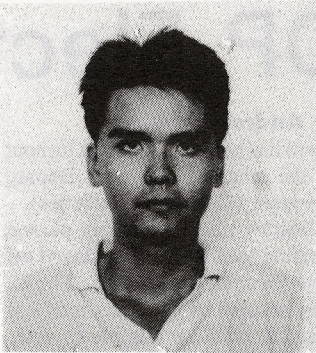


Hilfred Chau, a PhD student at the Department of Computing, has died of injuries from a recent car accident.

Hilfred was travelling to Plymouth for the Whitsun Bank Holiday on 30th May when his car collided with another. It took rescue services half an hour to get him free of the wreckage. He was air-lifted to local Bath Hospital, suffering from broken arms, broken legs, severe chest injuries and collapsed lungs. His condition deteriorated late on Saturday, and he died a week later on Sunday 6th June at 2am.

Mr Chau was at Imperial College for six years, as an undergraduate, a MSc student and finally a PhD student. Described as 'friendly and outgoing', a close friend said, 'I never heard him say anything nasty about anyone, including lecturers'. Professor Tom Maibaum, Head of the Department of Computing, said

Obituary



'he was a very energetic and enthusiastic person' who 'will be strongly missed by all that knew him.'

Hilfred recently had a paper accepted for the forthcoming 4th International Conference on Logic Programming and Automated Reasoning (LPAR '93), and was due to present it himself.

Silwood thefts



by Declan Curry

Police are investigating a major theft from Silwood Park. Computers worth over £50,000 were stolen from two buildings early last Tuesday morning. This is the third major computer theft from Silwood in fourteen months.

Thames Valley Police say that the windows of eight 'selected' offices were forced open in 'the wee small hours' of Tuesday. It is thought that the computer equipment in these offices could be clearly seen from outside the buildings.

In one building, the thieves broke open the office doors from the inside, as the computers were too cumbersome to remove through the windows. The stolen equipment was then stacked in the corridors, while the thieves removed one of the outer doors from its frame. They then walked out of the building with the computers. Their escape was made in a Silwood

minibus, also stolen.

The bus was found yesterday (Thursday) morning in Barnham, close to the recently burgled firm known as Oceanographic Sciences. Computer equipment was also stolen from this firm in a recent similar theft. Police say that both thefts were 'specialist' break-ins.

College security say that all the stolen items were marked, and logged in a security inventory. The computer data was also backed-up. New security procedures have already been planned for Silwood, and will start on schedule next week. No comment has been made on reports from students at Silwood that no security guards were on duty at the park last Monday. The theft is concentrating attention on residual crime at Imperial. It is expected that all students will be required to wear their electronic security 'swipecard' at all times from next year.

Medical doubts

by Declan Curry and Andrew Tseng

Plans to form an Imperial medical 'superschool' are facing collapse this morning, with Health Department officials accused of orchestrating a split between two London colleges. Officials at the Hammersmith Hospital claim that they are being 'played off' against the Royal Brompton while the Department makes its decision on West London heart services.

Medical institutes at both hospitals were due to merge with Imperial within the next five years. The Royal Postgraduate Medical

School and the National Heart and Lung Institute were to join the Charing Cross Westminster Chelsea Medical School and St Mary's to form a new powerful Imperial College School of Medicine. The Hammersmith and Brompton are now engaged in a bitter struggle to become the sole provider of West London cardiac care, with the Brompton expected to win outright, allowing the Royal Marsden Hospital to develop its cancer services. Celia Oakley, professor of clinical cardiology at the RPMS, says they will close if the Hammersmith loses its cardiac unit.

8
Park
Pride

9
Advert
Hell

12/13
Freedom
Gone Mad

14
Disabilities
Doubt

Info boom

A revolution in information would follow from the recent Higher Education Charter, claimed Tim Boswell the Higher Education Minister.

The Higher Education Charter was released last month and sets out broad outline of what students can expect when they come to University. Mr Boswell announced that reports of the performance of the Higher Education institution would have to be published in University prospectuses. Mr Boswell stated that the Charter set out what the general public could

expect for higher education as well as students.

The present document is a consultation document and will be discussed by all those concerned with higher education. Results of the consultation on this charter and the further education charter will be released in the near future.

The Higher Education Minister was speaking at the Association of University Lecturers and the National Association of Further and Higher Education Teachers conference held at the Cafe Royal on London.

Degrees vanish

Students applying to study at University this October are being told they will have no course to go to following changes to the funding of University degrees.

According to a report in the Independent, students who have accepted places to study on Arts courses are being told that the course no longer exists. The move follows a cut in the fees to Arts based courses by approximately £500 per student.

This funding cut means that Institutions are having to reduce student numbers. If a student has

accepted a place on a course this commits the University to provide a place if the student achieves the required 'A' Level grades. A loophole exists in this contract if a whole course ceases, then Universities no longer have to provide the agreed place.

One possible result of this move is a serious reduction in the number of 'holding places' for students who do not achieve required grades. The Independent article claimed that places on Arts courses this year could be scarce.

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Fees up?

New proposals could mean that graduates will have to pay extra tax on their post-University incomes.

The shortage of cash in the University system has sent the Government and Vice Chancellors searching for new ways to fund Higher Education in Britain. Over the weekend it was revealed that the London School of Economics was considering a tuition charge on its students.

Both Government and Vice Chancellors believe that an extra tuition fee would represent a tax on the middle class, something both groups want to avoid. It is suggested that the an extra tax would avoid controversy move of levying students. A similar scheme exist in Australia where graduates pay a 2% more tax after they start earning over £13,000.

DP Elected

by Andrew Tseng

There has been an appalling turnout in the election for the Deputy President (Clubs and Societies).

Charles Leary, the only person standing for the election, staved off New Election by 50 votes. The 82 votes secured by Mr Leary total less than 2% of those eligible to vote. This has raised doubts as to whether he has the mandate of the students that he is to represent, Dominic Wilkinson, Honorary Secretary and Returning Officer for the election, said 'I'm extremely disappointed about the turnout, but I'm glad Charlie won. I'm sure that he'll do a very good job.'

The results were announced at nine o'clock on the evening of Tuesday 7th June in Da Vinci's Bar. The Honorary Secretary (Events) made a rather unusual speech, which criticised the poor turn out and leveled personal abuse at another incoming Sabbatical. David Goddard was attacked for not

turning up to sit on a ballot box during the voting as had been previously arranged with Mr Wilkinson. Mr Wilkinson criticised Mr Goddard for be 'unable to find the Union Building'. This allegation was then leveled at Charles Leary as he was not being present at the announcement of the election result.

All sabbatical election results are subject to ratification by a Union General Meeting (UGM). If Mr Leary is ratified at the next UGM he will become the first Deputy President (Clubs and Societies). The new post of Deputy President (Clubs and Societies) has been introduced following reforms of Imperial College Union (ICU) proposed by Chris Davidson, ICU President. These wide ranging reforms are also expected to be brought to the next UGM.

The next UGM will take place on the last day of term, Friday 25th June.

Gardens out?

Concern is growing over the future of Gardens Halls as a student residence.

Last year the Princes Gardens Hall caused concern among surveyors from the London borough of Westminster. Fire safety in the Hall, which can house up to fifty students, was considered by local government officials to be inadequate, and in need of repair. Delays have been made in implementing the alterations, but pressure is mounting to have the improvements completed before the start of the new term.

It is believed that to make the changes the Hall would have to be closed for some time. Holbein House in Everlyn Gardens underwent a similar change last

year and stayed closed for six months, before being opened to students in the middle of the Spring term this year.

If Garden Hall did close it is unsure what role the residence would play in the College accommodation master plan upon reopening. Re apps are students who spend an extra year in Halls. Dr Simon Walker, warden of Weeks and Garden Halls said when phoned by Felix: 'I believe the Estates division think the Hall is inappropriate for use as a Hall of Residence', Dr Walker would not drawn further. An announcement on the future of Gardens is expected before College closes for the summer vacation.

Leader

This, as you may know, is the penultimate editorial for this year's *Felix*; these were written with constructive purposes in mind, purposes that have been effectively dashed this week by the overwhelming lack of interest shown by the student populace towards the union, and the way their lives are subsequently affected, while at Imperial College. While *Felix* is renowned as the place to rant about the world surrounding it, it shouldn't take much imagination to guess what this venting of spleen will be about.

Come on. 114 people. For crying out loud, that's only 2% of the voting population! That is the 114 people who bothered to vote, whether they had gone out of their way to exercise their rights, or were just passing and decided they could spare the three and a half seconds, in the Election for Deputy President (Clubs and Societies). It's funny, but I understand there to be 115 clubs and societies under the jurisdiction of the union.

How can you seriously expect someone to be paid £10,000 of tax payers' money on a vote that could have had a different result if one

ballot paper had gone missing? Charles Leary has to speak and represent every student and every extra-curricular interest at Imperial; Congratulations, Mr Leary. Your mandate is 82 votes and 3900 kisses to the wind.

It therefore seems that the student body is at the very least having problems understanding the relationship between cause and effect; at the worst, they are either ignorant or victims of disinformation.

I do not detract from Mr Leary's ability. He seems confident, assured and concerned about the job he has been elected to do. But this is hardly surprising; I would be concerned if I went into a job that someone had decided to create out of what may be literally nothing while they were filling up on lager.

Credits

News: Declan, Andrew. Feature: Phil H, Steff, Chris, Kate, Paul, Rachel Bassett, Rach n' Jane
Reviews: Donny, Phil, Sara (!), Gareth PH
Whatson: Ian, Phil
may the Whatson section remain forever simple and not be as irritating as it has to me for the past 9 months.

Thanks: Rose, Andy, Poddy, Bec, Steve, Catherine, Sonia, Ophelia, Bosco, Giselle, Ian.

STOP PRESS.....

Articles submitted after the following date cannot be guaranteed publication. So ha bloody ha...

Monday 14th June 1993

More flipping abuse

Who is the masked man...who is the eloquent wordsmith, tunesmith and locksmith that graced this space last week. Well it was I. Yes, self confessed flip chart abuser davidson stirring the pot again. Thankyou, you responded, (see the letters pages) that is what last week's article was all about.


Jonty is, as I write, mulling over his computer screen to produce for you the definitive explanation, contained elsewhere in this issue. I hope he will be critical and point out all the flaws people see in the plan, I have every faith that he will. This will give you the chance to digest the plan and make an informed decision, about whether to pass the new constitution, when I present it

to you, at the UGM, on the last Friday of term.

Why should I not explain it to you? Simply because I have a self-interest in seeing the plan come to fruition. No, not because I want to run the Union next year, I don't have the energy left and have a third year to do. I want to see the scheme passed so that the Union can survive the years ahead.

The constitution I will present will be a legalistic, but hopefully easy to understand implementation of the plan. It will in short be the arms and legs of that which Jonty writes about. I hope you like it.

Chris Davidson,
8th June 1993.



**WHATEVER
 CORNER YOU'RE
 OFF TO, YOU CAN
 AFFORD IT
 WITH STA TRAVEL.**

Imperial College, Sherfield Building, SW7

ABTA IATA



WHEREVER YOU'RE BOUND, WE'RE BOUND TO HAVE BEEN.

STA TRAVEL

The course of Students' Union restructuring never did run true

Dear Editor,

It was with much concern that I read the article in Felix some weeks ago regarding the Union re-arrangement. My understanding of Chris Davidson is that he is a hard working and conscientious President who has the students' well-being at heart; however, I feel that in this case his refreshingly short involvement in ICU has led him to a misguided conclusion.

I agree with him that the Union Council is cumbersome and that student contact with Union Officials is sadly low, however, the Council is large to ensure that the students' rights are protected. I accept that ICU is run in a very different fashion from all other Student Unions but I protest that this makes it wrong.

ICU was founded in 1909 and was originally called the Union Club. It was there to provide Recreational, Social, Athletic and Welfare activities for the students of the College. In the 60s and 70s many Student Unions went through a dramatic re-organisation taking on the structure of their close associates, the Trade Unions. They moved their emphasis from Clubs, Societies and Welfare towards Political campaigning and a training ground for Party Politics. They destroyed the concept of the Students Union run by students for students and instead produced a top heavy and over-powerful system of permanent staff.

ICU wisely chose not to follow this route and, in the process, alienated itself from the NUS (National Union of Students), an organisation which we had helped found but which became so riddled with this elitist political cancer in the 70s that ICU found it beneficial to disaffiliate.

Due to disaffiliation ICU today is very different from all other Student Unions and has been, and still is, intrinsically more successful. ICU built a reputation as a no-nonsense Union which only made its presence known when Student Welfare or Recreational matters were at stake. As a result its negotiating power is much stronger than almost all other Student Unions both within College and with outside organisations. For the majority of the 1980s the combined purchasing power of the NUS were unable to secure purchasing deals on beer as favourable as those of ICU!

So why was ICU's system stronger? I believe it was due to the highly representative nature of its internal structure. To make a

committee that represents the desires and needs of the student body a Union has to ensure that representation comes from those areas that are key to student activity; areas where students can test their representatives from day to day in their everyday activities and see those representatives, if only in passing, on a week to week basis. Ideally these representatives would have a series of helper representatives with their ears closer to the student body and spread throughout the body. These people should be keen and willing to work with the representative as a result of their proven record of hard work and level headedness whilst performing these lower ranking jobs in previous years.

Further, it would seem sensible for the level of representation to be proportionate to the level of overall student involvement in that area. IC Union Council accommodates this ideology in its structure.

The majority of student time is spent in academic behaviour. The Council has around 10 Departmental Representatives elected by the students from those Departments; these representatives having a series of helpers in each year. This makes up around 25% of Council. Further, there are 5 Academic Affairs Officers, making up another 12% of Council, also dedicated to this field.

Nearly all students are members of a Union Club or Society run by hard working, down-to-earth students who converse regularly with a Committee Chairman who sits as a representative on Council. There are around 170 Clubs and Societies. Approximately 60% are run directly by ICU, the others are CCU administered, and as a result they are represented by 6 Committee Chairman and 4 CCU Presidents, a total of 10 representatives making up another 25% of Council.

Two other student activities are represented—Entertainment and Rag. However, these do not have the same well-spread foundations of the Departments and Clubs Committees and hence only make up around 5% of Council with 2 representatives.

There are seats for three old student representatives to provide a long term input and experienced advice. However, it is fair to say that benefit from this input to Council is rarely gained as these people attend very infrequently.

The remaining 25% of Council is made up of elected Officers

including the Sabbaticals, people who do an immense amount of work but who have little by way of a foundation of helpers or information gatherers. Hence, they tend to live in ivory towers removed from the student body. Also, they are people who can quite often be elected with little or no background knowledge or proven track record. Such elected Officials can turn out to be excellent Officers, as it appears has this year's President. However, as often as not, they become unmitigated disasters whose mistakes are only uncovered once they have left office! Often their input can be invaluable and refreshing and, therefore, it is generally worth carrying the elected drongo in order to benefit from those with real vitality.

The flaw in the current President's new Executive Structure is that he has destroyed the essential balance. Those areas of student activity with good support mechanisms that generally produce a level-headed everyday student has been cut from 62% representation to 30%, and the elected Elite in their ivory towers have increased from 25% to 60%.

Far from increasing student contact with the Union, the President's Plan will reduce it. Ask yourselves, how many of you know who the Welfare Officer is, the Post Graduate Affairs Officer, the Overseas Students' Representative, the Academic Affairs Officer, or even the Hon Sec? It is an important question as, if the President's plan is to be successful, these people will be running your Union by courtesy of the fact that between them they will hold 50% of the votes.

Have any of you met an executive member from a Union run the way the President proposes? Most are highly Political Hacks who are elected without having been truly tested; they are often glory hunters or are merely looking for easy CV points. They are easily overcome with the power and are tolerated by a student body that is accustomed to this sad state of affairs and really

knows no other alternative. Well, WE DO! Imperial College has had it for years—a proper representative structure! It is immensely important that you defend your right to proper representation or else your Union is likely to slip into a domain for hacks. I understand that ICU has many faults; however, it is certainly more representative than the many I have had contact with in the NUS.

I have one other major warning: NUS membership would be a natural progression from the President's Plan. The annual membership would be sufficient to obliterate the entire budget of any of the major Clubs and Society Committees. Hence, no Athletic Clubs and no Recreational Clubs. This might of course solve our problem of misrepresentation if in the future there are likely to be no clubs to represent. It would then be fair to say it was a Union for 'hacks' run by 'hacks'!

At the end of the day I can only say that, as an Ex-President, I would have loved to have removed Council. However, it was the main way of keeping me in check! I had the dubious pleasure of sitting on over 25 meetings of the Committee and, although cumbersome, I still believe it to be an essential part of preserving the down-to-earth level headedness of IC Union.

Having only seen 7 meetings of Council spanning approximately 9 months, does Chris Davidson really believe he is qualified to judge its effectiveness, let alone a suitable replacement? I believe the President has come to realise that the student body will not stand for this degradation of their representation and is, hence, trying to force the matter through in the Summer Term when the students are hard at work 'swatting' for exams. This used to be a College Administration tactic! Why have we reached the stage where the Union President has to adopt such under-hand tactics?

Sydney Harbour-Bridge

(Name changed in aid of Comic Relief)

(President 1987/88).

DON'T READ THIS LETTER, READ THIS HANDY FELIX SUMMARY INSTEAD...

- ICU is different from other student Unions, but this is not necessarily bad.
- ICU was formed a long time ago, helped create the NUS, then opted out of the NUS when it became too political
- ICU represents students better because it is not in the NUS and because of the structure of Council.
- The present structure allows those in power to be questioned thoroughly. The new structure could destroy this.
- Few people have heard of the posts of the new executive, why should this change because they now have more power?
- Is Chris Davidson necessarily the best person to decide these changes?

Unfocused

Dear Jonty,

I have been following the recent articles in Felix concerning Union structure changes. Despite conflicting reports that Council have both agreed and disagreed on Chris Davidson's proposals it appears that students are going to get a chance to decide the matter once and for all on Friday 25th June at the Union General Meeting. How generous an offer to be able to decide what we want from our Union. Unfortunately, this would appear to be the first voice the majority of students have been given.

How are we supposed to make an informed decision if the only information generally available is that, often confusing, conflicting and probably inaccurate, printed in Felix.

Surely there should have been far more consultation with the general student populus, particularly those less involved in the Union. Within my group of friends (I do know a fair number of students here even though I am not a spoddy Union hack) none of those I have asked have even heard of these nine months of focus groups let alone taken part in them. Surely we are

the type of people who should have been in these groups?

I can only hope that enough people will turn up to the UGM on Friday 25th June in the JCR to press Chris into fully explaining his new proposals and how they affect the average student. On the other hand maybe Chris is hoping everyone would rather go down Southside Bar on the last day of term so he can avoid potentially embarrassing questions.

If you don't stand up, how can you be counted?

Yours sincerely,

Susan Purdom (ISE 1).

Uninformed

Dear Jonty,

I see that Union Structure Working party has finally explained to members of Imperial College Union the changes that it has proposed.

Well I assume that was the purpose of 'Flip Chart Abuse' (Felix 969) that was written, as I understand it, by ICU President Chris Davidson.

I found the article incoherent and incredibly uninformative. ICU Council has spent around six hours discussing these changes, yet nowhere in his article does he attempt to explain the changes, why the Union Structure Working party has proposed them, and what effect

it will have on the students.

If he does not have the time or the information or the ability to communicate these ideas to the people who elected him and represent him, then could he not find someone else in the Union Structure Working party who has?

There is no point in changing for the sake of change. If we are going to re-structure, let's do so after informing the membership of the changes.

Steven Newhouse, Aero PG.

Unhappy

Dear Jonty,

I read with some amusement your news story in Felix 969 entitled 'Council Farce'. Firstly I would like to correct the small error, that in both cases where you have referred to SCAB you should actually have referred to Ents.

It is interesting to note that the motion discussed in the article was not the only case where the decision passed was actually against the wishes of the people who it affected.

Earlier in the evening, I had made the suggestion, that, in all decision, the wishes of the affected parties should be upheld over the wishes of the rest of Council, and Council agreed to this. However, this did not happen in practice, as the

CCU's were not happy with the CCU Rep, the Clubs and Societies were unhappy with the DP (Clubs and Societies) and Rag and Ents were unhappy with the Ents Rep.

It would appear that Chris is trying to spread the illusion that the majority of people are satisfied with this report. I quote from his letter to Council members: 'It seems sensible to discuss the Entertainments Rep/DP (Clubs and Societies) after the UFC meeting on the 8th, twenty minutes should bag it as consensus has emerged over the last few days.' Yet I know that of the eight branches of the Union this affects, at least half are in disagreement with Chris's new proposals.

I am concerned that these proposals are based on poor research and lack of communication with relevant parties. Maybe the Union does need a change, but a poorly thought out change that does not address or solve any of our current problems can only be a change for the worse.

To quote from Chris's article 'Flip Chart Abuse' (are you ashamed to put your name to it?). 'We'll show that Chris Davidson what we think of a customer focused Union...' Well, Chris we'd love one, but we don't see one in your current proposals.

Rachel Mountford, Civ Eng III.

A Slice of Life

Owain Bennallack

Once upon a time, my hero was Richard Branson. Was it the long tussled hair, the crazy balloon trips or the mercurial portrait he presented to the world? No, it was the truckloads of money. Shocked dear reader? After all, those of you who do more than stand cups of coffee on my column will have read last week of my lefty pinko subversive leanings. (Try doing that in a bus stop without getting arrested). But alas, I wasn't always so angelic. And what goes around comes around, it goes up and then it comes down and finally just when you think you know where you are, you are there, but standing on your head.

As I want to stay in London this summer I need loot, and lots of it. The miserly world's response? 'Read my lips, no more money!' Actually it was more a kind of strangulated mirth. My father was like, 'yeah, more money, MORE MONEY!' before rolling around on the floor like a sea otter cracking oysters on it's belly. Honestly, I'll do anything to make my father laugh. I think he's decided that's why I was born. In the maternity

ward: 'yeah, my son, MY SON!' then he rolls among the cradles like a (younger and sprightlier) sea otter. Then he checks the other babies name tags. The start of an era.

I asked Graham, Manor's flat mate, for advice. Graham, I need something that pays well, involves little time and effort and allows me to maintain the degenerate lifestyle to which I've become accustomed. He ponders. 'Well, you're already a student...' Graham, this is serious - can't you see the dollars in my eyes? 'Hm...'. He hands me a small advert torn from the Guardian. 'Call them, say Graham sent you.'

On the way home I study the advert, reading between the lines. Cunningly however they've left those bits blank, so instead I decode the facts presented. Basically it reads 'Wanted, starving human beings. Must be able to hold pen and see straight. Must be flexible and liberal with (ones own) human rights. Must consider the Citizens Charter one of the Eurocrats better jokes. No experience necessary, though the shame of working in

Dunkin Doughnuts may ease the blow of accepting this dodgy job.'

Next morning I punch in the number. (Farewell to the word dial). An EastEnder-made-good voice answers. We rap. Apparently the job has something to do with the stock market. 'Yeah, that's right, just like Capitol City'. Err, yeah, and Wall street. Sure, you can be Charlie Sheen if you like. Ahem, anyway, you must be available seven days a week, for twelve hours a day. DONG. I feel faint all of a sudden. 'I know it sounds a lot, but as the, err, position, only lasts for one month you'll need those hours to achieve any real earning potential.' The smell of solvency brings me around. What kind of earning potential are we talking about here? 'Oh,' he says, 'around - big big number - I guess.' Big big number in one month! Let's meet!

The appointment is made, tomorrow, twelve noon. This causes me some concern, as I explain to Janet, American manageress of the Oxfam shop. I'm talking to her in combat trousers, enormous steel capped boots and a 'Suck the System' T-shirt. 'No honey, I really think you need an image change for the interview.' But all my wardrobe (read:

bedroom floor) consists of clothes like this! Mix and match you know? 'Owain, trust me, I know what employers look for,' she says, looking at the boots. She grimaces and heroically she sets to work.

It's like one of those corny films, the dressing sequence in *Pretty Woman*, where Julia Roberts tries on all those slinky numbers to win Richard Gere's heart. In fact I thought I looked pretty good, standing in front of the mirror in a slinky figure hugging green wrap, but Janet insists I start trying on the business suits. Eventually we achieve the impossible. I've been shoe-horned into a shirt and tie. Janet stands back and admires her handiwork. City executive look for just twenty nine ninety nine. Well, city executive circa 1975. But with Suede bringing glam rock back maybe it's all fashionable again.

Paul sees me in the suit and I tell him about the advert. 'Oh a city job,' he sardonically cracks. 'London's a big city Owain. Trust me, you'll be selling Dutch imports out of the back of a camper van in Mile End.' Paul, please have some faith. I'm off to buy a briefcase. Tomorrow, here I come.

To be continued...

Believe the Bosnians

Dear Editor,

I read an article entitled 'Refugees' which appeared in Felix, Issue 967. I felt obliged to give my opinion to your magazine which I enjoy reading and respect.

I trust Felix operates on a freedom-of-speech basis, and therefore I expect and look forward to seeing my article published in your forthcoming issue.

As a student magazine one may feel reluctant to write articles beyond the academic scope. However, since the topic is tragic, it must concern us all, whether students or not.

The recent waves of refugees sent across Europe were as a result of barbaric crimes and ethnic cleansing tactics. The future of these refugees had been under discussion, behind closed doors, by politicians who for more than a year have failed to stop a crime on an international scale. Tens of thousands of civilians have been missed or killed, and another two million have been made homeless and refugees.

These refugees have put trust and faith in the international community and the new world order, hoping to return to their lost land, the concerned politicians have been drawing maps and putting plans. Until now no map has been finalised

waiting for the aggressors to finish their aggression. We have seen several retreats from representatives of the international community in favour of groups of criminals who tortured to death civilians in concentration camps and subjected men and women to unspeakable crimes. These refugees are betrayed if we realise the hopeless disarray of the UN, the loss of credibility and the constant retreats of its peace envoys. These refugees have been denied weapons to defend themselves and have been given imaginary promises and false hopes of help and support. These refugees are now and might always be displaced from their homes and let down by those who have the saying but hesitant or unable to implement it. These refugees are now in absolute misery, cut off in isolated communities. For my part whether a Londoner or outsider, I do not see it nice at all to find beggars on the streets, anywhere, whether refugees or not. I must say that I feel very sad. It is irritating. It is also morally hard to ask for help, especially when the person asking for help really deserves it. These refugees should learn very soon that begging on the streets will not return their homes. These refugees must learn very soon that even if they make fortunes out of begging, these

fortunes are not theirs as long as they are refugees. The only fortunes they may have are their lost homes and hopes; their lost souvenirs, identity and dignity.

What is required now is that: the UN should honour its commitments and match actions with words if a sort of credibility is to be maintained. Having failed to do so

for more than a year, I suspect that will never happen. Of course, I am disappointed. There is one thing left to look at. History. It taught us that unjust settlements can never be settled but have always been a source of further conflicts. There must be a just and fair settlement. There must be honesty.

Youseef M Samrout.



Christ is the lightbulb of my life

Dear Jonty,

Flattering as it is to become a principal character in 'The Amazing Adventures of Andrew the Abstract Entity', might I enquire whether the cartoonist actually read my article?

My intention was not to promote belief in God, or as the subtitle read 'to justify faith in religion' but to levy what I felt to be a valid criticism against institutionalised religion. I am, by no means, confident enough in my own belief to tell others what to believe. I think it is crucial that any such belief is founded on personal conviction—not the sort of aggressive evangelisation that is attributed to me in the cartoon.

To give the cartoonist his (or her) due, the title, subtitle and picture may have misled them. The original title of the article was 'Religion: A Necessary Evil'. I am partly to blame for not having looked for a

suitable picture. I had been thinking more of a painting of the Spanish Inquisition than a photograph of a light bulb wearing a suit.

The fact that I do profess myself to be a Christian is incidental to the argument I was putting forward in the article. I tried to establish how religion, which generally is linked to strong ethical and moral codes, could become the source of violence and hatred. It is a curious irony that I believe modern religious institutions must avoid.

Naturally I respect the need for editorial control of media, but perhaps this incident serves to point out the need for caution when making changes to submitted articles without due care. I look forward to featuring in 'The Amazing Adventures' again!

Yours sincerely,

Geoff Maxwell, Elec Eng UG2.

ACC ELECTIONS

The elections for the positions of Hon Secretary, Assistant Treasurer, Publicity Officer and Women's Officer are to take place at one o'clock on Friday 18th June in the UDH. If you would like to stand come along on the 18th. Feel free to get in touch with the present Exec if you've any questions.

Sex and the Ents posse

We've been biding time this term, with our spankin' discos every Friday, and now we've arranged a nice goodbye present for you all. For the next two Fridays, Atmosphere will continue to play its usual heady mix of all things good, be it indie, dance, retro, rock or just good old fashioned pop music. If you've just finished your exams, then why not come out and see what hundreds of people come to enjoy every week. There'll be a late bar til 1am, disco til 2am and a happy hour from 8.30-9.30pm (all drinks reduced by 20%). Doors open at 8pm.

For the last night of term (Friday 25th June), we've arranged a groovie bag of comedy, packed full of some of the best names in the comedy circuit.

Headlining the whole shebang are the *Rubber Bishops*, a musical comedy duo, who normally frequent the hallowed Comedy Store and Jongleurs. They have been described as 'effortlessly funny, delightfully inconsequential and quite unmissable', but I would rather describe them as 'simply hilarious'. The compere for the



evening is Richard Morton, the man who received the Time Out Comedy Award for 1992. Like the

Rubber Bishops, he has regularly appeared at the Comedy Store, Jongleurs..., and has a reputation of being one of the sickest comedians around. He has been described recently as 'the new sexing of comedy' and with a few songs such as 'Daddy was a Sperm Bank', who am I to argue. Support will be announced nearer the date (see the next Felix for details).

There will be a bar til 1am, disco til 2am, and a happy hour from 8.30-9.30pm. Doors open 8.00pm, with the support act onstage at 9.30pm.

So, how much does it cost for this

fiesta of all things funny I hear you cry! Well, for a line up which would normally cost around £8 at other venues, we're just looking for the tiny sum of £2 in advance. Tickets are available from the Union Office now (1st floor, Union Building), and as this is the last event of the year, like previous events, it is liable to sell out in advance. Buy your tickets now and avoid the disappointment of being left out in the cold. Kiss your cares goodbye and have more fun than you could shake a shitty stick at.

Andy.

CLUBS & SOCIETIES

Any photos, diary dates and names of next year's chairmen MUST be put in the Handbook pigeonhole in the Union Office by the last day of term (photos will be returned)

Careers info

VACANCIES—don't worry if you were too late to apply for the Milk Round, we have written to 1500 employers asking for details of their remaining vacancies and you should apply as soon as possible this month. 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 and Interview Technique. 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 and 4.00pm on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Loud and Proud in the Park

Nothing to do next Saturday? Why not join the antics of the Pride 1993? Rach n' Jane preview London's premier summer festival

One of this summer's largest, free festivals hits London's Brockwell Park this month, featuring a wealth of famous faces, top performers, singers, comedians and chart-topping bands. Dawn Fench will be there, along with Jimmy Somerville, Boy George, Hazell Dean and many more. What is it? Pride '93, that's what and if you want to know more about being 'loud and proud and in park', read on.

The festivities for the day are designed to provide something for everyone. Twenty seven marquees are to be erected including eight beer tents and a champagne and cocktail lounge, plus a fair with all the usual fairground rides. Lilly Savage rules the roost in the Bang Disco Marquee 4.30 to 7.30pm and loadsa famous soapstars will be signing autographs in the Health Education Authorities Health Tent which will also feature 'Hunk Aerobics'. Big name pop bands, techno groups and soul singers are promised for the main stage, but they're not telling who until the day. So if you don't go, you won't know. Cabaret and Disco marquees abound too, along with a market area selling everything and anything you'd expect (or not) to find at a festival market. The whole day will be wrapped up with an enormous firework display.

So what exactly is Pride? Maybe it would help if I gave the festival its full title, Lesbian and Gay Pride. Yep, this whole day of free fun, frolics, and music is actually organised and run by a bunch of queers. This doesn't mean that straight people can't turn up and enjoy themselves. On the contrary and what better way to end a term of exams than a free party when the grant has run out. But, to get back to my point, why would a group of people want to put time, effort and money into organising a massive, free summer party? The whole idea is to promote a positive image of homosexuals as otherwise, normal ordinary everyday people. It is a chance for Gays and Lesbians to stand tall and be proud of their sexuality. After all, how are we to expect others to accept us and



respect us for what we are if we live, ourselves, in shame.

A parade, from Victoria Embankment to Hyde Park, with fifteen floats following the procession, is expected to raise the profile of Pride, but the idea of a campaigning theme for the day has been rejected. If the day has any message at all it is look, we're here, and we're not going to go away. The Stonewall group, a gay and lesbian rights organisation, intends to simultaneously release balloons, one for every person jailed for the 'crime' of consenting sex with a person of the same sex. This is to be the only real political event of the day.

Pride is not here to promote homosexuality, or ram it down people's throats, it is meant as an annual bid for acceptance. I am sure 99% of the festival goers won't care about the motives, they'll just be out with the rest of us, 'loud and proud in the Park', and enjoying every minute of it. Put your prejudices aside and join us there, I'm sure you'll be pleasantly surprised.

**Saturday 19th June
—Pride 1993.**

March 12.00pm from Victoria Embankment. Festival 2.30pm—late Brockwell Park.

TEN THINGS

THE PRIDE Trust has issued handy hints on what to pack for the Pride parade.

- tampons, dental dams or condoms
- an A-Z
- water based lubricant
- pen and paper
- sun tan lotion
- sunglasses
- a parasol
- aspirin
- a bottle of water
- at least £2 to put in a bucket in Brockwell Park

Ad your own imagination

In a vain attempt to understand the world of advertising, Rachel Bassett scrutinises infamous Tampax ads and much, much more.

Just for fun, try a little end of term quiz. Ready? No peeking, naughty. Okay, here goes. What is, or are, Tampax? I'll give you a choice of three.

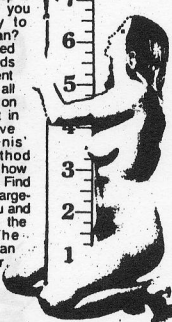
- a) A brand of sanitary protection
- b) A range of beachwear
- c) A rather unreliable type of car.

To put you out of your misery, the answer was in fact a). To those of you who got it right, well done. I can only presume that either you made an inspired guess or you weren't fooled by the recent TV advertising campaign for said product. After all, what images were present in the commercial? If my memory serves me correctly, it showed a group of young women in skimpy beachwear pushing a car along a beach with some jolly background track about 'It's My Life'. What information did this give us about the product? Did it extol its good qualities? Its advantages over the competition? No. It dropped a couple of subtle hints about a New Plastic Applicator, and apart from that it told me that cars can break down, that young women on beaches can push cars, and that my life was my own, all of which I flatter myself I knew already.

Some more perceptive readers might say that Tampax have good reason to be careful of the material in their advertising campaigns, when we consider that Always Ultra had an advert banned last year for being too graphic. Too graphic? It had Claire Rayner in it, how much more wholesome can you get? Even if she did do slightly alarming things with blue ink. So alright Tampax, you're off the hook, you can fudge the issue as much as you like—but what about the hundreds of other adverts that serve only to foster a product's image while telling you nothing at all about it? I might point in particular to Gillette (The best a man can get—the best *what* a man can get?), Bacardi and especially the Guinness advert I saw last time I was at the cinema—like, mind-blowing, man. My roommate has just informed me that the bloke in the Guinness ad is meant to be a pint of Guinness—that's why he's all dressed in black with very blond

MEN WHO MEASURE UP

Are you the kind of man who can measure up to any woman? Do you have the ability to please any woman? Men who have used successful methods of penis enlargement certainly do! Get all the medical facts on penis enlargement in the new definitive study—'The Penis' Learn each method detail by detail and how it can work for you. Find out how penis enlargement will affect you and your woman. Get the full story in 'The Penis' by Dr. Brian Richards. Order your copy today!



Harmony Products DEPT. NB-138,
P.O. Box 2088
Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

Gentlemen: I enclose \$9.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling. Please rush me my copy of The Penis in an unmarked package today. (New York State residents add applicable sales tax)

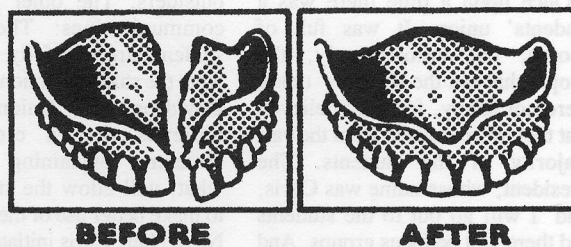
Name _____

Signature _____ (I am over 18 years of age)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Canadian residents send orders to M.A.P. Inc., P.O. Box 7050, Station A, Montreal Quebec H3C3L4



HAIR ON THE FACE AND ARMS

Removed by a painless treatment. Explanatory Booklet sent Free.

BEAUTY of face is often disfigured by hairy growths, and how to remove these has caused much anxiety to ladies who study their personal appearance.

Every lady suffering from hairy growths will be pleased to learn that these can be removed for ever by a treatment which cannot possibly harm the most delicate skin. It is so sure that it is just a matter of days and the hair is gone for ever, leaving a beautiful clear skin. You will not be put to any inconvenience. All you have to do can be done in the privacy of your own apartments. This treatment is worthy of your interest. We specially want those sufferers who have tried other methods to write us, as, unless we can prove that we can do all that we claim, we do not ask you to take up this treatment.

INFORMATION FREE

The description is posted to you FREE in a perfectly plain and sealed package, and you should have no hesitation in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily and surely superfluous hair can be painlessly removed.

Just send your name and address, with a stamp for postage, to:—

THE CAPILLUS MANUFACTURING CO., 420 "Palace House,"
128 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1. Established over 30 years.



hair. How cunning. What's the message on that then? Guinness—it tastes like shit, but what a good idea for a fancy dress party. Does the campaign mention at any point that the thing it is selling is an alcoholic beverage? No, because we're all meant to know what it is. Their job is to change the way we perceive it, and if they want us to perceive it as a psychedelic journey through a whale, who are we to argue? It's their time and money.

Now we've got onto beverages, I suppose it's time to mention the main offenders in the style wars. Like Guinness, they're brown, but these are soft, sugary drinks beloved of teenagers throughout the world (apparently). They're hot, they're cool, they're the real thing, they're the taste for a new generation, they bring you alive, they're it, they give you that good good feeling, or as any person with an intact personality might put it, they are Coke and Pepsi, two mainly inoffensive non-alcoholic fizzy drinks.

Let's think back to some of the Coke/Pepsi ads of the past years. There was the 'Taste of America' campaign, in which some bloke let a lorry fall down a cliff because the cola in it wasn't Pepsi, and some other person ate the entire menu of a restaurant except the cola, because it wasn't Pepsi. I sense a recurring theme here. I could also swear that at one point there was an advert with a girl refusing to neck a bloke in a car, but relenting when he puts a Pepsi ringpull on her finger (Maybe she thought it was a form of contraception). Michael J Fox climbed out of a window in the rain to get someone he fancied a diet Pepsi, which I think says more about human lust than it does about the drink, and recently we've had Elton John at the piano singing about it. On the Coke front, there've been a lot of tanned American teenagers getting up to wild'n'wacky things, but never once putting their bottles down, people standing on mountain tops holding hands, and beautiful

romantic songs (First time, first love, oh what feeling is this? Electricity flows with the very first kiss).

I would be more impressed with any one of the above if they said at any point why the product is any good, rather than leaving us to understand that they must be, because they said so. What's wrong with hard facts, with positive reasoning as to why we should buy something—do they really think the nation will rush out to buy Pepsi because it's the 'taste of America' (a meaningless statement if I ever heard one)?

Let's stop the rot here, and start a campaign for saner advertising. No more half hints or glossy images, let's have solid statements and a dose of truth. It'll be a long hard struggle—but when I hear the slogan 'Pepsi—it's a drink, and it's almost exactly the same as Coke, except we think it's better, so why not try some?', I'll know we're almost there.

What is this mysterious Union restructuring? Why is it happening and more importantly why is every one getting so anxious about it? Armed with nothing more than a tape recorder and the meagre brain god gave me, I took a full frontal assault on the slopes of annihilation management. Here I found a fairy tale a story that began a long, long time ago, in a land not very far away.

Once upon a time there was a students' union. It was full of people, but unfortunately, the people that ran the students' union were not happy, for they believed that they were isolated from the vast majority of the students. The President, whose name was Chris, said 'I will go out to the students and there will be focus groups. And thus we will know what every student thinks and this will bring the students' union to the students'. And there were focus groups, and they said that the students' union was bad; the focus groups said the union had no identity, no one knew how to use it, and those that did were known as 'hacks'.

Once again, Chris, for he was the President, said, 'Let there be a working party. This working party will decide what to do'. And in the month of April there was a working party, and there was a solution. Chris said, 'I believe this solution to be good', and he spoke to the union council and with a forceful voice said 'We must restructure'. Thus, the council was not happy with this, and there was much muttering and gnashing of teeth.

Of course, that is where the fairy tale ends. Because now I have to tell you how it really is. Imperial College Students' Union is a fearful beast made up of many committees and mysterious rules and regulations. The idea of the restructuring is to simplify this and thus make it easier for students to use the students' union. Sounds good so far but, the new structure is printed on the page opposite, and looks like the family tree of a particularly fertile tomat.

To see the difference you have to compare this to the present structure. A Union General Meeting (UGM) at which all students have a right to vote, has the right to control everything the students' union does. The day to day running of the administration of the union is run by Sabbaticals (students elected to do a job for a year) and members of permanent staff, who put into action UGM policy. For general representation the more senior officers of the Union gather once a month to form

a body called Council. Underneath this meeting is the general membership of the union.

So why change? At present, council contains fifty five members. This makes discussion difficult and often circular; it is seen as a cumbersome body, but does gather the vast majority of the union together. As it meets once a month, it is slow to respond and can be perceived as intimidating to outsiders. The other problem is communications: The mass of students are blissfully unaware of what the students' union does. Chris Davidson, the Union President believes that a clear power structure, explaining who does what, will allow the student body to make better use of the union. Last November, Chris initiated a process to reform the present organisation; the fruit of his labours is the opposite.

OK then, what does this huge lump of lines actually mean? Firstly, every one is responsible to a UGM, as this is a legal requirement. But now the week to week running of the union will be performed by a new executive. To put it formally, this feature on the union restructuring will have the executive powers of a UGM. Or, in English, it is allowed to interpret UGM says and act on that. The Executive will be members who each represent aspects of the union; the details are fairly self-explanatory, and on the diagram opposite. The controversial nature of this body is that it will combine and replace the role of Sabbaticals and Council, and will only be answerable to a UGM.

The second way of increasing the clarity of the structure is to give 'empowerment' to the positions on the Executive. Empowerment is a concept given to job descriptions so that the people employed to do a job, will feel they are doing the best they can. It means that when you write a job description you give someone as much responsibility as possible and allow someone to develop the job they do in a way they see fit. This means the job description of the new Deputy President (Clubs and Societies) could look like: Responsible for all the Clubs and Societies at Imperial.

What is strange is that the broad principles of this plan have struck a chord of agreement in the union. Even the staunchest critics of the union agree that council is far too big and holds up debate. Steve Newhouse, Social Clubs Committee Chairman, who represents all the clubs and societies in SCC, admits that council needs to change. Rachel

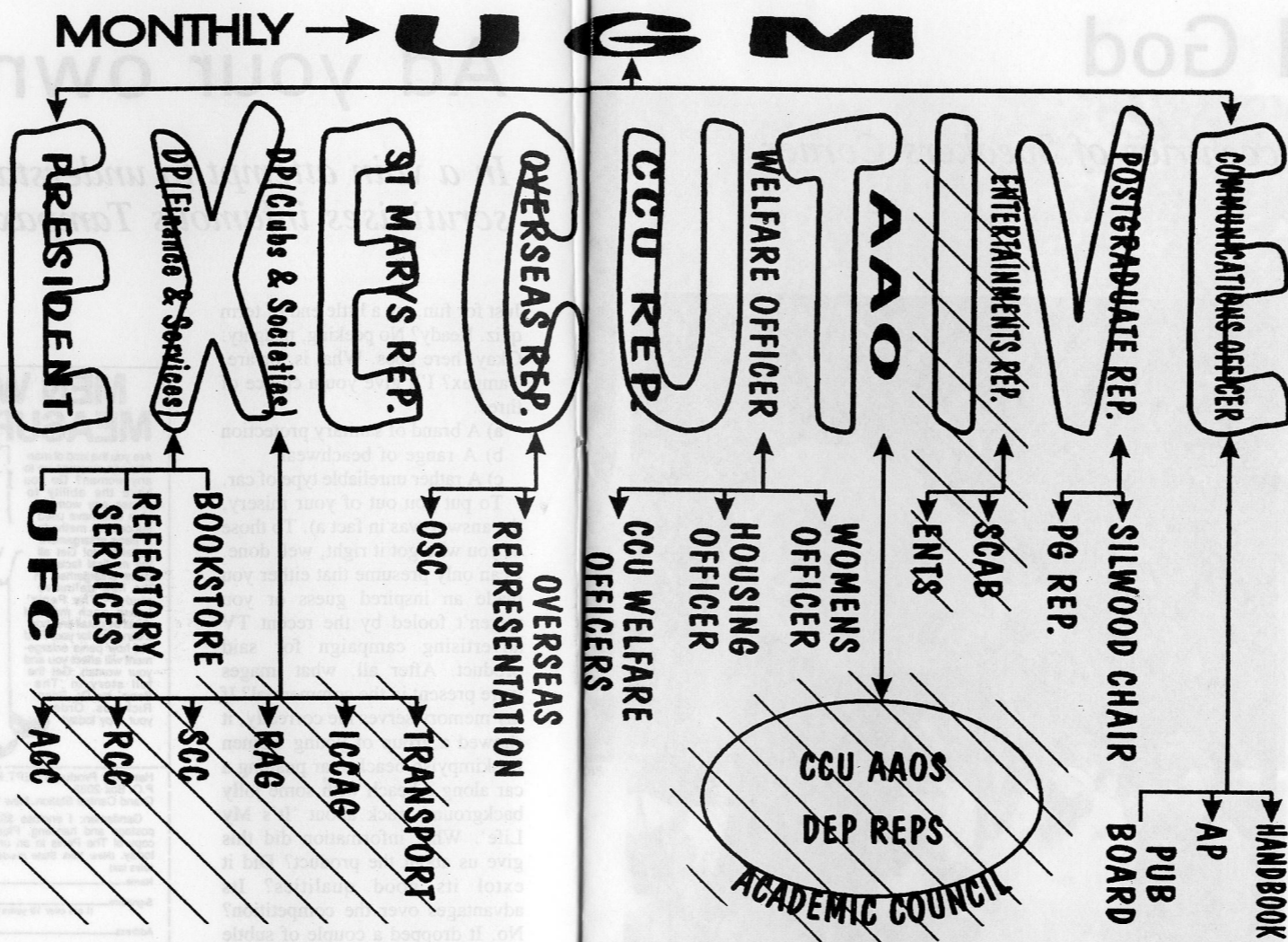
Mountford, RAG Chair, holds that reducing the size of council is a good idea. Andy Kerr, Ents Chair, also broadly agrees with the necessity of altering the present situation. But, this is where all consensus ends.

The new structure is more businesslike, streamlined and efficient. Unfortunately, a students' union is not just a business. Andy Kerr expressed concern that in an external organisation, members have time to study the areas that they were responsible for, and that students should be studying while at University, not filling all their time with students' union activities. This is a call that Chris Davidson rejects, he aims for a 'customer driven' organisation, where the students' union gives what the students want. Mr Davidson believes this leaves no room for the cushioning that has built up around student unions in the past twenty years. Worrying about the effect of voluntary membership on unions, he has frequently stated his belief that every penny given to student

organisations has to be justified.

Even now some posts in the Union are not filled for next year because of the amount of work required. RAG has no chair, Athletics Clubs Committee (ACC) found it hard to find a chairman for next year; surely these executive posts are going to be almost impossible to fill? Chris Davidson admits that executive positions will be testing, but he commented that the majority of the executive should be able to resolve any disputes in their own areas without bringing the matter to the executive. A 'grass roots' method should reduce the executive workload Chris postulates.

Concern has also been expressed about the amount of power the executive would have. With only 15 people actually in charge of the Union, the main forum for informed debate removed, the executive could get away with murder. Naturally enough Chris Davidson rejects this: 'Council requested that we hold UGMs once a month', giving them the chance



Restructure!

What is the mystery behind this Union structure lark? Jonty Beavan tries to explain the issues opposite and outlines some of the problems below.

Some areas have been shaded on this diagram. Each marked part means an area of controversy, these areas could change before the final decision on restructuring is taken at the Union General Meeting on Friday 26th June.

CCU's
 Constituent College Union are to have only one vote on the new executive. It has not been decided how this will be arranged.
 One option is to elect a CCU rep separate from Mines, Royal College of Science and City and Guilds and this one person to represent then all. Another is a rotating post so each CCU would take turns to sit on the executive consulting with each of the other

Unions before attending the executive meeting.
 Both Kate Dalton, C&GU President and Paul Thomas, RCSU President have agreed in principle that only one vote on council is enough for the current state of their Unions. Although others involved in the Constituent Unions may disagree response has been muted so far.

Media
 The three college media, Felix, IC Radio and STOIC demand independence with out responsibility. The Students Union want to cover their own backs if any media is sued for liable. The media believe that union responsibility means Union control.

argument and will continue in years to come. A compromise has been reached for the moment: the student media in this diagram is not directly responsible to the new executive, but have to answer to a UGM. Hopefully this will satisfy both sides but you will have to wait until next year to find out.

Ents/SCAB/RAG
 Each of these clubs look set to lose direct representation on the new executive. Hence they are bitterly trying to fight for a position of power. Chris Davidson is set against any of them being on the Executive,

and so the fight goes on. Possible options at the moment are: The current diagram with RAG also under the Entertainments Rep or each one under the Deputy President (Clubs and Societies).

Academic Council
 This is designed as a forum for debate for all the academic representatives. It is meant to have no power but exist as a place to air grievances that the Academic Affairs Officer (AAO) should carry to the executive.

Departmental Representatives and Academic Affairs of the Constituent Unions are a little unsure and the power and significance of this body is still being discussed.

Sex, squalor and God

Phillip Henry chats amiably to the eccentrics of Speakers Corner.

Although it's only ten minutes or so walk from the college, how many of you have been to the world famous Speakers' Corner? I must admit that I didn't go until fairly recently (the April LSD convention, actually) and I'm a third year. The loss is all mine, I have to say; Speakers' Corner can be one of the most entertaining places a boring Sunday afternoon has to offer and what's more, it's all free!

The place has a surfeit of religious speakers but these have, broadly speaking, the same message: we are all evil therefore repent before it is too late. However, there are others with more varied and interesting messages than this.

Martin Besseman, a 32 year old 'entrepreneur', is probably the most entertaining of those on offer mainly because, as he claims, 'My main priority is to entertain people though some people find a message in what I say'. You can't miss Martin; he dresses like a used car salesman, stands on a step ladder talking about his sexual prowess and appears to have attended the Basil Fawley School of Polite Punter Rapport. For instance, his opening gambit goes something like:

'Good afternoon Ladies and Gentlemen. My name is Martin Besseman and I am the best looking speaker in the park. It is interesting to note that all these religious nutcases have one thing in common: they're all bloody ugly. Come closer, Ladies and Gentlemen. My voice is not very good today so everybody except the Germans take a step forward. The nearer you are to me the nearer you are to heaven. I realise why a few of you blokes are hesitant about bringing your girlfriends closer; I represent a threat because of my sexual charm. Tonight when you make love to them, you are going to be thinking about her but she is going to be thinking about me....'

And so on. But why does Martin do it? He is quite frank and readily admits: 'I enjoy the attention. Everybody craves recognition and by doing this I get mine. I've been coming here since I was 16 when I came with my girlfriend and tried

to convince the crowds that, having kissed her, she would give birth in an hours time; when I was 16 that's how I thought it was done... At the moment I'm going out with a beautiful 16 year old who I met here. She came up to me after one of my speeches and said: 'You were fantastic'.'

When I met Martin I was fortunate enough to catch him before he starts speaking and so was able to see how he catches his crowd. 'It's quite easy; I just stand up... Some people don't get a crowd because their delivery is no good. You've got to be interesting and use the right psychology. There is definitely a skill in doing it and I think I've got it.' Indeed he has; first he starts by chatting up some pretty antipodean girls with 'I know you're Australian; you look like Kylie' to which she replies: 'Oh, thanks.'. Then he introduces himself in a loud voice to nobody in particular and within a minute or so he has an ever growing crowd of at least thirty.

By insulting the punters Martin is begging for hecklers and has a few retorts up his sleeve for just such an occasion. A young, sassy West Indian woman had questioned his ability and had asked when he had last made love to a woman. After telling us how he'd last made love on a train, he went on:

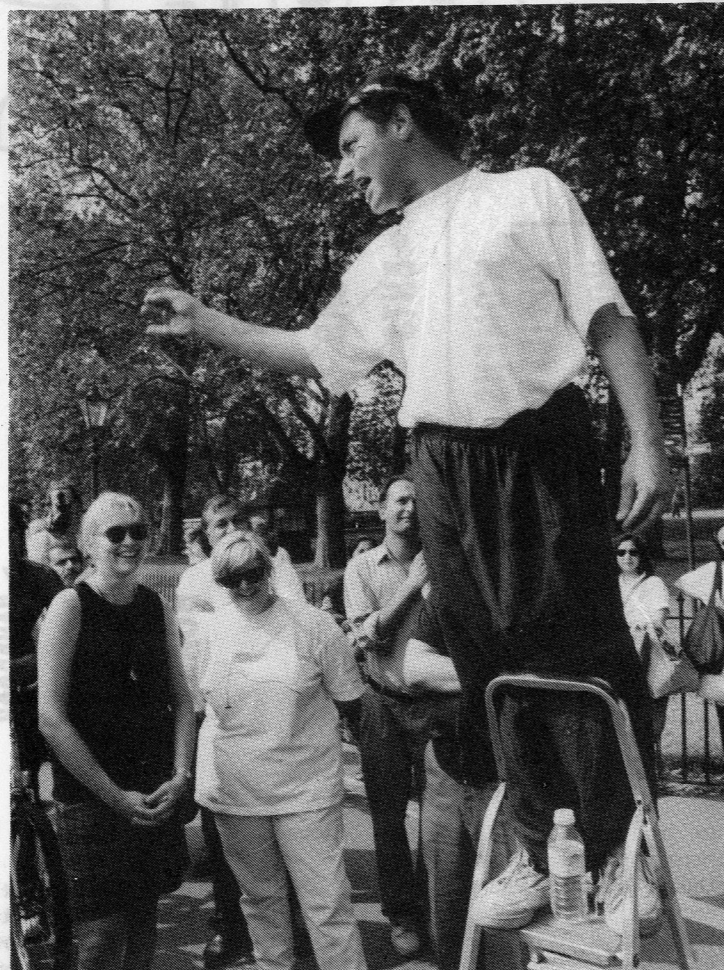
'So you see: women are after experiences just like in the film Indecent Proposal. It's not your type of film, lovey. The Elephant Man would be more your type of film...'

I was browsing through some of the other debates and came across an Arab and a skull-capped Jew who were engaged in a fairly polite if impassioned debate.

'You Jews have always been persecuted. You're always being kicked out of countries,' said the Arab.

'This is true,' Said the Jew. 'Because we were always the masters and rulers. Rulers of even the Arabs.'

'I'm proud of being an Arab, a semite. You Jews, you are American, English, Italian. You are no longer semitic...'



'I'm as much an Arab as you,' said the Jew. The argument wasn't going anywhere so I thought I'd come back later. The Jewish-Arab debate hadn't been solved in the last twenty years, I didn't feel it was going to be solved this afternoon.

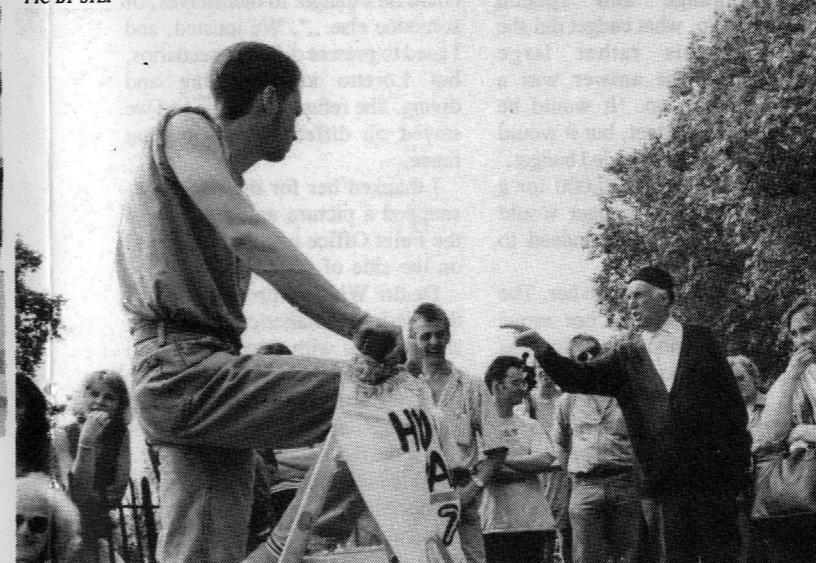
Speakers Corner was set up in 1872 after a particularly unpopular government decision had caused riots in the area. Having recognised the need for a place for free speech the Government, in typical British style, imposed some trivial by-laws such as banning the giving of information on racing or betting, the distribution of leaflets and singing. Some rules are more logical; one cannot incite to riot or swear but despite this a lot of speakers swear profusely when the prowling police are out of earshot. However, at least half the speakers are talking about religion and warn

constantly against such works of the devil...

George, a sprightly but rather deaf 83 year old was one such religious speaker who'd been telling the wicked to repent since he was 16 years old. He claimed that he'd converted to his way of thinking 'quite a lot of people' including Baptist preachers. A dog collared vicar told me before he sped off on his cycle, that in seven years he hadn't converted anyone, so George was doing rather well. George had worked at a Sainsbury meat depot for 40 years and added rather mysteriously that he was involved with anything to do with coleslaw. 'We're all here to please God,' he said. 'It's not easy but I can tell you, it's the best life. Not like those homosexuals over there. All the problems with the world is to do with those sodomites and their



PIC BY STEF



ilk...'

'Those sodomites' turned out to be some quite nice people who only asked for tolerance, acceptance and the same age of consent as for heterosexuals. David, a 24 year old teacher with a slight Mancunian accent, explained that the hecklers of the 'Gay and Lesbian' platform were 'extraordinarily ignorant individuals'. We had one guy from a small village in Lancashire who told us that he wasn't surprised that gays weren't accepted; after all they'd only been around for twenty years or so and it took time for it to be accepted! He genuinely thought it all started with Tom Robinson's *Glad to be Gay* in the seventies.'

Had he ever had any violent homophobic? 'Most of our hecklers are closet queers who hate themselves for their own homosexuality. A guy called Andy had heckled us for six or seven years and then 'came out' and expected us to be his best friends and couldn't understand why we didn't want to know him.

'Once we had two soldiers throwing cans at us and then Charlie, over there,' he indicated a middle aged woman, 'Charlie was aware after half an hour on the train that she'd been followed by one of the soldiers. He came up and apologised for the behaviour he'd shown in front of his friend; he was gay and was trying to fool his

mate.'

Some hecklers didn't suffer from such regrets. 'One guy threatened to impale us on a red hot spike. Another came down with his two year old daughter and his pit bull and told us explicitly how he'd like to kill us. People like that shouldn't be allowed to become parents. Imagine the trouble that child will have if she finds, when she grows up, she's a lesbian.'

Was he frightened at all before he got up to speak? 'The first time is always scary but I don't get nervous anymore; I know that I don't have to do it, I can walk out anytime. At school I was occasionally bullied and I knew I had to go back everyday. Now THAT'S frightening.'

At this point a Christian from an adjacent platform shouted to the crowd in a strong Edinburgh accent: 'It's filthy, foul sex, the Devil's sex, Demons' love. It's filthy. Don't stand there, kids, or you'll get a filthy, unclean spirit coming out of those poofers into you and you'll start thinking about it...'

I was then introduced to Jon, an Italian 30 year old council tax worker who'd been over here long enough to lose his accent. Jon was a joint founder of the platform ten years ago. 'We wanted to do something about the miseducation which society feeds us. It's had some success; we get parents who'd come here on holiday two or three years ago and who've then found that their kids are gay and they just need some advice.'

'When I decided to tell my parents I told my mum first. She gave the typical Italian mother response and threw all the pots and pans on the floor then told me to give her five minutes to calm down. She said that I was still her son and though she didn't understand why I was gay she'd always love me. My father didn't speak to me for a year; he bought a statue of the Virgin and prayed to it to make me normal. It's this kind of thing we're trying to educate people against.'

Opposite the Gay and Lesbian stand there was another David who was 'homeless' but I've been homeless before' and angry that the Government could spend sixty million pounds on the restoration of Windsor Castle and not thirty thousand on the Hostel he'd lived in that had to close. 'The problem of homelessness is going to get worse and worse and worse.'. David was voicing his complaints

against all the Government and a percentage of the police who are intolerant of the homeless. 'I was down in Knightsbridge and these coppers came up to me and one of them starts kicking me in the back. He said: 'How'd you like me to kick you in the face?' so I punched him in the knee and got taken to the police station. Now I know the Sergeant; he says: 'Hello, David, how you doing?' and I explained I'd been kicked by one of his constables so he gave him a real mouthful but when I left the constable told me 'I'm gonna get you!' so I live up here now.'

I returned to the Arab-Israeli debate which had become funnier to watch but more of a school ground argument.

'You are nothing without the Americans. Zero. Nothing. What would you do without them?' asked the Arab.

'Oh, we'll find some other idiot. You Arabs haven't changed in twenty years of me talking to you. But then, neither have we,' replied the Jew with a shrug. 'You talk like a primitive Arab. What can I do?'

'Bastards! That's what you are!' 'You Arabs are lazy bastards! You are useless people!'

'You Jews are a shitty race!'

I managed to talk to the Jew afterwards. His name was Joseph and he told me he'd been coming here since he was 15 way back in 1964. I asked did he always talk about the Arab-Israeli dichotomy. 'I try to avoid it like Aids,' he answered. I tried a few other questions but I found the old adage is true: Why do Jews always answer questions with a question? Answer: Why shouldn't Jews answer questions with questions? Joseph was hard to pin down but he did tell me that 'attitudes are changing. There are too many foreigners, too many wavelengths. It's hard to tune into one in particular.'

I asked a few tourists what they thought of Speakers Corner; They were all entertained and commented that nothing like it existed abroad, not in America, not in Canada, not in Turkey, not anywhere else. One Indian gentleman stressed that although India is a democracy and although such a place could exist there, none does. An American called London 'the home of free speech'. One can become complacent quite easily because to me visiting Speakers Corner was just something to do on an otherwise boring Sunday.

Does she take sugar?

What is Imperial doing to help its disabled students, and what can it do without causing offence? Stef Smith investigates.

It was all done so very casually. She hitched up her summer dress a few inches and injected herself in the thigh. How can this woman be disabled? She copes with her life as the rest of the populous, faces the same hurdles as any other student. She just has to inject herself with insulin a couple of times a day and watch what she eats. Diabetic? Yes. Inconvenienced? Definitely. Disabled? The word just doesn't fit.

She herself objected to the word, 'Yes I've got a medical condition, but I'm not very happy about it being called a disability. I don't like the implications of that.' Her objections were more than just emotive. She also felt the word to be inaccurate, '...the term disabled implies that in some way, your functionality is impaired, which mine isn't.'

But why was she objecting to all this in the first place? I certainly wasn't calling her disabled, so who was?

It was all sparked off by a questionnaire circulated by the recently appointed *Disabilities Officer*, Loretto O'Callaghan. She left the Accommodation Office, and was appointed *Disabilities Officer* in late January. In May, she circulated a questionnaire concerning the situation of people with various disabilities in different departments. This questionnaire referred to people with hidden disabilities and listed these as: diabetes, epilepsy, haemophilia, heart condition and cystic fibrosis. It was this questionnaire, and the attitude that it created in her department to which my friend objected.

I cleared my mind of all the prejudices that came with Loretto from the *Accommodation Office* where she used to work and left to talk to her about her job in general,



Loretto O'Callaghan, Disabilities Officer.

as well as clear up her apparently strange definition of disability.

Her office is in room 163 of the Sherfield Building; the corridor that leads to the Bank; the corridor containing the Conference Centre; the corridor that ironically has a small flight of stairs at its entrance and no lift access. Obviously, Imperial desperately needs a *Disabilities Officer*.

Loretto's ideas for her job seemed rather straightforward, 'At the moment (the job consists of) going round looking at the buildings... seeing whether we can get wheelchairs in, seeing whether there's any equipment available.' She continued to tell me her findings; all the things that are wrong with Imperial, all those little things that can make life very difficult and access impossible to a wheelchair user. When it comes down to the geography, stairs and ramps of College, she certainly knows her stuff.

Her interest did not end with wheelchair users. Loretto has plans of white stripes on dark stairways, for the partially sighted, induction

loops in lecture theatres for the hard of hearing and provisions for those with language and speech difficulties. So, what budget did she have for this rather large undertaking? The answer was a very surprising no. 'It would be nice to have a budget, but it would have to be a nicely rounded budget.' At the cost of over £30,000 for a disabled toilet, the budget would have to be very round indeed to refurbish College.

I was starting to warm to her. The *Disabilities Officer* in her move from the accommodation office was now sitting on the other side of the fence. She used to create masses of red tape and obstacles for students in an effort to keep the accommodation office afloat. Now she must cut through others' bureaucracy to get anything done. But what was her attitude toward the disabled. 'People who are disabled don't like being referred to as being any different to people who are... able-bodied.'

But are diabetics disabled? '...some diabetics have no problem; they manage, but if they didn't, or

something happened, and they were doing some work in chemistry, they could be a danger to themselves, or someone else...'. We jostled, and I tried to present different scenarios, but Loretto kept ducking and diving. She refused to budge and we stayed on different sides of that fence.

I thanked her for the interview, snapped a picture and returned to the Felix Office to get a viewpoint on the side of diabetics.

Deidre Whitley, press officer for the *National Diabetic Association* shocked me with what we had to say. I asked her bluntly on the society's attitude toward the word 'disabled', and while she did not like it she did not like the word, she admitted that diabetics can register as disabled. The word has to be applicable to the class as a whole, even if it does not fit individuals.

Then it slowly dawned on me. We have a stubborn, but very useful *Disabilities Officer*, and a girl that is hurt by the implication of a word. This just serves to highlight an even bigger problem. Just why is disability a stigma?

Loretto welcomes calls about problems and suggestions regarding disabled facilities at Imperial College on ext 3455

Long Shot for the Pistol Club

Long range pistol consists of shooting a fairly standard handgun over fairly non-standard distances, in this case over 100, 200 and 300 yards hitting fairly small targets (e.g. 10 inches diameter at 200 yards). This is a fairly tough proposition because to get a fairly normal handgun to shoot over extraordinarily long distances requires distinctly non-standard ammunition. This means DIY ammo. Normally it entails putting as much powder as possible in the case and then squashing the bullet in with a vice. There is a plus and minus to this technique. The plus is that the bullet may just leave the barrel quick enough to travel 300 yards before succumbing to Newton's finest. The minus point is that there is increased risk of a small localised explosion resulting in instant dismissal from the range and equally quick admission to hospital. This results in a trade-off between potential accuracy and perceived safety. Accuracy dictates a steady grip, cool gaze, and controlled breathing. Fears for personal (no one gives a hoot about the folks either side) safety result in eyes being closed, hands over ears and uncontrolled whimpering. It gets worse when there are 30 odd people doing it.

In pistol shooting few things are certain (did I fire five, or was it six?), and the team turning up is one such phenomenon. Last year ICR&PC fielded a 'B' team as a back-up in case all else failed. It did. The 'A' team, consisting of the then current executive, failed to enter the competition 'cos they were crap. They failed to get the gun refurbished, 'cos they were crap. They failed to provide a new match pistol because they spent the cash on a fun-gun, undeniably fun, but another crap idea. This year they did exactly the same, except they didn't buy a fun gun.

This year the 'B' team faced further handicaps due to the range refurbishment—crap idea, not being completed on time—crap project management, not being up to standard—crap planning, then being arbitrarily closed—crap

explanation. All courtesy of 'the management'—'students views come first'.

Fortunately Oxford think that 'ballistic coefficient' is preceded by 0898 so although IC's kit consisted of a dirty revolver and a box of rusty ammo, Oxford got a good stuffing. Well, they would have got a good stuffing. On seeing that IC's score was almost 3 times Oxford's 1992 score they packed up and went home.

The actual shooting saga went something like: arrive on the 100 yard firing point at 9.00am; admire clear blue sky and pristine target; spray two five round strings down range in 30 seconds per string; admire clear blue sky and pristine target. C J Hurr lead the IC team with the authority of a blind man, scraping a paltry 41/50, A C Jones and E M T Young 40/50.

Out at 200 yards and Jones showed how it was done, and was keen to tell others how easy it was too as he popped in a mightily impressive 48/50. Hurr and Young 43/50.

Out at 300 yards and anything can happen. Free beer, dancing girls, you name it. But generally wind. Good for windmills, wind-surfing, Pierre parpy pants. But not good for shooting. Jones though was scoring bulls a-plenty until the realisation that he was in danger of another trophy and that there was simply no room for it at Clayponds led to a complete miss. Hurr and Young suffered from wind. Scores for Jones, Hurr and Young were 40, 36, 34 respectively.

So, despite everything, IC put up their best performance ever, aggregating 365/450. The final individual scores were, A C Jones 128/150 (6th overall), C J Hurr 120/150, E M T Young 117/150. Congrats to Jones for being an all-round-mega-hero (and writing this), and to Young for doing so well on his first attempt. Hurr once again facilitated the whole show by providing all the kit and most of the expertise.

The latest entries on the Howe Cup now read Imperial, Imperial, Imperial, Imperial, Imperial.



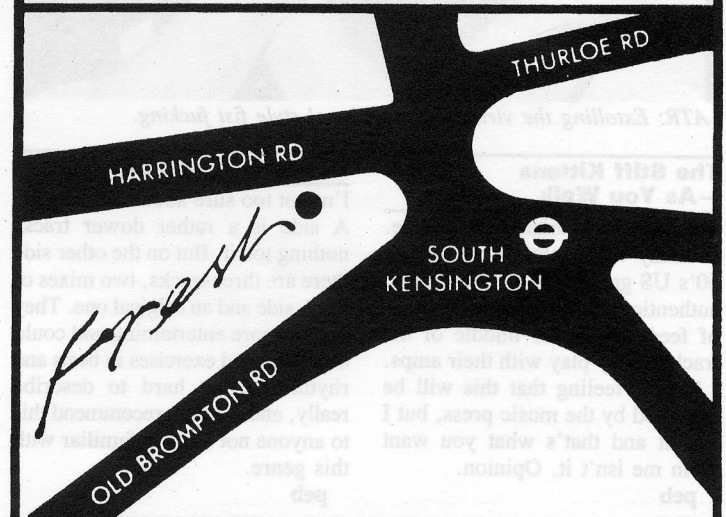
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Singles

Legend - Cry For Me

Clichéd lyrics. Ejaculatory guitar. HAIRY COCK ROCK.

Wake up, Bozos! This is the nineties.

No. Leave them. Let them have their wet dream

Ophelia.

●Out 'soon' on Reckless Rhino Records. It's that word again. 'Soon'. The ghost of Gareth 'Takes it up the shitter' Light rears its flowery head once more.

Jo Jo Gretsch - Reach Out E.P.

Likeable debut effort by latterday punky rocky types; There are four tracks on this E.P., 'I need you now', 'Delicious', 'Breathless', and the title track. The tracks are nothing special, but there's a little bit of fairy dust in there, particularly with 'Delicious'. Not unpleasant, just a tad throwawayable.

Choc

●Out now on Cheetah Records



You heard what the man said. 'Hairy Cock Rock.'

ATR

Is it just me or is everybody becoming sentimental? What actual changes did the 'hippy' movement effect? None in my opinion, and the current vogue will have the same none-effect. I people seriously want change then it will happen. The society dictates what happens in society. So when someone stands up for their opinions you have to admire them. Using a style of music that tends to attract people with racist or other undesirable character traits takes guts.

peb

David Bowie - Black Tie, White Noise

The ol' phoenix from the ashes that rudely broke the 'Hasn't made a good record since...' thirteen year protocol with 'Jump They Say' reveals more of itself than perhaps it should, ie, it's had its wings clipped. Are we mixing our metaphors here? maybe, but we must ask if 'Black Tie' and 'White Noise' is an adequate enough juxtaposition of racial cultures in order to make his point felt, that's to say, fascism is a bad thing and its perpetrators are naughty fellows who relate more to uncivilised animals than their targets, conversely represented as the survival of high culture. Bowie

Bjork - Human Behaviour

She's back! With a voice that the angels would kill for, Bjork has come up with the strangest single in ages. The music fuses dance with her indie past, but it's her voice that grabs you by the scruff of the neck and turns you inside out. Essential.

Bosco.

●Out now on One Little Indian.

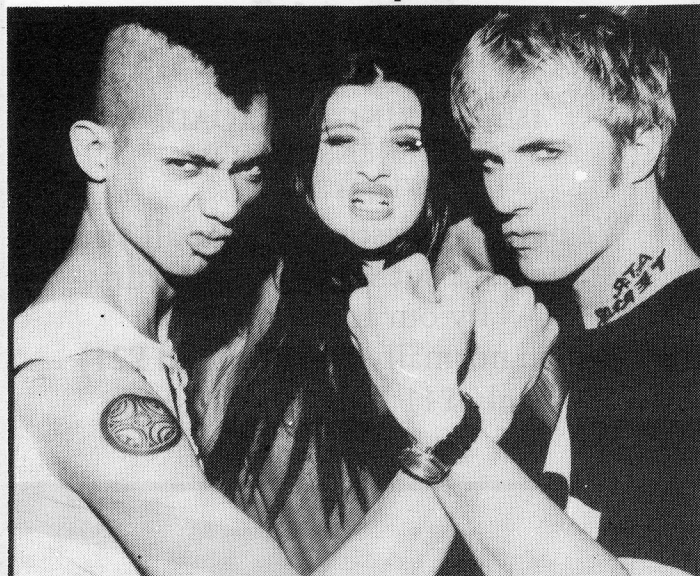
Sting - Fields of Gold

As oily as only he can be, this curmudgeonly old twat evidently feels the time is right to put on his teacher's hat once more. I turn to my little friend, whom we shall call 'Gareth', and express the hope that Sir is not going to read any of his poetry. Oh. He is.

Me? I'm sitting at the back of the class, doodling Sting caricatures in hilarious situations, and writing unpleasant messages to little girls, 'cos I've heard it all before. 'Please sir, Donny's not listening. He's drawing fun-sized willies, with your face on them' Cheers, Gareth.

Donny O'Nonchalant

●Out now on A&M, though why you'd wish to buy something by such a donkey's cock is beyond me.



ATR: Extolling the virtues of traditional-style fist fucking.

The Stiff Kittens - As You Walk

This sounds remarkably out of time. In many ways reminiscent of late 60's US garage. It even has those authentic touches, like little doses of feedback in the middle of the track as they play with their amps. I have a feeling that this will be crucified by the music press, but I like it and that's what you want from me isn't it. Opinion.

peb

Code - 505 345 675 Delta 9

I'm not too sure about this. On the A side is a rather dower track, nothing too it. But on the other side there are three tracks, two mixes of the A side and an original one. They are far more entertaining and could be considered exercises in beats and rhythm. A bit hard to describe really, and I cannot recommend this to anyone not already familiar with this genre.

peb

stints on sax on this funky-ish number that isn't bad at all.

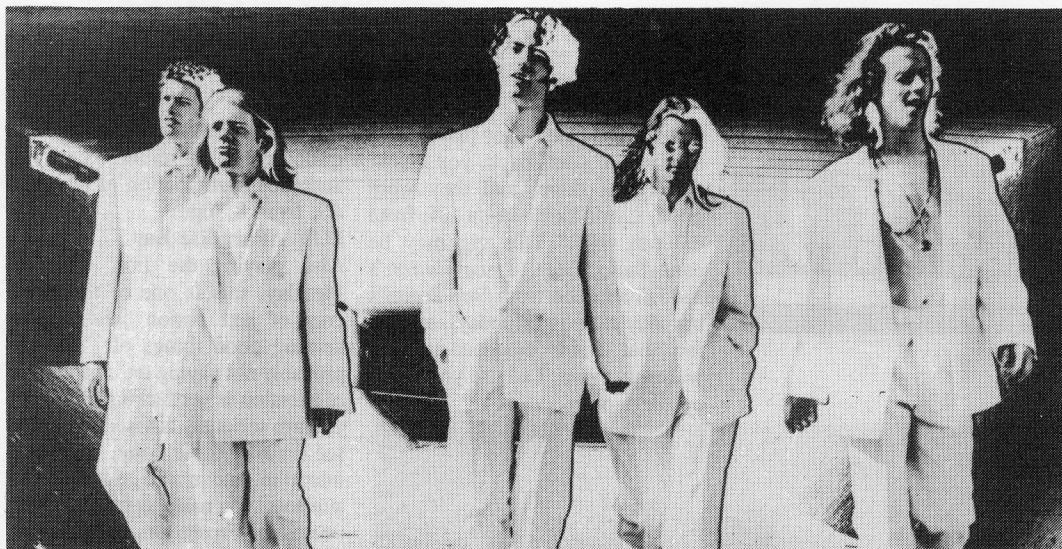
Congrats, Mr B. It seems the hunting season is over, and you're smiling like you planned it this way anyway.

Giselle

TDK CAMPUS CHART June 1993

1	BULLET IN THE HEAD - Rage Against the Machine	EPIC
2	REGRET - New Order	London
3	CALL IT WHAT YOU WANT - Credit to the Nation	One Little Indian
4	TOP O' THE MORNING / JUMP AROUND - House of Pain	Ruffness
5	AIN'T NO LOVE (AIN'T NO USE) - Sub Sub	Rob's Records
6	UK / USA - Eskimos & Egypt	One Little Indian
7	WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? - St. Etienne	Heavenly
8	BELIEVE IN ME - Utah Saints	FFFRR
9	TEN YEARS ASLEEP - Kingmaker	Scorch
10	KILLING IN THE NAME - Rage Against the Machine	EPIC
11	SO YOUNG - Suede	Nude
12	WALKING IN MY SHOES - Depech Mode	Mute
13	SOFT QUEENIE - PJ Harvey	Island
14	ALL THAT SHE WANTS - Ace of Base	London
15	EJECT - Senser	Ultimate
16	U GOT 2 KNOW - Capella	Internal
17	FOR TOMORROW - Blur	Food
18	HUMAN BEHAVIOUR - Bjork	One Little Indian
19	PACKET OF PEACE - Lion Rock	Deconstruction
20	GEPETTO (REMIX) - Belly	4AD
21	CREATION - Stereo MC's	Gee Street
22	TEENAGE TURTLES - Back to the Planet	Parallel
23	BEAUTIFUL SON - Hole	City Slang
24	WAITING FOR THE MAN - The Velvet Underground	Polydor
25	THE RETURN OF PAN - The Waterboy's	Geffen

Chart compiled by **STREETS AHEAD**



Thousand Yard Stare: Messianic, or a trifle over-exposed?

Aztec Camera - Dreamland

No doubt, someone somewhere is cheering the flowery return of former child prodigy Roddy Frame, he of such finely unsweaty moments as 'High Land, Hard Rain', he for whom great things were expected. 'Good Morning Britain' aside, though, he hasn't made a good record for eight years, or thereabouts. If you disagree, that's ok, your prerogative, we're not style fascists, et cetera. Bet you're feeling pretty stupid now, though.

Once past the 'Roddy Frame in Rock n' Roll pose' cover, we encounter the lyrics, and press 'play'. The tasteful execution of drums, Ryuichi Sakamoto's keyboard string arrangements, and the like, sort of rises up like a gentle

wash type thing while Roddy wails 'How sweet to fly, to touch the sky', and achieves, not just the most stupendous musical moment ever, but. 'Safe in Sorrow' follows, spinning us lines like 'Building up a big brick wall' and 'you will see my love is for free'; dearie me, Roddy, Mr Lyric's well and truly absent, isn't he? And Colonel Melody? Well, he seems to have downed a kilo jar of honey for extra sweetness, and a gallon of kaolin for his diarrhoea. 'Black Lucia' starts promisingly enough, with a couple of chunks of roughneck guitar, but these vanish into saccharineland before you can say 'Hey, that's pretty good after the last load of old bollocks'. 'Spanish Horses' has quite a nice little guitar

line, reminiscent of John Williams at his most flamboyant, but then 'Dreamland' is just a bit fucking 'nice' all round.

'Dream Sweet Dreams' is the closing track on side one, and it's probably the strongest song, in spite of Knopfler-esque guitar work circa 'Making Movies'. The other side takes the structure, takes out the bones, and, frankly, takes the piss. Jesus Christ, this is the sort of mind-free wank you'd expect from Tina Turner, and on the strength (sic) of 'Pianos and Clocks' and 'Sister Ann' you'd probably say that Roddy's out of the Frame (Oh, har, har, bloody har - sic. Ed). The consensus around here is that Mr Frame has in fact 'lost it'. I mean. Lives have been ruined for less, and

Albums 

Thousand Yard Stare - Mappamundi

'Hands on', moving on, a murkier second album from *Thousand Yard Stare* not quite so precise, so exact as the first; more variety; a deeper, more active album, less...less, more, more.

Admittedly the first time I listened to it I was non-plussed, to say the least. In fact, I think the actual word was 'Bollocks!'. But all things take time. 'It's the quiet ones, that kill your friends'. Indeed, 'Mappamundi', creeps about, and now, oh now, it gives me goosebumps, jumps and lumps.

'There's been a small change, a time to rearrange', differences, yes, but still pretty much unique, recognisable as *Thousand Yard Stare*: See for miles.

Easi Style!

● Out now on Stifled Aardvark/Polydor.

it really is time we took these unbelievably wealthy charlatans, put them against a wall and shot them for disgraceful careerist blandness. Remember John Lennon. That's my little notelette to Roddy Frame; Someone should have told him you can only dream for so long before you're dead.

Donny O'Nonchalant

● Out now on WEA. *Aztec Camera* have already finished their tour. Did we get tickets? Ha. Did we fuck.

Darlingheart - Serendipity

First and foremost, I'd like to get something off my chest; a copy of this review will go to NUS Ents, and the managers of the Astoria, where *Darlingheart* played a support slot to *Blur* last friday (You remember. It was previewed in Felix last week - sic. Ed): You fucked up. I don't know which of you fucked up, but you fucked up nonetheless, and, bureaucracy aside, your door policy's shit and so is the wanker who enforced it on my reviewer. You may not think it matters that much, but our student handbook carries a venue guide, and the competition for the worst venue in London (an accolade coveted previously by the Hammersmith Odeon and Wembley Arena) looks like being a one-horse race, if you get my meaning. C**ts.

This is *Darlingheart's* debut album, and much as I'd like to apologise for our incoherent obscurantism, we have reviewed them before, as have others.

They're from Kirkcaldy, a charming little place not so far from Edinburgh where I spent a little of my youth. 'The Flood' opens the album, a brief, skimpy thing that opens up for 'Loaded' 'Smarthead' et cetera. The heavily under-exploited combination of guitar and cello is one *Darlingheart* have employed to a highly proficient degree; it sounds frequently like the *Muses* gone even folkier, but overall it is a darkness charming its way into your head. The sleeve notes, by the way, credit one Callum Gilhouilly, of 'Absolutely' fame (or should that be infamy? - sic. Ed), for harmonica and (get this) 'anorakium'. There's quotes from the poet, Stevie Smith, and 'well-known Geordie sports commentator', Syd Waddell, too. As if that wasn't enough (Actually, I could tell you that there's two girls in the band, and they're both babes, but I (Shut up, O'Nonchalant; This review's crap - sic. Ed) wouldn't stoop so low). Fair enough, boss.

Donny O'Nonchalant

● Out now on Fontana.



Darlingheart: Bet you can't do a funny caption for this, you bastard.

Donny's Weekend Gig Guide



MUSIC PREVIEW

Tonight Preview

Brixton Academy - Reggae Awards

Lots o'names, familiar and not so familiar, playing tonight; Tippa Irie is, worryingly, the biggest name here, but Chaka Demus, Peter Hunningale and General Levy are among the notable presences tonight. Anticipate a heavy ragga influence over the proceedings, but it should be a fun evening for all aficionados. £15. Starting at 7pm and running until 2am.

Cranes/ Slowdive - Clapham Grand

More ambient gothery as the straggly leftovers of 1985 gather to debate whether the *Sisters* have sold out, and to do each other's eyeliner. Expect a few nightmares and neuroses to come swirling (that's 'swirling', readers - sic. Ed) out of the Rockinghorse Room amid the dead giveaway odour of ammonia and sulphates perfumed with patchouli, and don't go dressed as a Morticia-like for a laugh. Well ethereal, my beery mates said. Aye, I agreed. Right eerie. £7.50. 7.30pm until 1am.

Omar - Klimax at Chat's Palace
Smooth and ultra-sophistico bedroom soul from the voice who brought us 'There's nothing like this' nearly two years ago now. Jez. Don't time fly? Nonetheless, I'm sure you recall the poetic heights of 'Sip a glass of cold champagne wine / The rug that we lie on feels divine', and imagined the sort of cheapo geek responsible for such egocentric drivell. And what do you pay for lots of chat and stuff about satin sheets? a mere £7. It's a snip at twice the price, and you've worked hard; Go on, treat yourself, loves, 'cause you deserve it. 10pm 'til late.

Utah Saints - Rocket (phone for details)

Dance-friendly technorock sampling pop de classique; in yer face and dead groovy with snooks well and truly cocked at their former post-gothic industrial cyberpunk alteregos, *Cassandra Complex*. Very sharp-eyed and inventive stuff, and, if they play it, 'Something Good' will be the nearest thing to a live date Kate Bush has done in absolute aeons.



Cranes: 'Don't talk rubbish. Of course I look like Robert Smith'
Therapy? - Forum

Well, I suppose I'd better apologise for thinking them Welsh, when in fact they're Irish with a capital 'Ire'. Do you like that? It's called wit, you know. Songs of the nasty, brutish and short (a description that seems to be in vogue again) variety, this foray into the public domain comes highly recommended by yours truly. No support, but then again, none necessary or even desirable. It's probably just a one-off to showcase the 'Face the Strange' E.P. (Don't forget to say that it was reviewed last issue - sic. Ed) I know, I know! 'Face the Strange' was reviewed last issue, and was well-liked. So much so that the reviewer would like his copy back, Mr Gareth 'Queer as Fuck' Light. £8. From 7pm.

Levitation/Land of Barbara/Out of my hair - Splash Club at Water Rats

Don't know about the others, but Terry Bickers' *Levitation* are always a must, brilliant songs that leave former band *The House of Love* with huge quantities of smashed chicken foetus schlepped

over their cheeks. They played here a couple of years back, you know, and I was there, and they were good, Lardi-Lardi-da-da. £4, from 8.30pm. N.B. This gig may be cancelled, due to *Levitation's* sudden absence from Bob Smith's birthday party (see sunday), and the fact that it was supposed to be a warm-up event. I advise you to get on the blower.

the things sans sense, and they're quite good at taking care of audience participation et cetera... £6, from 8.30pm.

IZIT - Paradise Bar

Also playing the Jazz Cafe on Monday, this is one of the latest crop of jazz fusion bands we're hearing good things of. You are probably not paying the slightest bit of attention as per fucking usual, but you are seriously advised to go and see these at some point, because I intend to, and at a £5, £4 to you as students, you really can't go wrong this time. From 8pm to 2am.

Sunday 13th

Freaky Realistic - Marquee

Fun, Fun, Fun. And we'll have fun, fun, fun. Last seen drinking Daddy's home beer (five get overexcited). I am mad from Scandinavia... Must be crazy, and Sagittarius, 'cause I'm a Leo, and I'm hilarious.... And before you could say 'repetitive strain injury, and after a nasty bout of myalgic encephalomyelitis, too', they led him away... fun, fun, fun... from 7.30pm.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS: The Cure/ Carter USM/ Sugar/ Belly/ The Frank & Walters/ Senseless Things/ Catherine Wheel/ Kingmaker/ The Family Cat & More - Finsbury Park.

When I was a lad, my dad used to say to me 'Son, when you're all grown up, be a smug semi-talented bastard who's as rich as God'. I'm nearly there, dad. All I've got to do is finish my debut novel, and wait for my dazzled audience to swarm like a whole bunch of bees on heat. Bob's plan was a cracker, too. take yer laces out yer trainers, smear yer bright scarlet lipgloss all over yer face, and pour a few vulnerable sighs into a microphone for a few hours. Stay credible for a further twenty years by having the coolest bands around support you periodically, too. Strange as it may seem, but I'm rather of the opinion that that says it all. £18.50. Admission at 1pm.

JC001/ Free Speech/ The Phuse - Planet Soul at Orange.

Really fast hard shit with a strongly anti-fascist message coming at you from *JC001*, the fastest rapper in the country, nay, the World. Something of a rising star, his truly cosmopolitan background and mesmerising presence make him a real spectacle for the Orange. Should be spellbinding. £6, from 8.30pm.

Television/ No Man - Forum

Now then, Davros m'dear, you may be a bitter and twisted old jazz hipster with but one of yer compositions gracing the pop market, but you shouldn't be so keen to bury Tom Verlaine et al (Who is this 'Al' bloke? he seems to work with everyone - sic. Ed). Gaaan... stick on Stephen Duffy an' shaah us yer pissaaah... £12. 7.30pm.

Fleadh '93 - Finsbury Park

Fucking hell. Where to begin. *Bob Dylan. Van Morrison. Hothouse Flowers. Pogues. Fat Lady Sings. Marxman. Runrig. Kirsty MacColl. Mary Coughlan. The Four of Us. The Men They Couldn't Hang. Lindisfarne. Stiff Little Fingers.* I'll stop there, I think; £25, and several more bucketloads of bands on top of that. From 12noon.

Senseless Things - Old Trout,

Windsor Solid, vividly-reproduced guitar power-pop that's at its best when they perform live, and in the most tranquil venue for, ooh, hundreds of miles. They can tend towards the active, too, Cass and



Theatre

Withering Looks

This an evening starring only two actresses who are members of N.I.B.H.L.S (pronounced nibbles), which is National Institute for Bringing History to Life Society. They take you through the lives of the Bronte sisters (Charlotte and Emily only, Anne was too unimportant) and explain their works.

Boring? You must be joking. This is a total piss take of the work of the Bronte's. Periodically, hints and tips are given for GCSE students which have to be seen to appreciate fully and the actresses regularly pull revolting faces, especially when the phrase 'Withering Looks' is said.

I had two favourite parts of the ninety minute show. The first was when Emily Bronte, played by Audrey (a member of N.I.B.H.L.S, who was played by Maggie Fox), described to her sister Charlotte (played by Olivia, who was played by Sue Ryding) the story of *Wuthering Heights* in five minutes, using eight inch high black and



'It's me, I'm Cathee, I've come home now.'

white cardboard cut outs and hysterical sound effect provided by the actresses. Sounds odd? Again, see it appreciate it.

The second memorable point was when the actresses acted a clip from the 1939 MGM version of *Wuthering Heights*, starring Lawrence Olivier and David Niven. No description, go and see it.

Finally, if you thought that a piss

take of the Bronte's could not go without a snippet of the number one song by Kate Bush, *Wuthering Heights*, you were wrong. It's in there. Go and see this play to find out where.

Harry

●Drill Hall Arts Centre, 16 Chenies St, WC1. Goodge St. Tube. Tue- Sat 7.30pm. Concs £6. Ends June 26th.

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Expenses incurred when participating in clinical trials will be reimbursed



Theatre

Recommended

Danny Boy

This is a black comedy about a Northern Irish catholic who gets visited by the Angel Gabriel and told that he is the Son of God. There are many things Jesus II (Danny) has in common with Jesus—the original version. He is a woodwork teacher (almost a carpenter), he's thirty, and—most convincing—he's got a beard. Oh yes, and his parents names are Mary and Joseph. Given my views on the subject (I'm a Christian) I may have found this deeply blasphemous, but due to the fact that many Christians have a sense of humour about much of their faith, I found it absolutely hysterical. The Church of England is described as 'Atheism with Hymns', and an Orange Man (Protestant) says 'Anyone who's been excommunicated can't be all bad'.

The humour in the play

comes from the Christian angle; general doctrine, miracles, dead budgies and Catholic/Protestant differences. There are sobering interludes concerned with the political aspects of Irish life. Danny's mother wants him to use his 'spiritual powers' to fight the republican cause, but he just wants 'peace, love and understanding' along with his first disciple, his best friend Dermot, a pacifist Stalinist who he raised from the dead.

The play reached its inevitable conclusion in a way that wasn't at all tacky and made its point very well.

You really should go and see this play, its absolutely brilliant. Spend some of that money and go and see it.

Flossie

●Etcetera Theatre, Oxford Arms Pub, 256 Camden High Rd., NW1, Camden Town Tube. Tue-Sun 9.30pm. Concs £5.50.



Book

The Man In The Window by Jon Cohen.

Take four people with their own problems and attitudes towards life. Louis, who for 16 years, since a fire left him disfigured, hasn't left his house, hiding himself from all his neighbours and observing the world from his window, finds himself having to go outside again.

His mother who has to face her husband's death. Iris, an unattractive nurse but with a great personality and sense of humour to help her.

Her father, trying to cope with getting old and "falling to pieces" as he describes himself.

Entangle those 4 lives, make them evolve in the middle of Warvely's population, add a bit of magic and you get the basis of "The Man in the Window". I know this may sound a pretty boring and depressing story, but to my surprise it wasn't. The book is at the same time sad and funny, well written, and does not fall into sickening sentimentality (only a touch every now and then, especially at the end).

Of course, if what you want of a book is sex and violence, then this one is not for you. But otherwise, it makes enjoyable reading.

J.D.

●Price £5.99, published by Black Swan.

Opera

ENO: Inquest of Love

'Will there be a pre-performance talk?' I asked (there sometimes is before a world premiere). 'Er...no,' was the reply, 'but there is a pre-performance meditation, it's about transcendentalism, you see.' Good job, really; it takes a hefty dose of the transcendental to cope with the fact that your three principals have all got themselves killed by the end of Act I. Composer Jonathan Harvey overcomes this problem by setting Act II of his new *Inquest of Love* in the afterlife, where the lovers John and Ann and the rejected, gun-toting Elspeth have to purge themselves of the suffering they have inflicted. This territory may sound familiar, having been covered by several Hollywood feelgood flicks during the last few years, and indeed it wasn't the only

aspect of the evening that caused me a feeling of *déjà vu*. Near the beginning of the work we hear the sound of breathing (Tippett's Symphony no. 4 is just as evocative and doesn't need a synthesiser); the first murder is seen three times from different angles—Birtwistle used a similar trick for the decapitation of the Green Knight in *Gawain*—and there's a chorus of monks, whose plainchant-inspired music recalls recent successes by Tavener and Pärt.

The opera opens with synthesised whale-moans and receding motorway traffic noises. A striking theme surfaces to accompany the Abbott (Richard Van Allan, in fine voice, although mostly unintelligible). But Harvey seems almost deliberately to shy away from cumulative motivic progression, so on a first hearing, that appeared to be just about all there was to the first act, until the final minute brought a sudden and

powerful climax. The production is completely at sea, and the chorus resort to the tried and tested house maxim: if in doubt, writhe around hysterically.

Act II introduces several angels. (Actually they may have appeared briefly in Act I, but since they were suspended from the ceiling with their faces painted blue, it was hard to tell.) Josh is an imp in baggy, orange satin shorts Philia, by the red cross on her chest appears to be a nurse, although from her name, she might be a dentist. Or transcendentalist (crap pun!—Ed). Thankfully the second scene manages to find some musical and dramatic focus; John and Ann are conducted by the Psychopomp, an eschatological lift-attendant, down into the Chasm, where emotionally derailed wraiths scramble around inside the coaches of a wrecked train. Harvey succeeds in sustaining the interest during a reconciliation scene with Elspeth, after which

John and Ann can at last be married. The trouble is, the characters haven't engaged our sympathy enough for us to care one way or the other—Ann in particular is not helped by the off-puttingly wide vibrato Linda McLeod brings to the part. The peal and boom of the synthesised wedding bells, be they ever so carefully sampled, engenders no emotional response whatsoever, like too much of what has gone before.

So, if it's music and transcendentalism you're after, my advice is, put on a personal stereo, head for Oxford Street and get yourself nabbed by the Hare Krishnas.

Patrick Wood.

● Further performances at the Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, at 7.30pm on the 11th, 17th and 22nd of June.



Sorry readers, it's time for a Donny O' Nonchalant type rant beneath this picture from ENO: *Inquest Of Love*. Only one more Felix to go (sniff, sniff). Are you going to miss us over the summer? Will you be pining for our nipple-erecting news, or our museful music reviews, or our fabulous features, or our revealing reviews, or our whip-cracking what's on section, or our raunchy RAG page, or our unbelievable Union page? I know I will. What will you do instead? Will you be very sad and buy Q or Smash Hits or some other glossy dribble not worthy for the bin? Don't give in to temptation. Be strong. Be brave. October isn't that far off. It's only approximately 13 weeks away. 13 WEEKS!!!! Oh my God!!! That's years away!!! Donny, be a love and pass the scalpel. Let me slash my wrists now and end the agony. Donny? Donny? Are you OK? What's that blood gushing from your wrists? Bastard! He's left without saying goodbye. Typical of him really.

Big Space

Theatre

Sex In My Anorak

Firstly, this 'play' does not focus on sex nor anoraks so perverts will be disappointed.

Secondly, this is not a play but eighty minutes or so of comedy sketches, so luvvies and darlings of the theatre will be disappointed if they go for an evening of pretentious delights.

Finally, this is bloody good and must be seen. The links between certain sketches are very good but some scenes do drag on past their laugh-by date. I'm only going to tell you a few of the acts to wet your appetite and these are possibly the best: A song about masturbation, a piss take of 20,000 Leagues Under The Sea, advice on how to get a woman / man into bed, and what to order in an Armenian restaurant.

The Canal Cafe Theatre allows to eat and drink while being entertained. But don't bother. You will laughing so much that the food will go cold and your money will be wasted.

Harry

● The Canal Cafe Theatre, Delamere Terrace, Warwick Ave. Tube. Wed-Sun 8pm £5, no concs.

Theatre

The Taming of the Shrew

Toby Robertson's production of the *Taming of the Shrew* is a delight to watch.

This Shakespearean comedy is performed in the idyllic setting of the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre. The magnificent colours of both stage and costumes together with the superb acting render this play truly alive and energetic. Cathy Tyson (from the film *Mona Lisa*) skillfully plays a scornful Katherina, whilst Geordie Johnson provides her match as Pertuchio.

This was my first visit to the Open Air Theatre and in one word I'd describe it as 'magical'. What more can I say but you must go even if this is your only trip to the London Theatre.

Sonia.

● Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park. Until 10th September 1993. Tickets £5-£15.50. Box Office 071-486 2431/1933.



'You know that I'd do anything for you, my love'

'Of course, my love'

'Then why do you insist that we do our faces like Perriot clowns and wear these over-the-top costumes before we make love?'

The actress from the *Taming of the Shrew* goes silent.

Theatre Gossip...

by Reviews Ed.

Felix was supposed to bring you a review of *Andrew Lloyd-Webber: The Musical* this week but the show was cancelled at the last minute.

Apparently the organisers postponed the show until further notice, as Mr. Lloyd-Webber was suing them for libel or deformation of character.

The show, being presented at The Birds Nest Theatre, (32 Deptford Church St., SE8, New Cross Tube, 081 694 1600), is described by *Time Out* as a 'short, satirical trip

through an alternative interpretation of the career of Andrew Lloyd Webber'.

All I can say is that it must be a bloody good play for Mr. Lloyd-Webber to sue them and he should be able to take criticism, since he has a virtual monopoly on the theatre world at this present time.

I advise you to phone for tickets as soon as possible. This sudden development is guaranteed to make it extremely popular.



Andrew Lloyd Webber in close proximity to some pussy.

Puzzler: What was the name of the play that Madonna starred in when it premiered on Broadway in 1988?

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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: Jamon, Jamon 2.15 4.25 6.40 8.55 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: Madame Bovary 2.45 5.30 8.20 Electric Cinema 191 Portobello Rd, W11 (071-792 2020) Notting Hill/ Ladbroke Grove tubes. Seats £4.50. Today : Reservoir Dogs 1.40 5.15 8.50 + Point Blank 3.30 7.05 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: Mediterraneo 3.00 (not Sun) 5.00 7.00 9.00 Late Fri, Sat 11.15 Sun Mat at 1.00 Cinema Paradiso + at 3.15 The Icicle Thief 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: 3 Ninja Kids 1.45 3.45 5.45 (Wed and Thurs only) 1.25 3.20 (Sat and Sun) Howards End Wed and Thur only Last performance at 9.00 Army of Darkness 1.30 3.30 5.40 7.45 9.50 Groundhog Day 2.10 4.40 7.20 9.40 Bad Behaviour 2.00 4.30 7.10 9.40 From Fri: ".30 (Not Sat, Sun) 5.05 7.20 9.45 Orlando 1.40 3.40 (neither Sat or Sun) 7.30 9.30 (Both Wed and Thur only) 5.40 7.40 9.40 The Jungle Book 1.40 3.35 (Both Sat and Sun) 1.40 3.40 5.40 (Both Wed and Thur only) 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: Falling Down 1.40 4.15 6.55 9.30 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 (Wed, Thur only) From Fri: 1.10 3.50 6.45 9.30 Untamed Heart From Fri: 1.40 4.40 7.00 9.30 Cop and a Half 1.40 4.40 (Both Wed and Thur only) Passenger 577.10 9.20 (Both Wed and Thur only) 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: Sommersby 2.15 4.30 6.45 9.00 Notting Hill Cornet Notting Hill Gate, W11 (071-727 6705) Notting Hill tube. Seats £5. This week: Falling Down 3.20 6.00 8.30 (All not Sat) 2.15 4.40 7.00 9.30 (All Sat only) 11.00 (Late Fri) Odeon Kensington 263 Kensington High St, W8 (071-371 3166) Ken High St tube. Seats £5.80 and £6.30 This week: Frauds 2.25 4.50 7.15 9.40 (All Wed and Thur only) The Vanishing From Fri: 1.40 4.20 7.00 9.40 Late Fri, Sat: 12.20 Bad Behaviour 2.15 4.45 7.15 9.45 (All Wed, Thur only) From Fri: 7.15 9.45 Swing Kids From Fri: 1.40 4.20 7.00 9.40 National Lampoons Loaded Weapon 1.15 3.25 (Both Wed and Thurs only) From Fr: 2.35 Indochine 5.35 9.00 (Both Wed and Thur only) 3 Ninja Kids From Fri: 12.45 2.55 5.05, Wed Only: 12.45 3.00 Jack the Bear 5.15 7.40 (Both Wed and Thur only) Nowhere to Run Last Perf at 10.00 (Wed and Thur only) Close to Eden From Fri: 2.05 (not sat Sun) 4.40 7.15 9.50 Late Fri, Sat: 12.25 The Jungle Book 12.25 2.30 (Sat and Sun only) Un Coeur en Hiver 2.15 (Wed and Thur only) 4.45 7.15 9.45 Late Fri, Sat: 12.15 Groundhog Day Wed, Thur: 1.55 4.30 7.05 9.40 From Fri: 1.50 4.25 7.00 9.35 Late Fri, Sat: 12.10 Prince Charles Leicester Place, WC2 (071-437 8181) Piccadilly/Leicester Sq tubes. Seats £1.20. Today: My Own Private Idaho 1.30 Bad Lieutenant 3.45 I Was on Mars 5.50 Malcolm X 7.30 The Rocky Horror Picture Show 11.30 UCI Whiteleys Whiteleys Shopping Centre, (071 792 3324/3332). This week: Falling Down 12.50 3.25 6.20 8.55 Indecent Proposal 1.30 4.10 6.55 9.35 The Vanishing 1.15 3.55 6.35 9.10 Army of Darkness 12.40 2.50 5.30 7.45 10.00 Untamed Heart 2.30 4.55 7.20 9.50 Groundhog Day 1.05 3.45 6.10 8.45 Sommersby 4.30 7.05 9.40 3 Ninja Kids 2.20 Swing Kids 1.30 (not Sat, Sun), 4.05 6.45 9.25 Cop and a Half 1.45 (Sat, Sun only) Theatre BAC 176 Lavender Hill, SW11 071 223 2223, Membership £1.

Wedlock the Opera 8 pm Sun 6 pm £5.50-7 Mela 8.30 pm Sun 6 pm £5-6 Love at a loss 7.30 pm Sun 5.30 pm (ends Sun)£6-7.50 The Bush Shepherds Bush Green W12, 081 743 3388, Backstroke in a crowded pool 8 pm Not Sun, £6-9 Drill Hall 16 Chenies Street WC1, 071 637 8270. Withering Looks 7.30 pm Not Sun £6-10 Ectetra Theatre Oxford Arms 265 Camden High Street NW1 071 482 4857 Danny Boy 7.30 pm finishes Sun £5.50-6.50 Lyric Hammersmith King St W6 071 741 2311 Romeo and Juliet 7.30 pm Wed and Sat Mat 2.30 pm £7.50-15 Lyric Studio see Lyric Hammesmith In Lambeth 8 pm Sat Mat 4 pm £5-6.50 Tricycle Theatre 269 Kilburn High street, 071 328 1000 Studs 8 pm Not Sun, Sun Mat 5 pm £5.50-11.50 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 Electric Cinema Today: Blade Runner the Director's Cut 3.45 & 8.30 + Brazil 1.10 & 5.55 Prince Charles Today: The Vanishing 1.30 Green Card 4.00 The Last of the Mohicans 6.30 The Distinguished Gentleman 9.00 Zu Warriors from Magic Mountain + Panty Hose Hero 11.30pm 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 Today: The Quince Tree Sun 3.30 + Van Gogh 12.40 Bram Stoker's Dracula 8.20 + Dance of the Vampires 6.20. Prince Charles Today: Singles 2.00 The Double Life of Veronique 4.00 A River Runs Through It 6.00 Withnail & I 8.45 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 Today: Juliet of the Spirits 3.15 8.20 + City of Women 12.45 & 5.50 Prince Charles Today: The Last of the Mohicans 1.30 The Breakfast Club 4.00 Thelma & Louise 6.15 A Few Good Men 9.00 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

WEDNESDAY Cinema Electric Cinema Today: The Crying Game 4.55 8.40 The Miracle 3.10 6.55 Prince Charles Today: The Double Life of Veronique 1.30 St Elmo's Fire 4.00 The Commitments 6.30 Bad Lieutenant 9.00 Theatre BAC Groping for Trouts in a perculiar river 7.30 pm £5-6 College Tenpin Bowling Club meet 2.15pm in Aero Foyer or contact Pete Sharpe Bio PG x 7488 Fitness Club 1.15-2.15pm Southside Lounge. Intemediate/Beginner

THURSDAY Cinema Electric Cinema Today: Forbidden Love + My Grandma's Lady Cabaret 5.20 8.50 Salmonberries 3.35 7.05 College Quiz Night

College French Soc Club meeting, 12 noon Clubs Comitee Room Spanish Society Learn to dance 'Sevillanes' at 1.15 pm in the Concert Hall Free Juke Box and Music in the Union Building. Riding Club Meeting 12.30-1.30, Southside Upper Lounge Radio Modellers Club meet in Southside Upper Lounge 1-2pmor contact David Walker in Chem Eng 3. ICSF open their Library every lunchtime to members who join for £3 SPLOTSOC Every Tuesday 12.15pm-1.30pm in Southside Upper lounge Fitness Club 5.30-6.30pm in Southside Lounge. Advanced Canoe Club Meet 6.15 pm in Beit Quad and 9.00 in Southside contqact 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 Electric Cinema Today: The Crying Game 4.55 8.40 The Miracle 3.10 6.55 Prince Charles Today: The Double Life of Veronique 1.30 St Elmo's Fire 4.00 The Commitments 6.30 Bad Lieutenant 9.00 Theatre BAC Groping for Trouts in a perculiar river 7.30 pm £5-6 College Tenpin Bowling Club meet 2.15pm in Aero Foyer or contact Pete Sharpe Bio PG x 7488 Fitness Club 1.15-2.15pm Southside Lounge. Intemediate/Beginner

with promotions in the Union Bar. Bible Study in the following departments. physics lecture theatre 1 12-1pm. Maths/Chem/Computing Huxley 413 12-1pm. Mech Eng 709 1-2pm. Civ Eng/Mines Civ Eng 444. Elec Eng/Life Sciences Elec Eng 407a 12-2pm. Fitness Club 5.30-6.30pm in Southside Gym Intermediate level Dance Club Beginners Ballroom 6-7pm. Improvers Ballroom/Latin 7-8pm in the JCR. Intermediate Ballroom/Latin(Social) 8-9pm. FilmSoc 7.30pm Mech Eng 220. The Soup Run deliever Soup to homeless people meet at Weeks Hall 9.00 pm Spanish Society Meeting in Southside Lounge at 1 pm. Stoic Available in Southside, Beit Hall, JCR, Da Vinci's and soon Linstead, Gardens and Weeks! 1.15 Stoic News: All the latest from around campus and the country. 7.00 Into the night: Films Features and of course News

Lonely Hearts
*Softly spoken Irishman (contradiction in terms - Ed) seeks loving sheep to share Celtic charms with.
*Prime Minister seeks surgen to remove daggers from back. Apply 10 Downing St.
*Hayfever Sufferer looking for someone to kill all plants within a 50 mile radius. Experienced preferred.
*Madonna Fan seeks willing partner to try out the positions in her book 'Sex'. Supple body essential.
*Composer Of Sunset Boulevard seeks talent. Apply the Adelphi Theatre.
*Writer Of Boxing Helena needs his head examined.
*Hon Sec seeks razor. Apply Job Centre.
*Organiser needs lots of booze for end of term piss up. Anything with alcohol in it accepted.
*Imperial College needs a few thousand students who aren't so fucking apathetic.

IC Radio Schedule table with columns for Day/Time and radio stations like Donny & Jonty, MUSIC, JAM, Phil H, Robin G, R Saw, Lofty, Alex, Bruno, Brooks, Top 40, Oli & Reg, Chris, David, Mathias, Sonia, Vic & Ni, Mac, News, Rob, News, Alex, Nick M, Ian, Dan & Ore, Neil P, Adam B, Ben.

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PIC BY LADY ALEX CHAMBERMAID & THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD

Bizarre satanic ritual takes place at Putney. It's just a coincidence that the Boat Club is based there.

Boat Club Report

London Docklands Regatta, held over two days on the 5th and 6th June, was the top multi-lane event of the season and once again, Imperial were the top club in racing. Entries were not large but the quality of the opposition crews was very high, and races always hard-fought.

On Saturday, a stiff tailwind took the edge off the blazing heat and produced some very fast and close racing. The premier event of the weekend, Open Eights, was entered by IC's potential Henley Temple Cup crew and they were faced with the top crews from London RC, Thames Tradesmen and prospective Henley opposition in Oxford Poly and Reading University and IC held on for a 0-3 second verdict and the gold.

Meanwhile, IC women continued their improvement with classy wins in College coxed fours and Senior 3 eights, both victories by substantial margins, one of them produced a gold medal. Another Henley crew from the men's top

squad beat a much-fancied University of London BC four to win Senior 1 coxless fours, and complete and impressive first day of racing.

On the Sunday conditions were still and margins thus slightly larger. The women stole the limelight with a dramatic win in Senior 1 eights, rowing down their more experienced opponents at the finish. Congratulations to Nick Wilde the women's coach who has pulled the crew together.

A crew re-shuffle in the Open Eight left them with the silver to the London boat and a quad from Thames RC and IC snatched silver also in Open Quad Sculls. The Open Quads winners on both days were shocked by an IC student, and Open Mens Sculls was won by ex-IC Leon Fletcher, to underline our dominance. These results bode well for Henley (Men's and Women's) success and more immediately, the top squad trip to Paris International Regatta on 12/13th June.

Cat's Eyes

Chris Davidson

A message from someone far away: To Chris, having a lovely time. Take good care and I'll see you very soon!!

Ballet

I have never been a lover of ballet and cannot think why anyone would want to pay to see a soir(accent on 1st)ee of scantily clad people jumping around spasmodically to classical music. But it seems that those who do want to see such a performance have to pay through the roof.

If a theatre production was being held at any West End theatre, the price range would be from about £10 to £30. Hold a ballet at the same theatre, and the price range soars from £10 to £60. Why?

Finale

As you were told by Jonty's editorial last week, there will be three special edition Felices coming out on Wednesday 23rd; one will be full of Features, one will be full of Reviews and the other will be full

MAD

A startling revelation rocked the Felix office yesterday when it was discovered that Declan Curry, former news editor of Felix, is going insane.

The surprise came when Mr. Curry was on the telephone chasing up a story when he suddenly and unexpectedly made a loud warbling type noise by shaking his head to and fro.

All who were present stopped what they were doing to wipe their faces free of the saliva that was ensuing from this action.

Mr. Curry was quickly dressed in a straightjacket with matching manacles and given life membership to Devil's Island.

of News and current affairs.

Yours truly has his own space in the News edition. It will contain special thanks to everyone who has got in my good books throughout the year, and also mega fuckings to anyone who has got in my bad books.

Feeling Hot

Along with lazy days and low heating bills, summer also brings bad tidings. Hay fever, traffic jams, blistering heat and TV summer specials are to name but a few. Would you want it to be summer all year long? What would summer be called then?

Lady Chatterly's Lover

How disappointing. One feeble bid at a sex scene in the entire 55 minute episode. Come back *A Year In Provence*, all is forgiven.

Hon Sec

What a fucking joke (the election for new one, not the current one). I don't think that it can hardly be described as an election.

But it's hardly the right time of year to hold one, is it?

P. J. Dodd