

WISE women visit IC

by Andrew Tseng

Last Friday saw the illustrious Dr Mary Archer, Visiting Professor to Biochemistry and wife of Lord Jeffrey Archer, chair the Women in Science, Engineering and Medicine question time.

Her panel consisted of Ms Kate Bellingham (Presenter on BBC1's Tomorrow's World), Dr Anna Kessling (St Mary's Hospital Medical School), Dr Nancy Lane (Department of Zoology, University of Cambridge), Dr Susan Parry (Centre for Analytical Research in the Environment) and Mrs Jean Venables (Consulting Engineer, IC Alumna).

Questions from the floor ranged from 'What can you do if you are the subject of sexual discrimination?' to 'Should going to a single sex school be encouraged or discouraged?'.



pic by Joe Baguley



Dr Mary Archer and Kate Bellingham of BBC's Tomorrow's World.

Shock horror in Southside halls

By our News Staff

Alarms were raised this week over safety arrangements in Falmouth Keogh Hall following allegations of an incident last Sunday, where a resident was reportedly exposed to faulty electrical circuits, leaving sources worried that College was taking a cavalier approach to the safety of students living in halls.

Mr Clinton Comeaux asserts that he was speaking on the telephone when he touched a bare, live junction block and experienced a mild electric shock. 'As the wires touched the back plate, sparks flew across the corridor', he said yesterday. An eyewitness reports hearing an audible cry as the lights went out, while another says that Mr Comeaux 'reeled back from the

wall'. The incident was immediately reported to Richard Owen, a subwarden, who covered the offending junctions with posters and informed the warden, Professor Geoffrey New. An immediate investigation was begun, with college electricians spending Monday and Tuesday covering blocks in Falmouth Keogh Hall, but not upstairs in Tizard Hall on staircase one.

Felix understands that when the incident was reported, some considerable time after its occurrence to Messrs Leach and Guirey of Estates Management, they were rather shocked, and claimed that they were not previously aware of Mr Comeaux's electrocution. Further controversy

has since arisen due to Mr Comeaux's subsequent denial that the incident ever occurred, and Professor New has added to this. Questioned on Tuesday by Imperial College News Network (iCNN) STOIC, Professor New said he had been informed of an incident involving a student's accident with exposed electrical currents, but that this allegation had since been withdrawn. Subsequent attempts made by iCNN to gather information have drawn a blank, suggesting that the 'incident' is merely wild speculation intended to fuel an outbreak of mass hysteria in Southside Halls.

When iCNN spoke to Estates Management, they said that a Safety Committee sits every term to

discuss matters like this, and produced a copy of the 'IC Dangerous Occurrences Report Form (not causing injury)' that should be submitted by any student experiencing such an incident. The form should be filled in to report any dangerous incidents occurring around the campus, but evidence acquired by iCNN suggests that knowledge of the existence of this document is very scarce. This 'After the Fact' approach to potential hazards within halls of residence has been condemned as 'foolhardy', as it is implicit that the extent of faults must be appraised in terms of risks or injuries arising from those faults, before any action is taken to rectify them.

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More voting

by **Jonty Beavan**

Election fever has again hit Imperial College as the race for the new post of Deputy President (Clubs and Societies), heats up.

At the time of writing, only one candidate, Charles Leary, has put himself forward. Mr Leary, a final year Biology student, is proposed by Grahame Hey and almost completely seconded. In the previous set of Sabbatical elections, during March, Mr Leary stood for the post of Honourary Secretary (Events), but withdrew for reasons that were never made clear. Due to an inconclusive result, another election has to be held for the post.

Before rerunning the contest, Mr Dominic Wilkinson, current Hon Sec (Events) has changed his position's job description. As part of the general restructuring of Imperial College Union, the Hon Sec (Events) post is to become solely responsible for student Clubs and Societies.

If no further candidates announce themselves by 5 pm this evening, Mr Leary will only be opposed by New Election. Hustings for the post will be held on Thursday 3rd June in the Union, with voting taking place on Monday 7th and Tuesday 8th June.

Oxford women win

by **Andrew Tseng and Declan Curry**

Oxford University was found to be guilty of sex discrimination and hypocrisy over its equal opportunities policy this week.

Dons voted 182 to 37 in favour of rejecting the appointment of 15 professorships at Congregation, the University's parliament. The £100,000 pounds will go instead towards lower level promotions, as currently 20 per cent of lecturers at the University are women. This compares to 4 women professors, less than 5.1 per cent, of the University's senior academic community.

The University's commitment to its equal opportunities policy has been questioned after revelations that it had turned down the advice of its equal opportunities committee. The committee had urged the university to create readerships.

The high profile proposals at Oxford have fuelled the national

equal opportunities debate. The Association of University Teachers has pointed out that women professors are paid on average £1500 less than their male counterparts. A much higher proportion of women than men professors are in the under £34000 per annum pay bracket. Less than 20 per cent of men professors fall into this category.

The decision can still be overturned if the university's senior executive body, Council, decides that the proposals should go to a postal ballot. In the event of this happening, equal opportunities campaigners are confident that the 66 per cent majority of this week's vote is an indication of the ultimate outcome of any university wide ballot.

In an interview with iCNN Imperial College Radio, Emma Westcot, the Women's Officer at Oxford University said that, 'This decision will encourage women looking for a career in academia.'

Barber plans for ICU

by **our man in the toilet**

Plans are afoot within ICU to move the games machines from the Games room, currently next door to Da Vinci's in the Union Building, and use the room for another, as yet unspecified, purpose.

The reason for the movement of games machines is to enable a restructuring of the toilets situated behind the Games Room, to allow for their use by disabled people. This refurbishment will involve an

expansion into part of the games room.

Suggestions have been mooted that while the lavatory update is in progress, the Games room will also undergo a complete facelift. Current proposals imply that a Barbers or Hairdresser salon could be installed in the remaining space. Where the games machines would be moved to, if this proposal went through, has yet to be considered.

Film triumph



The New Imperial College Union Cinema opened last Thursday, with unprecedented success writes Jonty Beavan.

An audience of over seventy people, watched the film 'Singles' in the Union Concert Hall. This was the first showing of any film by Imperial College Unions Film Society in its new location. Until before Easter the Society's showings were located in Mech Eng 220. Mr Laugharne, one of the projectionists, said he was 'amazed, we never expected so many people'. Yesterday's showing of 'Scent of a Woman' was expected to be just as well attended.

Improvements will continue to the ICU Cinema over summer: Two 35 millimetre projectors are to be bought and a projection gallery installed at the rear of the Concert Hall. It is hoped that all the changes will be completed for the beginning of the next academic year.

STOIC getting bigger

by **Jonty n' Donny**

STOIC, Imperial College's very own television station, is planning to expand from its base on the third floor of the Union Building.

STOIC (Student Television of Imperial College) plots to overflow into the Clubs Committee room. This extra space sits next to the

present STOIC studio on the highest floor of the Union Building.

The plans have yet to be confirmed, but will meet their final testing at the next meeting of House committee. House committee is a student body responsible for fixtures and furnishing of the Imperial College Union building.

Editorial

Allow me the indulgence of your imagination for a few minutes. Suppose you are the manager of a large business. Let's take it a little closer to home; imagine you are the head of a College of the University of London.

Now, let's expand it a little further, you have noticed that one of the departments under your remit is making a severe financial loss. Of course, this cannot continue, but what is your first step? Should you close down the Department? Make serious cuts in the running cost of the area concerned? Break up the Department and merge it with another, more profitable, part of the College?

Whatever you decide, how would you do it? When you make serious cost cutting efforts, people are going to get hurt, jobs are going to be lost. What about the prospective students to the department? If they apply to a course and then find that its entire structure has been changed in order to save money, they will not be happy. Also there are academic concerns. A department losing money does not mean a department unable to contribute greatly to the sum of knowledge. After all, teaching is what Universities are meant to be there for. It could be that this department teaches and researches topics that are not covered anywhere else in the country. Upheaval in that department could affect the academic standing of the whole College.

To continue with our fanciful speculation, there is also another

problem; the situation must be sorted out very quickly. Money cannot go pouring down the drain, but time must be set aside to convince members of staff of any rearrangements. It does not do to steamroller any alteration over staff. Imperial College had a vivid reminder of that during the Messenger, Security and Car Parking dispute last year.

Fine. Whatever you decide, you need at least to talk to all the people concerned. The head of the department, the lecturers, the Old student associations, all the support staff involved. Oh, I suppose the actual students studying there will have to be told, but they hardly matter. A few might complain, but the vast majority just get on with

their work and do very little else. It hardly seems worthwhile to indulge the egos of a few oversized teenagers in affairs like this. Besides, in a few years they will be gone. It seems like they have no concern anyway. After all how many voices of student outrage were raised when Sir Eric Ash announced a 're-examination' of our position within the University of London? Who, sabbaticals aside, complained about the extension of the college day, that ignored a referendum taken three years ago by Imperial students who said they did not want it? Is it really two years since the Rector's last Question Time?

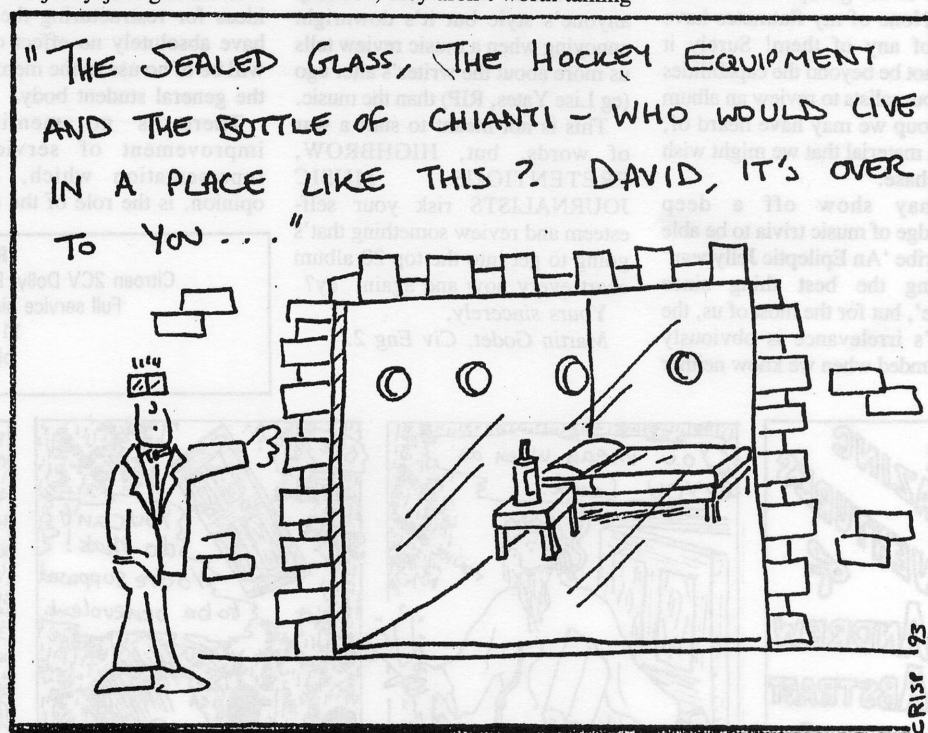
No don't bother with the students, they aren't worth talking

to at all.

Credits

News: Andrew Tseng, Declan Curry, Monsieur Crotaz. Feature: Sonia, Harry, Geoff Maxwell, Reviews: Donny, Phil, Tintin, Laura, Flossie, Marcus Alexander, Patrick Wood, Choc, Poddy, Gareth, GPH. Clubs: Ismail, Sarmad. Photography: Joe, Mike. Collating Genius: Steven Newhouse.

Thanks: Rose, Andy, Simon, Ian Hodge, Steve Dunton, Dave Cohen, Hugh Eland, Bec, Steffff, Kristine, Alex, Mario's pink shirt, Chris, Rick, Dominic 'Boyz is the magazine for me' Wilkinson.



Cat's Eyes

Refugees

As users of the Underground may already be aware, a new breed of beggar has appeared on the stations, or to be more precise, on the trains.

They walk from carriage to carriage, with the look of hopelessness on their faces and a pathetic appearance complimented by the jumble sale clothes they wear. As they approach you, your in-built prejudices may dismiss them as low-lives, wastrels, underlings to be ignored. But your thoughts are soon taken away once you spot the give away to their identity: a piece of ragged paper held feebly in one hand. What does

this paper have written on it?

I'm not too sure to be honest, because the handwriting can be scruffy. But key words include 'Bosnia', 'refugee', 'poor', 'homeless' and 'help'. Anyone they approach doesn't really read it, and certainly no one gives generously. But can you blame them? Since it was highlighted some time ago, that beggars can earn a small fortune per day, the public have become more sceptical as to their authenticity.

Nevertheless, roaming the trains is at the least a different approach and the original beggar deserves credit (*wouldn't he prefer cash! - Ed*). But it fails. Despite the situation in the late-Yugoslavia, obtaining sympathy, and with it some money, from commuters who loathe the unpredictable tube, is harder than getting blood from a stone.

RCS

This is a piss take. (No spite or malice is intended)

To get social colours off your CCU, I was told, you basically had to do nothing except hang around the CCU exec a lot. Take a look at the RCS Union Awards List 1992-93 to see what I mean: Paul Thomas, Dave Goddard, The B/sht editors, you get the idea.

Why then did they include such contributors as Jonty Beavan? Strange.

Madonna Space Filler

Fill in the missing word, that was deliberately left out from the chorus of *Erotica*, and is replaced by a lot of 'ahh-ing':

Give it up,
Do as I say,
Give it up,

And let me have my way.

I'll give you love,
I'll hit you like a truck,
I'll give you love,
I'll teach you how to

Hard, isn't it?

No go

In case you haven't already worked it out, I'm still here. What would quitting achieve? A few letters from some students expressing their delight and the chance for me to commandeer a couple of pages to say an exaggerated farewell and to have one final big bitch. That I would really enjoy; to say all the things that I have held back about anyone that has ever pissed me off. He who laughs last and all that. It will happen one day, but not within the immediate future, I hope.

P.J. Dodd

Musos slammed!

Dear Editor,

Many a time I have shied away from complaining about Felix music reviews, mainly because they leave me questioning whether I know anything about current releases.

I have two main grievances to air:

Firstly, I am in possession of a considerable music collection, albeit of mainstream tendency, and I believe that I am well above average in the IC musically educated department. Why then, have I not heard the names, even, of most of the groups reviewed in Felix? None of my flatmates have heard of any of them! Surely it would not be beyond the capabilities of the journalists to review an album by a group we may have heard of, or even material that we might wish to purchase.

It may show off a deep knowledge of music trivia to be able to describe 'An Epileptic Jellybean' as being the best thing since 'Wibble', but for the most of us, the review's irrelevance is obviously compounded when we know neither

band. Picture a person trying to explain what an orange is like, to an Eskimo, by saying that it's like a grapefruit, only smaller.

Secondly, I am the first to admit that my grammar is suspect, but I am tired of attempting to glean the intended meaning from between seemingly random punctuation and incomplete sentences. If I can get the meaning then mostly it's not even about the album under review. The review ultimately fails to tell me much about the songs on the album, surely the main point of the review! I do not want to cramp anyone's style but it's downright annoying when a music review tells us more about the writer's alter ego (eg Lise Yates, RIP) than the music.

This is not meant to start a war of words, but, HIGHBROW, PRETENTIOUS MUSIC JOURNALISTS risk your self-esteem and review something that's going to get into the top 20 album chart every now and again, 'ey?

Yours sincerely,
Martin Godet, Civ Eng 2.

Fame at last

Dear Jonty,

Now that I have achieved worldwide fame after appearing on the front cover of Felix juggling torches (Felix 966), I thought I would use my celebrity status to mention that we are trying to start a circus skills society for next year.

At the moment we have informal

practice in the Union Lounge on Wednesday at about 3.00pm.

If you are interested, either contact me or come along on Wednesday.

Yours sincerely,
Simon Haynes, Elec Eng 1.

A little undermining

Dear Jonty,

Re: Union Restructuring.

It seems to me that the current ideas for restructuring the Union have absolutely no effect on, and will be of no use to the members of the general student body.

There is no mention of improvement of services or representation which, in my opinion, is the role of the Student

Union.

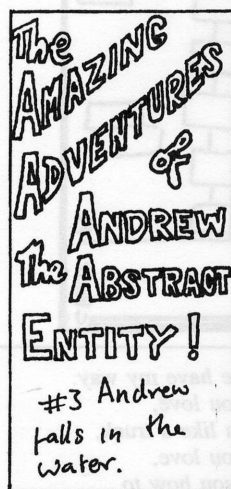
This is reflected from the fact that there has been no student consultation, nor is there likely to be.

Has this just been an excuse for the sabbaticals to avoid doing any useful work?

Yours sincerely,
Gina Mortley, MRE 2.

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Mary's madness

Dear Jonty,

Being in my final year, I now have only a few weeks remaining as a student here. As the end of term nears, I find myself reflecting on my years spent at Imperial College.

I must say that although it hasn't been a bed of roses every minute, overall I've really enjoyed being here. At times the work was simply beyond a joke, and I wouldn't wish the stress of final exams on my worst enemy. But I think that the academic pressure made me enjoy my free time all the more, ensuring that I've had some really good times.

There are, however, two things that have really pissed me off while

I have been here. The first of these are the IC students that do nothing but slag the college off at every opportunity. Fair enough, I can understand why some people don't like it here. But I wish that these people would do something positive and take charge of their lives. In short, if you don't like it here LEAVE and leave it to those of us that do.

The second thing that really gets up my nose is the whole business with St Mary's. It's a situation that I still don't really understand, even after being here for four years. I think that I would be correct in saying that the vast majority of IC students at South Kensington and

Mary's give each other very little thought. But there seems, unfortunately, to be a small hardcore group of sad mothers at both sites that are pre-occupied with each other. An example of such an obsessed individual is 'Moron' (Letters page last issue). One word of advice; please get a life, whoever you are. That goes for all those who have in the past, and no doubt will in the future, perpetuate the myth of an IC—St Mary's feud. In his letter, 'Moron' accused all Imperial students of self-abuse. I take it from last week's letter that 'Moron' happens to be at Mary's (I feel sorry for my friends there), and as such is an IC student. I really do admire him for coming out into the open. I mean, to be a wanker and call yourself one in print. Just goes to show, once a wanker, always a

wanker.

Apart from the above gripes, I don't regret coming here at all. I have met some really sound people at IC (and not one trainspotter, although I'm still looking), and count myself extremely fortunate in having the best group of friends that anyone could wish for—I don't know how you've put up with me for all these years!! Thanks a lot for everything. I'll really miss you all, and Imperial when I leave.

Yours

Kaveh Guilanpour, Biochem 3.

P.S. Yes, I know that you're all just pretending and that I don't have any friends really!

P.P.S. I apologise for the excessive bad language used in this letter, and pray that my mother doesn't see it!

Gav's not paying

Dear Jonty,

Having received a number of invitations to donate my wealth to College when I get run over by a bus, I would like to illustrate three good reasons as to why I will not be altering my will.

Firstly, would you donate money to an organisations that is planting flower beds next to a building

proposed to be demolished, which incidentally has already had all the protective fencing demolished by HGV lorries?

Secondly, if your will was spent on bailing out College accommodation not because they'd done something like buy Clayponds (an honourable cause) but instead pay for a 1st year Chemist called

David Gurney to live in Bernard Sunley for a year without paying a penny in rent, then I don't think you'd be particularly inclined to either.

Thirdly, if your will was spent on a 486 PC Clone and Fax machine for the security front gate because some department had to 'get rid' of some money in an attempt to get an even bigger budget next year would you be impressed? I doubt it very much.

This College has a considerable amount going for it and it certainly would appear to be the case that the best staff are recruited for research work. It would perhaps be wise to consider implementing the same policy for the kind of staff that allow the above to happen. I might then be inclined to reconsider my decision.

Yours sincerely,

Gavin J R Pearson, Mech Eng 3.

Crossword

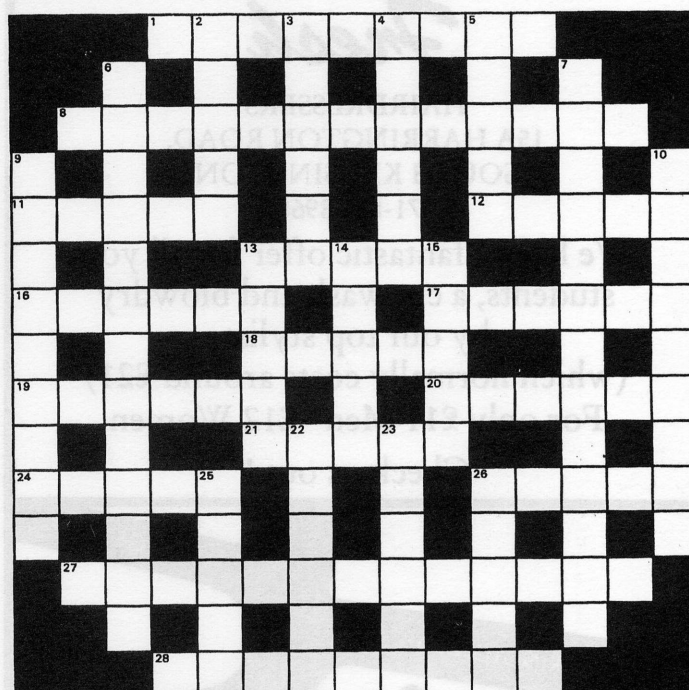
by Sphinx

ACROSS

1. Roll ball after a plentiful supply (9)
8. Have second thoughts about the by-pass operation? (6,2,5)
11. So as I came to grief in the desert (5)
12. The English write chit differently as a matter of principle (5)
13. Conditions of spells (5)
16. However strong, it contains Hydrogen (6)
17. Distress over gold trade (6)
18. Surpass, say, Extra Large (5)
19. Horrified to find silver possesses tritium (6)
20. Release from the rent? (6)
21. Races organised over large areas (5)
24. Rotates and goes (5)
26. Heathen put silver in the dish (5)
27. Being alert, you grasp right lines somewhere inside (13)
28. Smooth operators who are into engines? (9)

DOWN

2. Premium due for showing good in France and America (5)
3. Require the French pin (6)
4. Uphold a key company (6)
5. Mediocre team included in Greece (5)
6. I hope shy party characters get the right treatment (13)
7. You dig, man? (13)
9. Decreases the size of documents (9)
10. Shaping the awkward cuts in LPG (9)
13. Greek character offers thanks after article (5)
14. Athlete is excellent in the break (5)
15. They're executed alone however you look at them (5)
22. As ordered, chews a nut (6)
23. Develop the inside of a revolver (6)
25. However calm (5)
26. Group of people in revolutionary Nepal (5)



ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S

ACROSS 1. Abundance, 8. Change of Heart, 11. Oasis, 12. Ethic, 13. Terms, 16. Though, 17. Ordeal, 18. Excel, 19. Aghast, 20. Outlet, 21. Acres, 24. Turns, 26. Pagan, 27. Sprightliness, 28. Flywheels. DOWN 2. Bonus, 3. Needle, 4. Affirm, 5. Crete, 6. Physiotherapy, 7. Archaeologist, 9. Contracts, 10. Sculpting, 13. Theta, 14. Racer, 15. Solos, 22. Cashew, 23. Evolve, 25. Still, 26. Panel.

Time for change

The Union faces another upheaval with the publication of the report into the Union Structure. Steven Newhouse reports on why 55 into 13 doesn't go.

Over the last two weeks, Felix has been covering the results of the working party into the Union Structure. The main result seems to be the removal of the present 55 person Council and the Executive committee, and its replacement with a new 13 person Executive.

At the moment, Council consists of all the Sabbaticals, the Departmental Representatives, Constituent College Union (CCU) Presidents and the Major and Minor Sub Committee chairmen. The new Executive would consist of the three Union Office Sabbaticals and officers from the representation areas. However, this smaller body would have the same mandate as the current Council and Executive, to manage the affairs of the Union.

Two years ago there was a major change in how the Union represents the students. The Union General

Meeting (UGM) that had been held on a monthly basis was changed to a termly basis. This forced Council into becoming a policy making body which it was not designed to be.

The proposed changes will force the new Executive into making policies, since UGMs will still be held termly, but it will be even less representative than Council is at the moment.

So having thrown cold water on the report from the working party, do I have any suggestions?

One of the working party's conclusions was that Council is too large to be an effective decision making body. It is too large to make effective decisions, but not representative enough for the policy decisions that it makes at the moment.

In the box there are the aims of

Imperial College Union, and it should be our primary goal to satisfy these aims and our organisation should reflect it. These aims can be interpreted into three areas of the Union's work: social events, clubs and societies, and representation within College.

The representation of the students within the College organisation is carried out by Departmental Representatives, Academic Affairs Officers, Housing and Welfare officers.

The management of the clubs and societies is a task that is at present carried out by the Major Sub Committee chairman. The Minor Sub Committee chairman directly organises events that are open to all students.

I would propose that the present Council is reduced in size and be concerned only with the effective running of the Union. Its policy making powers would be limited to this area, but it could formulate and recommended policy to a UGM. The other officers who represent the students' views on College committees would report directly to a UGM. Any Union policy that was needed in these areas could then be discussed and voted upon by the student body.

As a result of these changes the

ICU BY-LAWS

The Imperial College Union by-laws state, the purpose of ICU is

a) the promotion of student intercourse between present and past students and academic staff of the College.

b) the encouragement of interest by the students in matters outside the College curriculum, especially cultural and athletic interests.

c) the provision of a corporate body of students to represent, safeguard and advance the interests and welfare of the students of the College.

decisions about the internal working of the Union would be made faster as many subsidiary committees would no longer be needed. The Union General Meeting, which would be held at least once a month during term time, would become the policy making body of Imperial College Union placing the students firmly in control of their union.

Under my proposals, Imperial students would make the decisions about students at Imperial. Decisions would be made at the UGM, open to all students, and not behind locked doors.

Careers info

Vacancies—don't worry if you were too late to apply for the Milk Round, we are writing to 1500 employers asking for details of their remaining vacancies and you should apply in May or June at the latest. Ask to see the Vacancy File in the Careers Office.

Careers Talk for Penultimate Years—there is one Careers Talk this week in CR317B Sheffield at 1.00pm to 1.50pm. No booking is necessary, just turn up.

Tuesday 25th May. 'Teaching as a Career' by Ms Esther Williams of TASC.

Penultimate Years—start thinking about your future now. If you don't know what you want to do, come

to the Careers Office and try PROSPECT—our computer careers guidance system.

Careers Seminars are being held each Wednesday afternoon from 2.00-4.00pm. Topics include Creative Job Hunting, Interview Technique and Career Planning for Penultimate Years. Sign up in the Careers Office.

For further information come to the Careers Office, Room 310 Sheffield—open from 10.00am to 5.15pm Monday to Friday. A Duty Careers Adviser is available for quick queries from 1.00-2.00pm daily. You can also book a SHORT APPOINTMENT of 15 minutes between 2.00 and 4.00pm on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

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We have a fantastic offer for all you students, a cut wash and blowdry by our top stylist (which normally costs around £21) For only £11 Men £12 Women Check us out !

Get on yer bike Coming soon...

Want to win a mountain bike? Read on! Oxfam are holding a sponsored cycle ride on Saturday June 26th, between Chislehurst (that's near Bromley), and Aylesford. The round trip is 63 miles, but the less ambitious among us can opt to do one leg only - either London/Aylesford (35 miles) or t'other way (28 miles). Transport back to London has been arranged

for the lazier people. Sounds like a civilized form of torture to me, but anyone who feels like a little exercise for a good cause can get more details either by contacting Mike Chamberlain via the Rag Office, or direct by calling Oxfam on 071 585 0220 (speak to Jim). Registration is only £3 for students, so no pleas of poverty, please!

Now the new committee has been elected, the Rag Fete has happened (in a big way!), and exams are looming even for the biologists, the Rag Year is beginning to wind down. The usual round of concerts, collections and football matches will continue, and details of any you might hear of can normally be found on the Rag Noticeboard (half way up the stairs on the way to the Rag Office - for those that don't

know where that is, try the East staircase off Beit quad.) Alternatively, you can pop into the Rag Office itself, or come to one of the weekly meetings (1.10pm, Fridays in the Ents Lounge), or failing all of these, leave a message in the Rag pigeon hole in the Union Office. So, no excuses for not knowing all about forthcoming events!

Charity chaos

At last week's Rag meeting, a number of charities were voted in as next year's 'nominated charities'. But what does being a nominated charity actually mean? It seems as if a few people may have been under the impression that Rag only collects for the charities it elects every year. This is not the case at all! Rag generally collects under any licence it can get it's little paws on, regardless of the charity. Well, that's not quite true, we can at least afford to choose where and when we collect! Nominated charities, on the other hand, are given the proceeds from Rag events, such as the Rag Week profits, plus anything that Rag collects under it's own name. This means that Rag has the opportunity to give money to smaller charities, that can't wangle

themselves a licence or are more difficult to collect for (would you give money to a charity you'd never heard of?), as well as collecting for large charities like Mencap and Oxfam. All the charities elected for next year are big and well-known - this may be because these are the charities you lot really want to support, or may be because we Raggies didn't explain the difference between nominated charities, and those we collect on the street for. So, we are rerunning the elections to give you a chance to say where you really want your money to go. The form below lists 'small' charities on the left, and 'big' ones on the right; bring it along to the meeting this Friday, and have you say.

FREE FLIGHTS

John Grooms Flag Day, on June 5th, is the perfect opportunity for those of us too poor to afford a holiday this summer. The charity, which works with and for disabled people, helping them to live life to the full, is offering a voucher for two free flights to anybody collecting over £130. Rag has opted to collect in tube stations on the day, so that any of you wanting to collect can not only do so regardless of the weather, but also stand a very good

chance of raising the required amount. So what are you waiting for? Start planning your holiday now! Destinations include Florence and Paris for a start - I honestly can't remember the rest, but they're a lot more exotic. Alternatively, if you fancy collecting a bit of dosh, but can't make it on the 5th of June, then there are twenty tickets to the Autoglass Trophy match at Wembley tomorrow, which is between Port Vale and Stockport.

Tamsin Braisher
Rag Internal Affairs Officer

TURNING POINT		SPASTICS	
ARMS		MENCAP	
JOHN GROOMS		WWF	
ONE PARENT FAMILIES		CYSTIC FIBROSIS	
CONTACT A FAMILY		LEUKAEMIA RESEARCH	
RAINFOREST FOUNDATION		SHELTER	
BLISS		GUIDE DOGS FOR THE BLIND	
INTERMEDIATE TECHNOLOGY		RINIB	
TUSKFORCE		RNLI	
SENSE		IMPERIAL CANCER	
FARA		CANCER RESEARCH	
BIBIC		OXFAM	
YOUTH ADVENTURE		UNICEF	

Going Up ?

A Collegewide survey of elevators conducted by Harry Éstleun

(3rd cousin, twice removed of Mario De Malevolant, half-brother of Donny 'O Nonchalant')

Lift appreciation you might think, is down there with train spotting. But you'd be wrong in thinking this. Over the past decade or so, because of the advances of lift-technology, more people enjoy travelling lifts, although only a small proportion

will admit to it. The experience can produce a variety of effects: Increase in heart rate, and breathing rate, release of excitatory hormones, and one woman (going up 55 floors in an office block) experienced, and I quote: 'a

numbness in my upper legs and surrounding area for the duration of the ride...'

This guide is for all lift-lovers out there, and anyone who is simply curious as what the best life in college is. Any unusual lift

experiences you have, please notify me (Harry Éstleun c/o Donny O'Nonchalant, Felix Office, Beit Quad, Prince Consort Road, SW7 2BB). Give details when making submissions. All Letters will not be in the strictest of confidence.

Chemistry/BioChemistry

☑☑ These shake uncontrollably; was I in a lift or a giant cocktail shaker? The panels are crude, the lighting is not as bright as it should be and they are relatively small. But they have mirrors on the back wall! Could be better.

Computing

☑☑☑ Two of these and the panels are shit! Really shit! I hate them! They are big though, have good lighting and are quite quick. They have a distinctive quality unmatched by any other lift I tested, a quality that may appeal to some people: they smell of rubber. It's unmistakable. The moment the doors close, it hits you; the waft of rubber. The combination of this and the mild shaking of the lifts, provides what might be for some, the ultimate turn on.

Biology (East Wing)

☑ Don't ask how I got past the security system! This one isn't much of an improvement when compared to the Union lift. It's clean (apart from the illegible signature on one side) and the button panel is relatively idiot proof. But there is hardly enough room to swing a genetically engineered dwarfed gerbil in here, and it's so slow. Come Biology Dept., you can do better.

Biology (West Wing)

☒☒☒ I like the yuppie flat style sliding door but the dirty look I got from Postgrad's who suspected that I was an Undergrad put me off this lift. Sorry, this one gets a lousy rating (blame the Postgrad's).

Sherfield

☑☑☑☑ Choice of two again. These lifts are spacious, clean, well lit and quite quick. But the 'carpet' is really horrible: It is! A gross pattern that is hopefully no longer available, worn down and slightly darker towards the centre. The panel is almost out of date, the display is basic but it has a guide as to what on's each floor, useful for infrequent users. Better than some by far.

Civil Eng

☑☑ These pair of lifts are small-ish, badly lit and have no apparent floor indicator (may be I was looking in the wrong place). This was catered for blind people I think: they have poor light (why would blind people need light) and **BIG** buttons. If my memory serves me correctly, they do have mirrors on the back wall though (I'm not certain, be warned). Not my favourite but not the worst.

Geology/Materials

☒☒ Crude, quite quick, shite panel and gross colours. 'nuf said.

Mechanical Eng

☑ Four to choose from! That's right, four. All of these lifts are massive and with good lighting. The panel is a similar style to that of the Sherfield lifts. But there is a down side. They are slow; slow to take you up and down and also slow for the doors to close. The doors are also extremely, but not completely, unresponsive to anything that touches their edges once they have started to close. I would have liked to rate it higher, but alas I can't.

Physics

Choice of two in Physics - both identical. Each has a mirror on the back face which I thought was quite kinky. Coupled with the satiny lighting effects this turned out to be an enjoyable ride. But it was all over too quickly! What have the Physicists done to these lifts? They have bloody turbo charge! Travelling 8 floors takes as quickly as travelling 2 floors in Biology. This is good for getting to lectures quickly (why anyone would want to do this is a question that has puzzled me for hours), but bad for appreciating the lifts. They also have a high tech level indicator and posh panels to boot. Also, like the Aeronautics/Chem Eng lift, they have no smell. But unlike it, the doors close in the blink of an eye; a bit of a danger for slow coaches. This has to be the best.

Electrical Eng

A twin set of lifts with mirrors that shake quite violently when reaching the top floor; electrical engineers are kinky devils, aren't they! These are quick, clean, but not that well lit, mind. They have a clompy style decor which is stomach churning. Nice overhead panel and they were very silent when going down. A good pair.

Union Building

This sad excuse of a lift is small, dirty, slow, smells characteristically of uncleaned public toilets and has barely enough light for you to see the green splodge of graffiti that is spread across two sides, (I think it could be the product of a hay fever sufferer, but I wasn't prepared to examine it). The only sensation I got was a sudden desire to empty my stomach. Avoid at all costs. (But praise the lord because Andrew Wensley has promised (in his manifesto) to make the Union a nicer place to work. Let's hope he starts with the lift).

Aeronautics/Chem Eng

☑☑☑ This was bigger than the Biology lifts and a hell of a lot cleaner, but strangely enough, it had no smell. No urine, no polish, nothing was detected by my nose. It was quicker than the Biology lifts and the buttons were straightforward. Not a bad lift.

Thanks to *Cub*, the student newspaper/magazine of Queen Mary & Westfield, for the idea of this feature.

Faith in Doubt

Attempting to answer his own questions, Geoff Maxwell justifies faith in religion.

As a Christian I was recently asked by a friend how I could justify the harm that is done in the name of religion. Whatever one believes, is it possible to ignore the weight of evidence that connects religious belief with cultural violence? Most religions share ethical principles that would seem to preclude violence as a solution to any problem, yet historical evidence to the contrary is abundant.

Before answering the question, I think it is necessary to define the basis of religion. What such definition could hope to be acceptable to all faiths and even all men? Such a complex question demands a simple answer. I proposed to this friend that there is an intrinsic human quality that is the root of any belief.

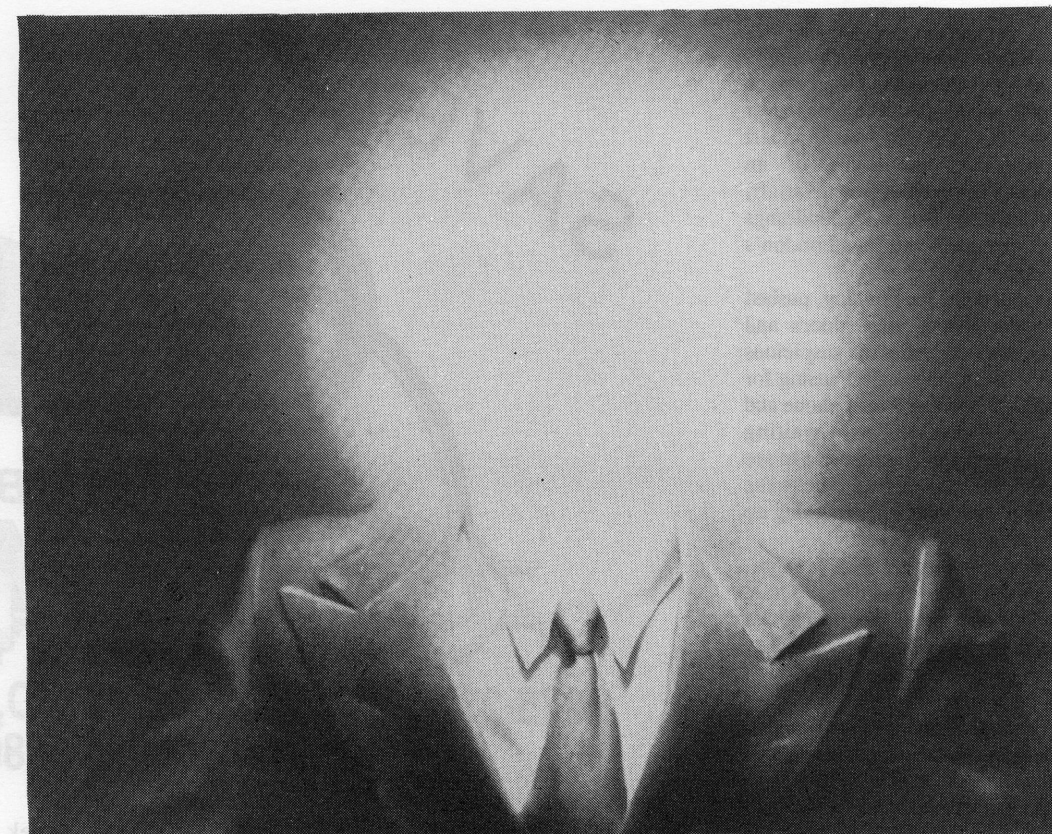
I asked this friend, an agnostic, why one should follow the moral codes of society. Do we resist stealing because, however great the gain and however small the punishment society threatens, we believe it is wrong. Do we believe in a human conscience, or are we restrained only by the fear of retribution. In summary is there goodness in every man and are humans able to distinguish right from wrong.

If one believes that there is good in every man, what can one call the combination of those consciences? Here we must diverge, different religions accumulating legend, history and circumstance to give their particular creed.

The difficulty we now face is how to square such ideals with the reality of destruction in the name of belief. How does the apparent beauty of the human conscience become the bloody sword of fanatics? Discussing such ideas I have found that many atheists and agnostics can believe in human conscience, yet most believers, of whatever creed, cannot accept conscience as the fundamental basis of religion.

I find it challenging to take one further step. What is god, or are gods, if they are not that part of good in every man? This too is, surprisingly, better suited to the agnostic than the believer.

Like all institutions the



accumulation of believers into a congregation brings with it the amplification of human failure. It is a small step to exchange these simple ideals of religion for absolute confidence in the rules of one particular creed. When such a step is made, when one can no longer lend respect to the view of another man, then one finds oneself placed as his enemy.

The one certainty of belief is that one cannot know of the existence of a god but can only believe in it. The main stream religions stand together in their recognition of gods as beyond man's knowledge. We can believe what we may, but when we believe that we know everything we presume to place ourselves amongst the gods.

The wrong that has been done in the past, and continues to be done today, in the name of religion, runs counter to our consciences. This danger must be held up before all those who participate in religion as a warning of what might occur. The leaders of religion have, I believe, an obligation to ensure that their

followers understand that our conception of God may be misconceived and that the beliefs, or lack of such, held by other men should not ever be held against them.

It need not be said that some denominations and sections of certain religions have pursued the opposing path - seeking to establish that their particular interpretation of their own belief is absolute and pursuing relentlessly all those who opposed them. It seems to me that it is herein that the evil of religion lies and it is an evil that is certainly not necessary.

I find it a pity that even here at Imperial, a centre of excellence in learning and scholarship, that so few people can distinguish between that which we know and that which we believe. I can respect any man who says that, given their perception of the evidence for the existence of any particular god, they cannot find it in their hearts to believe in such a god. I am however happy to label any man who says they know that no such god exists,

or that they have absolute knowledge of their own god, a dangerous fool.

If we are able to retain this perspective on our beliefs there is no cause for religion to be a source of pain in the world. That is not to say that disasters will not happen, that men will not kill each other, that brother will not hate brother, but only that religion will become what it has always claimed to be.

Thomas Story, an eighteenth century Quaker, said of the Christian faith, 'The unity of Christians never did nor ever will or can stand in uniformity of thought or opinion, but in Christian love only.' Communication amongst all men, particularly those with sincere beliefs is important but should rest on that mutual respect and tolerance that embodies the regard we should all hold for each other.

My final appeal is to each man - consider carefully what you are doing when you scorn, verbally or physically, the beliefs of another. Are you in any position to judge?

Between a rock and a hard place

As London's quirkiest cinema totters from one disaster to another, Jonty Beavan asks, how did the Scala get into so much trouble?

The Scala cinema club in King's Cross looks like it has fallen off the set of a strangely inverted horror movie: It stands tall, white and Art Decor, like the home of an unusually benevolent Boris Karloff, in the wasteland of rotting buildings that surround North East London's main railway stations.

I approached the building, pushed open the flimsy glass doors and announced myself to the suspicious wraith behind the desk. Pausing for a moment he picked up a phone and described me to my waiting interviewee as: 'Another one to see Helen'. He then directed me to the top of the building: 'Keep going up and it's on the left'.

Quite how far up I didn't realise, stopping in the foyer of the actual cinema to regain my sense of direction, I notice a change. My kindly, but unseen vampiric host had been overcome with a bout of psychedelia. The foyer wall swirled with primary colours, symbols of the illuminati and whirlpools of light. Pausing only for a moment longer to adjust back to reality, I climbed further up the dingy marble stairwell.

Eventually the stairs ran out and a cat guarded the only doorway. Slightly relieved that the animal was not in any way black, I crouched down and tried to make friends with it. This was the source of some confusion to the people sitting within the room. They had expected that they were to be interviewed, not their pets.

After making a rather hurried and confused explanation, I was introduced to Helen De Witte and Alex Fenner, the Programmer and General Manager of the Scala Club. Helen was plump, had short, tinted hair and did all the talking. Alex stayed quiet, answered the phones and only showed an interest when we discussed the history and structure of the cinema. Much to my disappointment their office had a relaxed, cluttered appeal, with cats wandering in and out at random. Nothing could be further from the imagined shadowy chambers of a sinister monster. I felt cheated.

Since 1981 the Scala's home has been King's Cross. This most peculiar of film clubs moved here after the lease on its Tottenham Street cinema, which it had occupied since the early fifties, ran out. The Landlord of that place felt that he would get a better deal renting to an up and coming TV station called Channel 4. The Scala building had always been a cinema since the 1920's. Now the Circle is the Scala club with the Stalls converted into a snooker hall.

First Helen explained the principle behind the Club. Her description of the aims of the Scala were, to show 'art or marginal' films, but did not fully explaining what that meant. Distinct from many of London's other repertory cinemas, she classified the audience as 'fans'. People would come from all over London to see a film at the Scala, she stated. It is not like the Electric (another cinema in Notting Hill) where the audience is local, the people here are working class and we don't really concern them.

The Scala has a reputation for a showing of the gay and lesbian films.

Sandra Bernhardt and Derek Jarman have made personal appearances and Jean Genet films are a regular feature. Other favourites for the Scala bill are; Hong Kong movies, Exploitation, Art films and, of course, horror. We get lots of gore hounds here, commented Helen; I shuffled uncomfortably, being rather fond of the odd bloodthirsty stretch of celuloid.

Other delights that the Scala revels in are the 'all-nighters'. For about £5, an enthusiastic moviegoer can watch a selection of up to five films through the night. Along with this, seasons of the less well known directors are shown. This also makes the Scala distinct, it is unafraid to play the films other cinemas would shrink from. In a world dominated by big budget Hollywood films, the Scala displays an alternative lifestyle that is refreshing, if only because it is different.

Being radical and risqué has almost been the downfall of the film house. April 1st 1992 the Scala cinema played an unadvertised

showing of Stanley Kubrick's 'The Clockwork Orange' about seventy people attended. Twenty five years ago, Kubrick banned his creation because fans of the film copied the thuggish behaviour of the main character. The then programme manager of the Scala, Jane Gyles was aware of the ban, but did not know that the full power of the law would enforce it. After the showing, a prosecution was brought against the Scala by the Federation of Copyright Theft. Warner Brothers, the owners of the copyright for the Clockwork Orange, added to the sense of goodwill by blocking the Scala from using any of the other films under their licence.

The court case was resolved this March: Jane Gyles was given a one year suspended sentence, the cinema was fined £1000 for infringement of copyright, but the costs of the case were £10,000. All these fines have to be met by the cinema. Needless to say Jane Gyles is no longer employed as Programmer for the Scala.

If that were not enough, the



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council is reconsidering awarding an events licence, due to an alleged abuse of Fire Regulations. This time the entrance to a New Year's Eve party in the Scala was locked and manned. According to fire inspectors, who dropped in for a surprise visit during the party, this constitutes blocking a fire exit. To the Scala it stops them putting on their most profitable 'multimedia events', fashion shows and parties. The chances of raising the money to repay the 'The Clockwork Orange' action now come solely from the 'Save the Scala fund', set up when legal case was first pending.

Helen argues that the door had to be locked, due to the residual problems of the Kings Cross area. We've always had prostitutes, but the drug dealers have become a real problem, she continued. Drug dealing at the entrance to the cinema is a regular event. Staff try and get those involved to move on without resorting to the police, but there is little success. Occasionally violence spills over from the street: In one case the victim of a chase ran up into the foyer of the cinema only to be caught there, when a Scala patron tried to step in and help, injuries occurred. If this were not enough the Landlord who owns the

lease on the building is putting the rent up threefold. Things are beginning to look miserable for the Scala.

Why has the local council been so stringent on the Cinema? Helen has strong opinions on this question: She believes the plans to put the Channel tunnel rail-link at Kings Cross means an end to the whole area. The plans show the rail-link going straight across the site where the Scala now stands. They are going to do the same thing as in Docklands, run it down, so when the developers buy it up it will be a blessing, she commented.

But all the same, fund raising continues. It is possible to buy oranges in the Scala foyer for £1, most of the profits go to the Save the Scala fund, 'Droog in the Dock' T shirts are available and the Scala Orange Ball takes place next Thursday 27th May. The Orange Ball will include a fashion show, Celebrity compere and what is described as a 'non-stop party'. Due to the previously mentioned ban, the event will be held in Cafe de Paris, Coventry St, W1. Tickets have to be bought in advance and cost £15. And if you want to know, the Scala Cinema club is about 5 mins walk from Kings Cross tube at 275-277 Pentonville Road.



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The Oppression of Tibet

During his much publicised visit to the UK, the Dalai Lama made a plea for an end to the torture and mass murder in Tibet. Sonia Shah reports on a refreshingly open and honest man.

Last week I was honoured to meet a most extraordinary man - Tenzin Gyatso, His Holiness the fourteenth Dalai Lama of Tibet, Tibet's political and spiritual leader. The Dalai Lama's unique nobility is conferred on him by virtue of his being a manifestation of the Bodhisattva of Compassion, who chose rebirth to serve humanity; the present Dalai Lama regards himself as a 'simple Buddhist Monk'.

This enlightened man was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1989 for his non-violent struggle for the liberation of Tibet - a tremendous feat in light of the great Chinese aggression.

In his trip to Britain, he has not only met with the Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and National and European Members of Parliament, but has also given a series of lectures on how to live life with wisdom and compassion; this man is truly an inspiration to everyone who hears him, or reads his writings.

Since 1950, 1.2 million Tibetans, 1/5 of the population, have died as a result of the Chinese occupation.

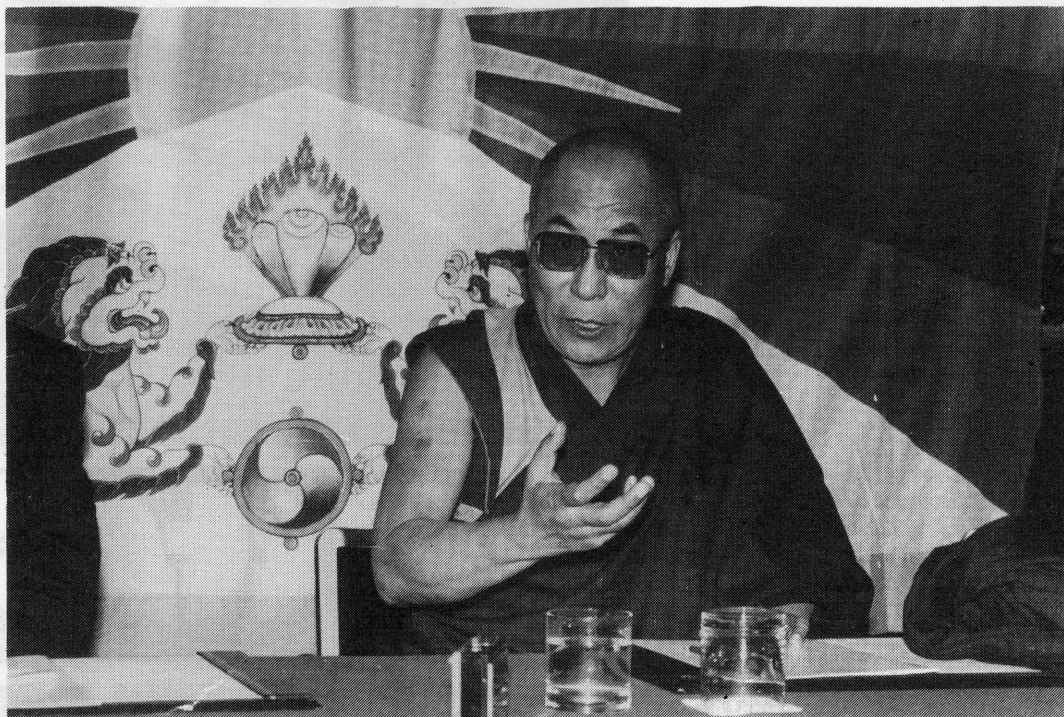
The Dalai Lama was born on 6 July 1935, in the small village of Taktser in North-Eastern Tibet. At the age of two, this son of a peasant family was hailed as the reincarnation of each of the previous thirteen Dalai Lamas of Tibet. He began his monastic education at the age of six, during which time in 1950 he was forced to assume complete political power when China invaded Tibet. Tibet found itself in a helpless situation, overpowered by the military force

of China. The invasion of Tibet was an act of aggression and violation of international law and human rights, yet pleas for help to several leading nations of the world, and to

political prisoners are held in prisons and labour camps. Tibetan women are subjected to mandatory sterilisation and forced abortion. Prisoners are subjected to various

Chinese to move to Tibet by offering incentives.

The Chinese have caused destruction of Tibet's natural resources and widespread



pic by Joe Baguley

the United Nations, were rejected. In 1954, on an official visit to China, meetings with Mao Tse-tung and political authorities uncovered the contradictions of political life in China. Communism in China is strongly anti-religious, while Tibet's whole culture and way of life is centred on Buddhism. The Chinese Government has never attempted to understand the Tibetan people, or their culture.

In 1959, during the national uprising of the Tibetan people against Chinese occupation, the Dalai Lama was forced into exile. Since then he has been living in Dharamsala, India, seat of the Tibetan Government-in-exile. Tibetan people everywhere in the world, believe their Government-in-exile to be the sole legitimate Government of Tibet.

Since 1950, 1.2 million Tibetans, 1/5 of the population, have died as a result of the Chinese occupation.

Thousands of religious and

forms of torture including being suspended from their prison ceiling, electrocution, beatings with cattle prods, and interrogation at gun

'Action did not seem profitable', said a British Official.

point - for expressing their beliefs.

Today, over 120,000 Tibetans are living in exile.

China forbids the teaching of Buddhism - a facade of religious freedom has been initiated for the purposes of propaganda and tourism. Chinese 'population transfer' is being encouraged, making Tibetans a minority in their own country- 7.5 million Chinese compared with 6 million Tibetans in Tibet. The Chinese authorities actively encourage large numbers of

environmental devastation.

I would like to describe my meeting with the Dalai Lama at a press conference in London. On entering the room, he did not go straight to his seat, but instead warmly greeted members of the press. As he sat down, one immediately felt his sheer captivating presence and calmness. During the press conference the Dalai Lama showed tremendous insight and a friendly sense of humour. The Dalai Lama is not some distant religious figure, but is a human being who bases his life on compassion, peace, altruism and kindness. He is refreshingly open and honest and puts up none of the barriers so common of other political leaders.

The Dalai Lama made it clear for the first time that the option of independence for Tibet has been foreclosed and said that he wants to discuss a 'one country, two systems' approach, similar to that

of Hong Kong and Taiwan with China.

This shift in attitude comes from the urgent situation concerning human rights violations, Chinese 'population transfer', increasing environmental damage and most importantly the 'intentional of unintentional cultural genocide'. A major concern is to save Tibet's unique culture.

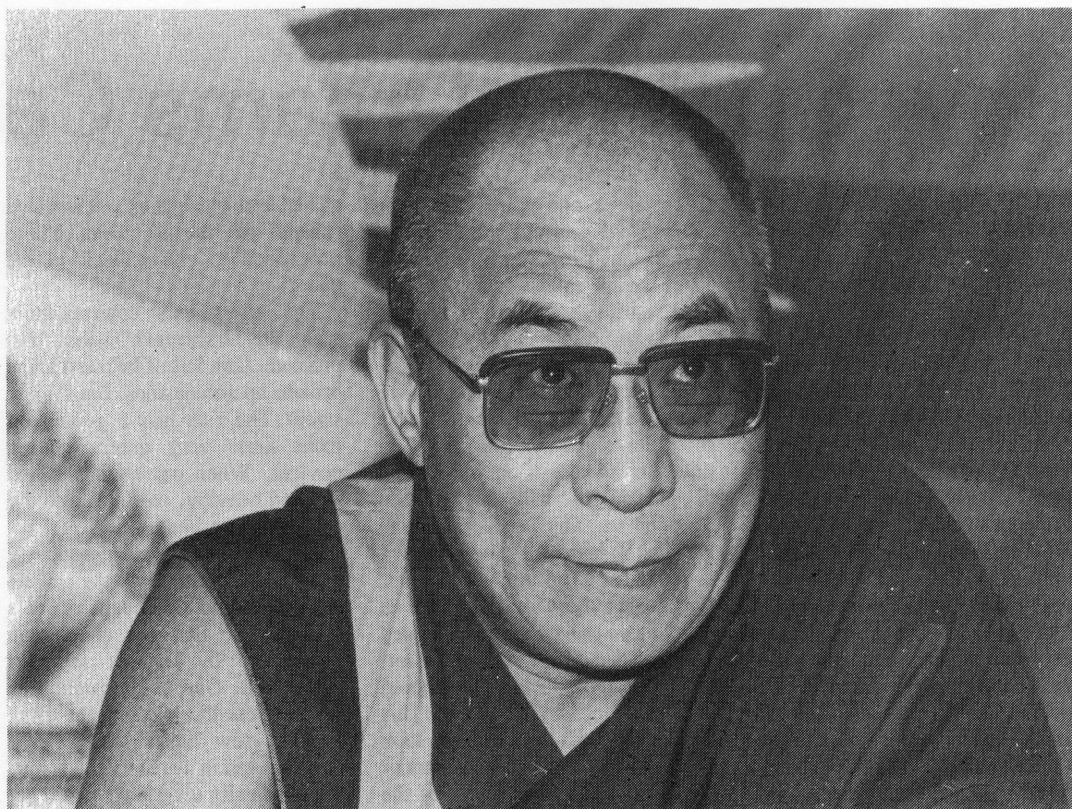
Deng Xiaoping, China's leader, is now willing to discuss anything except complete independence, so with both sides willing to accept a 'one country, two systems' approach, talks look promising. However, the success depends upon China's final interpretation of this approach. On the question of full independence the Dalai Lama says that 'ultimately the Tibetan people have the right to decide'.

In the meeting with Douglas Hurd, the Foreign Secretary told the Dalai Lama that he would speak out his concern over human rights and Chinese 'population transfer' into Tibet. After many years of indifference, this would seem to indicate the British Government adopting a more favourable position - in the past Britain has been reluctant to upset the Chinese because of Hong Kong. Douglas Hurd also voiced his support for Tibetan talks with China 'without

Tibetan women are subjected to mandatory sterilisation and forced abortion.

pre-conditions'.

The Tibetan leader said that he supports a boycott of Chinese goods under certain conditions, because



pic by Joe Baguley

Tenzin Gyatso, the 14th Dalai Lama in Britain last week.

although 'China are very eager to join the mainstream of the world community in the economic field, this is not sufficient; democracy and freedom are even more important and therefore the world community have a moral and practical responsibility. It is important that China is brought into the mainstream of democracy and in order to develop democracy more quickly pressure is needed mainly in the economic field'.

The Dalai Lama visited Washington last month, and engaged in talks concerning 'population transfer' and China's 'Most Favoured Nation' status with the US, which is up for renewal in June. Conditions on China are

likely to be imposed.

It is imperative to remember that we are not only talking of justice, human rights and equality, but of a people entitled to their country.

The Chinese have caused destruction of Tibet's natural resources.

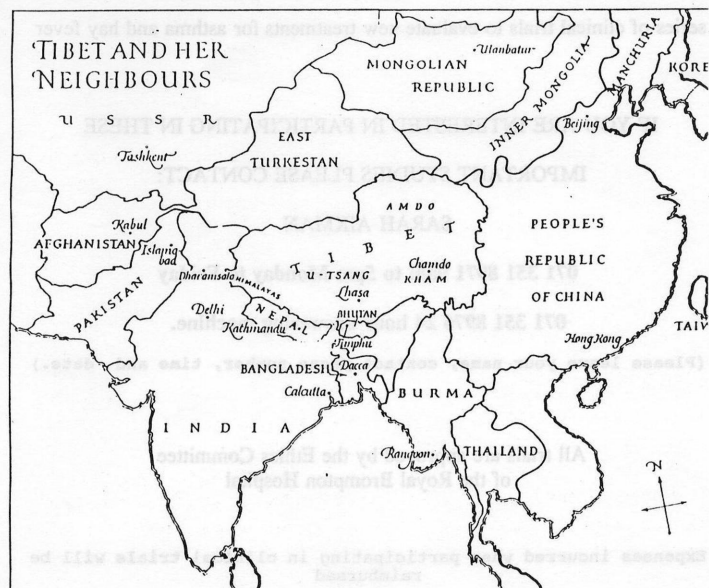
Tibet has no oil, but it has its own culture; language, beliefs and customs. It is a nation in its own right and as such its people have the right to their freedom just as we are free to practice our cultures.

When finally, nine years after the invasion, the United Nations passed a resolution criticising the denial of human rights in Tibet, Britain refused to give its support because 'Action on a political side did not seem profitable' (British Official at the UN).

Britain's stand has since changed a little - this is due to the continuing effort of the Dalai Lama, the Tibetan organisations, those who support Tibet and those who are willing to make a stand; those who will pressurise their Government and those who write to the MPs. This pressure must continue.

It would certainly be naive to assume that you or I could change the world, but together we could make a difference.

I would like to end with a few words from the Dalai Lama's Nobel Peace Prize acceptance speech, 'The problems we face today, violent conflicts, destruction of nature, poverty, hunger and so on, are human-created problems which can be resolved through human effect, understanding, and the development of a sense of brotherhood and sisterhood. We need to cultivate a universal responsibility for one another and the planet we share. Although I have found my own Buddhist religion helpful in generating love and compassion, even for those we consider our enemies, I am convinced that everyone can develop a good heart and a sense of universal responsibility with or without religion'. With these words in mind I urge you to please give your support.



If you would like to support Tibet, write with an S.A.E., to:-

**Tibet Foundation,
10 Bloomsbury Way,
London
WC1A 2SH**

If you would like to sponsor a boycott of Chinese goods, write (with S.A.E.) to:-
**Boycott China,
c/o The Fourth World
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How Our Wet Dreams Came True

We stayed on a caravan sight on the cliffs at St Keverne, (just around the corner from the bay featured in the new BT ad) and dived out of Falmouth.

At the start of each day we met up for dive briefing. Simon, our Dive Officer (or mum to us) gave us the run down for the day. This included the bad news (normally the weather), the good news that we were actually going diving and a reminder of the trip motto, 'be safe and sensitive'. Our first taste of open water diving, (and salt water) was round the next bay at Porthousslock. Kitting-up was no problem, but getting into the water, well! After staggering around in the surf like drunk penguins, we finally got our heads under water. Wow! It's not at all like the pool—no tiles, old elastoplasts or hair bands. After floundering around in three meters getting sorted out, we set off for a good mooch. This involves rummaging around in the kelp and molesting any crustacean or fish stupid enough to get caught. Far too soon, the pressure gauges hit 50bar and we had to go back to dry land, and the next major obstacle, getting out! Some more penguin

impressions and a good go at a beached whale from Scott and that was it, our first dive. We dived the same beach in the afternoon and then retired for lots of the second activity of a dive holiday—drinking.

The second day gave us a chance to use our new boat, a bright orange rigid inflatable (see picture). We hired Steve, the owner of the local dive shop to take us out on his new big blue rib, with CPS, echo sounder and any other electronic gadget you can buy (to be wired for sound as well for next year). After flying over the waves for half an hour, Steve looked around, stopped the boat and threw over the shot-line. 'Straight down, you should land on her boilers' were his confident words, and not one look at his gadgets. Down into the murky depth we plunged, and out of the gloom loomed a huge lump of metal that made up the Volnay's boiler. Now that's what I call navigation! This was it, real diving and no kelp, but I did find an elastoplast. The Volnay was a first world war ammunition ship, and mum's instructions for the dive were 'if it's live, it's got to be legal, if it's dead it's got to be dead', i.e. no live

shells! Pete brought up a few rusted lumps of metal, that Steve proceeded to chuck back in the water.

The afternoon's entertainment was the Falmouth subs. No problem, Um, lots of kelp and a few broken up submarines, but a huge swell! The fish had a good feed from some very green looking novices. When our stomachs had stopped heaving, we retired to the pub for more beer.

As the week progressed, we dived, drank and drove the marine wildlife round the bend. Steve's continued to find any wrecks we wanted to by instinct and not instrument. One of the highlights for me was the trip's night dive. After a few hours sitting in a freezing van in a freezing wet suit, the sun finally set and we could get in the water and get it over with. Why you would want to dive at night is not that obvious, after all it's cold and dark enough during the day! At night, a lot of the marine life comes out to eat, and on this night have 400 watt dive torches shined in their faces by divers. We found two dead dogfish, and a swarm of swimming crabs. It was

a really eerie experience swimming through the darkness, with fish suddenly racing across your torch beam. After about three quarters of an hour of this, I started to get cold and we headed back for shore. This was a bad move, as it was even colder out of the water!

On our last night in Cornwall, we had our trip piss up and a chance to sum up the week's diving. The major shock was the 'cleavage of the trip' award not going to Pete after a tough challenge by Ian. The 'cutest buddy pair' went to Gary and Sheena, for holding hands under water and having matching drysuits. Scott, one of this year's new novice divers won the 'most dive leader like novice' award for checking up on Petes, (one of our most experienced divers) air, and then refusing to go home when told. Ian was also unofficially awarded 'trip back seat driver' for telling Holf and Steve how to drive a boat, and then cowering in the bottom of the boat when it got a bit rough.

In all an excellent week's diving. If you fancy a go, meet us down the union bar on Tuesday evening, or see us next year at the Freshers' Fair.

The Bodyguard

Kevin Costner is back at FilmSoc this week in *The Bodyguard*, playing Frank Farmer, a topnotch professional bodyguard—maybe the best. His latest client is Rachel Marron, pop superstar-turned-actress, played by Whitney Houston, who has successfully moved in real life from pop megastar to talented actress. Rachel's fabulous career just seems to spiral upward without end, and with it comes the usual trappings of success—a manager, a publicist, a horde of hangers-on and one that's much more sinister. An obsessive fan writes her crazy letters and breaks into her bedroom, so it's time for the flamboyant diva to get herself some serious protection—and Frank Farmer is the best. Both Frank and Rachel expect to be in charge...what they don't expect is to fall in love...

Lots of action, plenty of drama, romantic moments...everyone will find something in this film. Much

of the soundtrack has been through the charts...a couple of number ones including the record-breaking hit *I Will Always Love You*. If you haven't seen the film but the songs have been driving you wild over the last five months, now is your chance to find out what they all mean.

Remember we show in the cinematic splendour of the Concert Hall, two floors above Da Vinci's bar, and believe it or not, our screen is bigger than many at local cinemas, and we're a lot cheaper at only £1.90 (90p for members). The reels will be turning for *The Bodyguard* at precisely 7.30pm next Thursday. The following week we have *Under Siege*, and following the success of last night's Budweiser competition, we have lots of *Under Siege* sweatshirts, caps, and torches to give away courtesy of our friends at Warner Brothers. Don't miss it!

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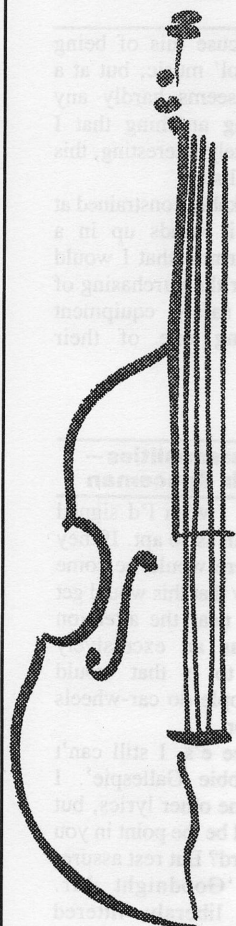
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All trials are approved by the Ethics Committee of the Royal Brompton Hospital

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IMPERIAL COLLEGE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Friday 21st May

- | | |
|----------|--|
| Brahms | <i>Academic Festival Overture</i> |
| Debussy | <i>Prélude à l'après-midi d'une Faune</i> |
| Ravel | <i>Piano Concerto</i> |
| | Soloist: Steven Tarlton (Chem II) |
| De Falla | <i>Three Cornered Hat</i> |
| Britten | <i>Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra</i> |

Conductor: Richard Dickins

8pm in the Great Hall

Tickets: £4.00 Adults
£2.50 Students / £1.50 in advance

Tickets available from orchestra members or the Haldane Library

IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION, PRINCE CONSORT ROAD, LONDON SW7 2BB. TELEPHONE: 071-589 5111 x7282

Singles

Gene Loves Jezebel: Josephina

Don't make me laugh.

Donny O'Nonchalant

● Out now, or nowish, on Arista. Do you think they're sad old bastards? I dunno. I suppose it could be our next vox pop feature... Gene Loves Jezebel; is hanging too good for them?

Parchman: Isolation

Tastefully executed technofest in the sort of Front 242/MDMA post-goth mould, featuring remixes by The Grid. The title track delicately exposes a vocal, a slight and waifish girlsound contributing to what is, overall, a smooth and airborne production. I was not previously familiar with the name Parchman, but I arched my eyebrow pencil upon discovering their origins lay in *Easterhouse*.

The other track, 'Small' is a little



Gene Loves Jezebel: Time to pull the chain

more vicious, betraying their ancestry a wee bit. Lyrically, we are concerned with a couple of rhetorical questions on the separateness of ourselves as human beings. They may not be the first pop artists to have spotted that the human race is anything but a collective being, but full marks to them anyway, 'cause at least they're not patronising me. I dunno about you, though.

Donny O'Nonchalant

● Released on 24th May on Vector/Beggars Banquet Records.



Ugly: Arty or just unfocused?

Ugly: Boom the Future

Glenn Gregory is apparently keen to leave *Heaven 17* behind him; hence this release by his latest project, *Ugly*. It is therefore slightly mystifying that he chooses to begin this so soon after both the re-releases of 'Fascist Groove Thing', 'Temptation', and their version of 'Gimme Shelter' for Putting Our House In Order. Believe me, I'm sincerely puzzled. My tongue couldn't be further from my cheek.

'Boom The Future' is everything you'd expect it to be; smooth, cool and ultra-slick, with all four mixes typically sophisticated elegance. The chorus features the phrase 'Brothers and Sisters' - I ask you. What are we to expect next of

Ugly? 'I was 37, you were 17'? Ah, sod it. He always was too cool for words.

Donny O'Nonchalant

● Out now on EMI.

Transcendental Love Machine: Dragonflymania E.P.

Alarm bells are ringing. They are the sound of words like 'the revolution has started, and you're tripping off your face'. Thanks, I say. 'Stick a few A & R men against the wall for me, won't you?' Come the revolutionary tribunal, I'll be up there with them. With Bucks Fizz and Jello Biafra. Shit, dad. You never told me to prepare for this.

Donny O'Nonchalant

● Out now on Hydrogen Dukebox.

The Milltown Brothers—Turn Off

Unfortunate really. The title I mean. I can see so many 'concept reviews' that some people will find humourous. To be honest, nothing seems to have changed for them in the past two years, which is a shame really because the rest of us are older and wiser.

peb

The Naked Truth—Read Between the Lines

Ten inch records are, what's the word, economic. No that's definitely not right. Ergonomic, I think that's right. Unfortunately, ergonomic can also describe the toons. 'Hey man, can you spare some change?' Is this offering supposed to change people's attitudes, educate? Your average punter is going to see this as average American rock. They may not be Americans, but who cares, it's a shame really as it's not that bad. If you like that sort of thing.

Choc.

The Cukoos—The Screever

The cover depicts cave paintings, a farmer, a hunter and the sun. Am I supposed to take this seriously? It's modern folk music, complete with badly sampled tacky sea noises. Three years ago they had about five good toons, where have they gone? Does everybody that cares about the plant end up sounding like *The Levellers*.

Choc

Mother Earth—Home Your Feeling Better

A nice funky one this. The sort of toon that makes listening to records fun. Who needs pretentious, 'meaningful' lyrics, if you don't know the world's fucked by now it's too late to tell you. Get out there and enjoy yourself, I certainly will be. Buy this.

Ont he flip are two super-funky tracks. 'Little Bag O' Sugar' slightly jazzy, Jonathan E, well groovy.

Choc

Kittenbirds—Honey, You're Sick

So you can accuse this of being NME 'art school' music, but at a time when it seems hardly any anyone is doing anything that I could fine remotely interesting, this has to worth a listen.

Sounding remarkably constrained at the beginning it winds up in a crescendo or turmoil that I would have to consider the purchasing of some serious safety equipment before attending one of their concerts.

peb

Television Personalities—Goodnight Mr Spaceman

'Oh bloodyhell, I wish I'd signed to Creation'. This is so apt. If they had perhaps there would be some remote possibility that this would get the somewhere near the attention deserves. It has an excessively energetic feel to is that would makae most people do car-wheels across the floor.

'I've taken three e's, I still can't dance like Bobbie Galespie'. I could quote some other lyrics, but then what would be the point in you buying the record? But rest assure, the phrase 'Goodnight Mr. Spaceman' is liberally littered around the place.

peb

Drugstory—Alive

Being depressive is something that this manages from the outset. But then the mental image that is conjured up by Isabel Monteiro's voice (vocals/bass) is not one of a happy ponytailed freckly kid, with a smile evosticked to her face. More the merose and contemplative type me thinks. This makes the job of passing and crytical comments difficult, it is too easy for me to magionalise her and forget it. This is something that I don't want to so perhaps I should stop now.

peb

Spiral Tribe—Forward the Revolution

(If this is the cutting edge of techno, rave, new age rage, call it what you will, I'm a Monkee's Uncle—Ug Og.)

Four tracks that rely upon pounding your head with a 150bpm bass to hypnotise you. Free parties, what a load of crap. What we need now ain't no new hippies. Love. Who needs it. RESPECT, that's more like it. Anger, getting better. Going to a field and forgetting my worries, the world's worries is the last thing on my mind.

Choc

Albums

Do you read us?
Do you like us?
If not, why not come in
and fucking do better.
Alternatively, go out and
buy Smash Hits, or Q.

Wild West—Soundtrack

One of the most dubious, money-spinning wives of the Music Industry is the Film Soundtrack. The theory goes, get one glossy single released and then fill the rest of the time up with lacklustre instrumentals, which may or may not have been in the actual film. The only other option is to have a film about music so the obligatory concert, jukebox or radio scene can offer an opportunity to play the soundtrack in the actual context of the plot. Think back to the 'Bohemian Rhapsody' in *Wayne's World*. A scary business.

Well, 'Wild West' is thankfully of the latter category. The juxtaposition of an Asian Country and Western band's search for fame and fortune is the vehicle used to include a standard collection of songs from the so-called New Country wave of the mid-80's. Seminal names such as Steve Earle, Nanci Griffith and Dwight Yoakam provide the main firepower.

The album itself is an interesting mix of cover and original versions, but really this only highlights the differences between the have and have-nots. In comparing Steve Earle to Naveen Andrews who covers two songs, it becomes almost embarrassing. The point of Country music is the feeling that the singer has raked around in the dirt themselves, look at the greats like Patsy Cline and Hank Williams. Even if we did know that Steve Earle has four Harley-sized motorbikes, a Hollywood house etc, he can still sing as if he were a wasted farm labourer looking through whisky pickled pupils. It's not that Andrew's can't sing, he doesn't seem to summon up the necessary character. The only working cover is Griffith's 'Anyone can be Somebody's Fool' sung by Rebecca Price. A song so whistful and pretty, it defies anyone more sensitive than the *Sex Pistols* to make a decent stab of it.

The soundtrack syndrome rears high towards the end though, as a couple of Asian tracks, one of which is delightfully called the 'Supermarket Theme' are tacked on. I guess in the film's context it all fits in but the whole album really sounds like the product of a quick sortie around a musical Sainsbury's; a tin of this, a pound of that, put it

Marc Almond: 12 Years of Tears

Yeah, alright, this has been out for some time, hasn't it? Sorry, ok? Clerical errors and all that. You know how it is. Sometimes you have a c.d. sitting in your collection for weeks on end, you know, and you just forget to review it, probably. I suppose this means you'll never trust us again, doesn't it? Not that you ever did...

'12 Years of Tears' is a live recording taken from the divine Marc's performance at the Royal Albert Hall late last year, and though I have a carefully-nursed

loathing for 'live' albums, I'm rather taken with this. The parisienne threads of decaying glamour that have permeated his every recording, from 'Torch' and 'Tainted Love', through 'Waifs and Strays', 'Mother Fist' and 'Stories of Johnny', up to and beyond 'Jacques' and 'Jacky', find their home in the orchestrations and the architecture of the Victorian blob up the road. This is Gloria Swanson doing 'Sunset Boulevard' in cabaret with her face caked in make-up, her head full of crystal meth, and her lace costume patterned with sherry stains. And not a mention of

sucking cocks either (which is almost, curiously, disappointing). If you haven't bought this already, it's high time you did. Go on. Dig out your velvet, dig out your frilled shirt. Don't blow the dust off, just slap on the rouge and scarlet lipstick. Fuck off, Morrissey, fuck off, Brett. I'm going to dream of fading movie queens.

Donny O'Nonchalant

● Out now on WEA. Marc Almond is currently touring Siberia, Latvia, Lithuania and other states of the CIS, making it very difficult for you to go and see him. You know what I say? I say 'tough'.



Peter, get your hair cut. Barney, that's a crap shirt. Stephen, do something about your chin.

New Order: Republic

It's been some time since we were here last, hasn't it? If I remember... Oh yes. 'Technique', right? 'Finetime'. 'Round and Round'. 1989. And since then, the best football record ever made, in spite of the odd drug reference, the ace Electronic album, and the demise of Factory Records. Highs and Lows. Ups and Downs. The way of all flesh. Laid alongside Ian Curtis. RIP.

Well, you know 'Regret' and,

bearing all the legacies of the Electronic project, 'Republic' is obviously New Order (no-one else would dare reproduce Peter Hook's bass sound), but a New Order with an obviously lighter touch. A friend reckons they're running out of ideas, and I suppose he's right to an extent; they are certainly a lot more mellow, but the idea of New Order being mellow is itself quite a perverse and edgy notion. And 'Republic' is a genuinely inspiring record, one is even tempted to go

as far as to say it's 'uplifting'. They've roped in that most accessible of producers, too, in the form of Stephen Hague, to add a little polish to the product. It's probably going to be huge. Even huger.

I never doubted that they would be back.

Good job, too.

Donny O'Nonchalant

● Out now on London Records.

The Moon Seven Times: The Moon Seven Times

This is the perfect album to revise to - it will drown out the traffic noise quite nicely (Hmm... bored - sic. Ed), but there's nothing catchy, nothing interesting (ho hum. Haven't you ever heard of punctuation? - sic. Ed), to distract you.

The vocalist (Lynn Canfield) has a very nice voice - a bit like Suzanne Vega - and (this isn't fun, you know, having to type out other people's reviews - sic. Ed) they've written a few nice songs to sing (anything

more nice? bunnies in Hyde Park? Really. 'Nice' is not in a critic's vocabulary. 'Sleek and steamy motherfucker' is. Didn't they teach you anything at hack school? - sic. Ed). What can I say? (I don't suppose you could manage another 'nice' for us, could you? - sic. Ed) This is a very nice piece of work (oh, you can - you know who). It's over seventy minutes long, so it's good value for money. Erm...

(I don't know who you are, but let's just say that Adam Sweeting need not worry about the rock critic of the year award - sic. Ed) ● Out now on Third Mind Records.

Hello. Is that alright? I'm quite nervous, 'cause I've never done this sort of thing before. My name's Reynaud, Reynaud McDestiné actually, but you can call me Derek. I like cake, and lager that tastes like bunny piss. I like music too, but not the sort of nasty stuff young Donny listens to. I like Glen Campbell and Perry Como, and lean bronzed boys with large noses.

in a large pot and see what happens. The overall outcome is a poor reflection on the potential of the parts.

Tintin.

LP released 10th May on Cooking Vinyl. Film London release 14th May. Nanci Griffith plays R.A.H. 19th and 20th May.

Short waves and long sighs

Nervously eyeing the piece of soap glued to the shower room floor, the insipid Glyph McCord goes in pursuit of Radiohead

A couple of weeks ago, Radiohead were referred to in these pages as 'one of the best new bands in Britain', and notwithstanding our less than superhuman stature in the kingmaker department (and I do mean a maker of kings, not the fucking band), you would not even sniff tentatively unless there was a good dose of the Channel's finest beside you. Yet again, you were right; we make a glib statement, put it in a particularly vulgar shirt, and send it out with a public school education, a beef paste sandwich and fuck all else to back it up.

So what makes them 'one of the best new bands in Britain'? Nothing. We lied. Sometimes we can't do anything else; whether it's a question of ulterior motives, or fibbing for the sake of it, and to abuse our position of authority. They aren't nearly aerodynamic enough for my liking. Glyph may have thought 'Pablo Honey' was brilliant, but from what I've heard of them, I think a Radiohead record is more accurately described with the words retentive, navel-contemplating wankfest. They're fucking ugly, too. But that's purely my opinion. I'm just pissed off 'cause I have to type this bloody thing in. If you like them, toothbrush your eyes and sit back, for Glyph MacCord's completely non-indulgent rollercoaster ride, entitled 'an evening with Radiohead'. Fucking saggy scrotums, they are...



The unwary band member makes the fatal mistake and pays for it

Mike and tapedeck on, check. Lad's haircut in place, and... check. Toothy grin? Make up! where the hell's my toothy grin? Oh, right, ok.

'In an unprecedented twist to the band interview format, Jonny Greenwood - Abingdon school's 'Most likely to become an axe murderer' and lead guitarist for Radiohead - turns the mike on Glyph MacCord.'

Was that an ok take? Jeez, I'm sweating like fuck! Someone get some coffee down here, and be quick about it!

G - 'Jonny, got time for a quick interview?'

J - 'O.k. (Grasps mike and lunges at the bewildered MacCord) So, where are you and what are the vibes like?'

G - 'Backstage at ULU. Sweaty'

J - 'What d'you think of

Radiohead this evening?'

G - 'Boring. I've heard that set about six times now. We only came for the interview'

J - 'Do you do a lot of interviews, then?'

G - 'Not really, mostly gigs and records'

J - 'Who have you seen recently?'

G - 'Peach, 3 1/2 Minutes, Mint 400, The Auteurs, Molly Half Head, Strangelove, Still Lives



Talking, The Rhythm-ites, and some others probably. Oh yeah, Suede and Sharkboy'

J - 'Who was the best, and who was the worst, and why?'

G - 'Well, the worst was definitely 3 1/2 Minutes, I never see them deliberately, they sort of follow me. They were at Strangelove, being loud and shouting 'Julian, Julian'. The lead singer wears make-up, and they've got this really contrived image. They suck, basically...'

'...The best was..... either: Molly Half Head, because they have this extraordinarily dour sound, and feel a bit like Joy Division, or Still Lives Talking, because I know them, and Ralph used to be the bassist'.

J - 'who's Ralph?'

G - 'Oh! If you don't know Ralph, you don't know anyone' (McCord points across the melee to The Hard Yakka himself. Greenwood nods wisely)

J - 'So what are your favourite bands?'

G - 'Smiths, Joy Division, The Cure, Radiohead, The The, Billy Bragg'

J - 'Best and worst lyrics?'

G - 'And the pain was enough/to make a shy bald buddhist reflect/and plan a mass murder' by Morrissey (He's done better than that - sic. Ed)

'You're a watersign, I'm an airsign/ too siamese to take the



leaves from those trees' by Brett (And he's done worse - sic. Ed)

J - 'Do you need to read a lot to be a journalist?'

G - 'No, but most do anyway. Mind you, I'm not a proper



journalist, so I don't know'

J - 'Oh, you seem to know what you're talking about (this is outrageous! - sic. Ed)

G - 'I like to give that impression. Pop is dead, right?'



Brought to you by 'Hot Gay Action Inc'.

J - 'Fuckin' A. Do you like the new single then?'

G - 'No, not much'

J - 'Why?'

G - 'It doesn't work on record. It's quite good live, but it's a bit of a token effort. It could be a Kingmaker song'

J - 'Don't you like Kingmaker then?'

G - 'I was well into them a couple of years ago, but they're more annoying than entertaining now'

J - 'Who are your heroes?'

G - 'Mark E Smith, Albert Camus, Morrissey, Jack Charlton, Ian Curtis, Desert Orchid'

J - 'Who's going to win the cup?'

G - 'Arsenal or Sheffield Wednesday'

J - 'Who do you support?'

G - 'I grew up thinking they were called Brighton & Hove Albion Nil. Apparently they are'

J - 'Not a good season, then?'

G - 'No'

J - 'Are you going to have sex tonight?'

G - 'Not if I can help it'

Great, people. That's a wrap, then. What d'you reckon, boss? Not bad, was it? for a complete load of bullshit, anyway. Why isn't there a real interview, Glyph? did you shit your pants when confronted by your fave stars, or what?

Well, kids. One thing's for sure. Radiohead are here, and they've brought their haircuts with them. Lucky fucking us, eh?

You! Yes, you. Stop thinking about shagging, and read

The Felix 'Food n' Music' Corner

Number one in a series of one.

Alright, so it's just a gig review and a 12" review, but to all intents and purposes, it's a feature. You should've seen the ones we nearly did, 'the reviews that never were' for instance, or 'the sad old carrot suckers special' (curiously enough, both of these feature the same Sting review).

Eat-Bleed Me White

Heralding a new album next month, and a string of live shows and TV appearances 'Bleed Me White' is Eat's catchiest single yet. More swell than 'Bellytown', or glistening than 'Golden Egg', more sinful than 'Shame', of which the B-side features a rehashed version with vocals by Jesus Jones' Mike Edwards. International Bright Young Things, indeed.

Eat-New Cross Venue

Warning: The word 'sex' may appear in liberal quantities in the following review.

Slinky and kinky, Eat are sex on a stage. 'Skin! Skin!' shout the voyeuristic kids. And a girl with

Levitation scrawled on her arms looks mournfully at Ange Doolittle as he announces that band's demise, the previous, precious night. (In-band bickering, no doubt). 'What have you got written on your arm, little girl?'

'Bellytown', 'Golden Egg'...Eat to the seat of a pair of smooth, sexy leather trousers, shimmering,

shaking provocatively toward the crowd. 'Skin! Skin!' clamour the crowd. No such luck. And the girl gazes at the pop star, and dreams.

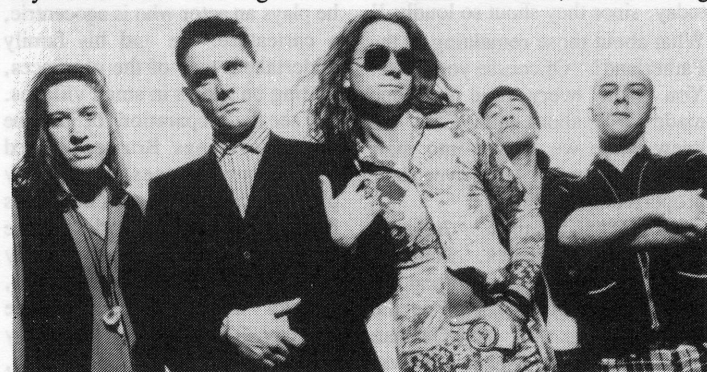
'Bleed Me White', 'Ice Pond'... sweet Eat, sweaty and sticky and slurpy and stains on the sheets. Ange flashes a 'Befluffy' shirt, to the fans and photographers. 'Skin! Skin!'. The girl sits at the feet of the singer on the edge of the stage, and she smiles.

More songs, more sweat, Eat in the heat of the pit, the temperature throng: 'Skin! Skin!', demanding the shirt on the sexgod's back. And they crush the girl as she clings desperately to his hand.

Encore! Eat is murder 'Skin! Skin' and the meat market must be satiated. 'You'll get your skin, but first, you'll get your shame!...weird sounds set your mind in a fever. And the girl stares skyward as the lead-singer dives above her into the crowd.

Eat: Sex Sex Sex Sex Sex.

Easi Style.



Eat: 'We like bangers & mash, and other traditional fayre'

NEXT WEEK: Will occur whether you like it or not.

(But we may pose the questions: What begins with s, ends with g, and wanks into biscuit tins.)

Book


Fatherland
 by Robert Harris

Robert Harris has a distinguished pedigree. His factual books were first class - the outrage of Bernard Ingham, Yorkshire rasputin *extraordinaire*, being testament to that. A sympathetic, understanding book on the Welsh chat-show host and media star, Neil Kinnock, did not bar Harris from become a scribbler on Britain's biggest tabloid, the *Sunday Times*. Robert Harris is a good egg, slightly hard-boiled.

The birth and delivery of his first novel was well anticipated. (Mr Ingham would dispute that *Fatherland* was the first work of fiction, but no matter). Indeed it was well-hyped. Harris appeared on the pseudo-intellectual Richard Littlejohn programme. I am pleased to report that the book lived up to the hype. It's a gripping read.

It may have helped if chapter one had developed at a slighter faster rate. The first two paragraphs are supposed to describe a lake, but the lakeside location doesn't really seem to sink in until paragraph six or later. The writing on page one could have been tighter, more descriptive. (Yes, I did read beyond page 1, OK?)

Harris mocks gently. The suspension of reality needed for this book is considerable. Set in 1964, it demands the acceptance of nothing less than a German victory in the Second World War, a victory attained after suing for peace with Britain in 1944. Alan 'who the fuck's Michael?' Clark will note that the peace was not with Churchill, who had fled to Canada "along with the rest of his warmongers."

Sometimes, Harris tweaks the suspension and grasp of history. By the simple device of the newspaper (the eternal historian, Mr Davidson), he predicts his answer to the eternal 'What if...' question. Dateline 1964: "In London, it had been announced that King Edward was to pay a state visit to the Reich." King Edward? Had Elizabeth's father not died yet? No, hold on, he was George. Edward was his brother.... the one who abdicated in 1936, and then paid a state visit to Nazi Germany in 1937, introduced by Gobbels as the real King of England. Who's that one in the skirt? Ah yes, Queen Wallis. Elizabeth is also in Canada. One presumes that a certain Prince,

alleged father of suspected Innishowen illegitimates, was also there.

In the imaginary 1964, America was at peace, with Germany at least, since 1946. No race riots, and President Kennedy still alive. The 75 year old President Joseph P Kennedy, that is, about to make a state visit to the Reich, in the interests of detente. Strangely, Harris retains the historic fact of the Cold War, not this time between partners and World War Two victors USA and USSR, but instead an uneasy truce between the USA and Germany.

Now for the plot synopsis. The story hangs on the holocaust, general German ignorance of it, and the systematic death of the 14 that did know, those that attended the Wannsee conference. This leaves Hitler as the sole surviving keeper of the knowledge. And, of course, the state visit of Kennedy.

Incidentally, Joseph P Kennedy, "appeaser, anti-Semite, gangster and sonofabitch," was US Ambassador to the Court of St James (ie Britain) in 1938. In this role, Kennedy told the German ambassador to London that the Jewish question was of great importance to the American-German relationship. German diplomatic cables from 13 June 1938 record that 'in this connection, the (American) Ambassador stated it was not so much the fact that we (Germany) wanted to get rid of the Jews that was harmful, but rather the loud clamour which accompanied this.' Kennedy later added that a large section of the American population had an 'understanding' of the German 'attitude' towards the Jews. Always willing to cherish all people equally, was Kennedy.

The German defeat allowed for the discovery of the Nazi horror. Did the Germans know? Some guards at the concentration camps, the KZs hinted: "The water in the shower rooms must be very hot today, since they shout so loudly." What about those remaining in the Fatherland? "Of course you knew! You knew every time someone made a joke about going East. We knew when we moved into their houses, when we took over their property, their jobs".

KZs. "Kulmhof. Belzec. Treblinka. Majdanek. Sobibor. Auschwitz. Birkenau. Around 11 million Jews are involved in the final solution. Not just German Jews. 865,000 French Jews. 160,000 Danish Jews. 2,284,000 Polish Jews. 2,994,684 Ukrainian Jews. English, Spanish, Irish, Swedish, Finnish Jews. Even 200

Albanian Jews. Crystallised hydrogen cyanide. Before that, carbon monoxide. Before that, bullets. 800 a day."

"They're just names. There's nothing there any more, not even a brick. No-one will believe you." Globus spat in his face. "That's how much the world will care."

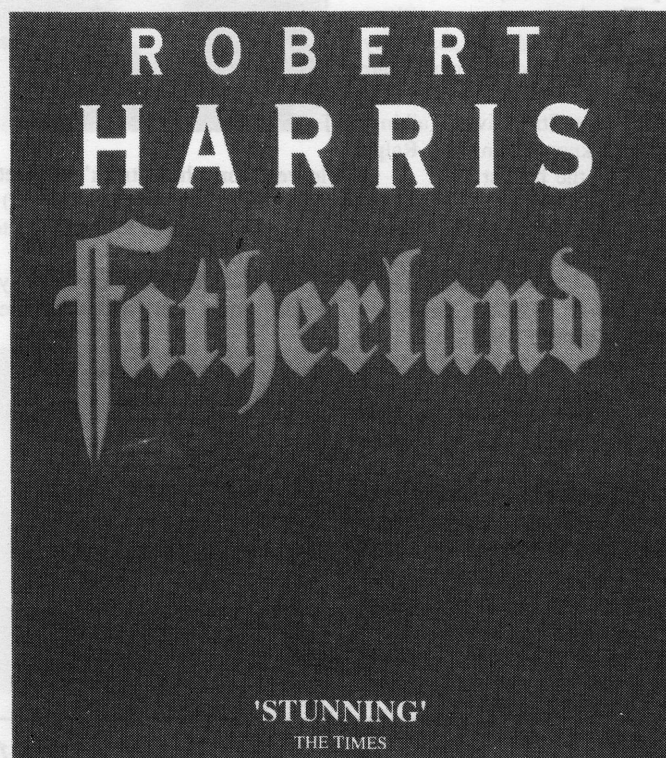
Dateline, 1993: Germany rocked by rise of fascist and neo-Nazi groups. In South London, an

eighteen year old black teenager is stabbed to death by a gang of white youths, in an area where the British National Party has recently set up an office.

"Your interest or lack of it is beside the point," said the Kripo officer."

Bodhran

●Published by Arrow, price £4.99.



Cover of 'Fatherland' with one of the world's shortest reviews on it.

Theatre

The Showman

A play about putting on a play. This is an Alan Bates vehicle in which he plays an actor who is egocentric, a caricature. He and his family undertake a tour of the provinces, putting on shows in small villages. We see the preparation for just one of these evenings. Bruscon, played by Bates passes time by philosophising at length about his family, the play, the world and life in general without reaching any particular conclusion. As writer, director and performer of the comedy, Bruscon is naturally convinced that it is a masterpiece, comparing it to Shakespeare and Voltaire. It contains world leaders from history: Caesar, Matternich (19th century German chancellor),

Hitler, Churchill and, as for women, Churchill's wife and Marie Curie.

Although six actors appear in the play, five of them get five per cent of the lines. The other 95% goes to Bates who uses his fellow thespians virtually as props. Bates' portrayal of *The Showman* is excellent, he overacts to the best of his ability. The others do not get given the chance to develop their characters and are there merely to highlight the character of Bruscon.

I found the play fairly dull. Admittedly there were some funny lines, and some of the 'luvvies' in the audience with me hardly stopped laughing, so I suppose it can't have been that bad. If you're a 'luvvie' go for it, but it's not my cup of tea.

Flossie.

●Almeida, Almeida Street N1, Angel tube. Mon-Sat, 8pm. Concs £6.50.



Busty, Spotty, Jewish and Bicephalous.

Theatre

Busty, Spotty & Jewish

Since I am not Jewish, I cannot really give a valid comment on the authenticity of this play. But comparing it to all the stereotypes that are portrayed on the TV, this is accurate, if anything, more accurate than say Maureen Lipman's *Beattie*.

The audience, who are addressed directly by the two comedienesses/actresses, are led through the lives of two Jewish women, from their gestation in their mother's womb until the present day. Along the way, almost every

'nightmare' that is possible, occurs. This includes spots, big boobs (this was during the sixties when having no bust was fashionable) and needing to see a psychiatrist.

This play is very good and very funny. Both comedienesses/actresses play all the parts by donning various accessories and clothes, and they do it extremely well. I loved the nostalgia of the 'hippy' era (even though I wasn't born then!) and the unpatronising manner of the comedienesses/actresses.

Quality work.

Hard Harry

● Etcetera Theatre, Oxford Arms, 256 Camden High St., Camden Town tube. Tue-Sun 9.30pm concs £4.50. Ends 30th May

Opera

LS—Ligeti

Even if you've never heard of György Ligeti, you've probably heard some of his music: the haunting *Lux aeterna* was abducted by Stanley Kubrick and used in 2001. But another important side to Ligeti's character is a keen sense of the ridiculous; the overture to his opera *Le Grand Macabre* is scored for 12 motor horns, and he once wrote a piece for 100 metronomes. He did not, as far as I know, develop this very John Cage-esque idea by writing a sequel for 100 prepared metronomes, stuffed with

nails and bits of newspaper.

Last Saturday's celebration of his 70th birthday by the London Sinfonietta included the beautiful, multi-layered *Melodien*, and the dreadful *Mysteries of the Macabre*. 'Psst!...psst!' hissed soloist Hakan Hardenberger, in between playing his trumpet, while the orchestra rustled and chanted. Like the metronomes, probably more fun to hear about than to hear.

Patrick Wood.

● Tomorrow, 80 year old Polish composer Witold Lutoslawski gets the anniversary treatment; 7.30pm at the Barbican, (071) 628 4151.

NEXT WEEK: *Macbeth*, the ENO bed rides again.

Restaurant

London's newest, boldest restaurant opened this week; Stallone, Willis and Schwarzenegger's entrance into Europe is based on a formula proven in America, and if last Friday's preview is anything to go by, it is going to be a huge success. Picture the scene, as the guests begin to arrive outside the as yet half-built 'entertainment complex' (as described by the unashamedly American invitation)...

SCENE 1: 9.30pm . A pavement. Stage left, a drunk staggers past, singing. A queue of restless extras, in anticipation of free food and drink, eye the unfinished set suspiciously. In the background, builders scale the scaffolding and a concrete mixer grinds ominously.

SCENE 2: 10pm. No change, bar the increasingly impatient and ever expanding, though seemingly stationary, line of 'guests' snaking back towards Leicester Square.

SCENE 3: 10.30pm. Our heroes (us, at last!) finally reach the doorway - champagne and warmth, albeit only on a stairway. Hold onto your seats, ladies and gentlemen, the show has begun.

SCENE 4: 11pm. Our heroes stand in the (almost completed) bar area, looking suitably impressed. The building site outside belied a lavish and nearly finished interior! ...but to be a little more serious.

If you can't afford the prices, go and queue anyway, you won't be disappointed - Planet Hollywood has a queue with potential. Once inside, everywhere you look is covered with original movie props, from Star Wars to Sound of Music, and Freddie's nightmarish glove!

And it just keeps getting better. The basics are, well, rather plush; the wash rooms contain all the usual furniture, plus cigarettes, matches, razors, makeup, aftershaves, perfumes, nail varnish, even contact lens solutions! (Plus an added extra for the ladies - Eddy, though you must 'accidentally' enter the gents to get a glimpse of him!). And it's all for free.

Wherever you sit, there is plenty to look at (so no need to worry who you go with!); the staff are friendly and helpful - kind of American without the 'Have a Nice Da-ay!'. As a free ride, we were handed an envelope containing our 'selections' from the menu (after all, this was as much a dress rehearsal for the cast and crew than for our benefit), but both carnivores and vegetables are amply catered for. We 'chose' nachos and pizza bread for our starters, both were excellent, and like the main courses, worth every penny that we charged to our 'Planet Hollywood Mastercard'. When a simple cheeseburger is more like a way of life, and even a white chocolate shake is made with crushed M&Ms, you know you're somewhere special. Surprisingly enough, the prices aren't prohibitive - a meal, with starter, a main course, two drinks, two coffees and a shared shake, was little over £16. The one and only disappointment? The original Starship Enterprise model wasn't put on display until Saturday.

FINAL SCENE: 1pm Our heroes, bursting at the seams, stagger downstairs, casting last longing glances over their shoulders, with every intention of returning. Exit stage right, for the night bus home.

The Radishes



FRIDAY

Cinema

Camden Plaza

211 Camden High St, NW1 (071-485 2443) Camden Town tube. Seats £5; 1st show daily £3.80; concs £2.30 1st perf only. This week:

Un Coeur en Hiver 1.50 4.05 8.50

Chelsea Cinema

206 King's Rd, SW3 (071-351 3742) Sloane Sq tube. Seats £5.50; 1st show daily £3.80; concs £2.80 1st perf only. This week:

Leole 1.35 3.55 6.20 8.45

Electric Cinema

191 Portobello Rd, W11 (071-792 2020) Notting Hill/ Ladbroke Grove tubes. Seats £4.50. Today: *Man bites dog* 2.30 5.45 9.00 *Henry: Portrait of a serial Killer* 4.15 7.30

Gate Cinema

87 Notting Hill Gate, W11 (071-727 4043) Notting Hill Gate tube. Seats £5.50, Sun mat £4; concs (card required) £3 Mon-Fri before 6pm, Sun mat £3. This week:

The Story of Qui Ju 2.30 (not sun)

4.40 6.45 9.00 Late Fri, Sat 11.15

MGM Chelsea

279 King's Rd, SW3 (071-352 5096) Sloane Sq tube then bus. Seats £6; concs £3.50 Mon-Fri before 5pm. This week:

Groundhog Day 2.10 4.40 7.20

9.45 *Nowhere to Run* 2.25 5.00 7.30 9.50

Braindead (and you'd have to be to see this film) 4.25 9.40

MGM Fulham Rd

Fulham Road, SW10 (071-370 2636) South Ken tube then bus. Seats £6; concs £3.50 Mon-Fri before 5pm. This week:

Indecent Proposal 1.10 4.10 6.50 9.30

Sommersby 1.10 4.10 6.50 9.30

Alive 1.10 3.50 6.45 9.30

Passenger 57 (another awful film) 1.40 4.40 7.10 9.25

Scemt of a Woman 2.00 5.35 8.55

Minema

45 Knightsbridge, SW1 (071-235 4225) Knightsbridge/ Hyde Park tubes. Seats £6.50; concs £3.50 1st perf Mon-Fri for students. This week:

Orlando 3.00 5.00 7.00 9.00

Notting Hill Cornet

Notting Hill Gate, W11 (071-727 6705) Notting Hill tube. Seats £5. This week:

Indcent Proposal not Sat; 3.20 6.00 8.30 Sat only; 2.00 4.30 7.00 9.30

Late Fri 11.00

Odeon Kensington

263 Kensington High St, W8 (071-371 3166) Ken High St tube. Seats £5.80 and £6.30 This week: *Groundhog Day* 1.55 4.30 7.05 9.40 Late Fri, Sat 12.15 (The editor liked this film?)

Accidental Hero 6.50 9.35 Late Fri,

Sat 12.20

Indochine 5.35 9.00

Nowhere to Run 2.30 4.50 7.10

9.30 Late Fri, Sat 12.15

Un Coeur en Hiver 2.15 4.45 7.15

9.45 Late Fri, Sat 12.15

National Lanpoons Loaded

Weapon 1 2.45 5.00 7.15 (need I

say anything?)

Prince Charles

Leicester Place, WC2 (071-437 8181) Piccadilly/Leicester Sq tubes.

Seats £1.20. Today:

Peter's Friends 2.30

Wittgenstein 4.45

Jazz on a big screen: Duke

Ellington, Black and tan, Four

Soundies, On teh road with Duke

Ellington 9.00

The Rocky Horror Picture Show

11.30

Scala

257-277 Pentonville Rd, N1

(071-278 0051) King's Cross tube.

Seats £4.50; concs £3 Mon-Fri

before 4.30pm for students. This

week:

Candyman 5.25 9.00

Paperhouse 2.45 7.15

UCI Whiteleys

Whiteleys Shopping Centre, (071

792 3324/3332). This week:

indecent proposal 12.20 3.10 6.15

9.00

Passenger 57 12.00 2.05 4.25 6.50

9.15

Nowhere to run 12.10 2.40 5.00

7.20 9.55

Groundhog Day 11.50 (Sat and Sun

only) 2.15 4.40 7.05 9.35

Sommersby 12.40 3.25 6.05 8.50

Accidental Hero 1.05 (Not Sat and

Sun) 3.45 6.25 9.10

Alive 12.50 (Not Sat and Sun) 3.35

6.35 9.25

The Jungle Book 1.20 (Sat and Sun

only)

Loaded Weapon 12.20 2.55 5.25

7.30

Trespass 9.45

Theatre

BAC

176 Lavender Hill, SW11 071 223

2223, Membership £1.

A Message for the Broken hearted

8 pm Sun 6 pm £6-7.5

The Pigeon 7.30 Sun 6 pm, £5-6

The Bush

Shepherds Bush Green W12, 081

743 3388,

The Chinese Wolf 8 pm Not Sun

£6-9

Drill Hall

16 Chenies Street WC1, 071 637

8270.

Playing by the rules 7.30 pm Not

Sun and Mon, £6-10

Etcetra Theatre

Oxford Arms 265 Camden High

Street NW1 071 482 4857

Iphigenia in Tauris 7.30 til Sun

£5.50-6

Busty, Spotty and Jewish 9.30 pm

Not Sun or Mon, £4.50-5.50

Lyric Hammersmith

King St W6 071 741 2311

Moll Flanders-The Musical 7.45 pm

till Sat £7.50-15

Lyric Studio

see Lyric Hammesmith

Oktoberfest 8 pm Not Sun, Sat mat

4.30 pm £6.50

Tricycle Theatre

269 Kilburn High street, 071 328

1000

The Daughter 8 pm £8

College

Rag Meeting

1.10pm in the Ents Lounge oppsite

Da Vinci's.

Third World First

weekly meeting 12.45 Southside

Upper Lounge

Fitness Class

5.30pm in Southside Gym step

Class take your student card.

Club Atmosphere

in the Ents Lounge, 8.00pm to

2.00am, £1 on the door, happy hour

8.30 to 9.30pm. Throw caution to

the wind and yourself to the floor

as the thumping and pumping Ents

disco transports you to Love

Central.

Stoic

Available in Southside, Beit Hall,

JCR, Da Vinci's and soon Linstead,

Gardens and Weeks!

From 8 pm THE MOVIE

CHANNEL

SATURDAY

Cinema

Prince Charles

Under Siege 2.00

Singles 4.15

A few good men 6.20

Bladerunner: The Directors Cut

9.15

A Better Tomorrow 1 and 2 11.30

Electric Cinema

Dr Who and the Daleks 12.00

Tetsuo2: Body Hammer 3.30 6.15

9.10

Tetsuo: The Iron man 2.15 5.00

7.50

Scala

Mean Streets 3.30 8.50

Italianamerican 2.30 7.50

Raging Bull 5.30

Theatre

The Trilogy till Sun starts at 1.45

pm £19.20

College

Stoic

Available in Southside, Beit Hall,

JCR, Da Vinci's and soon Linstead,

Gardens and Weeks!

From 8 pm THE MOVIE

CHANNEL

SUNDAY

Cinema

Electric Cinema

Howards End 4.00

Maurice 1.30

What's On

Sweet Emma, Dear Bobe 9.00

Meeting Venus 6.50

Prince Charles

Olivier, Olivier 2.20

Crush 4.30

Les amants du Pont Neuf 6.40

Wittgenstein 9.15

Scala

Paris is burning, Now that it is

Morning 4.30

City of the Lost souls 2.45

Matador 8.50

Dark habits 7.15

Law of Desire 5.35

College

Fitness Club

2.00-3.00pm in Southside Lounge.

Intermediate.

Stoic

Available in Southside, Beit Hall,

JCR, Da Vinci's and soon Linstead,

Gardens and Weeks!

From 8 pm THE MOVIE

CHANNEL

MONDAY

Cinema

Electric Cinema

The Crying Game 4.50 8.40

Angel 3.10 7.00

Prince Charles

A Few Good men 1.30

Singles 4.15

Champions 6.30

Scala

The pleasure Principle 2.50 5.50

8.50

Deep Throat 1.50 4.50 7.50

Theatre

Tricycle Theatre

Studs 9 pm Not Sun, £9-11.50

Lyric Hammersmith

Romeo and Juliet 7.30 pm Wed and

Sat mat 2.30 pm £7.50-15

College

Dance Club

Beginners Rock and Roll 6-7pm in

JCR. Latin Medals 7-8.30pm

Fitness Club

5.30-6.30pm in Southside Lounge.

Beginner

IC Cricket Club

Meet Mech Eng foyer at 7.15 pm for

training at MCC Cricket School.

Whites are Essential.

Stoic

Available in Southside, Beit Hall,

JCR, Da Vinci's and soon Linstead,

Gardens and Weeks!

From 8pm Movie Channel

TUESDAY

Cinema

Electric Cinema

Drowning by Numbers 2.15 8.40

Belly of an Architect 6.30

A Zed and two Noughts 4.25

Prince Charles

Crush 1.30

Bladerunner: the directors Cut 4.00

The Last of the Mohicans 6.30

Wittgenstein 9.00

Scala

Edward 2 4.00 9.00

Caravaggio 2.30 7.15

Sebastiane 5.40

Theatre

BAC

Cricket Tournament

From the guys who brought you the IC Indoor Soccer Tournament, comes a brand new competition. Since most of us have finished our exams, and it is undoubtedly summertime judging by the amount of sun we've had in May, it's about time a cricket tournament was organised.

The final format of the tournament is undecided, since it depends upon the number of teams entering. However, the most likely outcome is that it will be a straight knock-out competition, with each game being played over 40 overs. And with a £10 entrance fee, there will be a trophy and prize of money

on offer.

Any team can enter, staff or student society, with games being played on Wednesday afternoons and the weekends. If nothing else, it may entice a few teams to play the Pakistan Society. And who knows, they may complete the double this year, by winning both the Imperial Football and cricket tournaments.

If you are interested, then please contact Khurram (Comp PG3, x7522, email: khs@doc.ic). Watch this space for more details. Hopefully, this will give those not playing regular cricket a chance to show what they can do!

Cricket—UL Cup 1st Round

A superb display of sustained attacking batting saw IC 1st team cruise into the quarter-finals of the UL Cup at the expense of QMWC 1st team in a match reduced to 32 overs each due to the opposition's late arrival.

Some fine strokeplay, aided by a succession of no-balls and wides, helped IC to get off to a flying start which every middle order batsman, led by Daffyd Owen and then Ben Maxwell, took full advantage of. Iqbal Khan then saw us through the final few overs as we finished on 207 for 7, at a remarkable run-rate of almost 6.5 runs per over.

QMWC were thus faced with the

daunting task of scoring at well over a run a ball right from the start of their innings. This task was made more or less impossible within 4 overs as Steve Trussell and Iqbal Khan removed both their opening batsmen before 10 runs had been scored, and after some defiance from the following pair of batsmen, wickets started to fall regularly in a forlorn search for runs as QMWC subsided to 116 all out.

TEAM: S Curwood, J Cassidy, D Owen, J Mottashed (capt), S Blyth (wk), B Maxwell, I Khan, P Brookes, E Holme, S Berry, S Trussell.

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SCORES:

IC 1st XI 207-7 (Owen 42, Maxwell 35, Blyth 28, Mottashed 26, Khan 26 n.o.) 32 overs
QMWC 1st XI 116 (Khan 4-11) 3 overs
IC won by 91 runs

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