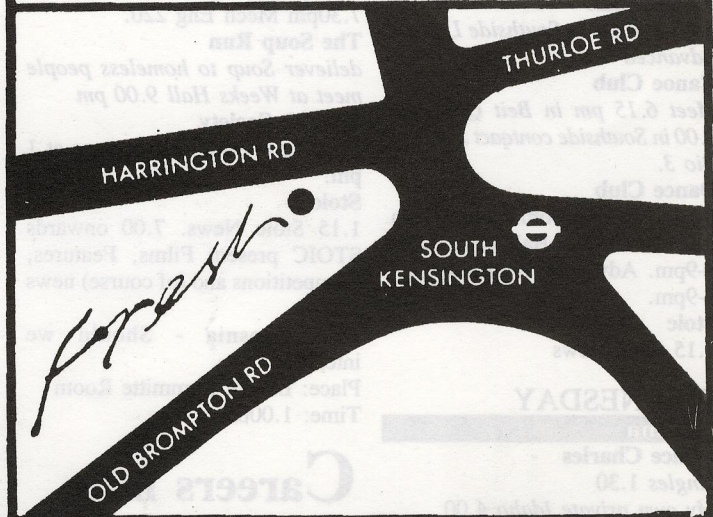
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