

FELIX



The Student Newspaper of Imperial College

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Photo: Diana Harrison

Petty crime is increasingly becoming a feature of life at Imperial College, writes Rachel Walters. Reported thefts in the past week have included two cassette-radios from cars in the Royal School of Mines car park and four wallets. Linstead and Weeks halls of residence have had games machines and a pool table broken into, and damage was done to the chocolate machine in the Union building, pictured above.

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Rag Mag Slagged

BY RACHEL WALTERS

A frenzy has broken out after the publication of this year's Rag Mag. The magazine, whose proceeds will be donated to Rag's charities, features pictures of mutilated and pierced male genitals. Titled 'Doing it for the kids', the front cover shows a picture of the Moor's Murderers collecting for the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Commenting on the magazine, Ian Robertson, Rag Chair, said: "Personally, I feel very offended by it."

It is rumoured that a motion to ban the magazine will be raised at today's Union General Meeting (UGM). However, as FELIX went to press, no motion had been presented to the UGM Chair. If presented, the motion would be too late to be added automatically to the agenda. But Lucy Chothia, acting UGM Chair in the absence of Karl Drage, said it would be up to the UGM to decide if it could be presented. Ms Chothia said that she would not let a technicality bar any motion.

Friday night entrance fees will also be reviewed at the UGM. Currently, access to the Union building on Friday nights costs £1, even if only for the use of the bar. Whilst acknowledging that students should pay entrance fees to attend specially organised events, the motion demands that access to the quadrangle and bars be free.

Dan Look, Deputy President (Finance & Services), said that he could understand students' misgivings about the current policy, but felt that the alternatives were largely impractical. He suggested that students could avoid the entrance charge by arriving before 9pm, when admission to

the Union is free.

In previous years, there has been no charge for access to the smaller Union bar, but stewards have said that keeping the two areas separate has caused great difficulties. In addition, if the charge was simply for access to the Ents Lounge, then the Bar would have to close at 11pm. It could not support a bar extension.

Responding to the motion, Sam Michel, Imperial College Union Events manager, considered the practical difficulties of trying to charge students at the entrance to the events lounge: "This would definitely create a substantial bottleneck." He added that it would, "pose security problems both in terms of money being collected and for the stewarding of doors." Mr Michel felt that the resulting financial losses would have to be paid for indirectly by students. He also noted that the capacity of the Union building on a typical Friday night is 550 people, including those in the whole quad. A paying event would provide a far easier means of restricting access.

In a separate UGM motion, ICU sabbaticals may be mandated to participate in Rag's Sponsored Nude Kamikaze Parachute Jump. The event involves jumping from a minibus outside Harrods wearing only a bow tie and then getting back to College. The response has been hostile. If the motion is passed, Lucy Chothia, ICU President, has already stated that she will ignore the decision. She stressed that being naked in public was illegal and that a UGM's decision does not take precedence over civil law. When asked why she had done nothing to stop the 'illegal' event, Ms Chothia refused to comment.

Computing's 24 Hour Crusader

BY MICHAEL LUDLAM

A student is challenging his department in an attempt to obtain round the clock computing access. Manor Askenazi, a fourth year computing student is circulating a petition in favour of 24-hour terminal access for 3rd and 4th year undergraduates. Mr Askenazi has already collected a hundred signatories for his petition and has received the support of Departmental Representative Caroline Demian.

However, Professor Tom Maibaum, Head of the Department of Computing, has objected to Askenazi's suggestion on security grounds.

Speaking to FELIX, Professor Maibaum described the proposed unsupervised access to computing labs as a 'very serious security risk'.

He also questioned the wisdom of allowing students to work all hours of the day and night in front of a terminal. "It is not a good form in which to

study, nor is it good for their health."

In reply, Mr Askenazi retorted, "If we have not learned to avoid self-destructive behaviour by now, College will not be the one to teach us."

Addressing the security issue, Mr Askenazi pointed out that two sets of swipe-card doors restricted access to the computing facilities, in addition to the steel cabling which immobilises all of the computing equipment.

Currently, 24-hour access to computing terminals is not available to any Imperial undergraduate. However, in many more 'enlightened' universities some form of round the clock access have been established for some time. Certain students have been granted 'out of hours' access to complete project work or in other unusual circumstances, but Mr Askenazi complains that such exceptions to the rules are 'inconsistent and unreliable'.

Security Walk Gives Cause For Hope

BY ANDY SINHARAY

Imperial College Security Staff have been raising money for a charity walk.

The 'Cause For Hope' Appeal is raising funds to set up a centre for lung cancer research in Liverpool. It is to be a memorial to the popular TV entertainer Roy Castle, who died in September after a long battle against lung cancer.

The four-week 'Walk of Hope' by two security officers, at

the University of Liverpool, which started in Edinburgh is due to arrive at College today. The officers, Ray Pullen and John Collins, requested the support of their colleagues in 22 other universities to achieve their target of £12,000.

Graham Inniss, Imperial's security coordinator, said: "This is a cause we hope people will dig into their pockets and support... our target was £500 but we hope to raise nearer £1000. We're very much indebted to the RAG office

[for their help], and we're proud of our staff for their work."

Speaking to FELIX, Ian Robertson, Rag Chair, said that there would be collection buckets around College, at the Rag bash in the evening, and also at the Pub Crawl.

The walkers will be going to College via Knightsbridge, accompanied by Rag collectors, and presentation of the proceeds is to take place in the Solar Room at 170 Queen's Gate on Monday morning.

Liz Carr of the Press Office, who has been publicising the event, said: "Security have been wonderful, and Rag have been very good as well... it's something that's touched a lot of people, and has become a popular cause to support."

The walkers are due to leave Imperial College on Monday for the London School of Economics. They will complete their 600-mile trek at City University on Tuesday.

Chemistry To Lose Lecture Theatres

BY ANDREW SMITH

Imperial College's Department of Chemistry, arguably the country's leading chemistry department, will be without dedicated lecture theatres if the new Basic Medical Sciences (BMS) building goes ahead. FELIX has learnt that their present facilities are due to be demolished in July of next year, with no funding available for replacements.

Dr Brian Levitt, Chemistry's Director of Undergraduate Studies, has told FELIX that he has 'no idea what the solution would be' to the lack of lecture theatres. He confirmed that although original plans had

forseen three new lecture theatres over the present Lyon Playfair Library, funding pressures has forced the shelving of two of these.

Dr Levitt stressed the difficult situation that Chemistry is in, having already publicised a new four year course, it is now finding itself without theatres. Questions have been raised as to whether this will put off future students from applying for the course.

Mr Ian Caldwell, Director of Estates, has confirmed that the Higher Education Funding Council of England (HEFCE), will not fund the building of new theatres at Imperial when others remain empty for significant

periods of time. Mr Caldwell attempted to calm fears, saying that studies were in progress as to the usage of all the College's lecture theatres.

He confirmed that central coordination of theatres is being considered, with Chemistry and Biochemistry students possibly having to be lectured in other departments.

One option under consideration is the insertion of raked seats into the Union Concert Hall to be available both for lectures during the day and the cinema in the evening.

Dr Levitt has said that his department is 'making representations at all levels' to resolve the situation. He sarcastically

commented that, "all this is a brilliant example of planning".

With the proposed move of almost a thousand students to the BMS building, the extent of provision for their accommodation and recreational facilities is not known. Mr Caldwell has said that he hopes the development of additional accommodation will proceed in parallel to the development of teaching facilities.

Options being discussed are the building of residences over both the Sports Centre and the tennis courts beside Linstead. Also on the cards is the renovation of the parts of Beit Quad which will be vacated by the Biology Department.

Thai Tech Transfer

BY ANDY SINHARAY

Imperial College is to receive a new electronics lab with the help of a Thai institution. Mahanakorn University, based in suburban Bangkok and described as 'the biggest and fastest growing technology institution in Thailand', is to fund a new integrated circuit design laboratory.

The laboratory, to be located on the 9th floor of the Electrical and Electronic Engineering building, will provide Mahanakorn University with Imperial College technology and allow 'the highest quality' Thai students to train at Imperial.

A similar laboratory will be set up in Thailand. Its aim will be to duplicate work done at Imperial with research feedback passing in both directions. The Thai laboratory may enable IC

staff to run courses and provide consultancy services. It will also allow British educated students to continue their work in Thailand.

Speaking to FELIX, Dr Chris Toumazou of the Department of Electrical and Electronic Engineering, said: "It's a shame, these guys are so bright, but they don't have the facilities [in Thailand]." The new scheme will attempt to resolve the situation, the Thai students being what he describes as, "vehicles for technology transfer to the Far East".

The agreement should allow Thailand the opportunity to collaborate internationally in the field of electronics which has applications in areas such as medicine and mobile communications. Work in these fields is also to be conducted in the new lab at Imperial which will be

available to postgraduates and undergraduates of the department.

The new laboratory will mark a new phase of cooperation between Imperial and Mahanakorn, which has funded a readership and has been sending PhD students to IC for the last couple of years. In all, the department has been endowed with over £600k from Mahanakorn. The Rector, Sir Ronald Oxburgh, said, "Imperial is pleased to share its expertise with Mahanakorn both by persuing joint research projects and training its academic staff."

Though the scheme is separate from the one under consultation in College (FELIX 1010) Dr Toumazou said that the new project would complement the previous one 'as part of IC's continuing programme of links with the Far East'.

Forgery

BY RACHEL WALTERS

Imperial has been bombarded with a spate of forged bank notes in the past week.

Several false £20 notes have been cashed at Southside and in the Union bar. Hari Nair, manager of the Imperial Branch of the National Westminster Bank, said that a number of the forgeries had also been found at the bank.

However, Terry Briley, Deputy Head of Security, said that the problem was essentially a matter for the police to deal with. "It's very difficult to trace the culprits of this kind of crime," he said. Bar staff have been issued with guidelines to help them identify the notes, and have been asked to try and identify those who are passing them.

editorial

It is 4:30am; the second time this week I've noted the existence of this hour. The first was in worse surroundings than chilly FELIX TOWERS - it was the casualty department of the Chelsea and Westminster Hospital.

How can I write? Do I drip with blood or sway woozy with another swig of gas? Luckily my casualty trip proved a false alarm. The journey began on Sunday when I hit my head on a wooden chair. Jerking upwards I found the walls, table and piles of clothes shiny and indistinct. I found it unlikely that my two-week old laundry pile had been imbued with any mystical aura and besides, the brightness was giving way to mistyness. "My left eye is going blind", I said to a friend who peered in. "Lie down," she said, and I did. If I closed the (good) right eye my vision was reduced to a receding pool of clarity within a expanding circle of frosted glass. Within a minute it glazed over.

I would like to say at this point I became hysterical but I'm too staid for that. Instead I

remembered a similar incident ten years ago, when my vision went red in a school assembly and I thought I was being dealt with harshly by an unknown force (for only mouthing the words to an uninspiring hymn). Isabel turned off the lights, presumably so there was nothing to see and thus my blindness would be cured. But I could see blurry fishlike lights. It was almost like an optical 'stitch', where you kneel down and hope that when you stand the pain will be gone but you never know...

The stupid thing was that when my vision did return I forgot to be scared and carried on with the day. On Monday I asked everyone I saw about it, even the psycho martial artists and the Mary's medics. It was, of course, Waterstones who clinched it. I simply should buy my own *Family Health Diagnostic Guide*. It would have worked out great value by now considering the number of diseases it has diagnosed for me (okay, so not all of those have fully bloomed yet but a problem forewarned is a disaster halved...) Anyway: Vision>Temporary Blindness>Emergency>Doctor.

Now I panic. Having delayed

my emergency session by 30 hours I delay a little longer to read that I may have a blood clot, a brain tumour or worse. Panicking, I run around the office for an hour telling everyone how bad it is. 'Go to Casualty!' they chorus. 'After collating Guildsheet!' I reply and make Guildsheet assistant editor Andy Sinharay's night awful by insisting graphically how bad my delayed medical attention is.

At 9:30pm I leave FELIX and walk to the Hospital. It seems ridiculous to stroll down to the Accident and Emergency department. Where is the 'Paranoid and Unorganised' Wing? I look through the goldfish glass at scores of waiting people. "Hmmm..." mutters Tim, who had wandered out from Harts. "You'll need a good shotgun wound to jump that queue..." Foolishly I ignore him and wait five hours for the Doctor to tell me I was *probably* okay. In the meantime I had spent yet another chunk of my life in a medical institution growing humble at scenes of madness, patience, a naked old woman clutching her purse as she's wheeled by, a RCM student scared she'd lost a finger, a bloke

in a tux ring 'Vinnie' to say the "money is okay", a conversation between a male doctor and a stout patient who said to his friend "You could have stuck your finger up there at home" and an argument over whether a seventeen year old girl should be forced to take a taxi home. Casualty, better than *Casualty*!

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The facts are laid bare ...

Edited this week by Marcus Alexander

CJB Under Pressure

Dear Felix,
I thought what an excellent editorial you wrote on police bashing two weeks ago. It addressed the demonstration from the viewpoint of the ordinary citizen rather than from the usual trendy student direction. However I noted with disappointment that you lapsed back into the usual pattern after pressure from the 'right on gang'. I also fail to see the connection between the Criminal Justice Bill & Special branch. In fact you say "Although not directly related" so why bother to mention it? Perhaps it was merely a vehicle to slip in a joke about the 'criminally unjustifiable bill'. Boom! Boom!

You fail to realise the purpose of Special Branch's surveillance activities – they are not there to infringe civil rights as you imply, but to uphold and protect our democratic system. Some, but by no means all of these activists seek to overthrow or undermine our parliamentary democracy by many methods. No-one can deny that. To seek to stop these surveillance activities would be madness and in a roundabout fashion would cause the whole nations civil rights to be infringed.

Your comments about a police state are absolute stuff and nonsense. I feel that if you lived in a police state you would certainly know about it and probably have had your editorial blacked out by now. If we were living in the Soviet Union under the KGB and GRU your comments might have been acceptable and I am sorry but frankly the suggestion that the United Kingdom in a police state offends me. Perhaps you should move to certain countries in South America or South East Asia and you could find out what a police state is actually like.

Yours sincerely

Richard M. Phillips
Geology III

Too darn right. It's about time people stopped jumping onto these bandwagons and started to question things for themselves. The CJB may

not be so bad. Does it really matter if demonstrations are criminalised? When was the last time a demonstration had any effect on politics? After all, politicians have not got where they are today by going against the system – they are in it, they love it. Do you honestly think they have any respect for a mob of scruffy, long haired youths who are just looking for the first excuse to smash a brick over a policeman's head? Get real. If you want to change the system then work with it. Buy a suit.

As for the Special Branch, of course they are needed. A system cannot work without somebody to govern it, especially if a proportion of the population is out to destroy the system wherever they can. So give the Special Branch a round of applause!

Butt Out!!

Dear All,
As you are no doubt well aware, it is near the end of Rag Week with only a few events left, a few events that are often under-subscribed to. Also, this lunchtime there is a UGM in the Ents Lounge of the Union Building. In order that these last few events are better attended, and to liven up the proceedings, a motion has been proposed to this meeting encouraging the participation of the Sabbaticals in the Sponsored Nude Kamikaze Parachute Jump. However if this meeting is also poorly attended, it is possible that their own reluctance to get involved in Rag will prevent the motion from being passed.

Therefore we call for all those of a mind to encourage the Sabbs to 'get their kit off for charity' should turn up with their Union cards on Friday lunchtime at 1:00 pm and vote en masse for this motion. It should be noted that at least 100 students are needed to make this meeting quorate, so bring your friends, family and pets along too. For those of you worried for the safety of the Sabbs, you needn't be, the most damage they will receive is sunburn from each others' embarrassment, I know because I have done 'the jump' myself.

If you cannot make it on Friday, sponsor somebody or come along on Saturday to cheer at this lighthearted piece of fun. If the motion mysteriously does not make it to the UGM, it was last seen on Ian Parish's desk on Monday, and that will have a lot to say about the bureaucracy in the Union.

Alex Feakes
Simon Cooper
Physics II

Well, if there are still a few people who find sponsored indecency amusing, then they are quite welcome to it. However, the fact that this 'hilarious' event is so poorly attended speaks for itself. Is this act of gross illegality so funny? I think not. Attempting to make the Sabbs do the same is rather pathetic. As for the idea that you may actually be able to make Quorum, that seems about as probable as myself winning the National Lottery, without a ticket. But if you do manage to get people to go to a UGM, then I shall eat my words, as I too know how popular they are.

Light of Truth

Dear Felix,
I am one of the rare breed of introspective individuals of whom dear Frater would so passionately approve. In responding to some points raised by him last week my intention is not to flout my own opinions but hopefully to simply foment a more vibrant debate.

Perhaps we must start by asking the most fundamental question, **What is truth (enlightenment)?** Is it an achievement or a goal or an abstract concept to be eulogised and coveted? Can truth be defined within the parameters of human value? In asking these questions I am not seeking to form a conclusion, for a conclusive mind is surely a closed mind. Can a mind shackled and restricted by the ever pervading myriad conditioning influences ever act but within a 'narrow diffused sphere'? Can such a mind so conditioned by ambition, fear and greed ever know that which is limitless, unquantifiable, absolute? Note, I am making no claims, I am

drawing no conclusions, but merely asking, exploring this question of truth.

If truth is an absolute entity can there be paths leading to it? Is not truth its own reference? Think about it, don't jump to instant and unconsidered reactions. Consider the sages, seers and mystics walking this path – is not walking a path with hope of reward in itself inherently ambitious? Is what they achieve truth or is it merely a mental projection of their own created virtue? Is not forsaking all worldly possessions and embarking on a life of penance and sanctity worthless if the initiator and catalyst is ambition? The difference between worldly and spiritual ambition is only in degree not in kind. If you search with expectation then how can you find anything but that which satiates your own desires? Must not all explorations therefore be totally, unequivocally and unconditionally free from from all conditioning influences? Truth is surely of the present, it is with us every moment of our lives. In the words of Emerson, **"Each moment has its own beauty, One never seen before and never to be seen again"**. So it is with truth.

Yours sincerely

Kedar Pandya
Mech. Eng. 3

Hmmm. Such an interesting letter deserves a considered response. I think that one must first ask, "Is truth enlightenment?". I feel they differ. Enlightenment can most usefully be classed as a path towards losing one's shackles and conditioning influences and gaining a clear understanding. Note that it is a path, and not a goal; as Kedar states, aiming for a goal implies ambition, and ambition is contrary to enlightenment.

Truth, however, differs. It is 'of the moment' and has no clear underlying meaning. If any truth is reached through the path of light, it is the Meta Truth behind that of normal existence. One must remember that with each skin shed, another lies beneath. Upon consulting my acquaintance, your good Frater, he simply replied by quoting, "Aha!".

Help Out

Dear Felix,

I sympathise with Jane Hoyle's complaint about homophobia at IC. The challenge of establishing one's personal identity is not helped by the facetious reply which followed her letter or by the lack of information in freshers' week.

IC is not an isolated campus, and the anonymity of London offers many ways of coming out. I strongly recommend social groups such as the ULU GaySoc for your first move.

You'll find a friendly mix of students (and non-students), from every college, every subject area and every background, and if you met them on campus you'd probably never guess that they were gay. There are several other coming out and youth groups, such as at London Friend.

Here are some other ways in to the gay world. Once you're in, there are free newspapers which tell you about bars, nightclubs, films, contact ads and so on.

It took me six years to realise that there were other gay students like me: please don't be as stupid

as I was!

Paul Taylor

London Lesbian and Gay Switchboard (24hr info and advice) 0171 837 7324 (keep pushing the redial button!)

ULU GaySoc Thursdays (1, 8, 15 December, not 24 November) 7.30pm in rooms 2D/E at ULU, Malet St (Russell Sq tube). info 0171 580 9551 x211

London Friend, (advice and counselling) 86 Caledonian Rd, (King's Cross) 0171 837 3337 evenings

Gay's the Word bookshop, 66 Marchmont St (Russell Sq); novels, postcards, books on politics, telling parents, etc., friendly, has good coffee, does not sell pornography.

uk-motss-request@dircon.co.uk (general gay discussion by electronic mail, run by an IC graduate)

AUT-and-proud-request@cs.ucl.ac.uk (forum for gay university staff)

soc.motss (electronic news, mainly American)

Much as students here may fondly imagine themselves broadminded, the college is riddled with as much prejudice as anywhere else especially where matters such as homosexuality are concerned. There is still a depressing level of crass bigotry about this subject, both from society and the media. Coming 'out' can be a difficult, courageous act, and any support is useful.

I am sure that some will find the contacts listed helpful. Although it is often said that the sprawling metropolis of London caters for every need, finding what you want is a different matter – and Imperial is not the easiest place to start looking.

Letters may be commented on by a guest editor whose opinions are not necessarily those of the editor and cut due to space restrictions. Deadline: Monday 6.00pm.

ACCESS FUNDS 1994-1995

Application forms for the first round of the above are now available from the college's student finance officer, room 334, of the Sheffield Building.

Any home, full-time student suffering serious financial hardship is invited to collect and complete a form which must be returned before 2nd December 1994.

Priority will be given to:

- (a) Those paying their own fees
- (b) Those in receipt of maintenance significantly below LEA or Research Council rates.
- (c) Those with inevitable expenditure over and above standard costs. eg. medical expenses.

Ensure you collect and return the form quickly: late entries cannot not be accepted.

Wanted

Handbook Editor

If you feel you have the requisite skills to horsewhip next year's issue into shape, and you want the money, then this is for you. Papers are up opposite the union office; the post is to be elected at the UGM on Fri 18th.

Fitness Club

Fitness Club

ICU

LUNCHTIME AEROBICS

Class Timetable

| <u>Day</u> | <u>Time</u> | <u>Class</u> | <u>Level</u> |
|------------|-------------|-------------------|--------------|
| Mon. | 12:30 | Body Toning | I |
| Wed. | 1:15 | Beginners/Inter. | II |
| Thur. | 12:30 | Legs, Tums & Bums | I |
| Sun. | 2:00 | Intermediate | III |

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**COME AND HELP MAKE THE DECISION
NEXT FRIDAY (18TH NOVEMBER)
1:00PM IN THE UNION LOUNGE**

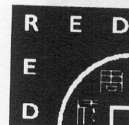
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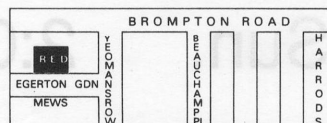
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| B. | Sun Sing Chicken with wok fried rice and seasonal vegetables | 5.00 |
| C. | spare ribs with wok fried rice and seasonal vegetables | 5.00 |
| D. | Aromatic Crispy duck with pancakes | 5.00 |
| E. | Buddha pot rice (vegetarian) | 5.00 |
| F. | Beef in black beans with wok fried rice and seasonal vegetables | 5.00 |
| G. | Special fried rice (prawn, pork etc.) | 5.00 |
| I. | Singapore noodles (prawn, pork spicy) | 5.00 |
| J. | Hot and Sour fish with wok fried rice and seasonal vegetables | 5.00 |

Take away to your offices is also available



RED 8 Egerton Garden Mews Knightsbridge SW3

Boundaries

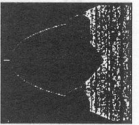
Darling buds of May

God in the Machine

CROSS DRESSING

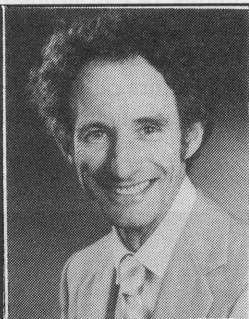
SPRING IS HERE

BIRTH OF CHAOS



This week the *S-Files* investigates interdisciplinary boundaries in science – and the consequences of crossing \times over. We focus on one scientist [Robert May] who has successfully broken the mould and helped found a new science.

In the past, science has been deterministic. It was thought that a set of linear rules would eventually lead us to understand the world [a•b•eureka]. Science was straightforward, rigidly divided into disparate disciplines. Now, science trail blazers cross interdisciplinary boundaries and investigate non-linearity in subjects from economics to epidemiology. New disciplines in science are erupting [chaos, complexity and artificial life] on the strength of these changes, and their practitioners have a diverse set of backgrounds. Chaos is one such discipline.



Robert May

FRS, Trustee of Natural History Museum & Kew Gardens, Editor of the journal 'Nature'.

Crossing over?

"I started as a Chemical Engineer at Sydney University and became a professor in the Physics department. I gave a seminar at Imperial College [Silwood Park], and met lots of biologists there. They had formulated lots of interesting ecological questions...what's the relation between diversity and stability, what's the limits to niche-overlap and competitive similarity? Many of these questions were formulated in analytical *hard•science* terms but they lacked people with the background to solve them. So by accident I blundered into Ecology. Pure accident, no design, at a time when it was ripe for someone like myself."

Hard vs soft science?

"I'm in an unusually good position to talk

about *hard•soft* science, having had a complete career in both.

I think these dichotomies are by and large nonsense. They are artifacts in the minds of people who usually don't know what they're talking about. Training in Physics teaches you to see the world as a complicated place but with underlying simplicities. You try and identify the complicated situation and ask "What are the things I think are really important?". You express that with precision, which usually means a mathematical model, then you test it against the world to see if your original assumptions were right. There's a great deal of soft science in Physics, a great deal of hard science in Biology. What I've done in Ecology is no different from what I did in Physics: making mathematical metaphors to see where they lead me"



James Gleick: science writer & editor, wrote Pulitzer Prize nominee 'Chaos: Making a New Science'.

\:-) S-Files Winners (-:/

Congratulations **Paul de Cort**, your plug and play potato wins this week's competition. You win a copy of "The Internet Golden Directory" (Donated by ICU Bookstore). Special commendation goes to the 'emasculator' and an artfully inscribed, obviously defunct keyboard.

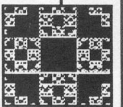
★ Competition

In this week's fabulous competition we are giving away an extraordinary bit of computer hardware. Decorated with our exclusive '*S-Files*' logo, it is a practical and stylish addition to any office or lab. The first person who wants the keyboard, can have it.

✂ Credits

Editor: Natasha Loder (is that ok Gran?) Guru I.view: Tim•Tash admf: Hilary Thanks Mark

When the 'butterfly effect' was discovered, long range weather forecasting was doomed. Small perturbations in a non-linear system such as the atmosphere can multiply to have a huge overall effect; so a butterfly flying in Asia could cause a storm over Chicago. The implications of this effect weren't realised until a crucial paper was discovered by James Yorke, who coined the term *Chaos*.

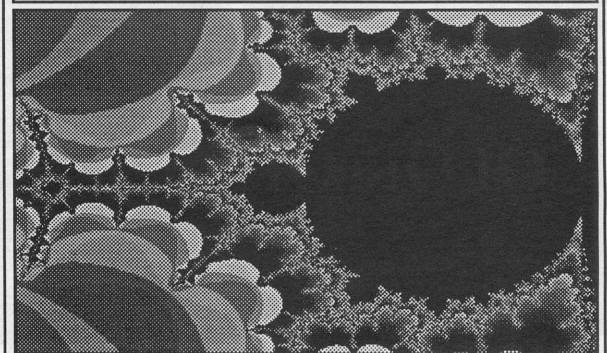


Meanwhile, Robert May was working on simple population models. An infamous story (recounted in Gleick's book *Chaos*) is that, intrigued by the effects of a growth parameter (lambda) on his model, he wrote the problem on a corridor blackboard for graduate students. "What the Christ happens when lambda gets bigger than the point of accumulation?". When the non-linear parameter (lambda) was low, his model settled to equilibrium, while increasing lambda made the model oscillate between two values. These 'bifurcation sequences' continued to double as lambda increased, until a critical point - the point of accumulation - when the final system was maddeningly unpredictable. May was stumped. He offered \$10 to anyone who could figure it out.

"Nobody ever got the ten dollars. In 1973 I went to Maryland to give a seminar about population dynamics. I said 'I understand this (the bifurcations) but I don't understand what happens after the point of accumulation...'. James Yorke was in the audience and he had not understood the bifurcation sequences but he said "I know what happens next". Between us, we had the complete picture and we began to realise how extraordinarily important its implications were. Gradually we became aware of 5 or 6 other people who had known of the mathematical phenomenon, none of them with the slightest sense of what it all meant. As Jim Yorke was fond of saying, "we weren't the first to discover chaos, we were the last"

May's most important contribution was his 'messianic' Φ Nature paper, in which he urged that chaos should be taught as part of standard scientific education. Try as we might, we can't boil the world down to a set of linear equations.

"The world would be a better place if all students were given a pocket calculator and encouraged to play with non•linear equations"



It has occasionally been reported in the more critical press that our culture is becoming more Americanised: "the 51st state of America". But is this right? American shops and businesses might be appearing more readily in our high streets; Americans might be appearing more readily in our student union. But are the claims that they are entering our culture justified, and what effect will this have on our daily life?

Culture is a strange beast. Cultural Studies academics devote much time and thought to the subject, with many complicated theories and convoluted language to describe what is going on. Scientists can take data from an experiment to make a judgement that they believe the world works a certain way. Equally, but with a lot lower level of acceptability, one can find patterns in cultural behaviour and make judgements from this behaviour. Culture guides the beliefs and free-time activities of people.

If you were watching the excellent film *Silence of the Lambs* on television a while back, one aspect of their culture was evident. Compare if you will Hannibal Lecter with ITV's favourite hero, James Bond. We all know James: he is intelligent, strong and resourceful, with a quick mind, an ability to adapt to new situations and fluency with

words. The difference between James Bond and Hannibal Lecter is that in the *Silence of the Lambs* Lecter sits in the villain's chair. The thinking man is cruel, vicious, calculating, merciless. He is a devil and a human nightmare.

This suggests that in America, intelligence is associated with evil. It's a recurring theme in films over the past 20 years. Another example is in the film *Die Hard*. The hero surprises the terrorist leader

"I'm stupid?", "If you think about it..." and "Imagine if...". Apparently inconsequential, the difference is a psychological permission to think or not to think.

When the differences between people's ability to think become small, there's little way to differentiate between them except by appearance. Looks are the only part of a person's character not needing verbal substantiation. The image is very important to American youth. In this country we wear a school uniform. The general emphasis in differentiating between people at school has to be

the way they act; maybe even the way they think. But kids in American non-fee-paying schools don't wear uniform. Being cool in American schools is a matter of money. Good-looking clothes, even plastic surgery, can be bought if one can afford it – the emphasis is on money and natural good looks.

Bringing these points together, one can judge this behaviour as evidence of American culture. When thinking is (sub)consciously seen to be bad, does it not make for an ignorant and unquestioning race of people? The British have cultural permission to think, Americans do not. The conclusion is therefore that, in general, culture can provide the ability for independent thought. Reject Americanism? *Kaizen*

"No-one likes a Smartarse..."

in a building and, assuming he is an innocent man, asks the terrorist his name. The terrorist, standing in front of a list of company employees on that floor, adapts the character he thinks suitable to the employee name William Smith in the seconds it takes to turn around. In an instant he is a snivelling office clerk. The villain is thus again shown to be quick-thinking.

The theme of evil associated with intelligence is seen as a justification for not being intelligent. If you were a kid looking for a role model, would you choose someone evil? I don't think so. American films use phrases like "No-one likes a smartarse" and "I don't pay you to think!". English films have included phrases such as "Do you think

Filmsoc Presents...

RICHARD GERE SHARON STONE

A MARK RYDELL FILM
INTERSECTION 15

**Saturday
19th at
8pm**

DOORS OPEN 15
MINUTES EARLIER

BRUCE WILLIS JANE MARCH

Five Suspects. Two Lovers. One Killer.

COLOR OF NIGHT 18

Nothing is what it seems... except murder.

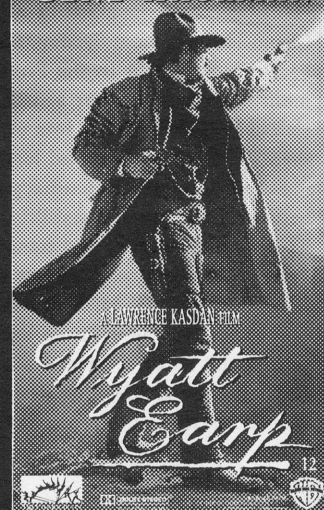
Thursday 24th at 8pm

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Doors open 15 minutes
before time stated.

ICU Cinema is no smoking.
Drinks from Da Vinci's Bar
are welcome.
ROAR And E&OE

KEVIN COSTNER
DENNIS QUaid
GENE HACKMAN



**Sunday
20th at
7.30pm**

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Buy an ICU Film Card & save 50% on 1994-95 entry / you get your first film free but bring a passport photo

£1

Film Card holders

£2

Other C or ULU students & staff.

£3

Accompanied guests and students who cannot show union / swipe card

Quite Contrary

Language evolves they tell me, but I'll be bugged if I'm going to wait seven million years before I see the end of waste not want not. Fine, I reply. Just give me the address of a needy Rwandan and I'll send off this inedible mound in the morning. Better still, I'll post it to the person responsible for proverbs and adages. And I hope he or she chokes on it.

"Give me the address of a needy Rwandan..."

Let's face it, why do we bother? Have you ever had a conversation where the timely insertion of *make hay while the sun shines* has added some much-needed colour? Maybe on first hearing it did, but certainly not now. In fact, only slightly less tedious than the grass-court version, is Proverb Tennis. Beware of the elderly when you indulge in Proverb Tennis because they are the Monica Seles' of this particular verbal joust. As I climbed up to change Mrs Miggins' bulb, I ask her to hold the ladder steady.

"Many hands make light work" I say with some considerable inspiration. Not wanting to budge from the comfy chair, she looks up.

"Too many cooks spoil the broth" she lashes down the line. I grit my teeth. Where are the deranged Steffi Graf fans when you need them?

The only way to win in Proverb Tennis is to stop playing the game. As Mrs Miggins serves "A stitch in time...", return to her feet, "... except at the Barts A&E." And when she lobs with "Love will conquer all...", soar to the heights of "... except in tennis."

"It only takes a second to score..."

The new attempts at proverbs are just as bad. When Lenny Henry described something as "a bit British Telecom", did he mean out of order, or a shining Tory example of privatisation as the source of increased consumer satisfaction? And what was Brian Clough talking about when he said 'It only takes a second to score'? More like an evening of six pints, getting your mate to ask her mate and countless embarrassed grins.

God help the misguided fool who tries to strike up conversation with "Does this glass look half empty or half full to you?"

"Definitely empty" I will say as I pour it over his unoriginal little head.

Rahul

THE DOCKER'S FIST

It's sad, but the structure of the world is such that to get your voice heard by anyone in power in this great democracy, drastic measures are required. At one time peaceful protests may have been enough to achieve something; but I remember the miners' strike of 1985. That was peacefulish, that achieved nothing. The last anti-criminal justice bill demonstration will not do anything to prevent the criminal justice bill. Do these people honestly think their opinion counts for anything with Mr Major? If he wants to stop hunt saboteurs and travellers from their pierced nipples excesses, and ravers from their drug crazed abandon, it is not an issue of whether this is an infringement of human rights. It is all about the appeasement of the land owning gentry, and the easily disgusted anal english, with their satellite dishes and golf club aspirations. This is a tory Prime Minister - do the protesters think he gives an anal wart about democracy? They must be mad.

The only way to change people's lives, the only way to get your voice heard in the world is to kill. To kill and bomb and shoot and maim. From taking the beatings of the B-specials on

the streets of Belfast in the civil rights marches of 1969, to the Downing Street negotiating table in 1994. A long hard struggle, but a victory. One made possible through atrocities like Warrenpoint, and Enniskillen, the Guildford pub bombings, crossborder shootings of soldiers on checkpoints, and dead children on the streets of English cities. These are the lengths it is necessary to go to change your world. The piles of severed arms from the Vietnamese children who had been vaccinated by the american army lying in the middle of the village as a reminder from the Viet Cong to anyone in doubt of their motivation. That is commitment. That is drive. If you want to change the world, buy a gun. If you want to show everyone what a caring and compassionate civil libertarian you are, stay in bed. The criminal justice bill will be there long after you, and deservedly so. I for one don't give a damn about travellers or hunt saboteurs. Not really, certainly not enough to get out of bed and walk about with placards in hyde park. "You saw the video, you heard the sound track, now buy the soft drink."

Glyph



"Notebooks out Plagiarists"



Mark.E. Smith

All-change by Catfish

This kind of puzzle was a popular parlour game in Victorian times, but hopefully people still know how to do them. The number of spaces represents the number of intermediate words I needed to change the first word into the second, one letter at a time and without using proper nouns. Can you do any better?

| | | | | |
|------|------|------|------|------|
| DOGS | SOUP | TENT | FAST | SKIN |
| ---- | ---- | ---- | ---- | ---- |
| RATS | | | | |
| ---- | | | | |
| | BOWL | | | |
| | ---- | | | |
| HATE | | CAMP | | |
| ---- | | ---- | | |
| | HEAD | BIRD | LANE | BONE |
| | ---- | ---- | | |
| LOVE | | | FISH | |
| ---- | | | ---- | |
| CATS | | | | |
| ---- | FOOT | | | |
| ---- | ---- | NEST | | |
| | | ---- | | |
| MICE | | | TANK | |
| | | | ---- | |

SCRIBBLEY PAD

Answers to last week's Elimination:

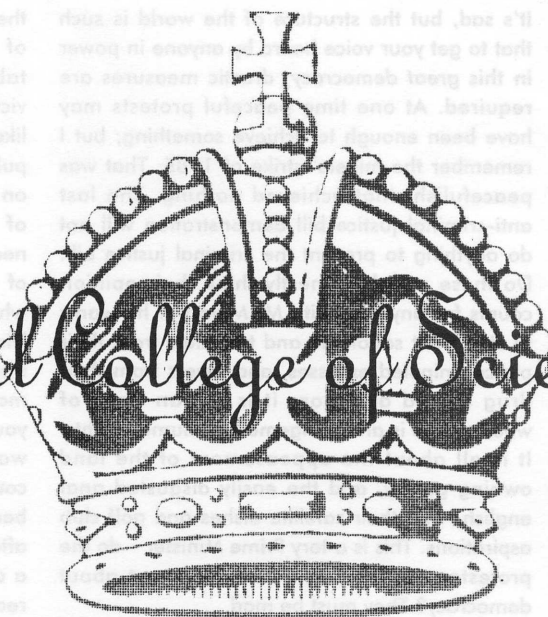
a. Bare facts
b. Church, trap
c. Tall story
d. Eyes front
e. Shy, throw

f. Family tree
g. Dirty joke
h. Blind drunk
i. Fort, fought
j. Plan views

k. Dead, forward
l. Ghost writer
m. Clean, lance
n. Call girl
o. Tank top

p. Gig, civic
q. High jump
r. Legal eagle
s. Hind, anniversary
t. Word, lose

The Royal College of Science Union



invites you to our

1994 Annual Dinner on the 6th of December 1994

The evening will include a full 3-course meal, wine, port,
guest speaker, disco and bar.

Tickets can be bought from Dep. Reps. or
from the RCSU office in Old Chemistry.

Single: £35
Double: £65

The Phoenix Arises

The fires have burnt long and low but in the shadows of the dark side of the dust smotes a fiery form becomes apparent. Yes, at last, a summer late, someone has lit a barbeque and the veggieburgers are grilling nicely. In the meantime Phoenix, the Arts Magazine of Imperial College, has come out too...

This Monday the college will be 'swamped' by 1000 fiery Phoenixes. That our arts magazine is limited to one copy per seven students may seem unfair but quantity is rarely a constituent of Quality. The few artistic souls who have added to this years issue have all produced decent work – occasionally remarkably so – and the randomly selected snippets here only hint at what's on offer. Check out a copy for the big picture.

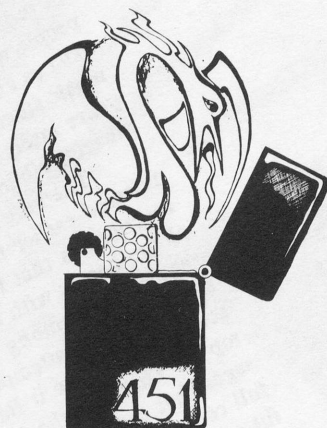
We, as editors, tried to bring the word 'Art' back to the fore and to a degree I think we've succeeded. Our theme (that of the mythical birds life-cycle) revealed some interesting angles to submitted work and in the main I think our textual experiments were worthwhile. Having gone on to edit a weekly publication not a FELIX throw away from here, I can verify that the annual sister experience is a much mellower one. And somehow more satisfying, in that one can always delude oneself into believing that maybe a few people will keep a copy of Phoenix around with them, that it isn't completely disposable. For this reason, Phoenix is available (to those darlings desperate to ensure they own one of those 1000 issues) from the FELIX office today, Friday. General release is Monday morning.

Meet the editors! All contributors and other interested parties come to the FELIX office at 8pm Monday night to discuss and backslap before going on to the bar. In addition, anyone interested in editing the next issue, due out this spring, should talk to Owain or jon in FELIX with all haste.

Owain Bennallack & jon, Phoenix Editors, 1993-1994.

Death rides a black Cadillac,
Regal as a funeral parade,
But that's only the return journey for our beloved,
Death knows that the funeral convoy is only a mockery of its Cadillac,
We can only carry the body,
Whereas it already has the soul,
Locked up in the black boot of its Cadillac.

(page 29)



"They're below the average size,"
she said.
"You're beautiful."
she said.
"Not so bad yourself"
she said,
but looked at the floor.
We took out our lenses.

(page 12)

I have lost my religion.
Sometimes I think that this is all
just the road to hell, that – for
what I've done – hell has to be
much, much worse. This is the
road to damnation, to eternal
damnation. Our slogans, of
course, say differently. We do all
this for god and love, according to
them, to protect our children and
crush the heathens. But Milo's
side probably say the same thing.

(page 20)

Eventually the dream of heaven started to fold, as the teaching
disintegrated into myth and the apparent necessities of life took
over. The new enlightenment he sought lay within debauchery, in
the joys of inebriation and drifting stupor. He had found his drugs,
and they were ones of debasement rather than ascension. He
spent his time in semiconscious talk and gropings, of half
remembered pleasures in the sickened dawn.

(page 8)

"Oh, gross!" he said, "There are bodies in here!". "Yes of course," one of
the others said, "I'd forgotten about those – I remember pictures of them
in books at school now, bodies now fossilised by the hot ash." Both the
others had arrived and were looking between the thin vertical bars at an
irregularly arranged room full of the petrified citizens of Pompeii. Most of
them were lying, or curled up; in tense, desperate, agonised positions. The
friends all found them a little disturbing, and felt guilty at the invasion.

(page 30)

Misuse it,
waste it,
shuffling in
the dark with
your poems
prints and
prose (all
poor, all
doomed not
to die but to
be forgotten)
and pretend it
makes you
special and
pretend you
really care...

(editorial)

Pink Floyd

26 Years Later

In today's civilised world, there can't be many people who haven't heard of Pink Floyd. They exist as a living legend, having been producing music since before I was even born and yet, 26 years later, they still come up with another amazing album and do a fantastic tour.

The long awaited 'The Division Bell' was released earlier this year. One of the very first reactions is that it is classic Pink Floyd. The album begins with a quiet, moody piece, a very regular trait among their later albums. There seems to be an attempt at getting into the 'pop' scene, with 'Take it Back', which got into the top 10. There are the familiar instrumental passages that can only be really appreciated with full concentration, as they flow through beautiful guitar solos combined with the haunting harmonies from the keyboards. The song 'Keep Talking', has the added extra of Stephen Hawking's unique voice.

Even though it is classic Pink Floyd, I feel that it lacks some of the depth of earlier albums and doesn't attempt anything too different. Most Floyd music, however, doesn't seem to date and so change may be unnecessary. I don't think it will ever achieve the status of albums such as 'Dark Side', but it adds to a vast catalogue of superb music.

The Tour

During October, it would have been very hard for anyone at Imperial not to have noticed the strange lights in the sky each evening, the random students wandering around in Pink Floyd tour T-shirts and the news headline about the collapsing seating stand.

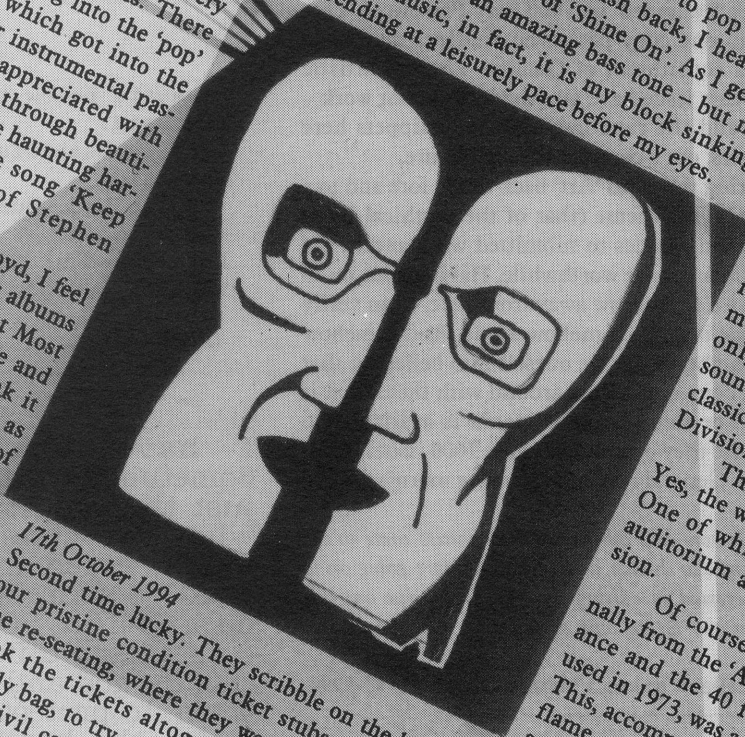
The Tour As Experienced By Glyn Geoghegan

12th October 1994
Through the open barriers at Earl's Court tube, through the throng of eager fans, and finally into the auditorium. We had prime seats in block 9. You could almost taste the

The Tour In My Own Experience

28th October 1994
Having by now performed twelve (and little bit) concerts, the 'seating collapse' effect had been cut from the show. Whilst we took our seats, a vague noise in the background gradually developed into a series of strange sounds, chords, helicopters (!) and so on.

atmosphere – the first concert in England for seven years. There was just enough time to pop to the loo before the show. As I rush back, I hear the characteristic first bars of 'Shine On'. As I get to my stand, I hear an amazing bass tone – but not from the music, in fact, it is my block sinking and bending at a leisurely pace before my eyes.



Eventually it went dark, some shadowy figures walked on to the domed stage and 'Shine on You Crazy Diamond' began its slow opening chords. From then on a huge display of lights, lasers (some which had never been seen outside of a research lab!) and wonderful music (blasted through the world's only stadium-sized quadraphonic sound system) progressed. After a few classic tracks and five songs from 'The Division Bell', we were given a break. Then 'The Dark Side of the Moon', One of which was plane flying across the auditorium and crashing in a massive explosion.

Of course the huge inflatable pigs, originally from the 'Animals' tour, made their appearance and the 40 foot circular screen, originally used in 1973, was a key centrepiece of the display. This, accompanied with some very large bursts of flame around the front of the stage and other spectacular explosions created an astounding scene. Eventually they finished and said goodnight. But of course this couldn't possibly be the end.

They came back on to play 'Wish You Were Here', and 'Comfortably Numb', during which a 20 foot mirrored ball descended from the ceiling and when every white light shone towards it, we became mesmerised as our senses were entirely taken over by the atmosphere. There seemed no possible way it could get any better. But of course it did, with 'Run Like Hell', using every light, laser and effect available, it was a stunning way to finish.

In Conclusion

Pink Floyd are not yet "past it", but are still capable of creating wonderful music that can be appreciated by anyone. Their fans already span decades and I predict that they may gain many more as the 'Take That' generation matures. The question still remains, are Pink Floyd "back" or are they just Finishing on a high note?

Words
Helen Randall
Artwork
Arron Froom

• Threading the Body Beautiful •

*It used to be 'I luv mum' on your arm and a stud in your ear but today tattoos and heavy metals are beyond convention. **Fiona** checks out the drills and spills.*

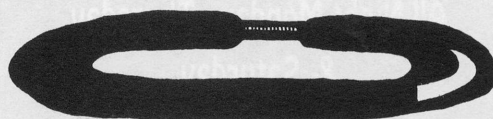
"You can pick your friends, you can pick your nose, but you can't pick your friends' nose" or so says Andy Dickson to each of his customers. Unless, of course, you are Andy in which case picking other people's noses is a regular part of the working day. And judging by the queues outside his door it's a pretty lucrative business.

Down in the basement of Kensington Market, a whine reminiscent of a dentist's drill greets the innocent punter. But here the group of anxiety ridden clients seem to be restricted to the young and beautiful ... the day may be long but it is certainly never dull.

Apparently imagination is always worse than reality (going by that eerie whine it would have to be) and the first five minutes are the worst. The pain and the ritual are part of the culture of the thing. "Anyone can buy a T-shirt, you've got to be brave to have a tattoo". As the vibrant image of a cobra wound itself around a client's left breast she could only agree.

From 10am until 6pm Andy and John realise the designs dreamed up by endless customers. As they say, the only limits are the size of your wallet and the depth of your imagination. This is for life, and it's definitely a cult thing. Like doctors, they see parts of bodies every day, and work is work. On the other hand, women are urged to ask for Andy Dickson – something to do with size and age (his, as compared with John's).

Our Andy supplies tattoos, studs, rings and barbs. And some great statistics. At a going rate of £60 a time, the pair pierce two or three penises each week, and (at just £30) ten clitorises. Price differences are, of course, affected only by level of difficulty and have nothing whatsoever to do with personal preferences. Navels and noses (for a quality body piercing ring) set you back only £25. A simple stud in the nose costs a fiver. Ex-client (regular) now girlfriend, Jeannette, wears a ring through her nipple during the day and a barb for evenings of fun. She assures us it doesn't hurt.



Tattoo prices range (rapidly) upwards from £20. Arm bands for example are a minimum £100, and take anything from two to five hours. My temptation, a florescent tattoo, will remain in my imagination as only one out of the 2000 tattooists in Great Britain is prepared to do one. Florescents have a nasty carcinogenic habit.

Whiter based skin results in brighter colours, black is more effective on black skin. Bottoms are tougher (because the skin has to bend here) whereas arm skin is suppler and thus less costly to adorn. Anything under the trouser line is £5 more. Whether this too is gender specific is yours to discover. The best jobs are done in one sitting, so deep imaginations and wallets may also require far reaching depths of patience.

On the other hand, many a daring client may find there is rather more pleasure in this thing than may have been expected...

From the client who handcuffed herself to the chair and refused to leave 'unsatisfied' to the woman who howled with pleasure like a dog, these men are not short of offers. Andy tells, smiling, the story of a client with a bird tattooed 'low on her groin', who returned an hour later to declare "that was the most wonderful sexual experience I have ever had in my life, I had to go home and change my knickers." Similarly there are those that simply jump up and strip off all remaining apparel.

Among the most memorable is the 50 year old banker from a highly influential bank, whose name I cannot reveal, who now bears a grotesque women in bondage gear emblazoned on his stomach.

Both guys are adamant, "Nothing phases us anymore, we've seen it all". Perhaps this will serve as some defence against the tattoo groupies that travel the world to visit and bed famous tattooists, or the rather unusual parties they get invited to as a result of certain piercings.

I feel it is time to disconnect the images of fat and bearded bikers from that of the local tattooist.

IC men – this is your summer job.

**Selected Spirit
& Splash:
£1 a Single or
£1.75 a Double**

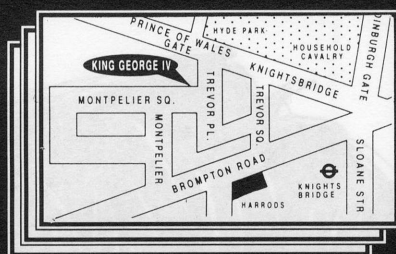
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The Imperial College Twilight Zone

There are paranormal forces at work in Imperial College! No, I'm not talking about the staff. I mean The Unexplained (my lecture notes?).

Let's start with my door. Strange forces are at work. If I wrench my door open and put a large heavy bin in the way, do you think it stays open? Remember, this is a Hall door. Okay, logical progression – what do y'think happens if I need to close my door? If I've somehow managed to pick a sexy young male (what, at IC?) and want a bit of privacy, does the door stay shut? That's asking TOO MUCH, isn't it? These forces extend to the kitchen, where the Laws of Hall-Physics state that an oven (or fridge) door is always open when you want it to be closed, and vice versa. Ovens also have the alarming habit of turning themselves off. You walk in starving after a particularly nasty lecture, switch on the oven – with a note on it saying “please do not turn this oven off” – and what happens? After finally managing to persuade the fridge door to open and staggering back with some food, you find the oven you were trying to preheat is stone cold. No-one turned it off – it just happened.

A new life force has evolved in our kitchen sink. The biologists have concluded that it is a new sentient rapidly breeding form

of rice. Leave just one grain of this in the sink overnight, and by the next morning the plughole will be blocked. Something as simple as washing-up water? No – every single person in hall who has ever cooked rice claims that they tip their left-over rice into the bin before commencing the washing-up. So where is it coming from?

“Chaos theory says the flap of a butterfly's wing in Miami could cause a whirlwind over Japan. Well, if this is true, God alone knows what the whirlpool in our bath could do...”

Consider now some thermodynamics – the central heating. If you are going out for the day, never ever leave your room without opening the window first. Otherwise you will return from a hard day's shopping/night's drinking only to find that you have crossed over into another dimension and have become entrapped in the Sahara desert.

You have to be careful just stepping into the bathroom. Chaos theory says the flap of a butterfly's wing in Miami could cause a whirlwind over Japan. Well, if this is true,

God alone knows what the whirlpool in our bath could do. World, beware!

And there's more. Hall is haunted – it must be. Why else would you step into a descending lift, only to go up to a level where no-one is waiting, then back to the start where the lift doors jam open as the lift fills with a sudden chill? The only rational explanation is that the lift stopped to collect the ghosts of some students from the top floor. Even more worrying is the number of times someone has run to answer a ringing phone, only to discover that THERE IS NO-ONE ON THE OTHER END! Must be a warning from the spirit world...

Scariest of all, though, has to be the fact that anything brought into the hall from outside suddenly picks up the habits of the things already here. Sainsbury's appears to be a fairly normal place. Food from Sainsbury's appears to be safe – yet, bring it back to hall, put it in the fridge, and it develops Hall Habits. Food spontaneously moves around and has even been known to vanish completely, reappearing a few days later. The mind boggles.

If you have observed any similar, shocking occurrences, send them to **Astra**, care of **FELIX**. WE DEMAND TO KNOW THE TRUTH!

union general meeting
union general meeting
union general meeting

to be held **Today, 1:00pm.**

Venue: **Union Lounge, Union Building, Beit Quad.**

This will include the second reading of the new constitution, **discuss Friday night entrance fees to the Union** and any motions given to the president beforehand.

all welcome

Who: Japan Soc

What: Bounenkai

Keys: Party, Endurance, Food

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会

For all you who haven't heard about or experienced a Bounenkai, let me enlighten you. It is an end-of-year party, of which there are many in Japan. They are a great opportunity for Japanese business people to throw off the burden of their hard regimented jobs at the end of the year and have a good time. Well all us hard working students here have nearly struggled through our first term, and definitely need a break, so what better way to do so than to have a great party – in the name of culture.

First in the culture stakes, we will be having traditional Japanese food (included in the ticket price – vegetarian option available). Then there is the Endurance game – a chance to prove just how tough you really are. Don't worry, no one died last year. Then there is Neruton, a Japanese form of dating game – no Cilla Black, not blind, not (very) embarrassing and a lot of fun.

As well as these, there will be other games, and a disco till very late. Everybody is welcome, not just Japan Society members. It is only £5.00 for members, £6.00 for non-members and it will be held on Saturday the 3rd of December from 6.30pm in the Union Lounge. Tickets should be bought as soon as possible, so we can order enough food. They are available from any Jap-Soc committee member and will be on sale will be on sale in the JCR at lunch times.

For more information contact Shingo Potier, Mech-Eng II pigeon holes, email sjpp@ic.ac.uk, or telephone 0171-373 3893.

Who: Boardsailing

What: Weekend trip to Clacton

Keys: Essex, Beer, Windy

Imperial College Boardsailing Club organised this year's first weekend trip from the 28th to the 30th of October. The weather forecast for those days was wet but windy, so we managed to persuade 15 people to come along.

On Friday afternoon we packed the van with boards, sails, masts, other equipment and of course our own belongings (beer). We then left for Clacton-on-Sea, Essex, with high hopes, especially regarding the Essex University boat house where we were going to sleep (or rather – spend the night) during the weekend, thanks to their hospitality. Dinner consisted mainly of beer, fish and



Surfing: IC Surfers go to Essex to explore their talents with Boardsailing and women

chips, and at this point we were prepared for what would be a major event in the weekend. As we expected, there were quite a lot more girls at Essex Union than at IC, although some people were disappointed by their looks. We all danced until the disco was over and some like Jim, Will or Alaric gained what I should call 'close friends'.

Saturday was entirely dedicated to sailing. The temperature was low, but around mid-day we had some decent wind. It was a good chance to try our new boards and sails. That night we had chilli for dinner, after which some left for the pub, some for a nightclub and some simply stayed in.

We all woke up late and tired on Sunday morning, but didn't prevent us from sailing. We had the strongest wind of the whole weekend, and it even felt a little warmer! The beginners had a good opportunity to improve their skills, whereas the more experienced ones were just speeding along. When it got dark, we packed the van and returned home with a big smile in our faces. It had been a great sailing weekend.

If you feel interested and want to try windsurfing, just come to our weekly meeting at Southside upper lounge, on Tuesday's at 1.00pm.

Who: Overseas

What: 6-a-Side Football

Keys: Hyde, Islamic, French

Recently, the Pakistani Society furthered its reputation as a cosmopolitan society by organising a football tournament between other social groups. In particular, Faraz Khan, our sports representative coordinated

with other sports officers to such an extent that a total of 6 teams took part, and that included two from the Pakistan Society itself. The other four were the French, Sri Lankan, Indian and Islamic societies.

The first round occurred on Wednesday 26th October. The six teams were split into two pools with each society playing the other two societies in their respective pools once. The top two teams from each pool qualified for the semi-finals. From pool A the Islamic and French societies qualified. The French society more than proved their worth by thrashing the Pakistan B team 8-0! From pool B the Indian and Pakistan A team were successful. These four contenders were given a week's respite after which they reconvened in Hyde Park for a final showdown.

A tough battle ensued between the French and Pakistan teams. At the end of full time the score was two all with a late equaliser coming from the French. This forced the games into extra-time in which the French blasted through our defence to end the game 5-3.

In the other semi-final, the Indian team was caught napping in the first half and paid dearly for it with the Islamic Society team hammering in three goals. A controversial second half followed in which the Indian team failed to match the might of the Islamic team but nevertheless scored two exciting goals. This left the finalists to be the powerful Islamic Society team and the determined French players.

The final was fast-paced with much innovative play and action. The defence of both teams in the first half was impenetrable but early in the second half the Islamic boys broke the dead-lock. This must have disheartened the French greatly as they came back like a team on fire. Their war-like cries

could be heard throughout Hyde Park. However, their oppositions defence remained steady, if at times frantic, allowing the Islamic society to win 1-0 and pocket the booty of thirty pounds.

Congratulations to all the teams that took part, in particular the winners. Special thanks to Kashif Mahmood for his guidance, Faraz Khan for organising the event, Faisal Haque for not vomiting on the pitch and Tahir Mughal, myself, for writing this article.

Who: icsf

What: Dave Lally The Prisoner

Keys: Village, Rover, Schizoid

On Tuesday 22nd November, in the Senior Common Room of the Union Building, at 7.00pm, Imperial College Science Fiction Society is pleased to present Dave Lally. Dave is an active member of The Prisoner Fan Club – 6 Of 1, and a frequent visitor to The Village (Portmeirion, in Wales). He has given talks on The Prisoner many times before, and has known to bring along a Rover (those big not-terribly-scary balloon things) to Science Fictions conventions.

For those of you who think The Prisoner

is something to do with an Australian women's jail, you've been watching the wrong TV show. The Prisoner is a British TV series which stars Patrick McGoochan as an ex-spy, and follows his time spent in the eerie 'Village', where everyone has a number instead of a name. Most episodes involve Number Two trying to find out why Number Six (McGoochan) resigned from his job. Number Six meanwhile spends his time trying to escape. Plenty of action tinged with paranoia and lots more long words I can't think of.

The evening's events will start at 7.00pm with a showing of a great episode of The Prisoner, 'The Schizoid Man'. Dave has an interesting talk and film show planned for afterwards; he will be speculating about the new film, showing



Goatee: Bruce Willis practises holding his breath for 'The Color of Night'

rare footage of The Making of The Prisoner, and other snippets of Prisoner related material. If there's anything you wanted to know about this tv show ("So what is it all about anyway? I thought I understood it until the last episode...") now is the time to ask. Entrance is free to all.

For those interested, ICSF's fanzine, *Parsec* is ready to receive your prose, poetry and reviews for a March publication. Anyone interested in submitting material should either come to the library or mail the Editor, Stain at s.ingebrethsen@ic or through the Aero UG 2 pigeon holes.

Membership for the year to icsf is three pounds with the first film free, and also gives you use of our

library of 3000 books, videos and graphic novels. For more information see <http://www.ph.ic.ac.uk/moontg/> via a WWW viewer like Mosaic or email icsf@ic.

Who: Film Soc

What: Sharon & Kevin Arrive

Keys: Breath, Sinner, Wyatt

At Filmsoc we like to listen to public opinion, so when we hear that Sharon Stone and Kevin Costner have been voted the sexiest leads in Hollywood, we bring them to you. Sharon appears alongside Richard Gere at an *Intersection* on Saturday 19th at 8pm. In this film however she actually gives a good performance rather than just stripping for the camera. Our Richard faces a choice between his mistress or Sharon, as far as most of us are concerned, there really isn't a choice to make.

Sunday's film has a 7.30pm start due to the epic length of *Wyatt Earp*. Kevin Costner has said that short films are just trying to put bums on seats but when you witness this, you'll be on the edge of yours instead. The story actually gives a true account of the OK Coral, not to mention the rest of Wyatt's eventful life. Dennis Quaid gives a stirring performance as Doc Holiday that is not to be missed.

On Thursday, in *The Color of Night* at 8pm, Bruce Willis gets to tackle Jane March with some very steamy scenes. The 'Sinner from Pinner' gives a memorable performance in the swimming pool but how on Earth Bruce and Jane manage to hold their breath for so long, will have to be seen to be believed.

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KamalTarazi (Mech Eng PG)

Khodor Mattar (Pet Eng 4)

Ilias Sahyoun (Mech Eng 3)

spineless

'A book of great beauty, great difficulty and maniacally exquisite insight,' wrote Norman Mailer. 'True genius and first mythographer of the mid-twentieth century, William Burroughs is the lineal successor to James Joyce,' insisted the beautiful and difficult J.G. Ballard (with exquisite insight). And 'more than a perv-pic about cockroaches!' screams *Stylus*, the last mythographer of the twentieth century (and neither beautiful nor a maniac but touched by this book).

This new column is, I'm told, aimed at pulling great works from any decade (or century) off the shelves and onto an indispensable student bookshelf. This post-modern approach to literature, which in the sixties (where **Naked Lunch** by William Burroughs (*Paladin*, 4.99) first bloomed) choked with the 'year zero' punk ethic and thus shot holes in the cannon, is ideally suited here. *Naked Lunch* was constructed with a 'writing as chunks approach' using scissors and cow-gum. The result is a non-linear narrative that pops and oozes in many directions rather than carving a single stream. (All books do this to an extent and, come the digital hypertextual age, all will wholly...)

It is unessential and useless to go into the threads of the 'plot' – this book attempts to be large and various: and what is the 'plot' of America, drug usage, violent sex and medicine? It shotguns with slow rubber dum-dums at all these in incandescent prose unlike anything before and little since. Example: "Stay away from the Queen's Plaza, son... Evil spot haunted by dicks scream for dope fiend lover... Too many levels... Heat flares out from the broom closet high on ammonia... like burning lions... fall on poor old lush worker scare her veins right down to the bone... Her skin-pop a week or so do that five-twenty-nine kick handed out free and gratis by NYC to jostling junkies... So Fag, Beagle, Irish, Sailor beware... Look down, look down along that line before you travail there..."

Burroughs, the son of a very wealthy industrialist, found a different way of living and a new way of documenting it. Although his lifestyle may seem dubious, the text should never have found itself banned everywhere except Paris. In turn, you should accept not the garish modern-friendly movie but the truly subversive novel. **S**

THE MENU



Another week, another fleshy appendage of pop-culture under the scalpel. *Stylus* furrows his highbrows and delves into the world of essential books: first up is **Naked Lunch**.



In the start of another new series, KC gently samples tea and spies in the **Orangery**, Kensington Gardens.



Dave T takes the cds and *tintin* takes the vinyl in the misbalanced singles review that is rotation.



After a long gap, the **london column** regresses our pages with delicate prose about the great jungle. This week Joe takes a nightbus to past midnight...



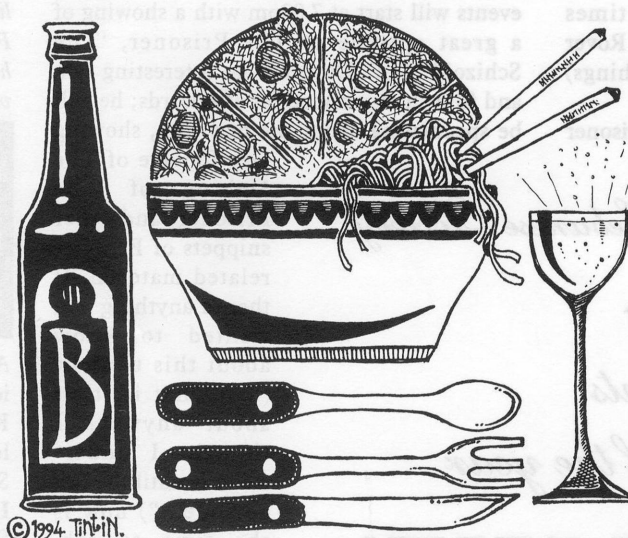
Vik relives **Nirvana** unplugged and flies with the new **Black Crowes'** album 'amorica', whilst Helen-Louise says yes to **Ned's Atomic Dushbin** and Mark catches the best of **Sting**.



Better late than a room full of small blue dwarfs, Patrick Wood finally gets his review of the **Whistler** exhibition at the Tate into our hallowed pages.



tintin looses his head to **Three Colours Red**, Patrick Wood goes without dinner to see **Final Combination** and Magpie has film festival fun in the company of the **Playmaker**.



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near royal teas

Feeling peckish for a daintier tea than sausage rolls in the JCR? Try the **Orangery** in Kensington Gardens. It's just beyond Kensington Palace from this side of the park, at the head of a gravel walk trimmed with hollies. What used to be the citrus fruit conservatory is now a tea-room of ironwork tables and chairs at distances just sufficient to eavesdrop in a genteel sort of way. And there's a glorious spread of scones and cakes facing the entrance.

It's not as Women's Institute-y as it sounds. The ceiling's as high as that of a church, and the glass trickles condensation at this time of year. The clientele's sometimes elegant, sometimes dubious. We

were pretty sure the couple at the next table were Ian McEwan and his agent. If I were MI5, I wouldn't linger on park benches I'd sit here. (This could be why I'm not in MI5.)

We had Lapsang Souchong and Ceylon from their range of teas (£1.50+) and investigated the orange and lavender crunch cake (£1.35) for its alluring description. It came with a thick frosted topping of sugar, but little sign of lavender. Possibly those JCR sausages have ruined my sensitivity.

Service is polite irrespective of appearance, but if you sit at the far end towards the evening (they shut at 5pm) you risk abandonment. It's a good place to linger and check out the rather spooky secret garden as you leave. **S**



rotation



No photographs obviously exist of our fabled cartoon character and Dave Thornley, as is fitting for a PG, is quite reclusive too so it's only artistic impressions of our reviewers this week I'm afraid.

liz phair – *supernova*

[t]; this isn't really the best choice of single from her latest album but she still manages to use a rude word. With liz being around the 'bleep man' will remain in gainful employment.

prophets of da city –

never again

[d]; play this one when everyone's loosened up. It's a very smooth bit of groove-mongering which doesn't lose its charm when pushed through the remix mill four times.

hearts desire – *out of my hair*

[t]; despite the fact that we've got this particular single three times, it sounds like 'the sultans of swing' on all our copies. Surely an awful error at the singles' pressing plant. Watch out for watered down dire straits on some vinyl near you!

velo-deluxe – *superelastic*

[t]; they're named after a vacuum cleaner, contain a member of Blake's Babies and are obviously super (and elastic).

main – *ferment 2*

[d]; main let loose with their echo boxes and forget to switch them off for a long time. Normal ambient restrictions apply. Play it loud in a drunken stupor...woah! ...it sounds brilliant when you fast forward it!

fastbacks – *waste of time*

[t]; this has its heart in the right place but it goes flat at all the critical points. The fact that the singer's voice goes flat at all the critical points may be it?

scarce – *all sideways*

[t]; yeah I like this. After years trying to get out one of the worst named bands in history, Chuck, the ex-anastasia screamed man, has a new band. Hurray.

nb trips

When was the last time you stopped to look at the city's face? Really looked, I mean, not just a hurried, nervous glance around as you rush for the tube or bus. London is a concrete menagerie that invites you to gasp at its gaudy and glorious inhabitants and wallow in its huge and teeming vibrancy. The streets may taste of tailbacks and tedium but thrills could be around the very next corner, and there's always something more to do, somewhere else to be...

Most of the time though things happen too fast. It's only late at night, when the city's fevered breath steadies and slows – a giant on the edge of fretful sleep – that we have time to see things clearly. Everyday objects assume a moon-drenched grace and beauty, a density impossible in the grey light of day.

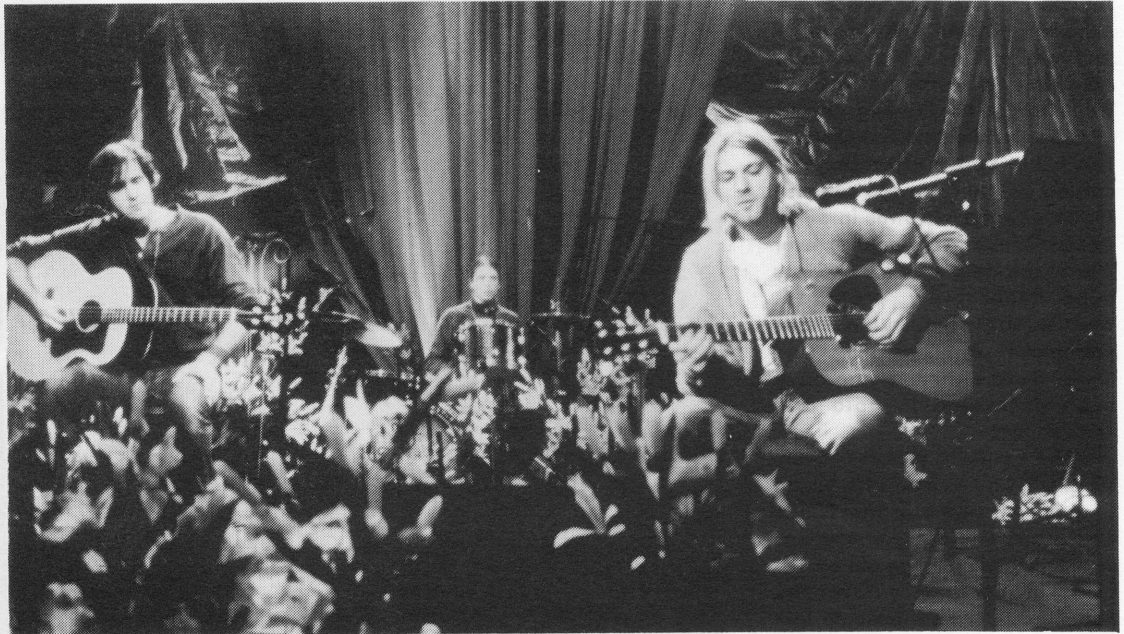
Take the humble London bus: even during the day, it's by far the most interesting way to travel. The people seem less tense than on the tube, more inclined to talk instead of bury their heads in the paper, and of course you get a much better view. But at night the buses come into their own, transformed by midnight magic into mobile mad-houses: fertile breeding grounds for the bad, the sad and the merely dangerous to sit next to. And in the lees of the night, all roads lead to Trafalgar.

Bands of blissed-out clubbers and bored tourists up way past their bed-time roam the Square, all trying with increasing desperation to find the right stop for their night-bus, all of them seemingly intent on getting in your way. When you finally fight past them it's usually just in time to see your bus receding into the distance. Never mind, there'll be another one along in an hour...

Besides, there's so much to do while you wait: you can talk to the drunks and ignore the beggars; imagine striking up a conversation with the beautiful woman standing next to you (is she waiting for the same bus as you?); or just breath in the night air under the watchful stare of old Nelson, your thoughts coiling in upon themselves. Then, some time later (minutes? hours? It's difficult to tell) the bus – your bus – pulls majestically into the square, and no chariot of the gods could be more welcome. You pay the fare, find a seat, and make yourself comfortable. Ready to begin your long day's journey into night. ⑤



another last waltz; posthumous and live



I didn't want to eulogise. But, after listening to the posthumous album from **Nirvana**, *Unplugged in new york*, I'm afraid that it's impossible not to. This is Nirvana as you've never heard them before (and sadly will never hear them again) – their rawness, their passion and most tellingly of all, the sheer beauty of Kurt Cobain's songs all augmented by the acoustic format.

'About a girl', 'Come as you are', 'All apologies', 'Dumb', 'Polly', all are gentle yet probing, soft yet incisive. We are treated to an impromptu solo rendition of 'Pennyroyal tea' from Cobain and I defy it not to send shivers up your spine.

But this album serves also to irrefutably prove the magnificence of Nirvana as performers. Witness the cover versions; the Vaselines' 'Jesus don't want me for a sunbeam' (complete with Krist Novoselic on accordion), Bowie's 'The man who sold the world', a trio of 1983 Meat Puppet jewels, and ending with Leadbelly's 'Where did you sleep last night?'. Listen to them, close your eyes, and let their haunting qualities help you to realise what that old cliché 'making a song your own' really means.

It's ironic that eMpty TV, the corporate behemoth that controls the musical tastes of America, should serve us with Nirvana's farewell, especially when the song that broke them, 'Smells like teen spirit', was directed straight at the eMpty TV generation. But then it probably says more about Kurt Cobain's punk ethics that he should choose to use such an establishment to show the public what his

songs were really worth and to hint at the direction he was heading for, if only the inevitable had not happened. Yes, a corporate whore who had the last laugh...(9)

The Black Crowes may have resorted to cheap and tacky promotional stunts with the sleeve for their new album, *America*, but thankfully there's no sign of any deterioration on the musical front. Yes, the Crowes are still inhabiting some drug-inhabited world circa late '60s, early '70s but they've spread their creative wings to pull in the Grateful Dead, War and the Flying Burrito Brothers alongside the standard Stones and Faces signposts.

And what does that mean? Well, one word that sums the whole affair up is groove! Percussion is the name of the game from the ultra-rhythmic opener 'Gone' right through to the use of congas, Hammond organ and a Spanish guiro on 'High head blues'. Elsewhere, there's the wonderfully funky 'P.25 London' and moody, country-flavoured, deceptively addictive melodies like 'Wiser time'.

Okay, so you don't get any jump-out hit singles like 'Remedy' but if you take the time to listen to it as a whole you get a flowing album full of great songs. Sounds like a fair deal to me. Maybe *America* isn't such a bad place to live after all (8).

Being a dedicated hack, the new **Ned's Atomic Dustbin** album, 522, was blasting out of my stereo when a friend walked in. "Why are you playing student music?" he inquired. Ned's Atomic Dustbin fit right into this stereotype, despite

the originality of their rhythm section. This album is however pretty varied with the majority of the 22 tracks being old school indie as favoured by the Wonder Stuff and Mega City Four. Five are more experimental, like 'NAD v. NDX = Intact', and more in the lines of early Jesus Jones or even industrial. But then you'd expect a bit of variation from an album released as a 'b-sides, odds and sods compilation' and called 522 because the tour dates are from 5th to 22nd November! It is only available on cd, but retails at a low price, you've guessed it, £5.22. Would I recommend you to buy it? Can you be a student without it? (8)

Any album with "The best of..." in the title normally worries me, but *Fields of gold: the best of Sting* is an exception to the rule. 'It's probably me', with Eric Clapton, is far better than the version on "Ten summoner's tales" and it's apparently from *Lethal Weapon 3*, although I failed to spot it when I saw the film. Another film song, 'Demolition man – soulpower edit', is irritating at first, but after hearing it a few times you grow to like it.

For me the combination of the classic songs, film songs, new songs and alternate versions of 'Nothing bout me' and 'We'll be together' make this album very different from the usual best of efforts. It's also very long, at 17 tracks and 76 minutes, so if you like Sting in smaller doses, it'll take you a while to get through it all. However, this does mean it's good value for money, so for this and the yellow cd, it gets a (9). ⑤

in the rye a well connected revolution

It looks like the Tate Gallery are expecting their exhibition of pictures by the 19th century American artist **James McNeill Whistler** to be the big artistic attraction of the next few months. The ticket booth arrangements outside on the lawn are certainly set up with large crowds in mind. The exhibition itself features over 200 of the artist's works and has been elaborately prepared. Whistler was very fussy about the presentation of his paintings and at the Tate entire rooms have been decorated in gold and Prussian blue.

The range of pictures covers Whistler's whole career. He began to make his name in the 1850s with a series of detailed etchings depicting working-class life on the banks of the Thames. Over the next decade realism became less important to him as he explored composition and mood. It's with the culmination of this trend, the gorgeous and atmospheric Nocturnes of the 1870s, that the exhibition really takes off.

In 1877 the famous 'Nocturne in Black and Gold: The Falling Rocket' became the subject of a notorious libel trial: Whistler sued the influential art critic John Ruskin, who had accused him of "flinging a pot of paint in the public's face". When the judge wanted to know if Whistler really asked to be paid 200 guineas for two days' labour, Whistler replied, "No. I ask it for the knowledge I have gained in the work of a lifetime." He won his case, and was awarded damages of a farthing.

Most of the Nocturnes are London scenes, but one of the best is of St Mark's in Venice. It's a haunting depiction of a building that can all too often turn out looking like a Baroque jelly mould or heap of profiteroles. These remarkable paintings don't reproduce well, and really need to be seen in the original.

After the Nocturnes, much of what follows is an anticlimax. But there are a couple of beautiful portraits in later rooms. An 'Arrangement in Grey and Mother-of-Pearl' is a silvery depiction of the artist's sister-in-law. There's also one of Lady Archibald Campbell, which her relatives objected to on the grounds that it made her look like "a street walker". There was too much ankle! ☹



A film's value is not defined by its director, stars, philosophy or historical foundation but by whether its audience enjoys it. For all of the thought in **Trois Couleurs Rouge** by the end you get the feeling that it has become driven by cleverness and not by emotion.

Set in Switzerland, the film shows us the image of modern Europe. Naturally beautiful, well connected, rich, secular and aryan, the country is just like the heroine. Valentine (Irène Jacob) is a model, whose face sells chewing gum from a giant hoarding. Her boyfriend is away in England and they can only talk on the phone.

As a concept which encourages the mental divorce and dependence at the same time, the telephone is a totem which runs throughout the film. We rush upstairs for it and it cuts out before we get there. It provides anonymity for anger, erotic frisson for those who manage to break into its privacy and ultimately a wall to hide behind when face to face becomes snarl to bite. In a film supposedly about brotherhood, the phone is the biggest actor.

When she runs over a dog, Valentine takes it back to its owner. So while her boyfriend can only get the answerphone, she is living a real life, meeting someone strange. The dog's owner is a retired and nameless judge (Jean-Louis Trintignant). A bitter old man, he gets his kicks listening into the neighbours' phone calls, knowing every airborne secret and predicting what will become. Just as

Valentine's disgust is turned to helplessness so their relationship grows into something uneasily like love. And this is where 'Three Colours Red' begins its overthought spiral downwards. Age is the only barrier between them but in the modern brotherhood that is enough. Valentine is the Judge's salvation and he is sacrificed to cinematic philosophy. In a film so full of forced parallels it could pass for an aerial photograph of Clapham Junction, Auguste, a young trainee magistrate, takes up the older man's role and love. Yet it's a poor deal for Valentine, not least because Auguste is dull as well as being a lawyer.

At the end 'Three Colours Red' degenerates as the pressure of loose ends from three films is left unsolved and hurriedly knotted together in a skein of threads. Just as in the last scene Valentine the chewing gum icon mirrors and cheapens Valentine the survivor, so 'Three Colours Red' becomes a pale reflection of what made it watchable. At heart love does not recognise age and audiences will feel cheated when their emotional bonds are transplanted from real heroes to flatlining doppelgängers.

In **Final Combination** Michael Madsen (the psychopathic Mr Blonde from *Reservoir Dogs*) plays LA cop Matt Dickson. He's hunting Richard Welton, a killer boxer played by Gary Stretch. Dickson is asthmatic and not exactly sylph-like. Nevertheless two bone-crunching encounters with Welton leave him

each time with nothing more than a sticking-plaster above his right eyebrow.

This is a run-of-the-mill thriller, with three or four suspenseful moments. Welton's kinky obsession with sex phone lines looks promising but remains disappointingly undeveloped. The love interest is Lisa Bonet, aka Denise Huxtable from the *Cosby* show, ex-Mrs Lenny Kravitz etc. There's lots of slugging ('man to man' of course), some shooting, a car chase, and ... er, that's it.

Acting is all that Jamie (Jennifer Rubin) wants to do in **the Playmaker**. Her current soap opera job is at a standstill, she has a drink problem, low self confidence and a useless agent; she is desperate for a big leading role. When she finally gets an audition for the role for a new film she turns to acting coach, Ross Talbert (Colin Firth) for some pre-audition training. However Talbert's teaching methods are totally unconventional. He plays psychological games with the intention of bringing out Jamie's true potential. Then, in a turnaround, the roles are reversed and Jamie becomes the initiator, commanding each action. The acting lessons have obviously been very effective.

Up to this point in the story I was quite enthralled with the psychological games, though sometimes being on the slightly sadistic side, but from then on the plot became really quite silly. It ended up a bit of a farce. ☹

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Over the past 10 years we have done more than just teach self defence and martial arts. We pride ourselves in using our extraordinary skills to help the less fortunate people in life. Through our charity work performed here in the Union Gym we have had, the Lord Mayor of London, the Mayor of Westminster and the Mayor of Haringay attend and witness breathtaking feats and raising thousands of pounds for charity. Celebrities and VIP's have also walked the grounds of IC. Such to the extent that master Sifu Sofos was awarded "progress with humanity" by the Mayor of Haringay.

We have encouraged the growth of Scholarly work with our endless efforts to get students more aware, confident, and set a realistic approach in tackling their exams. We have also helped students through way of counselling how to deal with emotional upheaval and depression.

We have instructed "women self defence courses" free to students of IC, which again is in the pipeline. Look out for further details. Why not join a winning team, with a reputation of great spirit. We will endeavour to find you the road to spiritual enlightenment through the motions of Sofos Wing Chun. Kung Fu.

For further details come to classes at the Union Gym
Wed 1.30-3.30pm
Fri 4.30-6.30pm or call 081 885 4126

Islamic Society 1pm
Friday Prayers, SG (R)
ICU Rag 1.10pm
Rag Meeting EL (R)
Aerobics Classes 5.30pm
Advanced Step level IV, SG (R)

Free minibus service
home from union building, 11.30 to 2am

IC Roller Blade Soc 10.45am
Ramp skating at Brixton. Skate Park, meet at SL (R)
IC Roller Blade Soc 2pm
Skating and Hockey in Hyde Park/Kensington Gdns. Meet at SL (R)
Gliding Club 8.15pm
Lastam Airfield. Come to Thursday meeting if it is your first time. (R)

Aerobics Class 2pm
Intermediate level III, SG (R)
IC Wargames Club 1pm
Table Tennis Rm (R)
IC Roller Blade Soc 2pm
Skating and Hockey in Hyde Park/Kensington Gdns. Meet at SL (R)
Opsoc 2pm
Rehearsal for 'Cabaret' in CH.

Aerobics Classes 12.30pm
Body Toning level I, SG (R)
Artsoc 12.30pm
Meeting, UDH (R)
Exploration Society 1pm
Meeting at Southside Upper Lounge (R)
Ski Club 1-2pm
Meeting, SL (Upper) (R)
Aerobics Class 5.30pm
Beginners level I, SG (R)
Concert Band 5.45pm
Rehearsal. Open to players of any ability, Great Hall (R)
IC Dance Club 6pm
Rock and Roll, UDH (R)
Opsoc 7.30pm
Rehearsal for 'Cabaret' in CH (R)

Book Sale 10-4pm
Central Libraries
Cathsoc 12pm
Bagrit centre, Mech Eng (R)
S+G Outdoor Club 12pm
Meeting. Welcome, SL (R)
Yogasoc 12.15pm
Beginners' classes, SG, (R).
IC Sailing Club 12.30pm
Sign up to sail! SL (R)
Quasar Club 12.30pm
Meeting, SL (Upper) (R)
Careers Talks 1-1.50pm
'Civil Engineering', Huxley LT 213.
12.30pm 'Opportunities with Physics', Physics LT 1.
UCO 1pm
Bible study, Mat. B342
Photo Society 1-2pm
All welcome, SL (R)
Circus Skills Soc 5-8pm
Table Tennis Rm UB (R).
Aerobics Class 5.30pm
Advanced level IV, SG (R)
IC Dance Club 6pm
beginners, JCR (R)
Wine Tasting Soc 6pm
£5, £4 UDH (R)
DramSoc 6.30pm
Meeting, UB (R)
LeoSoc 6.30pm
Civ Eng Rm 101(R)
Opsoc 7.30pm
Rehearsal for 'Cabaret' in Mech Eng 342 (R)
Canoe Club 7.30pm
Sports Centre pool, any level of ability, (R)
Chess Club 7.30pm
1st team match, SCR (R)
Caving Club 9pm
Meeting SL (Upper) (R)

Japan Soc 12-2pm
Weekly meeting, Ante Room (R)
IC Roller Blade Soc 12.15pm
Meeting for existing and prospective members at SL followed by Hockey in Hyde Park (R)
College Communion 12.30pm
Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road (R)
Motorcycle club 12.45pm
weekly meeting, SL, (R).
Quasar Club 12.45pm
Quasar Trip meet at Sherfield Building, UL (R)
Ski Club
Recreational skiing & lessons.
IC Wargames Club 1pm
Table Tennis Rm (R)
Aerobics Classes 1.15pm
Beginners/Inter. level I, SG (R)
Careers Course 2-4pm
'How to write a perfect CV' for PGs, Huxley Rm 344. Sign up in Careers Office.
Ten Pin Bowling 2.15pm
meet outside Aero to go bowling (R).
Jazz Dance 3.30-5pm
Beginners Jazz dance classes, SG (R)
Aerobics Classes 5pm
Step level III, SG (R)
IC Chess Club 6.30pm
Club night, SCR (R).

GO Club 12-2pm
Ante Room, Sherfield (R)
Aerobics Class 12.30pm
'Legs, Turns & Bums' level I, SG (R)
Y.H.A. 12.30pm
Weekly meeting, SL (R).
Careers Talk 1-1.50pm
'Accountancy' by James Robb, Huxley LT 213.
Yacht Club 1pm
Physics LT2 (R)
Parachute Club 1pm
Table Tennis Room, UB (R)
Conservative Club 1pm
Meeting, SL (Upper) (R)
Gliding Club 1pm
Meeting, Aero 266 (R)
Get Fit with Louisa 1-2pm
Aerobics,UG (R)
Jazz Dance 4-5.30pm
Advanced classes, SG (R)
Aerobics Class 5.30pm
Intermed. level 3, SG (R)
IC Roller Blade Soc 6.15pm
To Basildon Roller Rink, ring: Alex 0171 352 9111
Christian Union 6.30pm
Huxley 308 (R)
Leonardo Society 6.30
Civ Eng Rm 101(R)
IC Dance Club 7pm
Beginners, JCR (R)
Jazz Big Band 7-10pm
Table Tennis Rm (R)
Motorcycle club 7.30pm
SL, meet for bike run around London, (R)
Ladies' Football 8.30pm
Training, contact Union office pigeon hole, UG (R)

Times (R) Regular Meeting

Places (SG) Southside Gym (SL) Southside Lounge (UB) Union Building (UDH) Union Dining Hall (UG) Union Gym (UL) Union Lounge (EL) Ents Lounge (JCR) Junior Common Room (SMHMS) St. Mary's

SMALL ADS

Careers Office
Rm 310, 10.00am-5.15pm, Mon to Fri
Postgraduates Mathematical Advice Centre Helpline
Ext 48533, Dr. Geoff Stephenson, Maths Dept.
Subwarden wanted
for Bernard Sunley Hse, PG student, free accomo. Write to the Warden, 42 Evelyn Gdns, London, SW7. Deadline 2 Dec 94.
Female required
for shared room in a fully furnished flat. Full use of lounge, kitchen & bathroom. 10 min walk to college; 2-3 min to Sainsbury's. Rent £55 pw (excl bills). Non-smoker preferred. Phone Karen Aylward (Chem Eng IV) on 0171-370 6067
Exploration Board
Will students planning expeditions for 1994 please note that the Exploration Board meets on Wed 7 Dec. Written proposals must be submitted by end of Nov to Board Secretary, Don Adlington at 15 Princes Gdns (ext 49430)

ELSEWHERE

ULU Gaysoc visit the cinema on the 24th November. For further details call Ulu, ext 211.
Kensal Green Cemetery Tour. Sunday 20th. 2pm. Meet at the Anglican Chapel. £2.

DO YOU LOVE
YOUR HALL?

IF YOU HAVE ANY COMMENTS (GOOD OR BAD),
QUESTIONS OR PROBLEMS REGARDING
I.C. HALLS OF RESIDENCE PLEASE CONTACT
ANNIE OR DAN IN THE UNION OFFICE.
(Ext 58062)

Hey You!
Can you write?

FELIX is always looking for new talent to add to the roster. If you have an interest in anything from news to reviews to full length features then we have an interest in you. Come along to one of our regular meetings:

| | | |
|----------|-----------|-----|
| Reviews | Monday | 1pm |
| News | Monday | 6pm |
| Features | Wednesday | 1pm |

Or come over and see Owain in the FELIX office (North West corner of Beit Quad or phone 48072) anytime.

So, can you write?

IMPERIAL

CINEMA

The Wings of Honneamise (Manga)

Prince Charles
Leicester Place
0171 437 8181
tube; Leicester Sq
doors; 6pm
tickets; £3.99

Intersection

ICU Cinema
Union Building
0171 594 8098, x48098
doors; 7.45pm
tickets; £2 or £1 for film/ents card holders

Wyatt Earp

ICU Cinema
Union Building
0171 594 8098, x48098
doors; 7.15pm
tickets; £2 or £1 for film/ents card holders

Airheads

MGM Fulham Road
Fulham Road
0171 370 2636
S. Ken tube and then bus
doors; 12.30, 2.40, 7.25
tickets; £6, students £3.50

Three Colours Red

Chelsea Cinema
Kings Road
0171 351 3742
tube; Sloane Square
2.00, 4.15, 6.30, 8.50
tickets; £7, £6, 1st perf £4 with concs £2.50

MUSIC

Ned's Atomic Dustbin + Baby Chaos

Astoria
tube; Tott'nham Court Rd.
0171 434 0403/4
doors; 7.30pm
tickets; £8.50

David Essex

Hammersmith Apollo
tube; Hammersmith
071 416 6080
doors; 7.30pm
tickets; £16

Nothing worth seeing this night so stop wasting your grant on gigs and do some work instead!

Indigo Girls

Empire
tube; Shepherd's Bush
0181 740 7474
doors; 7.30pm
tickets; £10

Stone Temple Pilots

Brixton Academy
tube; Brixton
0171 724 9999
doors; 7pm
tickets; £9

ARTS

Bernard Cohen (abstract painter)

Ben Uri,
4th Floor,
21 Dean Street W1
0171-437 2852
tube: Piccadilly Circus
Mon-Thu 10-5pm, Sun 2-5pm

Purcell's 'King Arthur' (cond. John Eliot Gardiner) (repeated Sun)

Queen Elizabeth Hall,
South Bank Centre,
0171 928 8800
tube; Waterloo, Charing Cross, Embankment
time: 7.45pm

Mahler Symphony no 9 (Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra)

Barbican Centre
0171 638 8891
tubes: Barbican, St Paul's, Moorgate
time: 8pm

Bruckner Symphony no 8 (Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra)

Barbican Centre
0171 638 8891
tubes: Barbican, St Paul's, Moorgate
time: 8pm

The Glory of Venice

Royal Academy
Burlington House,
Piccadilly, W1
0171-439 7438
tube: Piccadilly Circus
Daily 10-6pm
Tickets available on door and in advance from First Call (0171-240 7200)

Skiing ☒

IC vs Everyone Else

Ski racing is all about speed and danger: like being thrown down the A12 in a stolen Astra at great speed with Charlie Woodbridge [who? -Ed] and a few tinnies at the wheel.

The first team beat almost everyone and got 2nd place. The second had a Top 10 hit, and so it was a thoroughly successful evening. We received some cheap plonk as prizes, and proceeded to consume all of it on the way home [I hope that didn't include the driver! -Ed].

Fred Westberg and Nick Hubscher did exceptionally well, Paul Shore and Dorje Brody did OK. Rod Herries, Charlie, Dan Figueras, Aoi Takemura and John Bengston put in impressive performances, whilst Phil Barnyard may yet need some more training!

Football ☒

IC Ladies vs Goldsmiths

The odds were stacked against us in this match. The pitch was like a ploughed field and Goldsmiths hadn't realised they were playing a non-contact sport. Despite this we triumphed with two goals from "Lt. Worf" and one goal from our sweeper "muss moose".

This didn't quite match up to last weeks performance, but we're still undefeated in both leagues!

Hockey

IC Ladies 2nd vs UCH 2nd

A frustrating game, first because it was reduced in length, and second because our opposition only had nine players! Attack after attack followed, but the ball didn't want to go in the goal.

| Sport | IC Team | Score | Opposition |
|---------------|------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Cross Country | Women | 1 st place | (many) |
| Football | Ladies | 3 - 1 | Goldsmiths |
| Football | Men 2 nd | 5 - 4 | IC 3 rd |
| Football | Men 4 th | 2 - 1 | QMW 5 th |
| Football | Men 5 th | 7 - 0 | LSE 5 th |
| Netball | Ladies | 42 - 12 | LSE |
| Skiing | 1 st | 2 nd place | (lots) |
| Cross Country | Men | 5 th place | (lots'n'lots) |
| Football | 2 nd | 2 - 2 | Royal London |
| | | | Medical College |
| Hockey | Ladies 2 nd | 0 - 0 | UCH 2 nd |
| Rugby | Men 1 st | (they lost) | UCL |

Well done to Juliet on her first appearance in goal - perhaps a permanent position?

Rugby ☒

IC 1st vs UCL

Following a disappointing performance we crashed out of the UAU, losing to UCL. Thanks to the supporters who turned up and Roger P. who bought a conciliation jug for the team.

We must now look forward, a heavy schedule sees us playing as defending champions in the Gutteridge Cup and also taking part in the new ULU league.

We would like to see an increased level of commitment towards training to get the team to play the quality rugby it is capable of.

Netball ☒

IC Ladies vs LSE

We eventually managed to play LSE, a match which had previously been cancelled due to a dangerous pitch (not ours this time). We started well and soon took a convincing lead. In spite of the lack of qualified umpires (provided by LSE) IC stuck to the rules. Some very peculiar decisions by the umpires led to frustration, but by the second quarter we were far enough ahead to see the funny side of it.

Towards the end we relaxed a little, allowing their score to reach double figures. It was a well deserved result from an interesting and sometimes scrappy game.

Football²

IC Men 2nd Team vs IC Men 3rd Team

2nd Team ☒

It was a game of two halves, the boyz done well, and it wasn't over 'till the referee blew the whistle.

We were three up after twenty minutes, very luckily due to a Dennis Nadarajah double and a spectacular own goal. Rob Ochola scored early in the second half, but then Tai, their captain, brought down M. Plummer in the box. Dennis converted from the spot to claim his hat-trick.

Tai then redeemed himself by scoring a blinder, beating a flapping D. Groves to make it 4-3 to us. Ed Jenkins, our captain, actually woke up to do something, crossing (excellently) for Dennis to get his fourth. Hajo got one back for them after some dodgy defending. We then clung on to win 5-4.

3rd Team ☒

The result of the most eagerly awaited game of the season was a nine goal thriller. The first twenty minutes saw us in control, but then they scored via an own goal by Joachim Cukowicz. Two more goals followed, so from a position of control we were now 3-0 down. They then started to dictate the pattern of play, but Rob Ochola gave us a glimmer of hope when he sprang the off-side trap to finish coolly just before half-time.

At the start of the second half we piled on the pressure and scored again through Rob to make the score 3-2. Dennis Nadarajah restored their two goal lead after converting a penalty, conceded by our captain Taiwo Dauda. Taiwo replied a few minutes later with a stunning left-foot strike from twenty yards. Dennis scored his fourth goal of the afternoon to make the score 5-3. Although Hajo Dekker scored for us with fifteen minutes to go, we failed to equalise.

Cross Country

Third race in the London Colleges' League (at Wimbledon)

The IC women yet again dominated the leading bunch, the team winning for the third successive race. The men, despite suffering from a number of injuries, performed well with the team finishing fifth.

Andy and Oliver will both represent ULU at Southampton on Saturday. Emily, Jenny, Kay and Christina will soon be travelling to Osaka, Japan, to represent ULU in the University Ekiden Championships.

Individual results

Women

Men

- 16. Andy Overend
- 18. Olivier Brown
- 40. Cedd Winder
- 52. Gerald Johnson
- 59. Gary Hoare
- 71. Ben Sell

- 3. Jennie Rogers
- 5. Emily Collins
- 7. Jenny Williams
- 8. Maria Raimondi
- 11. Kay Mac Donald