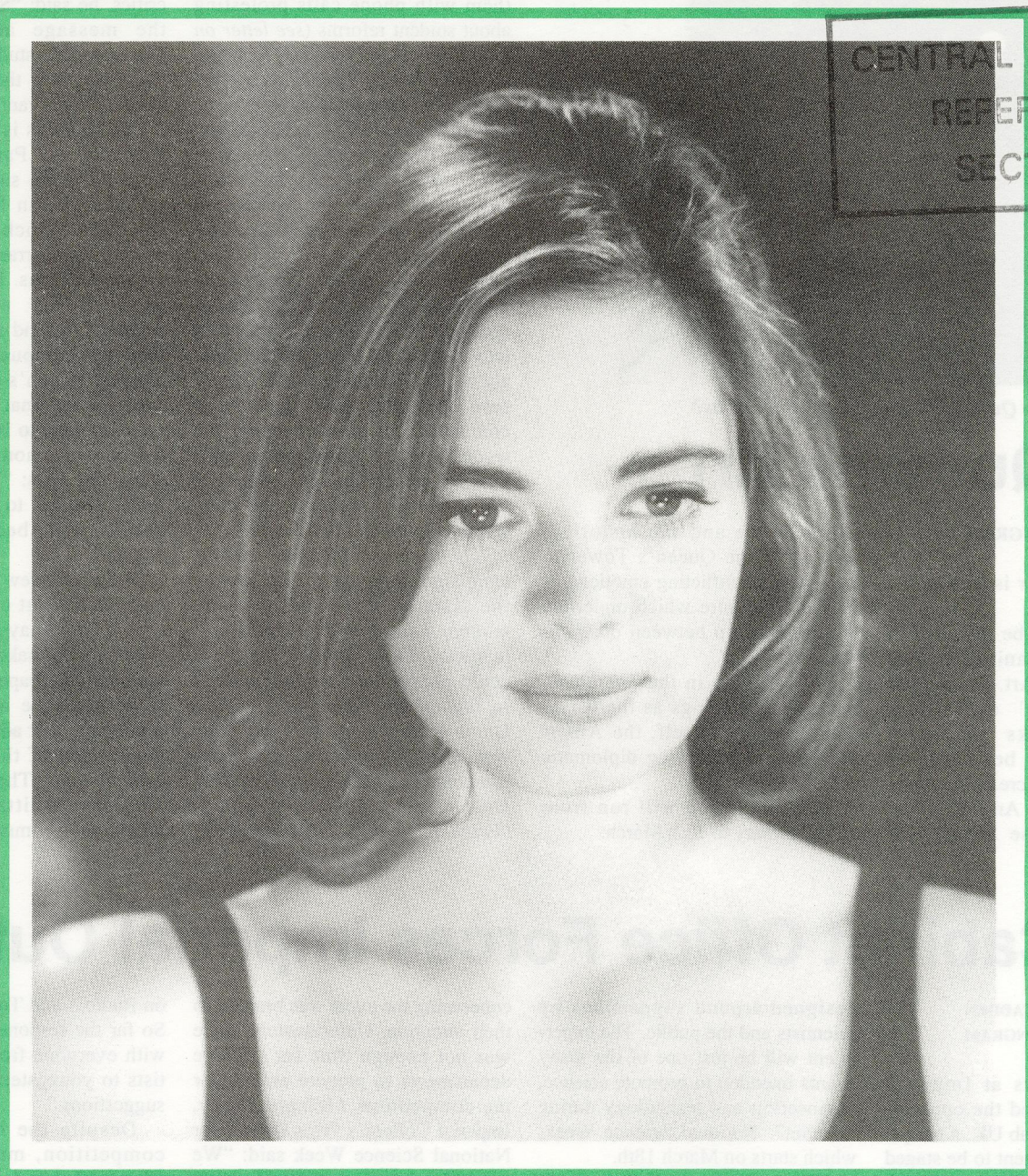




Felix

Issue 990

18th February 1994



CENTRAL LIBRARIES
REFERENCE
SECTION

8 out of 10 men who expressed a preference said they preferred Gabrielle Anwar.

Judge for yourself at the ICU Cinema on Saturday.



The Queen's Tower – an artist's canvas?

Queen's Art

BY MIKE INGRAM

The Queen's Tower is to become part of a work of art.

The Tower will be involved in an exhibition organised by the Royal College of Art. During the 'Remote Control' exhibition, various landmarks in South Kensington will be used by numerous artists to create a collection of art. The artist Anne Eggebert will be "using the devices of

surveillance and the historical context of the Queen's Tower to explore the conflicting emotions of fear and pleasure which underline the relationship between observation and power".

Other works in the exhibition involve such things as the Royal College of Art itself, the Albert Memorial and a roving diplomatic car.

The exhibition will run from 23rd February to 13th March.

Students' Virus

BY SHAUN JOYNSON

A national student protest campaign has been dismissed as a 'damp squib' by its intended victims.

Students from the University of North London (UNL), masterminding the Media Virus Campaign, had hoped to involve students from Imperial College in a plan to cripple Government and media organisations by bombarding them with phone calls protesting about student reforms (*see letter on page 23*). However, despite being in operation for more than two weeks, the campaign appears to be having little effect. A spokesperson for the Department of Education and Science – the campaign's prime target – told *Felix* that the protests "have not affected us in any way whatsoever".

The BBC, another prime target, was equally disparaging. Press spokeswoman Helen Cleary burst into laughter on being told by *Felix* about the campaign. Ms Cleary said that the BBC had been contacted, but after checking the records kept of protest phone calls from the public, she stated that only six calls from students had been received in the last two weeks.

The unconcerned attitude of the campaign's targets is matched by the distaste expressed by many student unions at the protesters' methods. They believe that these could alienate potential supporters in the media. Imperial College Union President Andrew Wensley was briefed on the Media Virus campaign at a University of London Union meeting in January. "Frankly," he said, "we felt that this

was not the best way of tackling students' problems."

And, while the organisers claim the Media Virus is supported by up to 200 universities nationwide, student unions at many of the country's top universities have distanced themselves from the campaign. Undeterred by this, Justin Kirby, information coordinator for Media Virus, regards its first stage as a success. In answer to the group's critics, he said: "So long as we get the message across that the Government's student reforms are a bad thing, how that message is put across is irrelevant."

Media Virus is the brainchild of UNL student Paul Ryan. It was inspired by the success of Parisian students who, in 1986, managed to force the French Government to make an embarrassing U-turn over student reforms. Like them, Ryan used college electronic mail networks to send strategic information to campuses around the country. Ryan's e-mail message calls for national newspapers and radio stations to be targeted "positively" (in a non-confrontational way), but adds: "Those [organisations] who fail to respond [favourably], will become negative targets."

In an interview with *Felix*, Kirby outlined the sort of treatment negative targets may receive, saying: "We want to make an example of a national newspaper." The intention is to pressure advertisers into cancelling their advertising with the paper. Top of the hit-list is *The Independent*. The paper's editor, Andreas Whittam-Smith, was unwilling to comment at this time.

Cabinet Office Forces Imperial Out

BY JOE MCFADDEN
AND MIKE INGRAM

Staff and students at Imperial College have missed the opportunity to enter MegaLab UK, a unique nationwide experiment to be staged as part of National Science Week, because the College was not informed of the event in time.

MegaLab UK will use the combined audiences of The Daily Telegraph, BBC Radio 1 and Tomorrow's World as participants in one or more mass experiments

designed around suggestions by scientists and the public. The experiment will be just one of the many events intended to promote science, engineering and technology during the 'Set7' National Science Week, which starts on March 18th.

The search for a national experiment suitable for MegaLab UK was announced on February 2nd, with February 9th as the closing date for entries. However, Imperial College didn't receive the press release for MegaLab UK and only heard of the event when an electronic mail

concerning the event was brought to their attention. Unfortunately, there was not enough time for College departments to prepare entries for the competition. Melanie Thody, Imperial College's Press Officer for National Science Week said: "We would have been delighted to enter if we'd been given a month's notice."

A spokesperson for the Cabinet Office claimed the press release was sent to Imperial College along with other academic institutions. She said: "MegaLab UK was also announced in the Daily Telegraph,

on Radio 1 and Tomorrow's World. So far the response has been good, with everyone from learned scientists to youngsters writing in with suggestions."

Despite the response to the competition, many people feel angry at being denied the opportunity to perform useful research due to government disorganisation.

The Cabinet Office spokesperson commented: "We might have preferred a later deadline, but we needed to have responses... so we could evaluate them in time."

A letter referring to the Media Virus Campaign is on page 23

Election Campaign Fever!

BY ANDREW TSENG

Rumour and gossip are rife this week in Imperial College Union (ICU) as this year's sabbatical elections get underway.

The election papers, which were posted on Monday, have been the focus of intense interest. Five candidates are presently standing for the four sabbatical posts. Others are rumoured to be testing the waters before committing themselves.

At the time of going to press the declared candidates were: Kamran Bashir, Lucy Chottia, Paul Thomas, Owain Bennallack and Timothy Brown.

Amidst a climate of what some consider bad leadership, the post of President has been subject to the most speculation. Three people have already announced their candidature. Paul Thomas, UGM Chair and last year's President of the Royal College of Science Union (RCSU), is proposed by ex-President, Chris Davidson. Like the current President, he comes from the Maths Department. His competitors reflect the Union's

higher profile amongst clubs and societies. Kamran Bashir, the Parachute Club Chairman is proposed by Naresh Mistry. Lucy Chottia, a chemistry student, presently stands unopposed. She is the Third World First treasurer.

Though not yet officially declared, Rhian Picton and Dave Cohen are said to be interested in the Presidency. Some have said that Ms Picton's Presidency of the RCSU this year, in addition to her year as the Biochemistry Departmental Representative would make her a strong candidate. Similarly, Mr Cohen would be expected to put up a good fight having been IC Radio Station Manager last year and a resident in Southside for three years.

The Deputy Presidencies are currently uncontested. Timothy Brown, Social Clubs Committee (SCC) Treasurer, proposed by this year's SCC Chairman, is standing unopposed for the post of Deputy President (Finance & Services). No-one has announced their candidature for job of Deputy President (Clubs & Societies). However, it is

rumoured that Ian Parish, former Aero Soc Chairman and present Guilds' Departmental Societies Chairman, may decide to stand before nominations are closed.

Last year's election for the post of *Felix* Editor & Print Unit Manager saw an occasionally unpleasant contest after which several of the *Felix* team left. To date, only one person is standing: Owain Bennallack, *Felix* Features Editor. He is proposed by Jon Jordan, Music Editor and fully seconded. Joe McFadden, the Cinema Editor, has also declared his interest in running for the post. Both students have been heavily committed to *Felix* for the last year.

The campaigning will begin once the papers come down on the 25th of February. The voting will take place in all departments on Monday 14th and Tuesday 15th March. The results should be known on the Tuesday evening.

All four sabbatical posts are of course being contested by New Election. You should vote for this if you feel no candidate is suitable for the job.

Monkey Business

BY LYNN BRAVEY

A new national poster campaign has been launched to protest against experimentation on animals. The British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection (BUAV) is targeting the Barbados tourist industry at the height of the holiday booking season.

The aim of the campaign, launched on Tuesday, is to press the island's Government into stopping the export of wild monkeys for laboratory experiments. The posters feature contrasting images of a tropical beach and a group of caged baby monkeys. The slogan is simple: "Barbados - you won't want to leave and neither do they."

Leaflets are to be distributed locally and public awareness events will be held outside travel agents. 50,000 protest postcards are also being targeted at the Barbados Board of Tourism.

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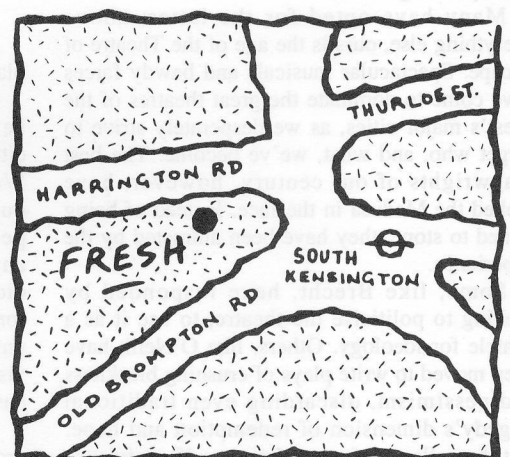


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Making Sense of Nonsense

How do you live in a world gone mad? How do you justify the 'Theatre of the Absurd'? Is the fight still on, or was it always, ridiculously, over?

What would a critic of the late twenty first century think of the theatre of the twentieth? What would it tell her about us, our times and our view of ourselves? What to make of a century that produced both Cole Porter and Bertolt Brecht, both Ray Cooney and Samuel Beckett?

If we look behind us, back to the Europe of the nineteenth century, we sense, in many of the works of that time and place, a feeling of optimism, a faith in progress and in humanity's perfectibility. We're exhilarated by it, although we're forced, jaundiced as we've become, to see it as naive. What message are we transmitting to posterity through our drama? What emotions, what concerns will the audiences of the future perceive in the plays of our age?

Our century has seen old certainties crumble in the face of brutality on a scale that was undreamt of by even the most pessimistic Victorian. In the two European wars which went on to tear the whole world apart, the culture of this continent invented, developed and perfected its latest gift to the culture of the world: industrialised murder; efficiency in the cause of insanity. The West, so long convinced of its superiority in all things, has been forced to look upon its demons. Nothing in the culture has escaped the effect, least of all our theatre.

We have no earnest, morally serious, uplifting plays to offer posterity. We no longer even bother to mock plays like that, as Oscar Wilde did; they are irrelevant to us except as amusing period pieces. Instead, our playwrights have been faced with this stark choice: confront the abyss or ignore it.

Many have opted for the latter; above everything else, ours is the age of the Theatre of Escape. Spectacular musicals and bawdy farces have come to dominate the great theatres of the West's major cities, as we desperately strive to forget who, and what, we've become. The best playwrights of our century, however, have looked the Medusa in the face. Instead of being turned to stone, they have been animated by the experience.

Some, like Brecht, have responded by seeking to politicise the theatre, to use it as a vehicle for ideology. Others, like O'Neill, have been moved to write plays of crushing bleakness and pessimism, discarding even traditional tragedy's dimension of redemption and hope. But the collapse of our culture's self-confidence has inspired a more intriguing response than either of these. A small group of post-war playwrights – not so much a group, really, as a number of maverick individuals – have chosen to use drama as a way of *embodying* our uncertainty: of celebrating it, even. This movement, if that's what it is, has been dubbed the Theatre of the Absurd. Its High Priest, if it can have such a thing, is the French-Rumanian



Where can you run from the plays of Samuel Beckett?

playwright Eugène Ionesco.

Born in 1912 into an Eastern Europe about to be devastated by war and later naturalised as a citizen of France (whose suffering in the First War was as great and whose moral dilemma during the Second was unique), Ionesco is perfectly placed to be a commentator on anything. Nothing could be further from the didactic pontifications of, say, a Brecht than Ionesco's disturbing, hilarious forays into pure unreason. His plays throw us directly into his vision of the human predicament in an age that has lost its faith in both God and Man.

Ionesco's *Exit the King*, DramSoc's production of which is scheduled in March, is a very funny play. Its humour is anarchic, surreal, irrational, bizarre. It's concerned with a man's inexorable, predictable, frighteningly rapid descent towards death, but it's no less funny for that. In fact, that's where the humour comes from. Ionesco takes one central idea – that in our faithless age, I can't be sure that all of reality isn't an illusion that will vanish when I die – and follows it remorselessly, hilariously, to its

logical (yet profoundly illogical) conclusion.

But it would be wrong, it would be selling Ionesco short, to represent *Exit the King* as nothing but a piece of surreal goonery, a sort of Rumano-French *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. This is also – and there's no contradiction here – a disturbing, emotionally violent play. It's comic because it's tragic, and vice versa.

Exit the King is being intensively rehearsed by a small, committed, thoughtful cast with myself, as nominal director, acting as a conduit for the group's ideas. If we do this fine play justice, and we ought to, then the production promises to be a bit special.

There's no doubt that our critic of the future will see *Exit the King*, and the rest of Ionesco's work, as one of our culture's most important artifacts. What she'll deduce from it about this age, and about us who live in it, is harder to say: what can you make of people like us, who have been driven to seek their enlightenment in nonsense?

Phil Ramsden

Got a problem? See if Min has an answer for it on page 6

Hunting the Great Bright Sparks

A word of explanation before unleashing this upon you. For the bat eyed, the Bohemians did exist; in a poster propagating capacity targeting our own Sherfield Walkway. Apart from one message, seemingly directed at our reporter, they have been rather quieter this term.

Myself and others wondered who they were, although most people probably hadn't even noticed their A4 demarked presence. It wasn't their message I was interested in – it was them.

Who were these people who sought to add intellectual colour to the Imperial landscape? In a college whose populace is so often decried as apathetic, who were these oddballs who could be bothered? The reporter came back with this.

Do we believe him? Me, maybe I have to...

– Owain, Features Editor

The Bohemians seemed to be an anomaly, a group who did no more than plaster the Sherfield Walkway with their obscure posters. Few remembered them for more than those glancing seconds that their distracted eyes caught sight of the posters. There were however a few hardy souls who lingered. For them, the tiny subscribed name acted like a beacon, a holy grail. Those people wanted to know more. I had not been one of them, but somehow I was into the web of secrets and darkness that was *The Bohemians*. It all started one alcohol sodden night in the *FELiX* office.

The topics wandered vaguely in the usual tired manner of late night discussions until it stumbled upon that name, *The Bohemians*. They wanted an investigator and somehow I was hired. It seemed like a dead end job. I had no clues, no leads except fading memories of meaningless posters.

"OPEN YOUR EYES", commanded the first. There then followed an ultra pretentious blitz of almost blank sheets, each one graced by the name of some grand obscurity. More posters appeared and passed unnoticed, and then just before Christmas, 'Awareness'. The attached art postcards didn't last long, trampled underfoot or taken to adorn bedsit walls.

I was left with only one option. For nights without end I loitered in the Siberian winds of the Walkway, lacerated by the wind and wreathed in nicotine smoke. Whatever crazy sonofabitch designed that sky high pavement sure knew how to control the weather; the wind up there was always gale force, regardless of the atmosphere in the real world.

Three times I waited amongst the fluttering posters, kicking at the tumbleweed bundles of dead publicity that wrapped themselves around my ankles. The task was hopeless, beyond the stage of being a subject for drunken existentialism. Then it happened! I saw a figure moving through the darkness. Some freaked out paramilitary in balaclava and jet black fatigues, armed with a fistful of posters. He plastered every wall in seconds flat. I was mesmerised by his professionalism.

When I came to my senses it was too late to give chase but I ran anyway, my coat billowing

out behind me in the gale. The terrorist vanished amongst the taxis on Exhibition Road. I kicked myself for missing my only opportunity, then walked back to the posters. My jaw dropped with shock when I read them.

'WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE'

Shit. Underneath that Big Brother boast was a greater shock, a coded message, beginning with my initials. Back in the bustling *FELiX* office we tried to disentangle the random letters which might be my only path to the Bohemians. It had to be somebody who knew my game, but I had told no one about my investigation. That left only the *FELiX* journos themselves...or me? The accusations rang out for an hour, each denial seen as a bluff, each bluff seen as a counter bluff. Nobody dared to solve the code, for fear of accusation. The atmosphere in that office was more tense than the worst of the McCarthyist witch hunts. The code: *hfddagcago (let)*.



The answer eventually came late one night when my mind ran backwards – it was a telephone number. The obviousness of it hit me like a ton of the proverbial bricks.

I dialled the next morning, my heart pumping. A thousand possibilities were silenced by the click on the phone. It was a recorded message: "Tomorrow night, twenty one thirty, twelve Neston Street, be..." – my hand dashed swiftly to write down the address, dropping the receiver with a crash. I rang back, but there was silence on the other end. Weird.

Again in the *FELiX* office the suspicions emerged. Some, it seemed, thought that it was all a fantasy from my warped mind, but they weren't the ones who heard the message. They weren't the ones hounded by Twilight Zone posters. They even offered to go to Neston Street with me just to make sure it wasn't a big joke.

Neston Street. A back street off a back street amongst the dark alleys of Rotherhithe, a place so Dickensian that I expected to meet a Mr Twimblewidge. The clacking of my boots on the paving echoed off the charred brick of burnt out buildings in the eerie silence. I soon found number 11. A flight of steps led down beneath a sign: The Heart. The picture was gruesome, a sick parody of a pub sign. I descended, whistling inane tunes from *The Wizard of Oz*.

The heat, the noise, the sweat, all hit me at once. Where I expected a damp basement lit by a

40 watt glow, I had found a throbbing club: somehow the noise hadn't dared to venture past the door. The room was full of 'individual' types, the sort who like to think that they think for themselves and aren't swayed by the herd mentality. A waiter approached, pointing to a table near the back. They had been expecting me, it seemed. There were five of them, one female. Who were they?

Descartes, Plato, Zeno, Wittgenstein... ho ho ho, so they name themselves after dead philosophers. Hadn't that been done before? Oh yes, those turtles who were named after famous renaissance pizzas. It seemed these weren't your usual poetry reading at dawn, "actually I found these shoes on the street" type of long hair bohemian, but something more Neo, more Quasi. These dudes were sharp dressers, all angles and edges, their faces honed with power tool precision. I looked at them silently and a drink landed by my hand, with a bill. Individuality doesn't come cheap these days.

"What's it all about?", I asked. I lit up, and they opened up. Plato started to rant.

"Ever heard of the Art Concepts Group? They wanted to play with the world, to create a modern day myth, to sculpt reality rather than stone. A subversive group who may or may not exist. They pulled weird stunts here and there, but nobody noticed. So they went further. Started claiming responsibility for other things – thefts, bombs, hijackings. It became quite a scam for a while, they even got a mention on 'Newsnight'. But it went wrong. Somebody got hurt, killed, I think. Anyway they had to vanish."

"So what's that got to do with you?"

"Nothing. I just wanted to clear the air. I didn't want you drawing any parallels. You journos are fond of conspiracy theories."

I chewed at the bill, asked them more about themselves, but was hit by subtle evasiveness. I never even noticed when they directed the conversation onto other subjects. Another drink landed by my hand.

The atmosphere of The Heart started to seep through my reality and the importance of my quest drifted into the cold night outside. I began to feel the buzz in the place. It was the buzz of real intelligence, working minds! Conversations turned to discussions, to arguments. At one point somebody even leapt onto a table to deliver a complex tirade! The drinks arrived, the empty glasses were removed, and the waiters forgot about the bills which littered the tables. I slowly began to understand the Bohemians and why they did what they did. As the night wore on into the squawking birdsong of early morning everything made sense.

My friends, you want to know more about the fabled Bohemians? How they found me, or why they care about Jaques Derrida? Well, I'm afraid I can't tell you. You see, what happened was inevitable really. I joined them. So if you are wandering the walkway late at night and see a shady figure in a greatcoat, it will be me. Out bill sticking for the Bohemians.

"Random" 1641

Got A Problem? Ask Auntie Min . . .

Minever Kavlak, Union Adviser, deals with some of the common problems experienced by students whilst they are studying at university as well as those faced in everyday life.

NO REFUNDS?

Dear Min...

My new cassette-recorder doesn't work. There's a sign in the shop which states 'No Refunds' and I've been offered a repair. What do I do?

You are entitled to a refund if you buy an item that:

1. Is not fit for its purpose;
2. Is not of merchantable quality;
3. Is not as described.

You do not have to accept a repair and the 'No Refunds' sign is invalid.

You should write to the trader requesting a refund under the terms of the Act. If its refused get advice from the Union Adviser or Consumer Advice Centre.

ACCIDENTS AND INJURIES

Dear Min...

I had a bicycle accident and suffered physical injury. Can I claim compensation?

You should take legal advice in a free interview with a solicitor under the Accident Legal Advice Scheme (ALAS).

Note: The first interview is free. Further consultations are subject to costs. You may, however, qualify for legal aid.

For details of ALAS solicitors, phone 071 242 2430 or the law society 071 242 1222.

EXTRA FUNDING

Dear Min...

Is there anyone who can give students financial assistance?

Many students face financial difficulty and restrictions on social security benefits haven't helped. Nevertheless, there are a few options.

Access Funds can assist 'home' students in hardship. Applications are available from the College Fees Office, room 334, Sheffield Building. The forms must be returned by 25th February 1994. Trusts and Charities give small amounts of assistance.

I have compiled a 'Money to Study' guide which includes information on financial aid available including trusts, grants, loans. You can use the guide by contacting the receptionist in the Union Office.

SPOUSES AND VISAS

Dear Min...

I'm a student from a visa national country. I want my wife to join me. What must I do?

Your wife can apply to come to Britain as your dependent. You need to show you have adequate support (income) and accommodation to live together.

Your wife needs to apply for a visa from the British Consulate. If granted, she will have the right to stay here for the same period as your study.

If you need more advice on her rights on how to obtain a visa, see the Union Adviser.

Note: Immigration laws are sexist. Husbands of female students cannot normally come as dependents and should apply on another status.

TENANTS AND LANDLORDS

Dear Min...

I have an Assured Shorthold Tenancy. I like the place but my landlord won't fix the leaking roof and the house is damp. What can I do?

Your landlord has a legal duty to carry out structural repairs under section 11 of the Landlord & Tenant Act 1985.

You should put a list of repairs required in

writing to the landlord (keep a copy) quoting the section of the act.

If nothing is done, contact the Tenancy Relations Officer or Environmental Health Officer at the local council.

ALCOHOL ADVICE

Dear Min...

I need to speak to someone about my alcohol problem. Who can help?

You may find the following helpful:

- Alcoholics Anonymous
Tel 071 834 8202
- Accept
Tel 071 381 3155/2112
- Don Adlington, Counsellor
Tel internal ext. 3041
- Nightline
Tel 071 436 5561
- Your G.P.

NURSERY FEES

Dear Min...

My child has a place at the Day Nursery but I cannot afford the fees. Is there any help?

Yes – the College may be able to help with the fees. The Union also have limited funds to help. The amount of subsidy you are entitled to, if any, depends on you income and outgoings. You need to fill in a form so your claim can be assessed.

See the Union Adviser for further details

All these enquiries are fictitious – any resemblance to actual cases or persons is totally coincidental.

If you have a problem or query, you can make an appointment to see the Union Adviser at the reception desk in the Union Office, 1st floor, Union Building.

She can also be contacted by telephoning extension 3507.

All enquiries are in total confidence.

Greenland: The Hard Way

On Thursday 24th February Steve Jones of the British Alpine Club will lecture on his 1993 expedition to the frozen wastes of Greenland. The four man team spent 38 days crossing the icecap from east to west. This was done completely unsupported, pulling all their supplies on fibreglass pulks (sleds). As well as the tortuous physical battle they endured, a limited scientific programme was also completed as well as filming for American television.

This should be particularly interesting for those fond of the polar regions, mountaineering and hillwalking. Anyone who has attempted the Pennine Way or West Highland Way should be able to sympathise with the task they undertook! The lecture will take place in the Pippard Lecture Theatre, 5th floor, Sheffield Building at 6pm and is free to members, £1 for non members or £2.50 for lecture and membership (available on the door).

Further details from the Chairman, David Edwards, Management III.

Abysmally Heavy, Man

Full of immature humour, in your face visuals and animated sex, Heavy Metal was something of a Fantasia for the '80s. Animated SF films used to be rare, especially ones with such artistic talent behind them. The film grew out of the comic/magazine of the same name, renowned for its stunning artwork, over-the-top sex and even the occasional intelligent storyline, and certainly lives up to its pedigree. Visually outrageous with mindblowing animation and a rock soundtrack featuring the diverse talents of Black Sabbath, Trust, Sammy Hagar, Blue Oyster Cult and many more, Heavy Metal is a very amusing little film. It starts at 6pm in Chem Eng LT1.

Next up at 7.45pm is Repo Man, Alex Cox's anarchic and very funny SF satire. Emilio Estevez stars as Otto, a street punk drawn into the strange and dangerous world of car repossession chasing a lobotomised scientist with radioactive aliens in the boot of his Chevy and desperately trying to get a blow-job off his girlfriend. Both videos are free to ICSF members and members of RockSoc. You will have the chance to join Rocksoc and find out more about what they do at both films.

Membership costs just £3 and gets you free entry to our full programme of video double-bills, the chance to borrow over 3000 books, videos and graphic novels from our library in the corner of Beit Quad and reduced entry to our 35mm presentations, including your first film free.

On Tuesday we present at 6pm in the STOIC Studio (on the top floor of the Union Building) the Special Edition of James Cameron's the Abyss along with The Making of the Abyss. Weighing in at just under three hours, this cut includes more characterisation early on in the film and also provides a reason for the underwater aliens' presence on Earth along with some staggering new tidal wave footage. The prospect of a three hour film may be daunting, but thanks to Cameron's extreme sense for action pacing and razor dialogue the story hammers along relentlessly with taut editing and powerful set pieces. The Making Of was only available with the now sold-out boxed set, so come and find out exactly how they did do that water tentacle.

Admission is free to ICSF members with membership details given above.

God, Sex, Death and Politics

Sex is a sensational subject people like to read about. When Simon Hughes MP came to College on 24th January, he opened his talk entitled *Christianity and Politics* by suggesting that he could have given a press release revealing he was speaking to ICU Methodist Society about *God, Sex and Politics*. Without actually changing the content of what he had to say, he would have thus caught the attention of most of Britain's tabloid readership.

Simon Hughes, Liberal Democrat member for Bermondsey, had recently supported changing the age of consent for homo and heterosexuals to 17 and described how, more often than not, his faith supports the decisions he has to make. Among the list of positions he holds within his party, Simon is Deputy Whip and spokesperson for the Church of England. He stimulated much thought and questioning; mention of the recent political sex scandals was only part of a very entertaining evening with us.

ICU MethSoc now invites you to tackle the subject of sex on a more serious level. On Monday 21st February at 6pm, Rev. John Cooke will be speaking about *God, Sex and Death – The Challenge of AIDS*.

Rev. Cooke is currently Superintendent Minister of the Hammersmith and Fulham Circuit of the Methodist Church, but dedicates a lot of his time to the challenge he will be talking about. As a Methodist, he was well known last year for having proposed the resolution to the Annual Methodist Conference affirming the presence of homosexual people in the ministry. His work with HIV and AIDS is far more widespread and has included spending time on

sabbatical in Zimbabwe, Zambia and San Francisco researching how the church is responding to the AIDS crisis. He is involved with pastoral care of those living with the virus and is a trustee of CARA (Care and Resources for people with AIDS and HIV) and sits on the Management Committee of London Churches' HIV/AIDS Trust.

Having been University Chaplain at Lancaster and Nottingham, the evening promises to be an informative occasion for both students and staff and everyone is warmly welcome. It is being held on Monday 21st February at 6pm in the office of the West London Chaplaincy, 10 Prince's Gardens. Our banner outside will make it obvious where to go!

There are a few other events which may be of interest and again everyone is welcome. On Saturday 26th February at Hinde Street Methodist Church, W1, we have helped to organise a day of seminars and workshops (from 12pm-4pm) entitled *Christians and Muslims in Contemporary Britain*. It is being led by Rev. Martin Forward, MA, MLitt, FRAS, who is well informed on the subject and keen to build bridges with our friends of different faiths around us. Light refreshments will be served from 11.30am, but there are over twenty pubs in the area to enjoy afterwards if necessary!

One other Monday night meeting to look forward to is on March 7th, when Susan Howdle, President of the Methodist Conference, will be speaking. We meet every Monday at 6pm in the Chaplaincy Office. If you want any further information, don't hesitate to contact John Salmon (Maths UG2).

Dribblers

IC 2, CXWMS 1

Knowing that our position in the league table would be unaffected by the result, the Ladies' Football team went into this match without the pressure of previous matches.

The first play of the match saw a beautifully worked move in the midfield ending with a cross from Chris on the left wing and a superb finish by Juliette. A few minutes later Jennifer showed some impressive footwork going through several midfielders before playing the ball to Chris for what turned out to be almost an exact duplication of the previous goal.

Five minutes into the match and up two goals, IC began to relax. Charing Cross used this moment of weakness in the IC defence to their advantage and brought the score to 2-1. Realising a lot could happen in the next 80 minutes, IC settled down and played one of our best matches yet. The forward line of Tamara, Julianna and Jennifer kept the CX goalkeeper under pressure. Some magnificent runs by the midfielders, Maryam, Juliette and Chris, meant the CX defence were constantly under attack.

Our own line of defence, Sally, Jane, Paula and Laura, kept the other end of the pitch under control with some impressive sliding tackles by Paula saving us from any real threat.

Half-time saw Michelle coming on to the forward line. A tactical switch moving Julianna to her normal position as sweeper and Jane to the forward line meant IC dominated the half.

A special mention for Sarah who played an outstanding match as goalkeeper (in Linda's absence) and Jennifer who made her debut for IC by taking out the captain – unfortunately it was our captain not theirs'.

Swimming Success For IC



After last year's suspension of aquatic activities at Imperial College due to the refurbishment of the Sports Centre, this year has seen the highly successful revival of the Swimming and Water Polo club.

On Monday and Thursday of last week we took part in the ULU Swimming Championships finishing first overall. The women's team came second after George's and the men's was also second after UCL.

The most remarkable performance on our team was Stephanie Summers', who finished as the best female individual swimmer. She impressed everyone when she won the 110 yards

backstroke with a big lead over her opponents.

Of the men's team, James Ralph finished as the second best male individual swimmer.

Thursday's gala was followed by a short reception after which the IC team went on to consume cast amounts of Sangria, a custom that had already been introduced on Monday.

In all, it was a damn good laugh. Thanks to Raimund for moral support and showing us how to party - the continental way!

The next challenge will be the BUSF Championships held in Leeds in mid-March where we hope to continue with our success.

The 46th Annual Hyde Park Relays

Tomorrow sees the running of the 46th Annual Hyde Park Road Relays. Organised by the Imperial College Cross Country Club, it is one of the largest student events of its kind in Europe, attracting over one thousand competitors from universities in Britain, France, Sweden and Holland.

Over the years, the race has seen many of this country's greatest athletes during their times as students, including former Olympians Alison Wyeth, Sebastian Coe and David Moorcroft and London Marathon winner Hugh Jones (who holds the present record time).

Spectators are always welcome, so come down and support the race, if only to try and shake off Friday night's hangover. Commemorative T-shirts will be available on the day and our sponsors will be present with brochures and information about the latest sportswear.

The race starts at 2pm by the Dell Restaurant next to the Serpentine, with a prize giving ceremony to follow in the JCR.

Physoc Presents

One day I learned that Science was not true.
I do not recall the day, but I recall the moment.
The God of the 20th century was no longer God.

Professor Bart Kosko

Author of the revolutionary book

Fuzzy Thinking

will be talking about

The new science of fuzzy logic

Monday 21st February
1pm

Lecture Theatre 1
Blackett Laboratory, Physics

IC Radio Programme Schedule

DAY TIME	FRI 18th	SAT 19th	SUN 20th	MON 21st	TUE 22nd	WED 23rd	THUR 24th
8-9	BREAKFAST WITH THE POSSE			BREAKFAST WITH THE POSSE			
9-10	MUSIC JAM			MUSIC JAM			
10-11							
11-12		MATT AROUND MIDDAY				DAN THE MAN'S LUNCH-BOX	
12-1							
1-2							
2-3					MUSIC JAM	WED'DAY WEEK	MUSIC JAM
3-4		TOP 40 ALBUM CHART WITH THE LOFT		AL		AL'S GROOVE SHOW	
4-5			UK TOP 40				
5-6					MUSICAL MAYHEM		
6-7	JUKEBOX			JUKE BOX			
7-8				MISSION IMPOSSIBLE MONDAY MELTDOWN		RICHARD SAW	
8-9				DOM & THE FAT BLOKE POSSE	TIM	NEWS	PATRICK WOOD CLASSICAL
9-10			ALEX'S BIT		BACK TO BASICS	JAMES	
10-11	APOCALYPSE POSSE						PIERS TALKS HAMSTER

Motor Sports Championship

Last weekend the National Students' Motor Sports Championship took place in Cambridge. The competition is only open to students and gives them a chance to test their skills against others who also can't afford a turbo-charged four-wheel drive supercar. It takes the form of three separate competitions: an autotest, which involves the driver handbraking the car round traffic cones in a car park against the clock; a table-top rally, where the navigator solves rally navigation clues and a 160 mile all-night road rally, where the crew scream down country lanes in the dead of night. The event usually attracts entrants from most university motor clubs, and this year C&GCU Motor Club had the arduous task of improving on fifth place achieved by a crew from the club last year.

Things started to deviate from the plan of action a week before the rally, when we discovered that the front shock absorbers were knackered and had to be rebuilt. How long does it take to rebuild a pair of shock absorbers we wondered? Three weeks minimum came the reply from the manufacturers. After much cajoling they agreed to do them in a week, so at 5pm on the Friday before the event we collected the shock absorbers and proceeded to piece the car's suspension back together. Oh, and we had to refit the oil cooler, wire in new spotlights, re-house the washer bottle mechanism and so on.

At 2.30am on Saturday, we discovered the back left suspension mountings weren't working at all and fought with the car until 5.30am before grabbing some sleep. At 8.30am we started again and by 10.15am managed to get the car finished. We got to Cambridge at 11.05am, one minute after our start time on the table-top rally.

At first glance the navigation clues were nigh on impossible, a situation which wasn't helped by lack of sleep or food. A helping can of coke did wonders and after getting the hang of the four and a half hour Mensa-style test, Garrett managed to finish fourth.

On the autotest, Chris's performance was somewhat compromised by the fact that the handbrake wasn't being very effective, making



handbrake turns quite challenging to execute! Things started looking up once the rear brakes bedded themselves in, but the hardest part of this event wasn't controlling the car, it was remembering which route to take through the traffic cones. The organisers, in their infinite wisdom, decided not to mark the various routes on the course. Instead they gave all competitors a photocopy of the plan for the dozen or so routes and expected them to memorise them. This proved fairly difficult and Chris finished fifth.

We were now lying in joint fourth place overall with a crew from Edinburgh University Motor Club. At this point we were so tired we were having trouble seeing straight, so caught a couple of hour's sleep before heading off suitably refreshed to the start of the road rally.

At 11.38pm we roared off into the country lanes and were doing fairly well when white smoke started to pour from the rear of the car. At the next Time Control we got out to find the back right brake disc glowing bright red – the handbrake had jammed on. Loosening a nut seemed to fix it, so we set off again, trying (not very successfully) to avoid using the handbrake at any tight bends. The car then decided to belch petrol vapour into the passenger compartment, so we opened the windows and told ourselves it wasn't really that cold, even if it was snowing.

Arriving at the halfway break we found we

were the first student crew in, so after filling ourselves and the car up with various liquids we set off feeling much happier than we had done earlier. The navigation clues, which define the rally route, became much tougher in the second half. As a result we went off route, costing us valuable time. Everything was going well, then about a mile from the finish we had what is called in motor sport jargon a 'moment'.

We were going at a velocity approaching three figures when the ignition switch blew, rendering the engine and the lights inoperative. This wouldn't be much of a problem in a well lit city street but in the dead of night down an unlit country lane it meant we couldn't see a great deal. Thankfully, Chris managed to stop us without hitting any trees or ditches and after rewiring the ignition switch we got to the finish inside our maximum allowed time.

At the end we came second on the road rally, moving us into second place overall in the championship, which we were fairly pleased with, all things considered!

If you like the sound of this kind of stuff then either come to our Club night (see College diary section in *Felix*) or pop along to the C&GCU Office, Level 3, Mechanical Engineering, any lunchtime and ask to speak to a member of the Motor Club or leave your name and department. It doesn't matter if you don't have a car as you can use the Motor Club's Mini on some events,

Come Drawing and Painting with Leonardo Soc

This term has witnessed the birth of the first Fine Arts Society here in the cradle of Science and Technology. The name? Leonardo Society (or LeoSoc for short). The purpose? To give you the scientist a chance to discover you the artist. And if you've already done that, then why not continue to nurture that side of you here on campus?

Our activities presently include organising drawing and painting classes. These classes are supervised by students from the Royal College of Arts. No, no arts lectures, they are there to help you find out how much you can do!

Different things are done in each session in accordance with what people like and what the

teacher has planned. We have two teachers, one for each session.

When? We have two weekly sessions: Mondays 6-8pm and Wednesdays 2-4pm in the Civil Engineering department, rm 101.

How much? Membership costs £2 students, £4 non-students. Each session costs £2.

Materials? Paper will be provided. We're providing different materials for you to try first and then buy whatever you like. These include acrylics, chalk pastels and charcoals.

So why not give it a try. Just turn up and see what the classes are like and give us a chance to meet you and hear your questions and your suggestions!

The Committee:

Mehul Khimasia
Physics UG3, e-mail: mml.khimasia@ic
Angela Darekar
Physics UG2, e-mail: aa.darekar@ic
Huma Islam
Computing UG2, e-mail: hji@doc.ic
Ola Al Deeb
Computing UG2 e-mail: oya@doc.ic
Yoon Yong ISE UG2 e-mail: yky@doc.ic

The deadline for Clubs & Societies entries is 6pm, Friday

OSC Soccer Tournament

Last year's champions, the Pakistan team, played last week and they were on top form. They beat the Lebanese 7-3 in a hard fought contest. Can they win the tournament again this year? They are certainly looking impressive, despite their poor heading ability!

The Lebanese, in their game against the Japanese, started off the match with a goal in under three seconds. They outplayed the Japanese and won in convincing style.

The Pakistan team also beat the Japanese, but despite their failures, the Japanese, I think, enjoyed the afternoon more than the other teams.

The quarter-finals will be played this Wednesday, so if your society managed to get through to this stage of the competition, please come down and support them.

Wednesday 16th February

3.00pm Indian vs African Caribbean

3.45pm Cypriot vs Lebanese

4.15pm Pakistan vs Iranian

5.00pm Singapore vs Malaysian

Teams are required to be at the football court on Sydney Street and ready to start at the times stated.

Final Group Tables

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Group 1							
Indian	2	2	0	0	16	4	6
Malaysian	2	1	0	1	8	7	3
French	2	0	0	2	3	16	0
Group 2							
Cypriot	2	2	0	0	18	7	6
Iranian	2	1	0	1	14	9	3
Mauritian	2	0	0	2	1	17	0
Group 3							
Pakistan	2	2	0	0	20	3	6
Lebanese	2	1	0	1	15	7	3
Japan	2	0	0	2	0	25	0
Group 4							
Singapore	2	2	0	0	17	0	6
African Caribbean	2	1	0	1	5	6	3
Sri Lankan	2	0	0	2	0	16	0

Results - Group 4

African Caribbean 5 - 0 Sri Lankan

Sri Lankan 0 - 11 Singapore

Singapore 6 - 0 African Caribbean

TWF Brazilian Carnival Is A Success

Third World First's second Brazilian Carnival Night was a great success again, with the Union packed with smooth Latin dancers and carnival fanatics pulsating the night away to the sound of Viramundo, an eight piece salsa band.

Thanks to everyone who came, we hope you enjoyed it. Thanks to everyone in TWF for the organisation, especially Lucy for the financial side and dance organisation. Thanks to SCC Exec, the Union, WLC, Dramsoc, Da Vinci's, Jazz & Rock Soc, Sophia for the disco, the bloke who did the lights and of course IC Dance Club (amazing dancing!!).

We raised a lot of cash for the Brazilian Rubber Tappers Union, who are working to preserve the rainforests in Brazil. Due to the success of the Night we will probably make this a regular thing, so see you next year!

Third World First
are supporting an IMF/World Bank
50th Anniversary Campaign
Day Of Action
More details on the Diary page

College Thinks Badminton 'Lacks Prestige'

The Badminton Club used to be one of the few sports clubs that had facilities on site in South Kensington. Not any more! Not only has the volleyball court been demolished leaving us with insufficient court space for UAU matches, but on top of that we have lost almost all our court time in the Great Hall. This has resulted in a drastic loss of membership and almost complete lack of practice.

Extremely worried, we went to the conference office to point out that they are wiping the Badminton Club out of existence. After continuous phoning for a few days, Anne Kemp from the Conference Office finally agreed to a meeting. She assured us that she 'really wanted to help us', only to follow up five minutes later with 'I'm intending to stop badminton from using the Great Hall permanently'. Her reasons for this are simply 'badminton is not prestigious enough - I want more prestigious events to take place in the Great Hall' and 'you don't bring in any money'.

The Union's attitude to us has been one of 'there is nothing we can do'. We have been given the use of St Mary's courts over at Paddington on Saturday and Sunday mornings - hardly an option for most people. Training after

College hours is convenient for everyone while many students go away or return home at weekends and others face a long journey to train for a few hours. I have lost track of the number of people who have expressed an interest in badminton only to be disappointed and say there is no way they can train on a weekend morning.

What about Wednesday afternoons - the sporting afternoon of the student week? Surely we should be able to play then. We have been given just two Wednesday afternoons in the Great Hall this term and the grand total of one evening in the Great Hall for the whole of January.

Two years ago we had the Great Hall Monday and Friday evenings for anyone to play, Tuesday evenings and Wednesday afternoons for team practice and Thursday evenings for matches. Last year they cut down these sessions but we could still rely on three or four sessions a week. Now we can't even get enough sessions to arrange all our matches! If this continues we will be thrown out of the leagues for not completing enough matches. All our teams used to be in the First Division of the Hammersmith Leagues but now we are currently in the Second Division in the men's and ladies and in the First Division in

the mixed.

Compare also this year's UAU results with previous years' standards. Two years ago the ladies team got to the semi-finals of the UAU, last year to the quarter finals of the UAU. This year all three teams - Ladies, Men's 1sts and Men's 2nds went out in the first round of the UAU. The team has hardly changed but the amount of practice we were given has. Only a few weeks ago in Felix Charles Leary expressed disappointment with this year's UAU results and said he was trying to increase practice times for clubs. Maybe he has, but not for badminton.

Is Imperial College actually concerned with its students? Sport has never been a priority of Imperial College but now badminton is not even 'prestigious' enough to gain access to the training facilities available in College. If this goes on I'll be extremely surprised to find an Imperial College Badminton Club in a couple of years time. Watch out Orchestra, Choir and any other clubs that use the Great Hall or any other sites in College, you may not be considered 'prestigious' enough either.

Wendy Yates
Captain, Badminton Club

Club and society events for next week are listed in the Diary

Eat, Drink and Be Merry . . .

Bella Pasta

This is a chain of Italian restaurants found all over London. I went to the Old Brompton Road branch and I was not impressed.

There's a wide range of pasta dishes, some pizza and not much else. Being an impoverished student I cook mainly pasta at home, so when I go out I tend to avoid pasta-only places!

The starters offered are probably the most interesting part of the meal, but they are agonisingly small, especially for around £3. There are many veggie dishes and this is carried through the entire menu, I'd avoid the starters – they are just not value for money.

The main course. There were some house specialities – dishes which did not consist of pasta. There are some pizzas, I had the Calzone (folded pizza) and liked it, but it didn't fill me up. The same applied to the pasta dishes, they taste fine but are a little small.

The dessert menu is a separate affair and the names and descriptions are tantalising. I ordered my lemon cheesecake in anticipation and it tasted nice, but again was far to small.

Non-alcoholic drinks cost around a pound and the service was reasonable but the waitress kept forgetting us!

Bella Pasta is too pricey for its reputation, atmosphere and clientele. I wouldn't go there

again, even though the food is pretty good, there's not enough of it! A filling meal would cost around £12.

I am afraid *Bella Pasta* gets 4/10.

Cuba

To make a change from the usual Chinese, Indian or Italian when you go out *Cuba* is the place to go. Unsurprisingly, the food is Cuban and the atmosphere is like you would imagine with reggae music blasting through your bones.

Before coming here I had never tried Cuban food and little of the menu was recognisable, but don't let that stop you, it adds to the thrill! You may meet the bouncer on entering, but there is no dress code.

The decor is a little strange and doesn't remind you of Cuba at all. The chairs are wood and string jobs and they are all different, but it all fits in. The candelabras are very nice, differing from table to table and I wish I could have taken one home with me.

Enough of the general ambience and onto the food! The menu is in Cuban (with English subtitles). Tapas (starters) all cost £2.75 and are fairly large. I tried the Pulpeta (Cuban meatloaf), and was satisfied. Try the Chorizo A La Plancha or Machacon for something different.

For the main course there is a choice of meat,

seafood and vegetarian dishes. The portions are huge and I could not finish mine (yep, skip the starters). I recommend a Plato Cominado Cubano (£10) to get a taste of a variety of things. The seafood is good, with the Gambas 'San Antonio' (£9) receiving a definite thumbs up. The chefs are equally skilled with the veggie food and people walk out satisfied, especially with Paella Payesa Cubana (£8).

The desserts (£2.50) were a bit of a let down, rather Western in their style. The Cuban Apple Pie, or coconut ice-cream are about as 'authentic' as I could see. I was too full to try any.

Soft drinks cost £1 and Cuban coffee is on offer. The cocktails are large and a wide range is available, but a jug of Margarita is the best way to get into the swing of things.

Undoubtedly the joint is kickin': the music is loud and everyone is evidently enjoying their food and drinks. The food is well cooked and even though Cuba is close to Mexico the food is Caribbean – exciting, slightly spicy and a greater use of vegetables. The service is good; the only drawbacks are that the meal will cost around £15, but I think it is money well spent. Cuba does get busy, so it's best to book. I'll happily go there again and again.

Cuba gets 8/10.

Nainish B

Student Accommodation Office

Vacancies in College Residences as at 14/2/94

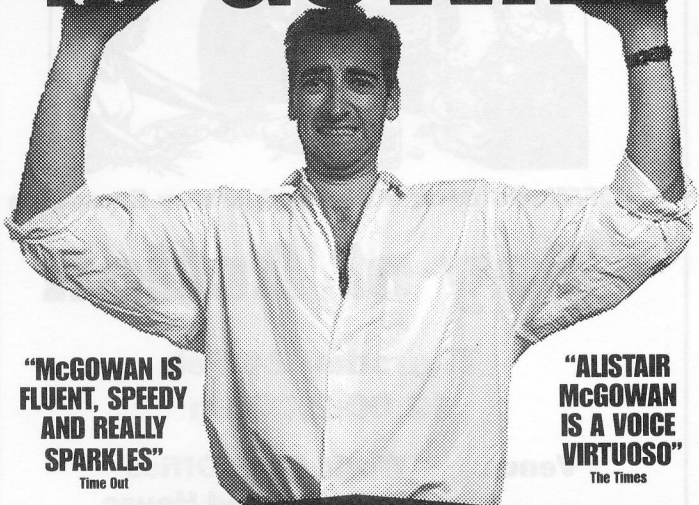
Ref	Hall	Type	Sex	UG/PG	From	Licence
1.	8 Earls Ct Sq	Twin	M	PG	Now	51-Week
2.	Garden	Twin	F	UG	Now	38-Week
3.	Linstead	Twin	M	UG	Now	34-Week
4.	Olave	Twin	M/F	PG	Now	BES Let
5.	Southwell	Twin	M	UG	Now	34-Week
6.	Fisher	Twin	M	UG	21/2/94	38-Week
7.	Bernard Sunely	Twin	M	UG	1/3/94	38-Week
8.	Garden	Twin	M	UG	7/3/94	38-Week
9.	Holbein	Twin	M	UG	28/3/94	38-Week
10.	Holbein	Twin	M	UG	28/3/94	38-Week
11.	Garden	Triple	M	UG	Now	38-Week
12.	Garden	Triple	M	UG	28/3/94	38-Week
13.	Clayponds	Singles	M/F	UG/PG	Now	BES Let

For further information, please call in at
Ground Floor, 15 Princes Gardens

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The Times

<p>Thur 17 Feb 9 pm SURREY UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' UNION Tickets £2.00 0483 259223 STUDENTS ONLY</p>	<p>Fri 18 Feb 8.30 pm IMPERIAL COLLEGE STUDENTS' UNION Tickets £3 advance £3.50 door 071 225 8670 STUDENTS ONLY</p>	<p>Mon 21 Feb 9 pm GOLDSMITHS COLLEGE STUDENTS' UNION Tickets £4/ FREE with Goldsmiths Entscard 071 225 8670</p>	<p>Wed 23 Feb 8.30pm LSE STUDENTS' UNION Tickets £3 071 955 7158 STUDENTS ONLY</p>
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Work Available!

Lunchtime 12 - 2pm
Monday to Friday

Cashier/Counter Assistant
+ Easter Vacation Work

£3.20 per hour

Phone Sally or Matt on x8679
for further details

diary

18th - 24th Feb

Friday 18th

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.
Wing Chun Kung Fu.....4.30pm
Union Gym. Beginners welcome.
IC Fitness Club.....5.30pm
Regular meeting in Southside
Gym. Step aerobics.
Atmosphere.....8.30pm
Comedy Night with Alistair
McGowan. Union Ents Lounge.
£3.50 (door) and £3 (adv). £1 disco
afterwards 'til 2am. Happy Hour
8pm-9pm. 20% off all drinks. Bar
'til 1am.

Saturday 19th

IC Cross Country.....2.00pm
46th Annual Hyde Park Road
Relays. Meet at the Dell
Restaurant by the Serpentine.
FilmSoc Presents:
E.T......7.00pm
The Concierge9.00pm
ICU Cinema, 2nd Floor Union
Building. All seats £1.50 plus 20p
annual membership.

Sunday 20th

Sunday Service.....10.30am
West London Chaplaincy presents
interdenominational worship and
teaching. Regular meeting.
**War Games & Roleplaying
Club**1.00pm
Table Tennis Room, Union
Building. Regular meeting.
IC Fitness Club.....2.00pm
Regular meeting in Southside Gym.
Step and intermediate aerobics.
FilmSoc Presents:
Betty Blue8.00pm
See FilmSoc's entry on Saturday
for details.

Monday 21st

Fencing Club Meeting.....12.00pm
Union Gym. All standards welcome.
ArtSoc Meeting.....12.30pm
Union Dining Hall, Union Building.
PhySoc.....1.00pm
Bart Kosko, author of the book
'Fuzzy Thinking' will speak on the
topic of 'Fuzzy Logic'. Lecture
Theatre 1, Blackett Lab, Physics.

IC Fitness Club.....5.30pm
Regular meeting in Southside
Gym. Beginners aerobics.
Dance Club.....5.30pm
Union Dining Hall, Union Building.
**Leonardo (Fine Arts)
Society**6.00pm
Civ Eng 101. Art classes for
everyone. £4 staff membership, £2
students. £2 per class (2 hrs).
ICSF Presents:
Heavy Metal.....6.00pm
Repo Man7.45pm
Chem Eng LT1, free to ICSF
members (membership £3) and
RockSoc members (membership £2).
**Methodist Society
Speaker Meeting**.....6.00pm
Chaplaincy Office, Basement 10
Prince's Gardens. *God, Sex and
Death - The Challenge of AIDS* by
Rev. John Cooke.
Chess Club.....6.00pm
Brown and Clubs Committee Rms.
Happy Hour7.00pm
20% off all drinks in Da Vinci's.
Volleyball Club.....8.00pm
Kensington Leisure Centre,
Walmer Road. Men's training
session. Regular meeting.

Tuesday 22nd

Yoga Society.....12.15pm
Southside Gym. New members
welcome. Regular meeting.
CathSoc Mass12.00pm
Sir Leon Bagrit Centre, Level 1,
Mech Eng. Followed by lunch.
Science & Ethics Soc.....12.30pm
Euthanasia by Dr. Helen Watts. In
Table Tennis room, Union
Building.
Ski Club Meeting.....12.30pm
Weekly in Southside Upper Lounge.
Sailing Club Meeting12.30pm
Weekly in Southside Upper Lounge.
Yacht Club12.30pm
Meeting in room 101, Civ Eng.
**Liberal Democrat
Society Meeting**1.00pm
Weekly in Southside Upper Lounge.
Ents Meeting.....1.00pm
Ents/Rag Office above Traditional
Union Bar. Regular Meeting.
Boardsailing Meeting.....1.00pm
Southside Upper Lounge. Info
from J. Mayhew, Mech Eng.
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.

Karaoke.....8.00pm
Da Vinci's. Free admission. Happy
Hour 7pm-8pm. 20% off all drinks.
ICSF Presents:
The Abyss Special Ed6.00pm
Making of The Abyss9.15pm
STOIC (top floor of Union). ICSF
members free (membership £3
including 1st film free).
Caving Club Meeting.....8.00pm
Regular meeting in Southside Upper
Lounge until closing time.
IC Radio Presents:
Back to Basics9.00pm
With Rahul and Jamie every week.
Mountaineering Meeting.....9.00pm
Regular meeting in Southside.

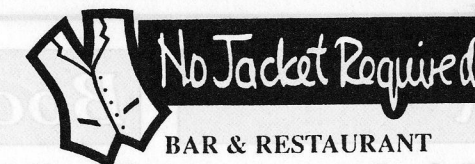
Wednesday 23rd

Parachute Club.....12.00pm
Table Tennis Room. Top floor,
Union Building.
Labour Club Meeting12.00pm
Regular meeting in Southside
Upper Lounge. All welcome.
**War Games & Roleplaying
Club**1.00pm
Senior Common Room, Union
Building. Regular meeting.
Hoverclub1.00pm
Build a Hovercraft. Meet at
Southside Garages near Southside
Shop or E-Mail j.bell@ee for more
info. Every week. All welcome.
IC Fitness Club.....1.15pm
Southside Gym. Intermediate/
Beginners aerobics.
Wing Chun Kung Fu.....1.30pm
Union Gym. Beginners welcome.
**Leonardo (Fine Arts)
Society**2.00pm
Weekly art classes in Civ Eng 101.
£4 staff membership, £2 students.
£2 per class (2 hrs).
Tenpin Bowling Club.....2.15pm
Meet in Aero Eng foyer for a trip
to Charrington Bowl, Tolworth.
Transport is provided.
OSC Football Tournament:
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 the Spanish Soc.
Chess Club6.00pm
Regular meeting in Brown and
Clubs Committee Rooms.
Happy Hour7.00pm
Da Vinci's Bar. 20% off all drinks.

Women's Volleyball7.00pm
Fulham Cross School, Munster Rd.
See noticeboard opposite the
Union Bookstore for details.
Regular meeting.
Club Libido.....9.00pm
Union Lounge, Union Building.
Free entry. Groove on until 1am.
Bar extension 'til 12am.

Thursday 24th

French Society12.00pm
Weekly meeting in Union Gym
(2nd Floor Union Building).
Spanish Society1.00pm
Weekly in Southside Lounge.
**STOIC Lunchtime
News Training**1.00pm
Top floor of the Union Building.
Members free, 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 Basketball.....6.00pm
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. All
fab bunnies welcome.
IC Choir Rehearsals.....6.15pm
Weekly meeting in Room 342,
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Tenpin Bowling Club6.15pm
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diary entries

Supply the following information by
6.00pm on Friday:

Day, time and title of event,
room in which the event is to be held

Book

Last Rights

by Tim Sebastian

This is a highly commendable spy thriller from the ex-Moscow correspondent for the BBC. A fleeting glance behind the Iron Curtain – a glance that reveals some of the many secret workings of the ex-Soviet Union.

An intricate network of multiple rounds of human betrayal expertly woven to share with the outside world the unpublicised realities of the Cold War. It is being implied that many governments are guilty of anonymous roles in fuelling the Communism that they were apparently trying to put an end to. A number of startling facts and even more chilling possibilities are captured by Tim Sebastian.

Very aptly titled *Last Rights*, the book follows the life of an Englishman born of Russian parents whose roots reach deeper than he could have every imagined. An Englishman until his parents' past catches up with him, he is forced to choose between "the death of a principle and the life of a human being". Read it yourself to find out what he chooses.

Last Rights – words for thought.

Ziegler

Published by: Bantam Books
Price: £4.99

Book

Falling off the Map

by Pico Iyer

Another travel book is not immediately what springs to mind as the greatest need of modern literature, although it ranks higher than Judith Krantz's 'Scruples 2' I suppose. There is always the possibility of being patronising when you are the writer who can describe over 200 years of a country's history in a little over twenty three pages and still make it home in time for tea. Iyer seems to make his job harder by operating under the subtitle 'Some Lonely Places Of The World', as he encompasses his eight choices.

The list, for completion, is: North Korea, Argentina, Cuba, Iceland, Bhutan, Vietnam, Paraguay and finally Australia. All-in-all this is a wide ranging bunch and perhaps that's part of his problem. They are just too diverse; my front room can be quite lonely on occasions, too. You get the feeling that the solitary journalist packing around the globe is never too far from maudlin friendlessness.

Despite all this, Iyer's writing style is unconventional enough to make a book, albeit a light weight one, out of his experiences. The Argentinean chapter is a good example. He

concentrates on the still strong polo driven aristocrats who live in a decaying opulence of 100% inflation and consider themselves too good, even for Europe. Yet Argentina has been covered before by such writers as V.S. Naipaul, as Iyer himself recognises, and the feeling comes on strong that he is acting as an appetiser to more weightier tomes. Similarly Vietnam, Cuba and North Korea are not exactly virgin ground.

For the lonely, Iceland's pallid streets appear to be the best. Not only for the violent mood swings induced by the varying seasons, nor the thousand years of Nordic inversion, just the chilly silence of a wasteland. As Douglas Adams could have written, there is one chapter in the Natural History of Iceland called, 'Concerning Snakes'. In its entirety it says, "There are no snakes to be met throughout the whole island". Mostly harmless, except for the bite of gentle irony.

Tintin

Published by: Black Swan
Price: £5.99

Book

The Pelican Brief

by John Grisham

Two of the nine Supreme Court justices in the United States are killed on the same night. Is it an unfortunate coincidence or a conspiracy? As the FBI investigation begins, a law student, Darby Shaw develops her own theory.

The Pelican Brief, as it becomes known is passed to the FBI by her boyfriend and Law Professor, Thomas Callahan. Within days of the document being read in Washington, she survives a car bomb that kills her boyfriend and she is forced to go on the run. While evading her unknown pursuers, she attempts to unravel the conspiracy.

This book is excellent. The plot initially moves along slowly as the characters are developed, but the momentum rapidly builds until you are totally absorbed by the plot. Don't delay, buy it and read it today! John Grisham is also the author of *The Firm* and *The Pelican Brief* will be released as a film on 25th February.

Blodwin

Published by: Arrow
Price: £4.99

Book

The Status Civilization / Mindswap

by Robert Sheckley

Different people have different ideas of Utopia. *The Status Civilization*, set mainly upon the planet Omega, could be considered as one such idea, if you are, or have the viewpoint of, a rather nasty, highly trained ninja who has several gold medals for sharpshooting and a penchant for general killing. The ideals of the society are clear. Kill or be killed. With each kill, your social status increases (and the number of people interested in your demise rises proportionally).

The first few chapters were muddled and generally confusing but once over these initial hurdles the story unfurls its wings and flies on faster and faster, dragging you along with it. However, as you near the end, the dragon-like novella pauses before finally smacking you hard with its 'tail'. It is the sort of book which, once finished and put down, leaves you thinking hard. Witty, containing several new ideas and generally a good read.

And now to the second story in the book, *Mindswap*. I remember being taught that a story should have a beginning, a middle and an end. *Mindswap* seems to consist of all three, but in no particular order. The story is that a homeboy wants to travel, so he swaps his mind with that of an alien for what he thinks will be a short holiday. The alien then disappears with his body. Naturally, the hero wants his body back and so chases the alien across space, mindswapping several times on the way. The story chops and changes like a fly going from A to B, never following one course for too long before turning in a totally new direction. It was hard to follow and the ending fizzled out like a wet firework. After the first story which showed the author's talent, *Mindswap* is poor.

Gunster

Published by: Legend
Price: £4.99

Cinema

Schindler's List

Starring: Liam Neeson, Ben Kingsley
Director: Steven Spielberg

I feel dwarfed by this film. Here I might claim kinship with Spielberg. Imagine undertaking the portrayal of even the tiniest detail from the vast and unrelenting landscape of the Holocaust.

This was probably why it took him ten years to finally make *Schindler's List*: not because he sensed his need to mature but because he was scared. Fascist revisionism seeks to bleach the past with its white stained fictions; the controversy over restoring sites like Auschwitz rages angrily through Europe and Israel. David Irving and his Nazi ilk could conceivably claim that the 'lie' continues and this film is its latest incarnation. I myself have no problem with questioning the past – for that reason I think *Schindler's List* is a triumph. The idiots swayed by revisionism question nothing; simply hearing what they like. But for each new generation the past is ever older and the question they must answer isn't 'did it happen?' but 'how could it?'.

How is this achieved? Principally, through the portrayal of individuals. This three hour black and white epic explores the Holocaust by concentrating on one man, Oskar Schindler. A German industrialist and war profiteer, he used a displaced and desperate Jewish workforce in his factory, where they were well-treated and safe from the work camps. But the Nazis' 'final solution' forced Schindler to play a dangerous game. He sought to save his staff by bribing the Nazis to transport them to a new factory in his home town. He had allowed himself to see the Jews as people, to love them.

This is shown most forcefully in a scene from the liquidation of a work camp – the survivors have been packed into train carriages to Auschwitz and in the sweltering heat the German officials dine by the railside, sweating



"Whoever Saves one Life, Saves the World Entire" – The Talmud

and swearing at the sun. Schindler, breaking under the sight before him, arranges for the carriages to be liberally hosed down, yet must act as if his motives were commendably sadistic. It is a euphoric moment, even in its despair, (they will still die) because one man dares to stand against the many, banded together to become less than men, a kind of anti-synergy.

Still more important is Spielberg's treatment of the Jews. As they line up en masse for classification, their typed names appear on screen. Again and again, little vignettes of people, faces in the crowd, trying to live and dying. A breathtaking moment: Spielberg shows mass chaos as the ghetto is 'cleansed', at the same time one small girl is picked out in red. The message: the many are made of ones.

Melodrama is nonexistent, the film is almost cold and the effect is claustrophobic. I say cold but the film is speckled with humorous warmth. This is deliberate; one cannot help smiling as a boy searches for a hiding place and is continually thwarted by others in residence. He jumps down a latrine and even there dwell three children, picked out in a pool of light. He

stands outside them. "You're not with us." Mob horror again. Cold as life is. Emotion comes from within us, the world *is* black and white. Colour enters a packed train carriage as the camera pulls in from the outside world to the occupants (*their* colour, *their* life), then it pans back outside to grey.

Traditional rant? Liam Neeson is unobtrusively convincing, Ralph Fiennes a detestable evil as the sadistic Goeth, Ben Kingsley's Itzak Stern a heartbreaking pragmatist's hero; every one of the cast performs admirably. The movie is technically flawless. Spielberg uses his past to create an ugly first hour, Schindler dancing and entertaining and then the music's turned off and Goeth is shooting people for fun from his villa. Spielberg enters unknown territory and maps it expertly. It takes a modern directorial master to stomp over the Art School and take this, the twentieth century's principle lesson, to its pupils. It will win Oscars. It may save lives. Possibly the greatest film ever made.

Owain Bennallack
On general release today.

Cinema

A Bronx Tale

Starring: Robert De Niro, Chazz Palminteri
Director: Robert De Niro

A strange cookie this, so overlaid with unnecessary pathos. Robert De Niro looms large, directing debut and still acting too. But in both cases he is largely anonymous. The byline reads: "A devoted father battles local crime boss for the life of his son." Baloney. That's just the facade. In fact, this film has as many inconsistencies as De Niro had bullet holes in 'Godfather 2'. There's also jumps in continuity, airbrushed violence, simple moralising, and yet this remains a hugely satisfying film.

De Niro plays a hard working Italian-

American busdriver on the near side of the tracks, trying to bring up his son Calogero properly. But Calogero is drawn to the shiny hoods, crackling money and a surrogate father in the figure of local big boss, Sonny.

The ever-present violence is more than petty but is somehow embraced in a way which limits its effect. It can still be sickening, as when a group of Hell's Angels are bloodied and torn in slow motion to the swagger of the Beatles' 'Come Together'. "Hey come on flat top he goes grooving up slowly..." as noses fall and baseball bats bluster; then everyone gets up and walks aching away. Smells like the A-Team are back in town. Even the climactic racial scenes are diluted by an all-the-lads-together feeling. It's not portrayed as nasty and murderous, just the over zealous idealism of youth.

The direction is swift and steady, maybe slightly overplayed in places but there are some excellent laughs. Music is the canvas on which scenes are laid: the film's stuffed full of authentic Do-Wop, played whenever there's no dialogue, and all together it works. Maybe the secret is that De Niro resists going for a Spike Lee shot at filming racial ghettos.

At the end, this could be anyone's story. That's why the film is good. I don't need to identify with Calogero, or the problems of the Bronx in the early 60's. It's a film which doesn't need to be big, heavy and scary, and is only slightly flawed by being all three at some point. It can just be an act, part of a modern storyteller's tradition, ok...just a Bronx tale.

Tintin
On general release today

Next Week: Decca's series of music banned by the Nazis

Album

Pavement

Crooked Rain Crooked Rain

We used to love *Pavement* for their dopey genius, inspired by the breath of real mania. The music? Mad and unique, it was often excused for the band's sake, for the idea and the lo-fi ideology. This is not to decry 'Slanted...' or 'Westing...', but precious songs speckled those albums like fool's gold. Tell me you never wished for highways of 'Summer Babe' or 'Zurich is Stained': you don't wish cheaply if you simply smiled contented at these backstreets.

Then came 'The Unseen Power of the Picket Fence', on 'No Alternative' last autumn, and this indie world of mirrors gasped in unison at the anthem of tapping feet. *Pavement* underslung a bass and got so funky, so funny and poignant that it was immediately tossed on top of the tatty piled vinyl that is the Pavement's Greatest Hits collection. We waited.

What the press and press offices promised has arrived. A poppier *Pavement*, singing about the silly death of rock to jerk rock riffs, blues and all that jazz. The album is a natural high, a sudden rush that only smiles wider with time. Malkmus bites at other bands, at triviality - "I care, I care, I really don't care, Did you see the drummer's hair?", and at ignoble hair cuts. Songs? 'Cut Your Hair' is, of course, an anthem, 'Unfair', an elated and Venice-bridged marvel, 'Range Life' shows how to be quirky without being irksome. Matters do tail off a little; Heaven may well be 'a truck' but on Earth it was the previous sunrise of songs. Perhaps by then I'm just to happy to care. Because whereas before I used to smile at them, now the mania's all been given to me, is mine. (9) - **Owain**

Album

Therapy?
Troublegum

From the moment the opener, 'Knives', steamrollers in with its Helmet-style razor riffs, hyperactive drums and intense vocals, you know that you're in for one big adrenalin kick. The wonderfully fat chorus of 'Screamager', the deliberate Bob Mould impression in the middle of 'Stop It You're Killing Me', the great cover of Joy Division's 'Isolation'...the magic just keeps coming. In fact the only downer is the occasionally laughable lyric. Take the line "masturbation saved my life". Well, I'm glad to hear that it could give you a helping hand, but did it really make you "nervous as a child?"

Still if you can get past that and like your heavy metal blessed with a punk spirit and sharp sense of melody, then invest in this, you won't end up doing any teethgrinding. (8) - **Vik**

Singles

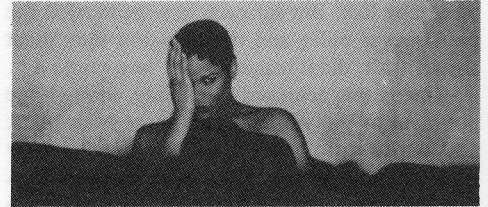
An absolute bumper crop to bring to you this week. Either the food of love is in the air or the fat accounting cats are clued up on the value of valentine releases. Red roses and the new Sepultura single. Enough to turn anyone's head.

Just to buck the trend we'll start with a single released next Monday, under the banner of the last British Rock band. They've been heralded on every front cover under the sun, but is it all meaningless? **Primal Scream**, reborn under the watchful mixing desk of George Drakoulias (of Black Crowes fame) kick off into the baleful spotlight of fame with their double A side, 'Rocks/Funky Jam'. 'Rocks' is more than a nod, actually a deep bow to the early Rolling Stones. Spiky guitar, bar room piano and smashing tambourine, with Bobby Gillespie trilling "get your rocks off" in his best lip curling style. 'Funky Jam' plugs into the New Orleans' brassy dance groove thanks to big George Clinton. And while there are worse things to be than retro, I think we'll have to wait for the album to see if they can do more than just dye their hair black in the name of musical progress.

Let's return to **Sepultura**, whose cage-ridden fans plagued the Word not so long ago. Our own fan appears in the figure of Freddy Cheeseworth. "They could be content to stand head and shoulders above their rivals merely on the merits of their intensity, sound and image but, no they've only got to go and write good songs as

well. 'Refuse/Resist' is easily the finest extreme metal single since 'Territory'." Fred, as he is casually known to his friends, goes on to the **Wildhearts** and their 'Caffeine Bomb ep'. "The first two tracks are uproarious blasts of whirlwind Punk, whilst the other two defy any category except weird. The **Wildhearts** are back on course to save the world."

To continue in the vein of being loud, nasty and loud again, **Soundgarden** release 'Spoonman ep'. Ridley Dash refurbishes the myth. "You'd think it was about drugs but fact, as ever, is stranger than fiction. Artis, the spoonman, is apparently a local legend in Seattle and this is his song. He even plays the spoons on the track, although you would be lucky to hear him behind the roar of guitars." Another stateside ensemble of style appears with Mr. Greg Dulli and his 'Debonair'-ed-'ep' **Afghan Whigs**. "Aside from the title track this features 'My Curse', ably sung by Marcy from Scrawl, and a Scrawl cover, 'Ready'. It highlights the versatility and imagination of the band." - **RD**



Now hold your breath as we race through a number of things at incredible speed starting with the lady above, **Gabrielle's** 'Because of You'. "Yup, just what I expected. It's nice. The 7" mix is light and airy, same old vocal style, and most of the same notes I'll wager." - **Dave T.** Camille hits on **Freakpower's** 'Rush'. "They know how to harness the cosmos. It's a funky anthem advocating synergistic synchronism." Piers offloads the **Sultans of Ping** (no FC) as they propose to 'Wake Up And Scratch Me'. "Energetic, vibrant, lilting and thoroughly catchy, this is one of their best songs yet." We end this section panting with Guy, **Whiteout** and 'No Time'. "Yawn, excuse me. It's just that I've heard it all before. They play it with more competence than you can shake a stick at, but it's about as inspiring as the stick itself."



Back to valentines. My own little love affair with Holland continues thanks to Sphinx's zoet dropjes and the release of the **Nightbloom's** (above) double A-side, 'Hold On/Changes'. Brief and pleasant, full of concentrated guitars, background clapping and harmonising. In my humble column it is single of the week...**Tintin**

TDK
CAMPUS
CHART

February 1994

1. BIG TIME SENSUALITY Bjork	One Little Indian
2. SATURN 5 Inspirial Carpets	Mute
3. THINGS CAN ONLY GET BETTER D:Ream	FXJ/Magnet
4. AIN'T GOIN' OUT LIKE THAT Cypress Hill	Columbia
5. COME BABY COME K7	Tommy Boy/Big Life
6. IN YOUR ROOM Depeche Mode	Mute
7. OPEN UP Leftfield and Lydon	Hard Hands
8. TWIST AND SHOUT Chaka Demus and Pliers	Mango
9. JENNY ONDIOLINE / FRENCH DISKO Stereolab	Duophonic
10. NOWHERE Therapy?	A+M
11. TICKING TIMEBOMB Chumbawamba	One Little Indian
12. BLOW YOUR WHISTLE DJ Duke	Ffrr
13. NEUROTICA Cud	A+D
14. ALL APOLOGIES/RAPE ME Nirvana	Geffen
15. DAUGHTER Pearl Jam	Epic
16. SPIKKE/DOGMAN GO WOOF Underworld	Junior Boys Own
17. TEENAGE SENSATION Credit To The Nation	One Little Indian
18. CANNONBALL The Breeders	4 A.D.
19. DON'T LOOK ANY FURTHER M-People	Deconstruction
20. THE WHISTLER Honky	Z.T.T.
21. ANYTHING Culture Beat	Epic
22. SPOONMAN Soundgarden	A+M
23. HEY JEALOUSY Gin Blossoms	Fontana
24. SWALLOW E.P. Sleeper	Indolent
25. RENEGADE SOUNDWAVE Renegade Soundwave	Mute

CHART BREAKERS

1. A DEEPER LOVE Aretha Franklin	Arista
2. PERPETUAL DAWN The Orb	Big Life
3. LINGER The Cranberries	Island
4. LINE UP Elastica	Deceptive
5. GIVE IT AWAY Red Hot Chili Peppers	Warner Brothers

Chart compiled by **STREETS AHEAD**

Telephone No: 081-852 8836

Compiled: February 1994

...I saw another one just the other day, a special new band...

Gig

Tindersticks, Drugstore LA2

Sad to say there was only one band performing tonight. All hearts may well have been waiting for the lounge lizard charms of the *Tindersticks*, for whatever reason they were happy to remain within their own lackadaisical box. But *Drugstore* had enough kicks for two.

You could see the gleam of ambition about the way they just cracked into the opening numbers. No banter, that comes with complacency. Between songs, Isabel swigged deeply from a bottle of vitriolic red which remained at her feet. As frontspiece she is faintly exotic, fairly tiny and with a growl like a Monday morning.

Intoxication kicks into the audience, some of whom even begin to nod their heads. That's more movement than will be generated later. *Drugstore* are a band who still want to play, who feel like they're doing something being on stage. They wanna be stars, they will get their wish.

The Red House Painters cry through me in my fogging bathroom mirror, sulking and mouthing to the torture of recognition - I don't want to see Koscelik banter with the crowd. No;

I don't want to see him exist. And I don't want to see Greg Dulli advised by a roadie to hold his cigarette a little more misogynistically or *Mazzy Star* shy in Hope Sandoval's languid hollow. Just like I don't want to hear Anne Franks read her diary at the Bloomsbury Theatre or to watch Shelley swoon on a BBC2 late show.

*I don't want to see lead
man Stuart acting the
fat and boozy old
crooner - I want to see
him a wasted man*

The *Tindersticks*? I don't want to see lead man Stuart acting the fat and boozy old crooner - I want to see him a wasted man, a bar act, twenty years the wrong side of the NME covers, a few songs of glorious memory before he falls into a pool of his vomit. But our fast-forward culture, (youth on a Warholian pedestal), thinks it knows best. The old days are here. The *Sticks* are now and we must imagine a little missing.

So they stumble onstage two decades early and Stuart's already loaded. There's the brief

communication of real musicians at work and then the first strings of 'Patchwork' are woven into melody and sent across the packed, murmuring congregation. All old boys with their hero's fringe and insolence...could it be exclusively a male phenomenon, this city's sickness they diagnosed on their eponymous album? Would they cure us?

The next cortege of songs are new and old and not on the album. Sing 'Marbles', shouts a twiglet. Nah - too obvious, says Stuart grinning at his own drunken 'wit'. Then the album comes thick and fast: 'Blood', 'Dyed' and 'Whiskey and Water' and about now it suddenly makes sense. The stupid venue with its disco mirrors, the adulation, the earnest craft of the band and we're going somewhere, if only on the Circle line. The album's cool but only now I understand. Seeing them there, with all the shameful genius of child prodigies or any of the rest of the human race, more, too soon, then they expected or deserved. See, losers don't win - they become winners.

The encore is a fantastic 'Drunktank'. Stuart grumbles and crows like some Camden Palace Oscar Wilde, over lashings of soul, keyboards and an electric violin. But *aren't* they unique...

And over. They sidle off without paying their tab, no 'City Sickness' or 'Marbles'. A real encore, said Guy later. Me hating them and thinking they already have old classics.

Owain - *Tindersticks* Tintin - *Drugstore*

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The Cat's Tale

As the sun rose higher, the rays slanted down, over the back of the building opposite, and entered his room. He looked up from the papers and books on his desk, where he'd been working all night. The morning sky glowed a burnished steel blue, cool, distant and indifferent. It promised to be one of those crisp, sunlit winter days he normally liked so much.

This is ridiculous, he thought. A few hours' work has taken me all weekend. Shaking his head, he returned to his work. About an hour later, he stood up and stretched. That was it, finished, another fraction of a course unit towards the degree. He had time for a shower, a shave and breakfast before making it to the tutorial. He headed for the bathroom.

Over breakfast, Sinatra came on the radio with a song about how unforgettable someone was. Muttering "bloody hell", he switched it off. The sudden pain slowly subsided into a dull throbbing in the background as he finished breakfast and started to set off for College.

He regained consciousness, realising he had dozed off in the middle of the tutorial. Alarmed, he looked around, if anyone had noticed, they weren't showing it. He glanced at his watch: relief, he'd only been unconscious for a few minutes, if that. Brace yourself, there's certainly worse to come.

With the lunch break to spend before the afternoon lectures, he headed for the dining hall where he knew his friends would be gathering for lunch, seeking the comfort of the small, familiar group. He found them at a table next to a window.

"Hey look who's here! Where have you been all weekend? You look like you haven't slept in three days!", "Hi guys, the weekend was a bit of a disaster, major work crisis, you know how it goes." The sunlight bathed everyone, making highlights dance in their hair as they talked and laughed. It was a time to be savoured, and he felt his spirits rising.

Then, without warning, all hopes he had of regaining some kind of composure were dashed. There is, then, to be no mercy, no quarter given.

She greeted everybody as she made her way down the table. Looking up at her in stunned disbelief, his eyes met hers as she included him in the general greeting. Her irises shone like pools of sunlit honey as she sat down almost directly opposite him. Her presence exploded inside him and reverberated along every fibre of his being, with all the power, beauty and majesty of the opening chords of a symphony.

It was the last thing he expected. Her arrival pleasantly surprised everyone. Long time no see and all that. Yes, she'd been rather busy all week, lunch breaks? Forget it! He was alarmed to notice one of his closest friends casting a quick, searching glance at him. Christ on a

Harley Davidson. He fixed his eyes on his plate and attacked the food. No use, amazing what resistance a College dining hall meal can put up sometimes.

A conversation started nearby on the prospects of the coming motor racing season. Thank God: a way out. The next half hour was all Formula One and who was probably driving for which team and why and what the new cars were going to be like and active suspension and traction control and aerodynamics and all the rest of the whole pointless multimillion-dollar circus. It was pathetic, but it was all he could do.

Inside him, all was in turmoil. He was torn between the intensely painful beauty of her all-conquering presence in his soul, and his despair of ever sharing that beauty with her. He could never be to her what she was to him, that much she had made clear. What to do? She pervaded everything: his work, the books he read, the music that used to be such a consolation. Now every jot of work he did, every page he read, every note he heard was suffused with her essence. There was no escape, no sanctuary.

At last, he heard her saying she had to go. All this time they had sat almost facing each other and hardly exchanged a word. It had once been so different. He grieved his loss. The door to a world of beauty and truth, of love and happiness had once stood ajar before him and his heart had echoed with a wordless song of joy, wonder and longing before the lovely vision. And barely had he taken the first fearful step but the door inevitably swung shut, the song silenced, the sweet dawn-light snuffed out. Nevermore.

He watched as she stood and said she had to go. He silently raised his hand, but she turned away. He looked on, hand raised, as she walked away. Then suddenly, she turned back and looked at him directly. He met her gaze, his hand still raised and her eyes again reflected the sunlight. For an instant, he felt as if the gulf that had opened between them had vanished, the chasm bridged, the door opened again.

For an instant she stood motionless, and he felt as if in that instant, that he was powerless to once more try to put in words, gathered strength from the light that shone in her eyes and jumped across, across from his heart through the space between them and into those huge eyes that now seemed to occupy his whole field of vision, his entire world.

Then she smiled, she smiled with her eyes and in her eyes he could see she knew, she knew but couldn't share, she couldn't share and could only leave, leave him outside the door to her heart that was now closed to him forever.

She turned away again and left. He still looked on, his hand still raised. The world had suddenly emptied.



There was only one thing left to do now.

Though the sun shone, it was bitterly cold on the balcony nine floors up. An aeroplane flew overhead, glistening metal bubble in the sky. He could see another three further away. He walked to the edge.

In his hand he had the letters, all of them, the ones he had written and never sent. His eyes lingered on the words for a while. The lines swam and shimmered as his eyes watered, maybe it was the cold.

Slowly and deliberately, almost tenderly, he began to tear the pages. He threw the pieces to the wind. They pirouetted crazily in the sunlit space. They looked like a swarm of butterflies flying across the space between the buildings.

Look, my thoughts can fly like butterflies. They're the most beautiful thoughts I've ever made. If only you'd share them, I could fly to you with them, even if you stood on that roof over there. How did that joke go? Two people on opposite sides of a drop like this one. One of them says, look, I've got a torch, I'll shine a light beam across the gap, you could walk across on it. The other answers, you don't fool me, you'll only turn it off when I'm halfway across and let me drop.

You shone a light beam across at me. You never expected me to walk it, but I did. I loved you and trusted you and walked the beam and didn't fall, I floated, I soared, held up by the light you shone at me. You thought I'd never do it, nobody in their right mind would try to walk on a lightbeam across an abyss, but suddenly there I was halfway across and you turned off the light.

You turned off the light, you had to keep me away no matter what, but look! I'm not falling, I can fly, I can do anything, I can tear my heart into little strips and throw it to the wind, I can even just let you turn and walk away because I love you.

George

Handbook Editor Wanted – And We'll Pay!

Fancy editing a book that is read by over one thousand students? Fancy getting paid for it? Fancy being Handbook Editor?

While the elections for all of the other Union posts and officers happen next month, we have to elect one right now at the next Union General Meeting on 25th February (1pm, Ents Lounge).

It's the post of Handbook Editor. This post involves working from now, gathering a team of helpers around you and working with Union

Officers, Sabbaticals and Staff to produce the Union Handbook. Don't panic! Whilst it may seem a big job, there is a lot of time to do it in, and the work you do over the summer is paid.

You have to gather and write material, search for advertising revenue, chase clubs and societies for submissions, collect photographic material, the full monte really. You are responsible for the creation of the Handbook from the conceptual ideas, all the way to where

it goes out in the post to all of next year's new students.

Sounds interesting? To stand, sign up outside the Union Office. You need a proposer and ten seconders. Come into the Union Office and ask for details if you want to know more. Also, if you want, get the view of one of the past editors, speak to Beccy, the Felix Editor. Pop into the Felix Office, Beit Quad and ask her for her views.

The Election Papers Are Up

If you are interested in or are going to stand for a sabbatical post, you have until next Friday, 25th February, to get yourself proposed and seconded. Remember that the papers are opposite the Union Office, 1st Floor, Union Building.

When you go to sign up, make sure you get a copy of the election rules and publicity procedures. Remember, you cannot put up any publicity until the papers come down. If anyone wants any more information about a particular post, talk to the relevant sabbatical.

So, How Do I Vote?

First things first, you need your swipe card. No swipe card? Is your swipe card knackered? Well, you can get a new one from Security in the Sherfield building. In past years, Union cards were punched to show that you voted (and to stop you voting twice); this year we're using swipe cards.

Those kind people in Security have come up with a read-write machine which electronically marks your swipe card to show that you have voted. Don't worry, it won't show how you voted, the machine merely 'tags' the card to ensure you cannot vote twice, just like

physically punching a hole. This system is a lot tighter and less prone to abuse than punching holes in Union cards.

So if you haven't got a swipe card, get it replaced now. If you've gone on to a new course and your card says that it has expired, don't worry. If your card is still working, the machine can tell so.

Remember, when you go to vote, you're name is checked off against the student register to make sure you are eligible to vote. If you are a student at Imperial College, you're on that register, so don't worry.

UGM

UNION GENERAL MEETING

Friday February 25th
Union Ents Lounge

Deadline for Motions:
Today, Friday 18th

(Motions to be handed into the Union Office, 6pm)

I.C.U. Ents. Presents

Retro Night

In the Union Lounge

Fri 25th Feb

Doors Open 9pm

£1 on the Door

Disco till 2am

Bar till 1am

Reduced Price for Retro Dressing

R.O.N.R.

Open Letter to IC Students

Although the community at Imperial College is known for its cosmopolitan nature, certainly in comparison with other academic institutions in Britain, this advantageous position has, for too long, been neglected, and even ignored by the students. At lectures and tutorials, we find ourselves working next to, and with, students from the far reaches of the world. But do we ever stop to think of the wealth of knowledge we could harness by displaying an interest in the others' cultures and backgrounds? I suggest that for the vast majority of us, the answer is no. At 6pm, the home community, and its overseas counterparts part company. And except for a club activity, or, in the case of first years, a hall outing, will rarely meet again until lectures the following morning. The divide is further illustrated by the complete lack of presence of overseas students at evening Union events.

This divide, I would suggest, will always exist. It is the nature of different communities to remain independent. However, I feel that this stage of our life is probably the best moment for understanding to develop. Due to advances in technology, the world is becoming a smaller and smaller place to live in. In a few years, a lot of us will find ourselves conducting business with the members of other nations. The new nature of Britain itself, means that even if you are working at a local level, you are bound to have dealings with members of other communities. Surely we should not lose this opportunity, while we are all on a level playing field, to begin the process of learning about one another.

Where this whole argument is leading to, is the opportunity we have with our overseas societies, to begin this process. The Overseas Students' Committee has 26 constituent societies representing a vast cross-section of the

cultures found on our planet. Several of these societies have, in recent past organised events. These are not just, as the popular image seems to be, for the benefit of the students from that cultures, but are also aimed at the student community in general. A good example is the recent 'Swing Singapore' event, organised by the Singapore Society. The exhibition put on in the Great Hall, was most impressive, and, was certainly as professionally put together as many museum displays. The level of effort put in was not just so that Singaporean students could see what they already knew, but was rather more aimed at the student in general. However, as far as I could see, despite high levels of advertising, very few members of the general student community showed an interest.

All overseas student societies are open to all members of the Union. I would encourage you all to take an interest. Furthermore, the most important event involving the overseas community, and certainly the largest student event since the Union Freshers' Fair at the start of this year, is yet to occur. International Nite '94 is due to take place on Friday 4th March. Most of the overseas student societies will be taking part, be it in the International Food Fair, or the Cultural Show. Contrary to general opinion, this is not just an overseas affair, but rather, an event for the whole College to enjoy. If you are a home student, who has until now, not taken any interest in overseas events, then I would particularly encourage you to come along. Tickets will be on sale in the Union Office, and in the Sherfield Foyer in the coming weeks. I look forward to seeing you all then!

*Mustafa Zakir Hussain
Chairman,
Overseas Students' Committee.*

R.E.S.P.E.C.T.

Dear Beccy,

It is a sad reflection of our society that we seem to be running out of role-models. Integrity is a dying maxim. Many people in occupations which traditionally commanded respect and admiration appear to be as fallible as the rest of us.

The media portrays the Royal Family as a bunch of muppets and politicians as sexually-perverse hypocrites. When you think of a Justice of the Peace, do you not think of a plump ageing gentleman more in touch with the ins and outs of wig maintenance than the real world? What of the law enforcers, the police? Reading the paper the other day I was left with a sense, albeit an illegitimate one, of the police being at best ineffectual and at worst corrupt. Our religious leaders, meanwhile, seem to be either condemning us to death or boring us to the same end.

Children growing up today must be more disillusioned than ever especially with more family units breaking up. Many youngsters don't even respect their parents. So who should they respect? According to Matt Bianco we should respect ourselves and Aretha simply says we should respect (just a little bit). The youth of today are left with role-models who make music or movies or who parade up and down catwalks. Should we respect someone for their physical appearance? Of course not! But do we?

Respect is a precious commodity and it should be exercised when we recognise great wisdom or talent. But though I might go to a Prince concert and buy the Purple Rain album, I will certainly not purchase a pair of purple platform shoes. If we could all aspire to achieve the qualities of those people whom we recognise to be the best holders of those virtues then surely we are some way to being worthy of other people's respect ourselves.

*Yours respectfully,
S.A. Shaw, Mech Eng 3.*

Wasteland Of Mindlessness – A Turning Point

Dear Felix,

Thank you for the opportunity to state a few brief thoughts of mine about our College regarding its academic atmosphere. As the title shows, not only do I quite agree with the letter of Marcus Alexander on the 21st Jan. issue, but I would like to take his points a bit further.

"How do you like life at Imperial?" is a standard question for me, posed to me by people. My answer is the following: "Being a 2nd year now I like my course and most of the subjects, what I do mind is the total lack of a proper academic atmosphere meaning circulation of ideas and a sense of the problems of the world we live in". The answer to that from people being in England longer than myself is that "this is the case for all English universities". Well, I don't know about the others' standards, I know about my College. As Marcus Alexander points out: "In a place which lays claim 7,000 of the highest IQs in the country this is purely absurd."

I've come across this "what's that have to do with your subject?" so many times. Almost every-one I told about my involvement in the European Youth Parliament or the Europe 2020 conference reacted pretty much the same way. Later, of course, one realises that the similarity between a multi-interest person and a non-activist is the same as the similarity between one's course and an extra-curricular activity: nothing at all! It seems too many people think university is about taking a degree through a continuous hangover in order to make some money later on. The exact impression that the JCR and Da Vinci's give a stranger: life's about a pint of real ale and a chicken'n'mushroom pie. This is probably a low-level education, but certainly not paedia (*sic*).

I am quite glad, though, that I know of people who detest this, and my message here is meant for them. I would like to have everyone's recommendations, opinions, proposals or comments about the formation of a society that will go

beyond all the ICU clubs and societies, i.e. the formation of the *Youth of Europe* society. I conjure it up as a unique platform of discussion and opinion-exchange about the past, present and future of the Continent we live in, its organised events ranging from speeches, lectures and debates to art exhibitions, concerts and away-breaks to European cities, thus encompassing interests in politics, economics, history, music, philosophy and art. Although I have not yet a definite idea about this, I consider it a very serious and important blueprint for what will be the most vibrant and multi-coloured society in the College. Therefore I urge all my fellow students interested to contact me and share their views and ideas. My e-mail address is kh@ee.ic.ac.uk or you can drop a note in my pigeonhole.

*I await the response of the student body.
Yours,
Kyriakos Hatzaras,
Greek Delegation for Europe 2020.*

The deadline for letters is Monday, 6pm

Editorial

I could write volumes about the letter on the opposite page entitled 'Media Virus', but I will try to keep my response as brief as possible.

The media virus campaign seems to be the reason behind Gareth Davies writing the letter. When he brought the article in, it was not made clear to me that it was an article to be printed in that form; I thought it was more for my information. When I looked at it, it was over a page of solid text and I was not prepared to cut two pages from the current edition of Felix in favour of something which had been brought in after the deadline and about which I knew nothing. I did ask other people about this campaign and everyone I spoke to had heard nothing, despite the supposed extensive national media coverage. I then handed the article to the Felix news team who spent some time researching it and who then reported on (see page 2 of this edition).

Mr Davies claims that my failure to print anything on the campaign has stopped every student at Imperial College from participating and he asks what right I have to do this. Now, correct me if I'm wrong, but I was elected as the Felix Editor. I think this gives me the right to choose what goes into an issue and what doesn't. I don't believe that by not printing an article people are prevented from participating in a campaign.

There are other ways of getting messages across to the students. If you are relying on a page long article to inspire people to phone up random organisations and rant on about student issues, then I think you have been misled. People need direction and enthusiasm from someone. They will very rarely do something off their own back. Someone (maybe you, Gareth) should be out there organising it, leafleting the JCR and the Union, talking to people and getting them motivated; getting the support of the Union

would be a start. They have a lot more power than some people realise. Andy Wensley feels that this isn't the best way of tackling the problem. If he could be convinced, then he could use his influence to maybe get some phones brought in as has happened in Birmingham. Who knows?

But instead of going out and doing things, Gareth decided to complain about Felix. The points he raises are ones that come up time and time again, so once and for all, I'll try to set the record straight on some of them.

Deadlines. These are set for a reason. It is not, as Gareth seems to think, because it takes us four days to typeset a page. It is in fact because Felix is printed over three days, beginning on Tuesday. We therefore need sufficient pages completed by Tuesday morning. While it may not take long to lay out a page, there are things like the typing in of the articles (thank you for being so thoughtful and bringing your letter in on a disk, Gareth), proofing the page, correcting the mistakes, dot screening photographs and so on. All this takes time and as much as possible is done by students who have other time commitments such as their courses.

The main deadline is set at Friday to give myself the time over the weekend to sort out the page plan and decide what needs to be done by whom and by when. I do not believe that setting this deadline means I am sacrificing the quality of the issue for the quality of the presentation. However, I think presentation a very important. If something looks bad, no-one is going to bother to even pick it up. People are reading Felix at the moment, every copy is picked up and there are people complaining that there aren't enough copies in some departments. I doubt that someone is going around picking them up and putting them straight in the bin.

Another point raised in Gareth's letter is that of the content. Felix is a student newspaper, we can't deny that. It relies on students to write and produce it. It is also a society within ICU. It is there to give students a chance to try something different, something they haven't had a chance to do before. We aren't there just for the students, we are there for ourselves, too. This may sound selfish, but like I said, we are a society, too.

In order to get people involved, we include reviews in the paper. It is an age old complaint that there are too many reviews in Felix. Reviewing gets people involved. It gives them a chance to try something new. Felix needs volunteers and a lot of them are reviewers. The reviews may be subjective opinions as Gareth says and you may prefer to read reviews in the 'professional weekly periodicals', but they are all opinions. Are the opinions of someone who writes for Time Out any better than those of our peers? A lot of the reviewers writing for Felix know a hell of a lot about what they write about and are, in my opinion more than qualified to write a review.

I could continue to comment on the letter and I have a lot more I could say, but space and time are running out. If anyone else has questions or comments, perhaps they can write to Felix and I'll explain it to them. The deadline for letters is Monday, 6pm.

The reason for this is to give people a chance to comment on the issue that comes out on the preceding Friday. If a letter is brought in late, it will be fitted in if there is the space. If they include arrogant statements like "Your image in the eyes of the students will be defined by the effort you make to print this." I will not be inclined to make the effort.

Sabbatical Election Candidates

You can place advertisements in Felix for the issues coming out on Friday 4th March and Friday 11th March. Please ask in the Felix Office for more details.

Adverts are accepted on a first come first served basis.

The deadline for booking election publicity print work with the Print Unit is today. Bookings made any later cannot be guaranteed to be completed by Friday, 6pm.

Credits

Layout & Proofing:

Kin Wei Lee
Simon Shaw
Steven Newhouse

Features:

Owain Bennallack (Ed)
Min Kavlak
Marcus Alexander

Typesetter:

Rose Atkins

Printer:

Andy Thompson

Business Managers:

Simon Govier
Steve Newhouse

Puzzles:

Sphinx
Catfish

Reviews:

Juliette Decock
Jon Jordan
Joe McFadden
Rekha Nayak

Photography:

Ivan Chan
Mike Chamberlain

News:

Mike Ingram
Lynn Bravey

Joe McFadden

Shaun Joynson
Andrew Tseng

Collators Last Week

Joe McFadden
Steve Newhouse

Tim St Clair

Penguin

Mike Ingram

Ivan Chan

CAREERS INFORMATION

Milkround: Details of interviews are put up on the notice board outside the Careers Office a few days before the interview date. Don't panic if you are too late to apply for the Milkround, we will be write to several hundred employers in May and you can apply for the remaining vacancies when you have completed your finals. **Summer Vacation Training Opportunities** are now available on the new Database in the in the Careers Office. Apply to UROP for research opportunities

Penultimate Years: Start thinking about your future. If you don't know what you want to do, come to the Careers Office and try PROSPECT – our computer careers guidance system.

'Improve Your Interview Skills' is a short course for all on Wednesday 23rd February in Huxley 344 from 2pm-4pm. Sign up in the Careers Office.

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

Read the sabbatical candidate manifestoes in two week's time

Media Virus

Beccy,

I would be lying if I said that I have never been angered or frustrated by something printed in *Felix*. After all, what magazine or newspaper can contain the views of such a wide cross-section of communities and not rub some people up the wrong way? No, I'm not angry with *Felix* for printing something contentious. I'm not angry because of a letter or article that is fallacious or misleading. I'm furious, because as editor of *Felix*, you have managed to reduce one of the most interesting and perhaps acclaimed student newspapers in the country to an irrelevant rag, devoid of news, filled with stuffing instead of meat. I'm angry because of things *Felix* isn't printing, not because of what it is.

What do you think your role as *Felix* Editor is? In fact, what do you think the purpose of *Felix* is? No, Beccy, it's not a chance for you to produce a nice 'safe' format periodical for a year. Nor is it your opportunity to get some brownie points for your CV. *Felix* is there to serve the students of Imperial College and so are you. *Felix* should be the vehicle through which students get to know about student issues: it should be relevant. *Felix* should convey the feelings and views of students: it should be accessible. *Felix* should be a medium through which students can explore relevant issues and provoke discussion: it should be a platform.

At the moment *Felix* is none of these things. It contains space-filling articles of little or no relevance to current student issues; Reviews of books, theatre and music(!), all of which are not only extremely subjective opinions, but can be found in myriad professional weekly periodicals such as *Time Out*, and 'news' which is in fact 'olds' because it happened over a week ago. Articles submitted to *Felix* are being rejected and non-hack contributors are given pathetic, whimsical excuses in return.

More specifically Beccy, I am astounded, nearly to the point of speechlessness, by the

casual audacity of your decision not to print an article I gave to you from the editor of *Fuse*, the North London Universities' magazine concerning the now snowballing Media Virus Campaign, a student campaign using the humble telephone to register student opinion with national media in an attempt to raise the profile of student objections to the government's proposals affecting funding and student unions. It would have informed IC students about the campaign and how they could participate. Thanks to you, they know nothing of the campaign and are missing out on the opportunity to join a national campaign fighting for their rights.

I was annoyed when you chose not to print it last week, but knowing how difficult you seem to find printing anything submitted less than a week in advance, I was perhaps not surprised. I was stunned when it didn't appear this week. How dare you decide that the students of IC don't need to know about this? Did you think it was irrelevant? So irrelevant that 200 universities around Britain are now participating. So irrelevant that Glasgow University have dedicated an entire office to the campaign, that Birmingham have brought in special telephones for this purpose? So irrelevant, in fact, that the campaign has been covered by *The Guardian*, *The Telegraph* and the *Today* programme on Radio 4. The national media are queuing up to cover it. BBC Scotland and Northern Ireland, *Right To Reply*, *Comment* (Channel 4), *Pebble Mill*, *The Late Show* and even *MTV* for Christ's sake, have all been in contact. And *Felix*? You, in your wisdom, decided it is not newsworthy. You decided on behalf of the students of IC not to participate. What gives you this right?

I will stick my neck out and guess your major defence on this one. Is it the old argument, "we need articles to be submitted before Tuesday because it takes us four days to typeset?" I realise that you must plan the format in advance, so that you have multiples of four pages. Obviously adding or taking articles away is not easy given this constraint. On top of this, you have the time it takes to typeset a page: three to four days for the entire issue, so I am told. Your solution is to

sacrifice the quality of the issue in hand for the quality of presentation. Wrong. Presentation quality should always be subordinated to quality of content. You should pride yourself on the contents of *Felix*, not its layout.

And are you telling me that nothing is typeset on the Wednesday or Thursday? Of course it is. Get your priorities right. You should be planning so that articles which can be postponed for a week are typeset last. This way you will have time to fit in a last minute article at the expense of a music review which can wait.

Having edited on a smaller scale myself and being a close friend of the only non-sabbatical editor in the history of *Felix* (Andy Butcher), I understand the time constraints of producing a weekly magazine or newspaper. I know it's possible to include 'news' – your excuses are totally unsubstantiated. You have no reason to print a review in favour of important news or a relevant article submitted by a student.

And letters? The number of letters received is a good indication of the number of people that read it. No surprises then, that last week's *Felix* contained one letter and this week's had a record zero. You're not helping yourself by insisting on the presentation of a Union card with every letter. What on earth is the purpose of this? It hasn't been done by editors in the past so what makes you think you need it? I remember *Felix* when it had two or three pages of letters which made fascinating reading and made *Felix* feel like a genuine student paper; It was addressing student issues. Contentious 'flame wars' between sometimes anonymous writers made *Felix* a regular on my reading list. These days I skim through it in less than a minute and then put it in the bin.

For the record this letter will be presented to you on the morning of Tuesday 8th February, just past the deadline you normally set, giving you three whole days to find room for it. As usual, I will even supply it on disk so that you don't have to type it in. Your image in the eyes of the students will be defined by the effort you make to print this.

Gareth Davies, *Physics PG3*.

Imperial and the University of Life

Dear Ed.,

In recent issues there has been some talk about the apathy amongst students at Imperial College in thinking about matters outside academic affairs and at the risk of getting my fingers burned I would like to add some fuel to the fire in the light of last week's ideology feature (end similie).

We can only write from personal experience – things we have heard, seen, felt and done – and the speed of modern media has helped to bring these experiences to us more rapidly than ever before. The media has presented to me over the past year home truths which I find have shattered many of my ideals/idols.

As I read of the worsening of the war in Bosnia, famine in Somalia, the deaths of two boys in the Warrington bombing and two other boys being responsible for the murder of James

Bulger – Michael Jackson's 'Heal the World' was played at his funeral before yet another boy alleged sexual abuse, forever tarnishing the image of the man behind the myth – as I have seen this happen around me I have contemplated my own position in the world, studying in the bricks and concrete jungle that is IC.

Now I know that the majority of IC students don't voicibly express these opinions (in which case this letters page would normally be far fuller) but I am sure they must ponder the issues from time to time. As I have matured over the two and a half years at IC many of my academic ideals too have been dispelled: the joy of learning and a communal spirit of purpose to understand have been replaced by the more realistic aims of protecting one's own interests, and keeping one's head above water.

In our department I see career-obsessed, self-

centred go-getters either not caring for learning for its own sake and only seeking to do the minimum to pass exams, or the mark-hungry academics with the sole aim of a first. I would be the first to call hypocrisy on my part – I am forced to comply or be another casualty of this rat race. Now I may be wrong – there may not be a problem at all: this is, after all, preparation for real life in the modern world – but in my mind, such one-dimensionality seems tragic.

I end with the well-known peer to student adage: you go to University not only to learn but to receive an education. Thank you Ed./reader for printing/reading this letter in its entirety. Perhaps there are some ideologists out there who would like to reply to or comment on some of the points I have raised.

Sagar Das, *Chem Eng 3*.

Crossword *by Catfish*

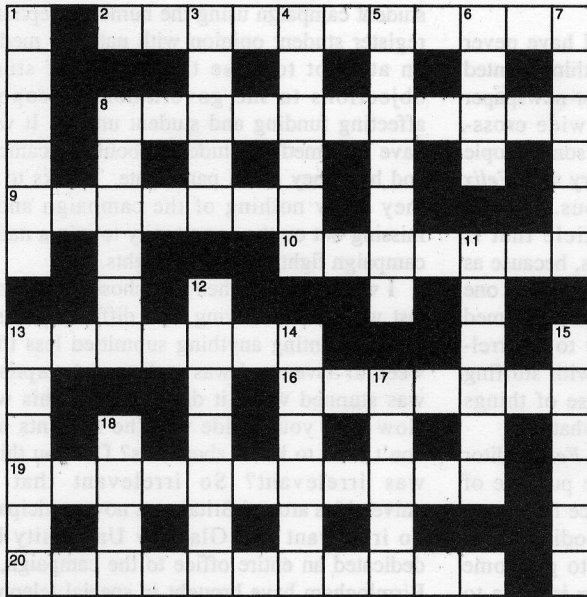
**SCRIBBLE
PAD**

Across

- 2. Noticed rail weaves in a certain way (11)
- 8. In 504, I double headstart of singles (11)
- 9. See 15 down.
- 10. Turning first start in constellation after night's end (7)
- 13. Small horses swallow second petal of flowers (7)
- 16. Sick of loch debility? (7)
- 19. Cross light barrier, going no further beyond (11)
- 20. Instruments confusing a sin with performance (11)

Down

- 1. Every year the upstart's in the record (6)
- 3. Broadcast recently in South American city (5)
- 4. One hundred obvious secrecies! (6)
- 5. Inside, endless window looks over golden south (2-5)
- 6. Speaker rises under direction of tide (4)
- 7. Class apparently will decrease (6)
- 8. In an excavation, nothing is coloured (6)
- 11. Most certainly in action! (6)
- 12. Flipper's points reflect with style (7)
- 13. Post office mentions rise in literal description (6)
- 14. Quietly dispatched around Illinois (6)
- 15 & 9a. We used roast and sliced it for a Chinese dish (1,5,3,4)



- 17. Carried boy above most men (5)
- 18. Express tiredness, way up north (4)

Cracking Cryptic Crosswords

Lesson 5. Minor setbacks

The solver can be told to reverse words or abbreviations in order to get the answer. Take the simple case of a word spelling another word when read backwards, **SPINS** which spells spins backwards:

Turns and cuts back (5)

- 1. *Leaves* the band reflective (5)
- 2. Retreating friends will *strike* (4)
- 3. *Droop*, phase reversed (3)

A slight variation of the same theme:

- 4. An attendant returns to *Princess* (5)

Palindromes are words which are spelt the same backwards:

- 5. A *quick look* in both directions (4)
- 6. Brought back the same *look* (3)
- 7. *She's* identical from both sides (5)

Of course a word could be split up and then a reversal introduced for part of that word. Consider the word **MERCHANT**. A clue could be

REM are back to sing about a tradesman (8)

The next two clues use abbreviations as the non-reversed parts of the clue.

- 8. *Restrict flow*, the good man turns me (4)
 - 9. Lot sent back to the novice on *charge* (4)
 - 10. Got back a *garment* (4)
- [See also 6, 12 and 13 down above.]

Conventionally, the clue setter can write *Down* clues with a sense of direction. For example 'written up', 'sent up' or 'rising' can all mean that the answer or part of the answer is written backwards in a *Down* clue. A *Down* clue for **TIME** could be

Issue upset for a period (4)

since it would spell 'emit' when read up.

Lesson 6. Homophones

A homophone (or a homonym according to some dictionaries) is a word which is pronounced the same as another but is different in spelling and meaning. For example 'sort' and 'sought' or 'rain' and 'reign'.

- 11. *Look intensely at* the escalator, you hear (5)
 - 12. Gives you a *sense* of being a sound place (5)
 - 13. Reported a smell to have been *posted* (4)
- [See also 7 down above.]

Lesson 7. In your face

Occasionally, the answer to the clue will be staring at you in the face – it may literally be hidden in the clue. Take the clue for **METRO**:

In some trouble underground (5)

Metro is in *some trouble*. Since these clues are so rare, it is easy to overlook them especially when the clue is padded out with red herring words. I personally like these clues so I'll give you lots of examples (but without the definitions in italics):

- 14. Develop the inside of a revolver (6)
 - 15. Tibetan accommodates wager (3)
 - 16. Judge in case of class essentials (6)
 - 17. A way of letting off steam in the heart of Coventry (4)
 - 18. Not all will grasp right lines so be alert (13)
- Beware reversals:
- 19. Jog back from the manure store (3)
 - 20. Gained return form acknowledgment (3)

There's a little space to add a short note. Notice how the straightforward definition in nearly all of the clues so far appears either at the beginning or the end of the clue. This is useful for working out how a clue has been composed and how the solver is supposed to interpret the clue.

Answers: 1.Parts; 2.Slap; 3.Sage; 4.Diana; 5.Peep; 6.Eye; 7.Madam; 8.Stem; 9.Tot-L; 10.Tog-a; 11.Stare; 12.Right; 13.Sent; 14.Evolve; 15.Bet; 16.Assess; 17.Vent; 18.Springiness; 19.Run; 20.Won.