



FELIX

Issue 925 7 February 1992

Felix Stolen

Zoë Hellinger, Imperial College Union President, admitted on Tuesday that she had been partly responsible for the removal of 3500 copies of Felix shortly after they had been distributed last Friday.

The action was organised by some members of the cast of 'Grease' who felt that a review of their production published in last week's edition of Felix could damage the ticket sales. One security guard stopped a group of people from removing Felices from the Department of Computing but the rest went missing without being noticed.

Miss Hellinger has since apologised for her actions, saying that it was one of the 'stupidest things' she had ever done, but said that she would not resign unless students thought that it was necessary, and that she would be putting her case to the Extraordinary General Meeting (EGM) of the Union held yesterday (Thursday).

Rumours that a 'motion of no confidence' in the Union President would be put to the EGM proved false, but a motion was passed which intended to ensure that

interference in editorial control or censorship of student media would be a disciplinary offence in future. When asked if she felt that she had got off 'scot free', Ms Hellinger replied 'you have put me though hell in the past three days' in a reference to the vigorous response of the College's student media to the disappearance of Felix. Ms Hellinger also stated that she would not interfere with the production of Felix again, but could not give that guarantee for anyone else.

IC Rag, whose event 'Cluedo' was advertised in the purloined edition of Felix, are to be compensated for the low attendance at the event. Dramsoc and Opsoc have issued an apology to Rag for the damage caused and have agreed to raise at least £750 for charity. Details have not been finalised, but the money will not come from Grease profits but from the individuals involved. Since Rag also lost out on general publicity and interest in events, members of the cast will be helping at the Rag Fête on 16th May. Ms Hellinger described Rag as the 'victims' of the removal and was 'deeply sorry' for the effect of the action.

Petitions

Representatives of the Selkirk and Tizard Halls Residents' Committees met with Mr Angus Fraser, IC Managing Director, and Mr Gordon Marshall, Director of Estates, to discuss a petition distributed to heads of all departments.

The petition drawn up by the two hall committees and signed by over

three-quarters of hall residents, expressed general dissatisfaction with the poor conditions in Southside Halls.

In a letter distributed yesterday to all residents on a 34-week licence, Ms Sheelagh Crampton, Accommodation and Conference Manager, stated that blocks of rooms in Southside, Linstead and Weeks

Bio Flood



The fire brigade had to be called to a flood in the new Chemistry Building, last Friday evening. An engine from Kensington fire station arrived within four minutes of the call to aid college technicians who had discovered the flood.

The flood started in one of the pump rooms in the basement of the Biochemistry department and had reached a depth of over three metres before being discovered. Sub-Officer Marks, one of the officers

dealing with the flood, said that the high pressure water had to be turned off to prevent the water level rising further. As a result of this there was a risk of fire from overheated distillation tanks within the department.

The fire engine remained at the building until there was no longer any danger from the tanks overheating and left at approximately 1.00am.

Halls will be set aside for business use, whilst the remaining rooms will be free for student use. It has also been confirmed that students will not have to pay business rates and that adequate storage space will be made available.

The petition listed a number of complaints about facilities provided, including excessive rent

levels and completely inadequate security. According to the report of the meeting, the committees did not believe that security would improve when the new college-wide measures are implemented. The petition ended by threatening to damage college recruitment by letting prospective students know what conditions are actually like.

Good, bad, ugly & short review

Dear Adam

There is apparently a dearth of arts critics in the Felix office. This was borne out by Steve Newhouse's (The good, the Bad, the Ugly and the Short) article on Grease. Who obviously doesn't have a clue what he is talking about.

Mr Newhouse appears to have a large piece of deep fried potato on his shoulder about the £8k of union

money invested in the production. Therefore the plethora of criticism heaped against the cast, production team and directors seemed out of place.

The article should have been held back until Grease had finished its run. Such a jaded article which lacked any form of constructive criticism could not have done the production any favours. Nor would

it have helped the union recouperate its investment.

The production was an excellent interpretation of the musical and provided a great evening's entertainment.

Yours sincerely,

Eric Allsop, Mech Eng 3

Darrell Brown, Mech Eng 3

Sheila Shah, Mech Eng 3

Mutual annoyance

Dear Adam,

We are annoyed that DramSoc removed the vast amount of Felix's from college. Felix is an independent newspaper which, though people insist is going downhill, is infinitely better than other student rags. It has a dedicated team working all hours to get it to us and it is unfair that the vast amount of students should be denied the opportunity to read about all the other goings-on in college.

Whilst we can recognise that DramSoc and the CCUs may be slightly annoyed that the review was not all gold, a member of the stage crew did tell us that the review was accurate. The editorial encouraged people to see the production and let people decide for themselves.

Due to these representatives of DramSoc committing the act of depriving the students of IC of the Felix Newspaper we demand that an explanation is written as to why

they committed this gross act of censorship as well as an apology.

Yours sincerely,

Gavin Pearson, Mech Eng 2

Mark Hearn, Mat Sci 2

Scott Stevens, DoC 2

Nicholas H H Jones, Mech Eng 2

Richard Patterson, Biochem 2

N C S Parfitt, Biochem 2

Kathryn Baker, Materials 2

Rocksoc complaint

Adam,

I am writing this letter to complain about the treatment of Imperial College Rock Society in issue 923 of 'Felix' on January 24th. When I enquired in person for an explanation on Tuesday 27th all I received was a mumbled 'I thought that's what you wanted' before you ran off to hide somewhere. In the face of such blatant rudeness, perhaps you will be brave enough to offer an explanation in writing.

Imperial College Rock Society spend a great deal of time, money and effort in putting on events for the benefit of the whole college. The success of these events depends on the response from the students.

Along with the posters and flyers produced it was considered that an advert in 'Felix' was the most efficient method of reaching the majority of the student body. The treatment our press release received at your hands was not what we 'wanted' or expected!

To quote the article entitled 'Son of Magic Box': 'Thursday, Ignorance etc. IC Union £2/£3. I believe it's somewhere in South Kensington. I dunno, I've never been there.' For your information, and future reference, the 'Felix' offices happen to be situated in the Union Building, and are, as a matter of act, right next door to the Union Lounge, where the gig was held—a fact which is painfully obvious to

one with even the lowest IQ let alone an IC student or graduate! As if this purile attempt at what I can only guess is humour, wasn't enough, the article went on to say: 'In reverse order, in third place, Ignorance, who I have never heard of. Don't blame me if they're shite...' If the so-called Music Editor, Poddy hasn't even heard of the band, his biased, ill-informed opinions are best kept to himself. It is sad enough that this style of journalism exists in the 'Felix' office, but by sanctioning the article you violated your duty as Editor to give equal and fair representation. If this responsibility is too much for you, perhaps you would be better suited applying what talents you

Library

Dear Editor,

Following your two reports on the Central Libraries on 24 January, may I offer reassurance to Ms Hellinger and other worried library users.

Fines will not apply to all overdue books: only to books from the heavily used short loan collections, or reserved by another user, or long overdue. A warning notice that a book is due back will always be sent before a fine is levied.

The proposed joint library with the Science Museum, amongst other things, should extend access to its collections in the evenings. There are no plans to shorten existing opening hours at the weekends.

The Science Museum Library currently opens at 10.00am and one proposal is to make this the opening time of the joint library. However, no final decisions will be taken until staff and library users have been consulted.

Yours sincerely

Richard Halls, Sub-Librarian,
Reader Services.

may possess elsewhere.

It is well known that 'Felix' is largely if not totally biased towards Indie and Rave music reviews. However, this does not justify your actions which caused irreparable harm to our event. In the three years I have spent at this college I have seen the quality and standard of 'Felix' drop, most noticeably in this present year, with the aforementioned copy probably reaching new depths. If this steady decline continues I would advise my fellow students to stop bothering to read 'Felix', but if they must do so, 'don't blame me if it's shite!'

A D Ham,

Vice President, IC Rock Society.

The mouse that roared back

Dear Adam,

It was with some pleasure that I started reading Christopher Adams' letter printed in last week's Felix. However, this soon turned to disgust as he criticised the work that myself, Gina Mortley and Jeremy Burnell have put in on Wednesday and Friday evenings this term. Standing at the entrance to Beit Arch for over 5 hours on bitterly cold nights, is no-one's idea of fun, however much you are paid, and some of us have done this without payment.

Mr Adams had to sign in on Friday 24th as he could produce no valid Union Card. He phoned up the bar, and a few minutes later

Suzanne Ahmet came out to sign him in. When I next looked in the book, I saw he had signed in as 'M MOUSE', the first of several that tried to come into the Union that evening, (one of which was accompanied by a 'D DUCK'). I phoned up the bar and asked Suzanne to send him out to sign in again, which he did.

The instigation of Union card checks on Wednesday and Friday nights, followed a series of incidents at the end of last term, which included an attempted rape. With the involvement of the sabbaticals, the licensees of the Bar and the seven Duty Officers, we

reviewed our security procedures. Card checks are one of several ideas that are being implemented following this meeting.

The Union bar has a private club licence, that is only members of ICU can use it. This is not the Union's idea, but the LAW, and like all pubs no alcohol may be drunk on the premises once drinking up time is over. This a maximum of 20 minutes, not the 30 or 40 minutes that many customers seem to think.

To answer the final points in the letter. If you think I have been arse-licking up to any sabbatical this year, why don't you ask them? As SCC Chairman and an officer of

Imperial College Union, I have never hesitated in criticising them if they deserve it. And as for the sabbatical position, you'll have to wait and see.

Finally, Duty Officers, identified by their orange authority badge, are entrusted by the Deputy President and the Union with a lot of authority and responsibility. If ANY member of ICU feels that they are abusing their position, a formal complaint should be made to the Deputy President, as well as the letters page of Felix.

Yours sincerely

Steven Newhouse

(Duty Officer & SCC Chairman)

Firstly, let me warn you of the ranty nature of this editorial. This is because I am still fuming over the subject matter.

Attempted censorship of Felix is not new. Last week members of Imperial College Union Dramatic and Operatic Societies, including ICU President Zoë Hellinger, stole about 3500 Felices from the distribution points around college in the belief that the review of 'Grease' would damage the success of the production.

In 1987 Felices were removed by the then City and Guilds Union

President, David Tyler, in protest to a news story which he did not feel had been reported fairly. Eventually the 3000 Felices were replaced and Mr Tyler apologised, though stating that he thought his action was justified. I believe that Felix was subsequently sued over one of the stories it ran.

In 1981 the last issue of the year was stolen by persons unknown, for no obvious reason, though there were a number of suspects. In this instance the entire issue had to be reprinted, and no justice was forthcoming.

Union Bit

Papers are up for sabbatical elections just over a week away, so if anyone missed the plea for people to sit on ballot boxes on 9th/10th March come and see me. The pay is £3 per hour. Other than election

time fun, you can keep yourselves occupied with ents discos next Wednesday and Friday and the massive rag BIBIC collection on Saturday 16th. That's all.

Cheers, Steve Farrant.

Purity Test

Dear Felix,

The Imperial College Science Fiction Society is compiling a Purity Test aimed specifically at students of Imperial and would welcome any suggestions or comments. For those who have not encountered one before, a Purity Test is a humorous questionnaire designed to assess the ethics and experience (sexual or otherwise) of

a students. Copies of several past Purity Tests can be found in the ICSF library.

Anyone with a recommendation or suggested question can find me in the ICSF library most lunchtimes or can leave a note in the Mech Eng pigeonholes.

Sincerely,

Nicholas Farrow,
ICSF Librarian.

Gerbil Responds

Dear Adam,

Re: The name 'Lobo'

My point was that while 'Lobo' is not a laughable name of itself, it is if one assumes it under false pretences, much as if I were to claim to be French and change my name to Valerie Giscard D'Estaing.

Apologies for any offence caused (none intended). I myself have long been burdened with such an extravagantly peculiar name that I am forced to sign myself.

The Flying Gerbil.

Reviews Editor, Felix 91-92.

editorial

One wonders where individuals who conduct such actions get their gall from. Why should the students and staff of Imperial be kept in the dark? In this case the main publicity about the Rag Cluedo event, which occurred the following Saturday, as well as all the events occurring on Friday, Saturday and Sunday which were minuted in the What's On page had been removed. If an independent reviewer - I did not write the review on Grease - wants to write something derogatory about it, why shouldn't he or she? Am I given to understand that the reviews pages are not allowed to say anything but good about ICU events? I fail to see the point of a newspaper if it is muzzled by any other organisation. In any case the reader would soon get wise and ignore such a newspaper.

Both Zoë Hellinger and DramSoc have admitted to their complicity in the affair and have issued apologies. But it was inevitable that an apology would be forthcoming and this is not an issue which can be dismissed with just that. It is very likely that many of those involved would not do it again, but it can be guaranteed that an attempt will be made to censor the College Media in the future unless it is known to be unacceptable. Certain members of the Students' Union still think that the action was justifiable - by which is meant that it would be done again in similar situation. It is up to you, the readership, to decide whether you want to have the College Media censored whenever it is convenient for a minority. Remember that I was elected to defend the editorial freedom of Felix and that it must have been assumed at the time of my election that I was to decide what went into Felix and when it was to be published. It may have been a wrong assumption - in which case I should be no-confided.

Zoë Hellinger was heavily involved in the production of 'Grease', leaving only Steve Farrant (Honorary Secretary, Events) to run the union office for large periods of time as Jonathan Griffiths (Deputy President) has been ill in hospital. I can see why the removal occurred, I can understand why Zoë thought she could take part in that action to defend the Union's interests. Firstly, I do not think the review concerned would have damaged the production's takings, and secondly, the Union is comprised of the students of the college, and selectively keeping them in the dark so that they spend what little money

they have on any theatre production is unethical. If I had received that review and refused to publish it for whatever reason, that would be censorship. In fact I am stuck in the no-win situation whereby I am responsible for everything in Felix, yet ethically bound to give voice to anybody's opinion. If you object to any opinion in any newspaper, the way to counter it is not by slating the editor or newspaper, telling them that they have no right to publish the opinion, but to write to that newspaper elucidating your point of view. Since any opinion is published, so will yours. This applies to the RockSoc letter as much as the Felix theft situation. In the words of the disclaimer - 'no opinion expressed in Felix is necessarily the view of the editor, the newspaper or any of the staff.' If you think the quality of Felix, IC Radio or STOIC is low, the way to improve them is by joining the already hard working group of volunteers who make them what they are. I am working eighty hours a week as it is (sigh pitifully) - there are no more hours in the week to do any more work in.

Having asked advice from an independent source, I have been told that there is little point in taking disciplinary action against those responsible as it would be difficult to prove wrong doing. Therefore I feel I have to go through different channels: This will involve finding the individuals who were responsible - by their means or by mine. There will be no victimisation beyond that - I believe that individuals have to be made responsible for their own actions, and part of that is owning up to what you have done. The admission and apology from DramSoc and OpSoc through Richard Harrison, DramSoc President, I am grateful for and is good as far as it goes, but those who did it must find the courage to put themselves at the mercy of the same readership that they denied Felix to. If I know the IC readership at all, they won't give a damn.

Credits.

Stef, Toby, Sam, Simon, Poddy, Andy, Jonty, Scott, Stuart, Marge Inalia, Mario and Andy, Jeremy, James, Declan, Troy Tempest (whoe'er he be), Dave, all the reviewers, Steve F, Rose, Khurram, Steve N, Ian, Chris Riley, Simon Burton, the caving expedition members those who wrote the cycling in wales articles whom I have forgotten and of course les Sacs-à-Dos mangés et Phergies claires at varieuses.

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Falling Joys -Wish List



Described as a pop fans wet dream, or something equally graphical, this record is the sum of everything that is bad about 'pop' music. It has as much sustenance as a BigMac and is as limp as the slice of green thing you sometimes find in the middle. That reminds me of a story about a friend of a friend of a, well you know. Well, the crux of the matter was that this person's (sex unknown) idea of healthy eating was not taking the above mentioned green thing out of their burger. Anyway, on another part of the page the plot continues. Did I tell you, this record is crap.

Pebbles

Pearl Jam -Alive



What complete, utter, total, absolute crap. A cross between Nirvana, 'the Guns and Roses that its O.K. to like' and REM the 'cult band from Atlanta'. I feel very sorry for people that buy records like this. They think they're being radical. They think they're being trendy. Worst of all, they think they're buying a good record. It took extreme (there's another crap group) effort to listen to this. The first time twenty seconds was all I could take. Then, with the aid of a couple of men in white coats and a couple of meters of extension lead I made it almost to the end before I admitted to it and they lifted the stylus. What a relief.

Pebbles

Magical Mystery Box

Assuming that you get this, on Friday, which can no longer be assumed, due to current union policy, I regret that there's sod all for you to go to tonight anyway. The Jennifers at Camden Falcon, maybe, but that's a right pig to find. I'm staying in to watch Abba-the movie on Channel 4, personally.

The Nutty Boys are, as you may have guessed, formed out of parts of Madness. If you're feeling nostalgic, it might be a good time. If you're feeling a bit more serious and ethereal, then Lush might be more suited. Regretably Spitfire are supporting them, and they're crap, so arrive late.

Tuesday night, *If* you feel like partying the night away, it's that time of the week to groove and move to the superb Feet First indie disco at the Palace. I could make them sound good with a couple of out of context quotes from Felix 919 'f-ing brilliant...quite superb' or maybe not 'harmless, wannabe EMF.' Editorial decisions, I don't know.

Thursday, Boo Hewerdine, formerly frontman of The Bible, plays acoustic based guitar at one of my personal favourite venues, the well hidden Borderline.

That's it for another week, my lovelies.

Poddy Music Ed.

SATURDAY

Lush, Spitfire.
Town & Country Club £7
 Kentish Town (Northern Line, Barnet branch) tube, turn right, past the traffic lights, take the left fork and it's on your left.

The Nutty Boys, etc.
Mean Fiddler £5 before 9/£7.50

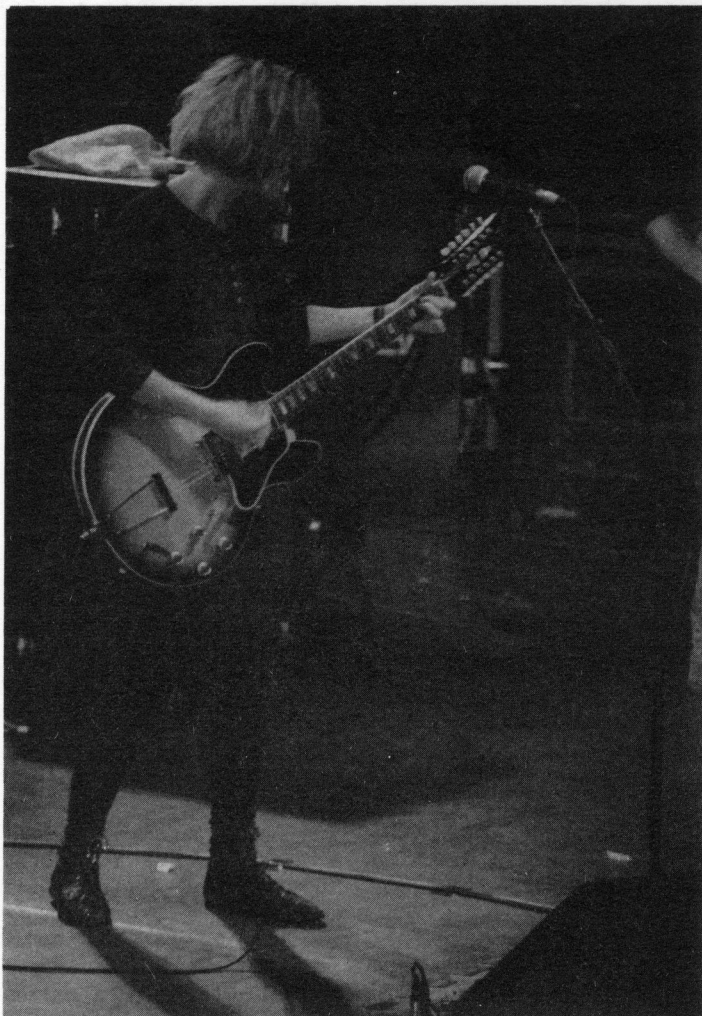
Willesden Junction (Bakerloo Line) tube, turn right out of the station, right again, follow the road round till you get to the banks, turn left, it's on your left. Don't go alone.

TUESDAY IF?

Camden Palace £2/£4
 Mornington Crescent (Northern Line, Charing Cross branch) tube, turn right, right again.

THURSDAY

Boo Hewerdine
Borderline £5
 Tottenham Court Road (Northern, Central lines) tube, head south down Charing Cross road, turn right when you get to Foyles, and then right again. There it is!



Amy Grant -Good for Me



When she stopped writing what many would call Christian music and concentrated more on the poppier (if that's a word), more commercialised stuff, Amy Grant compromised not only her beliefs, but also her standing amongst the Christian community as a great singer-songwriter.

However, even now that her music is commercialised it is doing well. Her album *Heart in Motion* is already multi-platinum and *Good*

for Me is the third single to be released from it.

After the success of *Baby Baby* and *Every Heartbeat*, not having listened to the album yet, I was hoping that this would also be a winner. It did, I have to admit, take me a good few listenings to really like the song. The main trouble was, that whilst it's true that it's a nippy little number (whatever that means), there's just too much going on.

This, however, is remedied on the *You like to dance mix* which is a lot more listenable and thankfully graces the reverse of the single.

If you like Amy (old or new) go and buy this, if only for the B-side. And even if it's not as big a hit as the last two at least it's as happy, cheery and refreshing as ever.

Ingorance -IC Union



What would you expect from a band described as 'indie-metal' going under such a ponderous monicker as *No Joy in Mudville*? Well, they sounded a bit like *U2* at times, a bit like *Ride* at other times but with vocals best described as 'operatic'. Oh, and they were actually rather good. A bit too indie for the di-hard headbangers in the audience, but by the end of the set everyone else was dancing.

Ingorance were very good indeed. Opening as usual with *Sean* they ran through a selection of tracks from their first album *The Confident Rat* and their forthcoming release.

This was all good, solid funk metal, with obvious *Faith No More* influences but plenty of originality

in there too. After 45 minutes or so of this, which won over an initially wary audience and had them bopping away in front of the stage, the band started to get silly with an obscene cover version of *Madonna's Holiday*, followed by *EMF's Unbelievable*, *Mordred's State of Mind*, *Nirvana's Smells Like Teen Spirit*, *Diamondhead's Am I Evil* (a song better know for *Metallica's* cover) before the bassist left the stage for reasons best known to himself. A new bassist was recruited from the audience for one final song before the band fled with cries of 'bass solo!' leaving the poor sod on stage with somebody else's bass and an audience to please. Not the anticipated end to the concert, but then, we hadn't expected the band to turn up with short hair either.

Still, the messing about can be excused for a band playing to 60-70 people when they expect to pack out the Marquee next month
Freddy Cheeseworth



Next Week:

LLOYD COLE in STRIPEY SHIRT EXCLUSIVE

Pele -Windsor Old Trout



is more like a village hall. I like village halls.

Mexico 70 were going to headline tonight. I wish they had. Then I could have gone home after their first song. Fortunately, I managed to get myself distracted into talking to a couple of *Pele* who were wandering around in the audience, saving me from listening to too much of them *Bye bye, Mexico 70* (Mexico wave! heheheh)

Pele came on. The place livened up. The sun started metaphorically shining, and we all started dancing. *Raid The Palace*, appropriate enough for Windsor (Castle, the queen lives there sometimes.) was a storming song, and so were all the rest.

Lise Yates

Windsor again. Anyone would think it was easy to get to. It is, actually, if you have a car, or can persuade someone with a car to go for the promise of tickets. Whizz Whizz along the M4. Whizz Whizz down to the Riverside. Look at the swans. They're easy to see in the dark, because they're white. It's so lovely, picturesque, lovely, (puts on Damyank accent) quaint, and lovely. The Old Trout, conversely,

Dear RockSoc

Biased and uninformed! I have seen a wide variety of bands perform their own particular thing live. Have you ever widened your scope to see the *London Chamber Orchestra? 808 State? James?* I doubt it. My friend, it is you who are biased and ill-informed.

But why shouldn't I be? The reviews pages can only be opinion, never fact. Let's face it, the bias of the news pages should be of more concern for unbalanced reporting than anything that appears on my pages. If you object, then may I suggest that you take the union

sanctioned method of expressing it, that of removing all the Felixes. As for bias towards indie/rave music, that is the area where most interest comes from, and the area from where all the innovation in the current music scene does come. I hardly call *Guns & Roses* covering *Live and Let Die* amusing or innovative.

And I would have thought that anyone with the lowest IQ could spell puerile.

I am not the alleged Music Editor, I am.

Music Ed. Poddy

IC Radio 999khz

Time	Sun 9	Mon 10	Tue 11	Wed 12	Thu 13	Fri 14	Sat 15	
9pm	IMPERIAL COLLEGE RADIO MORNING MUSIC JAM							
12pm	Matt	Chris Holgate	Matt Smith	Dan The	Matt Smith	Dave Lane	Robin	
1pm	Smith	Ali	Gareth Mitchell	Man	Gareth Mitchell	Adam	Griff	
2pm	Howard	IMPERIAL COLLEGE RADIO			Catherine		Tom C	
3pm	in Effect	MUSIC JAM			Low's	The		
4.30pm					Music Jam	Globe Trotter		
5pm	National	Randy (Soul)		Spev & Dave		Jim & Liz	Feroze	
6pm	Top 40 (Radio 1)	Neil J (Dance)	Kwai	Gabriella	Catherine (arts)			
7pm	Taz	Mat &	Gavin (indie)	Amran Alun	Richard Collins	Omer		
8pm	Dave (rock)	Rick	Sean	& Abi	Flage	News Desk		
9pm	Spaz (techno)	Ben &	Jon B	Rob	Marcus' Blues	Karl	David	
10pm	Staircase Six	Mike	& Co.	Barney	& Rock Show	Me Mark Page	Mac	
11pm	Request Show	RADIO LUXEMBOURG THROUGH THE NIGHT						

For the Boys

Film

James Caan and Bette Middler star in what is essentially a story of love, hate and greed peppered throughout with period songs from World War One to Vietnam. Caan plays master of the show Eddie Sparks whose one-lines and scantily clad dancers bring whoops of delight from good old American GI's. Middler is Dixie Leonard the initially over-awed niece of Sparks' writer (George Segal) when she enters the world of cabaret where the stars exchange wise-cracks to claim the limelight. There is no complicated story or subplots to sustain deep concentration over the two and a half hours but the over-played Vietnam story is dealt with well and with just enough gore to get the message across without ramming it down our throats. Another topic singled out by director Mark Rydell



is that of the senseless purge of supposedly communist members of showbusiness. Again he does not make this the main theme nor is this an anti-war film in the sense of *Platoon* but you're left in no doubt as to the worthless loss of life over

there. The pace of the smart remarks between Dixie, Sparks and Art Silver (Segal) never lets up and, like her or loathe her, Midler can sing.

The Phantom Crapper

The Shawl

Theatre

Playing at the Etcetera Theatre is the *Shawl* by David Mannet. This is a short three-person play. A woman looking for answers goes to see a clairvoyant. The Clairvoyant and his boyfriend (Martin McDougall) are looking to cash in on the 'New Age'. A mixture of her vulnerability and his perceptive guesswork and charisma results in her believing in him, so if they each get more or less what they wanted—what's the problem?

That's the question. Mark Houghton's performance as the clairvoyant is sharp and convincing. The other performances were good but Kaetha Cherney as Miss A was a little weak at times. An excellent play—an adequate production. 'Pretty good for above a pub'.

Darwen.

Driving Me Crazy

Film

If I told you this film was written and produced by John Hughes (*Home Alone*) and directed by Peter Faiman (*Crocodile Dundee*) you'd probably assume that *Driving Me Crazy* would be, something special...it isn't.

Driving Me Crazy (formerly known as 'Dutch') was finished about a year ago. It seems to have been released as an afterthought, being far too weak for a summer or Christmas release, it was probably debated whether this film should go straight to the video shelves.

Storywise, it's nothing special, Dutch Doolty (played by Ed O'Neill, who most recently starred in Carl Reiner's *Sibling Rivalry*) a cement truck leaser, chooses to pick up his girlfriend's son, Doyle, at an Atlanta boarding school and drive him home to Chicago for thanksgiving. Dutch, an honest good hearted man, figures the long drive home will give him and Doyle



a chance to get acquainted. Unfortunately Doyle does not share Dutch's enthusiasm for the trip. He is a snobbish, arrogant, blue-blooded adolescent and he cares little for Dutch or his working class values.

Taken from his sheltered and privileged world, Doyle Standish is going to learn about life in the real world whether he likes it or not on what turns out to be an extraordinary trip home.

Gripping stuff eh? Well, you'd be wrong again, the gags have been done before, the plot is too linear and predictable (much too predictable). The acting is nothing to write home about, and the music's dire, oh dear Mr Hughes, I hope this doesn't happen again, and for Pete's sake, don't underestimate the intelligence of your viewers (even 12 year olds!). Avoid.

Poo.

Poster of the Cosmos

Theatre

A Poster of the Cosmos is the first production of the London Gay Theatre Company, which was recently formed by West End director Tim Luscombe and Adam Magnani. It is a compilation of five short plays, or rather scenes, by New York writers. Homosexuality is a topic in all of them, but they could not be more different. There is one scene of a young baker who is 'that kind of guy' after all and another about a yuppie couple having a crisis over dinner, which is hilarious.

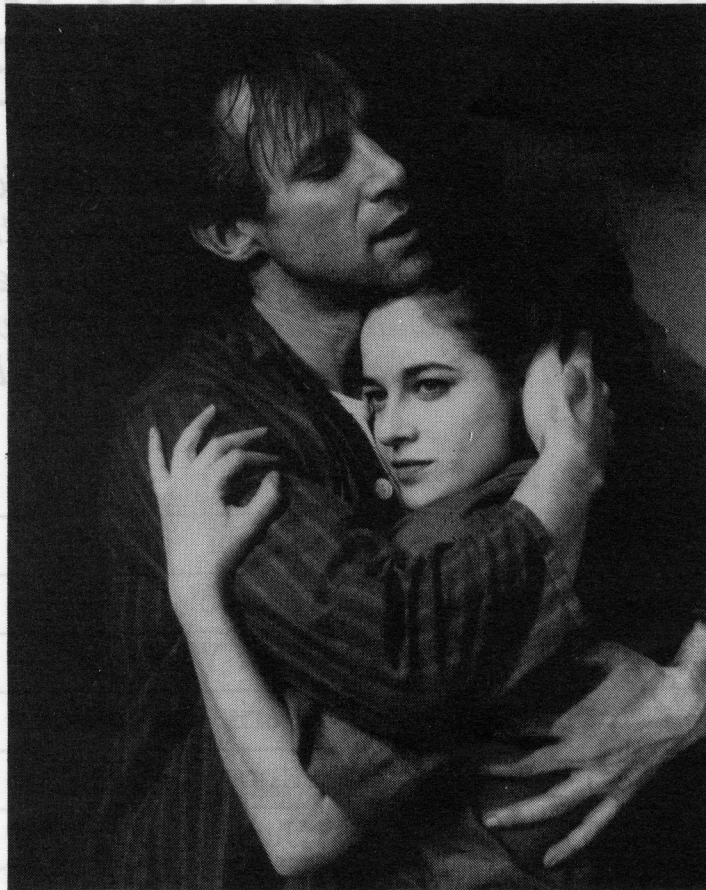
The plays are interesting whenever they go beyond common cliches, and often they do. Some of the acting is fabulous and none is bad. Why should you go see it if you are straight? Maybe to see something you have never seen before.

Boris

Walpurgis Night

Theatre

This play, written by Venedict Erofejev, has been translated from the Russian by Snoo Wilson, and is directed by 24 year old Dalia Ibelhauptaite. It is set in a psychiatric hospital. Our hero Gurevich admits himself to the hospital so that he can be close to Natalia who is a nurse. This would definitely raise questions as to his soundness of mind. He is in Ward 3, surrounded by loonies of one description or another. There is little plot beyond this. As each of the 'inmates' takes it in turn to pour out their heart, any philosophical questions raised are trivialised and abandoned. The events go beyond farce in the second half when all of word 3 break into song and then, one by one, leave this mortal coil. I don't quite understand what this play was trying to do but it failed in all areas as far as I was concerned. They used cheap analogies, crude symbolism and cliché after cliché. The direction was awful. With such a big cast and some well respected actors in it, I was disappointed that most of the acting was appalling, except for the



acting genius of the catatonic inmate.

Walpurgis Night runs until the end of February. Phone the Box

Office on 071-229 0706 for performance times and prices.

Darwen.

Lost for Words

Book

What can I say?

'Absolutely hilarious' are two good words when describing this book. Deric Longden's bizarre way with words and phrases keeps you in stitches for most of the novel and in tears for the rest.

After the death of his wife, he is left with little more than nightmares and his dithering mother. His mother is a sweet old lady whose heart is in the right place but, unfortunately you can't say the same about her brain.

It is basically his memories of the months spent trying to get back into the feel of writing so soon after his wife's death, mainly because they all feel it would be good for him. His children are supportive, his mother is barmy and the blind woman who he moves in with is determined not to let her disability rule her life.

I loved the book, it has its humour, its sadness and even the hanging questions all in the right proportions. Read it and see if you nearly wet yourself when you read about the sprouts just as I did.

DBC

The Camomile Lawn The Antipope

Book

Mary Wesley started writing in her mid-sixties and has a whole life time of experiences to draw on, this shows in all of her books.

The *Camomile Lawn* is a story about seven cousins and their friends, set around the time of the second world war.

The story starts with the cousins meeting on their regular summer holiday at the old aunt's house in Cornwall and goes on to record their lives throughout the war, including the various partner swapping and sexual experiences. The sex itself is not actually described, making you use your own imagination and preventing Ms. Wesley from stooping to the

level of Jackie Collins and the like.

Although the story line is limited and very tacky, the book holds a lot of charm and is written with a very dry sense of humour. The novel is based mainly in London, but the odd snippets of country life in Cornwall help to relieve the tension. There are many different personalities in the novel; my favourite of them is an old general who thinks that Hitler is a well organised and upstanding member of the community, and that the Nürnberg Rally was all round good fun. His attitude doesn't help when a couple move into the area after escaping from the Nazis in Austria. Their son is in a concentration camp and the General more often than not puts his foot in it completely. I enjoyed the book immensely although it is directed more towards the female population.

DBC

Book

Robert Rankin tries far too hard to be like Terry Pratchet but unfortunately does not succeed. The story line for this book is humorous enough and it is a shame that he attempts to turn Brentford into a scene from the Disc World.

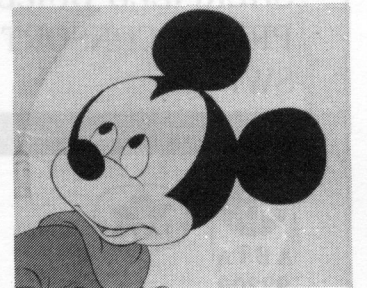
On to the story, Neville the part-time barman and general underdog wakes up one morning feeling not quite right. The tramp who appears later that day is the key to it all. Without giving the story away too much the book ends with a holy exorcism; fire, water and a few Latin phrases. The book loses its initial humour towards the end but the element of drama is introduced to fill the gap.

Having lived near Brentford for most of my life I managed to get a feel for the area but, as the descriptions provided by Mr. Rankin were fairly vague, any one without my knowledge is likely to lose interest very quickly.

The characters were developed but unfortunately very late and meant that you did not have time to experience feeling for them.

I can't say I didn't enjoy the book at all, it did have its moments and if there is nothing else to do, worth a read.

DBC



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STA ULU TRAVEL

The cold Welsh wind swept icily through Ryans's hair as he soared above the hard, unforgiving earth and rock of the winding mountain track. Branches of countless pines brushed past on either side, reaching out—grasping—but never catching him. 25, 30, 35mph—he was unstoppable.

Suddenly Ryan knew that he was going to crash. His cucumber-sharp mind took in the rapid approach of the moist, grassy bank, the trees, the impending doom...

Ryan had fallen prey to one of the most fearsome of all earthly experiences—an IC Cycling Club Mountain Biking Weekend.

Nine swarthy club members left the noisy midday throb of Southside Bar, destination Snowdonia, with a lump in their throats and a stirring in their trousers at the prospect of the adventure ahead.

After six long, painful hours in the Union minibus, hills hove into view. Appreciation was voiced in the form of ripples of excited flatulence which resonated along the lush Welsh valleys.

Ultimately the group reached Bangor Youth Hostel, and a short while later, a pub in the centre of the city. By now it was 9pm, and we weren't quite prepared for the sight that greeted us. Considering it was Friday night, Bangor was deafeningly quiet.

It didn't take very long (about 3½ minutes) for us to collectively agree that Bangor was shit. This feeling remained for the rest of the weekend.

Something else therefore had to be done to provide entertainment, and the provision came on Saturday morning in the form of mountainbikes that were hired from an enterprising youth in Betsw-y-Coed for a reasonable sum. He also gave us some hand-drawn maps of the area, which proved to be about as much use as a cat in a condom factory.

The Chairman of the Club, Craig Wilson, then tried in vain to kill us all with the first hill which, although tarmac-ed, must have been at least a 1:3 for over a mile. At the top he then admitted that it was actually the wrong road anyway but the rest of the party hit him until he agreed that it WAS the right road and if we only go...errr...left, no right at these crossroads we'll be near the right track again.

Not many of us fully recovered from this first climb, but despite the blood gushing audibly through the veins in our ears and our throats hurting from inhaling the cold, dry air we were forced to continue on our journey by a large Dobermann which had come bounding anarchically up the hill after us, its

long tongue throwing gobs of foamy saliva as it ran. It didn't appear to belong to anyone (or at least no one appeared to want it) which only added to its threatening charm.

The laws of science dictate that what goes up must come down, and tired though we were, we knew this. The exhilaration of throwing your aching corpse over the top of a mountain, starting the headlong rush to regain some kinetic energy, can only be described as, well, indescribable. As we gained speed without the usual need for physical exertion, we realised why we enjoy

second. Needless to say the Doberman didn't turn up when it was most needed to corroborate the story.

The Forestry Commission have yet to send Ryan the bill for the damage he caused to the grassy bank, which is under sedation in a remote hospital in the Lake District. A small family of squirrels and three moles have put their names forward as key witnesses to the incident. The rest of the group found this accident amusing, and it gave much conversation for the coming evening in Bangor. Even

Cycling in Wales



cycling. Our speeds got higher and higher as the inevitable competition began to see who could reach the bottom of the valley first.

Halfway down Ben was leading, with 37mph on the clock. For a while, Ryan was 'not far behind'. And when he was just 'behind'. A corner had caught him unawares, and the skid marks in the photographs indicate his approximate angle of approach. Eventually the carnage was cleared away, and the blood licked up by the big mad bastard dog which was still following us around. The rest, as they say, is history.

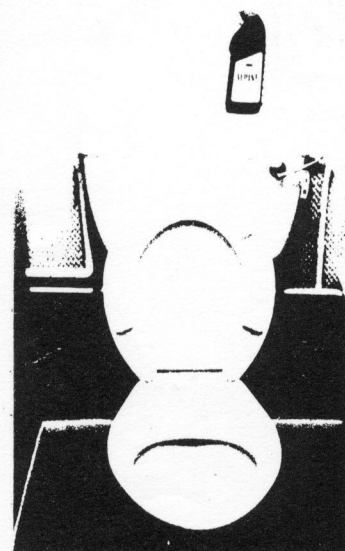
Ryan's front wheel was buckled beyond repair, but, being true IC students, we re-engineered it (jumped up and down on it with highly scientific precision) until it would turn in the forks again. Others amused themselves by throwing sticks for the dog. Instead of returning the stick to the thrower, the mindless beast would chase the stick and chew the fuck out of it in the most endearing manner. To our amazement Ryan cycled another five miles on the knackered wheel, only slightly slower than we went, which says something doubtful about his mind's response to the crash. The wheel cost him £10 when we returned to the bike hire place, because the bloke didn't really believe Ryan's story that a big black Dobermann that had followed us at 20mph for the last 15 miles had distracted him for a split

second. Needless to say the Doberman didn't turn up when it was most needed to corroborate the story.

On Saturday we ventured back into Bangor city centre, but this time to the University Union. A rigorous check of Union cards was made at the door. Two meaty bouncers stood together glaring at new arrivals while more lurked in the background with malicious intent. By the time we had all managed to get into 'Joes' there were exactly 11 people in the bar, and 9 of them were IC students. Shit. What a groovy place to be at University. Made us really feel at home...Predictably we got sick of that and left soon.

Sunday, we buggered off into the mountains again, but the enthusiasm started to waver as people began to invent stories about injuries, vital interview preparation and itchy shorts etc. So in the afternoon there was just four of us in the mountains, and arguably the fittest four, it might be added. We thrashed ourselves silly for another couple of hours until the whip broke, so we did a bit more cycling. This was well worth it, and the rest of the group kept saying afterwards 'Oh I'd have come if I'd known you were only going to be another hour.' Yeah! Pull the other one...

We returned to London at 9.30pm into the steamy throng of Southside Bar, our limbs stronger, our hearts bolder, our spirits high, and our clothes a-covered in Welsh shite.



In Brazil, there are eight million children on the streets, homeless, hungry and without a family. An estimated 32 million children are in the state's care—many are better off on the streets. In the last four years over seven thousand kids have been shot by death squads.

How many holiday brochures quote those statistics? It doesn't sound much like a place for a holiday, but how many tourists go to Rio De Janeiro each year? How many see past the golden beaches and casinos? How many care?

This sounds more like a rant about Third World problems than a travel article, but the point I'm trying to make is that it's wrong to

exciting...until I was introduced to Air France meals. The slice of pink latex was eventually identified as smoked salmon and not a misformed condom. Roll on drinks trolley...quickly.

There was an inflight movie 'for our entertainment'. The computer terminal giving a listing of altitude, speed, and external temperature was far more interesting though. Time for some sleep, I thought.

We landed in Rio at 4am, it was dark—surprisingly enough—but the city lights stretching along the coast were quite a sight. For a few moments we forgot what was ahead...customs. Rio's customs are renowned for being corrupt, this

night, two people were murdered. Oh well, who needs sleep—I wanted to see Rio anyhow.

So, we were driven around the sights of Rio. This brings me to 'Experience 123'. The highway code is slightly different in Brazil—it takes some getting used to.

a) They drive on the right...and the left...in fact anywhere they can. As a rule a space wide enough for a car, with no oncoming traffic, is a lane. If the space is between two slower moving vehicles, it's a fast lane.

b) Traffic lights are for ornamental effect only. If you stop in Rio, you'll probably get mugged, or cause an accident, so one does.

The Warboys Orphanage Project

The follies and fun of Brazil. Simon Burton learned more about Brazil than that which you can find in a tourist brochure...



The Roman Catholic cathedral in Brasilia

tour a country without returning something to that country. Last summer a team of fourteen volunteers spent between six weeks and three months building an orphanage in Brazil. The team were part of the Warboys Orphanage Project in Brazil. I was one of those volunteers.

I set off on the 23rd July, 1991. Ahead of me was a fifteen hour flight, plus many hours in airport waiting rooms (The Duty Free Shop). It was the first time I had flown, so the prospect was quite

becomes more daunting when you are travelling with such items as hand-drills hammers, soil test kits and solar cells. To our surprise we were ushered through customs by an official who appeared to have had less sleep than we had. We'd made it. Stage one complete and we had actually survived Air France.

It was 4.30am, we had a bus to catch at 9pm...that was sixteen and a half hours to see Rio or sleep. The accommodation we were offered was in a place called Belford Roxo. Two doors down, the previous

c) Only use your horn when:

1) something blocks your 'lane',
2) something might block your 'lane'. 3) at all other times.

d) Seatbelts are a luxury and an optional extra, as is opening your eyes.

One thing you'll notice about cars in Rio is that they are never dented. This isn't because everyone's a safe driver - look at Ayreon Senna. When a Brazilian has an accident, they do it properly...the car generally doesn't survive.

When we weren't crapping

ourselves in the back of the car, we did see some of the famous sights of Rio. Copacabana Beach, Sugar Loaf Mountain, the Statue of Christ overlooking the shanty towns, the 'shit brown' river and the streets with homeless kids. All in all, we were glad to leave Rio. However this involved a 24-hour bus journey. It did stop at four hour intervals for the essentials. Oh yes, Brazilian toilets - another of Brazil's innumerable and unmentionable experiences. The next stop was the orphanage site.

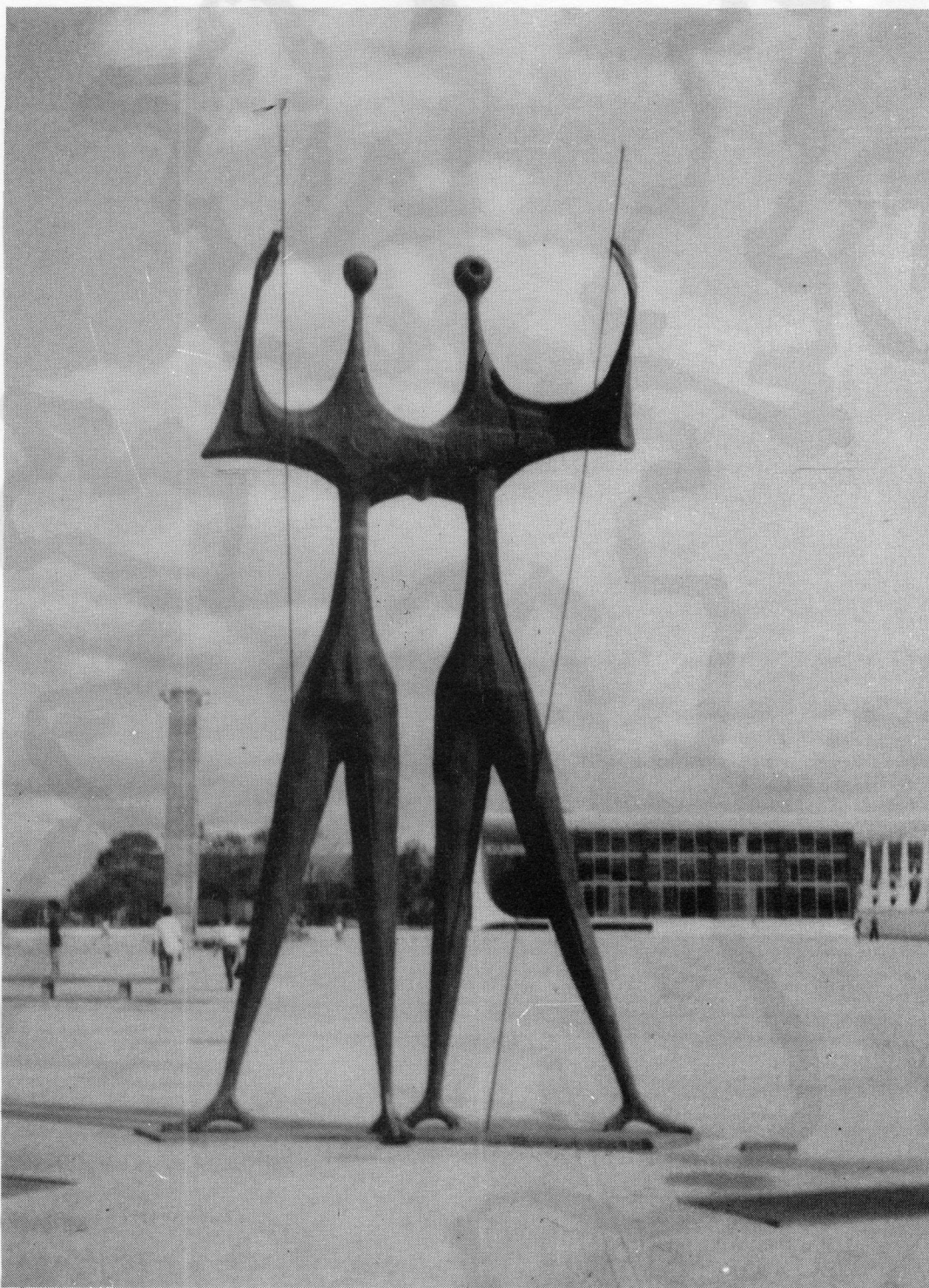
When I arrived the foundations were dug and the well was drilled (by hand) to a depth of 8m. Ahead was a lot of hard work, a lot of rice and beans and a lot of chlorinated water. All this in the delightful 45°C dry heat.

The site was primitive, but had everything in a manner of speaking. A hut, a tent, a cooker, the well, a manual flush toilet and a solar panel array for recharging car batteries and running our tape recorder.

The team worked all the days they could. We filled the foundations with hand mixed concrete and by the time we left, we had built the walls to roof level. During this time the team got to know each other very well. We had arguments, and disagreements, but we all had an excellent time.

The project had its set backs. A massive bush fire wiped out most of the surrounding land (and came within a metre of our hut), sand was late in arriving, and one of our dogs died.

Amongst this work, we did see some of the country. We toured around Brasilia—scene of the famous 'lamb roast' cathedral, the modern art statues and sculptures, and the concrete buildings which would make Prince Charles's stomach churn but serve no other purpose. Brasilia was built in the 1970s—a custom built capital city—so it has everything. Including



Sculptures in Brasilia

a traffic lane that only the president can use!

We also took a few days to see Foz de Igacu, on the border between Paraguay, Argentina and Brazil. This consists of 287 waterfalls, or rather 286 and a hydro-electric power station. We visited both Paraguay and Argentina—but we only really saw the 'high streets'. The South American sales technique is...original. Physical abuse is more common than pleasant shop window displays. As you walk down the street, your arm gets wrenched by shop assistants 'inticing' you to see their shop.

'I don't want a leather jacket—go away' would have been a useful phrase to know—but my Portuguese didn't stretch that far.

Paraguay is a country of forgery. You can buy 'Rolex' watches for about £3. Of course not all fakes are realistic. 'Levistile' 502's spring to mind, (an upgrade perhaps?). Citizen watches didn't fool too many either.

By the end of six weeks I was ready to go home. I was sick of chlorinated water, rice and beans, Brazilian beer and shop assistants. I do want to return to the country and the orphanage though. I have many fond memories of the place,

the people and the lifestyle. I also hope that the situation for the children improves soon. At the moment their prospects are bleak: drug barons, prostitution and worse still with the black magic cults in Brazil.

The Warboys Orphanage Project is one of many projects working in Brazil. Every little helps. If you could help, or want to join the team going out this summer, or next summer, get in touch. If you have any ideas to raise money, or anything, it'll be appreciated.

Simon Burton, Chemistry 1, Southwell Hall, 5542 (ext 236).

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The Four Little Dragons

Hong Kong is a small city situated near the south east coast of China. It is at present a British colony and will be handed over to China after 30th June, 1997. After about one hundred years of British government, the Hong Kong people, the majority being Chinese, have developed their own culture—one that is composed of both oriental and western characteristics. Apart from being one of the most densely populated cities in the world. Hong Kong is also an important commercial and financial centre in the Far East. This is partly due to its free trade policy. In the future, the role of Hong Kong as a gateway to China will become more vital to the economic development of both regions.

Korea is a unique country for its phenomenal economic growth and its ongoing political division. After the war no one had imagined that this small, war-torn country was to become the host nation for the 1988 Seoul Olympics and a newly industrialised country pursuing the leading edge in science and technology. Korea, like other countries, has its problems. They are mostly internal, in particular politics and reunification. There is much conflict and debate on these issues.

Taiwan, a country known for its abundance of beautiful scenery, is also perceived by the world to be one of Asia's economic successes. Formerly known as 'Formosa' or 'fortress' when she was under Dutch rule, this island, which is the only province of China not under communist rule, has come a long way since the last world war. Viewed by many to be a manufacturer of cheap common goods, Taiwan has managed to remain competitive among the economic powers through industrialisation with the pursuit of science and technology.

Singapore—the bridge between East and West. Situated at the southern tip of the Malaysian peninsular, Singapore has traditionally been the meeting point of western traders travelling via the Straits of Malacca and Eastern traders using the South China Sea. Today, Singapore, gateway to the East, continues to serve the world as a hub city. The traditional shipping economy has flourished into banking, transportation, communication and tourism.

Singapore is, today, competing with the nations of the world as one of Asia's strongest economies. Singapore has always played the role of a dark horse in this race of nations. Singapore's success story is a story of the triumph of human spirit. With no natural resources and a land area hardly half the size of London, Singapore seemed a failure from the start, but somehow she managed to survive and even thrive in the world today.

A group from Imperial College visited the Dominican Republic for six weeks of cave exploration in the summer of 1990. Previous groups had explored mainly horizontal river caves in the east, but we aimed to check out the mountains in the west and southwest for deeper vertical systems.

To decide on specific areas we used 1:50,000 maps, the geological map of the island and the reports from the three previous groups who were American, Canadian and Italian. The first three areas were

population. This was solved by repopulating the country with African slaves. Following independence there were a series of political struggles and civil wars, and most recently a border conflict with Haiti, so it is not surprising that every village has a military post and would-be cave explorers need to go carefully.

We visited Los Tres Ojos, a series of lakes and underwater passages once dived by Rob Palmer, and then headed out of the city through the chaotic traffic,

local guide and a US Peace Corps worker, we explored Cueva Campana, a small river cave in the village, to -54m. To the east we explored Cueva Cantamento to -64m, while on the hills to the west (15,00m) with a rolling 'cockpit' style karst, we dropped a number of large shafts, all choked at the bottom, the deepest being -71m. After 8 days we had checked out all the entrances known to the locals and despite the promising nature of the topography on the map, we were confident that

Caving in Dominica

*A team of
cavers from
Imperial College
visited the
Caribbean state
of the
Dominican
Republic in the
summer of 1990*



Campsite at Lomo Meregildo

in the Sierra de Neiba. We checked one locality in the Sierra de Baoruca, and the last, but the most productive area was in the Cordillera Central. The limestone in these areas are Lower Tertiary, and the associated structures and volcanics have been generated by movement of the Caribbean plate.

In Santa Domingo we made contact with Dr Jiminez, Director of the country's Natural History Museum, who was helpful and supportive in providing us with the all-important letter of introduction to show to the local headmen and military authorities.

The Dominican Republic has had a turbulent military history and is only now beginning to stabilise. Initial colonisation by the Spanish resulted in wiping out the native

Imagine driving in a crowded city where motorists don't need to take a test, have their eyesight checked, or insure themselves. Cars don't need an MOT, the roads are rarely repaired, and cars are so expensive they are never scrapped. To quote the guidebook: 'You like watching horror movies? You'd like to take part in one? Try driving in Santa Domingo'.

Our first area was in the centre of Sierra de Neiba (Hills of Fog). From Guayabal village (250m) we hired mules to carry the equipment up to Los Bolos (1100m). A Canadian group (Worthington, Yonge et al) briefly visited this area in the Christmas of 1986/87, and explored the main sink, Sumidero del Rio de Los Bolos, down to a sump at 95m. With the help of a

there was little else to do in the area.

The second area was 16km further west, next to the Haitian border, based on the impoverished village of Sabana Real (1300m), but close to the enticing Loma el Hoyazo (Hill of the Depressions) at 1900m. Haiti is the poorest country in the western hemisphere, and has only 3% of its primary vegetation left (compared with a stunning 6% in the Dominican Republic). Haitians often cross the border looking for employment. This movement is allowed, since it is a source of cheap labour for the Dominican Republic's plantations, but it is very closely monitored by the military. Therefore security was a problem and we had to guard the vehicle during the day, since we were frequently visited by local

youths looking for dollars. We were shown two entrances, the only ones known, both apparently previously visited by 'Americanos' (probably the Italian group in 1988). Despite its altitude, the potential in this area must be low since both entrances were choked a few metres in, and there were springs just below in the village.

Lomo Meregildo was a plateau at 1400m, again reached by mules from Guyabal. We were shown two shafts on the south side of the hill Los Patios, both ending at 10m depth, and from this high point we scanned the area east with binoculars. It didn't look too promising, being yet more undulating terrain with conical depressions, covered with coffee and banana plantations. Two sinks we did investigate were completely choked with vegetation, and there were springs only 10m below.

The area around the village of Polo, in the eastern Sierra de Baoruca, looked promising on the map with springs around the village at 700m, and some very large closed depressions of between 300m and 700m about 15km further west. We visited the area for one day from Barahona to check these leads. The springs were just that, with no entrances, and the locals, who farm the surrounding area, had no knowledge of any cave entrances further west. The limestone in this area was much less massive than that in the Sierra de Neiba, being rather impure and shattered. An American group had previously reached the generally inaccessible western end of the Sierra de Baoruca, 25km away, but had found very little. On this basis it seems unlikely that Baoruca is the most promising range for caves as previously thought.

The final area visited was in the Cordillera Central, which has the highest peak, Pico Duarte (317m), in the Caribbean. From Los Copeyes (550m), an 8km mule journey northeast led to the Catanamatias Valley (1050m). This area had been visited once by the Circolo Speleologico e Idrologico Friulano from Udine, and they had explored the main sink to the northwest of the village. The Furnia del Cuadro (aka Respiradero del Diablo) is, at -380m, the deepest cave in the Republic. We marked all the entrances in the valley and logged them on an enlarged map. Eight of these entrances gave access to significant caves, such as Cueva Malaria -73m, Cueva Queso -51m, and shafts from 10m to 45m deep. On the hill to the west the main discovery was Cueva Avenger, a shaft system to -196m. To the east, in the Carrizal valley,



The Caving Team

180m of active river passage led to a sump in Cuevo Rio at -32m. A small group spent a day walking 8km west to a promising karstic plateau at 1450m, north of Loma El Picacho. This area was the only one on the expedition to have large areas of exposed limestone. Cueva del Hombre Muerta yielded human remains, presumably from ancient burial. The main find here was Cueva Machete, which went to 25m length and -150 depth before we ran out of time, with the rift continuing on down.

The Dominican Republic —A Paradise Lost

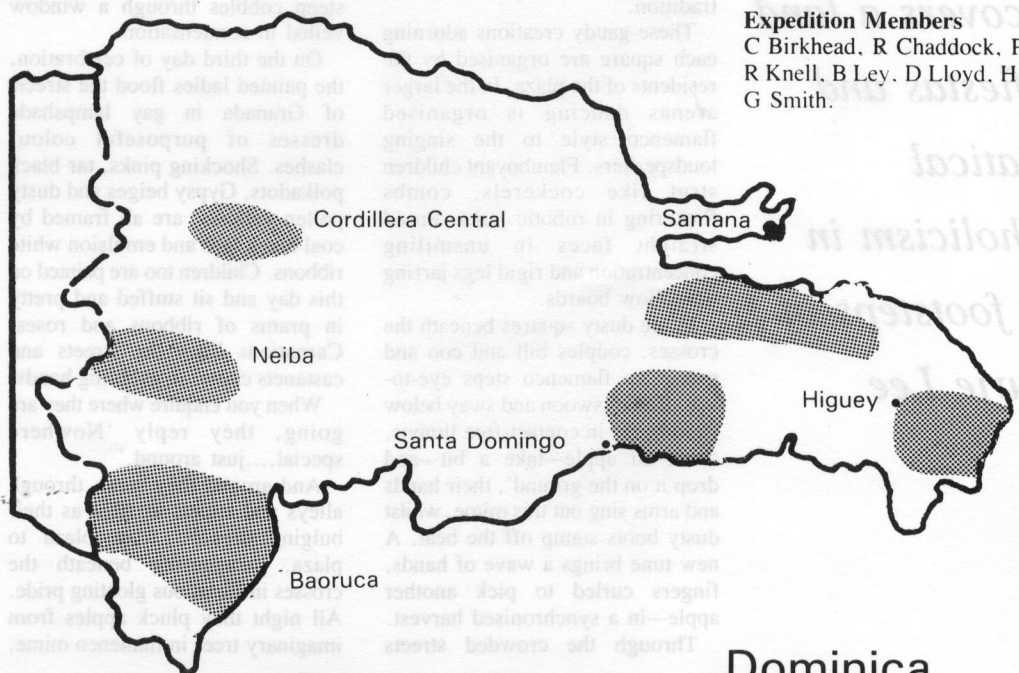
The expedition combined reconnaissance of three hill ranges with detailed exploration of particular caves, and there are still leads in the Catanamatias area. Back in Santa Domingo we heard of more caves, massive and filled with treasure or voodoo spirits, in the Cordillera Central, but by then the rum was flowing, the merengue music beating loudly, and our flight back the very next day.

The Republic has beautiful coasts

and mountains, and a rich national culture, but these are being lost in its unrelenting drive towards western style unsustainable development. Though the likelihood of finding caves in the Sierra de Neiba and Cordillera Central remains good, the potential must have been decreased by the devastating effects of deforestation, fallen trees, mudflows, and landslips which have been found blocking many entrances and shafts in both the Dominican Republic and Haiti, denying exploration and understanding of the caves.

Expedition Members

C Birkhead, R Chaddock, P Hay, R Knell, B Ley, D Lloyd, H Lock, G Smith.



Dominica

May day celebrations in hyper-active Granada go on for three days and when you tell them that back home you dance around a pole or put bells on your legs and bang sticks together whilst waving handkerchiefs in the air they laugh and invite you to flamenco.

Throughout this festive period the towns multitude of squares sprout ten foot crosses. The 'cruz' as they are known are the blood red of over ripe poppies, and look down on a pleading Virgin Mary who in turn looks upon the people. Scattered haphazardly around each like the disgorged contents of a bric-a-brac Camden antiques-junk shop are mirrors in gilt frames, candles, tables, chairs, sherry bottles, plates

came prancing dancing slobbering horses clip-clopping on the cobbles with bowed heads—riders upright and precise as yoga practitioners with black wide brimmed velvet hats and tapering tight belted waistcoats.

As the day retreated, tiny pipistrelle bats scampered over the dying sky. Myriads of bleating swallows swooped and swerved about the Alhambra palace glowing red on the hill above proud Tuscan poplars. We retreated to the Moslem quarter of town on the north side of the Darro River valley and overlooking an avalanche of lights staccato below the palace. Settled in a little tea-shop and washed by Arabic music and

unwilling until dawn when they melt away, sloshing with sticky sherry as dry as the local rambles.

It is less than two weeks later that El Rocio arrives. The little church of Pedra and Pablo was bulging by ten o'clock. Half an hour into the service the big oak doors were flung open by the crowds standing outside in the sun bleached courtyard. I perched teetering on the edge of a big mahogany confession box. Peering round the corner I could just make out the golden altar dressed in flowers and shining with a golden light which fell on the priest and the flamenco choir in a halo of blessing. The congregation of gaudy brash bucksome women, jostled with scowling nuns and grinning priests. It reminded me of a school play with the proud brooding congregation of parents looking expectantly at their offspring on stage.

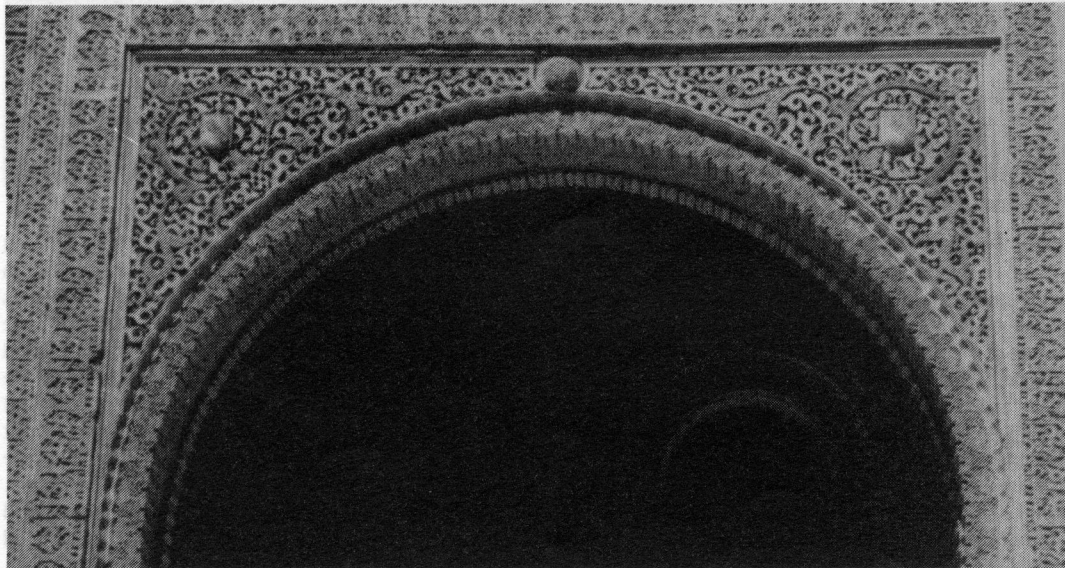
The preaching, fist clenched sermon was punctuated by the singing to guitar and drum accompaniment. The castanets clicked, the tambourines tingled and the choir sang—red lipped and pouting in a trance of brilliant daylight flowing through the doors at the end.

The aisles were clogged with passing people—shocking pinks, brilliant whites, olive greens, embroidered leaves and flowers, lace—pulcadots, fluorescent greens and oranges, hair pulled tight and wet and black as tar tied up top and crowned with flowers and grasses in an upright tuft.

The singers completed their repertoire and ended with three resounding cries of 'Viva'. The altar was dismantled and processed out by those most bucksome. Pipers walked backwards in front of the standard beating goatskin drums with one hand. Flower displays were gathered by girls and all followed the standard in an orderly jumble, like dancing honey bees. Old women wept as they grabbed and kissed the tassels. The people washed and flowed outside into the sunshine to join the men on horseback on the walk to Paseo del Padre Manjon.

The oxen pulled a silver plated coach of Arabic script with a clapping, singing wake of Spanish senioritas. It stopped under the eaves of a three storey house in a tight street. Confetti floated down and gusted round the crowds. We followed the confetti on the wind, down to Plaza Nueva and round the town to the final church. The horses grew in number, clattering, slipping, skidding. A man stood on the corner launching rockets which exploded above the town with white puffs and loud sudden bangs which

Spring in Granada



*Chris Riley
discovers a land
of fiestas and
fanatical
catholicism in
the footsteps of
Laurie Lee*

of money and plants in pots. In each is an apple with a pair of scissors skewering it in superstitious tradition.

These gaudy creations adorning each square are organised by the residents of the plaza. In the larger arenas dancing is organised flamenco style to the singing loudspeakers. Flamboyant children strut like cockerels, combs flickering in robotic jerks. Proud straight faces in unsmiling concentration and rigid legs jarring on hollow boards.

In the dusty squares beneath the crosses, couples bill and coo and prance in flamenco steps eye-to-eye. Bodies swoon and sway below rigid necks in contact-free limbos. 'Pick an apple—take a bit—and drop it on the ground', their hands and arms sing out this mime, whilst dusty boots stamp off the beat. A new tune brings a wave of hands, fingers curled to pick another apple—in a synchronised harvest.

Through the crowded streets

conversation we sipped sweet mint tea and gazed at the gaudy cavorting Catholic horses skidding up the steep cobbles through a window veiled in condensation.

On the third day of celebration, the painted ladies flood the streets of Granada in gay lampshade dresses of purposeful colour clashes. Shocking pinks, tar black polkadots, Gypsy beiges and dusty pollen yellows, are all framed by coal black lace and emulsion white ribbons. Children too are painted on this day and sit stuffed and pretty in prams of ribbons and roses. Carnations litter the streets and castanets clatter in gabbling hands.

When you enquire where they are going, they reply 'Nowhere special...just around.'

And around they went, through alleys and streets as tight as their bulging dresses, from plaza to plaza, swaggering beneath the crosses in flirtatious gloating pride. All night they pluck apples from imaginary trees in flamenco mime,

sent the horses whinnying in protest and dripping saliva as they gagged on their bits.

At the Inglesia de Ntra we went in from the white blinding sun. The virgin hovered in a spot light above the altar and my pupils, still small from the sun, could see little. It was like walking into a huge cave with the saint's statues like large stalactites dripping from the ceiling. A faint light fell from a dome high above the altar. I stood at the back where the mass could be heard against the puppet show entertaining the crowds outside.

'...es Spiritus es sancte...' and the mass was over and the doors were flung open to reveal the great silver ox cart outside. The podgy priest pushed his way out to greet them. The ungainly silver cart was turned to face the altar and a hush fell over the crowd as the singing began to the whistle and the drums. The cart was turned again and to the booming of fireworks it processed south.

Across the Acero de Darro I stopped to watch a shepherd herding his sheep and goats up the dry Rio Genil—in which a little muddy brook flowed. He wore fine brown check trousers, black cloth shoes, and two faded shirts—the inner one tucked clumsily into his slack trousers. His hands and face showed a career of outside toil and he bore a healthy worn in tan. He carried a matted bundle of leather straps and his voice was as coarse as the country he trod. 'Perro aqui...' he croaked in an earthy command. The two crew-cropped English sheep dogs hesitantly obeyed—bounding to where he pointed and obediently looking to him for the next command.

The weather-beaten figure on the fly-over persisted with his croaked instructions above the traffic noise until the animals were positioned 'just-so'. As the herd stood on the banks of the muddy waters in a small shady triangle at the mouth of an inky black tunnel, the dogs trotted about, fine tuning their position. Content, the shepherd strode off, leather bundle in hand.

It was drizzling gently as we slipped and slid our way along the freshly cleared landslides which coated the road to Trevezes. I was told it was the highest village in Spain, if not Europe, not counting ski resorts, at 1300m. An inky black storm cloud groaned and crashed over the snowy peaks and a mist swirled around the steep terraced, richly green valley sides, occasionally parting to reveal tiny white conurbations brandishing tall white and clay brown church spires. It reminded me of the lush green Hunza valleys in the foothills of

Northern Pakistan.

Once inside the little villages, their narrow streets would envelope you and wrap you in an Alpujarride wool blanket of warmth and comfort. It was late in the day when we returned on the road to Lanjaron, of bottled water fame. The streets were thronging with candle carrying people milling about outside the little church and spilling into the road as they awaited the arrival of the children who had received their first communion that year. Little girls in brilliant white lacy gowns and little boys in sailor suits—hair groomed and pleated. A bespectacled nun led the girls, who took it in shifts of thirty steps to front the procession and face the



battery of proudly popping flash bulbs and the cyclopes of video cameras.

When I returned to Granada, the same corpus celebrations were in full swing. As I descended from the Sierras into the basin at dusk the lights from a vast fun fair burnt high into the hazy night. Big wheels of orange and green neon cartwheeled in the oily blackness. Long arms tumbled flung and span terrified faces at unpredictable angles.

In the square behind the Cathedral an ethnic triangle of symbiotic culture had grown. North Africans were massing, their wares blanketing the pavement. As they squatted behind proudly swatting the dust from their goods with feather dusters their white teeth gleaming in cheeky cajoling grins. The centre of the square was swathed in a striped canopy. Beneath, bucksome, poppy mouthed, pouting schoolgirls released exam tension in a frenzy of hand curving flamenco.

In one corner of the square, a South American pipe and drum band fought to overcome the ear-splitting flamenco. They achieved a small foot-tapping crowd which clustered and clamoured to hear the soft wood pipe whistle.

It was to the cathedral that I traipsed on Corpus Thursday morning to view the start of the procession. There was already a military band assembled outside when I arrived. Pristine rows of crew-cut green berreted khaki clad young boys with smart white gloves, ceremonial spades, axes, and picks.

I picked my way through the crowds assembled in the square outside and squeezed into the

and edged towards the main altar where it halted to wait patiently for its moment in the service.

The starry eyed congregation sang and wailed and the mighty organ piped their lead from the rafters drowned only by the priest who led enthusiastically through the PA system. As the service drew to a close the procession amassed in the aisle carrying long white candles. Miserable looking old men in their best suits mouched at the front trailing their candles in their wake. Behind them came the standard bearers—Podgy boys with piglet grins in brown suits paraded in front of equally podgy little girls in white bulging bridal gowns. More elderly men, some dressed like waiters, others like undertakers. Next the nuns, in grey and black and cream and white, hands hidden and arms folded in abject submission, patiently queueing as if for communion. Behind them the monks lined up cloned 'fria-tucks' in brown sack habits with white bell cords round tubby waists.

As the service finished, the priests filled out from the high altar and followed the monks, their white dresses wafting in the draft from the gapping doors at the end.

The altar was off again, trembling its way down the aisle towards the daylight. In the congregation, old women clutching boney walking sticks shouted out 'Blessed Senior Jesus' and started to applaud contagiously. A fanfare from the military band drew the altar to the waiting crowds outside and as it passed the old women by, they would glance up fearfully and then hide their eyes.

As it reached the sunshine, the current of applause fired the crowds outside into action and fire-crackers exploded from the cathedral roof, showering the people in ash and sending pigeons into wielding confusion. Down the stairs and along the little streets quaked the altar washed along by clapping hands and torrents of confetti.

In its wake, strolled floppy velvet hatted urchins in puffed culottes and tights. Court jesters, medieval soldiers and busby clad guardsmen marched in a goose-stepping ballet. Through the little streets they went for all to see. The parade was so long it kept stretching and snapping and re-forming.

I strolled around the city that evening and watched the young children pirouetting in their Christmas tree dresses. Flurries of hands wave their mimes tirelessly, as they span and stamped and looked their serious stern determined looks. 'Franco is dead long live flamenco.'

Firstly, Geneva is not Switzerland's capital. Bern is. Geneva is in the francophone part of Switzerland, but since about 40% of the people in Geneva are foreigners, nearly everybody speaks English anyway. Geneva is also very small - in fact you can walk through Geneva in an afternoon if you don't stop for chocolate, watches, kirsch etcetera. Don't do Geneva down though, as it can be a good laugh even though there are less pubs in it than in the Isle of Man.

Lesson Number 1: Switzerland is expensive.

There is just no way out of this one except bar thieving - and Swiss cops are good, and they carry guns.

Lesson Number 2: Geneva has less nightlife hotspots than all the fingers of two people (or four one armed people).

But since most of you couldn't afford to spend more than one night in Geneva anyway, there are more than enough for a good night out.

Lesson Number 3: Swiss beer sucks.

This is totally unescapable and the only way out is to buy imported beer which is quite expensive, or to drink spirits which are even more so.

Once you have come to grips with these three lessons (spend a night or two studying them in front of a pint or two or six) you are ready for

(aka *la gare*). You should wander down to the lower ground floor of the railway station and exit through the north door, with one of the major banks on either side - UBS and SBS, and go on past McDonald's and turn left just after. A few yards further, turn to your left into a restaurant called *Manana* and go down to the basement. You are now in the 'Cactus club.' Avoid the beers; they are tasteless, bland and very expensive. It is essential for you to arrive there during the happy hour which usually lasts for 360 minutes from 6.00pm to 9.00pm - although you had better check this. They have lists of all their drinks scattered around the bar. I recommend their flaming

A Poor Man's Guide to Geneva

Stuart Rison, IC Rag's tame Swiss personage, introduces the concept of living cheaply in Geneva.



A bit of the Old Town of Geneva.

Although one pound will buy you two and a half Swiss francs on average, a pound won't get you far. Bear in mind that the wages in Switzerland are high (£7 an hour is not unusual for a student summer job). Switzerland also has the highest GNP per capita in the world (a trivial pursuit question) and the standard of living is not all that low either.

B-52, which is Bailey's, Kaluha and a dash of Grand Marnier set on fire. Drink this very fast, with a straw. Alternatively try their lush Pina Colada or their nice and sour Kamikaze. This should set you back £2 a go (during happy hour) and when you're bored or happy hour is over, leave for the Post Cafe, the most English non-pub around. The owner is British, always drunk and, surprisingly an ex-physics student from Edinburgh, I think. Mention my name and he'll tell you to fuck off because he has no idea who I am, although he hates my after-shave. Drinks are very cheap there, both in and out of happy hours. Tequila goes for just over a quid a shot, and miracles of miracles - Guinness is on draught! Equally worthy of attention is a local Swiss scrumpy nicknamed 'drain damage.' Once you are satisfied with yourself, and the bar floor starts to defy the laws of gravity, you may go on. Further along this street you will find the Star pub and the London pub, both very boring but worth a visit if you've ever wondered what a Swiss-English pub looks like, but if you're too pissed to bother, let me tell you it looks nothing like the real thing.

The next step is rather more difficult as you must now find your way to the other side of the lake. Lake Geneva is part of river Rhône and although everybody says it's clean I wouldn't risk a dive in it. To go to the other side can be made easy if you use a bridge. There are many handy bridges about but for all practical purposes I suggest you use the *Pont du mont-Blanc*. On the way you really must admire the highest water jet in the world - *Le jet d'eau de Genève*. At this point you have two alternatives, visit more drinking spots or buy some

a wild night out in 'Genève, *Cosmopolite, Captivante et Capitaliste.*'

How to get pissed on less than £20:

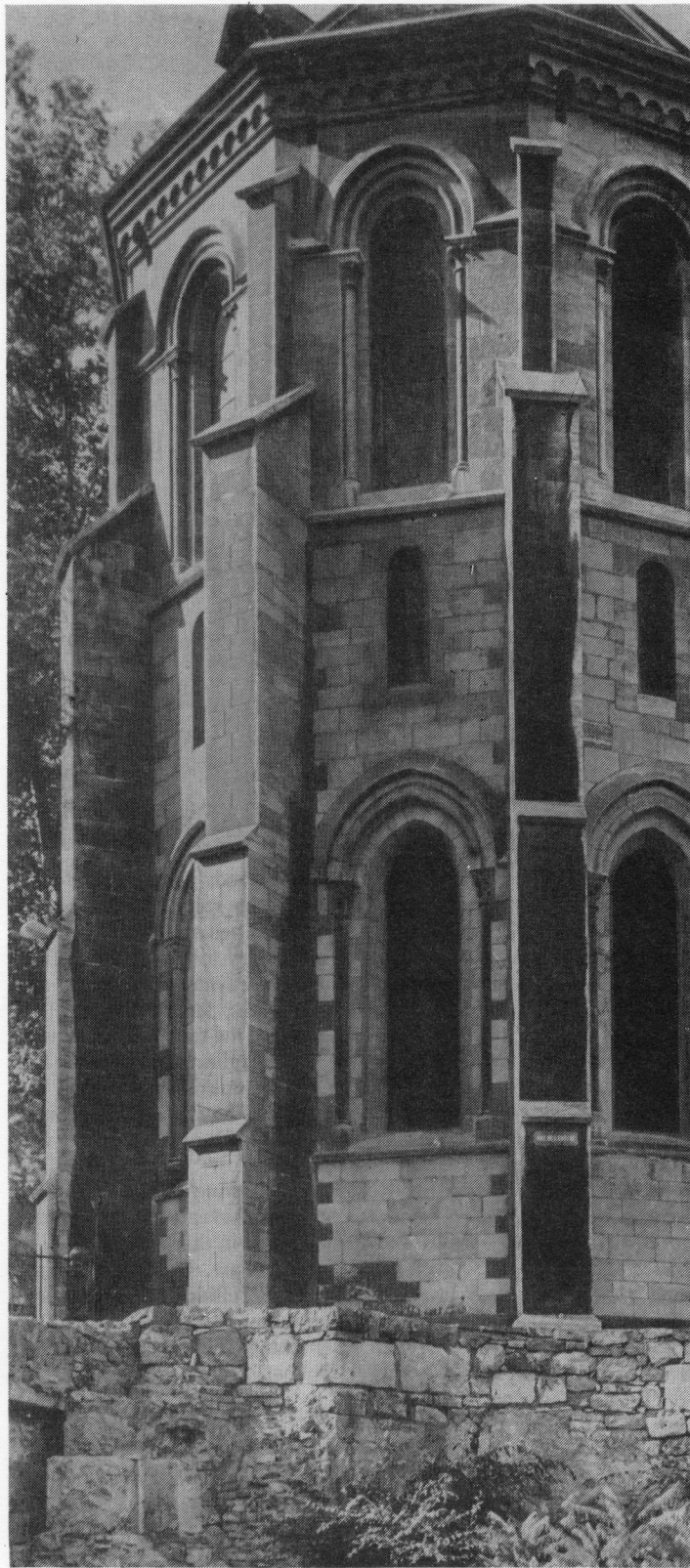
This is virtually impossible but anyway, here goes. When you arrive in Geneva you will either be in Geneva airport (aka *Genève Cointrain*) or in the railway station

hallucinatory substances. If you were to decide to indulge in the latter just direct your feet to the aptly named *Jardin Anglais* - or 'English Garden' where you can buy the stuff (of course I wouldn't know what it is although I think they call it Shit - pronounced *à la Française* - or Hash). However, for those of you who - like me - have never ever even come close to the stuff, just ask somebody the way to *Bar le Planteur* or in Shakespeare's Language, 'Planter's.' The drink there is quite expensive but it is also where many of the international school (and thus English speaking) students hang out. It is also fair to admit that this place has lately been invaded by rappers, so beware. Next step is to find the way to 'Lord Nelson's pub.' Nelson's is the place to be, crowded, smoky, expensive but full of women (and men for you of the weaker sex, I'd hate to be called sexist). Drink is very expensive there, about £2.80 for a pint of Swiss lager, though you can buy bottled Guinness or canned Newcastle Ale which are hideously expensive. Just get one drink, mellow out and socialise. Talking is free in Switzerland. For those of you out there who smoke, look no further, a pack of cigs goes for just under £1.50.

Night Clubbing.

For a town of its size, Geneva is quite well stocked with night clubs. They are, not surprisingly, very expensive. But have no worries, nobody said you had to visit all of them.

On the side of the lake you currently should be on, there are two night clubs worthy of your attention, the 'Underground' and the 'New Morning.' The first one is located in the *Veille Ville*, or Old Town. The Old Town is a very beautiful location and marks Geneva's original site. Even if you don't wish to go to a nightclub the Old Town is a compulsory visit - just walk about in it and gaze at the antique shops and at the art galleries. The 'Underground,' like most very expensive and exclusive nightclubs, has only got a tiny door with a bouncer that wouldn't even frighten a 5 foot train-spotting physicist, thus, your first challenge is to find it. The best way to do so is to ask someone who looks rich and who drives an expensive car. The other way is to walk about the old town and find a door with a Ferrari and a Porsche or two parked in front of it. The second challenge is to actually get in as the only way to do so is to look rich. This doesn't mean dressing up nice - it just means smelling of - no stinking of - magic money power. Or you can



Geneva Cathedral. Not a wild place.

just to go with someone else that knows his way in. Once inside however, you shall see whether it was worth the effort. The cocktails served in the two bars of the Underground are worthy of attention. It is fair to say however, that since you do not pay an entrance fee, drinks are quite expensive.

Do not worry if you did not manage to locate or enter the Underground as there is a very

good bar a few yards up from it, the *Roi Ubu* (Ubu King). It has an amazing selection of superb Belgian beers - the Belgians and the trappist monks are certainly amongst the best brewers in the world. I highly recommend the *Mort Subite* (Sudden Death) or *Chimay*, both types of *geuze*, the Belgian equivalent of bitter. The 'New Morning' is located just beside the lake at *Quai des Forces-Motrices* (Motor-forces quay). The entrance

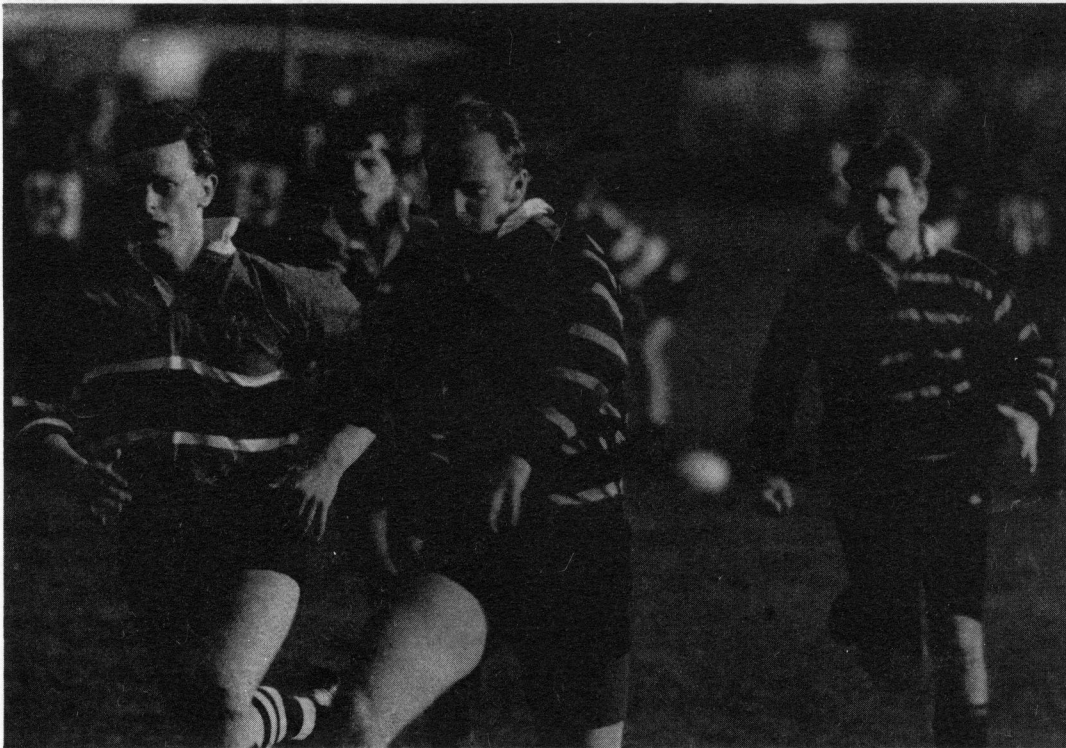
fee has recently increased to about £7, although the location with view on the lake is very pretty, the ambience varies from great to *merde absolument* (the editor doesn't like naughty words) (- which is why I have translated it into French - Ed).

Probably the most famous nightclub in Geneva is 'Arthur's'. 'Arthur's' is big, very big. It has four dance floors, four bars and a VIP section. Thus, since rents are exorbitant in Geneva, it could not afford to locate itself anywhere else than in a new Movenpick Hotel complex beside the airport. The only to get there late at night is to walk, which is not suggested although you won't get mugged in Switzerland, to take *un Taxi* or to hitch-hike. Entrance is free on week days before 9.00pm (I think) but it certainly isn't on Fridays and Weekends. The entrance should set you back £12 and each non alcoholic drink will cost you a fiver, or more depending on the alcohol content. The answer to this problem is to get pissed before you go to Arthur's. The music for the dance floors, whether good or bad, is unimportant since whatever they play, everybody goes on dancing. In short, Arthur's is a very wild place indeed and if you can only afford one bar or nightclub you should go to this one. Beware that they will absolutely not let you in with a pair of trainers so get a proper pair of shoes beforehand.

If you spend over a night in Geneva another place worthy of attention is *L'Usine* (the factory). I don't remember where it is located but I do remember that it has live bands and stuff like that and that it is usually very cheap (my God, a miracle!) Also 'Short's', located in the Old Town, may have reopened since my last visit to Geneva. It used to be a bar with no entrance fee and a nice little dance floor. Maxim's is only for the very rich, and the only way I could afford it was to go with a friend who knew the manager and thus got me free entry and drinks. Maxim's is a cabaret with a show of lovely young ladies covered with little material indeed.

Well, there you go - that's all folks, if you manage your money carefully, you can get mildly buzzed with £10 and get into a night-club with the remaining £10. Unfortunately there are about as many chances of this happening as there are of the Queen Mother getting pregnant again! So really, the only way out is to bring loads of dosh. By the way, if you ever visit Switzerland, do bring me back a nice bar of Swiss milk chocolate and drop it here c/o Felix.

Rugby Champions



Imperial College Rugby 1st XV progressed into the quarter-finals of the UAU Championship for the first time last Wednesday, with a comprehensive victory over Reading at Harlington.

The first half was tight with IC achieving territorial and possessional dominance, and the home team went in at half time 6 points up after 2 penalty kicks from fly-half Stuart Paynter. The score might have been more but for the sterling work of the Reading back-row.

IC started alot more positively in the second half and scored their first try after good forward work and quick passing along the line. The move was finished off by David

Fleming and then converted. The flood gates soon opened after Reading's two best players had been taken off - their scrum-half had to be taken off after a shoulder charge from captain Andrew Montgomery, which was so late it would have been placed in next Wednesday's match.

Simon Bicknell scored soon after, after a blind-side break which was followed by a converted push-over try by John Fowler. IC were totally in command from then on having supremacy in the scrum and Fowler, Marquis and Sapwell all doing good work in the line-out. Dave Bolton was next to get on the score sheet after a break and chip through by Richard Stubbs, who

replaced Andy Fleming mid-way through the second half. The try was converted and Bicknell scored a second try following a mid-field break by Paynter, D Fleming and pack leader Henry Fadge. This completed the rout of Reading with a 32-0 scoreline. Chris Telling had a good game after 4 weeks off because of having a varicose vein removed. IC's next opponents will be Surrey.

The following is full team list, for those who haven't had their names mentioned in this report!

Corbett, Carr, Cadden, Marquis, Sapwell, Telling, Fadge, Fowler, Montgomery (C), Paynter, D Flemming, Bicknell, A Flemming (Stubbs), Bolton, Flynn.

Hockey Also Rans

On 22nd January, the Men's 3rd XI Hockey almost triumphant UAU Championship run began against Kent University at Canterbury. The pilgrimage began in traditional style with the opening of the bell's team spirit in the minibus on the M2. The team, already baffled by 'The Sun' crossword, played accordingly for most of the game.

The first seventy minutes of normal time saw little action. Captain Sven Jones somehow managed to avoid having to score in the one on one situation just as the half time whistle was blowing. Dan Lee with the keeper beaten

mustered the power of an amoeba and his shot was cleared off the line, while Nick Parfitt's shot hit the corner flag.

With no score after full time, news of extra time was hit with a groan. However we played better: end to end stuff with the lads giving 110% (as out footballing friends would have it). With eight minutes left Parfitt scored from a short corner, most atypical. Six minutes later the scores were level after the ball was squeezed between the keeper and Lee Maartensz's legs while Chris Maury was unable to clear off the line for once.

Hence penalties wee to settle it. 'Such a terrible way to end such a close fought game' or so the cliché goes. But we weren't complaining as we won. In the bar Jones won the boat race - an unprecedented achievement, whilst David Edwards had to drink his with his white sock covering his glass.

Big thanks to Matt for his undying support and careful driving.

On January 29th, we played Brunel at Harlington in the next stage of the UAU Championship. With prematch confidence high, this was a most bogus game. Simon

ICSF Film

This Tuesday (11th Feb) we're showing Aurthur C Clarke's 2001 in Mech Eng 220 at 7pm. Stanley Kubrick's tour de force remains one of the great classics of all time and to make it even more impressive we're e showing it in Cinemascope. The discovery of a black monolith on the Moon that is far older than Mankind itself tells us we're not alone. Upon its unearthing, the monolith beams a signal out to one of the Jupiter moons. A spaceship is dispatched to find out who or what received the signal...

Remember membership is now only £2 and this gives you access to our books and video libraries. We have over 2800 books and 80 videos. Videos can be borrowed overnight (no charge). We also have our annual convention on Saturday March 7th, called PicoCon. If you'd like to help or just want to find out more, pop down to our library in Beit Quad. It really is fun and helping out gets you right in the thick of it. There's quizzes, boardgames, videos, and the odd famous person.

*Free to small furry creatures from Alpha Centauri with proof of identity and valid Federation of Interplanetary Students Union Card.

PhotoSoc

The Photographic Society presents its 1992 exhibition. It begins with an open reception in the Consort Gallery (next to the Main dining room in Sherfield) at 5.30pm until 8pm, on Monday 10th February. The exhibition features the work of more than ten photographers from at least eight countries. I lasts until 29th February.

If you are inspired to join the society, talk to us at the exhibition or come to Southside Lounge on Tuesdays at 1pm.

Curwood turned up at the eleventh hour to replace an ill Lee Maartensz, much to the relief of Russell Collins who was next in line to fill the kickers.

Not wanting to dwell too much on this game - we had all the play, hit the post three times, the first after just a minute. In the second half they scored with their only two attacks. Sour grapes, me?

Here's to another run next year. S Jones.

Maartensz, Curwood, Bever, Maury, Cooper, Brooks, Beer, Collins, De Souza, Jones, Parfitt, Edwards, Lee, Andrea.

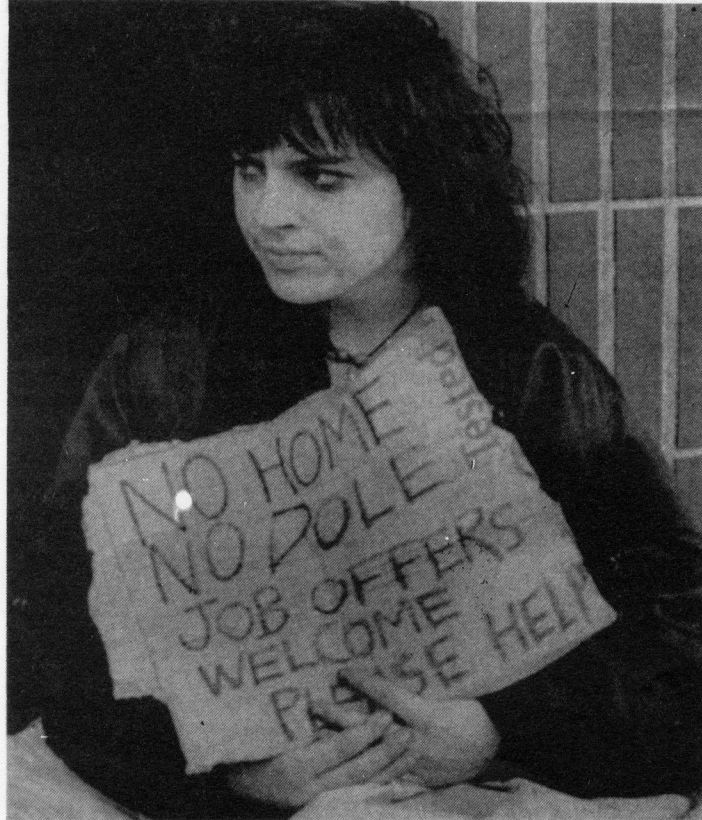
Soup Run

Every Thursday night for the past few years, students from Imperial and Kings Colleges have delivered soup, biscuits, tea and cheese sandwiches to homeless people. Why do we do this? Surely no lazy tramp deserves our sympathy?

Well the answer is YES they do, since if you ever talk to these people you soon realise that they are not lazy or dropouts. They have just had a lot of bad luck. Many of the homeless come to London in the expectation of finding a job. Last autumn, I spoke to a man who had arrived from Merseyside but was living in a tent at Lincolns Inn Fields (near The Strand). He was an electrician with a family to support, but with no address for post he had no chance of finding employment. And with no job he cannot afford down payments (typically £400) required to move into a flat.

There are hostels and housing projects in London, but many of the residents at Lincolns Inn have moved out of these. As one person commented, 'We are safer in the park because everybody knows everybody else. Nothing gets nicked like it does in the hostels.'

Despite everything that has happened to them, most remain optimistic and determined. With a little help most would help themselves and manage to find



accommodation and jobs. These homeless people are a tremendous potential which is lost through the inadequacies of the system.

We cannot solve the long term problems. We only aim to make their life a little better with a hot

drink and cheerful conversation. So if you are interested in helping out, come alone to one of our soup runs. We leave from Weeks Hall at 9.15pm every Thursdays.

Dan Kitcher, Physics I

Basketball

IC Men's basketball team pushed their UAU run to 4-0 by knocking East Anglia out of the 1992 Championship last Wednesday (24th Jan). At St Mary's Wilson House Gym, coach Sacha Cole spurred IC to a 93-59 win: their biggest victory this season, despite only having seven players on the bench.

Imperial led by a massive 56-26 at half time, but looked uncomfortable for much of the second period. The loss of Haddon and Kountouris on 5 fouls put great pressure on the rest of the team - for whom there could be no rest on the substitutes' bench. David Syriani managed to last out the final 13 minutes carrying 4 fouls, helping to keep IC's presence to at least 5 players.

With leading rebounders Michalis Senis and Nick Braley unavailable, Imperial were fortunate to be rejoined by Aydin Alatin. His 30 point contribution was a significant factor in securing IC's control of the game. Angelos Kountouris backed up Alatin with 18 points, and Mike Reeves turned in a valuable 14 points.

Imperial faced Brunel last Saturday (1st Feb) at Brixton Sports Centre, in the next round of the UAU tournament. Hopefully, the outcome can be published in the Results Table this week.

L.A. Story

This week Film Soc is showing LA Story, starring Steve Martin. It's an hilarious film about a prime-time weatherman who one day breaks down by a motorway sign, which tells him his life is going to change! Sure enough, he falls in love with an English reporter (his real-life wife aka Victoria Tennant) and also meets a beautiful young woman, who feels like a break from her usual boyfriend. He goes on a holiday with the young beauty at a discreet hotel; but as luck would

have it he bumps into his true love, also with another man.

The story of their rocky road to true love makes for hilarious viewing, together with Martin's novel ideas on presenting the weather. You can see the film on Thursday 13th February at 7.30pm in Mech Eng 220. Entry is 80p for members and £1.80 for everyone else. And if you don't know by now membership is £3.50, for which you get to see a film free.

5-a-side Football

After the dismal attempt to organise a 11-a-side football league last year, we are now attempting to put together a 5-a-side contest. At the moment the OSC is generally taking care of all the details, but the competition is open to all clubs and societies of Imperial College. (Please note however, since most of the games will be taking place on Wednesday afternoons, clubs which have events planned during this

time may be advised not to enter!)

So if you (or your club/society) is interested in participating, please drop me a little note saying so. This may be done either through the Felix pigeon holes, or by e-mail to khs@doc. More details will be published once the response is known, so please hurry. Any one club/society is permitted to enter a maximum of two teams.

Khurrum.

SPORTS TABLE

Rugby

UAU:

IC 1st XV 31—0 Reading

Hockey

UAU:

IC Men's 3rd 1—1 Kent

(IC won on penalties)

IC Men's 3rd 0—2 Brunel

Basketball

UAU:

IC Men 93—59 East Anglia

Chapter 12:
Detention
Troy Tempest
leads us on.

Stress stared around him at the frantically dancing figures, puppets to the rhythms smashing out of the speakers dotted around the sub-basement disco, faces sweating and strained with the torment they were going through.

He had been brought swiftly to the jail from the courtroom and dressed in clothes that would make him stand out like a sore thumb if he ever tried to escape. He was wearing a purple polyester shirt with gold cufflinks, tight green trousers, white socks and brown tasseled shoes. The final touch to these liquorice allsorts of clothes was his prison number, printed on a gold medallion chained around his neck.

Just as Stress thought he could not go on there was a commotion at one end of the dance floor. Prisoners around him stopped their movements and clustered around whatever was happening. Squeezing through the crowd Stress overheard hushed comments about what was happening.

'Breakdance.'
'Horrible sight.'
'Poor wretch.'

Poking his head between two guards Stress saw the source of the commotion. In a circular space on the dance floor a prisoner was spinning crazily on his back, arms alternatively stretching and pushing his tormented body around faster and faster. With a cry he suddenly

'Yeah. They have to wear special apparatus on their heads, speakers connected to their ears to supply constant heavy noise. It's so they don't have a relapse.'

'And when they get home a special inaudiophobia machine fills the house with sounds to soothe their nerves.'

'Okay, break it up!'

The head bouncer strode through the crowd and got the guards to take the broken prisoner away.

'Pay attention, there's a message from the warden.'

Silence fell, the music was muted and a booming voice filled the room.

'IT IS TIME FOR A GUITAR PIT!'

A wave of fear washed around the room. Stress felt the prisoners around him stagger back in shock.

'TWO PEOPLE WILL GO TO THE PIT. THEY ARE.'

Absolute silence.

'MERCY KILLING.'

A gasp of terror from across the room.

'AND STRESS FACTOR.'

Stress yelled. Two guards came over and grabbed him. Prisoners around pulled away and watched in fear and fascination as Stress was dragged across the floor to stairs leading down to a large sunken stage set in the middle of the cavernous room. As he stumbled down to the bottom the sounds of previous victims' high pitched screams and groans echoed around the black hole. Stress was locked into a chair, ready to watch Mercy Killing's fate.

The Inner System



'Hey, you!'

A burly bouncer guard in a tuxedo pointed one of his ring holders at Stress.

'Get dancing!'

He obeyed, moving his body to the thudding beat. Stress swirled in the soupy stew, shuffling with the smoky sweaty shapes around him.

shifted his body and began spinning on his head, eyes blank and staring.

Transfixed by the sight the prisoners around him muttered to each other.

'He's gone. they say they never recover. Just move about with a bouncing gait and mumble meaningless lyrics.'

Well, well, well. No sooner have we recovered from the despicable behaviour of one of our sabbaticals than another one feels it right to take into her own hands a decision that she effectively has no right to make. Silencing the media, surely this is a court martial offence? Yet again, though, the sabbaticals manage to wriggle themselves out of a tricky situation by releasing a press statement at a time when there is very little the suffering students can do to rectify the matter. Congratulations Zoë on your perfect timing!

On other matters connected with DramSoc. Mylan Lester we saw you! I understand that you were making good use of the fly gallery on Saturday night during the Grease crew party. You lucky, lucky man - it seems as though you are the only one actually managing to get it at the moment as you will see by reading the following letter:

Dear Marge

Blundering on as usual.

Dear Marge,

Now that Imperial College Health Centre has decided to supply free condoms for us, the poor, repressed students that we are, my colleagues and I feel that we have a proposal that the college and/or students unions should seriously consider.

We believe that our proposed Imperial Students Union and College Brothel (I SUCK Brothels plc) would be beneficial to all sectors of the college community and would fulfil the following functions:

1. Relieve sexual tensions, enhancing student and lecturer performance in all areas.

2. Provide some much needed revenue for our dear, dear rector, (after all, being a non-executive director of BT must leave him terribly impoverished).

3. Prevent the Health Centre's condoms from going to waste, this is Imperial College after all.

This is a significant problem potentially leading to irrevocable damage for the notoriously fragile male ego, and should be addressed in a serious forum such as yours. In keeping with the egalitarian position of the ICU, such an organisation would be open to all (even Physics 1). Also, if run along

the same lines as many of the other college services (Southside etc), it could make use of student labour and could provide a much needed top-up for Student Loans and Access Funds.

We would be grateful for a serious, open-minded and, above all, smutty discussion of this topic and would welcome comments, and photographs(!) from all parts of the college.

Yours sincerely,

Desperately Desperate.

DoC 2.

Please, if any one has any obscure, obsequious, obstreperous, obscene or obstinate obloquies to make on this or any other matter, I will be willing to accept letters without proof of identity. Serious comments should be directed to the Editor who will require signatures.

An up-to-the-minute guide to events in and around Imperial College. The deadline for entries for this page is the Monday prior to publication.

FRIDAY

- Hang Gliding**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
- Conservative Soc**.....12.30pm
Physics 737.
- 3rd World 1st**.....12.45pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
- Rag Meeting**.....12.40pm
Union Lounge. Everyone welcome.
- Labour Club Meeting**.....1.00pm
Maths 408. Club members welcome.
- Friday Prayers**.....1.00pm
Southside Gym. See Islamic Society.
- Kung Fu**.....4.30pm
Union Gym.
- C.U. Prayer Meeting**.....5.00pm
413 Maths.
- Christian Union Meeting**.....6.00pm
308 Computing.
- Swimming**.....6.30pm
Sports Centre.
- Fencing Club Training**.....6.40pm
Club training.
- Shaolin Kungfu System Nam-Pai-Chuan**.....7.30pm
Southside Gym. All welcome.
- Water Polo**.....7.30pm
Sports Centre.
- Southside Disco**.....8.30pm
Southside Bar.

SATURDAY

- Kung Fu Club**.....4.30pm
Wu Shu Kwan in Southside Gym.
- IC Shotokan Karate**.....10.00am
Southside Gym.
- Ladies Tennis**.....12.00pm
At college courts. Membership £6. All new members welcome.
- Cycling Club**.....10.30am
Meet at Beit Arch.

SUNDAY

- West London Chaplaincy Sunday Service**.....10.30am
Anteroom Sherfield Building.
- Men's Tennis Team Practise**.....11.00am
College Courts. Players of any ability. Annual membership £6. New members welcome.
- Catholic Chaplaincy Mass**.....11.00am
53 Cromwell Road.
- Wargames**.....1.00pm
UDH.
- Fitness Club**.....2.00pm
Intermediate.
- Kung Fu Club**.....4.30pm
Wu Shu Kwan in the Union Gym.
- Catholic Mass**.....6.00pm
53 Cromwell Road.

MONDAY

- RockSoc Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
- Parachute Club**.....12.30pm

- Brown Committee Room.
- Yacht Club Meeting**.....12.45pm
253 Aeronautics. New members most welcome. Sailing most weekends!
- Basketball Club**.....5.30pm
Volleyball court. Men's Team.
- Fitness Club**.....5.30pm
Southside Gym. Beginners.
- Dance Club**.....6.00pm
JCR. R'n'R/Latin. Adv/Medals.
- Afro-Carib Meeting**.....6.00pm
Concert Hall.
- Swimming**.....6.30pm
Sports Centre.
- Dance Club**.....7.30pm
JCR. Beginners' Rock 'n' Roll.
- IC Shotokan Karate**.....7.30pm
Southside Gym.
- Water Polo**.....7.30pm
Sports Centre.
- Dance Club**.....8.30pm
JCR. Latin Beginners.

TUESDAY

- C.U. Prayer Meeting**.....8.30pm
Chaplain's Office
- Spot Soc Meeting**.....12.15pm
Upper Lounge, Southside. One tournament and one novice trip planned.
- Riding Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
- Boardsailing**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
- AudioSoc Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge. Cheap records and equipment hire.
- Radio Modellers**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge.
- Cathsoc Mass**.....12.30pm
Mech Eng 702. Followed by lunch.
- Ski Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge. Put your name down for this year's ski trip.
- Sailing Club**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge.
- Environmental and Appropriate Tech**.....12.45pm
See club for details.
- STOIC News**.....1.00pm
- PhotoSoc**.....1.00pm
Southside Lounge.
- Ents Meeting**.....1.00pm
Ents/Rag Office. Up two flights on the East Staircase, first office on the left.
- Legs, Bums, Tums**.....1.00pm
Southside Gym. Organised by Fitness Club.
- Radio Modellers**.....5.30pm
Mech Eng.
- Fitness Club**.....5.45pm
Southside Gym. Intermediate.
- Amnesty International**.....5.30pm
Clubs Committee Room.
- Wine Tasting Soc**.....6.00pm
Union Dining Hall.
- Dance Club**.....6.00pm
JCR. Improvers Ballroom and Latin.
- Canoe Club**.....6.15pm
Beit Quad store or 8.30pm in Southside Upper Lounge.
- Judo**.....6.30pm
Union Gym.
- Dance Club**.....7.00pm
JCR. Adv/Medals Ballroom & Latin.

- ICSF Film '2001'**.....7.00pm
Mech Eng 220.
- Yoga**.....8.00pm
Southside Gym.
- Caving Club Meeting**.....8.00pm
Southside Upper Lounge.

WEDNESDAY

- Fitness Club**.....12.45pm
Southside Gym. Intermediate.
- Bike Club**.....12.45pm
Southside Lounge.
- Cycling Training**.....1.30pm
Meet at Beit Arch.
- Wargames**.....1.00pm
UDH. All welcome.
- Micro Club Meeting**.....1.15pm
Top floor NW corner Union Building.
- Kung Fu**.....1.30pm
Union Gym.
- DramSoc Improv Class**.....2.30pm
Union SCR (old Union Office). Professional tuition.
- Diving**.....6.30pm
Swimming Pool.
- Shaolin Kungfu System Nam-Pai-Chuan**.....7.00pm
Southside Gym. All Welcome.
- Basketball Club**.....7.30pm
Volleyball court.
- Kung Fu Club**.....7.30pm
Union Gym. Wu Shu Kwan.
- Libido**.....9.30pm
Ents Club Night in Union Lounge.

THURSDAY

- Fencing Training**.....11.30am
Intermediate & advanced coaching.
- Balloon Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
- YHA Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
- Postgrad Lunch**.....12.30pm
Chaplains Office (10 Princes Gardens).
- Pro Life Meeting**.....12.30pm
Green Committee Room.
- Fencing Training**.....12.30pm
Beginners Training.
- 3rd World 1st**.....12.45pm
Tak by Tim Jolly on 'Rural Water Supply and development in Sri Lanka'. Clubs Committee Room.
- Legs, Bums, Tums**.....1.00pm
Southside Gym. Every week.
- Gliding Club Meeting**.....1.00pm
Aero 266.
- Fencing Training**.....1.30pm
General.
- STOIC News**.....2.00pm
- Fitness Club**.....5.30pm
Southside Gym. Advanced.
- Midweek Event**.....5.30pm
Chaplains Office (10 Prince's Gardens).
- Dance Club**.....6.00pm
JCR. Intermediate/Advanced Ballroom & Latin.
- Judo Club**.....6.30pm
Gym.
- STOIC. Into The Night**.....7.00pm
'Exceptional Evening Entertainment'
- Dance Club**.....7.00pm
JCR. Beginners' Ballroom & Latin.

- Real Ale Society Meeting**.....7.30pm
Union Lounge. Lots of good booze.
- Film Soc 'LA Story'**.....7.30pm
Mech Eng 220.
- IC Shotokan Karate**.....7.30pm
Southside Gym.
- Dance Club**.....8.00pm
JCR. Improvers Ballroom & Latin.
- Southside Disco**.....8.30pm
Southside Bar.
- ICCAG Soup Run**.....9.15pm
Meet Weeks Hall Basement.

Small Ads

●FOR SALE: MG Midget—Black, 1981 (one of the last made), bodywork in good condition, recently spent £1000 on restoration of engine, gearbox and new clutch. Very reliable car for summer trips to the coast etc. £2,100 ono. Phone Rose at Felix on ext 3515 or ext 8672.

●6'5", mousy hair and live in Beit? You've won an interview with Dear Marge...drop into FELIX...

●BLACK CROCODILE skin wallet taken from level 4, Lyon Playfair. Wednesday Jan 22, 1992 in the afternoon. Larysa Ryzewska. Personal effects are of extreme sentimental value. Please contact Felix or the security office if you have any info or leave message saying where wallet can be found. Security 3370 or Felix 3515.

●RACKET restringing. £7 for all rackets. Call Jinyee, Chem Eng 3 (ext (80) 437).

●FOR SALE: Double breasted dinner jacket (44 inch chest) with trousers, good condition, £70. Single Breasted dinner jacket (42 inch chest) with trousers, good condition £70. Contact Ben Irons, Chem Eng 4.

●EARN EXTRA Money. Cleaning and ironing just for 4 hours once a week. Family flat in Hammersmith. Interested? Phone ext 4965 or 081-741 4988

THE SHRINKING VIOLETS

acapella singing group

UNION LOUNGE
MONDAY
10th FEBRUARY

EGM

The main business of the Extraordinary General Meeting (EGM) of the Union called for yesterday (Thursday) was to elect a new Rag chair following the resignation of Marc Ellis, aka Penguin, last term. The candidates were Aled Fenner, Civ Eng II and Marc Ellis, Physics II, and Mr Ellis won with a comfortable majority. Nicky Fox was ratified as Housing Officer, Tim Cotton, Royal School of Mines Union President, was ratified as Transport Officer and Cathy McClay, ex City and Guilds Union President, was voted in as Ordinary Member to Council.

A motion on student poverty was passed instructing the Union Executive to publicise the National Union of Students' demonstration on Wednesday 12 February, assembling at Battersea park at 12.00pm. It also instructed the Union to demand a freeze on College rent and canteen prices by writing to the Managing Director of the College. A motion on third world debt was defeated, as was a motion on the affiliation of the Union to the Anti-Nazi League. In addition, a motion was passed calling on sabbaticals to propose a change to the Union Bye-laws allowing departmental representatives to vote on the Union Council.

Bar Scrum

The Union Building was the site of violence last Friday when an IC student and two non-students came to blows over a racist comment.

The student was provoked to violence after being verbally abused by guests in the Union Building. The subsequent scuffle was halted by bar staff. As the bar closed for the evening, violence again erupted and to avoid any further fighting, the duty officers and the bar staff closed the gates in Beit Arch. The two non-students remained inside Beit Quad and the student waited outside until the police arrived after being called by Security officers in the Sherfield Building.

Although the confrontation was broken up, complaints have been made that the non-students had got off without any action being taken by the Police, and that had there been adequate card checks the non-students would not have got in.

Super Plug II

The news teams of IC Radio, Student Television of IC 'STOIC' and Felix have set up a news network for co-ordination and co-operation in College news reporting. Called 'CNN', the College News Network, it coincides with proposals to set up a national student news service for all student

Bare

After the revelations about Paddy Ashdown's social life and allegations that the Liberals have been heavily canvassing in Evelyn Gardens Susan Broidy, prospective Parliamentary candidate for Kensington and Chelsea, will be interviewed on Friday 7th February at 8.00pm on IC Radio. Ms Broidy will also take part in a debate about student welfare on the television service STOIC later the same evening with Zoë Hellinger, IC Union President, and possibly with the President of the National Union of Students, Steven Twigg. (iCNN)

Selkirk Summons

Students from Selkirk Hall were among those summonsed by Westminster City Council last week for non payment of the community charge. The poll tax cases, which were heard at Horseferry Road Magistrates' Court, indicate that Westminster Council is protecting itself against the difficulties faced by other councils on the inadmissibility of computer evidence in community charge cases.

The disarray has been caused by a recent appeal court ruling that computer evidence is not acceptable for civil cases in courts lower than the High Court. The Government has introduced an emergency amendment to the Local Government Finance Bill, currently going through the House of Lords, to rectify this loophole in the law, but until this becomes law Local Authorities have to decide for themselves how to prosecute these cases.

The Association of Local Authorities have also released a survey claiming that London councils have issued over 1.8 million summonses for non payment of poll tax. Hammersmith and Fulham council, who this week announced a poll tax increase of £3, told the Imperial College News Network (iCNN) that they were

radio stations.

If you are interested in news journalism in any media or if you have news information please contact Dave Henderson-Begg of STOIC on 3518, Declan Curry or Chris Riley of IC Radio on 8710 or Jonty Beavan or Adam Harrington of Felix on 3515.

NUS

The Polytechnic of Central London Students' Union (PCLSU) has suspended payment of its affiliation fee to the National Union of Students (NUS) following allegations of 'gross negligence and corruption' in the NUS.

Complaints have been raised about, the length of time a student at PCL has been kept waiting over a legal matter by the NUS, and there is general disquiet over the NUS' conduct during the recent Winter Conference. (McGarel, PCL)

Nicked

Students of Imperial College can have their bikes security coded for free next week. The coding will take place in the Ante Room of the Sherfield Building on the 13th, 14th, 17th and 18th February between 10.00am and 4.00pm, with a break from 12.30pm until 2.00pm.

The coding will be performed by PCs Clive Coleman and Duncan Law, Community Police Officers, who commented that cycle coding combined with use of D-locks deterred cycle thieves.

Stress

The College Health Centre intends to set up 'examination stress workshops' next term. Although they say that some stress is unavoidable, such as around examinations, people who feel they are particularly prone should contact the Health Centre. If there is sufficient interest, workshops will again be held.

The Health Centre is located at 14 Princes Gardens and patients are reminded they are entitled to see their medical records.

Audit

The Academic Audit Unit was set-up last year by the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals to monitor the ability of the country's academic institutions to fulfill their responsibility of maintaining academic standards. It is intended that the unit will visit each institution every three years and so far fourteen locations have been audited.

Imperial College has not yet been visited. (The Independent)

Women

Students at Somerville College, Oxford, are arranging protests against the decision to allow men to join. The all-female college will cease to be single sex as of next year. Somerville students reacted with 'anger, shock and dismay' to the news, according to *The Guardian*. Five years ago, a college referendum decided against becoming mixed. (The Guardian)