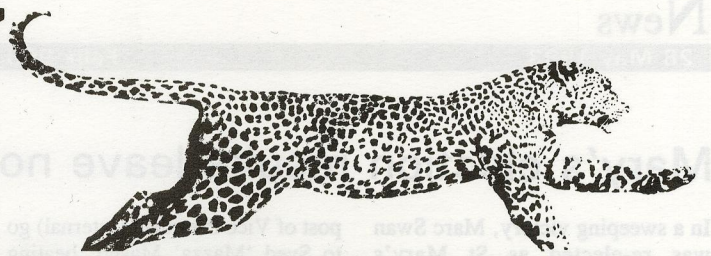


FELIX



The Student Newspaper of Imperial College

Issue 968 28th May 1993

PhDs discouraged

by Declan Curry
and Andrew Tseng

Access to PhD places will be further restricted under the new White Paper for Science, Technology and Engineering, published this week. The document, the first government policy paper on science for more than 20 years, plans to make the Masters MSc degree the basic degree for a career in research. The White Paper says that 'PhD training will be properly underpinned'.

The document, *Realising our Potential: A strategy for Science, Engineering and Technology*, will also force a sweeping change within Research Councils and Advisory Boards. William Waldegrave, the Science Minister, said that the research councils needed restructuring 'to reformulate their missions and strengthen their links with industry.'

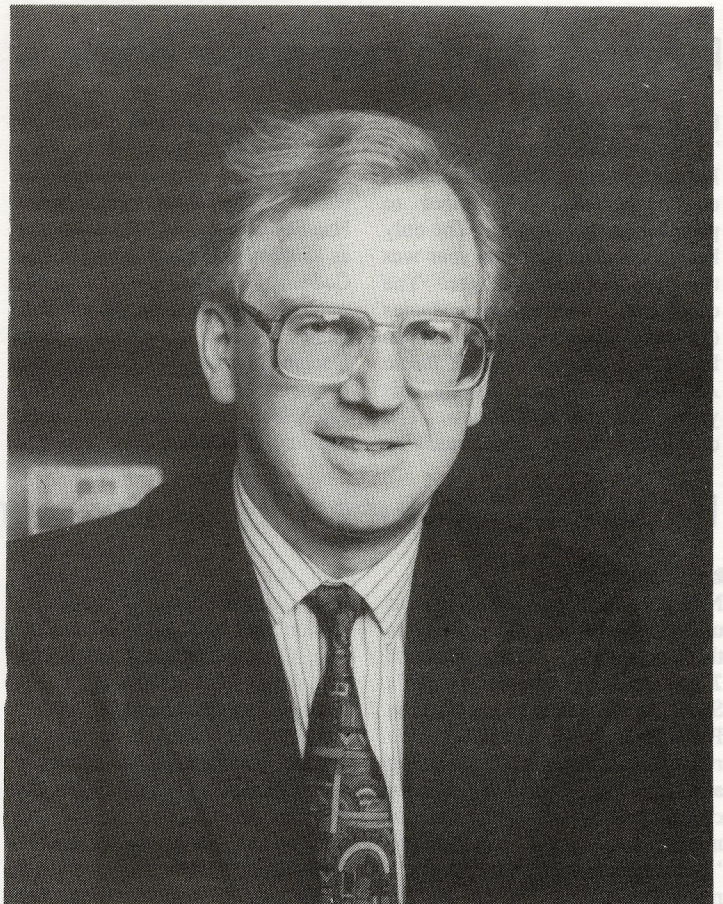
The Science Engineering and Research Council (SERC) is being split into two different bodies, the Engineering and Physical Sciences Research Council (EPSRC), and the Particle Physics and Astronomy Research Council (PPARC). The Agriculture and Food Research Council will be modified to form the Biotechnology and Biological Sciences Research Council. Other research councils remain unaffected. All the research

councils will come under the control of the new Director General of Research Councils. The Director General is responsible to civil servants at the Science Ministry, and replaces the independent Advisory Board for the Research Councils. The White Paper also abolishes the Advisory Council of Science and Technology in favour of the new Council for Science and Technology.

No modifications have been made to the funding system for basic university research. Funding for teaching and general research will continue to come from the Higher Education Funding Council (HEFC). Universities will have to develop more employer-friendly research training. Cooperation between industry, science and government will be strengthened by the new 'Technology Foresight' initiative, which allows for the exchange of ideas and expertise.

The annual development of science and technology in the United Kingdom will be published in a new statement, to be known as 'Forward Look'. Attempts will be made to increase the public perception and understanding of science with a series of exhibitions, demonstrations, fun and games culminating in the 2001 Great Exhibition.

Sutherland slips out



Stewart Sutherland is to resign as vice-chancellor of the University of London next year, writes Declan Curry. The Scots-born Professor will become principal of the University of Edinburgh in September 1994. Professor Sutherland, who was educated at Aberdeen and Stirling Universities, says 'in the end it has to do with returning to roots.' Vice-chancellor of London since 1990, the Professor says he is leaving London in 'amicable circumstances'.

Patten stays put

by Declan Curry

There has been no change at the top of Education, Health and Science ministries following the Prime Minister's snap cabinet reshuffle. John Patten, Virginia Bottomley and William Waldegrave all keep their jobs, though changes cost

Norman Lamont his job as Chancellor and brought newcomer John Redwood into the cabinet for the first time as Minister for Wales.

The new Chancellor of the Exchequer is Kenneth Clarke, the former Home Secretary. He is replaced by Michael Howard, the

former Environment Secretary, who in turn is replaced by John Gummer. Gillian Shephard moves into Agriculture, and she is replaced as Employment Secretary by David Hunt, the former Welsh Secretary.

Other senior cabinet posts are unaffected. At the time of Felix going to press, the final list of junior ministerial changes were not known.

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Mary's election results leave no swansong

In a sweeping victory, Marc Swan was re-elected as St Mary's Students' Union President for a second year running.

Mr Swan, at this year's St Mary's elections, scored his triumph over Marc Atkinson and Pete Kahn. The results were 233, 68 and 76 respectively. Mr Swan will now continue to represent St Mary's students in external affairs.

Other election results saw the

post of Vice President (Internal) go to Syed 'Mazza' Masud, beating Helen Snock by a margin of 245 to 139. The Clubs Rep election was claimed by Jon Houghton forcing Aquel Jamil into the next best position by a margin of 89 votes. The crown of Welfare Rep was placed on the head of Karen Chumbley. Ms Chumbley won 199 votes, beating rival Nicky Wilson by 68 votes. The final position of

Assistant Social Secretary saw Andy Wilks crossing the finish line in the most closely contested election. Mr Wilks secured his position by only 48 votes.

Additional celebrations have been taking place at St Mary's as the Medical School's Music Society announced its 1st Music Exhibition. The prize of £100 towards tutorship at the Royal College of Music was awarded to Fiona Kelly.

Men at work

by Bryan Crotaz

The warden of Linstead Hall has been inundated with complaints this week as electricians installed new fire alarms.

Dr Jan Bradley said she was concerned that she had not been informed about the fitting of the alarms. Dr Bradley was also worried that students had to vacate their rooms for a day to allow the work to be done. Linstead residents say the work played havoc with vital revision. 'The whole hall vibrated with a horrible noise,' an occupant told Felix.

The complaints follow similar incidents in Selkirk and Tizard Halls last week, when workmen removed tiles from showers. The work was stopped after Dr John Hassard, Selkirk-Tizard warden, complained to the College Estates Division. An Estates spokesman said the renovations were 'regrettable but necessary'.

Dr Hassard said that this was the wrong time of year to carry out such work. The Selkirk-Tizard warden added that the improvements would allow more rooms to be during holidays by the Conference Office. 'This Hall is primarily for students, not for summer lettings,' he said.

New IC Radio franchise holders announced

by Paul Dias

The elections for the committee of Imperial College Radio were held on Wednesday, but failed to produce many surprises. The only hotly contested post this year was that of Station Manager. The candidates standing were James (Jaymz) Handley and Adam Blackaby, who are both IC Radio Assistant Station Managers this year, and New Election. The candidates were questioned on

subjects ranging from improving programme quality to what colour IC Radio's studios should be painted. After a close vote, James Handley was elected, and takes over as Station Manager from Dave Cohen, on August 1st. The other major changes during the evening were Paul Dias taking over from Declan Curry as News Editor and Melissa Parcell becoming responsible for the Record and Tape Library. A dead-heat between

Catherine Low and New Election means that the election for the post of Treasurer will have to be re-held.

The other results see little change from this year's committee, with Steve Dunton as Technical Manager, Mellisa Ali as Secretary, Donna Sibley in charge of Publicity and Promotions, and Neil Bond as Head of Music. The new Assistant Station Managers are Ian Parish, Adam Blackaby, Amran Hassa and Abi Adebayo.

Patten puts Queen in student union horror

by Declan Curry

New laws cracking down on student unions may be outlined as early as this November. The *Financial Times* reports that the next Queen's Speech will contain plans by John Patten, Education Secretary, to reform student union membership and funding. The decision now clears the way for Mr Patten to make his long anticipated 'announcement' on voluntary membership.

The much postponed students' charter has also been published by the Department for Education (DFE). The draft 'Charter for Higher Education' contains none of the contentious ideas which caused a Cabinet clash on the contents last February. Plans for removing grant awarding and fee paying powers from local education authorities (LEAs) have been quashed, as has the proposal for the unified grant-fee-student loan paying body.

The Government instead plans to speed up the payment of grants, fees and loans. Students must now be told 'quickly' by their LEA if they are entitled to a maintenance grant. Written reasons and details of the appeals procedure must be given if the application is refused. The sum awarded must be explained, and the first instalment must be ready for collection at the start of the first

term. If a delay is likely, the LEA must warn students in advance. Tuition fees must also be paid on time. Complaints about grants and fees should be made to the Local Government Ombudsman.

Universities are to speed up student loan applications, and must have eligibility certificates ready for students within two weeks of application. Decisions on access fund grants must be made within 4 weeks of the final deadline, but universities are still left to invent their own rules on eligibility. The Charter states that you 'can be considered for help if you are in severe financial difficulty'.

The Government Charter notes that students have responsibilities 'to get the most out of teaching and learning'. Students, it reads, 'should take part in seminars and attend lectures on time'. The Government Charter insists that universities provide 'well-informed guidance and counselling from tutors and careers staff'. Students are also entitled to expect the university to make 'proper arrangements for student security'.

A Government plan to link student assessments of lecturers with lecturers pay has been dropped after lobbying from the Committee of Vice Chancellors and Principals (CVCP) and trade unions. The

Charter now states that 'more and more universities are encouraging high quality by including a performance related part in staff pay'. Student opinions of departments are to be 'taken account of by Funding Councils'.

The Higher Education Quality Council (HEQC) will audit universities regularly, and an official summary of their report must appear in the University prospectus. Information about the performance of universities including degree results and proportion of graduates gaining employment is to be compiled by the Higher Education Funding Council (HEFC), also for inclusion in the prospectus. Students are entitled to complain if a university does not meet its standards, and can object to misleading information in a university prospectus. These complaints can be sent to the HEQC.

The proposed Charter has no power or sanctions to enforce many of its provisions. Lorna Fitzsimons, NUS President, said the Charter 'lacked teeth,' and was 'descriptive rather than proscriptive.' The DFE says it is 'keen to seek views' on the charter, and suggestions will be accepted by the DFE in Great Smith Street until 2 July.

Pick-axe

by our News Staff

Tumbling student numbers and an imminent cash crisis may force a merger of departments within the Royal School of Mines (RSM). John Archer, College pro-Rector is now drawing up consultative plans which could change the character of the RSM.

The spur for the consultations is rising debts in all RSM departments. RSM budgets will be readjusted on 28 June. Felix understands that these budgetary readjustment may include 'renegotiated employment contracts', or sackings.

The deficit in Geology is attributed to the high cost of teaching undergraduates. The proposals emphasise that postgraduate and other research brings in more funding overall to the department. A joint degree involving Material Sciences and the Physics, Mechanical Engineering and Aeronautics departments is also suggested, as is closer collaboration between MRE, Geology and the Centre for Environmental Technology.

Editorial

I am about to set a historical precedent for a Felix Editor: I agree with vast majority of the reforms that Chris Davidson and his partners in crime have hammered together for Imperial College Union.

Not an earth shattering sentence, but none the less, I am going to have to qualify it. Wednesday night saw the beating through of detailed changes to Imperial College Union's structure. It was meeting that could have been attended by fifty five people but was not. Fundamental changes were discussed and apart from reporting on Felix, IC Radio and STOIC no one else knew about it.

Even more interesting was the

voting: On a vote on the powers of the Entertainments representative, the people effected by the changes were united in opposition, their opinions were ignored. It hardly seems right people effected should be dismissed in this way.

But before any of these decisions can be put into effect, they must pass through a Union General Meeting. This is a gathering that every one is entitled to attend, but will be held on the very last day of the summer term. How can you seriously expect such significant changes to be discussed at this badly chosen time?

The only way to really gauge the opinions of the membership of Imperial College Union is to hold a referendum. This would serve two purposes, firstly it would ensure that every student in College was

aware of the changes and understood the new structure. By holding a referendum the aim of better communication, one of the reasons behind the restructuring of the Union, would be clearly achieved. Secondly, the changes that are being discussed are fundamental, upheavals like this cannot be decided by twenty or thirty people behind closed doors. It will show the real metal of these proposals if their movers can defend and encourage support from the whole populous of Imperial.

The cost of this action would be insignificant compared to the level of support and communication that could be achieved if a referendum was handled properly. It is argued that referenda reflect weak government, I say avoiding a vote reveals a weak argument. The

message must be to Chris and everyone who wants these changes to happen: Defend yourself, don't hide behind excuses, come out and argue your case with the real members of ICU.

Credits

News: Andrew, Declan Feature: Dance Club, The Worthy Islamic writer, Rachel 'passion upon passion' Basset. Sports and Clubs: Ismail, Sarmad. Reviews: Donny, Phil, Andy T, Joe, Tintin, Gareth, Patrick, Sonia, Elena, Flossie. Collating Superhero: Steven Newhouse. AND: Tamsin, Tamsin, Tamsin.

Thanks to: Rose, Andy, Lisa, Ian Hodge, Rachel, Kristine, Chris, Rick, Dom, Bec, Steffff, Whiskas, Hugh, Steve Dunton, Dave Cohen, Kevin, Paul, Brian.

????

Dear Jonty,
Terribly sorry.
Poddy.

Theft

Dear Felix,

I write as a dismayed Southside Halls Resident that has recently learned of the theft of the bicycle belonging to the Southside Traffic Security Guard.

The nature of his job means that he is on and off his bike continuously, and so it is impractical for him to lock it up each time.

Some highly intelligent thief set themselves the demanding

challenge to sit on a bicycle and pedal off—and what's more, they succeeded! Well done, I'm sure your ingenuity astonishes and inspires all of us.

A member of our security staff must now pay £200 to replace his stolen bike.

We strongly feel that turds like yourself should be flushed down the toilet at birth.

*Yours sincerely,
Falmouth Keogh Resident.*

Disaster

Dear Editor,

I read the article on p1 of Felix Issue 967, 'Shock Horror in Southside Halls' with some interest.

Although it seems that the actual electric shock situation might not have occurred, the story probably served its purpose—to make people

aware of possible 'substandard' practices.

Even if the shock did not occur, from the examples of electrical wiring in Beit Hall, where I live, it is not too difficult to imagine such a scenario.

For example, here in the first floor of Beit Hall we have four 'temporary' lights in the corridor. Each light is dangling from an open termination box on the ceiling by two wires, delicately (?) wrapped in electrical tape. The corridor above us has seven lights for the same length of corridor. One light blows and our corridor becomes a dark tunnel.

Another corridor with similar 'temporary' lighting has electrical wires dangling almost two feet from the ceiling.

We are advised that the lighting is temporary until the 'new' fire

alarm system is installed. I have been here since October 1992 and have not seen any action on the fire system, or the ceiling (which is an eyesore—waiting for the fire system to be installed) or the lighting (waiting for the fire system to be installed). At the current rate of progress the 'new' fire system will be out of date before it is installed. (One wonders about what fire protection system is in place until then).

Admittedly the student accommodation provided at the College is reasonably priced for London, but apart from being functional, a minimum degree of safety must be maintained. If the halls do meet this minimum standard, it must be only just...

*Yours carefully,
Bruce Cartwright,
Beit Hall Resident.*

Cat's Eyes

Cannes Film Festival

This blatant excuse for film plugging has been relatively low key this year. OK so Barry 'I wear my hairstyle back to front' Norman got the centre pages in one of the tabloids and did his usual fifty minute rant on BBC1. But where has all the front page coverage gone? Answer: it's with Madonna, wherever she is.

Hon Sec - RIP

With the fourth and final sabbatical to be elected, Imperial College may face the death of a current one. Dom 'Boyz is not the magazine for me but Cosmopolitan is' Wilkinson could be the last Hon Sec ever. Next years Hon Sec could possibly

be known as the Deputy President (Clubs & Societies) and will have a bit of a change in job description.

But the change has not been finalised by Council yet. The new job description is patchy and the title may change.

So how can you have an election for a post that doesn't really exist?

End Of Exams

Finished your exams? (Aren't you a lucky bastard!) Bored? Want to have a rant? Think it's time to air your views now that you're leaving so no reprisals can be carried against you? Well instead of thinking about writing a letter or a feature or a review for Felix, **GET OFF YOUR FUCKING ASS AND DO SOMETHING.**

Reviews

Interesting to read what Martin

Godet of Civ Eng 2 had to say about the music reviews in his letter last week. Some of it is true (the main reviewer is NOT pretentious though, just off his trolley allegedly) and I can't help agreeing with some of Martin's arguments.

But what about the other reviews (Theatre / Film / Opera)? Does anyone read them?

The Cabinet Re-Shuffle

I have changed this bloody article three times so far, because more information is being made available as the deadline for Cat's Eyes approaches.

The latest on this cheery Thursday morning is that Lamont's mother has blabbed to someone that he has resigned. The Government Press Office are claiming that they have had no resignation from him.

Obituary and update next week.

Spitting Image

This programme has come a long way from the days of saga's like *The President's Brain* and each series just keeps getting better. New puppets worth watching are Chris Eubank, Jilly Cooper and the pretentious extras that are used for just about everything. All the classics are still there; The PM, the Chancellor, the Royal Family.

One new move is the inclusion of more swearing and sexually related jokes, hence the transmission time of 10.45pm. But these add to the humour, I think, not degrade it as you might think.

Third episode this Sunday.

P.J. Dodd

It is strictly untrue that I have sagacity. I demand that what's his face from Bio II take back that vicious and malicious rumour. Let me assure you that I am in perfect health.

All is not as it seems

Dear Jonty,

I read with some interest your article concerning the latest Top 40 University Charts. Although the final results were not available in your 'organ' we were treated to a searing, no-holds-barred evaluation of the pro's of being at the institution known as IC. I'm sure readers all across the campus were secretively clenching their fists in victory on Friday morning as they read of Oxford's staggering losses in 'sciences', barely able to stifle their triumphant roars after the defence of our coveted 'Engineering' title. Presumably UCL were the recipients of only light guffaws and a modicum of sympathy for their shameful struggle into eighth; as for the hapless St Mary's their puissance as a seat of medical learning is obviously only paralleled by an apparent unwillingness to lick the revered Dom Wilkinson's boots.

After this jingoistic passage we are no doubt guaranteed entry into lucrative trainee programmes of the opportunity to spend several more

years taking coffee-breaks every hour and bouncing ground-breaking ideas off other trainer-clad social outcasts. Our privileged present extends into a yawning vista of ever more glorious prospects. But let's stop for a moment, look a little harder at the real situation—it only needs a brief visit to the JCR or the Union on a Wednesday to get a more accurate reflection on the state of this hallowed college.

I don't care if we are better than Greenwich at management or produce a more breathtakingly mutated form of homosapiens from the recesses of Chem Eng. I'd bet we could kick seven shades of shit out of them at Bible-bashing too, or wipe the floor with Manchester at a Qur'an reading session, their disappointing chart performance notwithstanding. And to really ram our superiority home we could send them a minibus full of guitar-strumming Raggies ready to bleed scores of Mancurian pensioners dry and enjoy every ecstatically fulfilled millisecond. You can bet they're all kicking themselves right

now that instead of spending three years acquiring the best friends ever, with a common predilection for science fiction novellas and lax personal hygiene, they chose a profusion of good-looking girls with a similar racial background.

I spend most of my time on or near the river with the Boat Club which happens to have beaten Oxford and many (any) other universities you care to mention, hosted the National Student Indoor Rowing Championships and virtually has the UAU title permanently installed in its trophy cabinet. The alternative hours spent in lectures or exams trying to compete with people who have had their personalities surgically removed in order to fit in more textbooks swallowed whole, could be described as 'unappealing', but as long as I get some sort of degree I can just live off IC's—no doubt by then—global reputation as a genius factory.

I haven't ever seen a copy of 'Phoenix', the creative, arts magazine but we seem to have no shortage of lucid and helpful music reviews or the unbounded sagacity and wit of P J Dodd. The Editor's thinly-veiled contempt for the medical school across the park was also undoubtedly a factor in their

slamming but all the Mary's rowers I have met do not share his paranoia—and at least if they want to go to their Union Bar, get loaded and chat up good-looking girls...they can. Imperial is not, like the t-shirt says, 'Probably the best University in the World' although if Southside and Linstead Halls were levelled and the resultant rubble used to fill in Beit Quad, preferably on a Friday night at chucking-out time, we'd be in with a fighting chance. Don't try and pretend we're all pulling together, that this is the best place since McDonald's. Everybody is in this place for themselves and if they don't hate the work they hate the people or in some cases, both.

Jim Richard, Bio II.

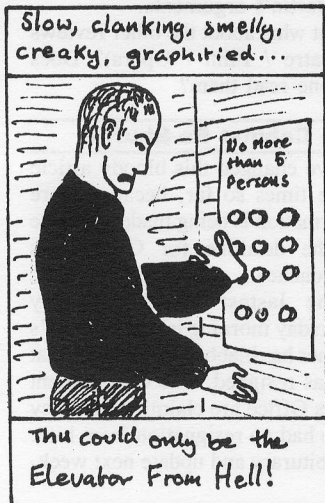
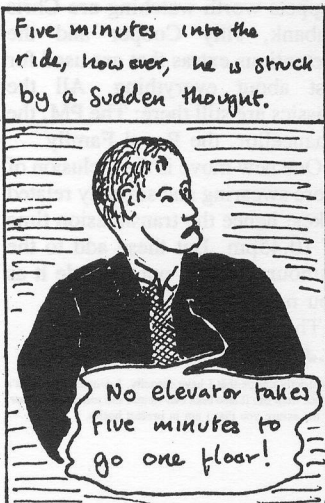
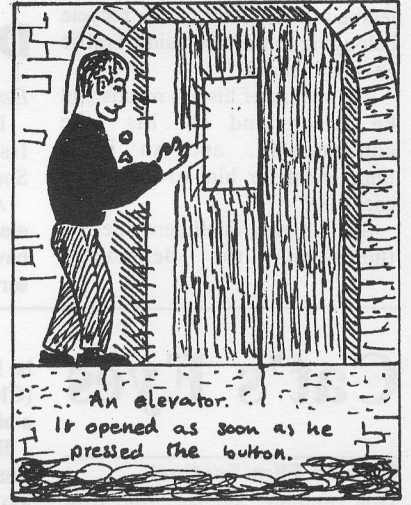
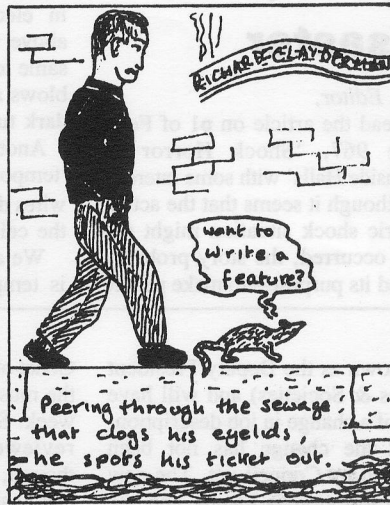
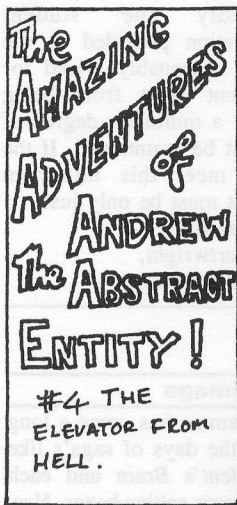
Gav's dead

Dear Jonty,

Re: Gav's not paying (Felix 967)
We don't care where Gavin Pearson's money goes so long as he's run over by the bus.

Yours finger-crossingly.

His friends in the Guilds Office...not!!



Shoot your dog

As an innocent girl from a quiet city in Kent, I had a lot to get used to when I arrived, fresh-faced and wide-eyed in London. I think I adjusted fairly well to the blatant prostitutes' cards, the tourists and the dive-bombing pigeons, but one aspect of Londoners makes me shudder to this day. Call me naive, call me immature, but I will never come to terms with the local dogs.

My question is—what do people get out of these creatures, these strange half-rat half-gerbil mutants? Why do they feel the need to walk around connected to a yapping ball of smelly fluff by a garishly coloured extensible umbilical cord? The only concrete conclusion about the psychological reasons for doing this is that it can't be anything to do with sex, since as far as I knew Freud never said anything about it.

What, then, is the urge that drives people to keep a pekinese, a poodle or any other of the multitude of toy dogs whose names I forget (hereafter to be referred to as 'rats' for simplicity)? Well, it must be pretty strong, because in my time

here I have seen people go to ridiculous lengths for their pooches. I have seen a woman with a tricycle who kept her three rats in the basket. I have seen a man walk his rat and have to stop every two paces to let it catch up. I have seen rats wearing little mackintoshes, for heaven's sake. I thought I'd seen everything until I went to Harrods and saw a diamond rat collar. Do people have no shame? Do they not realise that a creature who has one inch legs is maybe, just maybe, a little out of the ordinary? (One thought I did have, actually, is that possibly men get a kick out of owning an animal whose penis is three quarters the length of its legs. Butcher than a Rottweiler any day.)

I am not a heartless woman. I do not believe that these poor creatures should be slain. I do believe, however, that we should register all canine animals less than six inches long and make sure that all of them, except for a few, should be neutered. The rest should be bred carefully and used as a reminder of

human cruelty and a warning against using animals as fashion accessories.

I realise that this state of affairs will not come around for a long time, until the Government wake up to what is happening in our capital city. Until then, I shall attempt to treat the poor unfortunate animals

with the respect they deserve. I shall not swear as I am trapped behind two on a narrow pavement, I shall not laugh at their owners—and above all, I shall not snigger at the story of the inquisitive rat that got sucked up in a street-cleaning machine. Well, not much.



A Slice of Life

Owain Bennallack

The last of my exams. The last of my exams! No more toiling over textbooks and making excuses to watch 'Good Morning with Anne and Nick', soon Hyde Park and The Camden Palace would be mine! Just the slight impediment of a statistics exam standing in my way. Well, towering in my way, a black jungle clad mountain, writhing with alien creatures supping on bitter life and shrieking insane anthems across the surrounding plains.

In short, I knew only one statistic, and that was that I was probably going to fail.

'Don't worry man,' says Bruce outside the exam hall. 'You can work out the chances of pulling a blue ball from a bag can't you?' I nod. 'All you need to know.' I ask Bruce if he has ever heard of straight line regression. 'Won't come up,' he says. The Weibull distribution? Nah. Probability density functions? 'What, in a statistics exam?!'

Hmmm. So Bruce, I'll have to answer three of four questions about blue ball selection? 'Well, colours might vary, they snuck a red one in last year but the principles are

basically the same.' Okay, at least I won't be drowning alone I think to myself.

A girl, who shall remain nameless (to match the big strip of black card she always wears over her face) gave me a sheepish look. 'I'm dead Owain,' she sighed. 'Well, you do look a little dog-eaten.' Actually, she looked more like she'd just eaten a dog. Not some snack sized Pekinese either. A big meaty cross-breed specially bred in South East Asia to chew on school children during the hot summer months.

'I was up all night, trying to learn for this fucking exam. Just going through the notes, again and again. I didn't even go to bed!' She read his notes without bursting into a fit of prolonged sleeping? This girl had dedication. Or... 'Well, it was the ProPlus you know, and then I dropped some speed, and then...' Suddenly my experiments with Cadbury's 'Mellow' instant coffee and a bottle of Diet Coke began to pale. Maybe I deserved to fail.

'Show time,' says Bruce enigmatically, and we file slowly endlessly into the hall. I shuffle,

head hung low, thinking of Oscar Wilde in 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol'. I can almost feel the chains clanking about my ankles. And the honours degree with my name on it disappearing into a huge iron safe with a metallic thud. Oh well, there's always the circus.

Sit down. Deep breaths. The hell with that, just remember to breathe! I have five minutes reading time so I watch the lucky songbirds that are the rest of IC's student populace strolling in the sun outside. Somehow I sense that time will not be a critical factor in this exam.

'Okay, you can begin,' says the invigilator. 'No!', I want to shout. You may begin. Whether I can or not, well that's what the exam is here for.

I look at the first page and know I'm doomed. Just row after row of numbers. Hang on, that's the tabulated Normal distribution. The exam proper must be somewhere underneath. I dive through all my handy handouts and find an innocent looking piece of paper with 'Exam—Duh, Stupid!' written on it. Was I being paranoid or did this seem particularly personal?

QUESTION ONE. A young student, 'Mr B', has calculated he spent more time learning to play the Tibetan nose horn than revising for his statistics exam. Also, he had determined his IQ to be exactly 4.5. (He treasures that 0.5, no rounding

please.) Determine, using any bloody theorem you choose, whether Mr B has a hope in hell of passing this exam.

Okay, paranoid delusions. Well, I had to have something to take my mind of the task at hand. Answer three questions. I couldn't even read three of the questions! Not a blue ball in sight. I decide to do my best question first. Two minutes later I'm onto my worst. Then it's time to draw Mr Potato heads on the blank pages.

I sit there, doodling away and wondering whether to cry. A supervisor places a hand on my shoulder. 'You're in trouble son,' he whispers. He looks at Mr Potato head number three. 'You're not even a gifted artist, shackled by cruel fate to study here at Science Headquarters.' Thanks, rub it in. Into unyielding concrete preferably.

There's only one hope left. I scrawl all over an empty page—'There are lies, damned lies, and statistics.' Then it's off to sleep. After an hour I awake to the silent sound of people *not* writing everything they know about statistics onto their answer sheet. With my head hung low I hand in my answer script/canvas/pillow. I slink out. Around me people are discussing in minutia 'four part c'.

Just come to the Queens Arms you who I call my friends. There are Rum and Cokes to be drunk.

Manifesto

Deputy President (clubs and societies) Charles Leary proposed by Graeme Hey

The restructuring of the Union allows this post to concentrate far more on assisting the running and organisation of the clubs and societies. I have worked with the Social, Cultural and Amusement Board, and specifically the Jazz & Rock club for two years. During this time I gave the club what it wanted as far as was possible.

Communication between societies and the sabbaticals is essential for this to happen. Problems arise in the day to day running of a club, or the organisation of an event. Often the combined efforts of the organisers and the Union is needed before these problems can be solved.

If you want:
-better run clubs and societies

-more opportunity for clubs and societies to play a better role in the entertainments offered by this college

-to take part in events you want to put on

-if you want the student put first vote Charles Leary for Deputy President (clubs and societies)

Charles Leary.

NO PHOTO SUPPLIED

New Election

Dominic 'Lardy Lard Lard' Wilkinson

'Their neither use nor bloody ornament are sabbaticals.'

So say the Brotherhood of Man and they should know what their talking about because they won the Eurovision Song Contest donkeys years ago, which is more than can be said for Sonia. Mind you Cliff Richard won one year and he's still famous isn't he and he still manages to have a hit every Christmas, which is more than can be said for

Sandie Shaw. She only won because she had no shoes on and all the judges took pity on her because they all thought she was poor and couldn't afford any. Cheryl Baker from Bucks Fizz is still on the telly though isn't she, presenting Record Breakers. She's perky isn't she, and Roy Castle, he's in the pink again isn't he?

Pinky and Perky, where are they now? Dead most likely, because

Gerbils don't live forever do they?

Diamonds are forever though aren't they?

Well that's what Sherlie Bassey sang.

Diamonds are a girls best friend as well.

Sabbaticals aren't forever and they're not a girls best friend.

I should know.

Where's me lard?



RELUCTANT SALE

Citroen 2CV Dolly, Red/White, E Reg 1988, 33,000 miles, Full service history near immaculate condition, 11 month MOT **£2,000** phone 081-568 3096

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.

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

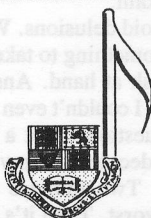
being held each Wednesday afternoon from 2.00-4.00pm. Topics include Creative Job Hunting, Interview Technique and Career Planning for Penultimate Years. Sign up in the Careers Office.

For further information come to the Careers Office, Room 310 Sherfield—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 2.00-4.00pm on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

EARLY MORNING

WAKE UP CALL!

Every Wednesday and Friday morning have a friend woken up between 8-9. Just supply their name, a few personal details and we will drop them into the deep end with a live IC Radio interview



Imperial College Choir

Summer Concert

Stravinsky
Symphony of Psalms

Puccini
Messa di Gloria

Purcell
Welcome to All the Pleasures

Tonight

8pm, Great Hall, Sherfield Building

Tickets now on sale on Sherfield level 2 concourse

Tickets £5 (students £2 in advance or £3 on door)

Also available from Choir members and I.C. Library (Haldane section)

Charity Chat

At Rag's last meeting, elections were reheld for next year's nominated charities, and I am now at liberty to divulge the results - the successful applicants were Mencap, BIBIC, Turning Point, Bliss and local charities. Having two smallish charities, and two larger ones, it may be that there are some of you who don't know where the money from next year's Beer Festival, Hypnosis, Hit squad etc, will be going. So here, just for you, is a quick rundown on where your hard-earned cash disappears. My apologies if this is a bit hard-going, but I have tried to use the charities' own words...

Mencap

Over one million people in the UK have some form of learning disability (aka mental handicap). Mencap is committed to providing high quality services, advice and support, enabling people with learning disabilities to make a positive contribution to the community, and to make the most of life. Sounds very worthy, doesn't it? But what do they actually do? Mencap provides over 400 homes

for people with learning disabilities; has set up an employment service to overcome prejudice, ignorance and fear; and on top of all this, offers training at three residential colleges.

BIBIC

Full name British Institute for Brain Injured Children, BIBIC is dedicated to (as you may have guessed) helping children with brain-injuries to improve their lives. The most severe brain-injury is probably 'profound coma', whilst the least is probably in children with mild reading and learning difficulties. On acceptance onto the programme, each child's abilities are assessed in the areas of vision, hearing, understanding, touch, mobility, speech and manual competence. Using a combination of techniques, BIBIC manages such feats as teaching children, unable to do more than creep on their tummy, to walk, talk and read. Listed under 'victories' in Bibic's quarterly newsletter, I found such moving stories as that of Alan Dimmock - 77 months on a Bibic programme has taught him to walk and talk,

when previously he was only able to crawl.

Turning Point

Turning Point is the largest national charity helping people with drink, drug and mental health problems. Its network of over 40 projects provides residential rehabilitation, day care and street level advice, information and counselling services. Turning Point's philosophy is based on the principle that there is no set cure or single treatment for these problems, just as there is no one type of person who develops them, and no single reason why. As a housing association, Turning Point can also act as a development agent to manage the acquisition and development of properties for its projects.

BLISS

Bliss is a charity concerned with the welfare of all newborn babies. Bliss believes that all babies have the right to the very best start in life, but is aware that often this does not happen. The statistics are that 1 in 10 newborn babies need special

care, whilst 1 in 50 needs specialist intensive care, and whilst these are theoretically available to every baby, the allocation of resources is often haphazard, despite the dedicated care of medical staff. Bliss has donated vital equipment to over 204 hospitals, and also sponsors the training of specialist medical staff.

Local charities are chosen by the Rag committee out of those that apply to us for cash; this year's money for local charities has not yet been distributed, watch this space to find out where it goes! I hope that this gives you all a slightly better idea of what happens to money that is collected or raised under the name of Rag (as opposed to that collected for specific charities). These are the charities chosen by YOU at last week's Rag meeting, I hope you are as glad as I am that we are able to help so many people through giving time, if not money, to Rag.

FULL SCC MEETING

UDH 6pm 2.6.93

**All Chairmen & Treasurers
old and new should attend
ELECTIONS ★ MONEY**

Social colours nominations by Tuesday
lunchtime to the SCC Exec pigeonhole

Wanna collect at Johnny Mathis or Victoria Wood? Gonna be around in September? Or have you finished your exams, closed that revision file for the last time, and want something to take your mind off that long wait for the results? Then read on...

The Spastics Society has got licences to collect at the Albert Hall for both Johnny Mathis (14 - 16 September) and Victoria Wood (21 - 26 Sept, inclusive), with free entry to see the show. Plus, a little closer, they are holding their City Street Flag Day on Thursday June 17th, and would appreciate any can-rattlers that are exam-free and can spare a few minutes for a good cause.

Just so as you know, the Spastics Society is an organisation whose

primary concern is to serve and promote the interests of people with cerebral palsy, which is a disabling condition of impaired muscle-coordination caused before or at birth, or in the early years of childhood by damage to, or maldevelopment in, the portion of the brain which controls movement and posture. (That may be a bit wordy, but don't blame me, it's their terminology!).

If you want to collect either at the Flag Day, or at one of the shows in September, then pop along to the Rag Office, and speak to anyone you can find! Alternatively, you can leave a message in the Rag pigeonhole in the Union Office, or come along to the weekly meeting in the Ents lounge, on Friday at 1pm.

WANTED

**EAGER BOTTOMS TO STAFF BALLOT
BOXES IN THE FORTHCOMING
SABBATICAL ELECTIONS
7th/8th JUNE**

EARN NEARLY £40 OVER 2 DAYS

**CONTACT DOMINIC
IN THE UNION OFFICE**

Technophobia

Jonty Beavan *remembers with horror having to cope with technology and the way technology dealt with him*

When I first came to Imperial College I concealed a secret. It could not stay uncovered for long, but I hid it nonetheless, for I was ashamed. The fact was that I was and still am, a mechanical incompetent.

To some people machines quietly whisper their most intimate problems, to me they just whirr and click. Other fortunate individuals can look at an ailing mechanism and say, the problem must be here. I would not know where to begin. This fact is not crippling normally, but, I was about to begin a course at the foremost Science and Technology College in the United Kingdom; it appeared that I had overstepped the limit somewhat.

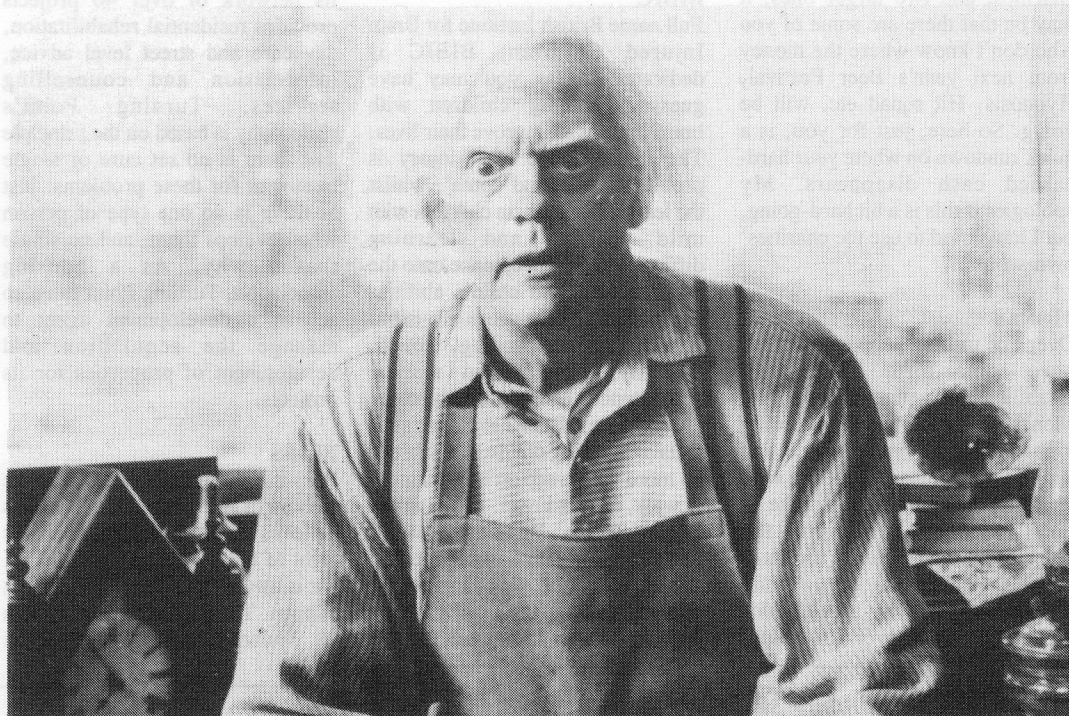
Lectures were fine, everyone has them, everyone can cope with them, but then came laboratory work. No more could one of your mates do all the work while you chatted, it was three solid hours puzzling over huge mazes of metal. Everyone around you muttered enthusiastically about how fast the speed of light really was and how close you were getting to the real answer. OK, so you know the answer, why bother doing the experiment then?

Life was not as bad as it first seemed because we had supervisors to help us along the way. That was nice as long as you spoke to the right one. In general Lab supervisors came in three flavours all linked by a common thread of stupidity. The first kind were hateful: You are stupid and I will not answer your question because to speak to you is far below my intellectual capacity, was the message you received from their contemptuous faces. It was even worse when they spoke to you; 'No, work it out for yourself that is what you are here for'

'But I don't understand why..'

'Why don't you try thinking about it then?' is a typical exchange of views.

The others were sympathetic, attempting to help above and beyond the call of duty: 'Well why don't you try it like this..No not like that, like this...No, no, no, the other way up...Wait! the blue one



Don't make me do any more not the red one...It's OK I'll do it for you'. This was worse, they knew you were stupid, you knew you were stupid, but no one was going to admit it. As my temper grew a little unstable, I kept saying to myself, they think they are helping, indulge them, they don't mean to patronise you.

The final category were easily identified, everything they said began with the phrase: 'That is a very interesting question..'. It was heartening to know that someone had less knowledge or interest in what was happening than yourself. But at least they were aware of basic mechanics, something which I was painfully ignorant. For example looking for fringes in a light diffraction: 'Turn the dial until the fringes come into focus', 'I can't see them', 'Keep on going.. No, if you unscrew that nut any more the apparatus will fall to pieces'.

Most dreaded of all was electronics, firstly you had to attend a lecture course before starting. Personally, I believe anyone who can stand up for fifty minutes and talk about electrical circuits should be put out of their misery as soon as possible. But talk they did, and

experiments, please!

talk, and talk, a blank appears in my life when I look back on that time. It was as if someone had gone and stolen the sound track to a home made movie, I was there, people walked around, pointed to things, but the words and meaning are just absent.

Then came the lab. Each and every one of us was given what looked like a lego building block and told this was going to be the place where our electronic dreams would be created. A few hours later a primary-coloured, multi-legged spider had appeared on my lego block and it didn't work. Lego was more fun when you had building bricks and little men to play with. I tried begging for help, A superior supervisor walked over and stated what was glaringly obvious to him; 'Well you put that wire here and it should work'. Of course I slap my skull and curse myself with new Archimedean insight, all you have to do is put all the wires in all the holes and one variation is bound to work.

But as the saying goes, to really fuck things up requires a computer. Again I was 'challenged' by firstly a lack of knowledge and then

inquisitiveness that less charitable people called nosiness. The result meant I was frequently floundering around in the deep end. Take this case, 'Why does this not work?' 'You haven't formatted your flip-flops'

'But why do you have to do that?' 'Because the initial set up drivers can't interface the memory cached hard disk without the pre setup code'

'Ah, what does that mean?' and so on.

Once it did work, it was a moment of glory, triumph and passion. I stood up next to my terminal and shouted 'Yes, it worked, at last, it has printed, My name is Jonty, all the way down the screen'. It was very quiet in the rest of the Lab, in one carefree moment I had become the focus of all the contempt, these bespectacled terminal tappers could muster.

After three years studying here, I send out a call. Was I really the only one? Did anyone else just like the ideas of science but not the harsh reality? If there is anyone else, please don't give up hope, because you are not alone.

Flaming Passions

Have you got what it takes to write a romantic novel? Rachel Basset throws back her head and gasps as she tackles the Mills and Boon Factor.

'Saul, please'

'Please what?'

'Please-help me'.

He held still for a moment, as though her words had surprised him, but when her hips moved in an instinctive little movement against his leg he lowered his head, and drew the throbbing aureole into the heated cavern of his mouth...

Wham! Bam! Thank you ma'am! And as Saul continues to gratify Cadace's baser urges, women countrywide sink back into their armchairs, pop another Milk Tray into their mouths and turn the page, hungry for the next nipple-tingling installment from Robyn Donald's 'Darker Side of Paradise'.

If insight into the erotic fantasies of several million women is what your heart desires, you need look no further than Mills and Boon Romances, which are textbook studies. They cover it all—palm-fringed tropical locations, designer dresses, powerful Jaguar-driving men, beautiful women, and above all, Sex. Passionate Sex. Juicy, squelchy, no-details-spared Sex.

So what are the conditions for these fantasies on paper? What points should a good author always include? Well, the first golden rule

of Mills and Boon sex is that she has to be a virgin, and he never is. The reason for this is, I presume, to stop her looking promiscuous and also that most of the heroes are in their mid-thirties and there has to be something slightly suspect about a 35-year-old virgin. It smacks of smelly nylon socks and bedsits. Also, it might look as if he was getting desperate and that would never do, so he has to be 'experienced'. (A particularly revolting euphemism for virgin frequently used is 'inexperienced', as in 'He was remorseful. 'The last thing I would have expected was that you were inexperienced'. Did I hurt you, sweetheart?').

The second golden rule is to be very explicit and excruciatingly coy simultaneously. There are certain words, it seems, that just don't fit the M&B image, so, for example, *She had been made for him, she decided, knowing even as the silken length of him thrust inside her that he would fit perfectly, that he always had.*

is perfectly acceptable, but the words w*ily, c*nd*m, or b*tt*m must remain taboo. No mucky or unglamorous bits are allowed, so nobody has periods, nobody ever



Unadulterated heaving passion.

goes to the toilet and quite certainly nobody prematurely ejaculates. Officially, nobody has genitals either but by careful reading we can deduce their presence. A veil of euphemism is preserved, leading to cryptic statements like 'she raised her hips to him for the most intimate kiss of all' (whatever that means).

A very common scene is a mock rape, or near rape, where the hero 'uses his superior strength' against the struggling heroine. Whether or not this is a particular female fantasy, I don't know, but it seems to be popular. You may notice I choose my words carefully—the reason it's *mock rape* is that the struggling heroine wants it really, the silly little tease, she's just too uptight to say so. Of course. All mock rapes include an abundance of phrases along the lines—

The agony of the whole thing was that her traitorous body wanted quite violently to respond to the cavalier treatment it was receiving, to thrust itself closer...

It was then that her fury died as other more treacherous emotions made themselves known.

Another popular storyline is that the hero and heroine find

themselves, for whatever carefully manufactured reason, married. This is a good storyline from the points of view that 1) they can't stop living together, 'cos everyone would guess they were faking, so there's plenty of time for them to fall in luuurrvv and 2) so that once they fall in luuurrvv, they can shag at once without seeming immoral and upsetting Grandma. M&B quite clearly have it all sussed.

Criticism apart, though, it's all gripping stuff, and a good solid dose of escapism for the more frustrated amongst us, she typed passionately, muscular fingers thrusting even harder and deeper against the word processor keys as the article drove on relentlessly to its climax. She could only gaze at the screen in wonderment as she groped and writhed for words, endlessly seeking fulfilment and for a good ending. At last, though, at last her heart beat faster and the blood raced in her veins as she sensed the article coming to an end—yes, it was coming, oh yes. Her throat tensed in a silent scream of triumph. Oh yes, oh yes.

Was it good for you too?



Life after the Mills and Boon novel.

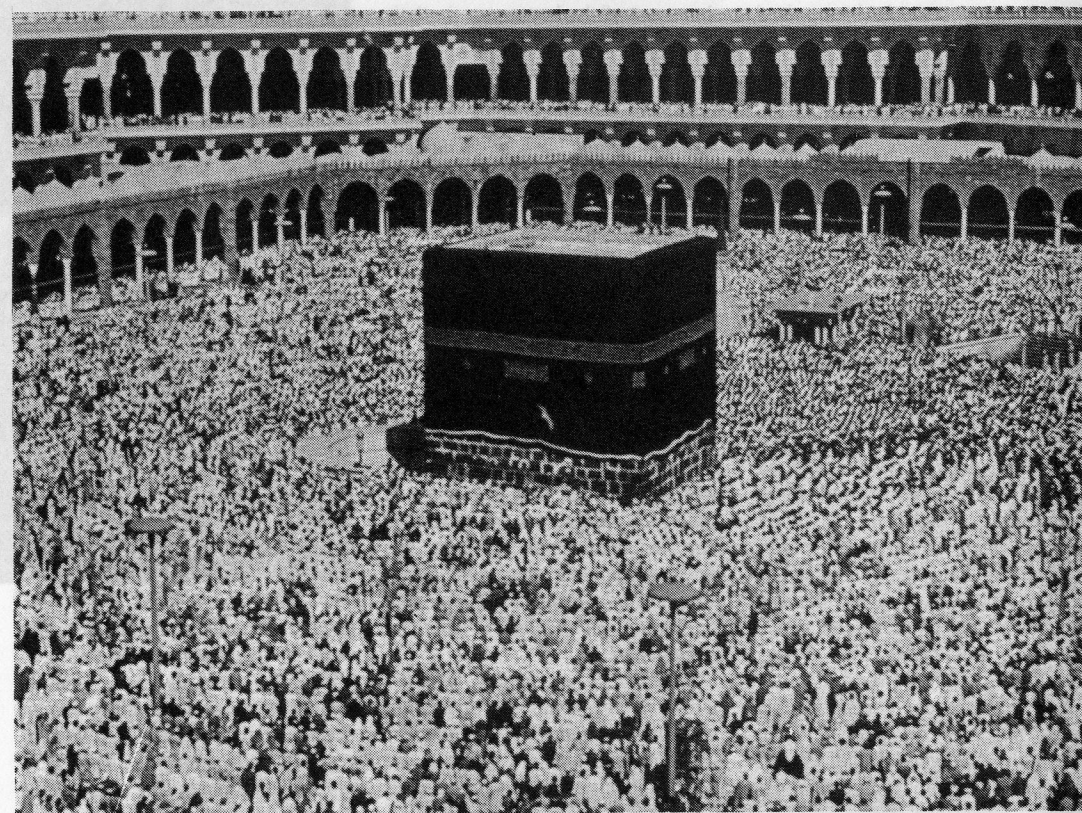
The Journey of a Lifetime

Sacrifice and commitment as Rafi Shafi, of EEI, takes a look at the Hajj (the pilgrimage) the festivals around it and their meaning.

The harmony of people and society can be gained only through mutual understanding of other cultures. This can best be achieved through the effective and proper usage of the communication technology that has turned the world into a small village. Despite this it is a shame that a religion that inspires over a billion people around the globe today has remained enshrouded in mystery and misconception. This is also true, contrary to the expectation, for a multicultural society such as Britain, where there are about 2 million Muslims. Today one finds that people, even at Imperial College, are unaware of the feelings and celebrations of their fellow Muslim classmates and friends. Therefore I invite you to read some of my thoughts concerning the oncoming celebration, the Celebration of Sacrifice.

Muslims believe that Islam is the final form of the same Message that was delivered to all the Prophets.

Muslims believe that Islam is the final form of the same Message that was delivered to all the Prophets (may God be pleased with them). The first man was Adam and who was appointed as the first prophet. He called people around him to testify that there is only one God, the Lord and Sustainer of the universe, and not to join partners with Him. He warned mankind of a Day that was approaching when everything in the universe would be destroyed and man would be questioned about his deeds in this life. Then those who believed in God and worked righteousness, not joining any partners with Him would be sent to Paradise to enjoy eternal peace and those who disbelieved in Him, mocked at His signs and worked evil would be sent to Fire.



During the passage of time the Message was corrupted and the children of Adam started worshipping other deities. Therefore God sent down other Prophets to remind people of the Message. Noah, Abraham, Moses, David and Jesus (may God be pleased with them) were all members of this chain and Muhammad (peace be upon Him) was the last link in this chain of prophethood. Naturally as a result the source of information is unique. It is not surprising that a number of historical events mentioned in the Qur'an show a big similarity to the ones in the Bible, albeit with some differences. Hence many important and sacred events and places for Jews and Christians are also important and sacred for Muslims. The Ka'bah in Mecca was initially built by Abraham and His son Ishmael as the first house of

worship for mankind. When Muhammad was appointed as a prophet, the Ka'bah had already been filled with idols. The pure monotheistic worship had been corrupted and people had started worshipping the idols within the Ka'bah. Nevertheless, it was still an attraction point for many people from all over the Arabian Peninsula.

Many important and sacred events for Jews and Christians are also important and sacred for Muslims.

Islam cleared the Ka'bah from the idols and forbade idol worshipping. The pilgrimage to Mecca was ordered by God to be performed in the same manner as Abraham established, solely for the pleasure

of God. It is one of the pillars of Islam and it must be fulfilled by all those who are able to undertake the journey. Today Muslims from all over the world come to Mecca at the time of the pilgrimage in order to fulfil their duty, symbolising the unity of mankind whether they are black or white. All are dressed identically regardless of wealth. A head of state and a normal citizen can not be distinguished during the pilgrimage. Today, at this very moment millions of pilgrims are praying to God Almighty in Mecca. The harmony, beauty and unity of this gathering can only be described by the people who have already been there. The following is former boxer Mohamed Ali's description: 'I have had many nice moments in my life. But the feelings I had while standing on Mount Arafat on the day of 'Hajj' (Arabic word for

pilgrimage), was the most unique. I felt exalted by the indescribable spiritual atmosphere there as over a million and a half pilgrims invoked God to forgive them of their sins and bestow on them His choicest blessings. It was an

The pilgrimage was ordered to be performed in the same manner as Abraham established...

exhilarating experience to see people belonging to different colours, races and nationalities, kings, heads of states and ordinary men from very poor countries all clad in two simple white sheets praying to God without any sense of either pride or inferiority. It was a practical manifestation of the concept of equality in Islam'

At the end of this gathering Muslims sacrifice an animal (a sheep or goat) for the sake of God. This is the day of celebration all over the world for Muslims. They visit each other, reconciling any differences, to tighten the bonds within society.

Like their brothers and sisters in Mecca, Muslims around the world also sacrifice an animal on that day. The animal sacrificed is traditionally divided into three portions: the first portion is distributed to the poor, the second is given to neighbours and friends in order to strengthen the relationship between them, and the third portion is for family members. This may change since the whole animal may be sent to poor people.

A head of state and a normal citizen cannot be distinguished during the pilgrimage.

For example today in Britain, many Muslims are sending money for the sacrifice to needy, poor and starving countries such as Ethiopia,

Sudan, Somalia and Bosnia through charity organisations.

The sacrifice is not only about the distribution of meat. "It is not their meat nor their blood, that reaches God: it is your piety that reaches Him. He has thus made them subject to you that ye may glorify God for His guidance to you and proclaim the good news to all who do good" The Qur'an (22:37). The perfect example of this piety of sacrifice can be found in the Prophet Abraham. He was commanded to sacrifice his only son Ishmael for the sake of God. The integrity and purity of his intention

...It was a practical manifestation of the concept of equality in Islam.—Muhamad Ali

pleased God and He sent down a sheep to be slaughtered on the place



of Ishmael. It is in commemoration of this that Muslims today celebrate this event. The celebration is about sacrifice and indeed this is the entire essence of Islam in that you sacrifice your own whims and

desires and submit wholly and sincerely to the will of God. "The Religion before God is submission to His will" The Qur'an (3:19). All praise is due to God the Lord and Cherisher of the universe.

ATTENTION ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER SUFFERERS.

The Clinical Studies Unit at the Royal Brompton Hospital is conducting a series of clinical trials to evaluate new treatments for asthma and hay fever

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN PARTICIPATING IN THESE

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

Expenses incurred when participating in clinical trials will be reimbursed

Strictly Ballroom...

IC Dance Club looks back at the success of the dance teams in three national competitions which took place last term.

This academic year has turned out to be a truly remarkable one for the IC dance teams. By winning every single team and Offbeats contests in all the three inter-varsity competitions which the teams took part in this year, they have accomplished a feat which had never occurred before.

Each team consists of four couples who dance one of the following dances—Waltz, Quickstep, Cha Cha and Jive and our dance club has four such teams (A, B, C and D). The team competition consists of four separate knock-out competitions for each type of dance. The couples, irrespective of the teams, compete together along with other competitors. The points earned by the couples in the competitions are then added to give the total score for each team. The scores are compared and the highest scoring A, B and C teams will be the winners.

All the teams participated in the first competition organised by Sheffield University. It took place on 30th January with 25 competing UK universities. The competition began with several open competitions where some excellent individual performances were displayed. Our teams evidently had no shortage of talent to dazzle the competitors. Both the Viense Waltz and Tango opens were won by IC ballroom dancers and three IC Latin couples reached the final of the Samba open.

The much awaited team competitions began later on with an impressive team-walk-on which afterwards ended in a friendly cheering match. Of course it was to our advantage that 'IC' rhymed rather better than our main rivals 'Oxford' and 'Cambridge'.

Like any other contests, the team competitions were a very heated affair. Although the individual skills and performance were important, the team members had to support each other to do well as a group. So, warm encouragement was freely exchanged and everyone practically went mad for their side competing on the floor.



The Imperial College Dance team parade themselves after a stunning victory earlier this year

Understandably, it seemed every university wanted to out-do their opponents in supporting their members. As a result, unbelievable excitement filled the entire hall which was resonating with cries of support for their colleagues.

Afterwards, while the results were being sorted out, an additional, knockout competition was arranged. Two universities competed against each other in dances chosen by a draw and the winner between them competed with another winner and so, on. The open IC faced in the final was Oxford who had beaten Cambridge in the semi-final. But even they proved to be no match for IC as they were clearly overpowered by our jive and quickstep team couples.

The announcement of the final results brought instant delight to everyone as IC won all A, B and C team competitions. No university had won all three titles there before.

The second competition, the Southern Ball, hosted by Bristol University took place in the Winter Garden Pavilion, Western-Super-Mare on St Valentine's Day. Only A, B and C teams were allowed to compete against 21 participating universities but everyone performed magnificently in both open and team competitions.

IC had once again dominated the opens, by winning both Viense Waltz and Rhumba. In the team competitions, most of the IC dancers reached the final and the first place in the Waltz, Cha Cha and Quickstep was won by our team

members. The overall results again brought victories to all our competing teams. It wasn't without drama either. In the quickstep semi-final, one IC couple unintentionally tripped and fell, one of them badly scratching her foot. But they fought back bravely and deservedly snatched the first place in the final.

The extra competition which took place this time was the Off-Beat. The Off-Beat is danced by a group of dancers who synchronise their sequence of actions with the music. There were only three entrants—Imperial, Cambridge and Bath, but shaking off their flimsy challenges, Imperial with the dance 'Lyndy Hop' took the trophy with unmistakably best performance.

Aboard the coach home, there was also another occasion to

celebrate. At midnight, a sudden appearance of a birthday cake with loud singing surprised the team's Latin trainer, Vicki. It was also a fine chance to congratulate her along with Dorothy, the other trainer, the good results without whom our teams would have lacked the skill and enthusiasm to achieve.

With such successes behind the teams they faced, with mounting pressure, one more hurdle. The last competition for this academic year was the Inter-Varsity Ball, celebrating its 30th anniversary. It was to take place at home, in London, hosted by no one else but Imperial College.

The IC teams had won this competition for the last two previous years and with such impressive records, it was of paramount importance that the teams repeated their winning forms. It took place in the Grosvenor Hotel at Park Lane on 7th March. Only A and B teams competed but all other members including many ex-members turned up to cheer the host teams with all they could give.

The final results were more than anyone had dreamed. Not only did IC retain the title but also almost every couple came first in their

respective dances. However, the Off-Beat contest, the final event of the night, was a much closer affair. This time there were six entrants altogether and the most dangerous challenge came from none other than Manchester University with the dance, 'Madness'. Indeed, it could have been madness to deny the Imperial College dance team with the win and its fantastic unbroken series of victories.

Many congratulations go to the team trainers Vicki Cunniffe and Dorothy Charlton and of course to every team member whose dedication and hard work brought such marvellous results which our competitors would die for. The club would also like to thank the Union and everyone who had helped and supported the teams throughout.

Other team members
Ballroom: Norman Hui, Claire Snow, Anders Hedfalk, Lucy Chothia, Jae-yong Lee, Jaqui Horn, Jeans Baltersee, Juliet Pickering, Susan Hunt. Latin: Nicholas Shiacolus, Zoe Antonion, Roger De Sourja, Alison Lacey, Thomas Miller, Marini Sarri, Jude Insley, Seetal Patel. Others: Jullian Wilde, Ledda Lopez, Peter Purdie.

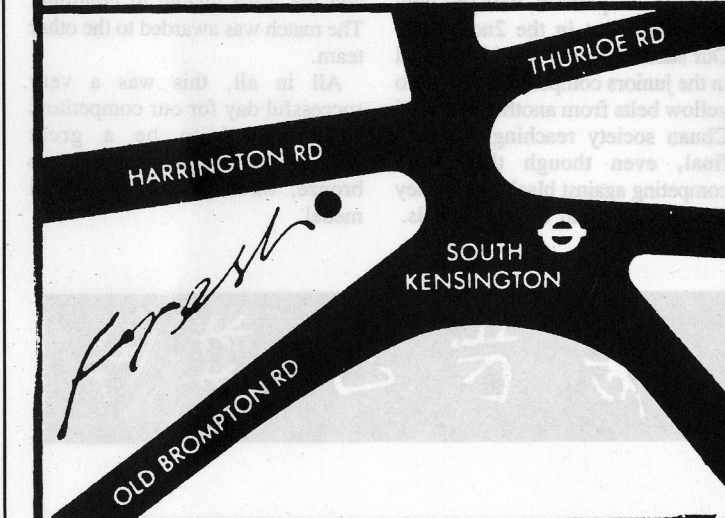
INTER-VARSITY COMPETITION RESULTS

TEAM A		
Waltz	Brian Crotaz	1st
	Alice Jacques	
Cha Cha	Matthew Lewis	1st
	Vicky Kereszteng	
Quick Step	Paul Chatrath	5th
	Pamela Witze	
Jive	Alex Kuniawan	1st
	Sonia Abubacker	
TEAM B		
Waltz	Andrew Smith	2nd
	Joanne Wade	
Cha Cha	Tuang Lim	1st
	Lye-yen Tien	
Quick Step	Lead Rezek	1st
	Patricia Domesteanu	
Jive	Satin Gungah	1st
	Shelagh Marshall	

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On the 16th May, a small but dedicated group of practitioners of Nam Pai Chuan kung fu left the bounds of South Kensington for the outlands of Fulham. Their purpose - to test their skill and courage at the West London open Martial Arts tournament (semi contact).

The day opened with the Form competition. A form is a sequence of set moves, practiced in order to perfect technique and coordination. The majority of competitors were from Karate schools, and due to their complexity and flowing nature the Kung Fu forms seemed out of place compared to the Karate style's more direct nature. However, one of our black belts still achieved 5th place in this contest.

After this were the sparring competitions, with four categories: Juniors, Womens, Mens (coloured belts), Mens (seniors). Our only female entrant, Margaret, had a considerable task in the first round when taking on last year's reigning champion. Again the differences in style became apparent as Margaret initially had difficulty scoring points in a Karate style competition. However she soon gained control and achieved a convincing victory. Having found her footing with the rules and style she managed to achieve a silver trophy in this, her first ever sparring competition.

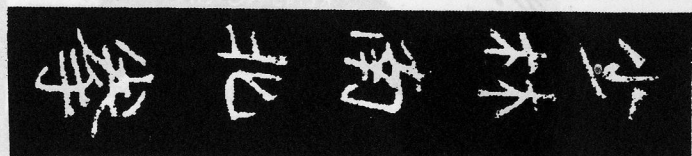
We gained a considerable success in the men's (coloured belts) competition, with all of our competitors going through to the first round, including a white belt. Both Gus Fox (Mech Eng) and Paul got through to the semi finals, and managed to win these. This left the final as a fight between two of our club members, reminiscent of our Sunday morning sparring classes. Paul won the fight and the gold trophy, Gus achieving silver. Success was not so great in the senior's competition, with our only competitor out in the 2nd round. Our success overall was highlighted in the juniors competition, with two yellow belts from another Nam Pai Chuan society reaching the semi final, even though they were competing against black belts. They gained silver and bronze medals.

Nam Pai Chuan



Unfortunately, due to injury we were only able to field 4 competitors for a five man team in the team event. We won two out of the first three fights, with Gus Fox, a blue belt, defeating a Karate black belt. In what was for us the deciding round, the opposition fighter was forced to retire due to a previous injury, so the fight was forfeited, and we were unable to continue. The match was awarded to the other team.

All in all, this was a very successful day for our competitors adds proved to be a great experience, with us securing one bronze, three silver and a gold medal.



The Tenpin Bowling Club has enjoyed a very satisfying year, with more than a fair share of trophies in our bag and several club records demolished and re-written. More importantly, we have finally arrived at the pinnacle of student bowling and are looking forward to better things to come.

Undoubtedly the highest achievement of the year was emerging runner-up at the UCTBA (Universities and Colleges Tenpin Bowling Association) Championship. Our previous best performance was making it to the quarter finals last year only to put up a poor showing against Nottingham. This year, as 2nd highest pinfall qualifiers, we put Southampton in their place to meet Birmingham in the semi-finals. What an appropriate time to bowl a record team score of 7629, an average per bowler of 159! Unfortunately we were unable to repeat that performance against the formidable Leeds in the grand final, and had to settle for second place. No one complained because we also

walked away with highest B-Team and C—team game trophies, and the memory of an unforgettable 268 by Phil West.

We have also been well represented in the various student tournaments, only failing to send a team to Liverpool Quads, which some may argue was a tactical decision. Our players have again performed commendably, ensuring entry fees were not spent in vain.

We started the season falteringly, managing only a mediocre showing in both the UAU one-day championship and Notts Doubles. The next tournament on the calendar was our very own Imperial Trios, staged at Hollywood Bowl Tottenham. We fielded 4 teams, with 1 team narrowly missing the cut by 1 pin. Human error on our part resulted in 3 trophies going into the wrong hands, including those of our skipper Pete Sharpe, who had to hand his back with much unwillingness.

Aston Doubles proved to be a good tournament, with Melvin Curran and Phil West clinching 2nd

Boating review

So far this has been an excellent year for the Boardsailing Club. We began the year with the largest influx of new members ever recorded. The majority of these were beginners and it has been great to watch most of them progress, from falling in every 30 seconds to competent sailors, capable of safely sailing around the reservoir. Initially Wednesday afternoons were heavily over-subscribed as expected, and surprisingly the numbers have not dropped until very recently. Although our membership at Queen Mary Reservoir has now expired we are still meeting Tuesday lunchtime in Southside and we have several events still to come.

We have been on several weekend trips to the coast including exotic locations like Gosport, Gower (Wales) and Brightlingsea. At Brightlingsea we met with Essex Uni but unfortunately the wind did not permit any serious racing so we were forced to relax and enjoy the sun. Nearly everyone managed to jump off the waves, sometimes you didn't get much choice! Amazingly unlike the rest of the year we didn't even break any kit. (A trip, all for

charity!)

James Slaughter is completing his first season, sailing in the British Funboard Association Race Series at events all over the country. He has achieved some very respectable results and we hope he will continue his success.

On 15-16th May we took part in the first Bic Student Windsurfing Championships at Clacton-on-Sea. Our dynamic team of ten left college on the Friday evening. The journey was long and uneventful, apart from the dodgems with the bus in South Kensington and the experience with the new roundabout in Colchester. In an effort to reduce the cost we had booked a six berth caravan for ten, a really cunning idea never to be repeated.

On the Saturday morning we woke at 8.00am to find perfect conditions, high onshore winds and sunshine!! For the first time ever we were on the beach at 9.00am and it wasn't long before we had rigged our sails. The small waves provided some testing, but exciting sailing (fortunately the Rescue boat was on hand to help those in need). By this time the other teams had started to

arrive and approximately eighty sailors had made the effort to get out of bed, forget looming exams and get on the beach. The racing took the form of a figure of eight slalom course around two buoys, starting and finishing on the beach. Forty sailors from twelve different Universities entered the racing. It was very competitive and exciting (even for the beginners who couldn't race because the wind was too strong). As night fell we retired to McDonalds and then the bar to discuss the day's results and more importantly our tactics—win at all costs!

Sunday arrived blowing and sunny again...perfect! (Maybe Alaric's absence had an effect on the weather.) The racing continued with the same format, as did our success. Everyone managed to improve on their Saturday performance and our overall team position was looking very promising. In the last final Imperial took 4th, 5th and 6th place, very impressive results considering the tough opposition. By keeping the races short and continuous we had completed over thirty races in the

weekend. The individual event was won by a local from Essex Uni, but Dan Laurijssen and James Slaughter took third and fourth place respectively. In the team event we thought we had done enough to take the title, however we overlooked the team from Cambridge and we had to settle for second place. After visiting McDonald's again to stock up on junk food we headed home. It was an excellent weekend, we came second, got drunk and sunburnt and we didn't break much kit. (Our thanks must go to Roger Lightfoot from Guy's Hospital for organising the event, we look forward to next year. Hopefully the weather will allow beginners to race.)

Looking to the future we have the Hayling Island Marathon on 12-13th June, and another trip is being organised for the last week of term. Anyone who is interested in sailing (any standard welcome) including students at St Mary's meet us on any Tuesday, 1.00pm in Southside Upper Lounge or contact myself James Mayhew Mech Eng II. Hook in, get in the straps and hang on!!

Bottom backtracking: Bowling

It was another tale of missed opportunity when our team came 4th again at Birmingham Sixes. Lee Brockless, Sam Chen, Dave Wilkins and Melvin Curran shot averages of 173, 171, 170 and 169 respectively, a laudable team effort despite testing conditions.

Our latest outing was to the distant Hull Trios. Lack of sleep took its toll on many of our players who never quite recovered on the lanes. Sam Chen amazed us by bowling a 223 and his team did in fact qualify for the 2nd round, only to wilt in the limelight. Next year we are considering chartering a plane to get us there.

With the daunting 12 hour Leeds Marathon and new Novices Tournament still to come, we may yet witness more heroics.

On the domestic front, the Internal Trios League saw the top place within reach of 3 or 4 teams. After a hard-fought final week, Wibble emerged champs, 2nd place went to Hedgehog II and Swan Vesta took 3rd. The Turkeys managed a meagre 5th despite

place, Sarah McCarthy and Richard Stockley missing the stepladder final by a familiar solitary pin, and other couples playing well.

Southampton Singles again saw inspired play by our brood. Siang-Yong Lim, Pete Sharpe and Matt Bell produced a high standard of play and Lim eventually settled for 3rd place while Sharpe collected a trophy for high handicapped game, this time for keeps.

The Popular Brunel Doubles held at the Airport Bowl was a disappointing tournament, with a field of strong opposition and an average effort from our lot denying us qualifications for the 2nd round.

Two teams were dispatched for Sheffield Quads and a miscalculation on a key person's part meant we almost missed the roll-off. Fortunately all wasn't lost and Andy Glading went on to bowl a remarkable game (229) and series to earn himself 2 trophies. Dave Wilkins, one-fourth of the team that came overall 4th, also bagged the runner-up trophy in the singles section.

amassing highest pinfall and 2 scratch trophies. They were overtaken by the Flaming Carrots who put in a strong finish.

The Spring Doubles again featured Matt Bell and Haff Al-Qassab, them of the Wibble fame, pitted against newcomers Roger Chalfont and Kwai Lee in the finals. Experience on the part of Bell and Al-Qassab helped to seal their victory.

The quest for club champion took the form of the Singles Championship. After 2 siftings, Pete Sharpe, Phil West, Sam Chen and Richard Waring met in the round-robin final. Immense staying power finally put 'rubbish skip' Sharpe on the winners' podium with 11.35 points. Runner-up with 8.67 was Chen and West took 3rd place with 7.22 points. The inter-CCU challenge promised to be the grand finale of the term. RCS have been knocking on C&G's door for the last few years without great success. While RSM could never quite find a winning team due to sheer lack of numbers. The encounter wasn't as

close as expected, and C&G get to have their name engraved on the plaque yet again.

The Annual Sponsored Bowl was one of the social activities held this year with much success. Fun was had by all, especially those in fancy dress (Hi Fred) and all funds raised go towards cancer research. We have also initiated the Phil Wren Memorial Trophy in memory of a dearly departed team-mate, and won it (thank goodness) playing against our guest Brunel University. Many will remember the Christmas Bowl as a rare chance to be silly on the lanes, and it was a real treat to see everyone in smart garb for the Christmas Dinner. If only we could behave ourselves till after pudding was served.

The Club has gone from strength to strength, and we hope to better our achievements come next season. If there are any budding bowlers out there who'd like a slice of the action, contact Rachael Tay (captain) on in 6018 or via Materials PG pigeonholes.

Singles



Senseless Things: Me next for the Butane

**Trash Can Sinatras—
I've Seen Everything**

The first time I saw the *Trash Can Sinatras* (not to be mistaken with Leicester Funk Popsters *The Sinatras* or indeed old blue eyes himself) they were supporting *Prefab Sprout*. Now some three years on whilst Paddy leads his remaining followers on a one way trip to Waco (and I don't mean Michael) the *TCS's* are promoting their second album with this their second single from it.

With a sound owing much to the 80s postcard bands they jangle in a way only Scotland's finest can (and we're talking Edwin and Roddy not the *Bay City Rollers*).

This won't be a hit. It's thoughtful, and relies far too much on melody. Christ, they don't even wear flares...Of course if a certain jeans company was to get hold of them. No, fuck off *Trash Can Sinatras* are mine, you can have your *P.J. Suedemaker Quartet*.

Davros Crippledick.

Suede—So Young

It can only be six months since people started to get interested in *Suede*, but already they have become an anachronism. Blending into the 'dead subversive, mate' scene we have come to know and love.

Certainly they were a necessary shot in the arm for the British music industry, but to that end you could say they filled the proverbial 'gap in the market'. The whole thing smacks of conspiracy; they sign to *Nude records*, an independent label definitely not set up by Sony to gain some cred for their new boys, honest (really, *Glyph*. you're so suspicious - sic Ed); the abrupt



Trashcan Sinatras: So. We're shit are we?

departure of the female member of the band (but we've never actually had a homosexual experience, America! I said, we've never...); and of course, the substance of the band. David Bowie and Johnny Marr (or, Moz and the sadly-missed Mick - sic. Ed) with the two stooges that would never remind anyone of the *Smiths* (and we don't do encores, either - but that's purely coincidental).

Thank you for turning some heads, making some good records, and generally livening things up a bit, just when it looked like the *Wonderstuff* were set for a big comeback. But you've said it now so take the money and run. I hear Florida is nice this time of year, and

**The Senseless Things—
Too Much Kissing**

Beware ye, the godawful word 'retrospective'; when a band explores their past as an objective item, rather than subjectively in song..

I've never been much of a fan of *Senseless Things*, ever since I saw them on the main stage at Reading a few years back, counterpointed against *The Pooh Sticks* in the Acoustic Tent. 'Too Much Kissing' is their debut single revisited, and quite a bijou songette it is too. I'm not going to write home about it, but I might just take their name off my list for *Tipper Gore's* bonfire party.

Then again, I might not.

Donny O'Nonchalant

●Released on 1st June, on Epic. They play XFM on 13th June.

**Redd Kross—
Switchblade Sister**

Glorious heroin-redd vinyl offering nascent genius in a double 'A'-sided single, paring off 'Switchblade Sister' with 'What's wrong with me' and looking the paragon of aceness. Crack-happy nakedness on cover, not, this time, featuring a certain relative of a certain director, but nonetheless an appearance approaching apocalyptic. Now, considering the variously cool things stated above, it fits that the tracks are guitarred grooves gone renegade in cocksure fighting rock; they are. No surprise that *Redd Kross* are going on tour with *Dinosaur Jr.*, either.

Fucken' smart buggers.

Donny O'Nonchalant

●Out now on This Way Up. Tour Details? Aha...

Front 242—Religion

More mechanoid than the *T-1000*
Nastier than *Union Carbide*

More elitist than the SS
Totenkopf

So hard you could wax it and call it marble.

Tyranny for you, *Herrenvolk!*

Donny O'Nonchalant

Loni Clark—Rushing

'Deliciously irresistible garage tune'?!

Alright, take your word for it.

Just don't try buying clothes for me, will you.

Donny O'Nonchalant

●Out now on A&M.

Paw—Jessie

(Light slowly emanates over the stage, dressed as a wintry field. The sound of a man drawing weighty hunks of breath builds delicately, and a figure is dragged onto the stage by a leash attached to a large slaving dog; the figure is tall, thin, with shoulder-length and sweat-matted hair, and wears a black leather greatcoat. Behind and to the left, a stallion gallop of drums makes an impressive entrance)

KER-CHUNK! KER-CHUNK!

Man with dog: Jessie!

KER-CHUNK! KER-CHUNK!

(Dog turns threateningly)

Dog: Growl...

Man: (in fear) good girl, nice Jessie...

(Dog leaps on man and savages him. Man screams. Dog growls some more. Man dies. Dog runs off) (Exeunt) (Curtain)

Noisy. Rough. Well 'ard.

Donny O'Nonchalant

●Out now on A&M. *Paw* play ULU on the 28th. Today, in fact. Wakey, wakey! Look at you. I ask you. Lights on, door open, no-one home.

Chris Isaak—San Francisco Days

Chris Isaak has always been a retrospective figure, harking back to a simpler age of American Pie, spaceshots and B-movies from the drive-in. And so it is with 'San Francisco Days'; even down the track listing on the front cover just like Otis Reading or Aretha Franklin did.

It set a scene which trails throughout the album, without guile or packaging. The atmosphere is pleasant and warm, lazy late summer sun sheds its rays abroad and Chris warbles on in his rich, mellow way, covering Neil Diamond's 'Solitary Man' with an easy regard characteristic of a man who's voice is his instrument. Forget all that grunge-wailing for a moment, Chris has a voice to tingle your spine to distraction. A Hammond organ takes the stage where required; guitars pick throughout, gently focussing our glaze, soloing for only brief intervals.

'Beautiful Homes' takes you on a strollin' drive through Beverly Hills, maybe, where everything's beautiful. Just like Chris himself, bequipped with a chiselled jaw. A face able to break hearts as a matter of course should not be able to sing like Roy Orbison before it's passed fifty at least (jealousy rears).

'5.15' is the pick of the bunch. Whereas stations are the quintessential setting for leaving songs, we get in deeper this time. Now dusk is falling, a light breeze picks up, it ends up a brooding whisper. You couldn't imagine it at Paddington, sometimes only the real thing will do. Chris Isaak is American, certainly, wholesome as apple pie, undoubtedly good.

Tintin.

Naked Truth—Fight

Judging by the cover, these guys look cool and mean business. They're a black rock/metal/thrash outfit from Atlanta with obvious *Living Colour* and *Fishbone* comparisons, in that they seem to share defiance coupled with aggression.

Homelessness, dealers and the police are all rolled into one with the funky 'Downtown', while the title track is the absolute showcase, changing rhythm 3 times, a solid 7-minute stance against racism. 'Red River', an epic also on the same theme is the good ol' track perfect for losing brain cells to. 'Lovejoy', 'Black' and 'I Am He' are also worth noting from a consistently good debut.

The technical ability of this band is unquestionable but somehow, the

Everything But The Girl—Home Movies

Subtitled 'The Best of Everything But The Girl', the first thing you will learn is that you probably haven't read the *Senseless Things* review on the opposite page; if you have, there is little point my going over the retrospective/re-evaluation that is a necessary part of the 'greatest hits' ethos. With 'Home Movies', the majority of you will flashback to 1988 for 'Apron Strings', 'I don't want to talk about it' (I will be asking questions about this at the end of the review, so keep reading) and 'The night I heard Caruso sing' from that year's 'Idlewild'.

Another thing is that Ben and Tracey have tended towards playing out their relationship in their songs, and the videos to their songs; I don't know, but do you feel they've exploited a sense of universal voyeurism, that we're all being tempted to look, and to continue to look, as they tear themselves apart for the television? That their songwriting has tended to circulate around the submission/domination of the 'love' thing (did you get that? that's the 'LOVE' thing - sic. Ed) is of further testament to this.

Hmm. And on to the music, I feel. Yep. It's all beautiful languorous melodies, sensitively constructed and delicately executed. They wrote some great songs, and it's sad that they're mainly remembered for cover versions (do excuse him. I don't quite know why



Naked Truth: Look cool! Mean business! Fight!

potentially inspiring ideals on a tried and tested formula doesn't quite hit the mark, nonetheless the relative novelty value of black rock bands will probably ensure their success. The ghost of Jimi lives on.

Lucas.

he's writing in past tense - sic. Ed) 'Native Land' is my first reference point here, the days of my youth, Lloyd Cole, 'Body and Soul', Marx and Sartre, Somerset Maugham, and a catastrophic relationship with



Wake up, Ben. It's the album cover photoshot.

a girl who had MTV Europe on Cable. 'Apron Strings' is my next, and then...

The point is, you may not have liked them the first time around, (and God knows, I wasn't keen) but they occupy a peculiar space in everyone's closets; they rendered my relationships and would-be relationships more emotional and more sensitive than they deserved, like Lloyd did once, like *The Bible*

Albums

did once, like *The Cure*, the *Sisters*, *REM* and *Steely Dan* did with every bloody song. Part-comic, part-

pathetic, part-traumatic. Re-evaluated? It's lovely. I do hope they are talking to each other again, too. Bloody Rod Stewart.

Donny O'Nonchalant

● Out now on WEA. At least, I think it's out now; I can't find any release date information. *Everything But the Girl* play the Queen's Theatre on 27th, 28th, 29th May. Next Week: *Donald Fagen*...

Sabbat. Thrash metal with a fiddle player and a fixation on Merrie Englands. Whilst difficult to take seriously, *Skyclad* are brilliant—but having said that, 'Jonah's Ark' is a bit of a disappointment. Unlike their three previous offerings, there's not really anything here to get your knees up to down at the ceiling. It's all good, proficient thrash which happens to have a violin in it, that's all. The lyrics are the usual ranting about how big businesses are destroying the planet whilst her inhabitants sit numbly in front of the television, neatly summed-up by the (unintentionally) hilarious pastiche of the spoken introductions to 'The Eve of the War' from Jeff Wayne's 'War of the Worlds', but the music is too sombre. All the album needs is a rousing tune like 'The Wickersham Jig' from the first album, but sadly that is lacking. It's a shame to see lunacy of this quality go to waste on such a preponderance of serious songs.

Freddy Cheeseworth.

Skyclad—Jonah's Ark

WHOOAARGH! Pagan Metal! Don't you just love it? *Skyclad* are the ludicrous brainchild of Martin Walkyier, the Cadbury's Parrot arising from the ashes of the mighty

Unconventionally attractive

Is there life after Heaven? Dave DuCliche and Joe Baguley descend upon EMI's offices to hunt out one Glenn Gregory, to talk about stardom, Heaven 17, the pope and being Ugly.

(While Ian Wright talks about being mistaken for a famous footballer and being shot at)



pic by Joe Baguley

Right, I say as we project ourselves up the escalator at Marble Arch. There's an interview with a legitimate pop star just around the corner (give 'em what they want, I say - sic. Ed), and being late in these circumstances is the kind of situation which demands summary execution. No trial, pants exuding tell-tale smells and stains, blubbing into the blindfold; a proper twat's death, to be followed by a twat's funeral. Joe says calm down, Dave. You've fucked up again, haven't you? I ask him the time. He looks at his watch, and wastes precious seconds. I look helplessly skyward. We're late. If only shooting oneself in the foot metaphorically had visible effects, we'd have an excuse then, but we're trying desperately to find Manchester Square, the enigmatic Glenn Gregory and entourage. The bulb explodes in my head again when I remember that too many questions about Heaven 17 might not go down too well, dealing as we are with a new project, *Ugly*, and new members; in all likelihood, they may get pissed off should we be too obsessed with Mr Gregory's TV-friendly past. I've an idea, Joe, I say. He turns, a stitch too many in his eyebrows. He asks what my idea is. We play it cool, I say. Oh right, Dave. Thanks. I'd never have thought of that.

One of them's been shot at twice, hasn't he? The other one's played support to *Bros* and listens to thrash metal. And the other one... fuck. Didn't he used to be the lead singer



of Heaven 17?

So, we arrive at the offices, and wait for them to turn up. Smart black leather couch, I say. Joe says, smart platinum discs, Dave. They descend the stairs, Glenn Gregory, John Uriel, Ian Wright. Glenn Gregory, minus sharp suit, plus cap and casuals. John looks cute and scally-esque, Ian looks like Superman gone seriously mellow. They smile, shake hands. We correspond. The consensus, says Alison of EMI press, is that we go to the pub. We shrug in a sort of 'suits us' way, stifling the urge to go weak and shout 'now you're talking!'. Drinks on EMI. Smart. Joe takes up position. We assume you can recognise initials as representative of names. 'G' for 'Glenn'; you see? simple enough, isn't it, and quite painless too. N.B. For the purposes of this interview, it would be easy to have a 'J1' and 'J2', for Joe and John, but as Joe is only there to take photos and freeload on Guinness, I decided to erase his comments. Ha! Teach him to keep his mouth shut in future, bloody bugger...

I: Bright here, innit?

D: I'm regretting not bringing any sunglasses now

(and John Uriel doesn't talk about being mistakenly called 'Ariel')

Charity

G: Well, two sensible people at the table. A peak and some sunglasses

D: Which is the one that's been shot at? twice?

I: Three times now

D: Three times?

I: Naah

Ure and Bob Geldof

D: Band Aid

G: Yeah. We did that, didn't know what the bloody hell it was, you know. Two people call us up, and ask us to come down and do a bit of backing singing, and we turned the corner, and there was press there, and all these people. It was really weird. So we said that we wouldn't do any more charity things, and the last thing that *Heaven 17* did was that keeping your house in order

Agadoo

D: did you play a large part in the remixing of 'Gimme Shelter'?

G: No, well, I did actually. No, it's true, 'cause it's the last time Martin (Ware) and I were in the studio. Well, we did the Sheffield Wednesday song, but I only did backing vocals on that

D: How do you think it compares with the Arsenal song?

G: Far superior.

D: I heard it was a bit Ragga

G: I like Ragga, but it's hardly Ragga, is it. It's like 'Agadoo'. Tippa Irie's 'Agadoo'. It's weird because *Ugly* aren't totally removed from *Heaven 17*, there are other parallels. But it's like the musical influences, the sound, *Human League* and, dare I say it, Gary Numan.

D: He's a fascist, Gary Numan.

G: Yeah? We're all Tories

J: Oh, I'm a Nazi (This, they persuade us without difficulty, is their little joke)

D: We've reviewed the single ('Boom the Future') this week. I really liked it, I thought it a very smooth production, but there is still a sense of *Heaven 17*, circa 'Fascist Groove Thing' with the chorus 'brothers and sisters'

G: Yeah, well, we didn't know the bastards were gonna remix it, did we?

D: How old is it now? thirteen years ago?

(Joe, speaking completely out of turn, interrupts with a comment about 'Boom the Future'): Prefer the acoustic version myself

G: Lot of people do, but we

couldn't just release that
 D: Were the strings on the acoustic version arranged electronically?
 G: Yeah, the whole thing was done in twenty minutes. It was as near to a jam as I've ever been.
 D: It was like that track by that crap American band. Extreme. They dumped all their gear, and played it, and it was their biggest hit.
 I: D'you reckon we should release the b-side?
 J: On the second chorus, I shout in the background

Material

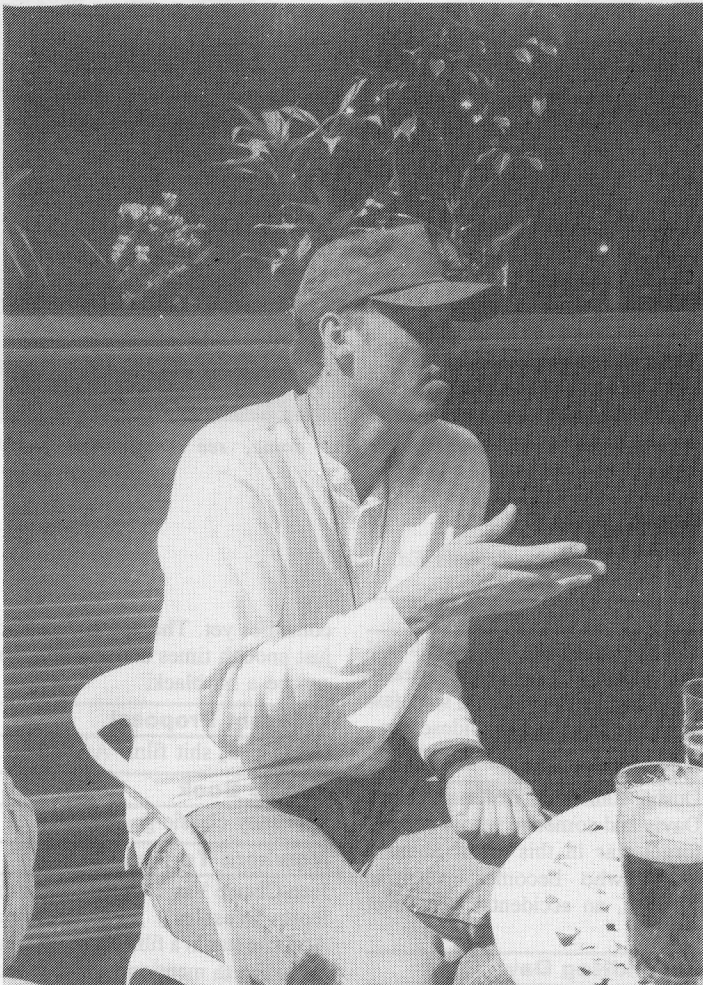
(Conversation continues along equally pale and interesting lines; I generously allow Joe to clear his throat once or twice. We have a smoke, swig our pints laddishly, and recoil from overbearing sunlight)

D: So what's up next?
 G: I've written about six, probably re-do two or three now. You see, the idea at first was to not let anybody know it was anything to do with *Heaven 17*, come in from a very left-field, a very 'club' background, there's a track called 'Born with it' and a track called 'Greed', and they're very fast, very hard, about 145 bpm, like really fucking fast, really in your face. but

then the remix of 'Temptation' came out, and every one was really keen, and I was desperately fighting against it because it fucked up the original plan... But, slowly but surely, everyone, including me, the record company, friends, we just had to face the fact that the plan was no longer any use. And unfortunately, when people say *Ugly* sounds like *Heaven 17*, we don't; *Ugly* sounds like *Heaven 17* remixes... But if we had half a hit with this one...

(Joe, in another rare moment of lyrical brevity, pops up mid-camera click to ask another question. I groan inwardly): What do you define as half a hit?

G: Top forty, somewhere in the top forty, just to establish *Ugly* as a name, 'cause it's been on tv, it's been on the Chart Show, been on The Big Breakfast, so people are seeing it a little bit. And then there's the next one, but that depends very much on what this one does. I mean, do we go really hard and weird, 'cause this is like a crossing point between the coarse, hard stuff we've done, and the stuff that's on the album, songs called 'Starlove', one called 'Préttyhead', one called 'Slow All Over', and they're like normal songs but done in a weird way. kind of like early Roxv Music.



pic by Joe Baguley

standard songs but the way they've been treated, it ain't normal
 J: But it all goes back to songs
 I: Like that 'Gimme Shelter' thing
 D: Yeah. Thought the *Heaven 17* version was the most radical. That and *808 State's* version
 G: Well, there was no song. When we said we'd do it, and all the other people who'd done it, when we started to take it apart, and look at what was there, there was nothing. It was basically Jagger strutting his stuff
 D: And Keef
 J: With lots of drugs and alcohol
 G: They're good at that bit

Football

(Interview postponed temporarily as laughter makes its presence rather rudely known)

D: You been asked to do any other POHIO stuff?

G: Yeah, but we refused, 'cause *Ugly* were getting delayed, regularly by about three or four weeks, and I was being asked to promote *Heaven 17*, and I did, until I just turned round as said no, no more. From now on I'm *Ugly*. Extremely *Ugly*. 100% *Ugly*.

D: But your original idea is shafted
 G: We can't change anything, we'd end up chasing our tails. This is much more a band thing than *Heaven 17*; We're going to take *Ugly* on tour, and *Heaven 17* never toured

D: But what of accessible pop songs?

G: You need a few to get established

J: There's nothing wrong with pop music, but if you give people ten singles or ten pop tunes it's not enough. You've got to give them something to think about to give them a good album

D: I quite agree. Do you reckon Sheffield Wednesday got robbed on Saturday then?

G: Certainly we came fucking close in extra time, if we'd have given an extra 5%, just one little extra push...

D: The disallowed goal?

G: It was disallowable. I'll be there on Thursday, like I was there on Saturday, face painted, hat on, with my Dad

D: They all support Arsenal in our office

G: Oh really? A very good team. I think they stand a very good chance in the replay...

D: I'm not, I'm from the North West

G: I think most people hate Arsenal

Fascism

(With the grace and style of a lean panther, we move effortlessly from

one subject to the next; Football = Fascism. There's a direct correlation in there, isn't there?)
 D: Could the remix of 'Fascist Groove Thing' have been better timed?

G: That was the main reason I had for agreeing to re-release it, all the shit that's going on now in Germany, and there's that band...

D: Skrewdriver

G: Fucking horrid. Should be stamped out

D: What? Fascism?

G: Remixing *Heaven 17*. It's a crime. No, but fascism is frightening

D: I confess that I find you more down to earth than I expected

G: I've got red frilly knickers on underneath

D: Yeah?

G: And a big orange dildo, with *Heaven 17* tattooed on it

J: Heaven is 17 inches?

G: No, but we're very nearly beer monsters.

J: Very nearly (He laughs aloud, as he gulps generously on his Guinness)

D: You were part of that po-faced art student, early eighties, new romantic, er, thing, though, like Visage and Human League, and David Sylvian.

G: They're all complete pisseheads, though. No, it was a bit contrived, all that stuff.

Pope

And we talk some more. We talk of being mistaken for Kirk Brandon (Of Spear of Destiny, and close friend of Boy George), nearly being the singer of Human League, Everton's racial discrimination policy, calling themselves *Ugly*, rather than naming themselves after a material (Suggestions included Chiffon, Crimpolene, and Hessian), and Glenn's aspirations to the Papacy. John and Ian tell him that he is already pope. Pope Gregory 17th. He don't kiss the floor, but he has the voice of an angel. Alison returns, and lets us in the exclusive Manchester Gardens for piccies. We shake hands after Joe has finished reeling off a few shots and resisting Glenn's attempts to buy his camera. 'Later' he calls back, arm raised in farewell gesture. Adios, Amigos. Da Svidaniya. We go off to have a scan of the Wallace Collection, on their advice. The beer settles. In no time, we're back in South Ken; I phone the radio station, and get them to play 'Temptation'. They do. In the North West we have a saying, I tell them.

'Ta very much'.

'Boom the Future' is out now on EMI/Rhythm King.

 Theatre

Hamlet

Caroline Gordon's production of 'Hamlet' presents us with a nearly complete version of Shakespeare's masterpiece. Indeed, she cuts only two scenes (those featuring the *Norwegian Fortinbras*) and personally I think the play is better without these.

However, I do argue with Steven Elder's portrayal of the tragic hero. Elder, from the outset, plays a moody, angry, and very loud Hamlet - one who seems mad from the start. Likewise, Catherine George as Ophelia begins the play a little less than mentally stable. In both cases, madness seems a little premature. David Arrowsmith plays a smarmy Cladius with a smile that is alone enough to have him condemned as a murderer. As for Gertrude (Sally Mortemore), she seems so caught up in her lust for Claudius that a true relationship between Hamlet and his mother fails to emerge, and whilst the ghost scenes verge on sadistical (with Hamlet at times assuming the position of Christ on the cross), Hamlet's relationship with Gertrude could never be accused of being Oedipal.

Gordon's production throws up some interesting ideas, but on the whole they seem to get lost in the melodrama and sheer volume of the production. If you like your Shakespeare over the top, this might be for you.

Sarah-Jane Davis

●Made-Up Theatre Co., Greenwich Studios, 189 High Rd., SE10, Greenwich BR. Tue- Sun 7.30pm. Concs £5. Ends 30th May.

Video

California Man

If you thought that *Bill & Ted* were two phrase repeating, dim-witted teenagers that could rarely string together a few coherent sentences, yet alone a few minutes of half-decent acting, then you are going to hate this video. It's crap. Watch dribble like *Raw Soup* or *The Real McCoy* instead.

Boomerang

Eddie Murphy in yet another role that allows him to be surrounded by wealth and women. After fifteen minutes I switched off and watched the news instead. If we had a rating system, it would get fuck all.

Chaplin

Not as good as the wide screen

Book 

Small Gods: Terry Pratchett

Brightly coloured, intricately drawn cover, paperback, about four hundred pages, written in a reader friendly style, contains understated wit, a large number of 'in' jokes and set in fantastical world which rides around the Universe on the back of a turtle. Yes Inspector, it looks like another Pratchett book has hit the bookshelves again, and this time its taking no prisoners.

But Sergeant, is it any different to the hordes of other Pratchett novels that weigh down the local branch of WH Smiths?

Frankly inspector, No, but if I many venture an opinion, Sir?

Please do, Sergeant. We are protectors of good taste here, no thought or cognitive process will be disciplined, only the heinous crime of banality can be punished.

Well Inspector, it appeared to be rather more satirical than usual Sir, it appeared that the dread author had targetted organised religion and parodied it with his gently humorous style.

But were any of the jokes different Sergeant?

Hardly Sir, but a good many were pleasantly amusing.

Overall, what was your impression?

Same as before Sir, No surprises.

What do think motivates this man Pratchett to keep writing these books?

The money I would imagine Sir.

And where do you think we will find him, Sergeant?

Almost every-bloody-where Sir.

The Hair Bear Bunch

version as seen in the cinema, but at least you can stop it if you need to get a drink or whatever. Not that you really need to, because it is captivating for the whole two and a bit hours.

Sniper

Not another blood and guts film with sweet fa for a storyline as you might expect, although it does have it's fare share of gore. Quite a good film.

Sister Act

Better and funnier than some of the critics have said. You should all know the storyline, so just sit back and enjoy Whoopi (nice name !) in possibly one of her best roles.

Phur E. Cat.

 Theatre

Tomfoolery

When originally written in America by Tom Lehrer, back in the 'good old days' of the late fifties and sixties, his satirical songs were banned in this country. Listening to them, it's not hard to reason why. He can come across as anti-war and anti-government, but don't all satirists?

He does an excellent job of taking the piss of everything from activists that sing ridiculous folk songs, to the American government, to the notion of livening up church songs and an ingenious send up of the Irish and their extremely long songs. Out of all the 27 songs, my favourites were; 'I Got It From Agnes', a dirty little number about the transmission if 'it'; 'The Vatican Rag', the best satirical religious

'sketch' that I have ever seen or heard; 'The Masochism Tango', which is self explanatory; and 'Smut', which is also pretty much self explanatory.

The level of satire surpasses anything ever said on 'Have I Got News For You' and it is delivered in an exquisite style than Angus Deayton would have problems imitating. All the cast are, well, look up the words 'excellent' and 'funny' in the thesaurus and all positive derivatives apply. I love the songs, the cast, everything. I thought there could be such a thing as too much satire in one evening, I was wrong. Go and see this.

Coral Anne Gregory of Chigwell with the spell-checking assistance of Edward Perfect V.

●The Players Theatre, The Arches, Villiers St., WC2, Charing Cross Tube, Thurs to Sat 11.15pm, Until 19th June, Concs £5



To find out what these people are doing, see Tomfoolery NOW

Films *by Reviews Ed.*

Body Of Evidence

Blatant excuse for Madonna to get her clothes off (not that she really needs one) and a chance to see a few perverse practices in widescreen.

Accidental Hero

Dustin 'Rain Man' Hoffman, Geena Davis and someone whose name I forget star in this effort about a tramp who becomes, surprise surprise, an accidental hero. Not bad.

GroundHog Day

Bill Murray in one of his best

comedies yet. The day is repeated just enough times and the humour can be a bit black.

Indecent Proposal

Great idea, shit film. Avoid.

Jungle Book

A Disney classic-go see.

Nowhere To Run

Jean-Claude Van Damme ('muscles from Brussels') and Rosanna Arquette star in a film about nothing really worth mentioning. I enjoyed it though.

Opera

Macbeth

Like the contents of the witches' cauldron, ENO's production of Verdi's *Macbeth* is a nasty and fascinating brew. The main theme of this staging is the abuse of power; in the programme there are quotes from *The Prince*, and on the stage producer David Pountney has scattered the trappings of tyranny. Grey-uniformed quasi-Nazis and sinister, trenchcoated secret police surround Macbeth, and Banquo goes underground to produce subversive leaflets. While this may not come as a surprise to Coliseum regulars (you wouldn't have to spend very long in the ENO wardrobe to amass a considerable pile of military uniforms and sinister trenchcoats) the treatment of the witches is more original. The drab, mischief-making housewives, where you might have expected OTT grotesquerie, locate the action firmly in the sphere of grubby reality (despite the distorted Expressionist set) rather than on some remote supernatural place. It's a pity that this effect is a little compromised at the beginning of Act IV by what appears to be a nod in the direction of Pantheism, with the emergence of King Duncan as

a sort of 'Father Earth' from the midst of a grotto of petrified naturalists. The ending is rather feeble: the dozen branch-carrying new-age waifs who rush on and bounce on the royal bed hardly look capable of routing Macbeth's thugs.

On the first night, Malcolm Donnelly in the title role was initially dull-voiced and seemed out of his depth, but he soon warmed up as the sparks began to fly from Kristine Ciesinski's Lady Macbeth. Her bright, steely voice is ideal for the part and her acting is magnetic. After a gripping sleepwalking scene, she kills herself in the shower, daubing the walls with bilious green blood. John Hudson is fair to middling heroic as Macduff; on the strength of his Malcolm, Anthony Mee may prove vocally more apt when he has a crack at the part later in the run.

Mark Elder does sterling work in the pit (makes him sound like a Formula One mechanic, doesn't it) and orchestra and chorus deliver high-octane performances. This is grand opera with all the stops pulled out, and Elder should be well pleased with his final appearances as ENO's music director.

Patrick Wood.

●In rep at the Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, until June 26. Box Office 071-836 3161; tickets from £6 on the day.



Oh ****! The bed's not made.



Come on luvvies—this is not the 'Bride of Dracula'.

Exhibition

Oil and Blood

How about this for an idea? Take nine pints of my own blood, cast it into the shape of my head, keep it in a refrigerated box and pass it off as art. That's exactly what Mark Quinn has done. He is one of an increasing number of modern artists obsessed with bodily fluids and functions, a movement which started with the now infamous 'Pisschrist'. Quinn's work features in the *Young British Artists II* exhibition at the Saatchi Collection. The blood head, entitled 'Self', greets you as you enter the gallery. It sits serenely in its chilled box eyeing the passers by. There is a certain charm to its expression, but the disturbance inherent in the construction material inspires fear and revulsion in the viewer. Equally disturbing is 'You take my breath away', a latex second skin in the shape of the artist's body. It hangs limply, 'Like a used condom', as if the artist had shed his kin like a snake. It is a frightening reminder of the tenuous boundary between life and emptiness. These sinister creations inspire the viewer with a

new insight into the wonder of life and the body. Other sculptures on display by Quinn are less interesting, rough cast busts of historical characters made with bread dough. They are mildly pleasing but lack the dark humour of Quinn's other works.

Sara Lucas' work proves to be disappointingly uninspiring. A feminist artist, most of her pictures were vast photocopies of Sunday Sport centre spreads. Amusing as the articles may once have been, here they are simply a statement. That statement is too obvious, the method too predictable. Don't bother. Before bypassing these entirely make sure you stop to have a quick chuckle at Lucas' 'Receptacle of lurid things'. What is it supposed to mean?

Don't linger too long in 'The Royal Box'. It only takes ten minutes to die at -23 degrees. This is a large industrial freezer unit which you walk into at the invitation of an attendant. Inside is a U shaped wall of ice cubes which provides a death cold alcove in which to stand and contemplate existence. This

work stands in complete contrast to Rose Finn-Kelcey's other exhibit, 'Steam Installation'. Inspiring post cyberpunk nightmares of rampant technology, this dimly lit room contains a large steam producing device, with a hood. The steam remains enclosed by a stream of cold air, swirling around, it projects dancing images in the spot lights. The dim lighting, ducts and steam recall memories of *Bladerunner* and *Alien*, our modern day myths. Shadows appear in the steam as other viewers are silhouetted. Who says air conditioning units can't be interesting?

Mark Wallinger paints large pictures. His two works here are 'Capital', seven life-size oil paintings of homeless people, and 'Race, Class, Sex'—four race horses. His pictures are well executed and beautifully painted studies—something which is very rare in the world of modern 'Pretentious bullshit' art. They are technically good but rather lifeless. I was sure that there was a political statement behind them, but I couldn't be bothered to find it. Just

past these, however, is something of a surprise. 20.50 by Richard Wilson does not feature in the catalogue, but was by far the most memorable exhibit. I look through the door and see a long walkway, extending above some kind of hole. It is seemingly suspended in space. 'Don't touch the sides, because of the oil', the attendant says cryptically. Oil, what oil? All of a sudden I looked closer, and realised. I freak out. Even when I knew what was going on I couldn't believe it. The effect that this exhibit has is strange, other worldly, vertiginous. I would describe it, but that would spoil it—see it for yourself.

Leaving this exhibition many people would ask, as they so often do after looking at modern works, 'Is this Art?'. Well, I would reply 'Who cares?'. It's disturbing, its entertaining, and it has to be seen.

M.A.

●*Young British Artists II*. The Saatchi Collection, 98A Boundary Road (Swiss Cottage). Open Fri/Sat, 12-6pm. Free.

What's On

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 6.30 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:

Léolo 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: *Romper Stomper* 5.30 9.00

Young Soul Rebels 3.35 6.45

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 Qiu Ju 2.30(not Sun)

4.40 6.45 9.00 11.15(Fri, Sat)

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:

Orlando 2.45(Not Sat, Sun)

5.15(Not Sat, Sun) 7.30 9.35

Nowhere to Run 2.25 5.00 7.30 9.50

Braindead 4.25 9.40

Strictly Ballroom 1.50 7.00

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 1.40 4.40 7.10 9.25

Scent 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:

Indecent Proposal (not Sat) 3.20 6.00 8.30 11.00(Fri Only)

(Sat) 2.00 4.30 7.00 9.30

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 12.15(Fri, Sat)

Accidental Hero 1.20(Not Sat, Sun)

4.05(Not Sat, Sun) 6.50 9.35

12.20(Fri, Sat)

Indochine 2.05(From Mon) 5.35 9.00

Candyman 12.25(Sat, Sun)

Nowhere to Run 2.30 4.50 7.10 9.30 11.50(Fri, Sat)

Un Coeur en Hiver 2.15 4.05 6.50 9.35 12.15(Fri, Sat)

National Lampoons Loaded Weapon 1 2.45 5.00 7.15

Wild West 9.30 11.45(Fri, Sat)

Prince Charles

Leicester Place, WC2 (071-437 8181) Piccadilly/Leicester Sq tubes. Seats £1.20. Today:

Single White Female 1.30

The Bad Lieutenant 4.00

Blade Runner (The Directors Cut) 6.30

Jazz on the Big Screen 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:

Night of the Living Dead '90 5.30 9.00

Night of the Living Dead 3.50 7.15

UCI Whiteleys

Whiteleys Shopping Centre, (071 792 3324/3332). This week:

Indecent Proposal 12.30 3.10 6.15 9.05

3 Ninja Kids 11.40 1.55 4.20 6.40 8.45

Groundhog day 12.00 2.25 4.50 7.15 9.40

Cop and a half 11.50 2.10 4.35 7.00

Accidental hero 9.25

Passenger 57 1.15 3.20 5.35 7.45 10.00

Loaded Weapon 12.45 2.55 5.20 9.50

Nowhere to run 7.30 9.50

Sommersby 1.00 3.35 6.30 9.15

The Jungle book 1.40 3.50

Theatre

BAC 176 Lavender Hill, SW11 071 223 2223, Membership £1.

A Message for the Broken Hearted 8 pm, Sun 6 pm ends Sun £7.50-6

Mela 8.30 pm Sun 6.30 Not Mon, £5-6

Love at a Loss 7.30 pm Sun 5.30 pm Mot Mon £6-7.50

The Bush

Shepherds Bush Green W12, 081 743 3388,

The Chinese Wolf 8 pm Not Mon, £6-9

Drill Hall

16 Chenies Street WC1, 071 637 8270.

Playing by the Rules 7.30 pm ends Sat £6-10,

Etcetra Theatre

Oxford Arms 265 Camden High Street NW1 071 482 4857

Danny Boy 7.30 pm Not Mon £5.50- 6.50

Busty, Spotty and Jewish 9.30 pm Ends Sun £4.50-5.50

Lyric Hammersmith

King St W6 071 741 2311

Romeo and Juliet 7.30 pm Wed and Sat Mat 2.30 Not Sun £7.50-13

Lyric Studio

see Lyric Hammesmith

Oktoberfest 8 pm Sat Mat 4.30 pm £6.50

Tricycle Theatre

269 Kilburn High street, 071 328 1000

Tricycle Theatre 8 pm Not Sun £7-11.50

College

Rag Meeting

1.10pm in the Ents Lounge oppsite Da Vinci's.

Third World First weekly meeting 12.45 Southside Upper Lounge

Fitness Class 5.30pm in Southside Gym step Class take your student card.

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

Peter's Friends 1.30

Singles 4.00

The Last of the Mohicans 6.30

A better tomorrow part 3 and City War 11.30

Electric Cinema

Asterix and the big fight 12.00

Mean streets 1.55 8.40

Goodfellas 6.00

Taxi Driver 3.55

Scala

Simple Men 2.45 8.30

Trust 6.40

Unbelievable Truth 4.40

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

Tous les matins du Monde 4.30

Mahler 2.40

Crush 9.00

Sweetie 7.15

Prince Charles

Crush rush 2.00

Wittgenstein 4.00

Les Amants du pont neuf 5.45

The Fisher King 8.30

Scala

Book of Heroes

Witch of Nepal 4.15

Eastern Condors 8.50

Security Unlimited 7.15

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

Theorem 3.10 8.50

Oedipus Rex 1.15 6.55

Medea 5.00

Prince Charles

Lorenzo's oil 1.30

The Commitments 4.15

The Bad Lieutenant 6.45

Blade Runner (The Director's Cut) 9.00

UCI Whiteleys

Scala

Save Our Scala starts early and finishes late

Theatre

Ecetrarara Theatre

Advice to a Daughter 8 pm £5-6

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 8 pm THE MOVIE CHANNEL

TUESDAY

Cinema

Prince Charles

The Fisher King 1.30

Les amants du pont neuf 4.00

Peter's Friends 6.45

The Last of the Mohicans 9.00

Scala

Olivier, Olivier 2.50 8.50

The Vanishing 2.50 6.45

Theatre

Drill Hall

Withering Looks 7.30 pm Not Sun or Mon, £6-10

Etcetra Theatre

A Cold hand in a Warm place 9.30 pm

College

French Soc

Club meeting, 12 noon Clubs Committee Room

Spanish Society

Learn to dance 'Sevillanas' at 1.15 pm in the Concert Hall

Riding Club

Meeting 12.30-1.30, Southside Upper Lounge

Radio Modellers Club

meet in Southside Upper Lounge 1-2pm contact David Walker in Chem Eng 3.

ICSF

open their Library every lunchtime to members who join for £3

SPLOTSOC

Every Tuesday 12.15pm-1.30pm in Southside Upper lounge

Fitness Club

5.30-6.30pm in Southside Lounge. Advanced

Canoe Club

Meet 6.15 pm in Beit Quad and 9.00 in Southside contact J Aleman Bio 3.

Dance Club

Beginners Ballroom/Latin 6-7pm. Intermediate Ballroom/Latin 8-9pm. Advanced Ballroom/Latin 8-9pm.

Stoic

Available in Southside, Beit Hall, JCR, Da Vinci's and soon Linstead, Gardens and Weeks!

From 8 pm THE MOVIE CHANNEL

WEDNESDAY

Cinema

Prince Charles

Wittgenstein 2.30

Crush 4.15

Star Wars 6.30

Night on Earth 9.00

Scala

Portrait of a drag Queen, Aristophanes on Broadway 4.00 6.40 9.20

The Queen 2.40 5.20 8.00

Theatre

Lyric Studio

In Lambeth 8 pm Sat Mat 4.30 pm £5-6.50

College

Tenpin Bowling Club

meet 2.15pm in Aero Foyer or

Under Siege 3rd June Cricket win

Another chance to win fabulous prizes at FilmSoc? What cinema gives you these chances? I don't think I need to say much about *Under Siege*, this week's blockbuster from FilmSoc—it has been dubbed as *Die Hard on a battleship, and it certainly lives up to that reputation, being every bit as good as Die Hard*, and guaranteed to entertain you for the evening. Tough guy Steven Seagal as an ex-Navy SEAL (apparently the US Navy equivalent of a top SAS man) who is under cover as the cook on the USS Missouri when it is hijacked by terrorists with its full arsenal of nuclear missiles and heavy duty military hardware operative. Assisted by all manner of amazing gadgets, a seemingly endless supply of machine guns, and Erika Eleniak from Baywatch, he puts down his self-raising flour and saves the world from being held hostage by bad guys Tommy Lee Jones and Gary Busey. All in all an excellent and enthralling film which benefits more than most films from being seen on the big screen, with sound all around, rather than on video.

This was due to be FilmSoc's last film in 16mm before we go totally professional with 35mm next term, but due to the fantastic tournouts for *Scent for a Woman* and *The Bodyguard*, we are able to squeeze in a special showing of Oscar winning *Unforgiven* next week. Come and see what all the fuss is about, and what the new Imperial College Union Cinema is like—you should be pleasantly surprised. The nice people in Da Vinci's have their Happy House between 6 and 7.30, and you're welcome to bring drinks up to the Concert Hall for the film which will start at 7.30, on Thursday. And, to make the evening even more special, we have some brilliant prizes to give away courtesy of the very generous people at Warner Brothers. All you have to do to win an exclusive *Under Siege* sweatshirt, cap, or torch (complete with batteries!) is to write down your name, and department, and the name of the singer-turned-actress who starred in last night's *The Bodyguard*—really difficult! Just hand it in as you enter, and we'll announce the winners after the credits.

IC 1st XI vs Goldsmiths

Wed 26 May

UL Cup Quarter Final

IC 1st XI progressed into the semi-final of the University of London Cup with a hard earned victory over Goldsmiths College on Wednesday. On an overcast day and a green wicket, which led to seam and swing, IC won the toss and batted. IC were left at 25-2 at the loss of both openers to the new ball, but a partnership of 93 for the third wicket between Dafydd Owen and Jon Mottashed gave IC a strong position with 15 overs left. The loss of Owen for 46 and Mottashed for 70 prompted a mini collapse leaving IC with a disappointing 175-9 after their 40 overs.

Defending a lower than expected score Imperial produced a superb display of bowling and fielding and although early wickets didn't fall, Goldsmiths fell well behind the asking rate. Ben Maxwell's spell at

eight overs from 14 runs was crucial as he forced the required run rate higher and higher. Goldsmiths were forced to play 'big' shots to up the rate but this only brought about a flurry of wickets and they soon buckled under the pressure. Skipper Mottashed 'tied up' the victory with 5 wickets to leave IC victors by 43 runs.

On Sunday IC play for a place in the UAU quarter finals against Swansea.

Scores

IC 175-9 (40 overs)

Mottashed 70

Owen 46

Goldsmiths 122 all out (39.3 overs)

Mottashed 5-4

IC 1st XI: S Curwood, J Cassidy, D Owen, J Mottashed (capt), A Jones, B Maxwell, S Blyth, I Khan, J Diss, S Berry, S Trussell.

Vacancies in College Residence 26.5.93

For information go to Ground Floor, 15 Princes Gdns

Hall	Type	From	To
Beit Old Hostel	Singles M/F UG/PG	28 Jun	24 Sep
Southside	Singles M/F UG/PG	28 Jun	24 Sep
Clayponds	Single M/F PG	Now	1 Oct
Clayponds	Single M/F UG	Now	1 Oct
Linstead	Single M UG	9 Jun	25 Jun
Falmouth Keogh	Single M UG	14 Jun	25 Jun
Holbein	Single M UG	14 Jun	25 Jun
Linstead	Single M UG	14 Jun	25 Jun
Linstead	Single M/F UG	17 Jun	25 Jun
Montpelier	Single M/F PG	28 Jun	24 Sep
Montpelier	Single M/F PG	28 Jun	24 Sep
Bernard Sunley	Sh/Tpl M UG	Now	25 Jun
Bernard Sunley	Sh/Tpl M UG	Now	25 Jun
Bernard Sunley	Sh/Tpl M UG	Now	25 Jun
Olave	Sh/Tpl F PG	31 May	1 Oct
Olave	Sh/Tpl M PG	28 Jun	1 Oct
Olave House	Sh/Tpl M PG	28 Jun	1 Oct
Olave House	Sh/Tpl M PG	28 Jun	1 Oct
Olave House	Sh/Tpl M PG	28 Jun	1 Oct
8 Earls Ct Square	Share M PG	Now	24 Sep
8 Earls Ct Square	Share M PG	Now	24 Sep
Bernard Sunley	Share M UG	Now	25 Jun
Bernard Sunley	Share M UG	Now	25 Jun
Bernard Sunley	Share M UG	Now	25 Jun
Fisher	Share M UG	Now	25 Jun
Fisher	Share F UG	Now	25 Jun
Fisher	Share M/F UG	Now	25 Jun
Fisher	Share M/F UG	Now	25 Jun
Olave	Share F PG	Now	1 Oct
Olave House	Share M PG	Now	1 Oct
Willis Jackson	Share F UG	Now	25 Jun
Willis Jackson	Share F UG	Now	25 Jun
Southwell	Share F UG	1 Jun	25 Jun
8 Earls Ct Square	Share M PG	28 Jun	1 Oct
Olave	Share M PG	28 Jun	1 Oct
Olave House	Share F PG	28 Jun	1 Oct
Olave House	Share M PG	28 Jun	1 Oct
Olave	Share M PG	29 Jun	1 Oct
Montpelier	Double Couple PG	Now	24 Sep
Montpelier	Double Couple PG	29 Jun	24 Sep

Cricket Tournament

Deadline for entry:

Tuesday 1st June

1 pm Union Lounge

ATTENTION ALL ACC CLUBS

There is a full meeting today (Friday) at 1.15pm in the Union Lounge (ground floor)

Please come and vote for next year's committee. Nomination papers up outside the office. Give your club a say in what happens in 1994!

Captains, Treasurers, Secretaries (new and old should all attend.