



FELIX

Issue 926 14 February 1992

Kite February March

A war of words has broken out over proposals to give students a role in assessing lecturers' pay. The scheme is one of several plans which are set to form a students' charter, aspects of which may be included in the Conservative Party general election manifesto.

The initiative plans to link pay awards for lecturers to student (customer) views of their performance in lecture halls and seminar rooms, and is reported to have the support of the Secretary of State for Education, Kenneth Clarke. Mr Clarke was one of a group of ministers and advisors who attended a seminar in Downing Street midway through January. Senior sources close to the Prime Minister have disclosed that Mr Clarke was directly asked by an official from another department if he was in favour of a link between student assessment and lecturers pay. The Education Secretary responded that it was a good idea that the Department of Education and Science (DES) could work on.

This has caused confusion within Mr Clarke's own department. Roger Frost, DES Press Officer, told Imperial College News Network (iCNN) that 'there are no departmental plans for a students' charter,' but he added that if it were to be a manifesto proposal, the DES could not work on the idea until it became Government policy. Tessa Kesswick, senior policy advisor to the Secretary of State, told us that the idea of students assessing lecturers' pay was 'not a Conservative idea. It may be something the Labour Party would do, but it is not one of our ideas.'

Media sources have already reported that tensions exist between the policy 'think-tank' at 10 Downing Street, and the policy unit at the DES. *The Guardian* Westminster Correspondent, David



Twenty five thousand students from all over Great Britain attended a mass rally called by the National Union of Students (NUS) on Wednesday 12 February. The march was called to protest about student debt and the student loans system and was supported by Imperial College Union.

Mr David Taylor, acting NUS press officer, described the meeting as 'large, peaceful.. and very successful.' Mr Taylor also stated that the message about student debt had 'got across' as the coverage of the march had been very good.

Henke, reported yesterday morning that the Prime Minister has instructed Sarah Hogg, the head of the Downing Street policy unit, to rewrite the manifesto by pledging a raft of initiatives in the public sector. Mrs Hogg has already received a dossier of ideas following on from the January

seminar. These include the students' charter, and charters on health and transport.

The pay initiative has been widely condemned. The National Union of Students and the Association of University Teachers have already indicated that they will not support the proposals. Stephen Twigg, NUS

President, has said that the charter's ideas 'show no understanding of students' problems, nor any genuine commitment to solve them'. Labour Higher Education spokesman, Andrew Smith, told iCNN that 'the only pieces of paper students want to see from this government is ten pound notes.' (iCNN)

Acidic Viniculture

Dear Adam,

May I firstly commend you upon your commitment to the defence of your editorial freedom, however this is only part of the job you were elected for and, judging by my own recent experiences and those of others, most notably Rocksoc (Felix 925), perhaps your other duties have been neglected somewhat. As well as Felix editor, you are Print Unit Manager whose task it is to

provide a printing service for the clubs and societies of ICU. From the start of the year the Felix photocopier has been out of order and although its performance is not under your control it is surely not too much to ask that the Manager of the Print Unit should organise for it to be fixed.

Publicity is of prime importance for clubs organising events where not only their reputation but also a

lot of their finance is at stake. People should not have to use Stabur Graphics yet on several occasions this year Guilds has had to resort to their services to get Guildsheet out in time despite you knowing of the print dates months in advance. Even when jobs are delivered on time it is usually only thanks to constant chasing up by the group of people who need the material.

The Union should have no control of what you say in Felix, you are the editor, but when people need printed material in order to publicise or run a successful event these jobs should take a higher priority than they appear to at the minute. When it comes to printing jobs you are there to provide a service for us.

Yours sincerely,

Tim Proctor.

NatWest Again

Dear Sir,

After an 'unfortunate' incident on January 31 at the IC Nat West branch, I feel obliged to write to you. Every month, I transfer a cheque worth £205.00 into my bank account. When this transaction is completed after authorisation by telephone, I withdraw the equal amount from my account. The sum is used to pay my rent.

On the above mentioned day, I endeavoured to do the same. This time however, my request was refused by the cashier. Surprised as I was, I asked to see the manager (Mr Jamieson), who, after a fifteen minute wait, bluntly refused to cash the cheque or give any further explanation. On pointing out to him that on the three previous occasions there had not been any problem, he told me, 'the past has nothing to do with the present!'. He added that our lack in communication was probably due to 'our difference in background (!)'. He also questioned my attitude towards college in general, of which he has no knowledge.

Eventually, the matter was solved

by my paying a £5 telephone charge, to ensure the cheque would clear. The Current Account Tariff leaflet (published by Nat West) clearly states however, that this fee must not be charged when a service card is presented. My service card had been in Mr Jamieson's hands for the past fifty minutes. Furthermore, I was later told none of those charges apply to students anyway.

The whole incident was conducted in an insulting and unprofessional manner, not one you would expect from a bank which prides itself on a positive approach to students, but more akin to a small-time swindler.

I hope this charge and his deliberately hostile attitude were entirely due to his Friday afternoon desire to end business and not a reflection of his general attitude towards students. Students find it difficult enough to survive in London as it is, without having to deal with the unsympathetic approach of their bank managers.

Yours faithfully,

J Van Hooydonck, Geology 2.

RockSoc Again

Adam,

Thank you so much for printing Paddy's highly amusing reply to my letter in last week's edition. For his information I *can* spell puerile, along with a host of other words. One thing that was carefully ignored was the fact that the letter was typed to avoid any confusion over my 'illegible scrawl'. Although my wit and intelligence are as quick as they are sharp, alas my fingers are not so nimble and I am prone to the odd typing error. Something you are quite familiar with yourselves judging from the amount of mistakes in Felix 925. Apart from ICSF's 'Purty Tests' and Paddy's own 'Ingrance', you even managed to leave an f off fact in my own contribution. Other notable omissions included an explanation for your personal behaviour or the slightest hint of an apology. As your actions seem indefensible I am instead subjected to a petty personal attack from fellow members of your staff.

To clarify matters once and for all, unlike the members of Dramsoc and Opsoc whose actions were

concerned with their review, our complaint is over the treatment of our press release. Reviews may be based on opinion but a press release is fact. It appears that Rag are to receive compensation from the aforementioned societies for the loss of their main publicity resulting 'low attendance'. Our main publicity was grossly mistreated, to the same resulting loss, and yet there appears to be no recompense forthcoming from Felix to cover our losses!

In reference to Paddy's further opinions, he is neither 'my friend' nor has ever met me, therefore I don't feel I need defend my music tastes, however varied they may be. Perhaps if he had bothered attending our event he may have been able to form some opinions based on fact for a change.

Finally, I would like to apologise to the readers who must be as sick of this affair as I am. Hopefully this letter will be treated in a more mature and sensible manner so the whole matter can be brought to a long overdue close.

A D Ham, Vice President
IC Rock Society.

A Few Misconceptions

Dear Adam,

I just wish to clear up a few misconceptions that made themselves obvious in your editorial relating to the mass-removal of Felices by C&G in 1987.

The reason for their removal was that Felix had made up and printed their own advert for the Guilds Carnival (admittedly because the C&G publicity team hadn't got their arses into gear). The tone of this advert was such that, although it said that people should go, it was feared that a lot of students would be turned off the event; hence the dawn raid.

The news stories, to which Dave Tyler, the then President objected

on the grounds of unfairness, merely pricked at his over-inflated and over-sensitive ego and revenge for them was not a notice for the removal (although they may have coloured his judgement).

The lawsuit against Felix later that year had nothing to do with news stories but with a column called 'Blackmail' whose author (Delator, where are you now?) had got hold of a College Notable's stolen filofax and had printed excerpts from the diary concerning horizontal athletics, Galaxy bars and exaggerated claims of staying power. The deal was that the owner of the filofax should pay a ransom to Rag or be named. Unfortunately,

the notable's girlfriend's first name was mentioned and its idiosyncratic spelling resulted in instant identification; hence the lawsuit on the grounds of invasion of privacy, humiliation, using information obtained from stolen goods (Paddy Ashdown, take note) etc. The matter was settled out of court.

On a final note concerning editorial responsibility, the opinions expressed in Felix may well not be those of the editor, and his freedom from any external pressure over the contents is sacrosanct (even UGM's have said so!), a little discretion and thoughtfulness on the part of the editor makes life run so much more smoothly and free from such upsets

as the events of last week. I agreed with every word of the 'Grease' review (having seen the show on Thursday) but saving it for after the show's run was over would have hurt no one, would have been tactful (a bad review can really mess up the performances of non-professionals as well as jeopardising the success of a Union event) and would have avoided last week's unpleasantness.

'Publish and be damned' can be an extreme policy with extreme side-effects.

Yours,

Max Kallios, Mech Eng PG (and one-time Guilds VP).

editorial

Tim Proctor's letter.

Correct. I am the Print Unit Manager. But my job is not one of generating publicity for ICU clubs - I manage the Print Unit. In the purest sense of the word this would mean maximising profit for the Unit, which would exclude all internal print work, for which we charge only the cost of the materials and an amount toward the replacement of equipment. You do not pay for labour and we operate on a self help basis where possible. But I work for a student Union, so, in fact, I have to deal with hundreds of students' enquiries, ranging from the completely clueless and inept to the imaginative and enthusiastic. Bearing in mind the voluntary nature of most of the staff in the Felix Office and Print Unit as well as the wide variety of clients, it is completely unreasonable to expect a 100% efficient streamlined service. Printing stuff for other bodies started as a favour, as neither the printing press nor the typesetter belong to the Union, but they were given to Felix expressly for Felix production in part payment for

moving from what is now the Biology Common Room. Printing ICU business other than Felix is secondary to Felix, and has to be fitted in when there is time. I am under no obligation at all to provide a print service to anybody, but I do to help the smoother running of the Union. As for the photocopier, if you have a spare £100 to call out a mechanic who will only draw in breath, say 'God, who installed this? It's got to go,' and disappear like your money will, I would feel vindicated. Likewise I would be grateful for information as to how to fix the damn thing. I do not relish paying nearly a £1000 a quarter for a pile of junk that only rattles and smells disgusting when turned on - the service contract was drawn up two years ago, since which time the servicing company has gone bankrupt taking with it our money and a lot of other people's.

I do not know the printing dates of Guildsheet months in advance. Indeed last term there were so many last minute changes of publication date that I lost count. It is fitted in when it can be, and when it can't

it is referred on. As a point of information, the Felix printer is not paid for his overtime by the Union. Instead, he is given time and a half in lieu - ie, for every hour of overtime he can take one and a half hours holiday anytime. Last year he built up several weeks worth of overtime which he would never have time to take off, as evidenced by the amount of overtime he had to do to keep up with the work. Eventually an amicable arrangement was reached, but this year the same thing has started to occur. To avoid the situation as per last year, he has decided to work off the time owed in lieu week by week, and the both of us have decided to cut back on other work. This results in three days of printing per week, of which Felix takes at least two, and occasionally three. I can't change the laws of space and time, though a proximate action is being undertaken to rearrange the Print Unit, in co-operation with the Union Office. As an alternative to dumping all overflow print work, it is redirected to Stabur Graphics, a company in which I have no financial interest in whatsoever, who use the Print Unit's equipment when the Print Unit's printer isn't, and who pay the Unit a rent for the privilege.

RockSoc letter

Firstly, I did not respond to the RockSoc letter of last week because

Poddy had already had a go and I thought it unfair to respond as well. Secondly, more important things took over the editorial. Poddy is entitled to his own views, for which he must take responsibility and which I will neither endorse nor denigrate.

The original letter said I had been rude when faced with Mr Ham.

This is quite true. I believe Mr Ham entered the office with the offending Felix, flicked the offending article with his finger and said 'I want an explanation of *this*.' That sort of opening gambit is bound to raise my hackles, and by God it did. Sorry. This letter was not couched in such a way that demanded response as it was merely an undisciplined rant with an unpleasant personal taint to it. As for 'violating' my duty as editor, I understand that that meant that I should not have allowed Poddy's bit to go in. Why not? It goes in for the same reason that I allowed both RockSoc letters in. I can't go around telling people what to write. My duty as editor is more of a legal and moral one, to protect Felix, it's staff and myself from legal action caused by inaccurate and defamatory articles, not to ban articles I disagree with. You didn't like what went in? Tough. This is a ludicrous subject and I resent using up editorial space with it. If you think the quality of Felix is low, come and help raise it.

Fresh

HAIRDRESSERS
15A HARRINGTON ROAD,
SOUTH KENSINGTON
071-823 8968

We have a fantastic offer for all you students, a cut wash and blowdry by our top stylist (which normally costs around £21) For only £11 Men £12 Women Check us out !

Rumbling On

Dear Adam,

I am appalled at the disregard for other students shown by the members of the 'Grease' crew who stole 3,500 copies of Felix on 31st January. This was a particularly narrow-minded and selfish act which, I believe, should be punished further.

No apology, however 'sincere', can replace the hard work of the 'Felix' team or of those who organised the Cluedo event on the 2nd of February. The money to be paid to Rag by the thieves partly compensates for the harm done, but it is surely the principle of the matter that counts.

Anyone who believes that they have the right to censure Felix must also believe that they know what is best for us 'lowly' students. Well, I for one resent anyone trying to tell me what to do or think.

I did try to find the time to see Grease on its last night, but was unable to due to a backlog of work. This is despite reading the review on Friday 31st (yes, I did find a copy of Felix that was not stolen!).

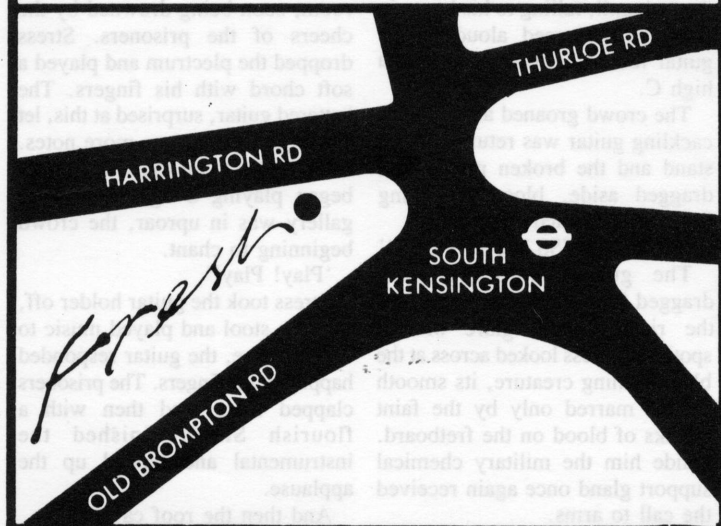
I actually thought the review was not that bad. I am now glad that I didn't see the performance and will certainly avoid future DramSoc productions.

So, what are the chances of justice being done? I'm afraid that they are very small due to the involvement of Ms Hellinger in the affair. Yet again she has shown her complete contempt for IC students making me wonder why she chose to stand for the job in the first place. If she had any guts at all she would have done the decent thing and resigned by now. But no, she obviously feels that she is not accountable to the student population, something that really makes my blood boil...Power corrupts I suppose.

Well Adam, I feel sorry for you. It appears that little can be done to rectify the situation. Our only hope is that more students feel just as outraged and force the Union to do something. Maybe this is a bit optimistic!

Yours irately,

Ian Jones, Biology PG.



Hunting Elephants

Mathematicians hunt elephants by going to Africa, throwing out everything that is not an elephant, and catching whatever is left. Experienced mathematicians will attempt to prove the existence of at least one unique elephant before proceeding to step 1, as a subordinate exercise. Professors of mathematics will prove the existence of at least one unique elephant and their graduate students.

Computer scientists hunt elephants by exercising Algorithm A:

1. Go to Africa.

2. Start at the Cape of Good Hope.
3. Work northward in an orderly manner, traversing the continent alternatively east and west.
4. During each traverse pass
 - (a) Catch each animal seen.
 - (b) Compare each animal caught to a known elephant.
 - (c) Stop when match is detected.

Experienced computer programmers modify Algorithm A by placing a known elephant in Cairo to ensure that the algorithm will terminate. Assembly language programmers prefer to execute Algorithm A on their hands and

knees.

Engineers hunt elephants by going to Africa, catching grey animals and stopping when any one of them weighs within plus or minus 15 per cent of any previously observed elephants.

Economists don't hunt elephants, but they believe that if elephants are paid enough, they'll hunt themselves.

Statisticians hunt the first animal they see in time and call it an elephant.

Consultants don't hunt elephants, and many have never hunted anything at all, but they can be hired by the hour to advise those people who do. Operations research consultants can also measure the correlation of hat size and bullet colour to the efficiency of elephant hunting strategies, if someone else will only identify the elephants.

Politicians don't hunt elephants, but will share the elephants you catch with the people who voted for them.

Lawyers don't hunt elephants, but they do follow herds around arguing about who owns the dropping. Software lawyers will claim that they own an entire herd based on the look and feel of one dropping.

Vice-presidents of engineering, research and development try hard to hunt elephants, but their staffs are designed to prevent it. When the vice-president does get to hunt elephants, the staff will try to ensure that all possible elephants are completely pre-hunted before the vice-president sees them. If the vice-president does see a non pre-hunted elephant, the staff will

1. Compliment the vice-president's keen eyesight, and
2. Enlarge itself to prevent any recurrence

Senior managers set broad elephant hunting policy based on the assumption that elephants are just like big field mice, but with deeper voices. Quality assurance inspectors ignore the elephants and look for mistakes the other hunters made when they were packing the jeep.

Salespeople don't hunt elephants, but spend their time selling the elephants they haven't caught, for delivery two days before the season opens. Software salespeople ship the first thing they catch and write up an invoice for an elephant. Hardware salespeople catch rabbits, paint them grey, and sell them as desktop elephants.

Stress watched as attendants manoeuvred amplifiers in an eight foot ring around the electric guitar, boxing it in a wall of noise. Behind this circle of lights and power a drummer began to rhythmically pound his drums, sending shudders through the floor as he roused the

the speakers as the guitar bucked and groaned from the stroke. Hope was in Mercy's face, knowing that two more major chords would be enough to quell the beast in his hands. He switched his hands to a C shape but that's when the guitar struck. Feeding power to its strings

Picking up the plectrum dagger from the floor Stress strode over to the stand and pulled the guitar from its holder. Feedback yowls swam around him as he pulled the guitar holding strap over his shoulders and swung the instrument around. Gripping the strings Stress struck a D chord. The guitar spat its anger and tried to move his fingers. Stress strode to the nearest amp and thrust the guitar before the speakers. The guitar howled and groaned with the pain and Stress took the chance and struck a C, battering the guitar repeatedly with this chord until, his hands cut with steel, he hit the third chord.

The sound echoed around the room, soon being drowned by the cheers of the prisoners. Stress dropped the plectrum and played a soft chord with his fingers. The battered guitar, surprised at this, let his fingers play some more notes. It responded to his touch and Stress began playing a light tune. The gallery was in uproar, the crowd beginning to chant.

'Play! Play!'

Stress took the guitar holder off, sat on a stool and played music to the audience, the guitar responded happily to his fingers. The prisoners clapped along and then with a flourish Stress finished the instrumental and lapped up the applause.

And then the roof caved in.

The Inner System

Chapter 13.

Musician. The latest in the Troy Tempest saga. Will it never end?

beast from its slumbers. Perched on a stand under the spotlight the electric guitar's spiky body, neck and head seemed to stir and the cable connecting it to the amps shook restlessly.

Behind Stress the guards pulled Mercy Killing on to the stage and shoved him towards the circle of power. Sweating with terror the prisoner looked up to the crowds clustered around the balcony and then at the monster in the ring he had to fight. Clenching his fists he strode forward to battle.

The guitar howled as Mercy grabbed it from the stand and put the holding strap around him, there to prevent the guitar escaping. Removing a plectrum dagger from his pocket Mercy grabbed the neck and pressed his fingers down on the fretboard to play a D. Wincing from the pain of the steel wires he struck the strings with the plectrum.

Howls of pain noise erupted from

it forced the player to make a seventh and then, his face racked with fear, Mercy started playing solo, his fingers dancing up the fretboard under the control of the animal. Faster and faster his fingers danced until, falling to his knees in pain, he screamed aloud as the guitar forced his fingers to play a high C.

The crowd groaned aloud as the cackling guitar was returned to its stand and the broken player was dragged aside, blood streaming from his lacerated fingers.

'NOW STRESS MUST PLAY!'

The guards unlocked him, dragged him and pushed him into the ring. In the glare of the spotlight, Stress looked across at the black shining creature, its smooth finish marred only by the faint streaks of blood on the fretboard. Inside him the military chemical support gland once again received the call to arms.



*The PhotoSoc
exhibition
opened on
Monday in the
Sherfield
anteroom.
Richard Evers
investigates.*

On Monday the annual Photo Soc exhibition opened. Fifteen photographers from both Photo Soc and, by invitation, Felix displayed a wide variety of work. Overall the standard is very high, though there are a couple of obvious exceptions. The 58 photographs fill the Sherfield Anteroom comfortably without overcrowding it. Whoever actually hung the prints did well to make the most of the lighting available. I overheard some criticism that they were hung too close together, but it was useful to be able to compare multiple pictures by the same artist, (if you ever doubted that photography is an art, you should visit this exhibition).

Technically it was difficult to find fault with most of the prints, which had been in the most part printed by the photographer. This could explain the dominant presence of black and white over colour prints, but some prints were detracted from by the less than competent mounting. A small moan perhaps, but considering the time that must have been spent in the darkroom another few minutes could have been well rewarded. Consequently, most of my comments are restricted to personal opinions and perhaps a few prejudices. Those attending the opening on Monday evening had the advantage of the presence of the photographers who were generally happy to discuss their work, explaining it where necessary, though I did find the persistent presence of one particular photographer a little annoying.

I have not listed my thoughts on every shot - you can go and make up your own minds - but here is a taste of what can be seen. The first photograph is perfectly chosen, a striking window shot by a relative newcomer to the darkroom, Sarah Too. It does not hold your attention for too long, yet is difficult to ignore. This is contrasted by Simon Bolton's 'Tottenham Court Road', in which every face tells a story, and to which there is great depth.

The exhibition is dominated by

A characteristic technique is not obvious in some of the work, but Andreas Brakoolias has a very definite style. I personally liked his original work, particularly 'Dusk, Greece', but some found it disturbing, or perhaps disturbed! Similarly, the work of Matthew Johnson was consistent in style, although I dislike the printing of some of his work as they could be more punchy. They have a superb reportage quality.

Of the small collection of colour

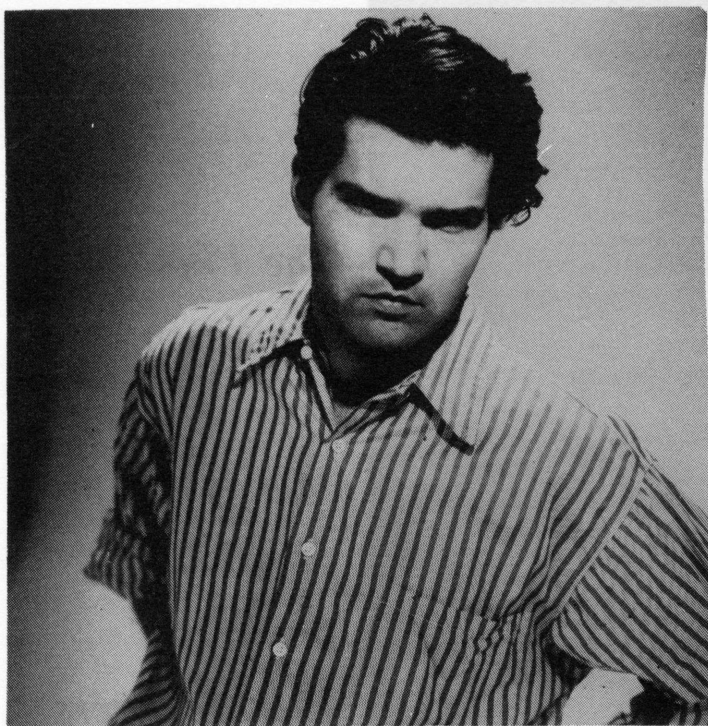
Photographic Exhibition

the work of one photographer, Alvis Fong. His work is some of the best I have seen in any exhibition, but unfortunately he has also entered the worst picture in the exhibition. 'Feeding' should never have been included in an otherwise strong collection. A number of studies in black and white can only be described as excellent - 'Repair', accompanying this review, and 'Houseboat' in particular, drew me back again and again. Fong's equipment is somewhat elitist, F3s and F4s, not to mention the use of a Hasselblad, but his work has shown that these are only tools, that it is the photographer that makes the photograph. His versatility is demonstrated with 'Greenery', which is something quite out of the ordinary.

prints, 'Statue and Half Dome' by Stef Smith stands out, both due to its quality and considerable size. Also, Steven Kenny's sunrise was satisfyingly simple, though his 'evening' could have been better cropped.

Finally, I have to mention Kate Parker's 'Harley-Davidson' and 'Iron Horse' by Edward Dunin-Wasowicz, purely because I liked them. I would recommend this exhibition to anyone, whether or not you are interested in photography, it caters for a wide range of tastes, and might provoke a few thoughts. It closes on 28th February.

Anyone wishing to get involved in the Photographic Society should contact James Evans, Mech Eng II, or visit Southside at 1.00pm on Tuesday.

Lloyd Cole: *The Shirt!*

Lloyd Cole - Butterfly

12 Inch

You think I'm going to slag this, don't you? You think I'm going to tear it limb from limb, rip its guts out and eat its inner intestines for breakfast. And still be hungry for more, and so have a quick snack of kidney for a sort of brunch type meal. Preconceptions can be a dangerous thing. I was going to, actually, but I'm feeling in a general good will to the world sort of mood today. I was going to slag it for being superficial, and just a, no doubt expensive, marketing ploy by Polydor in order to sell our Lloyd

to the 'youth' market.

But so what? I don't care if they want to spend money on remixing Lloyd. It could be considered a public service. It might get a government grant, for the good of the community, and all that. And it does actually sound quite good. No, really. A radical ('radical' is underlined in the press release, so I thought it wise to put 'radical' in the review a few times.) remix by someone called Adam Peters. It's probably so 'radical' that it hasn't actually been anywhere near Lloyd. Just as well, I guess. It's really quite 'radically' pleasant, for Lloyd that is.

Lise Yates

This space kindly donated by
**Poddy's Undefined Space
Corporation plc.**

'Every week a different hole'

Paul Daniels' Magic Box

This is much more like it. This week is an absolute stormer. Nothing tonight, of any great note, mind. Wendy Page at the Hammersmith Swan, *Shorter Than Miles* in the ol' union lounge. Steve Farrant, a man who knows his music (especially pianos) describes them as 'hot acid jazz' elsewhere in

this issue, and as Felix has to agree with everything any union sadbo does or says, I suppose they must be good, and the *Sultans Of Ping FC*.

But seeing as it is St. Valentine's Day, you're all off out with your loved ones, aren't you? I shouldn't have said that, should I? I've now

lost half of you who have just rushed out of the lecture theatre and off to Kensington High St. to try and find something for the "better" half before he/she/it finds out you've forgotten. Oh, well. On with the show.

The *Sultans Of Ping FC* feature heavily this week. They're playing on Saturday too, just for those of you who did remember to book a restaurant before I wrote this. And for those of you unaware of them, you need to wear a football shirt, and lie on your back waving your feet in the air. Enough said about them, I think.

Tuesday. Now your decision shouldn't be too difficult here. *Inspiral Carpets*, 2nd worst live band on the planet, *Airhead*, worst live band on the planet, and *Pele*, really quite good, just to ruin things.

Or alternatively, *World Of Twist* are playing at the Camden Palace. I suppose, if your feeling rich (ie: didn't have to spend all your cash on Valentines) you could go and see *Pele* and then mosey along down to the Palace.

Nutmeg at the Borderline. Worth it if you can't get into the Palace. The support band have a lovely name too.

Wednesday. *The Joshua Trio*. Absolutely wonderful live. Go and see them.

Love and a special valentine kiss.
Poddy Music Ed.



Airhead—They're Crap.

TONIGHT

The Sultans Of Ping FC,
Wish, Wonky Alice.
Mean Fiddler, £6

Turn right out of Willesden Junction tube, right again, follow the road till you get to the banks, turn left. It is on your left. It's a rough part of town.

SATURDAY

The Sultans Of Ping FC
New Cross Venue, £5

British Snail from Charing Cross to New Cross or New Cross Gate. Out of the station, and head towards the other station.

TUESDAY

World Of Twist.

Camden Palace, £3/£6

Earl's Court, Tooting Bec, Rayners Lane, North Weald, Mornington Crescent. Turn right, right again.

Inspiral Carpets, Airhead, Pele.

Kilburn National, £7

Out of Kilburn tube, turn right down the Kilburn road, and walk for about six years.

Nutmeg, Sugarfine

Dandelion

Borderline

Tottenham Court Road exit 1, turn right, right again, right at Foyles, and right again.

WEDNESDAY

The Joshua Trio, John Wayne Army.

Underworld, £5

Walk out of Camden tube, left hand exit as you come up from the tube. Look for The World's End pub. It's next to it. Easy.

THURSDAY

Red Dwarf 5, Holoship

BBC2, 9pm

On a TV near you.

Borghesia -Dreams in Colour

Album

What a wonderfully creative thing war is. I produces such masterpieces of art, the juices just seem to flow. Recorded during the civil war in Yugoslavia this collection of ditties was originally destined to be used in a dance production called *Emotional*. But, due to circumstances beyond their control (even British Rail can't do as good as mortar bombs) we have the pleasure of listening to it. And a pleasure it is. Being distributed by

Gavin Friday

7 Inch

It's difficult to take the Well of Hvergelmir seriously these days. What was once The Mythological Apex is now merely a safe haven for anally-retentive and ineffectual gods. Worse, Freya just ain't sexy anymore, and I blame Led Zeppelin. All sadly-reduced, babes of pathos, existing in the memory of the halcyon daze of 'Blake's Seven'.

Sugarcubes - Stick Around for Joy

Album

'And if you've just joined us the score is 1-1, the Sugarcubes scoring a goal in the opening minutes, a move from nowhere, Planet hitting the net. And then later in the game, an own goal from Here Today, Tomorrow, Next Week. Just recently, Hit hit the net, but was disallowed from this for being a 45. The atmosphere is electric here, for if the Sugarcubes lose a goal now, they will surely be out of the album championships. What do you think, Lise?'

Thank you Brian. I think they might make it. It's not as bad as Here.... but it's not as good as anything off Planet. And Einar, the silly one who speaks over everything, still buggers things up

'Play it Again Sam' records it should fall neatly into the Eurobeat style of dance music. This it fails to do completely. Its rather hard to describe, being at time orchestral, at others hard edged, but always moving. No, there are no bombs falling in the background; yes, they do use the odd four letter word; but, who gives a fuck. This may be considered more far out than the chances of the Liberal Democrats winning the election but purely for the experience you should by this record. Failing that, it will impress the hell out of your flat-mates.

Pebbles

'Hey, look Avon, it's a spaceship with everything we could ever need, ever'. Come back, Chris Boucher. The Fendahl was a masterpiece. Incidentally, did you see Agnetha and Anni-Frid (talk about alliteration) singing 'Eagle' at the weekend? Brilliant, eh?. Destroy your birthright, Freitag. It's synonymous with You, Too. Worst pun ever. Bono dog biscuit. I applaud your bloody-mindedness, sir; it's the kinda thing that keeps ya cool, minty fresh and pearly white.

Fenris-wolf, reporting live from Ragnarok.

by his mere existence. Hit is the only song that really stands out, as a really good song, as chart single material. But that's no help, because they've released that already.

There's no emotion any more with *The Sugarcubes*, that's the problem, I think. Bjork, the little pretty one who used to scream a lot, doesn't scream any more. That was their appeal, not just the fact that they were the only thing ever to come out of Iceland and not attempt to steal our fish, novel though that concept is. And now it's gone, in the main. So there. They've blown it, I think. And now back to Brian in the commentary box.

'It's an album of two sides, I think'

Lise Yates, with Brian the Snail.

● *The Sugarcubes* play Brixton Academy on March 7.

Exodus - Marquee

Gig

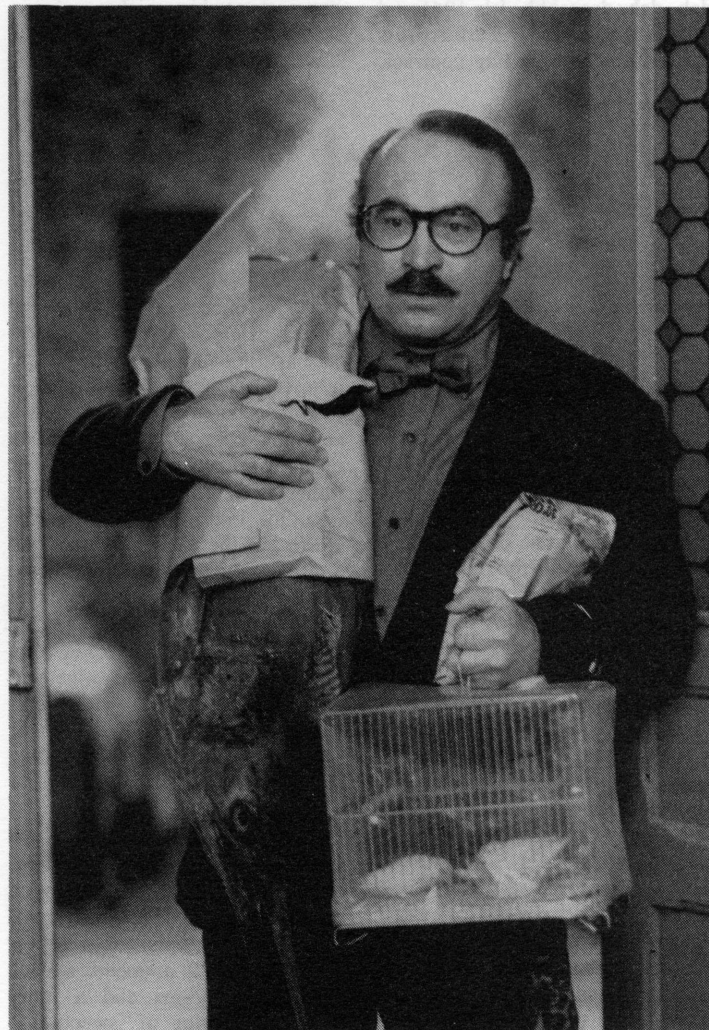
Not often has the Marquee been this crowded this early in the evening. With this one-off show being their first UK appearance in a long, long time, *Exodus* certainly managed to pull a crowd well over the legal capacity of 105 Charing Cross Road. There was no need to have turned up quite so promptly, though; *Inner Sanctum* were a bit on the shit side, to say the least. Quite what they meant by calling themselves 'techno-tracks' is anybody's guess—what we got was second rate power-metal with nasty shrieking vocals.

And then: *Exodus*, who strolled onto the stage to an ecstatic welcome, they burst into AC/DC's *Dirty Deeds Done Dirty Cheap*, exploiting to the full the uncanny

similarity between the vocal talents of lead singer Steve Sowza and the late, great Bon Scott. The crowd went absolutely potty. There followed tracks from all four albums, plus three new songs from the recently recorded *Force of Habit* which is going to be totally excellent if this was anything to go by. The heaviest and yet the most tuneful I have heard yet from this band.

The pit was full of flailing bodies, the stagedivers were finding ever more perilous and ludicrous perches from which to hurl themselves, and then came the *Toxic Waltz*—Good friendly violent fun in store for all...if you hit the floor you can always crawl'. This remains the ultimate moshing ditty. Forget *Metallica*'s pretentious works of art, forget all this ultra-heavy devil-music, if you want a good time this is where it's at. Who says thrash is dead?

Freddy Cheeseworth.



An Icelander stealing a fish. (Bob Hoskins is not Icelandic actually.)

Barton Fink



Now, how the hell do I class this film, it's completely genre-less, and there's nothing I've seen that can at a hope even hint to this filmy weirdness, I'm telling you, the writers (Joe and Ethan Coen) were on mushrooms when they dreamt this little baby up.

Anyway, about the plot, plot, yeah,...tricky one that, you see, it's more of an experience than a plot, intertwined with a real plot and oodles of confusion (sounds weird—you should see the film!). Well, let's have a stab anyway,...picture a man going on a journey beyond sight and sound, he's left New York (where he enjoyed overnight fame for his new play, a celebration of the common man), he's entered, Hollywood, dah, dah, daaaahhh. It's 1941 and Barton Fink (John Turturro) is offered a screen-writing contract,



he sets aside his qualms about pandering to a mass audience and moves to LA, where as a concession to his social conscience, he checks into a rather seedy hotel. There, during a brutal heatwave, he

struggles to carry out his first assignment for the studio, despite a terminal case of writer's block and the intrusions of his neighbour, (not your run of the mill Ramsey Street kind mind you) an affable, talkative

salesman named Charlie Meadows (John Goodman) who seems to embody the virtues of the common man.

The Coen brothers wrote Barton Fink while stricken with writer's block during the writing of *Miller's Crossing* (a gangster drama set in the twenties), so they must know what they're talking about. They certainly know how to bring the best out of Turturro, who gives an outstanding performance, as does Goodman.

Oh, special mention must go to the film's soundtrack, which I think is unsurpassed in creating atmosphere, apparently there are only 20 bars of music in the whole film, with only rhythmic section coming when Fink finally begins to write and you can hear the percussion instruments grooving to the typewriter strokes.

A great movie, which has too many surprises to keep you sane, and will leave you exhausted and utterly confused.

Poo.

My Girl



Just recently the cinema has succumbed to a phenomena that seemed to have lain dormant since the late forties. The phenomena in question is that of the 'child star'. This last year has seen movies such as *Problem Child*, *Curly Sue* and of course *Home Alone*, sky-rocket their young stars to unimaginable fame and glory, as well as ensuring their bank balances will remain in a healthy state for quite some time, (well, at least until they are in their mid-teens).

Macaulay Culkin, pint size star of the aforementioned *Home Alone*, now features in Howard Zeiff's new movie *My Girl*. In this particular movie however, Mr Culkin is not the star, but provides support for another young actress who I'm sure will, (quite deservedly) go on to greater things.

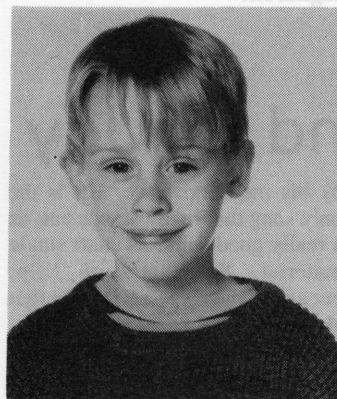
Eleven year-old newcomer, Anna

Chlumsky stars as Vada, a young girl who lives with her widowed father (Dan Aykroyd), and eccentric grandmother in the funeral home her father owns.

A hypochondriac, Vada is always claiming to be suffering from one of the ailments that plagued her father's late clients, and it is not until the entrance of Jamie Lee Curtis (as the make-up artist who doesn't know that she's going to be working with the deceased), that things really begin to change.

The movie chronicles one particular summer in nineteen-seventy-two, when Vada learns about friendship, love, death, growing up and the possibility that Jamie Lee Curtis is going to be her new mother.

The friendship between Vada and her best friend Thomas J (Culkin), is mirrored by the growing relationship between Aykroyd and Curtis, and so the scene is set for a few nice comic moments, a touch of genuine drama and a fairly generous helping of 'sweetness'. *My Girl* does suffer from some rather over-sentimental scenes, but



it is nicely played with Chlumsky demonstrating considerable talent, and Mr Culkin (definitely not in his 'brat' persona), showing that despite his youth, he does have considerable skill as an actor. It's difficult to know what sort of audience *My Girl* is aimed at, as the movie may be a touch too dramatic for younger members of the audience. Having said this however, *My Girl* does make a fairly entertaining night out for couples and family alike.

Rav.

A Night at Tunesia



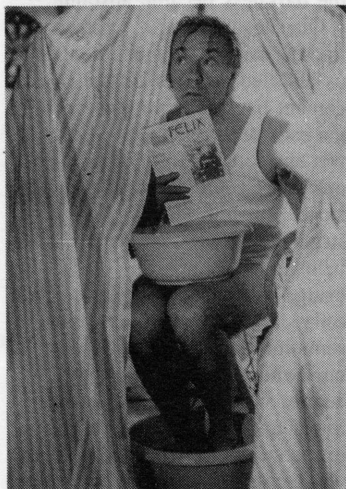
A Night at Tunesia is the title of a song by Dizzy Gillespie and of a new play by Paul Sirett at the Theatre Royal Stratford East. On two parallel time levels, 60s and 90s, it tells the story of a jazz musician that doesn't quite make it. There is not much more to say about the play, but the production has some nice features: A very slanted, askew stage, and nine live jazz numbers. In all, go see it if you want to see a light, showy play. Including the travelcard, it is still cheaper than your local Cannon.

Theatre Royal Stratford East, Gerry Raffles Square, near Stratford Station. Until Feb 29. Tickets £3-12, concessions £2 bookable in advance. BO 081-534 0310.

Boris.

The Favour, the Watch and the Very Big Fish

Film



'Oh Dear'; said the lady sitting next to me as the film ended. The Big Bronze Bap was likely to agree. According to the promo, the film was an 'off beat romantic comedy featuring a cast of eccentric and bizarre characters'. Oh yeah? Guess whose nose just grew 3½ feet. Yum! Sinus problems.

Being fair and looking at its promises,

Bizarre? Yes.

Eccentric? All right, yes.

Romantic? A snog or two.

Comedy? Sigh,.....hum...

Although it only lasts 8-9 minutes, it seemed to drag, not a drag which would be in 17' tall neon letters and adjoining a grill and tapas bar, but a vaguely tedious, alright to see on the telly drag.

The main character is our Bob Hoskins, Louis Aubinard, a devotional photographer who has to find a model for 'The Epic Christ on the Cross Scene' or bye bye job, hello unemployment and eating cat food city. He finds himself standing in for an actor friend at a dub-over session, at, get this, a porno studio, wacky huh? This is where the romance comes in, no, not the porno film *Flame* or I like it up the bum, oh you're so big inside me ©Steve W! but his co-actress, Sybil (Natasha Richardson). Actually I much preferred her in the Ken Russell film *Gothic*, now there's a film with a good bap, breast and blood count, four stars, the BBB says, check it out anyway. Louis falls headlong for Sybil (willy long as well) and she for him (but not so much of the willy).

As the day progresses she reveals (ooer) her past (only her past) to Louis and her abortive romance to the Pianist, aborted only by her enslavement to a diabolical violinist. Argh. (This is the bit where the favour and watch come into play). But, and there's where the plot thickens, the Pianist is due

out of the very prison he was put into for attacking the violinist, tomorrow. Louis ends up meeting the Pianist, who, surprise, slap my thigh, is the perfect Christ. Yippee! The plot holds together. Unfortunately the Pianist starts believing his own divinity, does some dodgy miracles whilst trying to kill Syb and Louis, Louis meanwhile is trying to find Syb and oh it's a mixed up world and no mistake. Since it's a romance Syb and Louis end up snogging.

But as it was a comedy, where were all the jokes? Lots at the beginning and funny ones too, humping goats etc, lots that were subtle too and good throwaway lines (what sort of fish is that? A

very big one.).

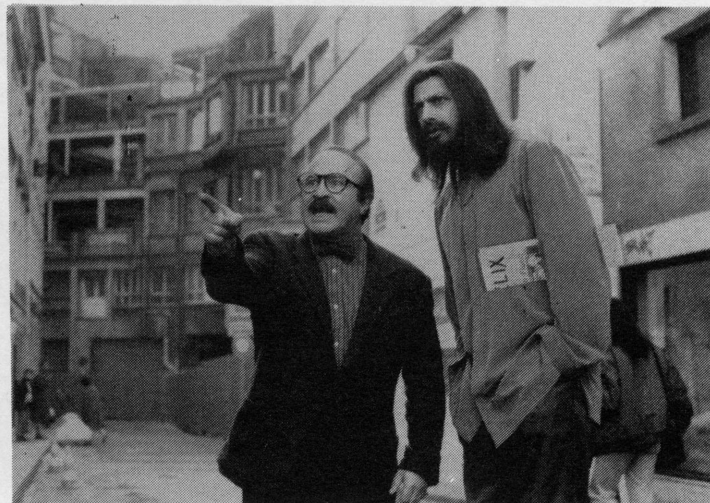
Being technical, the camera work is first class with shots of Paris that you don't normally see as a tourist. There again, as the film just wasn't funny enough, no matter of good character work, excellent shots and bizarre scenarios could make up for that fact.

If I'd paid £6 to see it, the Big Bronze Bap would not be happy, although I'd still try to nick a poster from the underground.

Vital statistics: Baps zero, breasts nil, blood no pints, no car chases, no fights or chopsocky; one star.

The Big Bronze Bap says don't pay £6 to see it.

The Big Bronze Bap.



them rough girls from the London underworld of 1605, who, staging a play, break the law in an emancipatory act. But this does not hurt the show at all.

Original stage props and costumes, highly theatrical lighting and brilliant acting on most parts make this slimmed down three hour version of *Hamlet* quite an experience. As for the acting I should mention they have an incredibly funny Polonius, and *Hamlet*—well I guess you just have to see her. So what is the effect of an all feminine cast? Well, after the action had started, it didn't really strike me anymore. What remained was a weird sensation that *something* ain't right, which goes quite well with the play. Go see it. The only drawback: It's in Croydon.

The Roaring Girl's Hamlet by Spinx at the Warehouse Theatre Company, right next to East Croydon BR, until 23 Feb. For times and prices call 081-680 4060.

Boris.

The Crucible

Theatre

Salem, Massachusetts, 1662: A town of Puritans, mostly farmers and landowners. They live a quiet life of hard work and prayer. The bible rules. A group of girls are caught dancing in the woods at night with a slave from Barbados practising voodoo rites. This causes turmoil. A court is adjourned, and the accused have the choice of confessing and accusing others or being hanged.

This is basically the story of Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, which is playing at the Young Vic Theatre. Although the play has lost its immediate topicality—

McCarthy's Un-American Activities Committee—it is still a good enough play to make you shiver for the cold logic with which people are hanged even after the trials have become an apparent farce. The play is produced by the Young Vic Youth Theatre Company, which gives 15-25 year old amateurs the opportunity to actively learn about theatre. Not surprisingly then the quality of the acting ranges from amazing to poor, but the production's major flaw is a sloppy direction (by Karen Stevens and Chris White). There is not enough differentiation between most characters and hardly any capacity was allowed for a climax. Right from the opening scene, everybody is panicking, rarely can one sense the solemnity of the puritans. Many chilling lines are lost in the overall tumult.

The Young Vic Theatre, 66 The Cut (near Waterloo tube station). Until 22.2.92. Box Office on 071-928 6363

Boris Springborn

The Roaring Girl's Hamlet

Theatre

Imagine an all women performance of *Hamlet*! That's what *The Roaring Girl's Hamlet* is, produced by Spink (ex Women's Theatre Group). There is a little frame story to explain the unusual cast. It makes

The mountainous north of Pakistan is a land of legend and mystery. It is a land where three great mountain ranges: the Pamirs, the Hindu Kush and the Karakorums meet in a vast explosion of vicious towering peaks and sharp grey crags. It is a land where frantic streams weave across the earth like veins of quartz and along their paths they have carved deep valleys into the yielding rock.

In mid-October of last year, as a

his turban. When I arrived he was sitting cross legged on the floor of his open fronted shop. Sacks of walnuts and dried apricots leant against the dusty walls and tins of cooking oil towered precariously by the back door. I introduced myself and asked about the jeep to Gupis the following day. Nazir smiled, exposing a few lonely teeth, and promised that the next day he would send me to Gupis for 60 rupees. Inshallah.

followed the dirt road into the mountains along the Gilgit River I passed around the bag of walnuts that Nazir had given me. In the fading light the river seemed like a fallen ribbon of the dark sky lying across the valley floor below. The mountains reared up around us and we travelled in the trough of some monstrous frozen wave. As it began to rain they lost their sharpness and the darkness became absolute.

Our headlights cut white cones into the driving rain and the four of us huddled together on the pile of cement bags and filing cabinets in the back of the jeep. We were cold, wet and sore. In front of us, picked out in staccato black and white, stood an old Bailey bridge. It straddled a river that was invisible below us in the swirling black. The bridge was barely a skeleton, with only a metal girder chassis remaining. As we inched over it, our wheels slipping on the wet beams with impervious strips of night and the roaring noise of unseen water between them. There was a crash followed by the squeal of rubbing metal and our vehicle lurched over to its left nearly pitching us four into the greedy river. The jeep stopped and we carefully climbed down onto the bridge to find it resting on its axles with its two left wheels hanging in space. We were already halfway over and luckily the two right wheels retained their tenuous grip on the bridge. The rain had reached epic proportions now and we slipped repeatedly as the four of us struggled with our shoulders against the fully laden jeep while the driver and his mate shouted encouragement from the warm cab.

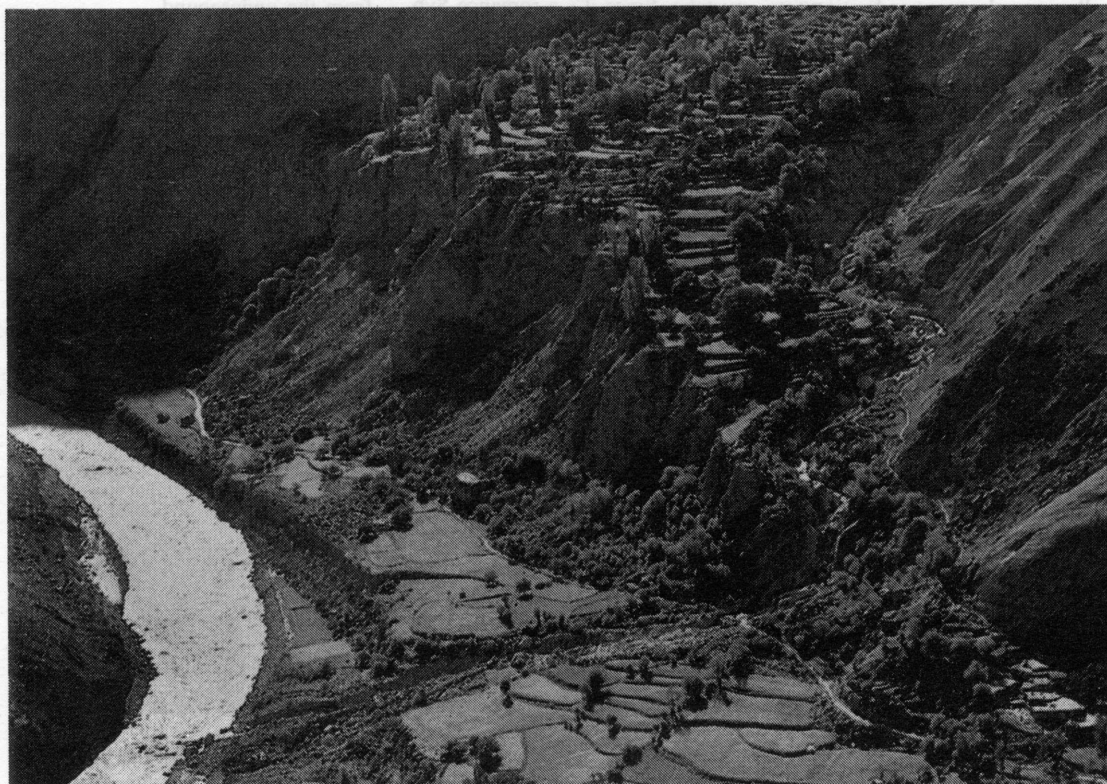
Eventually we got it back on the bridge and set off again. It was now very late and obvious that we wouldn't get to Gupis that night, so the driver suggested that we stop at Gakutch village. We all readily agreed and as we rounded the corner, beyond the bulk of rock, we saw the lonely light of Gakutch tea house.

After a cup of glutinously sweet tea we were given charpoys and thick blankets under a large straw roof. There were no walls and the wind whistled through pulling strands of rain with it. Drops of water fell from the none-too-substantial roof and I had to sleep in a curious zig zag position with the blanket over my head to avoid getting soaked.

All through the night wild dogs fought in the yard outside and it was a relief to be roused an hour before dawn. The rain had stopped but it was icy cold as we climbed back onto the wet top of the jeep.

On the way to Gupis the driver

Demons and Stones



*Peter Wright
explores stone
circles in
northern
Pakistan*

part of an expedition to investigate the Mongol Empire and its legacies, I found myself deep within this stark and isolated world. Here, in the small town of Gilgit, in a cramped and musty bookshop on the bazaar street, I came across a certain book. Written in the 1890s by a British Army Colonel, John Biddulph, it was a personal survey of the north of Pakistan and its people. In one chapter was a lively description and accompanying illustration of an ancient stone circle in the region of a village called Gupis, a day's journey from Gilgit.

Always one to be intrigued by the mysterious, I set out to find them.

I was told by my hotel manager that Nazir, a shopkeeper with a store on Gilgits Punial Road, had a cargo jeep going to Gupis the following day. So I went to find him.

He was an old willowy man with a large hooked nose and yellowy white hair that stuck out from below

The next morning, at 8.00am, I walked up the damp road to Nazir's shop. The sky above was an unbroken grey into which the surrounding mountains gradually dissolved. Nazir was again sitting on the floor of his shop. He was writing receipts for the boxes and sacks which were then loaded into the back of the ancient blue jeep parked outside. Judging by the weld marks on the body, it looked like the jeep had broken completely in half at least twice before.

The driver came into the shop, shook my hand vigorously and told me to come back at 10.00am as he had to have some more work done on the jeep.

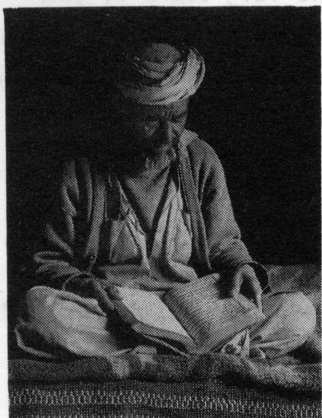
As it turned out we didn't actually leave until 3.30pm. Nazir blamed the delay on 'stupid engineers'. I'm sure he had one less tooth this time.

The back of the jeep was packed level with cargo up to the cab roof and I shared an unstable perch up there with three others. As we

pulled up at his brother's house, a collection of rickety stone buildings ringed by a complex maze of dry stone walls. We had a breakfast there of cups of salt tea and greasy pancakes soaked in cooking oil. I politely choked down the waves of nausea that overcame me as my enthusiastic host forced more and more pancakes and oil down me. I was grateful when I was allowed to stop eating.

A few hours later we arrived in the village of Gupis, a small conglomeration of the usual dry stone huts clinging to the banks of the Gilgit River. I bought the driver another cup of salt tea and he explained to me that he had heard of some stones similar to the ones that I was seeking a further 10km upstream on the other side of the river. I thanked him and he told me to be outside the village shop at 7.00am the next morning if I wanted a lift back to Gilgit.

I set off along the riverside road surrounded by tall beech trees cloaked in autumnal browns and yellows. After a two hour walk I could see the village of Khalti on the opposite bank, perched on the



narrow shelf of land below precipitous brown cliffs. The river here was deep and green and wide and afforded the only crossing point for some distance in either direction. The crossing was carried out on a rather sorry looking raft built from a plank of wood and two lorry innertubes. It was hauled from bank to bank by two ropes and to cross the river I had first to bargain with the rope puller on the other side. This was done by means of an agent who screamed my offers of payment over the river where they were at first met with howls of derisive laughter. Eventually a fee was agreed upon and I was floated unsteadily across to Khalti.

It took me a further hour and a half to explain to a group of curious villagers what I was looking for. Firstly I tried drawing pictures in the sand but finally succeeded by making a small model from pebbles.

A reluctant guide was found and

together we trudged up into the cliffs behind the village. My guide spoke no English and set off at a sprint which I struggled to keep up with. I felt ashamed of my Italian leather Vibram soled walking boots as he powered ahead sockless in a pair of cut off rubber Wellingtons several sizes too big.

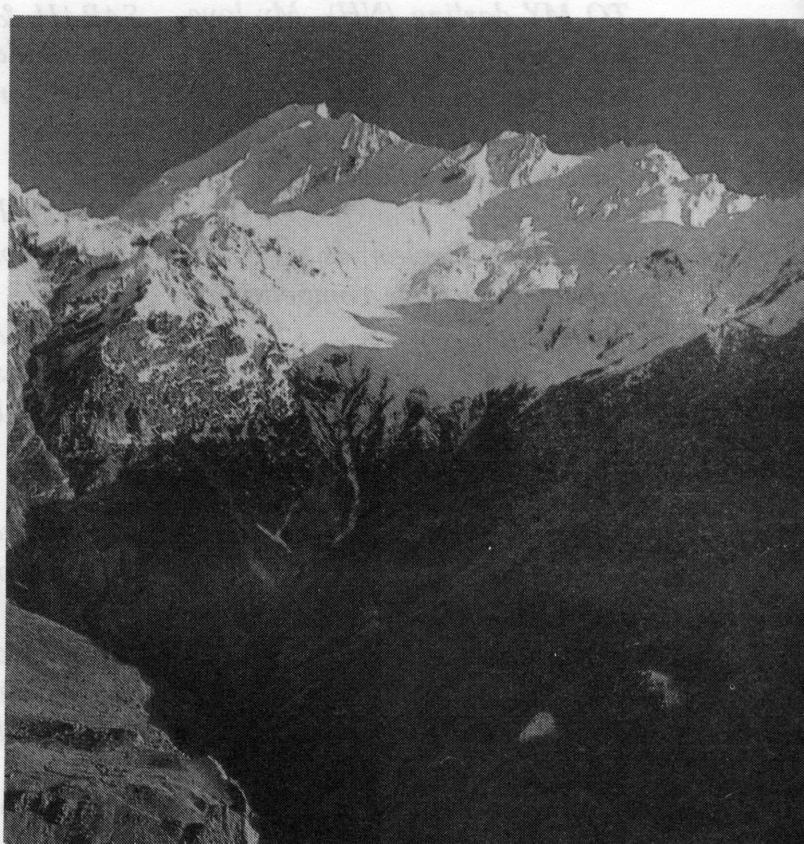
We climbed to a gently sloping plane covered in brown sand and black glazed rocks and from here scrambled down a loose slope of scree onto the spur of land at the confluence of the Gilgit and Yassin Rivers. There stood the stone circle, lonely and almost daunting as the incessant twisting crash of the rivers wound around its large boulders, smoothed by the constant flow of water and stained brown by time. It was possible to believe that the perfect 8 metre circle was entirely a creation of nature, that tiny currents of water, breaths of air and vibrations of the ground had conspired over the millenia to give birth to this monument.

In form the circle resembled a table, the centre being solid and flat stones having been arranged as a top with large ones on the outside edge dishing down to small ones in the centre of the slightly concave hollow. I took some pictures and did a drawing but my guide was obviously uneasy and kept urging me to leave.

After a further half an hour I gave in to my guide's, by now, frantic sign language and we left this curious site about which nothing is known except that there are similar ones further up the Yassin Valley. The locals, however, have their own ideas; as I was to find out later that night.

Back in Khalti I paid my guide and was immediately whisked off to the house of Mohammed Ayub. He was waiting for me as I walked into the village. A tall, well built man in his early thirties he spoke very good English and insisted that I come with him to drink tea.

As darkness fell I was invited to stay the night and accepted gratefully. Dinner was served next to the big black iron stove with the whole family in attendance but only myself eating. As I spoke to Mohammed his little brothers and sisters ran around us shrieking and yelling. Mohammed explained to me quietly that the circle I had visited was a very dangerous place as a powerful demon called Mirza Katchut lived there. The stove blazed warmly as Mohammed's father spoke through him to tell me of how his own father had been captured by the demon in the form of a big black dog and imprisoned inside the stones for a day before he could escape.



As we spoke a small tape player blared out a continuous loop of the 'Dallas' theme tune. Mohammed insisted that I listen to Western music and when I said that Pakistani music was fine he just turned the volume up.

An hour later, my ears still ringing with American soap music, I was shown to my bed. I layed down and pulled the heavy quilt over me and Mohammed's father came and layed another four on top. The weight was so much that I could barely move beneath them but I soon drifted off to sleep.

At 4.00am Mohammed shook me awake and after breakfast had me down to the river and on the raft so I would have plenty of time in which to get back to Gupis for my ride to Gilgit.

The sky was still completely night and as Mohammed pulled us across the silent inky water I held a paraffin lamp aloft like another star.

On the far side I said goodbye to my host, we shook hands standing on the impassive road and I began to walk back through the dark. After ten minutes I turned and behind me I could see the bright point of Mohammed's lamp in the middle of the river. In front of me the mountains were beginning to rise from their slumber as the sun began to gently brush them with depth and colour.

Something caught my eye on the slope to the right. I turned to see a large black dog sitting on a rock. It watched me walk to the sunrise with unflinching eyes.



TO MY darling (NH). My love for you grows more and more each day—it won't be long before I say: I do! love you. Love hugs & kisses me!

DARLING Declan, Is it truuueee...I have competition. John Cole.

KITTEN For, I've never loved anyone as much as I love you. I'll never be a nasty pasty again. Kiss me. Love Minnow.

HOWARD JONES, 'Like to get to know you well!'

DEAR D.O.'s. Somebody loves you—we just have to keep looking! S.N.

JO—would you show me some knots?

VW Verde. A bit cold for a passion-wagon, but I suppose you don't have to draw the curtains.

TOBY—I never expected that when I was bought!

EMMA—you're just too cute.

ZOE—Please come and whisk us away again. Felix.

DOG SNOOPY—I want to sniff you all over, I love you so much. Dog Sniffer. xxx.

JEREMY—I'm sorry but you don't look like a Double D Cup to me. R.

MOG DINNO, The wide mouthed frog thinks you're the sexiest person alive, and will love you forever.

SARAH & SIMON G. Congratulations on your engagement. When's the wedding?

CATHY—I want to press your little buttons.

'JONATHAN'—have you had your stains informed upon recently—Love the Gusset Watcher!

A.M., I would rearrange the heavens for you.

TJ—Why don't you notice the special smiles I give you?! Desperately in love, EE.

HOWARD—We have the photos, I'm sure David Bellamy would be interested!

MICHELLE—I want to put my minibus in your garage.

LITTLE MIN, you're my favourite person in the entire world and I love you so much I could eat you whole. With lots of kisses from your little dear eyes.

H.J.—So suave, so sophisticated. So cultured. So....

H.A.J.—Europa just isn't the same without you.

KNOB—MY Garage is already full.

J.J. Jack—Get your rocks off. H.

SIMON—When your red light is on are you in business?

SAM—I love to hold you, I'll love you forever.

J—Get them off so I can inspect the gussets! G Watcher.

TO MY CUTE Polly Bear. You're so strong and so hunky. Let's make beautiful jigsaws together. Absolutely all my love. Lisa Simpson.

TO MY ONE and only Johnson Boo, Where do I begin To tell the story of how Sweet our love can be (If only you'll let me) Where do I start?

My heart palpitates At the very sight of you Your smile lights up my day I often look at you from afar and silently I pray that You'll be my valentine Forever Yours, Pomtip. C.

M—will you oil my gasket? Love Knob.

THE FRENCH baton—I love your tattoos! Pinky.

HOWARD—Haägan Das, with REAL chocolate chips. Remember? J.P.

HEDGEHOG. He he haw he. This means I love you. Yes—it's me again. Aren't I sneaky! He he haw he. Love magic chunky.

MEL—your smile makes me warm inside.

JENNIFER, why do you run away from my hand cuffs?

DOG MINNOW—guess who and guess what? Woof miaow eek. See you in my bed after my exam. Tonight is definitely the night! Love you to bits. Love filthy the dog.

SARAH—I'll always be here to hold your hand.

REMEMBER which room (hall) is yours, Adrian! (Sweet).

MAX—Why don't you like me eating carrots?! Love from your fluffy bunny.

BARRY—To get a Purity Test score that low, surely you have to have done things with animals or buses! From obvious!

A.M. Will you be my 'local 18 yr old versatile slave'?

SMALLI PAULY, tonight's the night—I'm coming in your bed. Watch out! Nice and fat xxxx.

MUNGO—You should still be here; I'll 'love you forever'.

TOBY—'Don't ask me about the shower hose' Jones. Next time don't let my boyfriend see you leaving my room, he might tell Annie.

I'M HARD and crunchy, Yet soft and furry, When you stroke me, I go all purry!

HOWIE, Ripped jeans! Corr, what gorgeous legs you've got.

ANDY CAP—Where's your tartan doobrey gone?

WHO'D NEED dogs or teddybears anyway if they had you—Love P.

PODDY.
I love you—Poddy.

RICHARD—How many ways do I love thee? Let me recount them...erm...erm, hang on, I'll think of some in a minute! Love in an elevator.

HUGGLES Stef.

ADAM—I love you, but I wish you'd let me out of this bucket more often! M.

H.J.—Latex!

ZOE—I love you, you sexy presidential type.
Dovis Happy-Bunny

HOWARD,
How I've gazed longingly at the back of the lecture theatre, waiting for you to arrive.
When will I see you again?
J.P.

SEX BOMB, stay with me forever. Snugglepups.

MY FAVOURITE Beeb Sniffer,
I love you. I love you. I love you. And I haven't had time to do anything more romantic for you this year, so I'm sorry. Love you to bits, yeast scissorhands.

CLIVEY BABY—we love your boxer shorts.
PS. Can we drop crumbs on your floor?

C.
This is not a love song
A fool he left his wife
She cursed his name
While she mourned
He lived
One day he woke alone and found
He was one friend short.
Talk to me—the silence is deafening
This is not a love song
S.

PUSSYCAT come and cuddle up next to my fire. JB.

FAT BLOKE—I love you.
You're really very silly. But I love you. You make me really happy. The one with the slim and sleek bulbous calves.
xxxx.

HOWARD JONES
I love you
S.W.

DEAREST LIZZY the lizard, I feel a whole plethora of love for you. And I want to plethora all over! And I'll feel this way forever and ever and ever. Lots of love, Zest Incisors.

P. Learn to fly, leave the nest and I'll take you to new heights. S.

EMMA—stop smoking. Love, your mum.

S. Hugs, warmth and cuddles—S.

6'5", mousy hair, live in Beit.
Phwoar what a body. Marge.

A.M., giggle, giggle.

'Selamat datang', directly translated from the indigenous Malay means 'welcome upon your safe arrival', shows an extension of Malaysian hospitality and cordiality. For Malaysia itself is an exquisite jewel of tropical paradise and arguably the most beautiful piece of land on earth. From coral reefs and sun-bleached sands, to white-water rapids and rubber plantations; from surreal limestone outcrops to pressure-cooker coastal resorts..., you name it, we got it.

Sponsored by Malaysia Airlines, Malaysian Society is for the second time presenting the annual

Carried by probably the fastest supersonic jet, your flight to London Heathrow Airport (i.e. the show) is estimated to take two hours. Treated as an honoured guest, you are now on board one of the most luxurious flights (let alone the imagination). Instead of showing you movies, we have specially employed a cast of 30 Malaysians to give you a live performance. You will be presented with a series of most graceful and spectacular traditional dances, a rich and exuberant fashion show, haunting tunes and sensational sketches. So just sit back and relax,

some battle scenes. This very dramatic dance form is accompanied by the throbbing drum beats of gongs, tambourines and angklings (a percussion instrument made from bamboo). The 'Ulek Mayang' dance drama is probably the most favourite dance amongst the IC Malaysian students. This dance visualises the romance between a young fisherman and a mystic procession. It begins with seven fishermen going out to sea, and one of them was killed in a storm and his body subsequently washed ashore. Seven mystic princesses then appeared and brought him back to life by their magical powers. The next dance is the 'Wau Bulan' (Moon kite). 'Wau' or kite flying is serious business in the East Coast of Malaysia. Some of these ceremonial kites may be over ten feet in height! They are made from bamboo and paper and though heavily decorated, are still aerodynamically feasible and aesthetic. The Wau Bulan dance is usually performed by the youth as a pastime after the harvest. In fact, the Wau Bulan also conceives the supreme honour of being selected as the logo of the national air carrier, Malaysia Airlines.

Malaysia's rich cultural heritage is evident in the colourful variety of customs and festivals of different ethnic groups who have their home here. Lastly descendants of immigrants from China, the Indian Subcontinent and Sri Lanka, together with the aboriginal Malay, the people have gradually acquired a distinct identity as Malaysians while retaining their traditional cultures, customs and festivals. For a change of taste, we will be demonstrating the ancient art of Chinese calligraphy. But before that, we like to tell you a remarkable story behind it. In 1695, a medical shop-keeper called Wang Yi-young of the Shan Tung Province in China discovered that there were some cryptic inscriptions engraved on the pieces of bones that he was selling. He probably never knew that those inscriptions are in fact what we now know as the earliest forms of Chinese writing. They are part of the archives of the Shang royal house, the first historical dynasty (1500-1027BC), and comprise questions put to the oracle through the mediumship of priests-scribes-diviners, together with the oracular verdicts. Three and a half thousand years has elapsed since then, Chinese calligraphy too, has transformed tremendously. This is chiefly due to the advances in technology and increasingly flourished schools of thought of the scholars. Here we will perform Xing Shu—the most

A Malaysian Paradise



*Han Mien Kho
and Abdul
Malek Said on
the Malaysian
Variety Show
'Flight MH 002'*

Malaysian Variety Show, hence its name 'Flight MH 002'. To welcome you, we will serve you the most exotic Malaysian cuisine. You will be thrilled by 'Ayam Masak Merah' (a traditional mild chicken curry) with 'Nasi Minyak' (Rice blended with herbs and oil). Also you will find 'Acar' (preserved vegetables) irresistible. Alongside a wide range of other dishes, including the vegetarian, we are presenting authentic delicacies from home, so don't mistreat yourself.

After the exhilarating meal, a glance at the most sophisticated TV screens at Subang International Airport, Kuala Lumpur, you are kindly requested to be on board Flight MH 002 (Great Hall...!).

and let us fill your senses to the brim.

Together with special lighting effects, our gifted musicians will bring vitality to the night by a rather lavish opening ceremony (details are yet to be uncovered). Our 'state-of-the-art' performances will comprise three cultural dances, namely 'Kuda Kepang', 'Ulek Mayang' and 'Wau Bulan'. Kuda Kepang is a traditional dance that commemorates Javanese men who spread the Islamic faith in the interior land of Java. They rode on horseback and told dramatic tales of battles to attract the interest of people. The dance is performed by dancers astride 'two dimensional' horses made of hide. They act out



widely used style of handwriting. It was invented in the late Han Dynasty (206BC-220AD), which, translated literally means 'of the running hand'. As its name suggests, the calligraphy is dextrous and quick in action, beautiful and dynamic in perception.

During the interval, our MH 002 will stop over at an imaginary foreign land, probably Tokyo, Japan. Duty free goods (Coke,

crisps and peanuts!) will be sold. Japanese Society may kindly help out in the sale of their delicious Sushi and refreshing green tea.

The fashion show is essentially a live display of a kaleidoscopic collection of 'Batik'. Batik means 'drawing art with wax'...since batik is a wax resistance method of dyeing. Wax is applied in patterns over which dyes are sprayed, thus protecting the area it covers. The

wax is then boiled away. The process is repeated a few times, resulting in free-flowing chromatic designs. The fashion show will prove to be one of the highlight events of the night.

What about the sketch? It is a sorrowful and touching tale based on the Malaysian village life in the 1950s. Conflict of interests and jealousy between a real son and an adopted son touches off a progression of hatred, enmity and eventually leads to the expulsion of the latter from the family. The most melodramatic part is the eventual repentance of the real son, but he was left with his fault unforgiven, forever.

As for the musically inclined people, you will be in for a treat. There will be performances ranging from acoustic guitars to high tech synthesisers and music from the exotic gongs to western blues. Almost half of the music in store are the original works of our members. The music combines melodious eastern tunes backed by modern and orchestral echoes. The vocals are as vibrant. An all-acoustic band, two solo singers and a vocal group will be singing hit songs of Malaysia and abroad. The night will end with an authentic evergreen song called 'Rasa Sayang', one of our traditional ways of saying goodbye. The song will also incorporate a few verses of poems (Pantun), bringing the message of everlasting friendship and happiness.

Fascinating? Well, you have not seen anything yet! Do come on board our Flight MH 002 for a glimpse of our rich traditions and heritage and a journey enhanced with our warmth and friendly persona.

Hàn Mien Kho, Civ Eng 1
Abdul Malek Said, Maths 1

PRECINCT

café bar

Open 10am-11pm
Monday - Friday

HAPPY HOUR 6-7pm

Sol 95p

Becks 90p

Gin & Tonic £1.05

Glass of Wine 65p

LIVE MUSIC

Wednesday, Thursday & Friday

Nights Featuring:

'Out of the Blue'

&

'The Broccoli Bros'

100 CROMWELL ROAD

TEL: CHRIS on 071-373 2222 ext 3002

HAPPY INCURABLE VALENTINE

By
Nicky
Fox

HIV—if you asked people in the street what those three letters mean to them, most of them would tell you it was a disease related to AIDS, some may even know the symptoms or how it can be transmitted but few would know all the facts or realise just how many people are affected by it.

HIV stands for Human Immunodeficiency Virus. If the virus gets into the bloodstream of a person, it begins to attack the white blood cells (T4 cells). These cells form part of the immune system and help to prevent the body from getting diseases. HIV enters the T4 cells and makes them produce more of the virus which eventually kills the T4 cells. Eventually there are not enough T4 cells to protect the body from infection.

The majority of people with HIV infection show no signs of illness and will look and feel well and healthy. Some people may experience symptoms shortly after infection. These many include night sweats, swollen glands, weight loss or a persistent cough. These symptoms are very similar to those associated with the common cold or flu. The virus may lie dormant for up to ten years before any signs become apparent.

Other people may go on to develop further symptoms of their HIV infection including persistent swelling of the lymph glands in the neck, armpits and groin, continuous tiredness, unexplained weight loss, continuous dry cough not related to smoking, diarrhoea, thrush, unexplained bleeding, shortness of breath, cold sores, night sweats and fevers.

The development of any of these symptoms does not mean that you will go on to develop AIDS—

however they are a sign that the immune system is not working properly.

However, a number of people infected with HIV will go on to develop AIDS. AIDS stands for Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. 'Acquired' refers to any condition which is not present at birth. 'Immune deficiency' means that the body's immune system, which fights off illnesses, is not working efficiently. AIDS is not a single disease: it is a 'Syndrome'—or-group-of specific infections and cancers, which occur because the body's immune system has been compromised.

The condition that we now recognise as AIDS was first reported in the USA in 1981. Between June and November of that year, 159 reports of people with AIDS were received. Three quarters of them come from three major US cities and 95% were gay men. The first reports of AIDS in the UK were in London in December 1981.

There were, undoubtedly, people with AIDS before 1981, but careful retrospective studies have shown that it was rare and affected few people compared to the numbers now involved. AIDS must have been exceedingly rare before the mid-1970s anywhere in the world.

AIDS now occurs in most countries. The number of people with AIDS varies enormously between countries, but most of them come from large towns rather than rural areas.

Worldwide, most people with AIDS are heterosexual men and women. However, in the developed countries, AIDS has first affected gay men, haemophiliacs and injecting drug users.

By December 1990, the World

Health Organisation (WHO) had received reports of over 305,000 people with AIDS from 179 countries, but they estimate that the true number of cases is likely to be more than 800,000 with between 8-10 million infected with HIV.

The majority of people with HIV infection do not have AIDS, so HIV infection is more common than AIDS. The WHO estimates that 65% of all global HIV infections have resulted from heterosexual intercourse.

The number of people in the UK who have been tested and are therefore known to be infected with HIV is 16,248. The total number carrying the virus has been estimated to be as many as 100,000 of which 5,191 had been officially reported as having AIDS by September 1991.

In the UK the proportion of people infected with HIV differs between regions and between different groups of people.

44% of people with haemophilia (who are usually male) were infected by 1985, before the contamination of donated blood was controlled. This is known to involve approximately 1,200 people.

People who have injected drugs have rates of infection from under 2% in some regions to 70%, with the highest proportion found in Edinburgh.

Gay men attending sexually transmitted disease (STD) clinics have rates of infection from less than 2% to 25%, depending on the clinic.

Other heterosexual people with HIV infection have been infected abroad. Heterosexual spread of HIV also occurs among injecting drug users and their sexual partners.

In the UK, the great majority of people known to be infected with HIV are gay and bisexual men and haemophiliacs. However, this trend is changing. Injecting drug users and heterosexual men and women represent an increasing percentage of those with HIV infection. During 1990-1991 the numbers of HIV carriers rose by 17% in homosexual men, 36% in heterosexual men and 93% in women. 70% of people with HIV in the UK are in London and there are about 150 new cases of HIV every month—which is about 5 per day.

HIV is not easily passed from person to person. The virus is not 'caught' in the same way as diseases like chicken-pox or 'flu'. It is transmitted through:

1. Sexual contact, especially anal and vaginal intercourse. However, not all sexual activities are risky.
2. Shared use of needles and syringes may transmit HIV. This

includes sharing 'works' to inject a drug, repeated use of medical injection equipment for more than one patient, and re-use of acupuncture, tattooing, or body piercing needles without proper sterilisation. Very rarely, accidental injury with contaminated needles has transmitted HIV to a health worker.

3. In the past, from blood transfusion and products made from blood used to treat haemophilia.

4. From mother to baby, before (and perhaps during) birth. After birth, HIV may rarely be transmitted by breast feeding.

Certain sexual activities or drug-using activities that are able to transmit HIV from one person to another are called 'high risk activities'. Even then, it must be remembered that for exposure to occur, one person must already be infected by HIV.

HIV is not transmitted by insect bites, nor through coughing or sneezing, swimming pools or toilets seats as insufficient amounts of virus are present.

What do you think?

Whenever something unknown happens, people react in different ways—horror, compassion, guilt and plain incomprehension. When AIDS was first identified in 1981, and HIV isolated two years later, most of us experienced these reactions. There was talk of 'guilty' and 'innocent' people, or a 'plague' and of a disease 'punishing' people. But how can people be guilty of having an illness, and how can a virus be said to punish certain sectors of society? People with AIDS, or who are HIV-positive, are no more victims of a vicious virus than people who catch a cold. One thing that AIDS has meant is that everyone has to be honest, to admit to the past and to realise that the morality of sexual relationships has changed. The one-night stand now means more than simply fun—it could mean one person passing on a virus that can develop into a series of cruel diseases.

We have to work out a code of conduct that encourages honesty, and admit to our weaknesses. AIDS means that everyone has to think about what their actions mean for themselves in terms of feelings and health and for the well-being of others.

Further information

If you would like more information or advice you can phone the National AIDS helpline at any time. The number is 0800 567123 and all calls are free and entirely confidential.

Ballroom Dance Champions

Saturday 1st February, saw the start of the first of the three annual university dancing competitions. The Imperial College Dance Club took three teams - each team containing a waltz, cha cha, quickstep and jive couple - to the Sheffield University Intervarsity Dancing Competition held at the Sheffield Octagon.

After a coach journey made most adventurous by zero visibility fog followed by getting lost in the hills and valleys of Sheffield (I told them it was junction 33 but noooo!...) we arrived at the Octagon where we were joined by 40 other university teams, amongst them our long time rivals, Cambridge and Oxford (we love them really).

First off were the team competitions. Imperial was the only university in the finals of each of the four dances. The waltz saw Nigel and Juliette to the third round, but a commendable performance by Norman and Clare took them into

the semi-finals, where the sheer gracefulness of Colin and Joanne justified their tie for second place.

Despite stiff competition in the Latin section, Pragnesh and Lyeyen, new to the competition scene, survived up to the third round of the cha cha while a most wicked performance from our two other couples Mathew and Zoe and Paul and Sonia carried them to the finals achieving 2nd and 3rd place respectively.

Good dancing by Joe and Sarah helped them to the third round of the quickstep. However, new comers Peter and Susan quickstepped comfortably to the semis, but Ilead and Patricia, through a smooth and enjoyable dance, secured third place.

Of the five couples in the finals of the jive, three were from Imperial. In a strong jive, Satin and Liz just missed a place in the finals but a titillating show from Roger and Helen gave them fifth position.

However a truly awe inspiring performance from Alex and Shelagh and Mark and Max deservedly gained them 1st and 3rd places respectively.

After a stunning demonstration from British world champions Sammy Stopford and Barbera Maccall, the university knockout competition commenced. This simply entailed two randomly chosen universities competing against each other in two randomly chosen dances, with the winner proceeding to the following round. Imperial battled relentlessly to the final round, leaving in its path a damaged York University and Oxford to pick up the pieces of defeat.

In the finals we met none other than Cambridge. They stared at us and us at them, our feet tense and ready for the mother of all dances. And then the shouting match started, 'Imperial', 'Cambridge', 'Imperial', 'Cambridge', 'IC'... but

what were the dances? Waltz and Quickstep! We hurled Colin and Joanne, our strongest waltz couple, onto the floor and Cambridge sent on their finest and in the blink of an eye it was finished. Then Ilead and Patricia glided on for the quickstep and it too was over in a flash - but who won? The room was silent as the judges tabulated the scores and then it was announced... 'The winners are Imperial College!!'.

At the end of the evening the overall results showed us barely losing the C-team trophy but comfortably winning the B and A-team trophies, making us the overall winners. There can be no rest however as the Southern University Competition is just a week away and Cambridge, Oxford and a dozen other hopefuls will be there bent on revenge. Special thanks to our team coaches Vicky and Dorothy, without whom this victory would not have been possible.

Ladies' Lawn Tennis

Sara (captain), Carol, Marianne and Kirsten made up the IC Ladies Lawn Tennis team of four that were virtually unrivalled in the round robin area group of the UAU Championship, and qualified in second place behind Reading. Our first match in the Knock-Out stages was against Bognor at home. After waiting for an hour at Bishop's Park courts, it was obvious that Bognor were too scared to turn up. They must have heard about our Saturday pre-match training session, where miraculously, all four members turned up for the first time ever. We claimed a walk-over, thus resulting in our next match being away to Cardiff, who had won their group.

Three of us set off from South Kensington Tube Station at 8am and met our fourth player at Paddington. If we were feeling a little sleepy, we soon woke up at the cost of the train fare. Undaunted, we managed to reach the tennis courts with 45 minutes to spare. So using our feminine charm (what from IC?) we bribed the groundsman to unlock the courts so we could have a little practise.

The opposition turned up late and in awe of our ability. After the 4 singles matches, the score in matches was a 2-2 tie, but with us leading 3-2 in sets. Kirsten at seed 4 played valiantly, but lost in straight sets (to who we considered to be their best player!). Marianne

at seed 3, narrowly lost in a 3 set 'match of the day' battle. Carol (seed 2) won convincingly against a mouthy opponent. First seed Sara won in her usual style, by beating her opponent with ease.

Going into the doubles, we needed to win one of the two doubles matches without the loss of a set, to guarantee winning the match. Marianne and Kirsten lost their match, but Sara and Carol ensured victory by winning in straight sets. Overall we won by one set, 7-6. This put us through to the quarter final stages.

If anyone wished to join the Lawn Tennis Club, could they please leave their name and contact phone number in the message book on the Union Office desk under Lawn Tennis. We look forward to welcoming new members.

Surf

Sun, sea, surf. Can you think of a better way to spend a hot summer day (or even a chilly winter one) than on the crest of a wave, Hawaii 5-0 style. Want to run the club? Boards and funding will be taken away unless someone takes the responsibility - contact the RCC in the Union Office soon if interested.

Women's Cross

On Wednesday February 5th, the IC Ladies Cross Country team won the London University League competition which was held at Richmond Park. This was actually an amazing feat considering there was a team at all. Imperial hasn't had a ladies team for eons. As a group, the team was relatively new to the circuit, but this was not apparent to the flagging opposition. The course covered a gruelling 2.75 miles on a windswept plateau above Richmond and was a test of both stamina and grit. However this proved no bar to the success of Edwige Pitel who came second, Mana Raimandi who came fifth and Kristina Sewple who came seventh out of a field of approximately 35.

This is not the first time the girls have been successful, since two weeks ago at Trent Park they again tasted victory. They did this by finishing in 1st, 3rd and 7th places in the same respective order.

If there is anyone out there who feels like jumping on the bandwagon of success, the team needs another girl to run in the IC organised Hyde Park Relays (racing around the Serpentine) on the 15th February. There are lots of other exciting events happening soon as well, such as a road relay at Oxford University and even a race in Paris at the end of March. If anyone is interested they should contact Kristina (Chem 2) via the Chemistry pigeon holes.

Orchestra Concert

On Tuesday evening (18th February) IC Chamber Orchestra will be giving its first concert of the year. The programme consists of the 'Overture From The Magic Flute' by Mozart, Beethovens Second Symphony and the Tuba concerts by Vaughn-Williams. The soloist will be Joseph Izod - a member of the symphony orchestra and a final year student of the Royal Academy of Music.

The Chamber Orchestra consists

of some thirty musicians, all of whom are members of the Imperial College Symphony Orchestra. The concert will be conducted by Richard Dickens - Musician in Residence at Imperial.

Tickets are available in advance from either orchestra members or the Haldane Library priced £3 for adults, £1 for students (£2 on the door). The concert starts at 8 o'clock in the Great Hall, Sheffield.



Bring on the IRA, we're ready.

*SploSoc,
Imperial College
Union's
paintballing
psychopaths,
describe the
outcome of the
recent paint war*

Do Students Plop

On the 1st February 1992, two of History's most one-sided contests since Agincourt and Kuwait occurred in Twickenham and Effingham Junction (that's in Surrey, for all our Northern subscribers). While Mr Carling's lot were pounding the shamrocks out of our Celtic cousins, Imperial's paintball teams, PLOP (IC 1st XII) and STACK (IC 2nd XII) were locked in combat (literally) for the Flying Colours' 3rd Annual University Cup (actually, not so much a cup as a little silver-coloured thingy).

Present on the day were six teams - UCL, Luton, Northampton, Shene

(where the heck is that?) and the two IC squads. UCL were back to defend their cup with only eight men (does that make them confident or just plain dumb?), while the other colleges were relative newcomers to the game. That made IC hot favourites to not only win, but to sweep the top placings.

And so battle commenced. PLOP started in great style, deluxing their opposition in their first three matches in a combined total time of about 17 minutes, for a total loss of five men. STACK held their own in such company, with a 100% record (3 matches, 3 wins) going into lunch.

It was all building up to a grand finale. PLOP won their penultimate match without loss in a mere 3 minutes. That meant PLOP vs STACK as the final match to decide 1st and 2nd places, but only if STACK could beat UCL. Twelve men against six (two guns had since packed up). It didn't look too hard. Like shooting fish in a barrel.

But the fish shot back! UCL stunningly reversed the expected outcome, despite being reduced to two men (against eight). The flag was hung, and it wasn't UCL's. In the words of the UCL captain, 'they played like shite'. And so UCL guaranteed themselves second

Abortion Talk

This Thursday (20th February) at 12.45pm in the Union SCR, ProLife Soc is hosting this years SPUC Youth & Student Division Lecture Tour, at which all are welcome. The topic is 'Developments on RU486' and the speaker is Catherine Francoise. Some of our committee have previously seen Catherine speak at Blackpool, so we can safely say that

the talk will be both lively and informative.

RU486 is an abortifacient drug designed to replace surgical abortion and has recently been licensed for trials in the UK. However there are grave doubts over its safety, let alone its advantages over surgery. Its suitability for the Third World is also dubious, although this is the

huge market almost certainly targeted by its manufacturers. If you'd like to hear more about RU486 and how you can help prevent another disaster on the scale of Opren or Thalidomide, come along to the talk on Thursday.

M Castles (Chair ProLife Soc, Elec Eng II)



How to kill a tree and be loved by Greenpeace.

in the Woods?

place, with STACK playing for pride (and bragging points, if they beat their first team) against a PLOP team looking for maximum points.

It was all over (a mere) seven minutes later. Five matches, five wins for PLOP. And a little silver-coloured thingy for the glass cabinet.

And so plop were the day's golden boys, and STACK the rubber chickens. Congratulations however to both teams whose personnel managed to get out of bed at such an abnormal hour, and miss the rugby just to get muddy and in some cases, get an interesting paint job.

1st PLOP (Imperial 1)	50 pts
2nd UCL	34 pts
3rd STACK (Imperial 2)	30 pts
4th Shene	24 pts
5th Northampton	1 pt
6th Luton	0 pts

Honourable mentions to Luke for drawing blood (and not his own), Gary for courage in the face of adversity (and constant ridicule), Leo for hogging all the flag grabs, Brendan and Matt for being in the right place at the right time (all the time), and Andy for the impressive (yawn) speech.

Sunday March 1st, 1992 will see the Official Student Tournament near Portsmouth. Imperial will be sending a team to dispossess Portsmouth Poly of the title they've had for two years running. Watch this space!

'It didn't look too hard. Like shooting fish in a barrel.'
And all for 'a little silver coloured thingy for the glass cabinet'

The Arts Week

'You want fame... well fame costs; and right here's where you start paying... in sweat.' You've seen it happen at the New York Centre For The Performing Arts: now believe it can happen at IC.

Bring back those leg warmers of the 80's - 'The Arts Week' is soon to hit IC. We are calling all you Leroy's and Doris's. Can you busk, sing, dance, juggle, clown - alone

or in groups? Can you do a sausage slapping dance, play a comb and paper, make up nice tunes on you PC? Do you have a dancing bear?

If you do anything artistic and entertaining and you want to bring CARNIVAL to technoland this term, get in touch with me asap. Offers for those willing to groove on stationary cabs on Exhibition Road will be accepted! (Confused?

You obviously weren't a dedicated viewer.)

Don't know what 'The Arts Week' is? Keep your ear to the ground - you'll soon find out! For more details contact the cheerful blonde: Toni Briggs, West London Chaplaincy, Basement, 10 Prince Gardens, Ext 8633.

'Out of the Blue'; a phrase of surprise and unexpected happenings. Maybe that's your opinion about the Christian Union at Imperial College. Surely science and religion are ill matched partners, always at each others' throats. 'Well it's obviously like that, as science is a study of the physical whereas religion concerns the spiritual and unprovable.'

Hmmm...I'm not sure about that. Many great scientists thought deeply about the religious aspects

Faraday being the obvious examples.

However, science and religion cannot seek to cover the same areas. You would not ask a Christian to design a bridge, nor would you expect a chemist to answer the question 'Why am I here?' through their research. In the specifics, both science and religion are bounded in scope but no less true for that condition.

It is in the 'big' questions of existence that religion is necessary.

Man becomes nothing more than a biotechnological robot, which doesn't sound like fun to me.

On a day such as today, it is topical to consider human love. In such a context, if I am nothing more than a robot what does love mean? Just chemical imbalances in our brain, or something meaningful and valuable to man, as a personal creature.

A personal God makes the difference and gives us the only foundation to base meaning in life.

Out of the Blue

*Jon Jordan on
the new
Christian Union
event*



of their work. Einstein's 'God does not play dice' is perhaps the most famous quotation Laplace had 'no need for the hypothesis' (God) and Darwin, despite evolution, never became an atheist. In fact, prominent scientific pioneers were Christians, who saw no divorce between the Church and the laboratory: Newton, Maxwell and

Science can tell us about the processes of living, how things happen but not why.

The most far-reaching question facing man today is 'Who am I?'. This is so important as on such a question is based either despair or hope. If there is no personal God, what does man have on which to fix his own personality?

He cares for mankind, he sent his son to live on earth, 2,000 years ago, to die on earth and yet to defeat death by his resurrection. If you want answers to the big questions that we all must answer, come along to 'Out of the Blue' every lunchtime except Wednesday in 213 Huxley. Peter Woodcock will be talking about Jesus, God, life and many other things. There is also a talk entitled 'Do all religions lead to God?', especially for International Students, on Friday night, 5.30pm in Huxley 308. Free food provided.

Be surprised and weigh up the evidence for yourself at 'Out of the Blue'.

Colourful Philosophy

Read this purely as a possible colour scheme, to the world you have already drawn.

An observer (O) perceives some part of a universe. The perceptions that that observer has are a property of that observer. A region of that universe is thus in duplicate. O version I will call Reality the other O-Space. Everything O knows about that universe comes from his perceptions—Reality and O-space never intersect. O-space is however a function of Reality through the

process of observation; O can never know this. O knows about O-space and must therefore observe it.

O thinks about O-space. O finds that everything neatly fits into units with no left overs, each with a name. Large units contain smaller units on closer examination and the reverse. O imagines in O-space a large tree of connections between each unit representing everything he knows. Some units exist only in time like read-but then time is only another unit. O imagines his thoughts as a journey through the tree.

O investigates observation. O finds that observers have a brain in

which groups of cells simplify messages in situations where the observer must be observing. O also finds that some machines can be made to behave a little like observers. O believes that the groups of cells can be associated with the units in O-space.

O is troubled that the brain does not have all the diversity and colour of O-space but then O remembers that he can only see a brain in O-space. He reflects that likewise perhaps a real universe has more diversity and colour than O-space and a greater form than his lifeless tree.

Alva Gosson, Zoology 3.

Imperial College
MALAYSIA SOC
presents

Flight MH002

22nd February 1992
6pm

Great Hall, Sherfield Bldg
South Kensington
£8 inc dinner & raffle

Contact:
Atikah Wan Idrus (ISE2)
Azwan Khan (Elec Eng 2)

YOU'LL BE FASCINATED

Dear English Friends,

The tragic situation in South Ossetia makes us write to you and ask for your support.

Since the autumn of 1989 the nationalistic forces of the Republic of Georgia have been carrying out an armed terror and violence campaign against the Osset population both in Ossetia and in inner parts of Georgia. South Ossetia has been undergoing a military, political, economic and informational blockade. Since 1991 more than 300 people have been killed, hundreds of people wounded, more than 160 are missing and more than 480 have been brutally tortured or mutilated beyond recognition. Many of them had their ears, noses, tongues and other parts cut off, their eyes put out, their faces and bodies burned by blow-lamps. As a result of winter blockade dozens of people - mainly the elderly and children - died of hunger and cold. The population of 90 villages within and outside South Ossetia have been forced to leave their homes, over 65 villages have been plundered, burned down and destroyed by tanks. The number of refugees from South Ossetia and Georgia today is above 100,000. A great number of people, among them Thorez Kulumbegov, a leader of South Osset Government, are languishing in Georgian prisons. What is happening here is a gross violation of national minorities' rights and of human rights as well. It's a mass-scale extermination of the Ossets. It's a genocide.

The situation is extremely tragic. The capital of our region - Tskhinvali - and villages nearby are heavily bombarded. Houses are destroyed and every day we have to bury our friends and relatives, among which there are children, women and elderly people.

The armed aggression and violence in South Ossetia is combined with propaganda campaign which has the aim to justify before the world public the aggression against the minor nation. The Ossets are labelled as 'newcomers' on the land where our ancestors have lived for thousands of years. According to the antique historians (Strabo. X.1.11.3) the Osset ancestors - Sarmats-Alans - lived on this land since a.d. If this period is short for deserving the right of being called a native people then what can one say about the white Americans who appeared in America after Columbus? Or equally about the Russians in Siberia who moved there after Ermak's campaigns, or about the Hungarians who came to Europe in the Middle Ages?

In 1920 Georgia became a part of the USSR. The Bolsheviks, who considered the absorption of smaller nations by greater ones as a factor of progress, divided the Osset lands between Russia (North Ossetia) and Georgia (South Ossetia). The bolshevik government made a rich gift to Georgia by including South Ossetia in the Georgian Republic.

Being a part of Georgia had tragic results for South Ossets. Our people have undergone oppression and forced assimilation. In 1920 the Georgian government implemented the policy of a genocide, as a result of which more than 5,000 people

leaders of the USSR and the so-called stars of democracy, including the great pacifier Shevardnadze, who were called upon to protect people against violence and to ensure security, have demonstrated full inability and unwillingness to defend the people of South Ossetia from the danger of being exterminated. It is their tacit consent that inspires the Georgian 'democrats' to new barbarous acts and hideous crimes.

The results of the coming events are not hard to foretell. Very soon nothing will be left of South Ossetia except the burnt out land and dozens

South Ossetia



Vitali Tibilov, two years old, shot from a helicopter whilst in kindergarten.

were killed and many thousands died when escaping to North Ossetia over the Caucasian mountains.

Today the Georgians are trying to represent the war against South Ossetia as an ethnic conflict whereas in reality it is an extermination of peaceful people carried out by the well-armed Georgian troops. The crimes condemned at Nürnberg can't be compared with those committed by the lawfully elected Georgian government.

All the crimes of the Georgian aggressors have been only partly covered by the Soviet mass media. The English correspondents were among the first to break through the information blockade of South Ossetia, the first to tell the world public the truth about the crimes of the 5.5 million Georgian nationals against 65 thousand Ossets. We are very grateful to them.

The central government doesn't stop the violence, it hasn't even introduced the emergency rule on the South Osset territory. The

of thousands of corpses which no one will be left even to bury. This will happen if Georgian aggression is not stopped.

South Ossetia is not Kuwait. There are no oil fields in this land. The great powers have no interests which they might defend. South Ossetia is a test of genuine democracy for those who consider themselves advocates of human rights because they can't expect economic benefit in return for supporting the Ossets rights for freedom and life.

We appeal to you for support. Don't let the injustice triumph, don't let the innocent people be exterminated. Raise your voice against the violence in South Ossetia. Each death in this dirty war against our people is not only a dark stain on the conscience of our murderers. The responsibility lies also on those who encourage these Nazis to new crimes by keeping silent. **Students of the English Faculty together with all the Students of South Osset Teachers' College.**

*As the former
Soviet Union
collapses,
violence and
hatred begin
their rule*

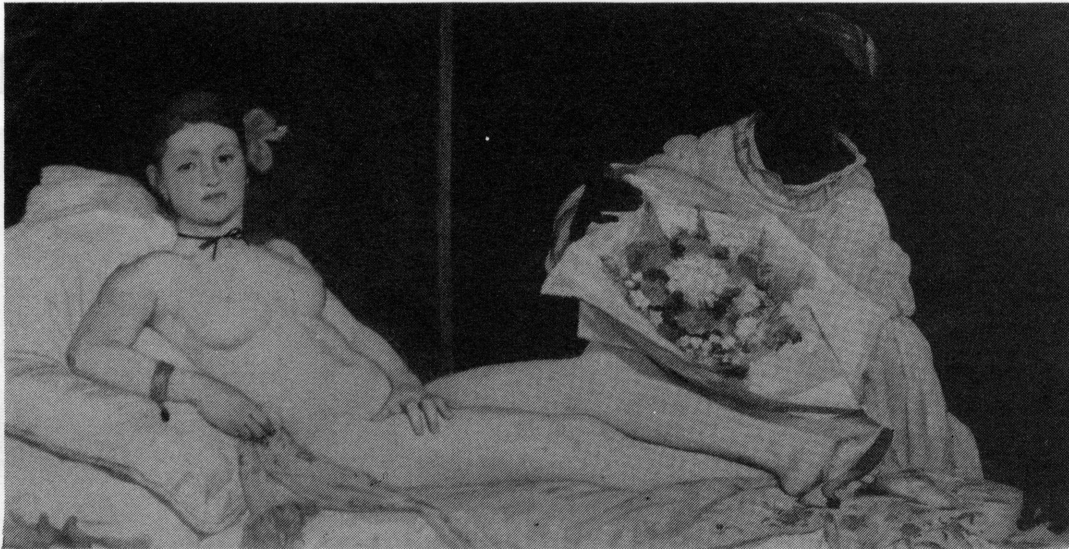
No article in Felix necessarily reflects the opinions of the newspaper, its editor, Imperial College Union or the staff of either.

First and foremost Rag Tour '92 must be mentioned. Thanks are due to Sam for providing me with the log book from the tour. It has provided me with hours of endless entertainment. From what I can see, it has been a complete success and that people's opinion of Richard Murray has improved somewhat over the four days that they were all away. Sam, is it true that you are shagging Spod? I thought you had higher values than that and as for

snogging Martin Heighway...well did you? Just to let you all know the Rag Tour cleared £1000 by quite a way, so congratulations to all involved. Unfortunately though there was not all that much else gossip worthy that went on, you've disappointed me RCSU, I thought you could produce at least some scandal. Oh and Paul T., Sam says she is sober now... So what else has happened since I last wrote? Well, all the Felices managed to get out

and stay out on Friday, it seems as though people have learnt to respect others opinions. I don't know how many of you read the Independent newspaper, but they did have a small article on the incident last Thursday 6th February, it was nice to be mentioned! Well there you have it, no more gossip this week but just to warn you what is in the pipe line for next weeks Marge: Zoë Hellinger is escorting Jeremy Burnell, Careers Fair manager extraordinaire, to the Guilds Ball this evening. Samantha Cox is going with Trigger and Poddy is rumoured to be attending wearing his ball gown. It should be an interesting night for all of those who were fortunate enough to get tickets. Oh, and by the way, there should be an interesting letter arriving soon that may interest you all... read next weeks Marge for further details.

Dear Marge



TO ALL SABBATICAL CANDIDATES. IF YOU REQUIRE PRINTWORK FOR YOUR ELECTION PUBLICITY SEE ADAM HARRINGTON IN THE FELIX OFFICE FROM MONDAY NEXT WEEK. PRINT BOOKINGS WILL BE FIRST COME FIRST SERVED

Careers Information

●**PLAN** your future now. Many of the best jobs may be filled by Easter. Don't miss your ideal career by waiting until after your finals. PhDs and MScs should also be making job applications now.

Learn about second interviews and assessment centres—practice group discussions and an in-tray exercise and hear about psychometric tests. Huxley 408 from 2.30-4.30pm on Wednesday

Students seeking vacation work this summer should visit the careers service and study the vacation training scheme files which include details of opportunities provided by a number of employers.

Milkround: Check your interview time on the Careers notice board.

For further information come to the Careers service, room 310 Sheffield—open from 10.00am to 5.00pm Monday to Friday.

19 February 1992. Enrol in the Careers service. Further seminars will be arranged if there is a demand for them.

Postgraduates: Do you have special needs which are not being catered for by the present careers service programmes? Have you visited the careers service? Drop in and speak to a careers adviser between 1.30pm and 2.30pm or phone 3251 for advice or an appointment.

Shag

Tonight in the Union, Ents present **SHAG**—the mother of all Valentine's Parties. Hot acid jazz band *Shorter Than Miles* will be ploughing the funky furrow from around 11pm, the bar is open until 1am and the disco keeps on pumpin' those hard grooves until 2am. There's even a Happy Hour at the bar between 9 and 10pm. Admission is only £1 between 9 and 10pm, £2 afterwards (£1 ents cards).

**SPREAD THE
WORD NOT THE
VIRUS**

**AIDS
AWARENESS
WEEK
24th-28th Feb**

Elections

Well, it's Valentine's Day so you're probably reading this after opening several sacks of cards. I'll keep it short so you don't get too tired. Thanks to the RCSU (and ICU) for letting me go on the Rag Tour last weekend. If anyone survives the Ents disco or Guilds Ball tonight then you may wish to join several other rags in the BIBIC Back in Time Rag collection tomorrow. There's more free music in the bar on Monday and a Bar Quiz on Wednesday.

Monday sees all hell break loose

(or at least spawn some pretty horrible monsters) as the sabbatical officer nomination papers go up at 9.30am. See a sab if you wish to stand. Once again if anyone wants to earn £3 per hour sitting on a ballot box on 9th/10th March then contact me in the Union office or on ext 3503.

Bye for now, must practice for the field cup.

Cheers,

Steve Farrant, ICU Hon Sec (Events)

Security

Due to increased security measures it has become necessary to implement student union card checks on Wednesdays and Fridays. This is a way of ensuring only students, staff and bone-fide guests have use of the facilities.

In view of this the union needs extra duty officers who will cover card checks, patrolling of the building and other security measures. To earn from £14 to £29 per shift contact J Griffiths, Union Office, ext 3502 by Wed 19 Feb.

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.
Rag Meeting.....12.40pm
Union Lounge. Everyone welcome.
3rd World 1st.....12.45pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
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.
Stoic on Air.....7.00pm
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.
Live Role Playing.....10.30pm
Victoria Station. Gates to platforms 11-12.
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.
'Out of the Blue'.....12.30pm
Huxley 213. Christian Union.
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.
Stoic on Air.....7.00pm
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
3rd World 1st.....12.00pm
'Europe and Latin America' exhibition. JCR.
'Out of the Blue'.....12.30pm
Huxley 213. Christian Union
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.
Amenesty 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.
Stoic Nostalgia Night.....7.00pm
Imperial College in the sixties, seventies and eighties.
Dance Club.....7.00pm
JCR. Adv/Medals Ballroom & Latin.
Grease Rehearsals.....7.30pm
Room 308, Huxley Building (terminal room A).
Yoga.....8.00pm
Southside Gym.
Caving Club Meeting.....8.00pm
Southside Upper Lounge.

WEDNESDAY

Fitness Club.....12.45pm
Southside Gym. Intermediate.
'Out of the Blue'.....12.30pm
Huxley 213. See Christian Union.
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.
Yet more Stoic.....7.00pm
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.
'Out of the Blue'.....12.30pm
Huxley 213. See Christian Union.
Balloon Club Meeting.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
YHA Meeting.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
Postgrad Lunch.....12.30pm
Chaplain's Office (10 Princes Gardens).
Fencing Training.....12.30pm
Beginners Training.
3rd World 1st.....12.45pm
500 years of resistance. Talk by Oscar Castano from Columbia. Clubs Committee Room.
Pro-Life.....12.45pm
SCR. 'Developments on RU486' Lecture Tour.

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
Chaplain's 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.
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

● **SLOT SOC.** Amazing value trip. Tuesday 18th Feb. Sign up any tuesday. Get the Gen, Just turn up.
● **POSITIONS VACANT.** There are a number of jobs available within the Union as door security personnel. These positions are open to any IC student. All applicants should be responsible and prepared to work a minimum of one evening per week on a Wednesday or Friday. For further information and details of application contact Jonathan Griffiths on ext 3502 or Zoe Hellinger on ext 3501.
● **SINGLE ROOM** to let only £34 p/w. Bills included. Situated at Clayponds, S Ealing. 10 mins piccadilly line tube. Move in February. See Accommodation Office, Prince's Gdns.
● **JUDO**—Please would anyone who has borrowed a judo suit and is not using it, return it asap. Ian Jones ext 7503.
● **WANTED:** Musicians to form blues/jazz/funk band. Especially bass, drummer, vocalist. Phone Pete on 071-589 2050—room 234 or 94723 internal.
● **CHAMBER ORCHESTRA:** 8pm Great Hall, Sherfield Building. Works by Mozart, Beethoven and Vaughn Williams. Tickets £3 adults, £1 in advance or £2 on the door for students. Contact IC Symphony Orchestra for date.

Booked

The library of University College, London, may close for an extra two days a week if cuts in funding are implemented. Alternatives to part time closure include the complete shutdown of departmental libraries, moving their contents to the central library, and a reduction in periodical buying. It is reported that the College does not think it gets 'value for money' from the library, though the library refutes this. (*London Student, University of London*)

Jobs Up

There are signs that the job market for graduates are slowly improving, according to a report in *the Independent* this week. It maintains that the slight improvement will not offset the 20% reduction in recruitment that occurred last year. The report says also that the sponsorship of students has fallen dramatically. See the career's information on page 22.

Fat Max

Imperial College Students' Union has requested that the Governing Body of the College remove Robert Maxwell's honorary fellowship. The fellowship was given in 1989 because of his association with Pergamon Press, one of Britain's most successful scientific publishers. It was hotly contested and the award was only given after a vote of the Governing Body.

The Rector, Sir Eric Ash, said that the removal of the award would attract adverse publicity to a bad decision. The Governing Body responded to the Union request by stating that as Mr Maxwell was dead the award could not be taken away from him.

Resigned

Richard Evers resigned as ICU Publications Board Chairman last week after what he described as 'petty bickering' in the Union that had got to a 'ludicrous' stage. He said that the events surrounding the theft of Felix the week before last left him in a position where he felt unable to continue. Mr Evers has held the post for two years. The only candidate for his replacement is be David Henderson-Begg, STOIC Business Manager, and new election is also standing.

Security Change

A new system of security is to be implemented in the Union Building. Currently, one duty officer must be on duty every weekday evening, with extra officers as card checkers on Wednesdays and Fridays.

It has been decided that there were not enough officers to provide adequate coverage this week, so from Monday next week the ICU Union Office Sabbaticals, Zoë Hellinger, Steve Farrant and Jonathan Griffiths will be on duty on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday

evenings. On Wednesdays, three officers will be on duty, two for checking union cards and one to act as a normal duty officer. On a Friday there will be an additional officer on duty and weekend security will only change when large numbers are expected in the Union Building.

Vacancies are available for new duty officers, who along with current officers will be given special security training by the police.

Cycle Code

For three days Imperial College students can have their cycles security coded for free. The coding will take place in the Anteroom of the Sheffield Building refectory today (Friday), Monday and Tuesday between 10.00am and 4.00pm, with a break from 12.30pm until 2.00pm.

Many bikes around College had a notice pinned to them on Tuesday advising of the coding service. The coding will be performed by PCs Clive Coleman and Duncan Law, local Homebeat Community Police Officers, who commented that cycle coding combined with use of D-locks deters cycle thieves.

Access Up

Over one thousand three hundred students have applied for the £160,000 available in Access Funds this year. Tony Cullen, Senior Registrar, said that results of the applications should be ready by the end of February.

Mr Cullen told Felix that those who were paying their own fees,

disabled students and those owning their own homes were going to receive priority in the allocation of funds. It was also pointed out that there would be those who would not get any money and that anybody who felt unfairly treated should contact Mr Cullen if they wished to appeal.

Informed

The Accommodation and Conference Office has asked students to return Easter vacation accommodation forms as soon as possible. The two part form has a section for those remaining in college over Easter, and one for those who are not.

Speaking to Imperial College News Network (iCNN), a

spokesperson said that it was important that the whole form be returned so that the number of student beds required could be calculated. She added that there was nothing to be gained by students holding back the forms unnecessarily. 'We need students to help us to help them,' she said. (*iCNN*)

Davy Gone

The Royal School of Mines Union (RSMU) office was broken into by members of King's College on Friday 8th February. During the break in a lock and door was broken and Davy, the RSMU mascot, was stolen.

The King's students mistakenly believed that they could steal the mascot, proclaimed as inviolate by the RSMU. A ransom demand was rejected by Tim Cotton, RSMU

President, who asked for the immediate return of Davy and payment for all the damage caused.

The people concerned from King's have since apologised for the incident and offered repayment, but they are unable to return the mascot as they claim to have lost it. Mr Cotton said that he was 'very pissed off' as the RSMU office has been closed all week to avoid further break ins.

Collared

Sid Sofos, the instructor of ICU Wing Chun society, was arrested on Wednesday 12 February on two charges of indecent exposure. He was given unconditional bail for 21 days by Horseferry Road Magistrates Court and his trial will take place on 27 February.

Dire

Reading University Students Union (RUSU) is in dire financial straits after announcing that it has a budget deficit of over £300,000. Suspicion is pointed at the former RUSU Finance Manager who authorised great expenditure without there being enough money to cover it. The deficit has been partly offset by loan from the University of £100,000, which may lead to greater interference by the University in Union spending. (*London Student, University of London*)

Knickers

Oxford University has decided to close the riverside area reserved for nude male bathing. 'Parson's Pleasure' was closed as the University decided it could not afford a lifeguard and would not risk prosecution if an accident occurred. (*The Oxford Student*)

Lies

Papers for sabbatical elections go up on the 17th February in the Union Office. The papers have to be signed by the candidate, one proposer and 20 seconders and will be taken down on the 28th February. Hustings are at St. Mary's on the 2nd March and at the South Kensington Campus on the 5th March. The manifesto issue of Felix will be on the 28th February, the deadline for entries will be 12.30 Monday 24th February. Candidates should provide an article of not more than 300 words, including their name and that of their proposer, as well as a photograph of themselves. Any entries longer than 300 words will be cut after the 300th word. Voting will take place on the 9th and 10th March.