



Felix

Issue 986

21st January 1994



Phill H.

The Cat's Tale

**Are you sitting comfortably?
Then turn to page 10**

Blighted Beit Bites Back!

BY LYNN BRAVEY

The future of the Jazz and Rock Club is in doubt following complaints by residents of Beit Hall. The society, where Brian May started his musical career, will probably have to relocate due to "intolerable noise levels".

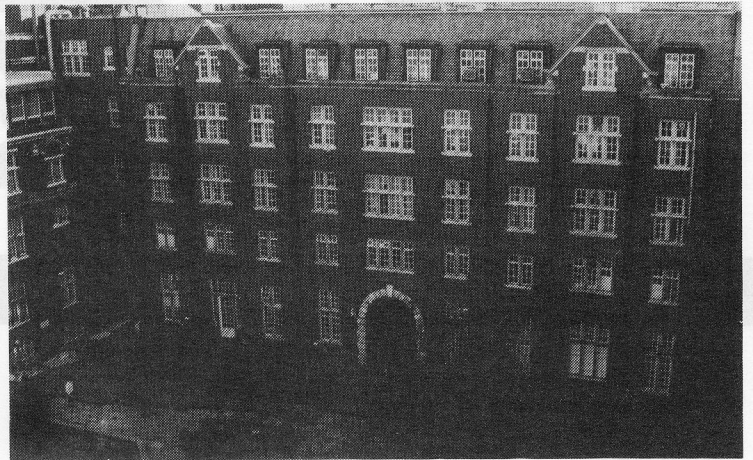
Charles Leary, Deputy President (Clubs and Societies) and ex-president of the Jazz and Rock Club outlined the situation: "The practise rooms are currently located in the basement of Beit Hall's New Hostel, and the sound consequently travels upwards making walls vibrate. One solution would be if the practise rooms were on the top floor of the building, though we're still unsure where they're going to end up."

Five years ago the problem did not exist as the Jazz and Rock Club practised in what is now the Rag

and Ents office above the Traditional Bar. The club was moved to make way for a welfare office.

Following complaints in previous years, an agreement was drawn up whereby the practise rooms were only to be used when the library was open, enabling residents to study there. This year's residents, however, are unhappy with the situation. Dr John Finley, the Warden of Beit Hall, told *Felix*: "People renting a room want to be able use it. The current arrangements haven't worked and the practise rooms are being moved."

Further grievances have been brought up by residents of the hall. It appears that after many years, the stairways in the hall have now had carpets fitted. The rooms themselves, however, remain uncarpeted and students are still unclear why the stairs were carpeted



The Jazz and Rock room is located beneath the New Hostel of Beit Hall

in preference to the rooms.

One resident commented: "It's been rumoured that the rooms are going to be carpeted but we're still not sure when. We think it would also have been better if they had

done the work during the holidays when most students were away. Many people cannot see the point of carpeting the stairway and think it's a waste of money that could have been better spent."

St Mary's Resignation

BY MICHAEL INGRAM

Brian Lloyd Davies, the Secretary to the Delegacy at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, has resigned. In a farewell speech, he cited an old-fashioned attitude as one of the reasons for his departure.

After an education including the University of Wales and Glamorgan College of Technology, Mr Lloyd Davies held administrative posts with a number of organisations. He

joined Imperial College in 1968 as an Administrative Officer. In 1988, after 13 years experience as Deputy College Secretary, he became Secretary to the Delegacy at St Mary's (the senior member of Imperial College's administration at St Mary's).

In a speech given at his farewell reception, Mr Lloyd Davies made several satirical comments about the running of the College. These remarks were said to be likely to

cause embarrassment to members of the administration.

Amongst other things, he mentioned the importance of the history of an institution in its contemporary running. He is said to have criticised the current link between Imperial and St Mary's.

Mr Lloyd Davies offered several pieces of advice to his successor and ended by expressing a hope that Imperial's administration would improve in the future.

Fines Up

BY MICHAEL INGRAM

Students in London are in uproar over excessive library fines. Penalties of up to £5 per day at the School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS) have caused complaints from Student Unions.

The school introduced fines of 50 pence per hour on short loan books, including essential textbooks. This system mirrors the one used in Imperial College's libraries, which has been successfully in place for some time. A SOAS library official commented: "Many students were failing to return books on time, denying other students access to them. This new system will provide an incentive to return them on time."

According to the SOAS library, over £12,000 of its £300,000 budget will be spent on additional copies of books. However, the Students' Union have predicted this will not be sufficient. They say students could find themselves with fines topping £100.

Co-president William Bell said "What we need is more books, not fines. All this system will do is penalise students for an inability to conform to an outdated and inadequate system."

President Apologises

BY LYNN BRAVEY

Andrew Wensley, the Union President, has apologised following allegations of deceit and incompetence made against him. He expressed his regret at his past inadequacies when dealing with College matters at a meeting of the Union Executive Committee on Monday.

A letter leaked to *Felix* last week confirmed fears that Mr Wensley had misled students at Imperial. An outline of the letter from the College Registrar, Peter Mee, was

printed in last week's issue of *Felix*. The full document was presented to the Executive Committee at the meeting on Monday.

They suggested that a working party be formed to meet and discuss the development of the constitution, taking into account the comments contained within the letter.

Charles Leary, Deputy President (Clubs and Societies), told *Felix*: "Andrew feels now that he held information away from the students for too long. It has to be appreciated that he had a lot going on at the time and was trying to be sure that

all information was correct before it was presented to the students."

The Executive Committee meeting also highlighted the need for more in-house training. Mr Leary stated: "There is a problem with the current training methods. All Executive members are invited to a course over the summer vacation but many are unable to attend."

Mr Wensley stressed the "need for improved training for all union posts". It is now being suggested that ideas for training next year's Executive be put forward by this

Executive meetings are every Monday evening. All are welcome

Mercury Tribute

BY JOE MCFADDEN

It was announced at a Union Executive Committee Meeting earlier this week that the planned memorial to the rock legend Freddie Mercury, may now take the form of a plaque. It was originally thought that a statue of Freddie would be erected in Beit Quad.

The idea for the memorial came from Queen Productions, the company representing the interests of Queen, the group fronted by Freddie until his death in November 1991 from AIDS.

Queen's guitarist Brian May studied at Imperial College and the band's first performance (without Freddie Mercury) was in the Union building. The company made an informal application to Imperial College for permission to place a memorial on College land. They were then asked to make a formal approach to the College Estates Manager, Ian Caldwell (*Felix* 982).

It is felt by some that a statue may be inappropriate and an alternative suggestion is that the memorial may take the form of a plaque instead.

Fears have been expressed that, since no grave exists (Freddie was cremated), fans will turn the memorial into a shrine. Since the anniversary of Freddie's death is during the Autumn term, the fans wishing to pay their respects may cause disruption to College life; there could be as many as a thousand people. (Last year over a thousand fans from all over Europe gathered at a Queen fan club convention).

Negotiations are continuing between the College Estates division and Queen Productions.

Crime

BY MICHAEL INGRAM

Crime at Imperial College has bucked the national trend by decreasing.

Figures released by College security this week show a downward trend in incidences of reported crime. The figures concern the period up to the end of 1993.

In particular, thefts concerning bicycles dropped to a total of 58. This compares to the soaring national crime rate figures published by the government.

The vast majority of thefts occurred during office hours on weekdays, when the college is 'wide open'. Despite the figures, College security are urging people to protect their personal belongings. Bicycles should be secured with d-locks and coats, bags and valuables should not be left lying around. If you see anyone acting suspiciously in the College, report it to Security in the department or telephone ext 4444.

There will be a full length article on crime prevention in Felix later this term.

Drinks

A new hot drinks machine has been placed in the Union building foyer. As well as offering tea and coffee of varying strengths, there is hot chocolate, vegetable soup and a range of cold drinks all, at 20 pence.

One student was heard to comment: "It may seem imposing, but feel free to call it Eddie if it will help you relax!"

Bradford Revolt

Students at the University of Bradford are expected to clash with university security this week.

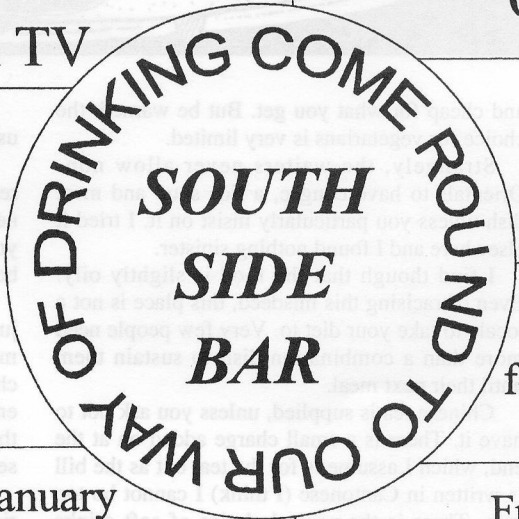
This results from student plans to occupy the office of the university Vice-Chancellor in protest at government reforms. The plan was passed as a motion by the Student Union on Monday in opposition to government policy on

Student Union reforms and grant cuts.

The President of the Union is said to have described the Vice-Chancellor as "a scumbag, a complete Thatcherite".

Officials at the university have responded by attempting to seal off offices. Senior officials, including the Vice-Chancellor, are said to be

<p>Saturday 22nd January at 8:00 Rebecca De Mornay in <i>THE HAND THAT ROCKS</i> <i>THE CRADLE</i> 41" Screen TV</p>	<p>Wednesday 26th January <i>AUSTRALIA DAY</i> <i>CASTLEMAINE XXXX</i> Only 90p pint</p>
<p>Monday 24th January Theakston <i>OLD PECULIER</i> Promotion 30p off pint</p>	<p>Thursday 27th January <i>AUSTRALIA DAY (AFTER) DISCO</i> <i>FREE PINT XXXX</i> for anyone in Beach Dress or Carrying a Crocodile etc.</p>
<p>Tuesday 25th January <i>BURNS NIGHT</i> <i>GILLESPIES</i> Scottish Malt Stout - 50p off pint Grandad Vests / T-Shirts etc.</p>	<p>Friday 28th January <i>SOUTHSIDE BAR</i> <i>Birthday Party</i> TETLY/CARLSBERG 90p pint 25% off All Cocktails</p>



May I Present The Menu?

Welcome, all and sundry to the beginning of a new era. A time when the members of Imperial will break away from the drudgery of the eating establishments within the College campus, safe in the knowledge that their palates can be satisfied elsewhere.

Much fuss is made about the delights of London's theatres, museums and other historical monuments, but the wide range of cuisines available is often looked over.

Yes, the food world's answer to *Film '94* is here. Here in the consecrated pages of *Felix* suggestions will be given, free and without the need for a TV licence, for places to go and spend your hoarded few precious pounds on grub.

There will be a mixture of places reviewed and all desires, afflictions (including veggies) and wallets will be catered for. Everywhere will be within walking distance or else accessible by tube.

The reviews will consist of selected dishes and drinks, with prices. Personal favourites might be given and an overall average meal price will be included. There will be the all-important, but occasionally misleading, mark out of 10, based on choice and quality of food, atmosphere, service, decor, value for money and personal perception.

If anyone has any ideas for restaurants to review please drop a line to the *Felix* Office, and you can even give it a go yourself.

Here's looking forward to a stomach aggrandising year.

Nainish Bapna

The FELIX Superior

Khan's

For an experience which you will repeatedly wish to relive, *Khan's* is the place. Okay, the food is not the best. Yes, the service leaves room for improvement. Yes, the owner's name is Mr Khan. And don't come hoping for a quiet meal, or nouvelle cuisine. But it's cheap. And yes, everyone loves it.

It's easy to see why once you go there. The food is not what my mother would cook, but it's not over-rich like most restaurants manage, it's not much better than the local take-away at home. The menu is quite sizable, catering for veggies and all the meat cooked is Halal.

There are no starters at *Khan's*, but the perennial papadoms do remain popular, especially with the choice of pickles that are always on the table.

Moving onto the main course I recommend the Butter Chicken (£3.80), it has just the right amount of cream in it. Avoid the Chicken Tikka (£3.10), it's different from how it is normally done. Meat-wise the Rogan Josh (£2.60) as a curry or the Tandoori Boti Kebab (£4.95) as a whole meal, are the best bets.

The thali (veg: £5.25, non-veg: £5.50) is actually the best venture, giving you a range of foods. Another choice giving a mixture is the Mixed Grill with nan (£4.95), for carnivores only, but is a bit dry.

For dessert the Rasmali (£1.50) and Kulfi (£1.50) are preferred choices, with my prefer-

ence towards the Kulfi, as the Rasmali's milk is a bit thin.

What gives *Khan's* its popularity is its atmosphere. I love it. I feel like I have been transported to a restaurant back in India. The background noise level ensures that whispers will not carry, the fans whirring up above, the waiters scurrying around shouting in a strange language and carrying an unbelievable number of utensils on their forearms.

Cobra Beer is served here. A beer brewed in India, but which is very rarely drunk there. Well, I've never seen anybody drink it there. There are no cocktails to choose from and the soft drinks cost 90p.

The waiters *do* speak English and ask them if you don't understand anything. They are pretty efficient, with your food normally arriving 15 to 20 minutes after ordering.

Khan's is great for big groups, where you can make as big a disturbance as you like. Table bookings are only given rarely, at the beginning of an evening at that, so be prepared to wait. Remember, not a romantic night out.

The location is handy to those at St Mary's (it is in Bayswater). Otherwise, those of you on the South Kensington campus can always stroll across the park.

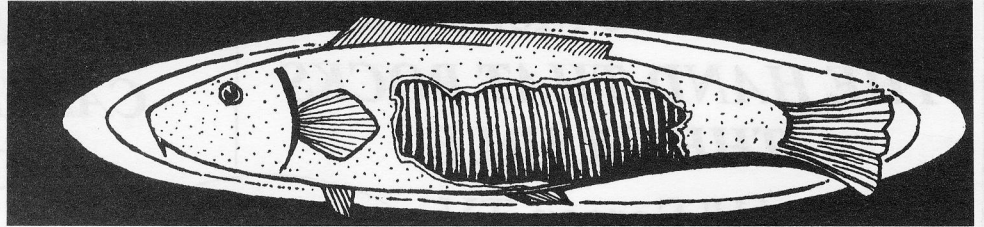
Overall I award *Khan's* an 8.

13-15 Westbourne Grove, W2

Tel: 071 727 5420

Tube: Bayswater, Queensway or Royal Oak

Hours: Daily (12pm-3pm, 6pm to 12am)



Wong Kei's

Located in Chinatown, this is one of the most famous Chinese restaurants. Their notoriety is based on the quality of the service, which really must be encountered to be believed. The waiters specialise in supplying the minimum amount of service possible. Their English is sketchy, so taking a Cantonese speaker with you might prove of assistance.

The food itself is cheap, but not a gastronomical delight. You can escape with a bill of less than £3 if you settle for a combination dish (£2.40 to £3.50). A combination dish is rice or noodles with meat or vegetables. I've never had the same dish twice.

Of course, you may care to eat properly. To take a main course and rice, boiled (90p) or fried (£1.10) separately. The choice of dishes is very wide, with seafood, duck, pork, all the favourites

and cheap for what you get. But be warned, the choice for vegetarians is very limited.

Strangely, the waiters never allow non-Orientals to have congee, a rice soup and meat dish unless you particularly insist on it. I tried it elsewhere and I found nothing sinister.

I find though that the food is slightly oily. Even ostracising this misdeed, this place is not a locale to take your diet to. Very few people need more than a combination dish to sustain them until their next meal.

Chinese tea is supplied, unless you ask not to have it. There is a small charge added on at the end, which I assume is for the tea, but as the bill is written in Cantonese (I think) I cannot be too sure. There is the normal choice of soft drinks (£1.00) and there are some wines, but I have seen people take their own drinks in.

The service, speed-wise, is good, only normally having to wait for about ten minutes, but don't forget the irascibility of the waiters.

If you ask nicely you can forgo the joys of using chopsticks for the luxury of a fork.

The queue is normally non-existent, as the restaurant spans at least four floors and you are never given much chance to loiter after finishing your food, with your bill deposited on your table before they even start clearing up.

Wong Kei's is a place that has to be visited, just for the experience of seeing these businessmen (who else would wear suits?) sitting in this cheap restaurant and being vilified by the waiters. However, once you've experienced it, go to the other restaurants in Chinatown, the food and service are better.

Wong Kei gets 7 for the first time visit experience, after that only 5.

41-43 Wardour Street, W1

Tel: 071 437 6833

Tube: Piccadilly Circus

Hours: Daily (12pm-11.30pm)

Look out for more restaurant reviews in future issues

Chow Guide

The Chicago Pizza Pie Factory

Hanover Square is more notorious for Caspers Wine Bar, where people sit at tables with individual telephones and everyone rings everyone else up. However, if verbal intercourse is not a strength, judge the pizzas on offer at a neighbouring joint – *Chicago Pizza Pie Factory*.

Situated in a basement, the first thing that is noticed are the calling cards of previous visitors displayed on the staircase on the way down. Don't hesitate in adding yours to the collection.

The decor is obtrusively American, with no natural lighting and white walls. Decorations are the run-of-the-mill '50s posters advertising young damsels with pure white teeth. The pipes on the ceiling have not been covered and are clearly visible in their garish red. But once this is combined with the music playing, it all fits into place.

Also, do not forget why you came here. I say skip the starter and set your mind and taste buds to the forthcoming pizza. There are other choices for the main course, but you would be wasting a visit if you choose them.

The pizza arrives and remember your previous finest pizza, because those sentiments will soon be forgotten. The base is portentously soft and smooth, more so than any former pizza experience. The tomato sauce combines wonderfully and there is not an excess of toppings to hide the sensuality of the crust.

Once you have demolished your pizza I see no need to pillage your palate with a dessert. Still, if the occasion requires it, the Chocolate Extravaganza is sufficient for two and the Cheesecake ranks amongst the best.

Again, there is a cocktail bar in the restaurant, near the entrance, with its own seating area and TVs showing American football or MTV. Drinks ordered come from there, but to take advantage of the Happy Hour you must sit at the bar and not at your table.

This place does get busy, so a reservation always helps. The service is fast and sociable, chiefly because the waitresses are American. They will happily help you celebrate birthdays, bringing out cakes and join in with the singing.

I have no doubts in announcing the Chicago Pizza Pie Factory as producing the best pizza in London, and giving it an award of 9 for the pizza, but 8 overall due to limited menu.

(Nainish clearly paid by credit card and forgot to scrawl the prices on a serviette or nick the menu. You're looking at about £8 a meal. Oh, and the pizzas are second best to my own demon, the Wandsworth Waster – Features Ed)

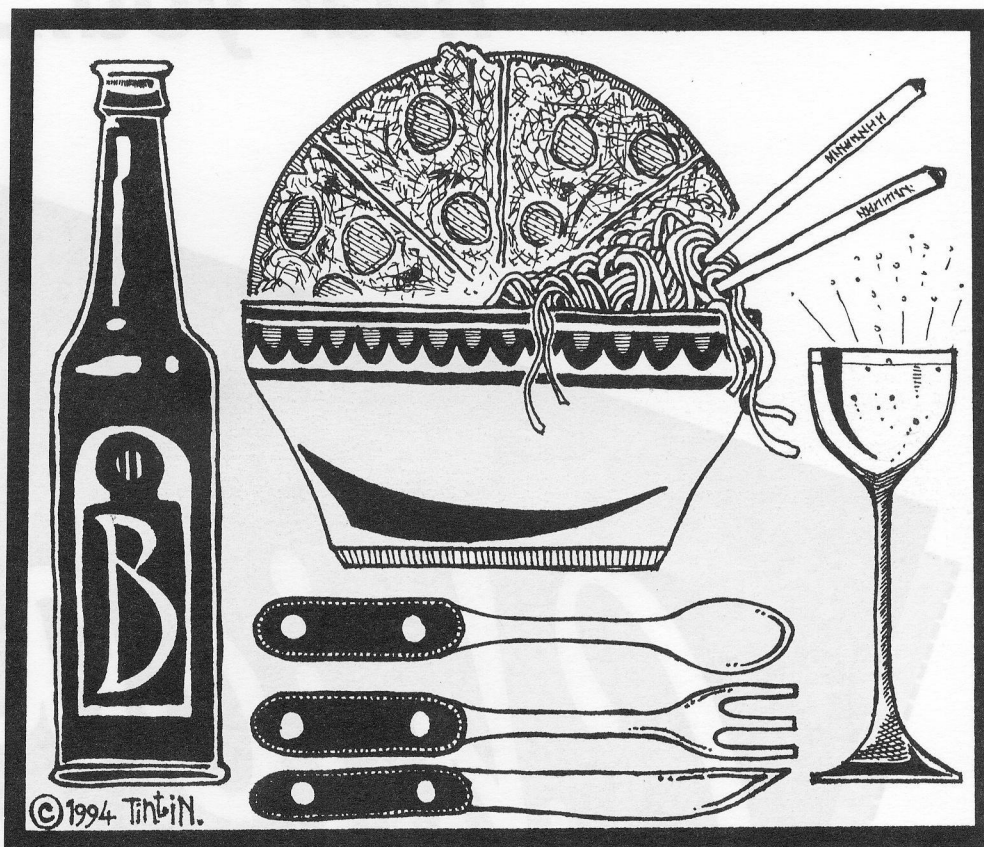
17 Hanover Square, W1

Tel: 071 629 2669

Tube: Oxford Circus

Hours: Mon-Sat (11.45am-11.30pm)

Sun (12pm-10.30pm)



Luigi Malone's

One of many locals to eat at in South Kensington, *Luigi's* is the most attractively priced, with a menu that spans all continents in its variety.

It is small and popular, especially with yuppies, but there is no discrimination against students. However, that does ensure it gets busy, especially with a cocktail bar.

Luigi Malone's is small, and this is emphasised as you enter. Immediately you notice the narrowness, especially as the bar is right at the main door and you are normally required to wade through a dozen portable phones with their owners.

The menu is a surprise, though. A plentiful choice is offered, with eight starters which should be by-passed for reasons which are upcoming. If you do want to have a full meal, try the Malone's Mushrooms (£2.85), or the imaginative Deep Fried Brie with Cherry (£2.95).

But now to the main course. There is the choice of hamburgers (£4.95 to £5.25), pizzas (£4.65 to £5.95), hot sandwiches (£5.25), pasta (£4.50 to £5.25), salads (£4.55 to £5.95), steaks (£9.95 to £10.95), fajitas (£8.25) and more! Disappointingly, there is a slant towards American food.

Now, not only is the choice liberal, but the portions are even astoundingly copious. Be pre-

pared to share a pizza (classically thin), or forgo your next meal.

I daren't recommend a dish because they are all good, but pizzas are always preferred, mainly for the price! I must say that I have never known *Luigi's* to disappoint me.

Moving on to the desserts. I doubt patrons are assumed to have a dessert, but if they do, all costing £2.45 apart from the Potted Stilton (£2.95). The Chocolate Ripple Cheesecake causes waves on the tongue, but I was not sufficiently impressed with the Tiramisu.

There is a large selection of international beers (£1.85 to £2.65), further emphasising the multi-cultural menu. A wide selection of cocktails (£2.95; £2.25 during Happy Hour) are given, but ask for your own to be made if it isn't offered. Soft drinks weigh in at £1.10.

Lunchtime queues are very rare. At lunchtimes a free drink is offered with any meal. Friday and Saturday evenings are murder, otherwise there is rarely a requirement to wait.

Luigi's is a place that you can go happily enough for lunch or dinner, it is close to college, and the service is efficient, fast and friendly. Be warned that the place is small, and even stretching your legs must be done with caution, unless you desire to harm someone.

I give *Luigi Malone's* an 8.

73 Old Brompton Road, SW7

Tel: 071 584 4323

Tube: South Kensington

Ideas for places to review? Drop into the *Felix Office* and tell us

**Coming soon to a Great Hall
near you...**



Chicago

an ICU/Operatic Society Production
in association with Samuel French Ltd

January 25th - 29th 1994

Tickets £6 (£4 conc)

available from the Union Office
or any OpSoc member

Who You Gonna Call?

To Don Adlington, counselling is more about coffee than cookies on couches.

If you have the label 'Student Counsellor' hanging round your neck you tend to get some funny reactions – "Oh, you deal with grants and things" or "Does anybody come to see you?". Well, what does a counsellor do and why might a University feel that it makes economic sense to pay someone who doesn't teach, research, cook, clean, type, compute, manage, or do any of the other demonstrably productive things that go on in an educational institution?

My job, quite simply, is talking to students who are experiencing worry or difficulty, affecting their studies or other aspects of their lives at College. In some ways it is a bit of a paradox that counselling should be provided for students who are, in many ways, the most competent and able segment of their age group. There aren't counsellors for bricklayers, bus-drivers, shop-workers, engineers, secretaries or bank clerks, all of whom are exposed to the normal hazards of life – so what is so special about students?

The answer lies in the job that the student is doing. Sustained and intensive learning, memorising, concentrating are cognitive activities which are impaired – sometimes severely – by anxiety, distress and grief. This non-mix of cognitive functioning and emotional upset is not pathological, it is a normal reaction. But for the university student, especially perhaps, at a college like this where the work is cumulative and sequential, it can quickly lead to trouble and therefore needs to be recognised and dealt with properly.

Of course, all sensible people expect to have a few ups and downs in life, so how would I know if I had a 'problem' in this context? My own view is that we should expect to have a certain sense of well-being in the groove. Feeling more than temporarily anxious and weepy, finding concentration difficult, feeling socially isolated, feeling profoundly doubtful about the

Some problems, of course, are peculiar to students...

rightness of one's choice of subject, course or college, are all indications that you should talk things through with someone. Students often have a very strong resistance to the idea of talking to professional helpers – or indeed to openly acknowledging that there is anything wrong at all. The assumption by family, schools and friends that becoming a student is an automatic passport to happiness and success is sometimes a factor here, but personal pride and fear of being identified as failing in some way also affects adaptive and straightforward ways of looking at problems when they arise.

Many problems encountered by students are those to which all human beings are exposed.



Don Adlington's office is at 15 Princes Gardens (same as the Accommodation Office)

Some of them are what a psychologist would describe as maturational problems – to do with the individual's social and emotional development. The first years at University happen to coincide pretty closely to the final shift into adulthood in which one's perception of oneself and one's capacities for relating to others become crystallised to a large extent. Many people move through these transitions painlessly, others have some difficulty and this tends to emerge fairly traumatically as students leave the family setting for the first time and are thrown onto their own resources. Students having this sort of difficulty sometimes feel out of step with their fellow students and are convinced that everyone else is more socially skilled, more gregarious, more successful in finding girlfriends/boyfriends and somehow more 'valid'.

Similarly grief, or loss experiences are common human hazards, but with special connotations for University students. Bereave-ment or broken love affairs are well understood to be deeply painful and disturbing events. It is not quite so clearly understood that the anxiety engendered by parental marital problems, or by the early indications that a girlfriend/boyfriend relationship may be disintegrating, can be just as corrosive of a person's emotional security, and are a major source of trouble for students.

Some problems, of course, are peculiar to students. It is very easy for clever and intellectu-

ally talented people to become a little too closely identified with academic point-scoring for its own sake, so that a person may come to see his own wholeness or validity solely in terms of being academically clever. This distortion of personal development can easily give rise to depressive feelings if, on coming to University, the student discovers that he or she is not at the top, or falls short of meeting some ideal standards which have somehow become built into the person's expectations. This gives rise to what I call an inappropriate imperative and can be a course of real unhappiness.

When things go wrong there are many people you could talk to – parents, friends obviously, but also personal tutors and senior tutors, wardens and sub-wardens. There are also other people in College on whom students can make demands – for example Health Centre Staff – the doctors and nurses. The Student Adviser in the Students Union, is an expert at helping students with special financial problems, with Home Office queries, with landlord problems, with state benefit queries and many other things. Or you could come to see me. I work normal office hours – you can just call round or you can ring me. I can nearly always see people very quickly, usually on the same day, and talking to me is totally confidential. My office is at 15 Princes Gardens (the same house as the Accommodation Office) and next door to the Health Centre, and my telephone extension is 3041.

You can call the Student Counsellor on internal ext 3041

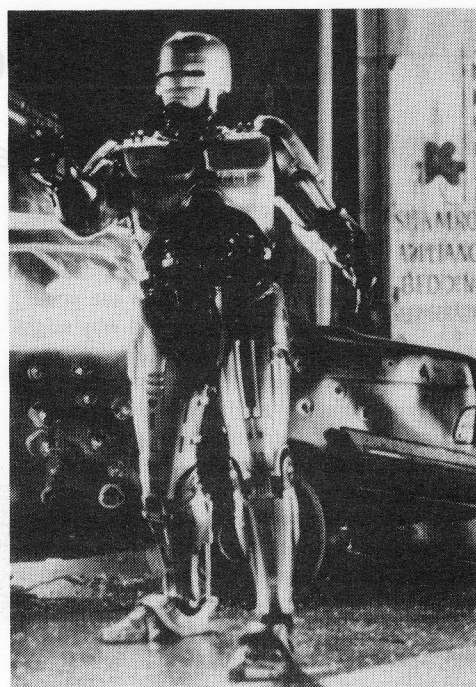
Violence, Phenomenology and More Violence

Bit of a John Carpenter night, Monday. *Assault on Precinct 13* (starts 6pm) is rarely-seen tale of urban violence and revenge as a group of prisoners and their captors are besieged in an abandoned precinct by a street gang. Of note is Carpenter's electronic score which you're bound to recognise as a favourite '80s sample.

At 8pm, we present *Dark Star*, Carpenter's first film and a collaboration with *Alien* writer Dan O'Bannon (who also stars as Pinback, the guy who chases the beachball with the broom). The film's origins as a student short are well hidden by impressive effects but betrayed by a suitable bizarre sense of humour; watch out for the dead captain in the freezer, the alien beachball and the metaphysical talking bomb. Both films are video projected in Chem Eng Lecture Theatre 1 and entry is free to ICSF members. Membership costs just £3 and this will

give you free entry to our full programme of video projected double bills and also the chance to borrow any of over 3,000 books, videos and graphic novels from our library in the corner of Beit Quad underneath Beit Hall. It will also give you reduced entry to our 35mm presentations, and on top of all that, the membership price includes you first film free.

On Tuesday at 7pm in the Concert Hall we present Paul Verhoeven's violent futuristic satire *Robocop*. Well worth seeing on the big screen, it remains the best of the *Robocop* trilogy for its hard edged black humour and vicious snipes at the concepts of humanity, property and television as a brutally slain police officer is resurrected as 'the future of law enforcement'. Entry is £1.50 to ICSF members and £2 to non members.



Sights, Sunsets and Skiing with Scout and Guide

In a team where 'minibuses' became a dirty word and hiccups on the organisations and disorganizational front were legend (see *Felix* 976) S&G had a fantastic time despite themselves. All but a couple of days were blessed with clear skies with a Gore-tex staying firmly in the bottom of the rucksack. Sunset from Scafell Pike and looking down on clouds pouring over a col on Cader Idris remain the most memorable sights, jet and dry slope skiing amongst the most enjoyable of events.

The pace slackens not one jot this term with two weekends to the Lake District, a weekend in the North Yorkshire Dales and one to Snowdonia. For the more laid back there is also a lazy couple of days on a narrowboat in the

early spring as we know that there is 'nothing half so much fun as messing about on the river'.

One week (almost fully booked) in a bothy in Skye (Talisker Distillery and the Inaccessible Pinnacle) is our destination for the start of the Easter holidays – the perfect restorative before settling down to some hard revision!!

Looking further into the future, the Summer Tour – three weeks in the mountains of North Spain (Peirs de Europas and the Pyrenees) as far from Eldorado as is possible – is now beginning to fill up.

If any of this interests you, find us in Southside Upper Lounge during Tuesday lunchtimes or contact Dan Kitcher (Physics III) on 071 701 7108.

Five-A-Side Tournament Of The Year

The tournament of the year is ready to kick off! The Overseas Students Committee (OSC) five-a-side football tournament is back due to great demand. Teams will be competing for the grand OSC ST trophy, which was won last year by the talented Pakistan Society team.

After last year's impressive performance, the competition is being moved from the small volleyball courts to Chelsea Sports Centre's outdoor football court on Sydney Street. Matches will be played on Wednesday afternoons, so please come down and support your various societies.

There are four groups of three teams. Each team will play every other team in its group once. The top two teams resulting from these matches will go through to the quarter finals.

Teams are required to be at the football court by the times stated in *Felix* every week. If teams do not do so, they will be penalised.

Wednesday 26th Jan:

3.00pm Indian vs Malaysian
3.45pm Malaysian vs French
4.30pm French vs Indian

Remember, the teams must be at the court by the time stated, otherwise you will be penalised

Cut Out and Keep Guide to Scout & Guide – Easter 1994

28th - 30th Jan:	Mungrisdale, Lake District
4th - 6th Feb:	Longdale, Lake District
18th - 20th Feb:	Settle, Yorkshire Dales
4th - 6th Mar:	Barging, a canal somewhere
11th - 13th Mar:	Llanberis Pass, Snowdonia
25th Mar - 2nd Apr:	Skye
24th Jun - 15th Jul:	Spain

Deadline for match results is 7pm, Wednesday

Tae Kwondo Self Defence Lessons For Women

A six week course in self defence for women starts at the end of this month. The six week course will be instructed by Theresa Thomas, a qualified self defence teacher. She is fully experienced in Tae Kwondo techniques, with a 3rd Dan Black Belt.

During the six week period, highly effective methods of self defence will be taught. No previous knowledge of martial arts or self defence is needed and the course will be very easy to master.

All lessons will be held in The Studio (located in the Imperial College Sports Centre). It is fully equipped with air conditioning and a spring loaded floor so it is an ideal environment in which to learn self defence.

To book this course, go along to the Sports Centre with the enrolment fee. All bookings are confirmed once payment has been received and refunds will not be given, except at the discretion of the manager. There are only fifteen places available, so if you are interested it is imperative that you book early to avoid disappointment.

If you have any queries on this self defence course, please telephone the Imperial College Sports Centre on the number below.

The Price

I.C. students	£28.00
Staff and Concessions	£35.00
Others	£45.00

The Place

The Studio,
Imperial College Sports Centre,
7 Princes Gardens
Tel. 071 225 8181 (int. 8181)

The Time

Every Friday, 12.15pm to 1.15pm

The Dates

Fri 28th January to Fri 4th March

COMPETITION

Sultans of Ping Pulp Boo Radley Eugenius

All these fine, upstarting young popsters are playing at London's Astoria on Tuesday 25th January.

Those pleasant, easy going, free liberal thinkers at Making Waves (is this alright so far, Emma?) have bequeathed us five regular sized tickets to this bash of bashes to give away to the you, our dearly beloved readership.

All you have to do to qualify is bring to the Felix Office (Beit Quad) a full tin of that most stable food: Baked Beans. First people pulsely advantaged in this way get the loot.

Away you go!!!!

Imperial College Islamic Society

presents
a series of talks in

THE ISLAMIC WEEK

Mon 24th Jan : Why Can't I Have 4 Wives?

Mech Eng 220, 6pm

Tue 25th Jan : Chop the Hand of the Thief!

Mech Eng 220, 6pm

Wed 26th Jan : Is Jesus God?

-A debate held jointly with the Christian Union-

Elec Eng 408, 2pm

Thu 27th Jan : The United Colours of Islam

Mech Eng 220, 6pm

Fri 28th Jan : JIHAD : HOLY WAR!

Mech Eng 220, 6pm

Refreshments will be served

Stall in JCR all week

Contact : The Islamic Society,

or

0850-226527

for further information

Imperial College Union Methodist Society

INVITES YOU TO HEAR

SIMON HUGHES M.P.

SPEAK ON

Christianity and Politics

ON

MONDAY 24TH JANUARY

AT 6 : 30 PM

IN THE
SIR LEON BAGRIT CENTRE
LEVEL ONE , MECH.ENG.

Refreshment available from 6 pm until the talk commences

The Cat's Tale

Trumpets, fanfare, we're kicking off our Cat's Tales! Forget the RSPCA, this isn't a series on feline mutilation but weekly stories, the first by Rachel Basset.

At twenty, it had of course occurred to me that to still be unmarried was, perhaps, a bit of a disgrace. For many months I had lain awake, night after night, ruing the fact that I was less likely to be picked off the shelf than a packet of Kellogg's Pop Tarts and was destined to be an unloved, childless old maid. Maybe I would have slept better had I known that the book which will (I am sure) change my life was just round the corner...

The moment I saw *Light His Fire* by Ellen Kriedman (subtitled *How to keep you man passionately in love with you*) I knew that it was something special. The warning on the first page told me I'd been right.

"WARNING!" it said in bold type. "Do not read this book unless you are a woman that wants to captivate and mesmerize a man for the rest of his life. I REPEAT - DO NOT, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, read the following material unless you want complete control over the destiny of your love life!"

It sounded just my kind of thing. Heaven knows, I've tried to woo enough men into marrying me, with no success. The chance for 'complete control' seemed too good to miss. Avidly, I read on to find that Ellen, the author, had been married happily for twenty three years and had been running courses called 'Light His Fire' with thousands of satisfied couples as a result. Generously, she has also shared her knowledge with those of us who do not live in the US by writing this book - and what knowledge! She obviously knows her stuff, as some of her testimonials showed:

"Mary began to receive love letters after the first few classes. She received two offers of marriage and three dozen roses all in the same month.

"After she'd done just three homework assignments, Cindy's lover proposed marriage."

I couldn't wait. I swallowed up the book whole in my impatience to be down that aisle. Finally, having absorbed all the advice and written the important points, as recommended, on index cards to be carried around with me at all times, I set forth to the ultimate test - a man.

Pete was my first target. A fellow student here, he lived just two floors down and by a stroke of luck was in. He greeted me genially and invited me into the room, little knowing that the quiet girl he once knew had been transformed into a love bomb ready for explosion.

"And how are things?" he asked.

Nervously, I tried to remember my lines. I was taking the piece of Ellen's advice which started "Notice your man. Notice his muscular legs. Notice his masculine chest. Notice..." and carried on through the anatomy. I was determined to notice them all.



"Pete," I said. "Did you know you have muscular legs, a masculine chest, a handsome face, a gorgeous head of hair, sexy eyes, a beautiful smile, broad shoulders, large muscular hands and a deep voice?"

"Why thank you Rachel," he replied, calmly continuing to stack his notes. "So have you."

Twenty minutes later I left the room, un-proposed to. Obviously I had just had the bad luck to choose one of life's eternal bachelors.

The next day, I had the good fortune to run into my unattached friend Bob in the corridor. This seemed an excellent opportunity to try out Ellen's hint of calling men by pet names. She had even suggested some pet names to try and I had committed some of the best to memory.

"Hell, Hunky Punky" I said. What a reaction! Bob was so pleased that his mouth dropped open and he went a peculiar shade of red.

"What?" He was obviously unable to believe his luck.

"Stud Muffin? Dr. Nude?"

"I don't understand," he said. Typical of a man to play it cool.

"Nummy Num, Hunkey Poo. Bob, would you like to marry me?"

That was, I think, where I made my mistake. Maybe I sounded just that bit too keen for Bob who hurried off - just when I'd really made an impression on him! It looked as if here was a man who just needed a little more persuasion.

Over the weekend I pondered over my campaign, *Light his Fire* never far from my side. I read it endlessly, trying to find that elusive plan which would get me my man.

"At Hallowe'en, dress up in a mask and a coat. Wear nothing underneath. Ring his front doorbell when he doesn't expect it, say 'Trick or treat' and flash him."

An excellent idea. What a shame Hallowe'en had been and gone.

"Just before you enter the restaurant or your

Who is Don Adlington? Turn to page 7 to find out

friend's house, tell him you forgot your panties."

That was a possibility I thought. The only drawback was that I rarely went to restaurants with men – still, maybe the idea could be adapted for college use.

"On his birthday, arrange for the local high school band to march down your street playing 'Seventy-six Trombones' and 'Happy Birthday to You'."

I wasn't sure about that one. I didn't know when anyone's birthday was, nor did I know where the local high school was or if they had a band. Reluctantly, I decided that the idea was a non-starter.

"Bess came to class one week beaming. At her company, a new salesman had caught her eye, but he didn't even know she existed. 'I summoned every ounce of courage I had, thinking, what have I got to lose?' Bess said. 'Next time he gave me a contract to type, I looked up and said, 'Hey, hotshot. You're really something. I guess when you combine your good looks and your ability, it all adds up to being a winner. There's not another salesman in this office who has gotten as many sales as you have. I hope your boss appreciates you and knows what a contribution you are making to this company.' 'We've been together seven days straight.'"

Reading this, I gasped. Seven days! If only I could have that sort of long-term relationship. This book was hot stuff. Although I had trouble grasping the point of some of the exercises above, they obviously worked and I was convinced that, come Monday, I would have that ring sparkling on my finger.

That Monday I found myself entering the Clore Lecture Theatre for a 9am lecture in unusual high spirits. I made my way towards Bob and Simon and sat down on Bob's right. We chatted pleasantly about this and that, while I judged the time to make my move.

When the lecturer looked as if he was just about to start, I turned so that I was directly facing Bob's ear.

"Oh no," I whispered, "I forgot my panties."

There was a peculiar spluttering sound from my left. Satisfied that my point had been made, and that Bob had been well and truly tantalised, I concentrated on the lecture for a while. My only concerns were that firstly, Bob would be unable to wait until getting home before being overcome by a sexual frenzy and, secondly, I had been lying and, in fact, I was wearing a pair of Marks and Spencers cotton briefs (it being a very cold day).

As it happened, nothing occurred after the lecture. Bob made no reference to my comment at all, merely gathering up his bags in silence. Cursing my luck to have selected yet another frigid male, I turned to Simon, ready for a last ditch attempt.

"Hey, hotshot. You're really something. With you good looks and physics ability, I'd be amazed if you don't get a Nobel prize soon."

"That's a shame," he answered politely. "I'm giving up physics and going into something else as soon as possible."

Inwardly, I seethed. Simon was just completely incapable of recognising a good woman when he saw one and I resolved to tell his

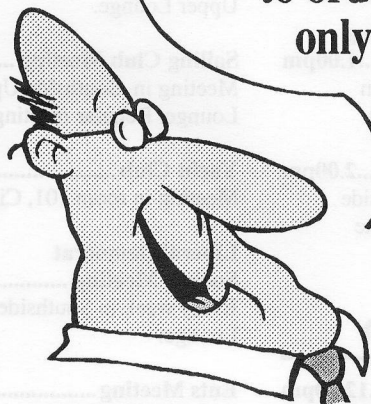
fiancée the next time I saw her.

So, dear reader, what of my marriage plans? Well, I must confess to being disheartened. Ellen's book has been put back on the shelf – how appropriate – until I get over my frustration with the insensitivity of IC men. But all is not lost; I'm sure that in a few months I'll be back on the hunt, dispensing pet names and giving compliments all over the department, and next time, it'll work. Ladies, I advise you to get this book without delay – unmarried gentlemen, watch out!

Inspired? Think you can do better? Think you can do as well? Look, there's no excuse for the literary equivalent of watching 'Songs of Praise' the evening before your finals – just get writing! We're looking ideally for small perfectly formed marvels, about 550 words in length, or else big and cuddly epics to fill a page – about 1000 words. If, however, you feel enslaved to your muse and write a ten line masterpiece or a Tolstoyian tour-de-force then submit it anyway and we'll work around it. Just drop your Cat's Tales into the eager mitts of anyone in the Felix Office, or else, if you're feeling shy, stick it into the Features pigeon hole (on the right as you enter). If you're not sure what we're looking for (and we're looking for nearly anything!) then chat to the Features Ed, Owain, in the office any lunchtime. Let the scribbling commence!



Did you know
Da Vinci's serve freshly
made baps & baguettes
to order from
only 90p?



IT'S TRUE...YOU CAN CHOOSE YOUR
OWN COMBINATION OF FILLINGS
FROM THE HUGE SELECTION
AVAILABLE.

HOT MEALS AVAILABLE TOO

ICU Ents proudly presents...

The Regurgitator

*He Swallows Everyday Objects...
and Brings Them Back!!*



Fri 4th Feb

Tickets: £3 (advance) £3.50 (on the door)
£1 (for disco after the show 'til 2am)
available from the Union Office, numbers limited.

plus
atmosphere

**Bar 'til
1am**

* Right of Admission Reserved * Details Subject to Change Without Notification *



Soccer Tournament

**Wednesday 26th
January**

to

Wednesday 2nd March

**If you are interested in taking part,
contact one of the Constituent
Societies of the OSC**

"ALIF LAM RAA. These are the Verses of a Qur'an that makes things clear.

"Again and again will those who disbelieve wish that they had bowed (to Allah's will) in Islam.

"Leave them alone, to enjoy (the good things of this life) and to please themselves: Let false Hope amuse them; soon will knowledge (undeceive them)."

Soorat (chapter) Al-Hijr
(the Rocky Tract)

diary

21st - 27th Jan

Friday 21st

Fencing Club Meeting.....12.00pm
Union Gym. All standards welcome.

Chess Club12.30pm
Table Tennis Room, Top Floor
Union Building. Regular Meeting.

Friday Prayers.....1.00pm
Southside Gym. Organised by
Islamic Society.

Rag Meeting.....1.10pm
Ents Lounge, Union Building.

IC Fitness Club.....5.30pm
Regular meeting in Southside
Gym. Step aerobics.

House of Fun.....8.00pm
Spring Term Carnival featuring
'Utter Madness', 'Funk Zone' in
the Union Lounge. £4 in advance,
more on the door.

Happy Hour.....8.00pm
Da Vinci's Bar, Union Building.
20% off all drinks. Bar 'til 1am

**IC Radio:
S&M, It's Orgasmic.....9.00pm**
Tune in to 999kHz AM. Don't miss
the next episode of *St Mary's - the
Ins and Outs of Doctors and
Nurses*

Sunday 23rd

Sunday Service.....10.30am
West London Chaplaincy presents
interdenominational worship and
teaching. Regular meeting.

**War Games & Roleplaying
Club1.00pm**
Table Tennis Room, Union
Building. Regular meeting.

IC Fitness Club.....2.00pm
Regular meeting in Southside
Gym. Step and Intermediate
aerobics.

Monday 24th

Fencing Club Meeting.....12.00pm
Union Gym. All standards welcome.

ArtSoc Meeting.....12.30pm
Union Dining Hall, Union Building.

Flamenco Lessons.....5.30pm
Union Lounge, Beit Quad. Regular
meeting. For more info contact
Pablo on ext 4999. Beginners and
advanced welcome.

IC Fitness Club.....5.30pm
Regular meeting in Southside
Gym. Beginners aerobics.

Dance Club.....5.30pm
Union Dining Hall, Union Building.

Chess Club6.00pm
Brown & Clubs Committee
Rooms.

**ICSF Presents
Assault on Precinct 13.....6.00pm
Dark Star8.00pm**
Chem Eng LT1, free to members,
membership £3.

**ICU Methodist Society
Speaker Meeting.....6.30pm**
Sir Leon Bagrit Centre, Level 1,
Mech Eng.

Happy Hour7.00pm
20% off all drinks in Da Vinci's
Bar, Union Building.

Volleyball Club8.00pm
Kensington Leisure Centre,
Walmer Road. Men's training
session. Regular meeting.

Tuesday 25th

Yoga Society..12.00pm & 1.00pm
Southside Gym. New members
welcome.

CathSoc Mass12.00pm
Sir Leon Bagrit Centre, Level 1,
Mech Eng. Followed by lunch.

Ski Club Meeting.....12.30pm
Regular Meeting in Southside
Upper Lounge.

Sailing Club Meeting12.30pm
Meeting in Southside Upper
Lounge. Regular meeting.

Yacht Club12.30pm
Meeting in room 101, Civ Eng.

**Liberal Democrat
Society Meeting1.00pm**
Every week in Southside Upper
Lounge.

Ents Meeting.....1.00pm
Ents/Rag Office above Traditional
Union Bar. Regular Meeting.

Boardsailing Meeting.....1.00pm
IC Sharks meet in Southside Upper
Lounge. More info from James
Mayhew, Mech Eng pigeonholes.

Circus Skills5.00pm
Union Lounge. Regular meeting.

IC Fitness Club.....5.30pm
Regular meeting in Southside
Gym. Advanced aerobics.

Dance Club.....6.00pm
Beginners class in the Junior
Common Room. Regular Meeting.

Girls Basketball6.00pm
Meet at Southside. Contact Julie on
ext 3681 or 071-584 0029, rm 25.

ICSF Presents: Robocop..7.00pm
Concert Hall. Members £1.50,
membership £3 (1st film free).

Da Vinci's Happy Hour ...7.00pm
20% off all drinks.

**OpSoc Presents
'Chicago'7.00pm**
The Great Hall. Tickets £6 (£4
concs) available from Union
Office and cast members.

Mountaineering Meeting....9.00pm
Regular meeting in Southside.

Wednesday 26th

Parachute Club.....12.00pm
Table Tennis Room (top floor,
Union Bldg).

**Third World First
Speaker Meeting.....1.00pm**
Biology W2, under Beit Arch.
"War by other means" - a video by
John Pilger of the BBC.

Speaker Meeting.....1.00pm
LT1, Blakett Laboratory, Physics
Dept. Prof. Robert L. Morris

**War Games & Roleplaying
Club1.00pm**
Senior Common Room, Union
Building. Regular meeting.

IC Fitness Club.....1.15pm
Southside Gym. Intermediate/
Beginners aerobics.

Tenpin Bowling Club.....2.15pm
Meet in Aero Eng foyer for a trip
to Charrington Bowl, Tolworth.
Transport is provided.

**OSC Football Tournament:
Indian vs Malaysian3.00pm
Malaysian vs French3.45pm
French vs Indian.....4.30pm**
Chelsea Sports Centre's outdoor
football court on Sydney Street.

Flamenco Dancing.....6.00pm
Regular meeting in Union Lounge.
For more info contact Pablo on
4999. Organised by Spanish Soc.

Chess Club6.00pm
Brown & Clubs Committee Rms.

**OpSoc Presents
'Chicago'7.00pm**
The Great Hall. Tickets £6 (£4
concs) available from Union
Office and cast members.

Happy Hour7.00pm
Da Vinci's Bar. 20% off all drinks.
Bar extension 'til midnight.

Club Libido.....9.00pm
Union Lounge. FREE entry.

Thursday 27th

**STOIC Lunchtime
News Training1.00pm**
Come up and see us on the top floor
of the Union Building. Free to
members. Non-members £2.50.

ICYHA Club.....1.00pm
Regular meeting in Southside Upper
Lounge.

IC Fitness Club.....5.30pm
Regular meeting in Southside
Gym. Intermediate aerobics.

Girls Basketball6.00pm
Meet at South Kensington Station
or Fulham Cross School, Munster
Road at 7pm. See Tuesday's entry.

Christian Union.....6.00pm
Room 308, Huxley Building.

Tenpin Bowling Club6.15pm
Meet in Hollywood Bowl,
Tottenham Hale (Victoria line).

**OpSoc Presents
'Chicago'7.00pm**
See Wednesday's diary entry.

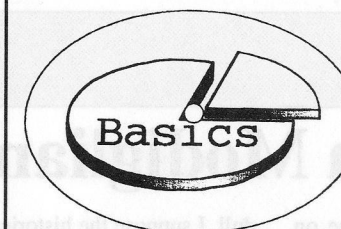
Happy Hour7.00pm
Da Vinci's. Cocktail night with
wide selection at low prices.

**IC Jazz Big Band
Meeting7.00pm**
Rehearsals in Union Table Tennis
Room, Top Floor. Regular meeting.

Dance Club.....7.00pm
Beginners Class in the Junior
Common Room, Sherfield
Building. Regular Meeting.

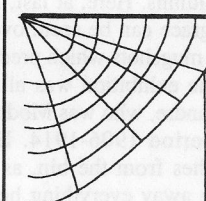
**STOIC: 'Into the Night'
Training.....7.00pm**
Top floor, Union Building. Free to
members. Non-members £2.50.

Jazz & Rock Gig.....8.30pm
Union lounge. Free admission.



**BASICS
PIZZERIA
NOW OPEN
ALL DAY**

Southside - Ground Floor
facing Princes Gardens 11:45 a.m. - 10:30 p.m.
(10:00 p.m. last orders)



**COBWEBS
DISCO**

**Every Thursday & Friday Night
Has moved to the old Belushi's Pizza Bar
next to Southside Bar**

**SATURDAY
5th of FEBRUARY...**



...DON'T BE LEFT OUT!

Exhibition

The Unknown Modigliani

The art gallery must be the quietest place on earth. Strange really, we're all grown, sane adults here, concentrating on carbon daubed paper. It's like someone has died. Modigliani did die of course, and in the best possible taste, too. By 1920 the great lover of 1884 was wrecked with tuberculosis and he did other things which did him no good: opium, alcohol and hashish. His only lifetime exhibition was closed down for indecency in 1917 and it didn't sell anything anyway. The man had little going for him. Even today his characteristic elongated, stylised faces are only regarded as second rate.

If Modigliani could have attended his exhibition himself, a scene springs to my mind. In strides the drunken artist, joint in hand and disreputable girlfriend struggling in behind on twelve inch white stilettos. There is a gasp from the assembled serious art journalists as Modig. clatters across to Brian Sewell, promptly throws on the famous critic's shoes and then laughs long and loud, haaahaaahaaa. The point is he was not a serious artist in the way we analyse him to be and we lose something by that.

The exhibition itself is over long, consisting of 240 sketches but, alas, only one oil and one sculpture. The sketches themselves are there for the delights of Modigliani PhD scholars but for

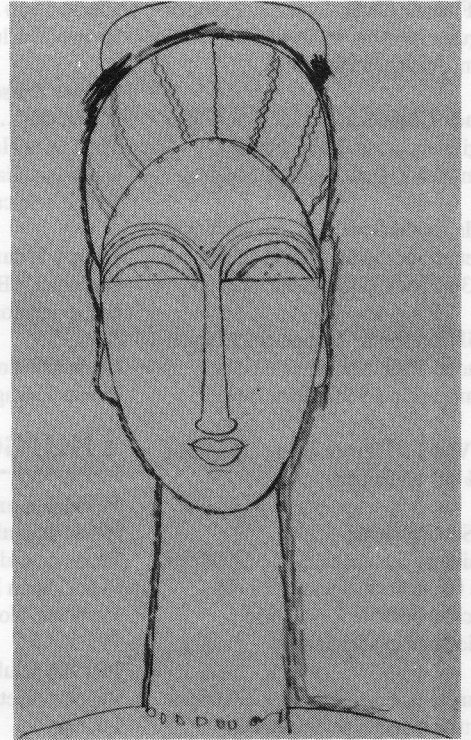
dull. I suppose the historical point of the work is the developing maturing of his style and there is some of this on show. A linkage to primitive art, especially African and Cambodian, is one example. Of more artistic interest is a room dedicated to Caryatids, which are sculptural figures used as columns. Here, at last, full bodies with a certain grace can be seen, over and above the two-view mugshots which predominate elsewhere.

The exhibition was all collected by Dr Paul Alexandre, who was Modigliani's patron during the period 1906-1914. He saved most of the sketches from the bin, as Modigliani generally threw away everything he didn't consider good enough. And the question remains, assuming that Alexandre did the world a service, have the Royal Academy done us a service putting on an exhibition so heavily angled towards the histori-

Tintin

p.s. I think Brian Sewell is an astute art critic, whatever that means. He only became my example as presently he is (in)famous and was the only person I recognised as being present during the press showing.

Royal Academy, Piccadilly, W1. 071 439 7438.
Tube: Piccadilly Circus. Exhibition runs until
4th April. Concs. £3, rest £4.50.



Amedeo Modigliani
Head, full face, chignon, necklace, earrings
Collection of Paul Alexandre

• FRESH HAIR SALON •

the best student offer in london!



CUT &
BLOW DRY

£14 LADIES

£12 MEN

Normal price: £28!



1 minute walk from South Kensington Tube Station!!

Call: 071 823 8968

15A HARRINGTON ROAD, SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON SW7 3ES

Gig

Cop Shoot Cop
The Garage

Imagine a carcrash between *Nirvana* and *Nine Inch Nails*; the twisted metal wreckage careening onto a sidewalk where the ghost of John Lee Hooker plays the blues. Imagine what this sounds like over the white noise of the city, the backbeat of human despair...Imagine all this and it still doesn't describe the sheer vitriolic intensity of *Cop Shoot Cop* live.

They open hostilities with 'Surprise, Surprise', a no nonsense shotgun blast of guitar noise and adrenalin overlaid with industrial strength drums. Tod A radiates a sour cynicism, lacing every line with poisonous ire, but then this guy could make a shopping list sound threatening.

More bodyblows follow: 'Room 429' does its best to turn off the night; 'Cause and Effect' is spat out with nonchalant venom; 'Ten Dollar Bill' sounds impossibly good and the single, 'Ambulance Song', serves up a sleazy slice of the Big Apple. Just in case we're unconvinced they blast us in the head with three encores, then saunter off stage without looking back.

Joe

E.P.

Mudhoney
Five Dollar Bob's...

When Mark Arm first wheeled his daddy's '69 Mustang onto the lawn, called his mates and invented Garage, *Mudhoney* were like nothing else. His mates called up their mates, Garage became Grunge and *Mudhoney* were still like nothing else, sadly not even their former glory.

The atrocious 'Piece of Cake' summed them up - it's a cinch, they said, and the result was as insubstantial as a cream puff. Luckily they drowned their tears to a backdrop of 'Superfuzz, Bigmuff', the dazzling first EP, coming back with...well, a dazzling EP in the Superfuzz vein. Not original and thank god for that. (8)

Owain

Singles

Welcome back to never-never-land. There's more than one way of not growing up, you know.

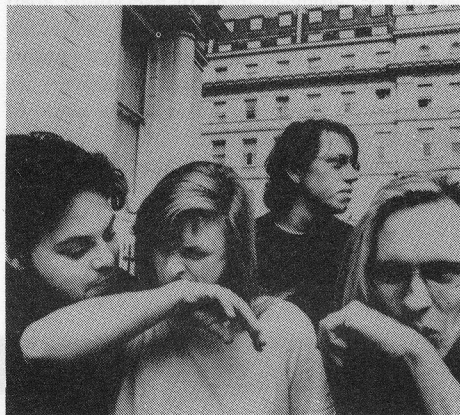
First on our list of favourite things is the delicious smile of **Kristin Hersh** with her new single, 'Your Ghost' (4AD). "This is entrancing. Her raw emotive voice weaves a spell of regret and lost love, while Michael Stipe duets on a crossed line, unable to connect. In a darkly beautiful song, **Hersh** seems finally to have laid her many ghosts to rest," sayeth **Joe**.

And so we slip quietly away, in fact slip into the restrained couch possessed by **Therapy?** Coming in low with 'Nowhere' (A&M), **Freddy Cheese** explains in words understandable to the average Kerrang! reader: "With standard Heavy Metal riffs and catchy Pop refrain, this is ultimately pleasing but, aptly-named, goes... Maybe they're desperate to return to the Top Of the Pops studio."

But onwards and upwards. **Bettie Serveert** release 'Palomine' (*Beggars Banquet*), before going to work on a new album for release later this year. Carol Van Dijk gets to raise her most excellent voice with alarming speed and the lead guitarist acts like the punk leftover which he does oh so well. Certainly a band to watch.

Hitting the lower reaches of hellish names is tricky, but **Rancho Diablo** do what they can. **Glyph** waxes about 'Plan B' (*Mute*): "A very clinical-sounding studio single with interesting noises and squashed basslines. Oppressive, horrid and rather good. In the words of Pete Murray 'I'll give it a hit, but I wouldn't buy it'."

In the true style of continuity announcers the world over, **Glyph** swiftly transfers his attention to **Passion Fruit and Holy Bread** who have an EP out on *Splendid*. "The sad name comes from the very unsad 'She Bangs The Drums' by the Stone Roses and they seem to have gleaned all the crap elements of that era. Having said that, **PFAHB** have musical potential and the b-side is a sable bristled number."



Bettie Serveert regret those pickled onions.

TDK
CAMPUS
CHART

January 1994

- | | |
|---|------------------------|
| 1. BIG TIME SENSUALITY Bjork | One Little Indian |
| 2. OPEN UP Leftfield and Lydon | Hard Hands |
| 3. ALL APOLOGIES / RAPE ME Nirvana | Geffen |
| 4. I AIN'T GOIN' OUT LIKE THAT Cypress Hill | Columbia |
| 5. LONG TRAIN RUNNIN' Doobie Brothers | Warner Brothers |
| 6. LET ME SHOW YOU K-Klass | Deconstruction |
| 7. ON The Aphex Twin | Warp |
| 8. LITTLE FLUFFY CLOUDS The Orb | Big Life |
| 9. FULL OF LIFE (HAPPY NOW) The Wonderstuff | Polydor |
| 10. DON'T LOOK ANY FURTHER M-People | Deconstruction |
| 11. I WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY Saint Etienne | Heavenly |
| 12. STAY (FARAWAY, SO CLOSE!) U2 | Island |
| 13. GO! Pearl Jam | Epic |
| 14. TICKING TIMEBOMB Chumbawamba | One Little Indian |
| 15. FUNK DAT Sagat | Fttr |
| 16. COME BABY, COME K7 | Big Life |
| 17. TWIST AND SHOUT Chaka Demus and Pliers | Mango |
| 18. SEX TYPE THING Stone Temple Pilots | Atlantic |
| 19. FEELS LIKE HEAVEN Urban Cookie Collective | Pulse 8 |
| 20. U GOT 2 LET THE MUSIC Capella | Internal |
| 21. Y. M. C. A. '93 REMIX The Village People | Bell |
| 22. SPIKE / DOGMAN GO WOOF Underworld | Junior Boys Own |
| 23. DOWN THE DRAIN Stakka Bo | Polydor |
| 24. REAL LOVE '93 Time Frequency | Internal Affairs |
| 25. ALEX PARTY Alex Party | Cleveland City Imports |

CHART BREAKERS

- | | |
|---|-----------------|
| 1. THINGS CAN ONLY GET BETTER D:Ream | FXU/Magnet |
| 2. DAUGHTER Pearl Jam | Epic |
| 3. JENNY ONDIOLINE / FRENCH DISKO Stereolab | Duophonic |
| 4. TREEHOUSE Buffalo Tom | Beggars Banquet |
| 5. BLOW YOUR WHISTLE DJ Duke | Fttr |

Chart compiled by STREETS AHEAD
Telephone No: 081-852 8836
Compiled: January 1994

Album

Killer Shrews
Killer Shrews

It's interesting that while the collaboration between Adams, Sting and Stewart is not as execrable as the sum of its parts, the *Killer Shrews*' album, featuring former members of the Mekons, Pere Ubu and Captain Beefheart's Magic Band, is nowhere near as exciting as any of its constituents. For, despite the quirky and, let's face it, downright obscure origins of the band members, this is a tedious pop-rock album. In fact, they use every trick in the book: the choruses go "nah-nah-nah-nah" and every song has a guitar solo. One or two veer a bit more in the direction of hardcore, but the feeling is that this MUST be a joke. There are parts startlingly reminiscent of Spinal Tap and past efforts tell you that these people know better. But why? If it's a parody, it's a devilishly clever one and if not then it's a stultifying waste of time. (2)

Guy



Drugstore, pictured above and once of the Union Lounge, are presently in the capable hands of **Owain**. "We expected Horse and got it, cut through with tarnished snow, the result an anti-climax. 'Modern Pleasure' lifts, but it doesn't soar like the 'Store when live. Maybe only a junkie would've expected more..."

A big *Felix* kiss and clinch to our newest kid off his block, **BEA**. Here's 'SOS' by **Ecstasy of Saint Theresa** (*free*). "A great ambient track and the excellent Bandulu remix will leave ravers wondering when it will speed up and start."

Love you all. Maybe. *Tintin*

"... And everything I'll ever be I've been ..."

Theatre

Merry Wives

Northern Broadsides presents Shakespeare's *Merry Wives*. Good acting, few props and horrible costumes were the most eminent features: most of the men were dressed in such a creepy way it was impossible to admire any one of them.

Ishia Bennison played Mistress Quickly and was hilariously convincing. Elizabeth Estensen as Mistress Ford did very well as a turtledove and certainly outdid Minnie Mouse – I could almost see small flashy hearts rising in the air. Mistress Page, portrayed by Polly Hemmingway, is a Shakespearean feminist who knows how to deal with the world, including a lecherous braggart, by the name of Sir John Falstaff. This part was brilliantly played by Barrie Rutter with the help of a big pillow amongst other padding.

One of the most hilarious scenes was when most of the characters had to pretend to be fairies, wearing tutus and veils combined with wellies! A splendid and worthwhile show.

Kristine

Lyric Hammersmith, King Street, W6.081 741 2311. Tube: Hammersmith. Mon-Sat 7.45pm. Tickets from £7.50. Ends Jan 22.

Theatre

Anorak of Fire

A one man show about the trials and tribulations of a trainspotter doesn't, on the face of it, sound like a bundle of laughs. The antics of anorak wearers are intrinsically boring and pathetic (go and talk to a physicist if you don't believe me), but not actually all that funny; they're too easy a target. So, despite all the plaudits, this play had received during its run at this year's Edinburgh Festival, I doubted it was possible to fill an hour with trainspotter jokes. (What else can you do with trainspotters except tell jokes about them?)

Was I right? Well...yes and no. This isn't, as some critics would have you believe, a laugh-a-minute show; there simply isn't enough material for that, and some of the gags are worn and over-used. Gentle amusement was a more common response than uncontrollable laughter, but it would be wrong to think of everything apart from the punchlines as just padding; we really are allowed a glimpse into a hobby that appears to most outsiders as strange and obsessive – we even empathise with our guide to the world of trainspotting, Gus Gascoigne.

In a show like this, everything rests on the

actor's performance, and James Holmes convincingly portrays Gus as a very real person, with human frailties and desires. This ensures that when Gus regales us with the joys of nightspotting, or shares with us the story of his one, fleeting brush with the opposite sex (a brilliant sequence this, suffering only slightly from an over-obvious punchline), we laugh with him rather than at him. Gus's secret hopes and fears are, in essence if not in detail, very easy for us to understand and the play is all the more touching and poignant because of the very personal nature of the performance.

The monologue does have its down-side though, and its difficult to sustain the interest of the audience when all they have to hold on to is a single, lone voice. Even an hour is too long; the effect eventually becomes wearying, almost claustrophobic. Despite these problems, *Anorak* is worth seeing, just don't expect a brilliantly funny show – you may be disappointed.

Joe

Arts Theatre, Great Newport St, WC2. 071 836 2132. Tube: Leicester Square. Tickets from £7

UGM

Ents Lounge 1pm

28th January

(1 week from today)

Deadline for motions: Today, Union Office

iCU
IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

Cinema

Another Stakeout

Starring: Richard Dreyfuss, Emilio Estevez
Director: John Badham

Stakeout was a storming film and the sequel will not disappoint. All too often sequels are made just for financial reasons, but a great deal of time and thought has gone into this film. It is refreshingly different from the last, but still with the same style and humour.

This time detectives Leece and Rymers (Dreyfuss and Estevez) are teamed up with assistant attorney Gina Garrett (Rosie O'Donnell). They pass themselves off as father, mother and son to stake out a possible hiding place for a trial witness who's on the run.

Leece's love interest from the first film features again, though like all really great sequels this quite happily stands on its own with no viewing of the original necessary. However, I guarantee that after seeing this you'll want to see the original, if not for the first time, then to remind yourself how good it was.

The only down point is that perhaps this sequel has too much humour and not enough drama; I think it was this fine balance that made the original so repeatedly palatable.

Sphen

Cinema

Stranger Than Paradise

Starring: John Lurie, Ezer Balint, Richard Edson
Director: Jim Jarmusch

'Paradise never found' would aptly describe the fate befalling this trio of drifters in this film.

Willie (Lurie) is an Americanised Hungarian who has lived in New York for ten years. When his sixteen year-old cousin, Eva (Balint), arrives to begin a new life in America, he's compelled to re-establish links with his estranged family. Eva stays with Willie before travelling to Cleveland to stay with their aunt.

One year later, Willie and his best friend Eddie (Edson) are caught cheating at poker and are forced to make a rapid exit. They head for Cleveland, to 'kidnap' Eva from her dead-end life. The trio reach Florida where a bizarre sequence of tragicomic events lead to an ironic and suitably pathetic conclusion in which the group becomes finally separated.

The film is shot in short, black and white and each scene is acutely succinct and unadorned.

Cinema

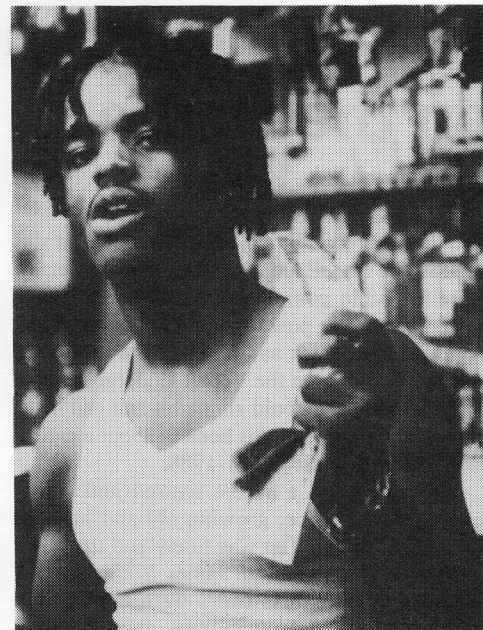
Menace II Society

Starring: Larenz Tate, Tyrin Turner
Directors: Albert and Alan Hughes

First off, let's be clear that it gives me no pleasure to tell you that *Menace II Society* is not very good. Life in the LA ghettos, the pressure on young men to join gangs and the tragic consequences of doing so, has made riveting viewing in films like *Boyz 'n' The Hood* and *New Jack City*.

Menace had the opportunity to make its point more realistically and powerfully than ever. Yet reviews have been lukewarm at best, and the US box office takings confirm how average the film is. The most cursory comparison with *Boyz 'n' the Hood*, which caused riots in cinemas and gained an Oscar nomination for its 23 year old first-time director, shows the sheer lack of power in this effort.

The problem lies with the Hughes brothers' direction, which suffers from a severe lack of experience. Not of film-making, because some of the most moving films are first efforts, but of their subject. If I was a cynic, I might assume that the boys pitched a more violent version of *Boyz* to a gullible studio who, in true Hollywood fashion, were eager to cash in on this new genre.



O-Doggonit – not another gangsta movie

They singularly failed to notice the brothers were from the middle-class suburbs of Detroit, and that directing a few rap videos was about as close as they had come to the ghetto.

This helps to explain why the story of O-Dog and his violent surroundings seems so hollow and ultimately unfulfilling.

Tony Grew



A Postcard from Paradise: Weather was here, wish you were beautiful

The dialogue is crisp and carefully chosen, whilst effective use of music enables poignant moments to be highlighted. Overall, the story is told simply and evocatively. The plot is somewhat unconvincing, but the film's elementary nature sharply accentuates the moments of humour and pathos.

The end is apt – Willie and Eva epitomise the many immigrants who entered the New World full of hope, but for whom the American Dream was never fulfilled.

Coffee and Cigarettes

This short film showing with *Stranger Than Paradise* is one of five by Jarmusch. Iggy Pop and Tom Waits meet in a grotty cafe and discuss subjects including roadside surgery, coffee and cigarettes. The stilted dialogue is occasionally amusing and the acting well rehearsed, but the film lacked purpose and I was left asking: "Well, what's the point?"

David Montagu

Next Week: Reviews of *Heaven and Earth* and *Mrs Doubtfire*

Book

Nico - Songs They Never Play on the Radio

by James Young

And then there was Nico, all by herself, and she liked it like that. Except that Nico was never by herself. Within you, without you, her constant companions were powder and a hypodermic; as close as blood, thick as life. Once the unwanted ingénue forced upon the Velvet Underground by Andy Warhol, she could sing a bit and had been filmed by Fellini. Yet this book is about a career downward; the period 1981-1988.

The time when a needle scarred junkie tottered around Europe, growing old and looking for a fix. If Spinal Tap was funny and true, this is true and tragically sad. James Young played on those comfortless tours with bands that couldn't play, without money, even without groupies.

Despite what Tony Parsons says on the front cover, this book is never funny. How can it be? If Paul Simon sings 'every day's an endless stream of cigarettes and magazines' and James Young says Nico's 'was a life measured out in Marlboro butts' and worse, I see nothing to laugh at. Their heroin intake was prestigious, as befitted the 'Queen of Junkies', her diet was anorexic, small wonder she became a sexless angel of the night.

Her company was little better. Third rate musicians living off a self destructive icon. They played behind the drugless iron curtain (while stocks lasted), the disco bars of Italy, even the polite applause of the Japanese.

Going nowhere with a small white package; John Cale even managed to get an album out of her. 'Camera Obscura'. In fact Cale is the most solid figure in the 288 pages. An addict who cleans up, loses four stone and a death wish. Someone who makes it through and, as such, he was a contrast to Nico. She did try; she got onto methadone, she straightened up; but fate was cruel. In July 1988, a regenerating Nico died after falling off a motorbike in Ibiza, aged 50.

She was never great, she struggled for it. Maybe she was influential but I doubt it. Her rollercoaster decayed from the Factory to the end. It's a story worth telling; for the music, mediocrity, drugs, waste, morbid humour and soullessness.

The safe middle classes will rejoice. Boring is best, Nico is your mirror.

Tintin

Published by: Arrow
Price: £5.99

Book

Driving Force

by Dick Francis

Dick Francis writes thrillers about horse racing. I can't stand horse racing.

But, after twelve months of reading nothing but text books in preparation for exams, I could think of no better reward for all that work than to saddle up with one of Francis's horsey whodunnits. *Driving Force* is Francis's 31st thriller and I consumed it with the same gusto as the other 30!

Freddie Croft, the hero of *Driving Force*, is a former jockey who now runs a haulage firm specialising in transporting champion race horses around the world.

A hitch-hiker, picked up by one of the horse-box drivers, despite the strict instructions to the contrary, dies in the cab. In his possession is a flask, which appears to hold coffee but turns out to be something far more sinister. Later, Croft's mechanic accidentally discovers secret compart-

ments underneath the horseboxes. Someone is using Croft Transport as a courier to carry...well, it's nothing so obvious as drugs and the reader won't work out what it is until Francis reveals it.

Without giving too much away, the plot will particularly enthrall IC's scientists and even they will be hard put to solve the mystery. Francis keeps the reader tightly reigned from the off until the final furlong, galloping them through murder and mayhem at a tumultuous pace.

The final scenes are rivetting and the solution ingenious. Every muscle, sinew and nerve in my body was drum-skin tight as my eyes raced towards it. This *Driving Force* is a very powerful one indeed.

Shaun Joynson

Published by: Pan
Price: £4.99

Book

Chief of Staff

by William Coyle

When I saw that the resume on the back of the book went as follows: quote "...two people thrown together by the harsh climate of war. An American man and an Australian woman, each seizing the last chance to live and love, while others prepared to die...", I thought, oh no! It's going to be one of those books!!

But, to my surprise it wasn't one of these soppy stories. Set during the Second World War, the book was mainly about the war in the Pacific (it makes a change after the thousand of books about world war II in Europe). Set at the level of the Generals, it follows their ambitions and intrigues to get more power. The 'love affair' between the Chief of Staff and an Australian Officer only seems to come in as a side story (thank God for that), but is well fitted in. The author manages to grasp your attention and even if this is not the book of the century, I ended up enjoying the read more than I expected.

The Frog

Published by: Pan
Price: £4.99

Book

Green Mars

by Kim Stanley

Robinson

This is the second book in a trilogy on the colonisation of Mars.

The first revolution of 2061 failed and now many of the first 100 settlers are dead or have gone into hiding, scattered in isolated groups across the surface of Mars. But still the dream continues of a terraformed Mars, with vegetation and a breathable atmosphere. Slowly the underground movement gathers the momentum needed to overthrow the transnational companies who are fighting for dominance on Mars.

Throughout this book, one is struck by the realistic technical details of life on Mars. Unlike many Science Fiction novels that hang technical fragments on a poor story line, Kim Stanley Robinson manages to do the opposite: the science has a gripping story hung on it. The characters and the plot develop over 50 years, as the face of Mars changes due to the effects of the terraforming.

This book and probably the whole series is an absolute must for anybody.

Blodwin

Published by: Harper Collins
Price: £14.99 (Hardback)

Threads of Byzantium

Tonight sees the start of a weekend of live concerts from the BBC to celebrate the 50th birthday of composer John Tavener. Patrick Wood has been browsing through the recordings.

In 1969 the young composer John Tavener was introduced to Apple Records by John Lennon. The following year, the company kick-started Tavener's discography with their recording of *The Whale*, which soon achieved cult status. Re-released by EMI in 1992, it has just been deleted from the catalogue; evidently even cult status is not enough to sell a 32-minute CD. A dramatic cantata based on the story of Jonah, *The Whale* is a melting-pot of influences from jazz to Webern. There's also a blatant crib from Britten's *War Requiem* and a brief contribution from Ringo Starr (plus megaphone). The *Celtic Requiem*, recorded as a follow-up to *The Whale* and also recently deleted, displays more cohesion, as well as a black sense of humour in its overlaying of the Latin text with nursery rhymes (e.g. 'Mary had a little lamb' in the 'Agnus dei'). The best reasons for seeking out this disc are the strange and haunting B-side items, *Nomine Jesu* and *Coplas*.

Tavener now distances himself from much of his early output, feeling it to be unrepresentative of his mature style of composition. Since his conversion to the Russian Orthodox Church in 1977, his music has increasingly been inspired by the liturgy and doctrine of Eastern Orthodoxy. He often describes his later works as ikons – contemplative objects designed to focus attention on particular aspects of the faith – and their repetitive, episodic nature is more suited to the church than the recording studio. It's simplistic but illuminating to describe a typical passage of contemporary Tavener as being like a bright skein of melody unravelling across the deep pile carpet of the *ison*, or Byzantine drone.

This style is easily approached through Tavener's unaccompanied choral settings, of which several fine examples, including the *Magnificat* and *The Tiger*, are to be found on Hyperion's 'Sacred Music of John Tavener'. Even more rewarding is the fragile splendour of the *Ikon of Light* for choir and string trio, superbly sung by the Tallis Scholars on Gimell, and also offered by The Sixteen on their new and better-coupled Collins Classics release. Another good starting point on all three of these discs is the beautiful setting of William Blake's *The Lamb*, which is also available from Conifer on their generously-filled mixed collection 'A Boy Was Born'. And if these all sound a little austere, try the exhilarating dance episodes of *The Repentant Thief*, played by clarinettist Andrew Marriner and the LSO on a Collins Classics CD single.

Tavener's larger-scale works progress not through the expected technique of thematic development, but by repetition and varied scoring. Tavener would say that such a technique is retrograde only in the narrow context of the



John Tavener: 'It isn't easy to achieve simplicity.' (Photo by Malcolm Crowthers.)

Western musical tradition that has led from Bach to Berg and beyond. He prefers to see himself as apart of a wider milieu encompassing Eastern musical influences. These are manifest in an occasional insistence on the augmented second (sometimes sounding kitschy and pseudo-Oriental) and, more subtly, in a flexibility of pitch that recalls the pungent keening of the muezzin. Which brings us to the peak of Tavener's recorded oeuvre, Virgin Classics' *The Protecting Veil* for cello and string orchestra. Try the beginning of track two, soloist Steven Isserlis threading a melody sweet and malleable as melted toffee through the hushed nocturnal glissandi of accompanying strings; do listen to it, it's achingly beautiful.

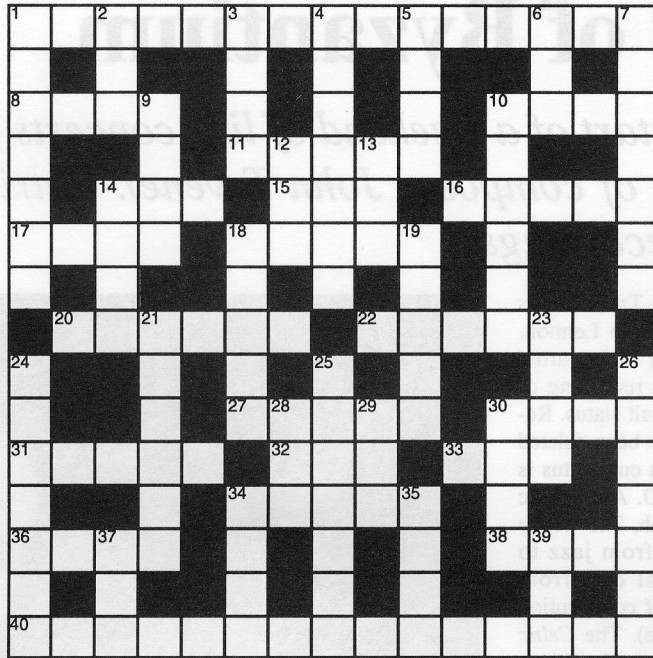
The Protecting Veil enjoyed well-deserved chart success a couple of years ago, and Tavener was unable to resist quoting its aspiring cello theme at the climax of his vast choral ikon *We Shall See Him As He Is*, available from Chandos, conducted by Richard Hickox. The concept of

music as ikon is taken further in the opera *Mary of Egypt*, written for the Aldeburgh Festival and enterprisingly recorded by Collins at its premiere there in 1992. Stripped of all but the barest minimum of action, the work consists of a series of static stage-pictures, or living ikons, relating the progress of the central character from prostitution to redemption via self-denial in the desert. Such a brief summary may smack of arid Sunday school dogma, although the music is sometimes startlingly original and vivid. Without the visual element, the material seems thinly stretched by the opera's two hour duration, but sample the blissful first ten minutes of Act III for a glimpse of Tavener at his best.

'Ikons', the BBC's weekend festival of the music of John Tavener, begins tonight with the Akathist of Thanksgiving at 7.30pm in Westminster Abbey and continues at the Barbican and Westminster Cathedral. Tickets (071) 638 8891.

Crossword

by Jaymz



SCRIBBLE PAD

Across

- 1 Now's the time to cheat a small temporary, before one gets mixed up with America (15)
- 8 The concept is not ideal (4)
- 10 Say - how big were those exhalations?
- 11 More than two right inside thee (5)
- 14 Now you're drunk because you've beaten them (3)
- 15 Atmospheric hair-cut (3)
- 16 Don't grow up without direction, do it together (5)
- 17 Smile for the right gin (4)
- 18 Needy erstwhile kids, staining clothes (5)
- 20 Annoy birds short of a measure (6)
- 22 Sounds like an after-dark warrior (6)
- 27 Pass it on by sleeping with them again (5)
- 30 Going round in circles? Then bite back (4)
- 31 Small ogre ate fireplace audibly (5)
- 32 Right before me was a dreamer! (3)
- 33 To point out a foot, maybe (3)
- 34 The drunken scamp is more than gay (5)
- 36 Drop the tray in an attempt to score (1,3)
- 38 Disembodied sailors remain capable (4)
- 40 Make a claxon trim the punctuation! (11,4)

Down

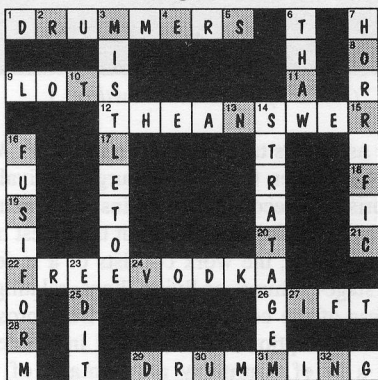
- 1 The period of the dime? (7)
- 2 There's two points to a named birth (3)
- 3 It sounds like a speck of protective water (4)
- 4 Nothing changes like eggs? (7)
- 5 Can't erase this bet (4)

- 6 Initially our undiluted imagination says yes (3)
- 7 Plain pests around school games (7)
- 9 Look up to an endless Christmas, what a long time (4)
- 10 Bounce back with a jailbreak - it's that time of year (6)
- 12 Attention seeking grass? (3)
- 13 Two Eastern kings can make a mistake (3)
- 14 Wisconsin thatch is not alone (4)
- 18 Some ride fervently, others put it off (5)
- 19 Moss and yeast combine at beaches (5)

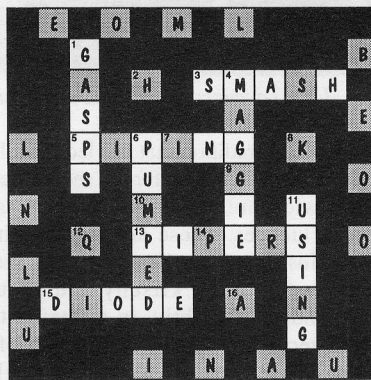
- 21 Artist involved in a creeper is caged (6)
- 23 We trust your revolutionary sauce will have direction (4)
- 24 The speed at which Russian planes fly south (7)
- 25 Heater of simple chemical (7)
- 26 Piece moves an inch - "eck I'm under threat" (2,5)
- 28 Beer ages with time (3)
- 29 Lamp carries a current (3)
- 30 To date it sounds like furniture (4)
- 34 Peace - like a drunk clam (4)
- 35 Harrison Ford is alone perhaps (4)
- 37 Your occult bird? (3)
- 39 Sounds like a sheep in a pub (3)

3D Crossword Answers

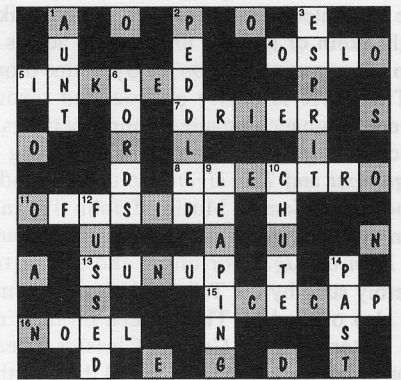
Day 12



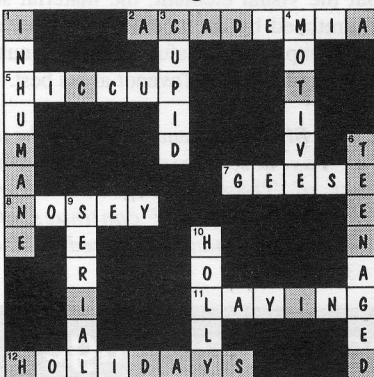
Day 11



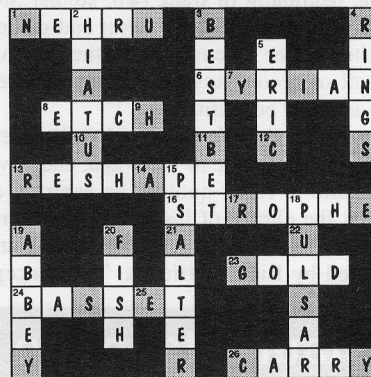
Day 10



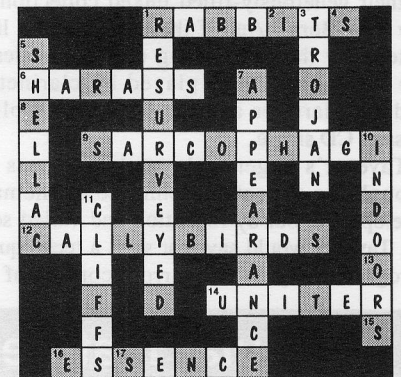
Day 6



Day 5



Day 4



The 3D Crossword Competition ~ Epilogue

Winner:

Miss E. Corran
(Chem Eng 4)

Runners Up:

Ian Tinegate (Mech Eng 2)
Annie Matthewman (Phys 3)
David Buckle (Maths PG3)
Trevor Addenbrooke (Civ Eng RA)
Suzanne Lewin (Phys 3)

Answers to last week's Elimination

a	Rock Bottom	13, 24
b	Night, Thing	26, 31
c	Drop Goal	7, 11
d	Hopping Mad	35, 3
e	Abandoned, Left	40, 12
f	Medicine Ball	36, 5
g	Agent, Chin	14, 6
h	Dow Jones	1, 20
i	Civil, Human	17, 19
j	French Letter	28, 30
k	Duty Free	8, 10
l	Molecular, Training	41, 39
m	Mother Tongue	29, 32
n	Eye, Reviver	2, 38
o	Red Herring	4, 34
p	Alarm, Engine	15, 27
q	White Dwarf	23, 18
r	Chute, Shoot	16, 22
s	Roman Numerals	21, 37
t	Circle, Evening	25, 33

Many congratulations to the lucky winners! We had an enormous number of entrants to the competition for which we are exceedingly grateful. All were of an amazingly high standard, with over 27 of the entrants getting less than 5 out of the 216 clues wrong!

Could the winners please turn up in the *Felix* Office at 1.15pm on Monday (25th) to receive their prizes (please phone the office on ext 3515 if you cannot attend).

Many of the entrants slipped up on the same clues (especially those that copied their boyfriends). So for the benefit of the many we decided to go through the two most common:

The first common error was on Day 12, 26 across:

26. Present an American soldier with a paper (4)

Many of you wrote 'GIVE'. The American soldier being 'G.I.', and present meaning 'Give'. For the actual answer this needed to be taken a step further 'with a paper' referring to the Financial Times, 'F.T.' so the 'present' took the meaning 'GIFT' and this was the intended answer.

Another whoopsie was on Day 10, 14 down:

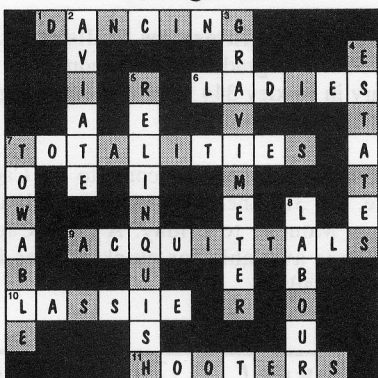
14. Tense, but sounds successful (4)
The common mistake here was 'TAUT'. Tense meaning taut. The actual answer was 'PAST' since it sounds like 'passed' and hence 'sounds successful'. 'Tense', therefore, referred to the past tense.

Another point that was hardly spotted, even by some of the winners, was the appearance of the 12 Days of Christmas in the relevant days of the crossword. Hence on Day 7 were the words 'Swans' and 'Swimming'. We didn't inform you of this beforehand because we thought that doing so would make it too easy, but we at least expected people to notice...ah well. We even had some people comment that it was strange that we had the words 'Drummers' and 'Drumming' on the same level when they were so similar, but for their own credibility these people shall remain nameless.

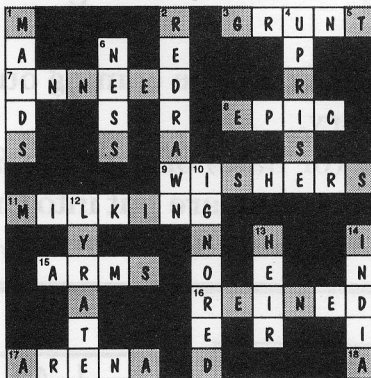
Footnote: Look out for the crash-course in how to solve cryptic crossword clues. It will be starting next Friday and will lead up to the Easter 3D (yes, 15x15x15) crossword in the last issue of term.

The word left over was Ever

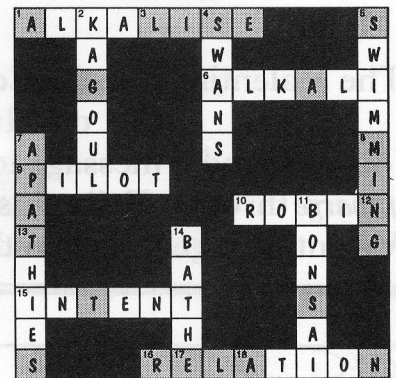
Day 9



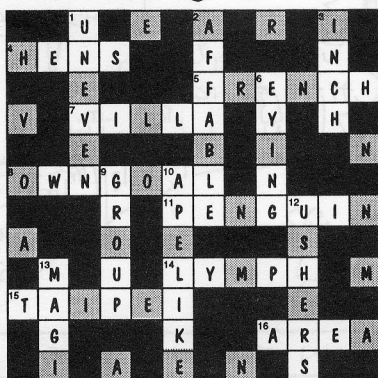
Day 8



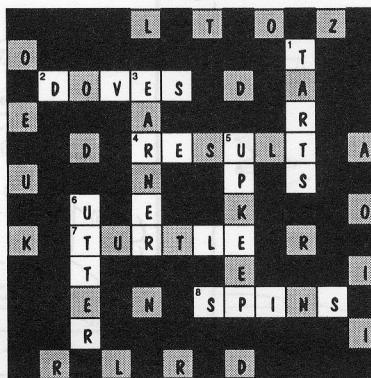
Day 7



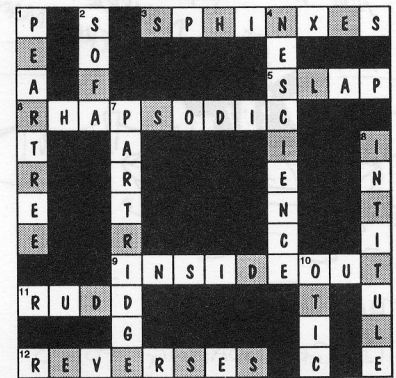
Day 3



Day 2



Day 1



Editorial

The attitude of students towards the affairs of Imperial College Union have changed quite dramatically in recent times. Last year, I was talking to a President of ICU from about seven years ago and he was telling me about how it used to be. People were interested and concerned about what went on; Union General Meetings (UGMs) were packed full of people wanting to put forward their opinions; people wanted to change things.

Clubs and societies would operate devious tactics to ensure that they got their own way. They would get all their members to turn up to the UGMs and when a motion came up that they objected to and didn't want passed, they would all get up and walk out. The meeting would become inquorate and the last person to leave the room would shout 'Quorum'. That would be the end of the meeting and the end of the motion until the next UGM when the same thing would probably happen again.

I don't think that the issues of today are any less important or affect the student body any less than ten years ago. Maybe people no longer have a desire to change anything or maybe they think that expressing their opinion won't make a difference in the grand scheme of things or maybe they just don't know what's going on within that great institution that is Imperial College Union.

The Union isn't exactly going out of its way to promote any interest in itself or improve its image among the students. We've got a President who's been misleading the students

and he's the one who's supposed to be the ultimate representative of the students and their views. Who knows what else he may or may not have done?!

Granted, he has been working with the UGM Chair to publicise details of the UGMs, but there are elections coming up for all sorts of posts within the Union and no-one's got a clue about them. What good is it if you've got people interested in what is going on in the Union but no-one to actually run the place.

How many of you know that the sabbatical elections are taking place this term? I guess those of you here last year will. Marcus, in his letter on the opposite page, talked about student apathy amongst Imperial's students. Never is it more obvious than during the sabbatical elections. A campus wide ballot is taken and last year and the grand total of 23% of the students voted. Maybe, like I said before, people just don't know what's going on. But when you are electing the people to represent you and your views for the following year, maybe you ought to be told about it.

Security

People have apparently were running around the Physics department yesterday brandishing water pistols. Now, College Security aren't too happy about this because in the past police have arrested people after mistaking the water pistols for real guns. So, they've asked me to ask all of you not to hold your water fights within the College premises.

Jazz History In The Making?

Dear Beccy,

Thursday the 13th saw an event which will live long in jazz history; well at least as long as it takes to get this published anyway.

IC now has a thirty piece jazz orchestra with a library of roughly forty tunes. We're a totally non-serious band although, if students and staff learn something from playing jazz together now that the opportunity is there, then so much the better.

We're finding a rehearsal venue so close to the union bar very educational. We're still looking for tenor and baritone players, so if you're interested then please contact either Alasdair Gill or Chris Parker on internal extension 6988 or drop in to Huxley 512 - not before 11am please - we're postgrads.

Yours,

IC Jazz Orchestra

CAREERS INFORMATION

Milkround Closing Date 4 is on Monday 24th January. Hand in your applications on the day before 4pm. Details of interviews are put up on the noticeboard outside the Careers Office a few days before the interview date. Two more companies have joined the Milkround: Santa Fe Drilling Company and Fuji Capital Markets.

Summer Vacation Training Opportunities are now available on the new Database in the Careers Office. Apply to UROP for research opportunities.

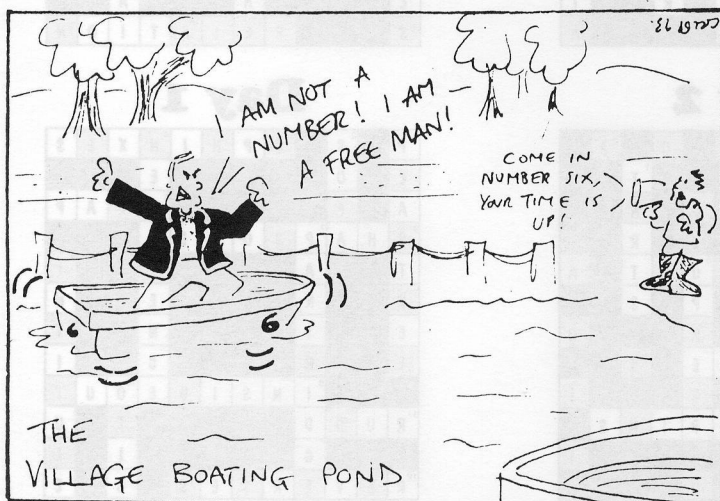
Improve Your Interview Skills is a short course for Postgraduates on Wednesday 26th January in Huxley 344 from 2pm-4pm. Sign up in the Careers Office.

For further information come to the Careers Office, Rm 310 Sherfield - open from 10am to 5.15pm Monday to Friday. A Duty Careers Adviser is available for quick queries from 1pm-2pm daily.

Valentine's Day Messages

The Valentine Special Edition of Felix will be coming out on 11th February.

You can send a message to the love (or hate) of your life *free of charge* through Felix. Just make sure they are put into the Valentine pigeonhole in the Felix Office by 4th February.



Imperial College – A Wasteland Of Mindlessness

Dear Felix,

The malaise which is destroying Imperial College is often said to be the apathy of the students – in fact, it is far worse than that. The true problem is that the people here just have no desire to think. In a place which lays claim to some 7,000 of the highest IQs in the country, this is purely absurd. The atmosphere should be buzzing with intellectual discovery – instead, it is a wasteland of mindlessness.

There was once a time when people went to university because they wanted to learn, to question, to understand. Nowadays they come to Imperial for nothing more than to let their minds stagnate in a boorish atmosphere of beer and nicotine smoke.

Why do these 'students' (and I use that term advisedly) have no interest in studying? Those few who dare to express an interest in learning anything, who have the insolence to mention politics, philosophy, or art for instance, are ridiculed – "what's that got to do with your subject?" say the bovine herds. Don't they want to understand the world they live in? They even deride those who express an interest in their chosen field of study.

A place like Imperial should be a nucleus of ideas, its rooms pulsing with debate. The JCR should be an Utopian forum for discussion,

scientific enquiry and political tirades – instead it is an Atopia of self-satisfied mindlessness.

Of course, there are a few surviving enclaves – the debating society struggles on, *Felix* still provides a platform for the few who still have views to air. Some people even have the curiosity to attend voluntary lectures.

And yet, the mindlessness still spreads. The students close their eyes, provide automatic answers to automatic questions. Gone are the polymaths and autodidacts, to be replaced by blabbering sloths. No more can Imperial hope to produce another Einstein, a Da Vinci or a Bertrund Russell. A few minor engineers and accountants maybe, but nothing more.

So what has happened? Much of the blame can be laid on the education system, which channels people into this narrow-minded acceptance, but the real blame lies with the students themselves. They don't care because it's easier to switch yourself off, to repeat what you've been spoon fed all your life – it's just so damn easy not to think. Maybe they should just stop for one second to ask themselves, "Do I want my life to be worthwhile, or not?"

Yours,

Marcus Alexander
Mech Eng 2

The Munster Road Kitchen

by Samin Ishtiaq

Nils' TV is, I think, sometimes more trouble that it's worth. Let me explain. Last year Nils bought this great big f**k-off (as Matt says) television set from a shop in Tottenham Court Road. It wasn't the most technologically-advanced set: it was basically just the largest set they had. (Yeah, it would be interesting to do some kind of Freudian analysis on this. Are television sets post-modern symbols of male virility? If so, does Nils suffer from the male version of penis-envy?)

Nils was under the impression that the shop would deliver it for free – and was taken back when the delivery guy asked him for a tenner. That was soon sorted out. But not before Paul had to lug the television set all the way back to W1 so that Nils could check that he had indeed got the biggest one (TV set, that is).

Thankfully, our previous landlady (also known as 'stupid cow') failed to notice the massive dents in the hall and the stairway, where Paul let the television slip.

It does weigh a ton and a half, as Matt and I found out when we had to transport the TV to our current place. On the first flight of stairs I

was at the bottom, so that the entire weight of the TV was on me. 'F**k that for a game of soldiers', I thought and on the next flight swapped places with Matt. I did feel slightly safer – though I did keep on thinking about the excuse I'd made to Matt's mum when I eventually did let the TV slip and squash Matt.

(Notice how in all this Nils never got to do the hard work of moving the TV once. Somehow, he always seems absent when heavy shifting has to be done.)

Our current problem with the TV is the naff reception. We don't seem to have an outside aerial in this place. Matt did attempt to hook something up once, but being a past STOIC chairman (sorry, chairperson) he couldn't actually complete the job, could he now?

Though I think I've fixed the reception – and in a typical computing/bodygy way. There's a particular way to blue-tack the small aerial onto the wall, sideways, that gives excellent reception for BBC2 and Channel 4. Of course, since these are the only channels worth watching, the rest of them can go jump in a lake.

Credits

Printer:
Andy Thompson

Theatre:
Rekha Nayak

Typesetter:
Rose Atkins

Features:
Owain Bennallack (Ed)

Business Manager:
Simon Govier

Layout & Proofing:
Kin Wei Lee

Advertising Manager:
Steve Newhouse

Collators Last Week
Tony Grew
Ivan Chan
Joe McFadden
Penguin
Steve Newhouse
Jon Jordan
Owain Bennallack

News:
Michael Ingram
Lynn Bravey
Joe McFadden

Puzzles:
Penguin
Sphinx
Jaymz

Collators from the final issue last term (as promised)

Jon Jordan
Owain Bennallack
Simon Shaw
Tamsin Braisher
Tim St Clair
Penguin

Books:
Juliette Decock

Steve Newhouse
Ivan Chan
Joe McFadden

Music:
Jon Jordan

Michael Ingram
Diana Harrison
Patrick Wood

Cinema:
Joe McFadden

and thanks to IC Radio for the disco speakers

SMALL ADS

DramSoc Auditions will be held for 'Doctor and the Devils' at 5.30pm in the Table Tennis Room (top floor of the Union Building) on Wednesday 26th January.

**Postgraduate
Mathematical**

Advice Centre

HelpLine:

ext 5752

**Dr Geoff Stephenson
Mathematics Dept**

*The President
City & Guilds College Union
Cordially invites you
to attend the
43rd Annual Engineers'
Dinner & Dance*

*at the
Café Royal
Regent St.
on the*

5th February 1994

*Tickets available from City & Guilds
Union Office (level 3, Mech Eng)
at £88 per double ticket*