

SP

# FEELIX



The Student Newspaper of Imperial College

Issue 947 6 November 1992

## Opt out response

by the Editor and News Staff

The break up of the University of London is underway. Sir Eric Ash, Imperial's Rector, yesterday announced the setting up a committee to investigate Imperial's future in the federation. The committee will be established within the next few days, and no indication has been given as to its possible membership. The committee will be asked to examine the possibility of a separation from the University of London.

The announcement follows the Rector's much flagged Commemoration Day speech in the Royal Albert Hall on 22 October, when Sir Eric questioned the efficiency and effectiveness of the federal structure. 'Our faith in the ability of the university to deal efficiently and equitably with college business has been stretched, sometimes to near breaking point and occasionally beyond', he said.

Sir Eric's speech has caused much bitter reaction. Professor Stewart Sutherland, Vice Chancellor of the University of London, has criticised the 'fact of life that a dramatic announcement, be it fact or fancy, will always grab the headlines where steady progress never does.' Writing in yesterday's *London Student*, Professor Sutherland added that 'there is no such thing as a conscript amongst the Schools in the University, only volunteers'. He also defended the status and purpose of the University. 'If any School is convinced that federal involvement, including the right to award a

University of London degree, is no longer beneficial then it should make a clear decision either to take a full part or opt out', wrote Professor Sutherland.

The Imperial speech has also provoked some institutions to reconsider their own position within the federal structure. Professor Graham Zellick, of Queen Mary Westfield College, said last week that while QMW was content to remain within the federation, they will 'follow developments elsewhere closely so that we can react quickly to any changes'. Professor Zellick also said that QMW was 'a university in everything but name'. QMW was one of seven larger London institutions which last year joined Imperial in financial independence from the University of London.

Professor David Roberts, Provost of University College London (UCL), said that it was not certain that Imperial would leave the federation. 'Eric Ash isn't divorcing from the University, he is merely exploring what needs to be done', he said. Professor Roberts said that there are two ways of the University of London dealing with an Imperial defection. Either UCL and other colleges would leave along with Imperial, or the University of London could amend its structure to encourage colleges to remain in the federation. The Council of King's College has yet to discuss the matter, but in a statement, they said there were still major benefits in remaining in the federation.

## Prices Rises



Huge price rises have been proposed for the Imperial College Sports Centre when it re-opens next January.

The centre is to introduce an 'on' and 'off' peak system, whereby prices rise and fall depending on the time of day, and the day of the week. The facilities of the gym, swimming pool and new sauna and Health Suite are to be charged separately. Additional price changes mean that a three month or term pass to the sports centre will cost up to £16. This compares to a cost of £25 for the whole of the last

academic year.

Caroline Osner, the Imperial College Sports and Leisure Manager refused to comment on the proposed price rises, but said any changes would take place on the principle of separating the charges for facilities. She said this would mean that people using the gym would not be charged for use of swimming

Ms Osner continued that any changes in prices would first have to be passed by South Kensington Facilities User Advisory Group, which will meet on Wednesday 11th November.

## Warning

by staff reporters

Students are warned that due to a Remembrance Day ceremony in the Albert Hall, they many face problems with security this weekend. Any bicycles left chained up on Prince Consort Road will be removed by police, and 'disruptive' students entering or leaving the

Union in the evening may be arrested. Deputy President Rick Bilby warned students 'not to make too much noise leaving the union or they might get nicked'. The ceremony will be attended by a number of senior politicians and members of the Royal Family.

3/4/5  
Readers  
Letters

10/11  
DramSoc  
Abroad

16-21  
Reviews

22/23  
What's On  
in London



## Alert

by Tanya Z Nizam

Reports about a bomb planted in the college caused evacuation on Monday 2nd November. On receiving the alert, College security arranged for a section of the College to be evacuated. The scare,

however, turned out to be a false alarm. According to security, 'certain identified flaws' in the security system have come to light as a result of the alert. Steps are now reportedly being taken to improve the system.

## GUC Report

This week saw the opening meeting of the University of London General Union Council (GUC).

GUC is the senior decision making body of ULU, and as such is attended by representatives of all the London colleges, including Imperial, who sent four delegates including Chris Davidson, ICU President.

The major debate was a motion to prevent ULU from carrying out illegal *Ultra Vires* activities, in the wake of legal action against other unions which had resulted in substantial personal expense to union officers. The motion was passed after a short debate.

Also in the meeting, the post of Accommodation and Halls Officer and a place on the Committee on Student Activities and Management were elected. A Postgraduate and Mature Students Officer was not elected as the candidate standing lost to 'Reopen Nominations' the ULU equivalent of 'New Election'.

Subjects not discussed at the meeting was the matter of colleges disaffiliating from the University of London, and Voluntary Membership which are considered by many Senior members of ULU to be the most pressing matter facing the union.

## Staff Awards

by Declan Curry

Professor Roy Anderson, the head of Imperial's Biology Department, has announced his resignation. He will leave on 30 September 1993 to take up a new post as Linacre Professor of Zoology at Oxford University. Sir Eric Ash, College Rector, is to begin consultations on his successor.

Professor Anderson was born in 1947 and graduated in zoology at Imperial in 1968. A noted AIDS and HIV expert, he is also director of the Wellcome Research Centre for Parasitic Infections, based at South Kensington. The Centre, established with a £4 million grant from Wellcome, has six staff and fifty post-doctoral researchers. Professor Anderson is also visiting professor at the Institute of Parasitology at University of McGill, and has been invited this week to give the 1994 Royal Society's Croonian Prize Lecture.

Colleagues in Imperial's Biology

Department have congratulated Professor Anderson on his appointment, with some expressing regret at the move. He has previously worked at Oxford as an IBM Research Fellow, and replaces Sir Richard Southwood, the current vice chancellor of Oxford. Sir Richard will continue to hold a personal chair in the Zoology Department.

In other announcements, Professor David Blow, Head of the Department of Physics, has been elected as a *Membre Associé Étranger* of the Académie des Sciences in Paris. Speaking to Felix, Professor Blow described the appointment as 'an unexpected honour' that he was 'proud to have'. He added that he had done some considerable work in France, and he thought that he had been proposed for the membership by those who were aware of his work and wanted to 'show some appreciation for it'.

## Department denies Tomlinson to be shelved

by Declan Curry

The Department of Health has refused to comment on claims that part of the Tomlinson report is to be shelved as a result of public spending negotiations. David Blunkett, Labour's Shadow Health Secretary, said that he is 'pessimistic' about government plans to invest in basic family doctor health care. 'If anything happens at all, it's going to be closure rather than reinvestment', he said. A spokesman for the Department of Health said that they had 'no comment to make on the matter'.

The Tomlinson Report was drawn up by Sir Bernard Tomlinson after a year long inquiry into the provision of health care in London. The main recommendations of the 256 paragraph report are the closure of St. Bartholomew's, Charing Cross and Queen Charlotte's Hospitals. The University College Hospital and the Middlesex Hospital are to be 'downsized', with both hospitals merging on one site. The Royal National Throat, Nose and Ear Hospital and the Hospital for Tropical Diseases will both be closed and their functions transferred to the new University College - Middlesex Hospital.

Facilities at Bart's Hospital are to be transferred to the Royal London Hospital site. St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals will also be merged onto one site.

The number of beds at St. Mary's Hospital will be reduced and part of the site sold. The Royal Brompton and Royal Marsden Hospitals are to be rationalised and relocated on to the current Charing Cross site. Special Health Authorities (SHA), which cover specialist hospitals such as Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, will be rationalised and opened to the health service internal market. SHAs were created to provide a level of shelter from the free market until the hospitals were deemed ready to openly compete for patients.

The Tomlinson Report also calls for 'better primary and community health care' to accompany the rationalisation of the hospital sector. After publishing his report, Sir Bernard Tomlinson said that 'there needs to be a shift in the focus of health services in London. Insufficient attention is paid to the health services delivered in the community by GPs, health visitors and others. More money needs to be put into improving GPs premises and into boosting the work of

primary health care teams.' This development of primary family doctor services has been costed at £140 million, though independent experts expect the final total to be three or four times that. It is this expenditure which is being squeezed in the current government spending round, the tightest for many years. Economists have warned ministers not to cut the level of capital (building) spending in a bid to end the recession.

The Tomlinson report was welcomed by the British Medical Association (BMA) and by London Regional Health Authorities. Dr. John Chawner, chairman of the BMA's Consultants' Committee, said 'the problems of over-provision in London have been apparent for some time' and added that closures needed to be implemented 'in a planned way, not as a result of the market'. 'I am quite certain that some consultants will fight but we won't join that fight', said Dr. Chawner. Virginia Beardshaw, the director of independent health think tank, King's Fund London Initiative, said that the closures would lead to 'better services', and condemned the 'propaganda war' over the recommendations.

Another of Tomlinson's

proposals is to merge London's nine medical schools onto four sites. Medical education at Imperial is to be expanded with the addition of Charing Cross Westminster Hospital Medical School, the Institute of Cancer Research, the National Heart and Lung Institute and the Royal Postgraduate Medical School. The Executive Committee of Imperial's Governing Body have expressed their approval of the recommendations. In a statement, they say that the 'planned final phase of redevelopment of St. Mary's is sound', and welcome the proposals 'to enlarge medicine within the College by fully integrating St Mary's with the Charing Cross and Westminster School to form a new Imperial School of Medicine'.

The Tomlinson report has been denounced by left wing pressure group London Health Emergency (LHE). John Lister, Information Director of LHE, said that they were working on a 'detailed response' to the report, and that he was pleased by the 'localised campaigns' against the closures. Mr Lister added that there had been a 'massive public response' to the LHE Health Hotline, with members of the public phoning on 081 543 5914 for a free information pack.



## Editorial

When I first came to Imperial, I swore that I would not become a sad hack. Having become a Felix hack, sad or otherwise, I still hold one group of people in utter contempt.

If I try and imagine explaining their activities to a stranger to the College it would go something like this; This is group of people who go around trying to steal large lumps of metal from other people while at the same time trying to protect their own lump of metal. It is called mascotry.

What is so distressing about this seemingly trivial activity is the characteristics it brings out in those involved. The activities of the mascoteer take over the life of the poor individual. He cannot talk about anything else, he develops strange antagonisms to people he has never met before. And he will risk life and limb to save his precious mascot from harm.

Alarming, a more sinister side can emerge, Rambo-esque tendencies evolve and outbreaks of violence to protect the worthless tin can occur. Last year a student of Imperial had his leg crushed by a car in just such an incident. It is common knowledge that frequent damage occurs to doors, walls, cars and even people during mascotry events.

It is not as if the College crawls with mascoters, but still it rules the conversation of every member of the CCUs. Broadsheet and Guildsheet, the RCS and City and Guilds' rags, lovingly devote pages to this inane sport. Never has so much been done by so few to so little effect.

But what is the motivation? They raise money for charity, is the immediate reply. What other events could be used to help out good causes, let us try kidnapping the

Queen Mother, and ransom her back for UNICEF, See how many sponsored murders we can commit in a week, all for a good cause! Surely there are better and more responsible ways of raising money.

My advice to those four freshers who stole the King's Mascot is get out while you can. Mascotry is not worth the contempt the rest of the College will heap on you if you continue down this twisted path.

### Security

Due to a bad choice of words in last week's Felix I appear to have offended many members of Imperial College's excellent Security Staff. I fully agree that Security dealt with the incident in the story in a correct and sensitive manner. I am reluctant to offend members of College Staff who work hard enough as it is, without being attacked by students. The comment was in no way directed at those

members of Security who actually deal with the safety of ordinary students.

### Credits

*News:* Declan, Dave, Tanya, Phil, Mimi, Gareth, Sang.

*Features:* Beccy, Chris, Dramsoc, Tintin, Raggies.

*Reviews:* Catherine, Sara, Poddy, Mario, Gareth, etc.

*Other things:* Rose, Andy, James, Ian, Simon, for fancying receptionists, James, Sarah, Chris, Mr. Spoons, everyone else.

## Beit Back

Do we really need one of the richest women on earth signing a few papers here and there by formality, waving to crowds of tourists, travelling where propaganda agents think it a good idea? Do we need this mediatic reminder of the glory of a fallen colony-exploiting empire?

Is the royal family there to give the masses gossipy front-page

stories? It certainly is doing very well so far; no need to think up new soap-opera scenarios, just follow one or the other of the princesses. Virtuous noble blood sets standards for people of the Empire. It seems to work well, if you look at the state of families all over the Commonwealth countries today. And I'm sure we all would like to speak and have table manners just like our noblest coin-figures.

OK, so they are not there to set social standards. Maybe to inspire pride in our country or as symbols of stable rule? Reminders of how monarchy built the world? Just ask some non-European Commonwealther what he thinks of his pride, those symbols, or the death of his

ancestors for the crown!

Commanders of the armed forces or heads of the Church? Sure, they are obviously the most qualified 'choice'...

Honestly, do you think it's a life to be born with a bright future as a spoiled symbol? These souls randomly incarnated as blue-blooded have no right to express political or other opinions beyond their own bedroom, into which they can't even take who they want. They can't take a step outside without bodyguards, photographers, scandal vultures or souvenir-hunting tourists swamping them. They can't afford to have spots, scars or mud on their trousers—all that's not very

photogenic.

Well, we're probably keeping them because they sell papers, attract tourists and the masses, keep some people working, give something to put on stamps or coins, offer a false sense of stability to age-old institutions...They possibly couldn't get much of a job otherwise.

I know how tiring it is to write a whole new constitution for a democracy in our century, but that could make a few politicians useful for a change.

Do the royalty a human favour—throw them out.

**Views expressed in this article are not necessarily shared by Felix Staff or ICU staff.**

## Val Straw replies on Security

Dear Editor,

The two latest issues of Felix have featured stories about the reported knife attack in Linstead Hall, alleging that there has been a security cover-up. May we assure you that that is certainly not the case. The Security Department's only concern has been to establish the facts of what has obviously been

a very distressing incident. Further police investigations are being carried out and the matter is still sub judice. However, any additional information which could be given to Security on this case would be welcomed and would be treated in strictest confidence.

Yours faithfully,

Val Straw, Facilities Manager.

**Meet the ICU  
Sabbaticals**  
**CHRIS DAVIDSON**  
(President)  
**RICK BILBY**  
(Deputy President)  
**DOMINIC WILKINSON**  
(Honorary Secretary Events)  
**1pm, EVERY MONDAY**  
**Ents Lounge (opp. Da Vinci's)**



# LSD the author replies

Dear Jonty,

I'm glad some people made the effort to read up on LSD following my few lines in 'Beit Back' of Felix 944.

The Encyclopedia Britannica, which I had, by the way, looked up before they had offers the same article on LSD it offered several decades ago, just as poor and loaded with 'may', 'might', 'could' statements. The lab studies it refers to were *not* carried out on humans, and included (say, did they forget to mention it in the new editions?) looking into the effects of caffeine, aspirin and other common drugs on mousegenomes. The evidence tends to point out that *massive and systematically applied* doses of these substances *do* help mouse cells to mutate. (Which they do unaided about every five minutes anyway.)

For humans, a major factor in such mutations is tight jeans, which

keep the temperature of gonads unnaturally high. Most other influences are comparatively very weak. Since LSD in humans is *anti-addictive* (an average dose will produce no effect after two or three days of taking it, with return to normal after about a week), excessive use of the substance is virtually impossible.

About the moods and feelings involved, everything said *and its opposite* is true.

By the way, I have *no* sympathy for a moron who takes acid on his own for 'kicks' then beats up some victim when in some nightmare sequence of a trip, however awful it is. Some shits like that sometimes use the drug as an *excuse* of what they did. Let me remind you that LSD rarely effects people to this point and if it does there *must* be someone with them they can't pick on.

I am against selling the stuff in coffee shops or pharmacies, but I

believe there is *no* reason not to use it under medical supervision (even for 'kicks') in special centres. Please try to read accounts of clinical tests such as Stafford and Golightly's 'LSD: the problem-solving psychedelic', (but also Tim Leary's 'Politics of Ecstasy' to see a fanatic's sensible argumentation).

To know more about trips, read Aldous Huxley books (trips on mescaline) such as 'The Doors of Perception' to see how they change lives and minds, listen to *The Doors* (the echo here is not by chance), *Pink Floyd*, *The Beatles*...or maybe *Nirvana*.

I here confirm I have *not* had a drug-induced 'trip' yet, though possibly some other types that a lot of religious people claim they know the meaning of (bullshit to me).

I am conscious of some long-term mental effects of LSD, but they are *not* all that bad as some may wish to have others believe. (Quite on the contrary—read about religious

leaders taking a drug and being followed up several years *scientifically* in Stafford & Golightly's book which also had two prefaces by high authorities in Canadian psychology research).

INFORMATION is my concern, and if my article lacked some (voluntarily), I'm glad it initiated a debate in this otherwise very apathetic college. If you feel satisfied with your mental, emotional and spiritual life, if you don't want these new powerful experiences (or are in some way afraid)—then **DO NOT** take LSD, as it can be dangerous for the unprepared or reticent.

But don't ever try to keep me from altering *my* consciousness if I do it sensibly and in the way of a pacifist.

I appreciate the 'concern'.

Name and address withheld.

## Theft

Dear Jonty,

This week started as a good week, quite a rare feeling to have on a Monday evening. Things were going well, people were being friendly, work was ticking over and there was a great sunset.

Then it happened, a good chat in Da Vincis, a laugh with friends reveling in a good atmosphere, but unbeknown to me, my bag (left with others) had gone, in a bar full of, so I thought, similar individuals. One of whom thought they liked the look of a grey Jaguar sports bag. Perhaps they thought it's bulk would be explained by rolls of fifty pound notes, or gold ingots. Who knows?

Next day, the realisation that the bar staff hadn't picked it up and the feeling of inevitable impending hassle. Library books lost, manuals, wallet. Not a good day, in fact a s\*\*t day.

In a world so riddled with petty crime you might think at Imperial we are above such feelings and actions. Not so. Most of the people I told were sympathetic, but had their own story of woe to tell;

'Yeah, that happened to me once, terrible isn't it?'

Terrible it is, but not the material loss, just the intrusion and suspicion of fellow human beings. That's the worst.

David Williams.

## Tummy trouble

Dear Editor,

I must voice my concern over a recent inclusion on the bottom of page 19 (FELIX 946). 'Pounds, shillings, pence', as any more mature member of society will know, is in fact LSD. As this reference was present in the music pages of Felix, I can only conclude that Paddy the music editor was responsible.

His involvement with such 'mind bending' drugs would indeed explain his warped perception of reality and those psychedelic clothes he

inflicts on the general public.

Furthermore, I individually cut 500 of these inscriptions out of page 19 and on consuming these over the weekend I did not find my 'inner-self', but instead had a very poorly tum and a very difficult time when nature called.

I demand more editorial responsibility in the future.

Yours Sincerely,  
Dominic Wilkinson.

PS. Can I have my money back?

## TOP TUTORS REGISTER require GRADUATE STUDENT

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INDIVIDUAL COACHING  
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INTERVIEWING IN NOVEMBER



# Cat's Eye

I have been at Imperial for just over a month but I feel that I have already experienced the ultimate boring lecturer in the Biology Department. No names will be mentioned but suffice to it say he could bore the arse of William Roache alias Ken Barlow of Coronation Street (according to the *Sun* that is). Something has to be done to liven him up and possibly a few other lecturers as well. Maybe if compulsory loud clothes or the introduction of the choice to rap were allowed then I wouldn't feel the need for a 'Lecturer Destruct Button' to be installed in every seat in the lecture theatres.

With the American elections over, I have been wondering what it would be like if our general elections were held in the same superficial and muck-rakeing manner. Personally, I would love to see *John Major*, *John Smith* and *Paddy Pantsdown* have a really good slagging match instead of the usually semi-satirical jabs they inflict on each other while under the control of *Peter Snow* or *Brian 'speech defect' Walden*. Pre-election debates would look more the old Saturday afternoon wrestling

bouts than the drab and boring affairs that the British voters are used to.

It is my opinion that women, in general, are very secretive about the running of their bodies, perhaps because it is more complex than the average male body. But, although science unravels more day by day, I cannot wait for the explanation of why women are NEVER to be heard farting in public, and are rarely heard in private for that matter. Maybe, they have a unique adaption to their anus that hides the smell and the sound or it could be re-directed to their mouths where it is discretely expelled while she happily chats away, (at last a reason for why women talk so much)!

It's near Christmas and that means that soon there will be an avalanche of adverts from every major company in the land. *Nintendo* and *Sega* will desperately try to sell their shit machines to a gullible public while *Argos* will convince you that they can take care of it. *Tesco* and *Sainsbury's* will try once again to out bid each other as they slash prices and *Allied* will no doubt announce the start of yet

another sale. But when have *Allied* never had a sale? I'm sick of the whole advertising charade that is put on at Christmas. Don't panic, I won't get all religious but I wish that the advertisers would give a warning before broadcasting their few seconds of shit.

*DL Dadd*

Phrase for the week: Cloud Cuckoo Land. Word for the week: Oik

## Meetings for FELIX.

News 2pm.

Letters/Clubs/etc. 1pm.

Monday 9th Nov.

Reviews afternoon

Wednesday 4th Nov

Features

Friday 13th Nov

## Careers info

• There are three Careers talks this coming week at 1.00-1.50pm:

Tuesday 10th November: 'The Aerospace Industry' by Mrs Rachel Clark, Recruitment Manager, Rolls Royce in LT 254 Aero Eng Dept.

Tuesday 10th November 1992: 'The Actuarial Profession' by Ms Sally Bridgeland of Bacon & Woodrow, and Mr Howard Walpole of Tillinghast in LT 140 Maths Dept.

Thursday 12th November: 'The Oil Industry' by Ms Kate Patterson of Esso in LT 213 Huxley—Clare

Lecture Theatre.

All undergraduates and postgraduates are welcome to attend. No need to book, just turn up.

Many employers are advising early applications i.e. before the end of the year. Applicants for Teaching are also advised to apply by Christmas.

For further information come to the Careers Service, Room 310 Sherfield—open from 10am to 5pm Monday to Friday. A Duty Careers Adviser is available for quick queries from 1-2pm daily.

## Crossword

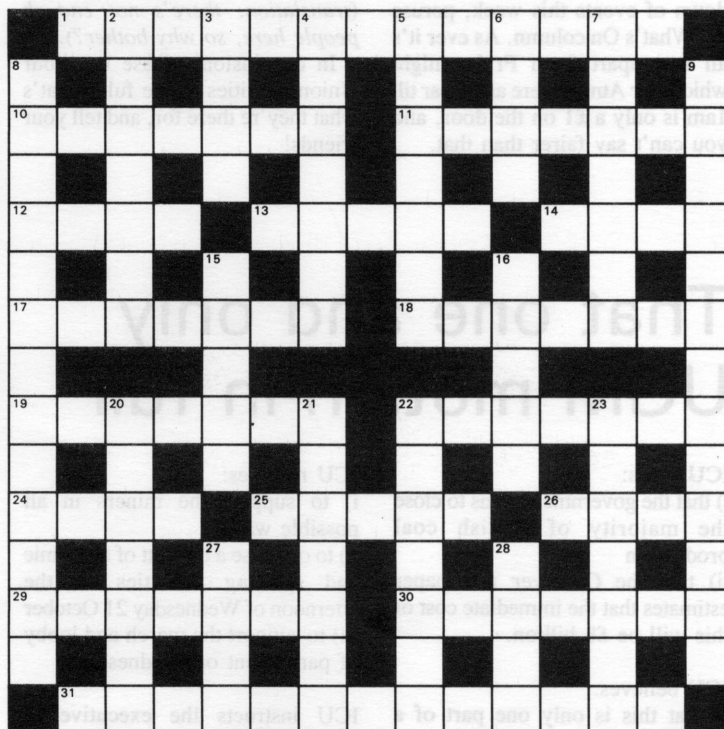
by Sphinx

### ACROSS

1. Hidden government help? (6,7)
10. Offensive slob scenery includes (7)
11. Good! Lad rocked the Italian boat (7)
12. Family worker around small university (4)
13. Undress long thin one (5)
14. Measure of control (4)
17. Annoyed to require the French daughter (7)
18. Emphatic type of man? (7)
19. In a round about way it sounds like I'm speaking of my female relationship (7)
22. Rat in riotous rat-riot! (7)
24. Have the confidence in some more lyrics (4)
25. Traps set about for a small fish (5)
26. Old beautiful blonde (4)
29. Merciful Lenin cut short entertainment (7)
30. Pressured Henry, you hear, took military leave—or in other words died (7)
31. Exploit an opportunity for a point on court (4,9)

### DOWN

2. Extract German town over confused European community (7)
3. Geologist interested in short spliff ?! (4)
4. Pleasantly surprised to have been cared for (7)
5. Refused Glen his nationality (7)
6. Newton taken in by doctor to let off steam perhaps (4)
7. Spanish sun-up in remedy for termination (7)
8. I for one, exemplified this system (5,8)
9. Tricked by ones chauffeur? (5,3,1,4)
15. Positive image slip (5)
16. Spread libel (5)
20. A tipsy officer meets a colonist first in America (7)
21. Regarded as damaging deep rut (7)
22. Hear cat scramble up pipe (7)
23. Tom puts ring round notice of exchange (7)
27. Man hangs about this place (4)
28. Grind small particles of stone (4)





## Rick Splits

After enthusiastic press coverage, few can be unaware of Imperial College's possible breakaway from the University of London. In the academic world, many regard it as the only way forward. Departments would no longer have to undergo lengthy validation processes whenever course modifications are required, staff appointments would no longer have to go through University administration. One wonders why Imperial didn't break-away years ago. Doubtless politics are involved!

As a representative of the students, my concern is whether they will suffer as a result of the

split. Sabbaticals at the University of London Union (ULU) are worried about the future of ULU should Imperial, LSE and UCL split from the University. I believe that ULU provide a valuable service to our students. Our Union has a very wide range of facilities, but there are some things on offer at ULU that we cannot provide.

I would appreciate some feedback from Imperial College students. Do you use facilities? Would you feel deprived if they were no longer on offer? Write to me in the Union Office, phone me on 3502 or simply pop in for a chat.

**Rick Bilby, ICU DP.**

## Dom speaks

The more observant and regular reader may have noticed the lack of column inches donated on my part recently and the otherwise general absence of my bit. This is mainly due to the fact that the editor is a fascist and 12.30pm Monday lunchtime is outside the realms of my imagination. (*Hideous slander! I will not stand for it! The deadline is 1pm-Ed*)

But so on to business. For a run down of events this week, peruse the What's On column. As ever it's all free apart from Friday night which, for Atmosphere and a bar till 1am is only a £1 on the door, and you can't say fairer than that.

The TVs are now fitted and working in Da Vinci's, showing MTV lunchtimes and big sporting events on Satellite as they occur.

Today is also the first Union General Meeting (UGM) at 1pm in the Concert Hall. This is your first chance to wave those Union cards and ask delicate and sensitive questions. Please try and make it, if only out of curiosity and to stop someone shouting 'Quorum' (*translation: there's not enough people here, so why bother?*).

In conclusion, please use your Union facilities to the full. That's what they're there for, and tell your friends!

## That one and only UGM motion-in full

ICU notes:

- i) that the government plans to close the majority of British coal production
- ii) that the *Observer* newspaper estimates that the immediate cost of this will be £8 billion.

ICU believes:

- i) that this is only one part of a disastrous government strategy which is putting millions on the dole
- ii) that miners cannot be left to fight alone
- iii) that the Tories are weak and divided and can easily be beaten

ICU resolves:

- i) to support the miners in all possible ways
- ii) to organise a boycott of academic and sporting activities on the afternoon of Wednesday 21 October
- iii) to support the march and lobby of parliament on Wednesday

ICU instructs the executive to publicise this and future activities in support of the miners campaign to keep the pits open.

Proposed by Darren Udaiyan  
Seconded by Robin Hirsch

## Ents

What is there to do tonight, you say scratching your head and noticing that appetising piece of Edam over in the corner. Well there is *Sunscreem* at the Marquee; no too expensive; stay in and watch 'The Word', no, too boring; carefully place assorted fireworks into your various orifices, no, too dangerous (Note: Don't try this at home kids); or even get the video of all the Changing of the Guards at the Palace for the last ten years, no, save this for a special occasion.

So, the only alternative is the Union, but don't despair there is a good night planned here on Friday night (tonight).

The main band is *Cygnat Ring*. They were described in one of the more popular music weeklys as 'only band named after a part of a ducks arse can't be all that bad' and, frankly who am I to argue!! Apart from this the rest of the music press including Felix (we're not worthy!) have given them rave reviews. So, if you are a lover of that sort of rocky, raggly, taggly,

*Wonderstuff/Levellers* sound then I'm sure your destiny lies in the Lounge on Friday.

The very special guests are just that! I won't say too much about them except they are a quite outstanding four piece from London with a rosy and promising future, their name *Livingstone* (I presume), definitely an act for music lovers everywhere to relish and enjoy.

The whole evening will commence at 8pm and apart from the two bands there will be a bar extension, some bar promotions and of course that ever-so-good (it's Ebenezer Goode!) disco that will be kickin' it LARGE until ever-so-late.

Tickets are available in advance from the Union Office, on the first floor of the Union Building, priced £2.50. Ents card holders can pick them up for just £1.50 and anyone else can buy some on the door for £3.00. As in all the Atmosphere gigs there is a no-readmission door policy.

**BJ.**

**Ladies  
Lunch  
Thursday  
19th November  
1pm  
Union Lounge**

**FREE FOOD**

**Entry by  
return of slip**



# Free in the Air

*Rafal Lukawiecki takes his first flight...*

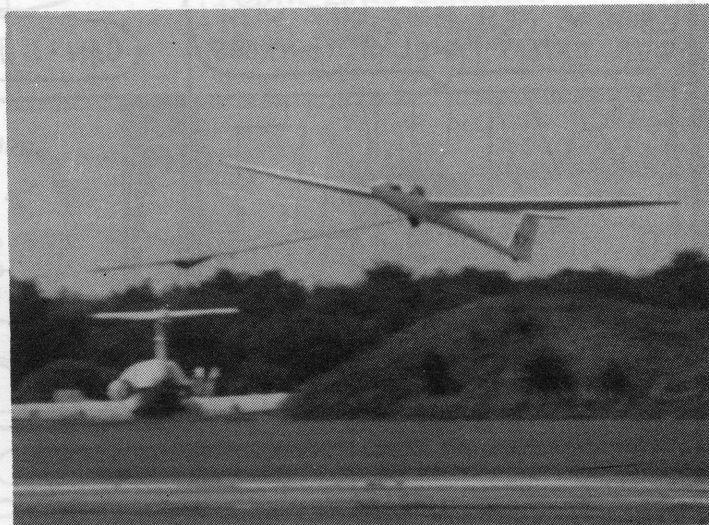
I always wanted to feel free! It must sound like a cliché, but watching birds have made me realise that there are many things I and many other people will never be able to achieve, however hard you try. While some of them are really impossible, others turn out to be exhilarating experiences if one has a chance to try them out. Gliding happened to be the latter one for me.

While wandering among stalls at this year's Freshers' Fair and pretending to be one year younger, I saw an elegant glider surrounded by a bunch of enthusiastic looking people (one of them was wearing a parachute and kept on telling everybody that he was a Pilot). My instinct told me that it was a thing I should consider trying. Two days later I signed myself for a trial flight with Imperial College Gliding Club.

As I live in Balham, I had to wake up at 5am on Sunday 11 October to be at 7am in Southside (yes, the biggest capital in the world has a most remarkable public transport system). It was unearthly cold when I met some other half-asleep people led by Sarah, who seemed to keep herself warm by talking about virtually everything, occasionally stopping to take a deep breath. After about 40 minutes of unsuccessful

waiting for the other 'leaders' and their cars, half of us (including lucky me who picked the winning match) left to Lasham, which is about 1 hour away from London. Although we had no chance to fly on that day because the always predictable sort of well-known English weather made us stay indoors, I knew I had swallowed the hook together with the fisherman and I was about to become a compulsive gliding addict in no time at all.

I turned up in Lasham on my own on a sunny Tuesday afternoon and joined the queue for the 'Air Experience' trial flight. Nevertheless, it was not till my other flight on this day, that I reached the climax of feeling freedom in the air; which was one of the most beautiful and mind-blowing experiences in my life. I was lucky to have been given a training flight by Paul Minton, retired former president of the IC Gliding Club—I learnt about that only a few days later! His attitude towards flying and teaching others to fly was one of an over-enthusiastic small boy who knows that he is doing something he likes an awful lot. That enthusiasm was contagious. Having been launched by wire winch, we climbed to the



altitude of nearly 2000 feet above the ground in a matter of about 15 seconds! That was quite dramatic (but extremely exciting from the point of view of a rollercoaster fan) introduction to something very calm and different: flying without any artificial help of an engine. Paul showed me the basic movements of controls and their effects on the aircraft (to which he always referred to as 'she') and asked me to try them out myself. While smoothly and quietly gliding through the air I began to learn to enjoy being free in all three

dimensions. From the very first moment I touched the 'stick' and saw the earth run away from my eyes and then appear on another side of the glider, I started to realise that this was another milestone, another normally inaccessible limit which I now had at my feet.

The flight did not last too long, but it made me grin and feel happy all through the evening (someone even asked me what I was on). Undoubtedly, gliding is a drug and a very addictive one, too. It makes you think about harmony in which one has to be with the nature if they want to survive. It is one of those rare moments when almost everything including your life is only up to you and the nature. It is a way to see the stunning beauty of freedom in all dimensions apart from time.

You probably know that practically anybody can fly gliders, especially now, while at College. It would not cost you much, as all flying is subsidised by the Union. An experience that you may have been unsuccessfully looking for on every weekend's night, will not cost you more than what you spend on drinks, etc when you go out. And it may turn out to be much more! Gliding is also the first step in obtaining an official Pilot's licence, but this is another story.

Imperial College Gliding Club is the largest gliding organisation of such sort in Britain. You are welcome to come to any of its weekly meetings on Thursdays at 1pm in room 266 in the Aeronautics building. Trial 'no-obligation' flights are run during the first term.





# musings III

by tintin  
© '92

all persons described are purely factual and bear relation to both living & dead

SO WELCOME TO THE FIRST SHOW OF A NEW SERIES IN "WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?" AND ON TONIGHTS SHOW WE MUSE ABOUT LIFE WITH OUR EXPERT PANEL OF THINKERS

THE MARQUIS DE SADE

ALDOUS HUXLEY (WRITER)

AND JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU (PHILOSOPHER)

CAN I HIT YOU?

HI MAN

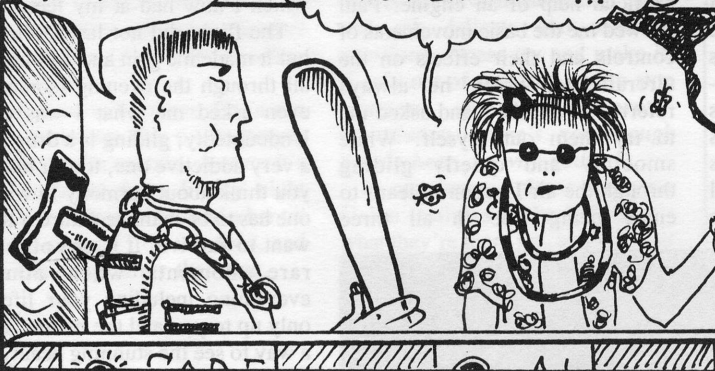
GREETINGS



NOW ALDOUS - YOU PROPOSED TO GET EVERYONE HIGH ON LSD BY INFECTING THE WATER SYSTEM SO WHAT'S YOUR VIEW OF LIFE?

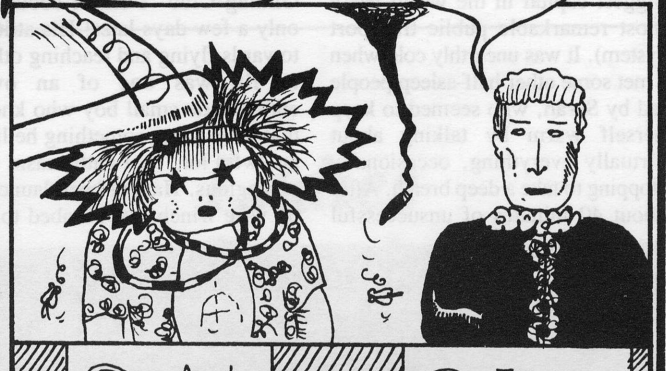
SHUT UP YOU ARE ANNOYING ME

A BUTTERFLY... HEY MAN GET HIGH, HIGHWAY... HIGHWAY MOTEL HEY ANYONE WANT SOME OF MY "BRAVE NEW WORLD"...



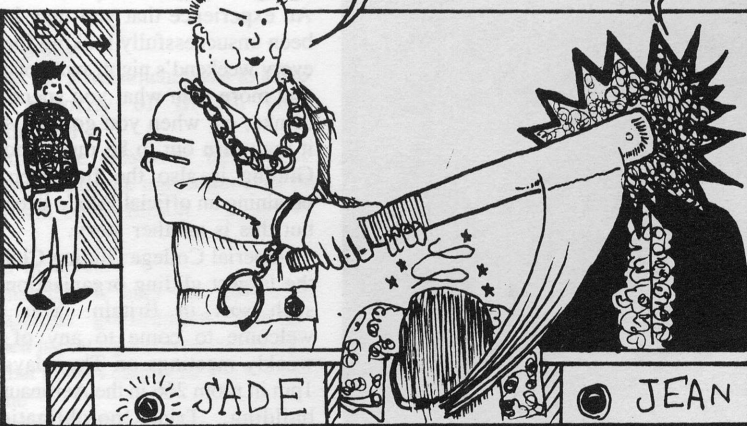
I SAID SHUT UP WEAK ONE... MMM THAT WAS NICE

WELL THAT WAS SAVAGE MARQUIS, YOU MUST BE THE NOBLE SAVAGE I AM LOOKING FOR



I LIKE THIS SHOW IT MAKES ME FEEL GOOD

OHH



FOR I WANT MORE FUN

SEE YOU NEXT TIME FOLKS

THE BBC WISHES TO APOLOGISE FOR THE EARLY ENDING OF THIS PROGRAM. THIS WAS DUE TO THE FAILURE OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY - SO ITS HARD LUCK MANKIND YOU HAVE THE CHOICE: HEDONISM OR GOD?



# Rag Raid II

Fancy a day away from London smog? Want to put some easy money on your RAG total to take you up to that next elusive incentive? Then join RAG for one of the easiest and most relaxing collections of the year - Poppy Day.

On Saturday 8th November, RAG will be taking a minibus full of collectors down to Maidstone to

hand out lots of little red paper flowers whilst the public shower them with money, in aid of the families of those who fought and died for our country. What other reason do you need?

Get yourself and your smile down to Beit Arch by 8.30am tomorrow.

See you there!

## Pub Crawl

So you think that handing out poppies in Maidstone is far too easy for the likes of you? Or were you planning to spend all day in the pub thinking about that urgent problem sheet you have to do? No problem! As those who took part in the Drink a Pub Dry Challenge at the beginning of term can vouch, RAG and alcohol are far from incompatible...in fact we were

thinking expressly of all you drinkers out there when we planned the Leukaemia Research Pub Crawl.

So you can combine your two favourite activities - quaffing and collecting - this Saturday. Just meet up at the RAG Office from 10am onwards to pick up a can and choose an area.

## ROCKY HORROR

Last Saturday evening saw a transformation take place in the Union Building as the witching hour drew near. If you noticed a preponderance of basques, fishnets and leather you were either in Earls Court or in the RAG Rocky Horror Disco.

The evening started with de-virginising the Rocky Horror virgins present (not quite as drastic as it may sound) with the help of rather a lot of whipped cream. This

was followed by the first showing of the Rocky Horror Picture Show film, which was repeated all night in Da Vinci's. The rest of the night was taken up with a disco until 1.00am featuring all the sort of music you would expect at a Hallowe'en disco. The dress code was followed by a fair number of Rocky Horror fans, so remember for future RAG risky discos, you'll look more ridiculous dressed normally!

## SPONSORED BUNGEE JUMPING

**cheques due in TODAY**  
**£38.50, payable to UNICEF**  
*please hand in at RAG meeting*  
**1.10pm Ents Lounge**  
**or at RAG Office**



Off Your Tree '93

## Pavement Climb

Last weekend saw yet another RAG event for all you mad, crazy, wonderful people, for this was the weekend of the Pavement Climb. One of our most daring and dangerous stunts so far. Congratulations to everyone who courageously took up our challenge to climb the pavement from the Victoria and Albert Museum, past Harrods and up to Hyde Park.

Despite temperatures that wouldn't have been out of place on a mountain top, a good turn out led to a grand total of £973.00 being raised for The Royal Association In Aid Of Deaf People.

Battling against a sheer drop and the constant danger of being knocked off the face of the pavement by passing pedestrians, our brave climbers set off at 11am, some tied together for safety, others risking a solo climb. Several climbers had close shaves but fortunately just about everybody made it to the summit before nightfall with no more serious injuries than a few grazed palms and bruised knees.

Thanks to everybody who participated, helping to make it a great event, and well done. Prizes will be handed out at today's RAG meeting at 1.10pm to the lucky winners of the best fancy/climbing dress. Altogether a very successful expedition.

## INTERHALL COMPETITION 1.11.92

Hall	Rep's Name	Room No	Average per Resident
Willis Jackson	Miles Ambler	Basement 69	£10.41
Linstead	Richard Carne	C8	£10.19
Garden	Derek Redwers	13	£7.70
Tizard	Chris Harvey-Fros	524	£4.51
Weeks	Vicky Owen/ Muz Farooqi	18 31	£4.28
Falmouth Keogh	Bruce McKee	183	£4.14
Fisher	Gareth Elston Marc Russell	211 210	£3.56
Southwell	Lucy Collinson Becky Clark	5913 6023	£3.20
Selkirk	Geoff Quigley	663	£1.62
Bernard Sunley	Duncan Austin	4122	£0.95



# DramSoc at Work and Play

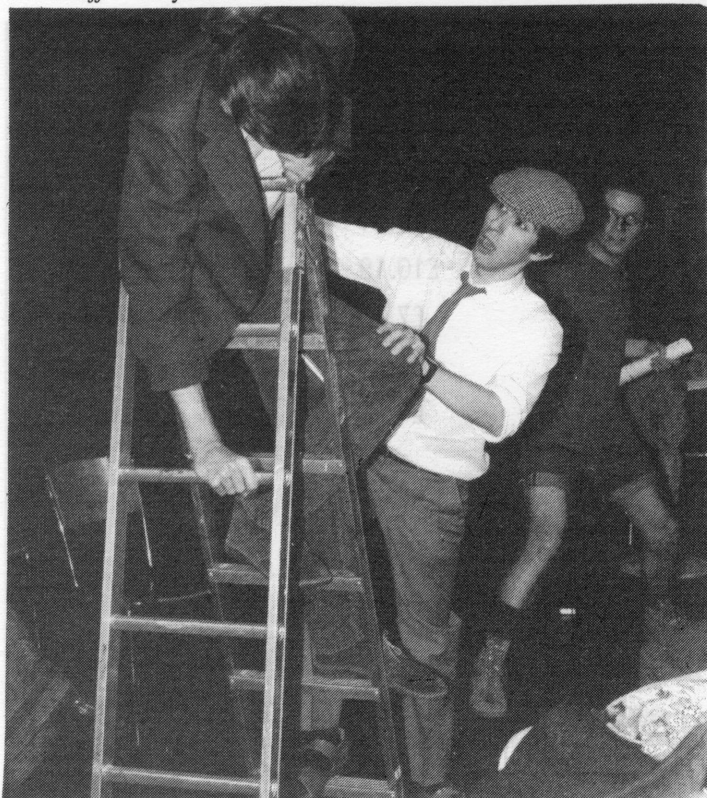
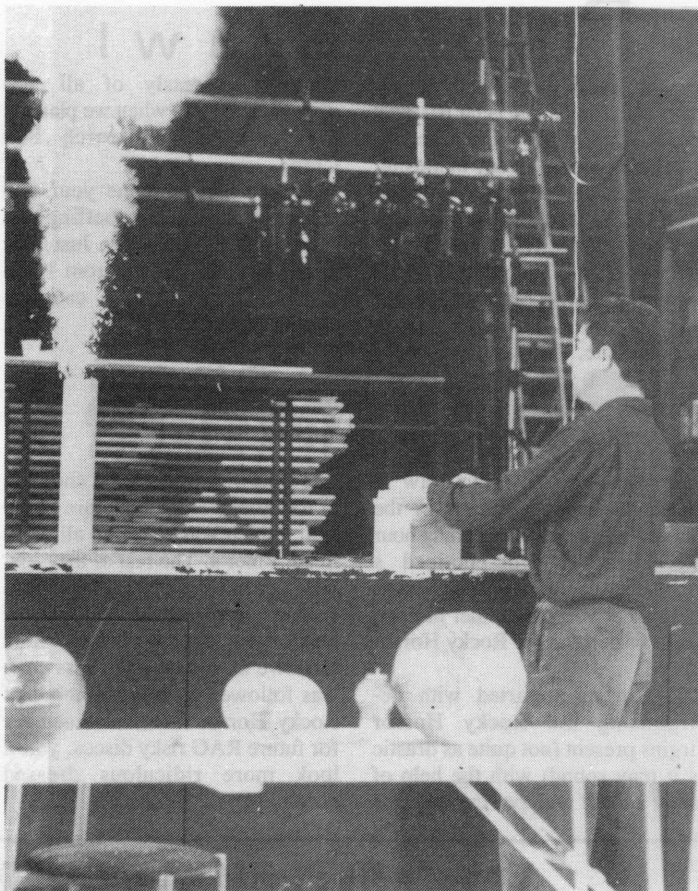
*Life in DramSoc is far from quiet, from the big bangs of a pyrotechnic workshop to the Edinburgh Fringe.*

'If you hold one of these while detonating it will take off your arm - at least' says Andrew, DramSoc's stage director, while he carefully lowers a theatrical 'giant size' maroon by its wires into an iron bin. We are standing on the grid above the stage of the Concert Hall preparing the workshop on pyrotechnics. Downstairs Mylan, who will give the workshop, is working chemical powders into cigarette-like devices that will produce discharges of coloured flames.

The workshop begins with an introduction to the various basic components of pyrotechnics: blackpowder, flashpowder, magnesium, etc. and how they produce certain effects. I have never been very good with chemicals, so I only understand about half of it. It becomes entertaining when Mylan sets fire to some heaps of powder either by blackpowder fuses or electrical discharge. Flashes and different coloured torches go off accompanied by many *ssshhhhes* and *wouffs* - very nice!

Then he demonstrates the different effects that a small amount of blackpowder can have. Just poured onto the floor it burns away rather uninterestingly. But from a one foot gaspipe, sealed at one end, you can blast a water filled condom high into the air, sprinkling the whole stage with drops (just in case you ever feel the urge to advertise condoms or are in need of a two second 'rain'). One of the giant maroons mentioned earlier produces a 'real loud bang' and attracts the undivided attention of two police vans patrolling the 'Support The Miners' demonstration. (The second maroon sent two officers circling the Union Building on foot, looking rather worried.)

After explaining the basic mechanisms of fireworks, how you can make them produce nice pattern of stars and so on, the audience is invited to mix up their own special effects, which filled the hall with thick smoke and the session ended due to *bad light!*



*All the workshops this term and much much more*

Another workshop organised by the Dramatic Society took place on the weekend of the 24th and 25th October. This essentially consisted of the setting up of a theatre in the Union Dining Hall in which to perform a play. It was similar to Theatre West End (the venue run during the Edinburgh Fringe Festival). While the 'techies' were busy building the theatre, the actors rehearsed the one act play 'Ernie's Incredible Illucinations'. This was performed in front of an audience on the Sunday.

More workshops of this kind will probably be run, since this one proved to be lots of fun for both

those interested in the technical aspects of the theatre and those interested in acting.

Watch out for posters or phone 3531 for more information. Better still, why not come and visit us in the DramSoc storeroom (4th floor of the Union Building, east staircase) any lunchtime, or join us on Tuesday evenings in Da Vinci's.

And remember, during December we will be staging Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night', so if you wish to help out with that, come to our production meetings on Thursdays at 5.30pm in the Green Committee Room (top floor of the Union Building).



## How to run a succesful Fringe show, Theatre West End, DramSoc's better half give lessons.

### Aim

The aim of this project was to construct and run a theatre in the West End of Edinburgh during the Edinburgh Festival in August. This involved some thirty members of Imperial College Union's Dramatic Society who were determined to have some fun, and was achieved with considerable success.

### Theory

The Edinburgh Festival incorporates festivals of Street Theatre, Jazz, Film, a Military Tattoo and the Festival Fringe, which is a subtle blend of comedy, cabaret and theatre. It takes place during three weeks each August; this year saw the tenth anniversary of DramSoc's involvement.

### Method

DramSoc hired a hall on the west end of Princes Street, which is one of the main shopping areas of Edinburgh. In a mere five days it was transformed into Theatre West End, a Fringe venue, by a team of students who perhaps hadn't been able to find paid work during the summer, or they'd maybe taken August out in order to be at the Festival. Let's face it, some of us weren't even members of DramSoc.

The theatre housed two of DramSoc's own productions, which this year were 'Teechers' by John Godber and 'The Warden of the Tomb' by Franz Kafka, and was sublet to other theatre companies for the rest of the time.

### Results

The venue has a record of high standards, with sublets returning time and again. This year, the Cambridge Mumpers were shortlisted for the *Guardian's* International Student Drama Award for their production of 'Magic Jack'



at Theatre West End. Dramsoc's own performances were also well received, with 'Teechers' drawing large audiences and 'The Warden of the Tomb' being reviewed in *The Stage*!

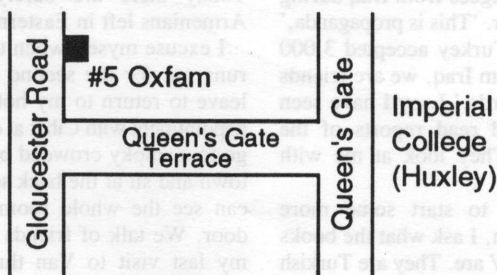
### Conclusion

The aim of the venture was to have fun; being in Edinburgh during the festival was superb. Once the festival had begun, only a few hours a day were spent working at the venue, leaving the rest of the day free. The accommodation was spacious and subsidised, and as Fringe performers, we joined the Fringe Club (aka the Students' Union Building of Edinburgh University). This had three bars and free bands and cabaret and everything and it didn't stop serving drinks until three o'clock in the morning! I loved it so much, I tried to transfer to Edinburgh University.

Anyone who is interested in becoming involved in TWE '93, which will take pace during August, can find us in the DramSoc storeroom in the Union Building every lunchtime.

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**Shopping for a Fairer World**



# Who Remembers the Armenians Now?

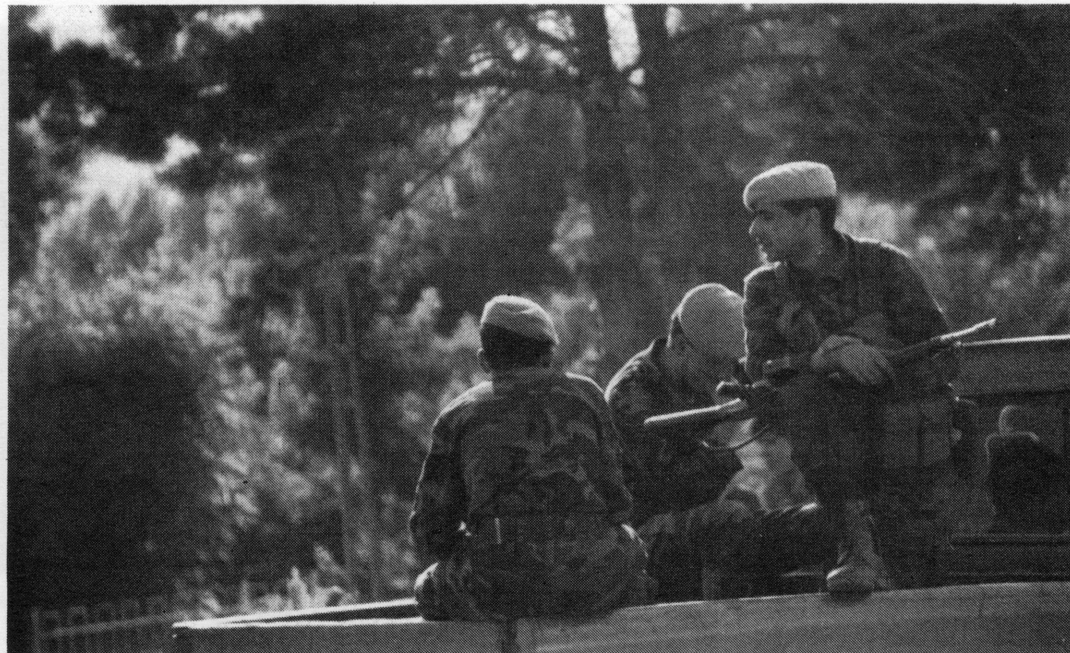
**Christopher Riley visits war torn Eastern Turkey and discovers a third player in the Kurdish problem.**

Across town, near the hospital, Hakkan is extending his carpet shop and enlarging the basement. But two days ago, work stopped when they came across human bones, a lot of them. The young Kurds stopped the excavations immediately to call in someone from Van museum. A curator arrived the same day and picked a large skull from the dust and turned it in his hands. 'It's OK, they are Armenians,' he concluded. 'Dig.'

*We now all sit round the television set. I politely guzzle tea, whilst the family fight over the remote control.*

It is another parched day on the shores of the dead salt lake near Van in Eastern Turkey. My thirst has not been quenched by the *Ayran* yoghurt drink, and the spicy *Eristeli* soup hasn't helped either. We now all sit round the television set. I politely guzzle tea, whilst the family fight over the remote control. The Acar family are half Kurdish and half Turkish; their grandmother was Armenian. I ask them how they felt about the Turkish massacre of Kurdish refugees from Iraq during the Gulf War. 'This is propaganda,' they say. 'Turkey accepted 3,000 refugees from Iraq, we are friends with the Kurds.' I say I have seen pictures and read reports of the massacre. They look at me with disdain.

In a bid to start some more conversation, I ask what the books above the TV are. They are Turkish encyclopaedias, and I ask 17 year old Elif to translate some of the entries. Out of curiosity I choose the 'A - Bu' volume and open the book to Armenia. We go through the text and discover that 'Armenians once lived in Turkey and some still do.



In Turkey they are free but in their own country they are not.'

The old city of Van, formerly the citadel of the Urartian Empire and unquestionably Armenian in the 6th century, today lies as a ruin outside the new city, levelled in 1915 before the Russians invaded. At this time there were still 20 million Armenians in Eastern Turkey who had fought along side the Ottoman Turks against Russian invasion. Under Russian occupation the 'Young Turks' quickly grew suspicious of the Armenians and executed all the armed soldiers. Civilians were deported to the Syrian deserts and put to death. Today there are barely 40,000 Armenians left in Eastern Turkey.

I excuse myself when the teapot runs out for the second time and leave to return to my hotel for an appointment with Cihat at eight. We go to a smoky crowded bar across town and sit at the back so that we can see the whole room and the door. We talk of friends I met on my last visit to Van three years before. Moussin is now working in Hakkari as a government lawyer and Houdain has joined the PKK, the banded Kurdish Working Party who operate a guerilla warfare against the Turks in Eastern Turkey.

*I say I have seen the pictures and read the reports of the massacre. They look at me with disdain.*

The PKK have enjoyed a renewed support in the area this year since an unofficial state of emergency was imposed on 21 March, following a new clamp down on Kurds by the Turkish authorities. Cihat describes the scene in Van that day when two young boys were shot dead by police during a peaceful march in support of the Kurds. 'I tried to phone London to tell the world, but all the phone lines to Van had been stopped,' he complains. 'I think over 90 people were killed in other towns that day. Since this time the BBC news is always wrong. No-one knows what is happening here.'

Cihat says he knows the leader of the PKK, Abdullah Ocalan, and has spoken to him recently. I ask what

exactly the PKK are fighting for. 'For the Kurdish people,' he replies. This was originally our land - there are artefacts to prove it. We just want to agree with the government to get a federation.'

'Of course the Armenians also have a claim to this land,' I begin. 'The new Armenian money depicts a view of Mount Ararat from Turkey.' Cihat smiles for the first time. And isn't Abdullah Ocalan, the PKK leader, an Armenian! I continue, remembering a rumour I had heard before. His eyes focus on me.

'Yes, Ocalan is originally Armenian.' He replies slowly and indignantly.

'How would you divide Eastern Turkey?' I continue.

'The people of north Ararat, around Kars and in the Kackar mountains are more Armenian. Those in the south around Van are now Kurds. We would put the border north of Van.'

Furthest west in Tatvan, Mustaffa, a Kurdish construction worker is interested to learn that Ocalan is Armenian. I ask the same questions about the borders. Armenia extends below Van and his Kurdistan lies around Diyarbakir to the west.

The next day I return to my hotel in the early hours of the morning.



A tall, dark man with a drawn face and unkempt, wild, wiry black hair is dithering about his door next to my room. He invites me in and I perch on his bed, not wanting to appear as if I'm staying long. He

*He begins with a disturbing charade of death, stabbing himself repeatedly in the chest.*

speaks only Turkish and we converse entirely in sign language and with maps, guide books and diagrams. He begins with a disturbing charade of death, stabbing himself repeatedly in the chest.

I am tired and slow to understand. Frustrated, he takes a fruit knife and begins to scratch a picture of some

mountains and the sun on the table, putting round holes in the mountain peaks. Inside the holes he places crosses and then re-inacts the death scene. I understand cemetery and confirm the word with my dictionary. The graves are at Ozalp, some 80 kilometres east of Van.

Holding his clenched hands to his eyes and looking through, I guess that he has seen the deaths of these people and assume that they are Kurds. When I tell him, he grows angry and grabs the map again, pointing to Armenia and stressing the size of the victims. Claspings his wrists and fingers, he mimes bracelets and rings. Using the dictionary, I learn this is gold and he hints that it is decorating the corpses in their mountain tombs. He seems to want money for the gold, and implies that he needs my help to exhume the bodies. It is late and I make excuses to leave. 'Tomorrow...tomorrow,' he repeats, excitedly gesturing to Ozalp on the map.

'Tommorrow...Istanbul,' I reply apologetically and stumble backwards out of the door.



*Coming soon in Felix; Chris Riley recalls his travels over the Atlas mountains in Morocco, in the epic, 'On a Bike and Prayer'.*

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# IC Boat Club

Many IC students will be unaware that the 1991/2 season was one of the Boat Club's most successful ever. As has been previously reported in Felix, the 1st eight defended its Japanese Henley title and all the club enjoyed wins on the domestic circuit. The pinnacle of this success was at Henley Royal Regatta, which occurred after the end of term in July. It is every oarsman's ambition to compete and succeed at Henley and this year Imperial had five crews entered: IC 1st eight in the prestigious Ladies Plate, IC 2nd eight in the Temple Challenge Cup for colleges and non-collegiate universities worldwide, four 'novice' oarsmen in the Visitors Cup for students and other members of the top squad in the Thames Cup for Club eights and the Wyfold Cup for fours. These two latter crews met with stiff opposition early on and went out by narrow margins on the Wednesday and Thursday respectively, victims of the sudden-death nature of the event.

Meanwhile, the four members of the novice squad were showing determination and maturity belying their relatively brief involvement in the sport by reaching the semi-final stage at the weekend. All of this crew were members of the Novice eight, having learnt their rowing at IC, who gained the novice pennant at the Tideway Eights Head in March, part of the club's record 4 total wins, unequalled by any rowing club previously. The Temple Challenge Crew had a tough draw, the Henley stewards having decided not to seed them. Thus, they faced three selected (seeded) crews in order to reach the final. They served notice of their intention by breaking the record to Fawley in the first day of racing, beating last year's winners Bristol University on the Thursday and the highly favoured Nihon University, Japan, on the Friday. The 1st eight showed class in defeating Thames Tradesmen and completed Imperial's unprecedented trio of semi-finalists.

The four bowed out with honour on Saturday morning, losing to the eventual winners Durham University but covering a little more than 1 mile 550 yards of the course in the process! IC 2nd eight had a strong row managing to conserve energy in defeating Tufts University, USA. IC 1st eight also made no mistakes in despatching the Australian National Development



Squad eight, rowing as Victoria Rowing Club.

Finals day dawned dull and overcast and the first race of the day was Imperial's Temple Challenge clash with their old rivals the Irish Champions, Trinity College Dublin, umpired by the regatta chairman Peter Coni. As the crews paddled up to the start the empty stands in the enclosures started to fill and nerves were heightened by familiar faces shouting encouragement. This eight was only settled less than two weeks before races began after fiercely competitive trials and their quickly gained self-confidence lay in pieces as they found themselves more than a length down with just over two minutes of the race remaining, their supporters listening in horror to the impassive commentary on the official Tannoy, the crew victims of Trinity's relentless pace. But coxwain Alice Codrington of St Mary's Hospital, implored her engine room to make the favourites pay for their early efforts. Her words stung the rowers into greater action just before they were drowned out by a wall of sound emptying from the now packed grandstands. Imperial dug deep within themselves and seemed to find another gear mounting a final breathtaking sprint that brought the two crews level with only a few strokes remaining. At this point the Irish Crew knew they could not win and IC went past to cross the line into immortality. The record was smashed by seven seconds and the eight's jubilation was only matched by Trinity's grace in defeat.

The 1st eight arrived at the course over an hour later to face the challenge of ASR Nereus from Amsterdam, containing lightweight world medalists. Finding

themselves in a similarly desperate situation at halfway stage, they once again rose to the encouragement of the many Imperial supporters and worked their way back from nearly a length deficit to a few feet as they approached the last metres of the course. Unfortunately in the tension and excitement the crew was steered off their all-important line and could not gain a lead, though catching the Dutch students with every stroke and pouring every ounce of effort into the surge for the line. As the crews crossed it the screams and shouts faded to an unbearable silence as the finish line umpires analysed the photo finish. After what seemed an age the anticipation was ended by the result: 'a dead heat', with a re-row scheduled three hours hence, for only the second time in the 153-year history of the regatta. The Imperial camp, however, was quietly confident that the months of hard winter training would tell and sure enough as the crews came into sight of the home straight for the second time, the London Students had gained the upper hand and dominated the race from early on, establishing a powerful rhythm which held them through a determined final push by Nereus, to record a staggering second win for Imperial. Even more noteworthy was the manner of their victory: the dead-heat was rowed in a time of 6 minutes 3 seconds the second-fastest time the course has ever been covered in and faster than the winning time of the Grand Champions, University of London, recently heavily featured in the UL press.

This represents a remarkable achievement and is a tribute to their dedication which goes unnoticed by most students at the college. Even

more so, the Club's Boatman and Chief Coach Bill Mason who masterminds all the successes from Novice to Henley Champions must be congratulated for his inspiration and guidance. The 1st eight and Bill were further honoured by being selected to form the basis of the Great Britain under-23's eight which raced at the Nation's Cup in Strathclyde. They unfortunately had a collision in a heat and were unable to realise their full potential in the final.

The club is very grateful to Satelcom based in Silwood Park for their continued sponsorship which helped with the great expense of equipping and repairing these crews for competition.

This coming season sees almost all these oarsmen returning to the hard grind of endurance training to further the club's elite status together with a large influx of new members both beginners and experienced internationals. Felix will be carrying news of all the events and charting the progress of our crews.

## Report

IC Boat Club started its 1993 season with some encouraging recent open wins. On October 25 at Upper Thames Small Boat's Head at Henley they took the Senior II Quad Sculls title and the following Sunday the local Chiswick to Hammersmith Janousek Fours Head brought victory for two coxless and two coxed fours from 6 IC boats. This boads well for this term's main event, the Fours Head on November 7th at which all these crews and others will be racing. IC coach Bill Mason expects the club to continue its impressive record of success in this event.



## Space-ICSEDS

This year the National UKSEDS (Students for the Exploration and Development of Space) Conference is taking place on the weekend of the 14/15th of November at the University of Kent, in Canterbury. The event is going to be held in the Grimmond Building, one of the newest buildings on the campus. The facilities available are three lecture theatres, seating 100, 150 and 200 people. There are several seminar rooms, and also easy access and facilities for the disabled.

The plan is to have two lecture tracks of four or five lectures a day covering all aspects of the space field, just a few examples are 'Space is good for you' by Professor Heinz Wolff, 'The big bang' by Dr Lewis Ryder, 'Terraforming' by Mr Martyn Fogg, 'Solar sails' by Mr Colin Jack, 'A day in the life of an astronaut' by Mr David Shayler and 'Space law' by Professor Francis Lyall. In the other lecture theatre there will be continuous presentations in Starlab, and inflatable planetarium. In the

seminar rooms and the main foyer there will be stands and displays from universities and space industries from all over the country to look at throughout the day, and during the half an hour breaks between all lectures. The weekend is aimed at students of all ages who are interested in Space and maybe plan to have a career in this field. The weekend will be a great opportunity to meet other students with the same interests and experts already established in the Space field. As well as being a lot of fun, the weekend should prove very informative and educational.

Late Saturday afternoon, society issues will be discussed and the new national Committee will be elected at the Annual General Meeting. To revive everyone after the AGM there will be a reception and dance, partly subsidised by the Unit for Space Sciences (based at the University of Kent), in the evening.

Mr George Danos, ICSEDS Chairman, ISE Course Electrical Engineering Building, e-mail: gd@doc.ic.ac.uk.

## Parachuting

'So you do parachuting do you. What's it like?' is a question most parachutists are asked at some time or another by friends, family or members of the opposite sex they're trying to impress. It's always a tough one to answer. Will I get a strange look if I describe the absolute panic that grips me every time I get ready to exit the aircraft. Doing something because it scares you is not normal behaviour. OK, so maybe I'm not normal.

IC Parachute and Skydiving Club will give you the chance to try parachuting on a weekend course which ends with your first static line parachute descent. To fill you in, here's a couple of stories...

I suppose my instructor thought it was a joke when I asked 'What happens if both parachutes fail?' and he answered 'You go in.', 'Go in where?' 'Just in.' Whatever it was, 'going in' didn't sound good, so I resolved not to do it. Fortunately I didn't, and here I am to tell the tale...

Since that first jump, I have progressed (slowly) on to free fall, a totally different rush to those first few 'static line' jumps, when your parachute opens for you. As they say about most enjoyable activities, such as sex, drugs and booze, the first time is always the best. So here's what it was like for me...

I put my rig on and sat quiet and alone on the bench, slowly going over my reserve drills. We were slowly led out to get into the plane. My first time in a light aircraft, and I wasn't going to land with it! Climbing to jump height was OK, the familiar ear popping sensation but there was no hostess handing out the boiled sweets. The Jump Master opened the door and the noise and cold were a real surprise. I was first out. I slid across and poked my toes over the edge of the door. I got into the correct position and the Jump Master said 'Go', and I went. There followed five seconds of sensory overload and suddenly like magic, this large hankie over my head and a sort of quiet and calm, in total contrast to the noise of the exit. There is time in the air to enjoy the view before preparing to land. Landing itself involves the unexpected ground rush then a feeling not unlike being hit by a London Bus on a good day for traffic.

The only answer anyone gets now to the 'What's it like?' questions is 'Try it!'. The club hopes to have its first course together pretty soon. The cost is around £85 for the weekend training and your first jump plus a few extras for club membership and transport. If you can raise £170 in sponsorship, the

## Yachting-An Intro

1) hire a yacht or two. 2) organise the crews. 3) organise the transport. 4) always carry a phonecard or an old 10p piece, in order to phone a snoozing captain. 5) check the tyre pressures in case of four conflicting valves. 6) buy lots of food; anything with chocolate goes down extremely well. (Incidentally, nothing came back up, although some people did appear to be doubting the law of gravity).

To the sailing; Lymington to Cowes, Cowes to Lymington. It's very straightforward. The captains are very experienced, very patient and have a sense of humour to jolly along some of the crew who may lack insight into what is happening (myself for example). Experienced crew help the captains maintain sanity.

In bright sunlight, not too much wind and calm waters we sailed to Cowes. Pop up the main sail and spinnaker, then Bob's your uncle. Slacken/tighten a rope continuously and you're sailing. The crick in your neck from looking up at the spinnaker and the feeling that any minute you're about to fall

overboard are pure imagination.

After a night out in Cowes, a cooked breakfast is mandatory. This usually only applies to the yacht which had the foresight to stock up its galley. However, seafarers, being kindhearted old souls, beggars from the other yacht may also be fed.

More sailing, this time in overcast skies with some drizzle. Real lift, true drama yacht races were observed (or joined, as one reliable source has claimed). Then back to Lymington in one piece. Sort of. One person decided to test the temperature of the water with the lower half of his body; another decided at the last minute not to allow the mainsail to propel him overboard.

Future editions shall discuss 'fashion and sailing, are the two synonymous?', 'Man overboard, what to do'; 'Cooking, a sailors guide' and 'ropes, a quick guide for the colour blind'.

So, many thanks to my fellow sailors for such a brilliant weekend. I shall hopefully be allowed to join them on future trips.

## ICSF

ICSF is darn pleased to present Tim Burton's stunning slice of *shear* fantasy. *Edward Scissorhands*. Starring teen heart-throbb Johnny Depp (*Cry Baby*), Alan Arkin (*The Rocketeer*, *Glengarry Glen Ross*) and Burton alumni Winona Ryder (*Beetlejuice* and Mrs Harker in Coppola's *Dracula*), this film is one of the most unusual fantasies of recent years.

Edward lives alone in a dark mansion on the edge of a pastel suburbia, after his inventor (Vincent Price) dies just before giving him hands. When the Avon Lady (Diane Wiest) calls, Edward is taken into the town, where he is at first welcomed, but then reviled by the townsfolk he befriends on account of his unusual nature.

Come and see if Edward gets the girl, dices the baddies and saves the world as we know it (well maybe not that last bit) in Mech Eng 220 on Tuesday. Membership costs just £3, which includes your first film free and other films cost just £1

course is free. Subsequent jumps are subsidised so are a bargain if you want to become a Skygod! You can also do a Tandem Skydive which is a little more expensive but involves a 40 second free fall attached to a qualified instructor.

We jump at Peterborough

## Filmsoc

This week's presentation by FilmSoc is *Father of the Bride*, starring Steve Martin (*LA Story*, *Roxanne*). The film concerns the trials and tribulations of an over-protective father preparing for his only daughter's wedding to Martin Short (*3 Amigos*, *3 Fugitives*). It is a remake of the 1950s classic and is full of the fast, witty humour that we have come to expect from Steve Martin. The prenuptial pandemonium includes the first chaotic meeting with the in-laws and a variety of comic situations which eventually sees Martin in jail. The film, directed by Charles Shyer, demonstrates brilliantly the comic style and genius of Steve Martin, continuing in the same mould as the hugely successful *Parenthood*.

For an evening of side-splitting humour, come along to Mech Eng 220 on Thursday 12th November at 7.30pm. Membership costs £6.50 with the first film free, and 90p thereafter, and entry for non-members is £1.90.

Parachute Centre, one of the best and safest in the country (make sure you tell your parents that).

For more details, come and see us in the Brown Committee Room 12.30-1.00 on any Monday. And by the way, don't ask the 'What's it like?' question.



# Mooooosic



*Espiritu: Who owns the Renault 4? Stop sniggering woman, you'll give it away.*

## Biohazard—Urban Discipline

*Biohazard* have either sold out or seen the light, depending on your point of view. I'm no hardcore purist, so I wholeheartedly approve of the metal influences on this album. Overkill, Sepultura and Pantera all get a mention on the sleeve.

So what? You cry. What hardcore band doesn't end up playing metal? Well, very few do it this proficiently.

The lyrical content is typically NYMC, that Brooklyn accent raging against the shit things in life—politicians, crooked cops, etc. 'Black and White and Red All Over' should put paid to the rumours about *Biohazard's* racism—this album will not tolerate fascists, or indeed any other bad people.

If you like metal tinged with hardcore, or vice-versa, then you should buy this album. It is brutal, powerful and very, very good.

**Freddy Cheeseworth.**

● Released on Roadrunner Records. *Biohazard* play the Marquee, November 23.

## Espiritu—Fransisca

Now this really is a dilemma. The release of this record finally chronicles the demise of the finest group of the late eighties, the formidable *Frazier Chorus*, brought on by the disintegration of Virgin Records, in which the mighty EMI dropped all their good artists (*Stand up, That Petrol Emotion*), and kept Phil Collins. The fact that Virgin couldn't break a new band into the charts was the subject of numerous industry jokes, despite having one of the best rosters in the business.

## Beautiful People—Foxy Lady

'Hey, foxy lady', it worked for Jimi, he could make that song live like no one else can, so a remake of it is a very daring thing to do. Or possibly, it's just a commercial trap to trick you into listening to the record and buying it (or vice-versa). I wouldn't (buy it that is, you can listen to it if you want though), it's not that it's bad, just average, and average just doesn't cut it with remakes. The track, it is fair to say, is very different from the original,

So endeth the first lesson.

And now one of them is back, with a new group, a new label, a new sound. The group, *Espiritu*, the label, Heavenly, believe in magic, the sound, a Spanish sort of groove. Considering their parentage, slightly disappointing, but to be compared to *Frazier Chorus* is a trifle unfair. They were gods, and this is just another extraordinary Heavenly release.

**Lise Yates**

● Out now on Heavenly/Columbia.

it is more like a new song influenced by Hendrix with sample sounds from the man himself. I just didn't feel right, an OK B side maybe. The other song on the EP is far more interesting, still Hendrix (and again some sampled stuff) but not reheated stuff. Again it didn't blow my mind (but then, it's quite hard to blow) but it had more potential. I still want to WAIT and see (that's listen)...

**Moo Co. Ltd.**

## The Poor Boys—Pardon Me

Pardon me indeed, Mr Poorboy. For those who don't read reviews in their entirety here's a summary: LA. Rock. Enough said? Well for those still reading, the initial offputter on this album is the cliché mandatory moody photo pose on the back cover. Wota bunch of toppers, they look most suspect and non-triumphant. Indeed the picture of the pig on the front cover is interesting though... One final gripe about the packaging is the ego trip photo collage in the little CD booklet, so hypocritical. At one extreme they're portrayed as gentle caring 'love my baby' men, at the other extreme they are real men who drink non-stop and have copious amounts of rock chicks. YUK! But I hear you cry what about the music! True, the packaging shouldn't affect my view of the music but it doesn't help a lot.

Well, we start with 'Hey Man', the first song on the album (naturally enough). Although it is similar to material made by every band (almost every band then) in LA, it is quite good. The biggest virtues are the reasonably fast, punchy tempo coupled with the length being short enough to prevent it becoming boring. Good stuff for a single perhaps. 'Can't get you back' carries on from 'Hey Man' and in many respects for all purposes might as well be titled 'Hey Man'. 'Guilty' is the standard rock ballad everyone expects from LA groups after success from bands such as *Poison*, *Cinderella*, *Faster Pussycat* and countless other minor acts. It is the usual 'sit around' with acoustic guitars routine that bores me eternally.

'Love and Faith' is *INXS* and *Poison* rolled into one. 'Shine' is not worth a mention, so I won't. 'No Real Emotion' is unnerving because the name of this song reflects on the content of this album. It's all so false with the typical 'I love you baby' and 'If you go I'll wither and die painfully' type lyrics.

'Brand New Amerika' is atypical of the album. For the first and only time on this recording you can hear a bass guitar not following a drum or guitar line but actually participating creatively. Alas the illusion is shattered with 'Make Your Move'.

This leaves me to mention the last song 'Don't Need You Around' which is prophetic because we don't want you around, *Poorboys*. There are other songs on the album but because they all sound the same I'm not going to mention any OK.

**Kev Floyd.**

● Released on Hollywood, November 9th.



**Indigo Girls and Balloon—Mean Fiddler 28.10.92**

*Balloon* are on stage. Two guys typical of the classic folk-rock duo. There's more fire about them live; a bite that isn't captured on vinyl. But no one seems to mind them much; support is a raw deal. As they leave, the Fiddler starts to fill up with an uncharacteristic Harlesden crowd. The young Rhode Scholar types are having a night out to hear one of their homeside 'college' bands. As one tells me, 'The Indigo Girls are big in the States.' (Two million total sales doesn't appear as proof of largeness to most people though.) Tonight, however, the domain of the committed fan, they know it all and more besides.

The Indigo Girls enter from the left. Amy has visited the local army surplus shop. She's sporting a blue and gold brain dinner jacket. They both look worn and well sorry girls, overripe. In the flesh I'm not impressed at this stage of the proceedings. Greying hairs abound and the excess baggage of touring is starting to be evident. Still they kick off briskly enough. The early albums, 'Indigo Girls' and 'Nomads-Indians-Saints' are both extensively aired and why not? They certainly have a depth of quality material it would be wasteful to pass over.

These are songs to be handled carefully, the sort that can seriously damage your mind. The girls next to me cheerfully mouth along with them all. Yes, we're all your No 1 fans here, of course. But hold on; think about what they're singing: 'Manic blood runs thick my friend, are you looking for a clear escape?'

'I look a lot like narcissus, A dark abyss of an emptiness...'

Can we take this kind of stuff seriously without thinking about it? This is not 'singalonglorralorra-laughs' territory. People please listen...

The girls are now storming through their new album 'Rites of Passage', 'Galileos head was on the block, his crime was looking at the truth...'

Hmmm, sometimes it hurts, so we ignore it. In fact, we all singalong at some stage in the evening. But it's soon about time to go, two hours on we've overstayed our welcome. They finished with 'Close to Fire', the nearest thing they have to an anthem: 'the less I seek myself for some definitive, the closer I am to fire...'

**Tintin.**

●Indigo Girls releases on WEA. *Balloon* 'Tightrope Walker' is on Dedicated.

**Inspir Carpets, Real People—Brixton Academy**

The *Real People* were victims of the scene that never happened. After the success of the Manchester bands, and the emergence of both the *La's* and the *Farm*, AR men rushed out to sign bands from Liverpool in order to create a parallel scene that subsequently never materialised. The *Real People* were one of those bands. One can describe their sound as chunky, driven by a strong rhythm section. They update the sugar-sweet harmonies of the *Beatles* with their own brand of scouser rock. Tonight though their sound seems lost in the vast recesses of the Academy.

The *Inspir Carpets* could never really be called victims of a scene. The truth is they never really fitted in in the first place. Having negotiated the difficult third LP, the highly accomplished 'Revenge of the Goldfish'. The choice selections of which were played tonight. 'Witches Brew', the new single, 'Two Worlds Collide', 'Smoking her Clothes' all from the new album all seem instantly memorable. Tonight though they play what amounts to their Greatest Hits to a highly appreciative audience. Perhaps one of the unhippest bands on the planet, the *Inspirals* do what they do well. Why criticise them for that?

**Leo.**

●*Inspir Carpets* 'Bitches Brew' out now on Cow/Mute. *Real People* releases on Columbia.

**Miss World—The First Female Serial Killer**

The title track opens with Nick Cave type vocals, bleak, dark and cold; the fact that it's both enlightening, depressing and disturbingly unnerving makes it incredibly mysterious, but so cool.

'I am you' has an excellent faint echo/backing vocal on it giving a very spooky fuzzbox type effect, reminiscent of King Crimson's 'Twentieth Century Schizoid Man', but to a lesser and most appropriate extent.

Unfortunately 'Dead Flowers' ends up as a lemon filler track, with nasty traces of corp-rock, absolute trite.

However the last track 'Thief inside' is an absolute classic, gentle intro with seemingly looney vocals, the tinkering ivories chill your spine and the ending lyric of 'tap your heels together three times' leaves you completely gobsmacked. So incredibly dire, it's brilliant. But watch out it'll subtly erode your sanity and believe me, I'm insane.

Great cover sleeve of a precocious-looking little girl in tutu etc as if she's ready to do 'Swan Lake', but on a dark background reflecting the general mood of the record.

Not the best thing I've heard but its unpretentious bleakness pulls it through. If you've ever been possessed by a dark psyche, then this is for you...

**Lucas.**

●Out now on Anxious.

**Dwight Yoakam—La Croix D'Amour**

Dwight Yoakam is the man who sings through his nose (absolute nasal twang). He originally appeared under the New Country banner in the eighties with such diverse acts as; k d lang, Nanci Griffith, Steve Earle, and ten years on remains closest to the country folk in a tongue-in-stetson kind of way. 'La Croix D'Amour' displays something of his eclectic journey in the meantime, consisting of a mix of greatest hits and cover versions. The latter includes 'Things we said today' (Lennon/McCartney), 'Truckin'' (*Greatful Dead*), 'Let's Work Together', 'Suspicious Minds', 'Here Comes the Night' etc. Whilst most of these work, it would be pretty hard to mess them up. Anyhow, the fun of covers is to vary them and Dwight doesn't redefine this selection of favourites. The ground is more shaky with his own compositions. 'Long White Cadillac' is a gem, perfectly delivered in a setting of country opulence and heartbreak. Unfortunately 'Dangerous Man' and 'It Takes a Lot to Rock You', are instantly forgettable despite the presence of the *Indigo Girls* on harmony vocals.

Overall, perhaps the variety is the downfall; too much choice can be a bad thing.

**Tintin.**

●On WEA.



Gratuitous Shamen picture. Today is the last day you can enter our fabulous Shamen competition.



**The Fred ep—St Etienne, Flowered Up, The Rockingbirds**

'I'm too shaky for my Stevens/too shaky for my Stevens/too shaky by half'

'I'm too sexy for my cat/too sexy for my cat/oh poo for pussy cat' 'I'm too sexy for The Fred/too sexy for The Fred/Mr Barrett said'

Sarah Cracknell's voice is like pure honey, dripping from a piece of freshly cooked toast. Pure perfection.

*Flowered Up* produce a laddish, raucous version of 'Don't Talk, Just Kiss'. With the sort of energetic, funky, fun beat that sent me spinning round the room in a fit of unashamedly excessive dancing.

**Caron Wheeler—I Adore You**

I wasn't too keen on reviewing this single I must admit, another four minutes of *Soul II Soul* style stop-dance is not my idea of good music. However the opening sounded promising, atmospheric whooshes suggesting that Ms Wheeler has found a new musical direction. But then came the drum beat and I knew this was another track destined to be played in many a yuppie wine bar. Good points: I suppose the bassline, though simple is nice and deep but far too repetitive.

A bit close this one. *The Rockingbirds*, 'Deeply Dippy'. A rather splendid version of a splendid song.

This is one of those record that in years to come you'll be able to show your kids and say 'I was there'. If you don't buy it then who the hell do you think you are. *Right Said Fred* are right up there, fighting with the likes of *The Monkees*, *The Lovin' Spoonful*, *Abba* for the crown. To be the ultimate rulers of pop. The music that will change the world. Heavenly.

**Peb**

● Out now on Heavenly/Columbia: All profits to Terrence Higgins Trust.

The B side, the Club House Edit will probably prove more popular with its funkier, more dancefloor orientated beat, but those damned *Soul II Soul* string sounds are all too evident, not a good move for a singer still very much associated with Jazzy B and Co. Fans of *Soul II Soul* will not be disappointed, but neither will they rush out to buy this with their last bit of beer money. And who on earth is it messing around with a record player on the end of the song anyway?

**Uncle Ant.**

**Mudhoney—Piece of Cake**

The first time through I thought this was a masterpiece. Unfortunately after a couple of listens things seemed to blend together into a monotonous din. Is this their fault or mine? 'Rock music is dead.' So it's the music's fault. Back in the late sixties things seemed so bright, American garage was so fun. So it didn't change the world, but the free lovin' hippies couldn't either. Pop music, even the disposable stuff from TOTP, might not seem to have any effect on the world. But how can music change the world? It can change people's personal worlds. And as the saying goes, 'from little acorns...'

It's strange that in an album of rocking pop toons the one track that has set up home in my head is the slow one. The one at the end. 'Acetone', 'The cliché song' more like. 'Good morning Miss / I think I'm losing it'. But there's something there, something that seems to be missing in their other offerings.

The main problem seems to be that nothings shines. In an album there should always be some crap stuff, so that the good stuff can be seen. So, no masterpiece, but the fact that I even thought about it makes it better than ninety percent of this week's offerings.

**Peb**



*Merde-her-nee.*

**Bleach—Hard**

*Bleach* for the most part of this year have been lost at sea. One of the many girl led guitar bands around at the moment, it has always been difficult to see where *Bleach* fit in. Their ability to drift in and out of different scenes has ultimately left them not being accepted by any of them.

The front cover of this album depicts a monochrome image of a woman's outstretched arm with an apple resting firmly in the palm of the hand. Perhaps this is some dubious biblical reference to forbidden fruit and temptation. Whilst no apocalyptic vision of self-destruction or no means to an end, *Bleach's* 'Hard', a mini album is more of a self-effacing gesture. In many ways it is their 'Time's Arrow', not so much a reinvention

but a redefinition of themselves as a band. This is emphasized on 'Hit on Her' where Salli sings; 'the past rides with me...every mile is etched on my body/Can't I be born again?'. The guitars seem less harsh than on previous efforts and more atmospheric. *Bleach* are at their best on 'Hit on Me' and 'Can', songs which point to the importance of women in rock, but are at their least effective on 'Baby Toes' where Salli invites us to join her in a sexual nightmare. As a gesture though, 'Hard' is a bit limp wristed and only half succeeds.

**Leo.**

● Out now on Musidisc. *Bleach* play Powerhaus, November 25th. 'Hard' is the first installment of a pair of mini-LPs. The second half, 'Fast' is released later in the year.

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# Books

## Give War a Chance by P.J. O'Rourke

P.J. likes guns, and he likes everyone to know that he likes them. The bigger the better. So, P.J. in the desert, in the Gulf, in the middle of a war, is P.J.'s idea of journalistic heaven.

O'Rourke also encounters 'evil' of other kinds, like liberals, "Hunting the Virtuous - and how to clean and skin them" (Yep, he can still turn out the odd phrase), and, strangely, "Sex with Dr. Ruth. The point is O'Rourke rails against people and ideas because he sincerely believes them to be wrong, and ultimately that America and capitalism are the best country and economic system in the world. You may not believe in his politics but his sense of style and humour are enough to provoke thought in the most hardened liberal.

John

● A Picador hardback book published by Pan Books, £14.99

## Parliament of Whores by P.J. O'Rourke

As post election fever begins to die down in America, P.J. O'Rourke has quietly slipped out the paperback edition of "Parliament of Whores" - a heroic attempt to comprehend the American government and the bureaucracy that has come to define it. O'Rourke is a man who dresses to the right, and it's from this right-wing standpoint that he generates his humour.

The book covers the 1988 American election and the following two years, during which time every aspect of the government is examined: the Supreme Court ("Doing the Most Important Kind of Nothing"), the Presidential Election ("Attack of the Midget Vote Suckers"), and "Among the Compassion Fascists" on the National March for Housing Now! campaign - and these are just the chapter titles. Buy this book. Definitely!

John

● Published by Pan Books, £5.99

## The Virago of Wicked Verse Edited by Jill Dawson

Much as I cringe at 'women's publications', I really am enjoying this anthology. I say 'am' because I never finish reading poetry books. The poems included in the collection cover a wide range of themes: Male and Female genitalia, motherhood, loverhood, not looking like Kim Basinger, etc. There's bawdiness, brashness, bolshiness, and a degree of wickedness in many of these poems. The saving grace is the humour. It's a laugh out loud on the tube (or in a lecture) kind of humour. However, aside from this, there are a few poems which jump up and slap your face, and some which gently touch your cheek.

A well balanced collection, with very little 'woe are we women', but plenty of talent, strength and chilling wit.

DARWEN

● Published by Virago Press, Price £7.99.

## I Hate the French Official Handbook by Denise Tatcher & Malcolm Scott

The 'I hate the French' Official Handbook by Denise Tatcher & Malcolm Scott.

'The French have always felt jealous of and inferior to the English. They are quite right to do so.' So starts this invaluable guide. All niggling little details that annoyed you so much in the froggies are compiled under comprehensive headings (50 reasons to hate the french, French rock'n'roll, Famous French etc.). Most of these are remarkably insightful and enlightening (although somewhat unfounded at time). Why is it that the suppository is still one of the most prescribed drugs by 'Ze French docteurs'? Why the Marquis de Sade was in fact a lightweight? The inventors of the bidet and the tampon, who were

## The Virago Book of Victorian Ghost Stories Edited by Richard Dalby

Well, that's a good start; the cover features 'Proserpine' by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and any one either aware of the legend or the artwork, will know that the piece features said lady's consumption of a poisoned pomegranate and her placid wait for death. Suitably melodramatic.

It is also universally acknowledged that, M.R. James and Henry James aside, women are the best writers of ghosts and supernaturally orientated stories, whether it be Elizabeth Gaskell, Rosa Mulholland, George Eliot or Mary Shelley. Their stories evoke such eerie beauty, such potent unbridled emotion, and profoundly giddy and soundless horror. This collection of short stories, with its magnificent sense of the macabre, makes extremely enjoyable reading, an entertaining night for all lovers of the virago. Hell hath no fury.

David

● Published by Virago Press; Price £6.99.

they? All is revealed! The book even goes one step further and explains why other nations hate the french (as if they needed reasons!).

A truly enjoyable read, although to fully enjoy it a good knowledge of the French and their culture is required; at £4.99 it is best to pose it or the book will seem rather bland.

By the way, the 50th reason to hate the french is that they are cannibals - they eat frogs.

Mr. Eric Engelbert Charles Rules.

PS: Francais, reveillez-vous! A quant le guide "Je hais les Roastbeefs" officiel. Reponses sur le dos d'une carte postale a Felix, Imperial College, SW7.

● Published by Arrow Books Ltd.,

# MATURE STUDENTS

(undergraduate or postgraduate)

Please come to a meeting on  
Tuesday 10th November in  
Ents Lounge, Union Building  
12.00 noon

to discuss issues specific to  
mature students, support  
mechanisms and advice

For more information call  
**Chris on ext 3501**  
**Catherine on ext 3515**

## Coming Soon....

Witches Abroad - Terry Pratchett

The Colour of Magic (Graphic Novel) - Terry Pratchett

The Myth-ing Omnibus & The Second Myth-ing Omnibus - Robert Asprin

Cannibalism: The Last Taboo - Brian Marriner

As well as books by A.W. Mykel, and Asimov & Silverburg.



# Film

## The Last of the Mohicans

Hawkeye (Daniel Day-Lewis) is an adopted Mohican (orphan of massacred white settlers) who, together with real Mohican Chingachgook and son, Uncas, happen to rescue Alice Munro (Madeleine Stow), her sister and Major Heyward (an English ally) from a bloody ambush by the Hurons, an enemy tribe allied to the French. They agree to escort them to Fort Henry and, during this time, Hawkeye and Alice fall in love. Thus begins this 'romantic adventure' set in the beautiful

countryside of Albany, New York during the American war between England, France and respective native allies.

Although this film is shot in widescreen format, Michael Mann rarely seems to take advantage of it. Most of the time we have either close-up overacting or dizzy battle scenes, even the panoramas are 'flat'. And the title is meaningless - the plot is almost wholly centred on the pseudo-Mohican Hawkeye, with the man in question, Uncas, barely getting a look-in. With the extreme violence, the end result is a ruralised version of Mann's previous project - Miami Vice.

**Aralia Elegantissima.**

● Opens Friday 6th, MGM Fulham Road.



*The Last of the Mohicans*

# Theatre

## Hay Fever

Noel Coward's petty little comedy, *Hay Fever*, examines, as is his wont, the moires of polite society and the chaos created when its codes are broken. The play is basically an extremely dilute and trivial version of Shaw's *Heartbreak House*—minus his masterly dialogue and dramatic flair. The central Bliss family cast off the acceptable social veneer of the day, replacing it with a strangely endearing facade of pseudo emotional extremes. They confuse, ignore, embarrass, exasperate and

finally drive away their bemused guests with an astounding mix of indifference, mock arguments and bursts of hamming. Though largely confected, their excesses seem strangely and refreshingly open in contrast to their stiff-lipped, iceberg guests.

An excellent cast led by the sparkling Maria Aitken as the fading dramatic diva Judith Bliss just manages to cobble a worthwhile evening from an essentially poor play. Even for Coward, characters are annoyingly cardboard, lacking his customary, self-conscious wit but valiant acting and directing render them credible and amusing. Once again, see it for the acting.

**Sara.**

● Richmond Theatre, Richmond tube/BR. Box Office 081-940 0088. Tickets £8-£12.

# Theatre

## Flowers for Algernon

You are now entering the cliché zone...

Reminiscent of Alan Bennet 'Talking Head' piece, this production is the video diary of a mentally retarded janitor, subjected to pioneering surgery to increase his intelligence.

Once seated in the small theatre, early scenes build the deeply emotional atmosphere which grips the audience throughout the play.

Mark Currie's performance is nothing short of spectacular, a virtuosic mix of movement and speech show a deep understanding of his subject matter. Mental retardation, as with drunkenness is very difficult to present credibly without some farcical touches, which would ruin this piece; this never occurs—rare moments of humour are inevitably followed by

soul searching as to whether these moments are funny, or are we laughing at Charlie Gordon's expense, the type of laughter he comes to understand all too painfully in the play. Conveying perfectly Charlie's pain and emotional upset, he leaves the stage having dumped all the emotional and moral questions squarely on the audience's lap.

Interesting and intelligent lighting coupled with very good direction through potentially tedious, planer soliloquies. Pinteresque touches and inventive use of the stark set by the young director, show real potential for the fledgling Tin Drum Theatre Company.

You'd be a fool to miss this. One point though, the theatre is conveniently next to King's Cross station, but is damn cold. So wrap up warm and GO.

**Richard.**

● Courtyard Theatre Club, 10 York Way, N1. Kings Cross tube. Box Office 071-833 0870. Tickets £4-£5.50.

## Just Between Ourselves

There isn't very much to say about the beginning—I simply missed it (London traffic!).

According to what I had heard about Alan Ayckborn I expected an outrageous comedy, and had visions of bursts of laughter all over the place. There were actually some quite funny scenes with birthday cakes, DIY, and accidental stripping (however slight). But although the four days portrayed, were all birthdays, the nature of the play is not half as cheerful as expected and you can't really call

it black humour either. Even though it's billed a comedy there is something rather sad about the play and this is not only because one of the characters is actually pathologically depressive. Much is made of meaningless everyday struggles; the selling of an unpopular little, red, although polished, car is definitely not the most difficult task in life. Odd.

**Kristine J Vaaler.**

● Greenwich Theatre, Crooms Hill, SE10, Greenwich BR. Box Office 081-858 7755. Tickets £5.50-£13.50.



*Just Between Ourselves*



**Invasion Werewolf**

Ever wondered why cult-movie fans seem to like old (1950s) horror movies so much? After all, they were usually underbudgeted, shot without a script, using special effects primitive by today's standards...What's so impressive about a big piece of coloured rubber-foam terrorising your local neighbourhood? How can anyone be interested in characters which are so stereotyped you forget in which movie you saw them (the mad scientist, the café waitress, the reporter, the federal agent)?

Well, if you want to find out, *Invasion Werewolf* is just the play to see. It's written and played by Johnny Myers who is himself a 50s horror fan, and it does a pretty good job of explaining the appeal of these movies. The idea is to take you into the office of a 'Cheapo Production' manager, and enter his imagination as he reads the script for a prospective horror picture. The more he reads, the more the

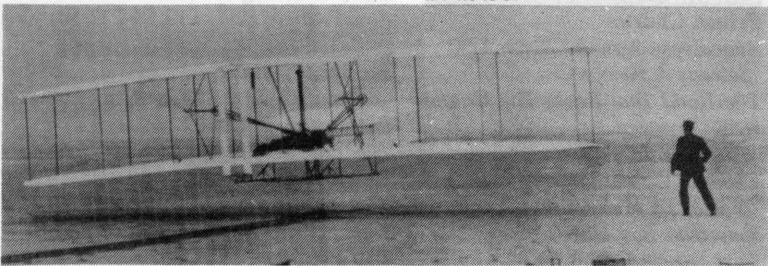
audience is able to see the movie forming in his mind.

The movie (*'Invasion Werewolf'*) is written and performed so well that the audience starts seeing in black and white, hearing glitches in the soundtrack, and generally forgetting they are in a theatre. Johnny Myers is capable of changing characters so convincingly and quickly that the acting seems almost simultaneous (his miming capabilities are also quite impressive...). The illusion of a movie is further enhanced by a clever use of lighting which helps streamline the changing of scenes, and the music and sound effects for the play are also quite good.

You may not come out of this play a cult-fan, but you will have 'seen' a good movie, and you will probably come to appreciate the underlying humour of this genre.

M.A.

●Old Red Lion, St Johns St Islington, EC1. Angel tube. Box Office 071-837 7816. Tickets £4-£5.50.



# Gallery

## Flight: Aeronautics Gallery, Science Museum

The Flight Gallery chronicles man's failures and successful attempts to fly.

Entering the gallery, you are led through a fascinating series of exhibits that trace the Dream of Flight. Da Vinci's early sketches lead onto the work of the early experimenter's Cayley, Henson and Stringfellow, before the start of powered and unpowered flight at the start of the twentieth century. The rest of the exhibits are divided into four sections. The historical narrative of the development of air transport continues through the use of archive footage and static displays.

The development of the aero engines is traced from the first piston powered engines to the first gas turbine engine designed by Frank Whittle. The evolution of the gas turbine continues through to the

large turbofans used on today's airliners and the engine used in the Harrier jump jet.

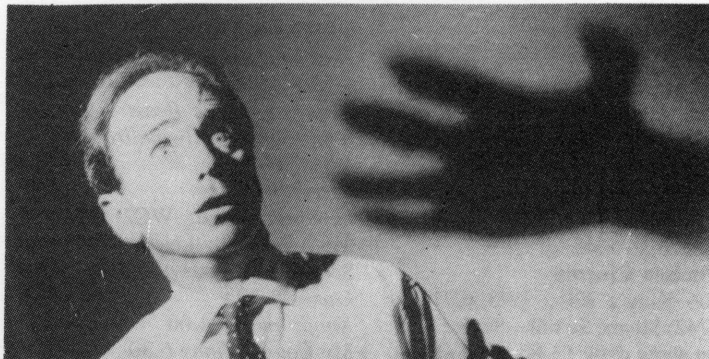
The remaining area of the gallery is used to display the Science Museum's extensive collection of aircraft and memorabilia. Hanging from the roof are a Spitfire, Hurricane, the first aircraft to cross the Atlantic - a Victor Vimy, the prototype Harrier Jump Jet, the cross-section from a 747 Jumbo Jet and many others. Housed in show cases are a range of flying suits, wind tunnel models and flight instruments and other exhibits.

To make the past more colourful and vivid, characters from the history of flight are played by actors who roam the gallery, bringing the past to life.

In order to make aeronautics easier to understand, there is a flight lab outside the gallery. Although nominally for the children, it demonstrates all the principles of flight through easy to understand models and simple experiments.

Steve Newhouse.

●The Science Museum is free to students and staff of Imperial College on production of your Union card or Swipe Card.



Wozzeck

# Opera

## Wozzeck

As theatre, ENO's *Wozzeck* is an engrossing and moving experience, and those who think they may not respond to Berg's overwhelmingly powerful, although initially difficult, music, need not be deterred.

David Pountney's production brilliantly combines the grim and the lurid; corrugated metal shutters rise and fall on the bleak barrack-room world in which *Wozzeck*'s three garish, grotesque tormentors, the nagging Captain, the sinister Doctor and the brutal Drum-Major, berate and bully him. *Wozzeck* himself needs to be much more than an anonymous victim; in a society which regards him as little more than a robot, it is his imagination and sensitivity which destroy him.

Donald Maxwell's is an ideal performance, bringing not only these characteristics but also accurate, rich-toned singing to the central role. He is complemented by Kristine Ciesinski, whose bright, strong voice is well-suited to the part of Marie, his unfaithful lover.

The triumphant concert performance of Schoenberg's *Moses and Aaron* which opened this year's Edinburgh Festival firmly established conductor Richard Armstrong's credentials as an interpreter of the Second Viennese School, and he devotes similar care and insight to Berg's complex and richly rewarding score. His is a clear-headed reading, all the more involving for its avoidance of hysteria in such climactic passages as the D minor interlude in the third act.

Patrick Wood.

●The London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane WC2. Box Office 071-836 3161. Tickets £9-£42.50.



Invasion Werewolf



## FRIDAY

## Cinema

## Camden Plaza

211 Camden High St, NW1 (071-485 2443) Camden Town tube. Seats £5; 1st show daily £3.80; concs £2.30 1st perf only. This week: *The Crying Game* 1.35 3.55 6.20 8.45

## Chelsea Cinema

206 King's Rd, SW3 (071-351 3742) Sloane Sq tube. Seats £5.50; 1st show daily £3.80; concs £2.80 1st perf only. This week: *Simple Men* 2.00 4.15 6.30 8.50

## Electric Cinema

191 Portobello Rd, W11 (071-792 2020) Notting Hill/ Ladbroke Grove tubes. Seats £4.50. Today: *Naked Lunch* 2.10 6.30

## Gate Cinema

87 Notting Hill Gate, W11 (071-727 4043) Notting Hill Gate tube. Seats £5.50, Sun mat £4; concs (card required) £3 Mon-Fri before 6pm, Sun mat £3. This week: *Husbands And Wives* 4.30 6.45 9.00 Late Fri, Sat 11.15

*The Duellists* + *Thelma And Louise* (Sun Mat) 12.20 2.10

## MGM Chelsea

279 King's Rd, SW3 (071-352 5096) Sloane Sq tube then bus. Seats £6; concs £3.50 Mon-Fri before 5pm. This week: *Strictly Ballroom* 2.30 4.55 7.20 9.40

*Unlawful Entry* 1.50 4.20 6.55 9.30

*Husbands And Wives* 2.00 4.30 7.00 9.35

*Beauty And The Beast* 1.50 4.20 6.40

*MGM Fulham Rd*

Fulham Road, SW10 (071-370 2636) South Ken tube then bus. Seats £6; concs £3.50 Mon-Fri before 5pm. This week: *The Last Of The Mohicans* 2.30 6.05 9.10

*Boomerang* 1.40 4.15 6.50 9.30

*Patriot Games* 1.10 3.55 9.30

*The Crying Game* 1.40 4.20 7.00 9.30

*Minema*

45 Knightsbridge, SW1 (071-235 4225) Knightsbridge/ Hyde Park tubes. Seats £6.50; concs £3.50 1st perf Mon-Fri for students. This week: *Husbands And Wives* 3.00 5.00 7.00 9.00

*Notting Hill Cornet*

Notting Hill Gate, W11 (071-727 6705) Notting Hill tube. Seats £5. This week: *The Last Of The Mohicans* (not Sat) 3.25 5.55 8.30 (Sat) 2.05 4.30 7.00 9.30

*Odeon Kensington*

263 Kensington High St, W8 (071-371 3166) Ken High St tube. Seats £6. This week: *Unlawful Entry* 1.15 3.55 6.35 9.15

*White Men Can't Jump* 1.15 4.00 6.45 9.30

*Bitter Moon* (not Sat, Sun) 3.00

6.05 9.10

*Husbands And Wives* 1.35 4.15 6.55 9.35

*Beauty And The Beast* 1.15 4.00 6.45 9.30

*Strictly Ballroom* 2.10 4.35 7.00 9.25

*Prince Charles*

Leicester Place, WC2 (071-437 8181) Piccadilly/Leicester Sq tubes. Seats £1.20. Today: *Silence Of The Lambs* 1.30

*Knight moves* 4.00

*My Cousin Vinny* 6.30

*The Lunatic* 9.15

*Scala*

257-277 Pentonville Rd, N1 (071-278 0051) King's Cross tube. Seats £4.50; concs £3 Mon-Fri before 4.30pm for students. This week: *Flaming Ears* + *The Way Of The Wicked* 3.15 5.10 7.00 8.50

*UCI Whiteleys*

Whiteleys Shopping Centre, (071 792 3324/3332). This week: *The last of the Mohicans* 11.25, 1.55, 4.30, 7.05, 9.40

*Unlawful Entry* 1.30, 4.10, 6.45, 9.25.

*Boomerang* 12.50, 3.30, 6.25, 9.05

*Strictly Ballroom* 12.10, 2.30, 4.30, 7.20, 9.55

*Patriot Games* 1.05, 3.45, 6.35, 9.15

*1492-Conquest of Paradise* 2.15, 5.35, 8.55

*Beauty and the Beast* 11.30, 1.45, 4.00, 6.15, 8.30

*The Crying Game* 1.20, 4.20, 7.00, 9.35

*Music*

*Bedazzled, Magic.*

*Powerhaus*, £5.

*Meat Beat Manifesto, Sundial, Lunarci, Spannerman.*

*Rocket, PNL*, £7 with Student ID.

*The Rockingbirds, John Shuttleworth.*

*ULU*, £6.

*Theatre*

*The Bush*

*Shepards Bush Green W12, 081 743 3388, A Handfull of Stars* £6-15, 8pm.

*Courtyard Theatre Club*

10 York Way N1, 071 833 0870.

*Flowers for Algernon* £4-5.50, 8pm

*Drill Hall*

16 Chenies Street WC1, 071 637 8270. *Lesbians who kill* £6-9, 7.30pm

*Etcetera Theatre*

*New Man* £4-5, 7.15pm

*Liar, Liar* £3.50-4, 9.30pm

*The Gate*

Prince Albert, 11 Pembridge Road W11, 071 229 0706. *The House of Benarda Alba*

*Greenwich Theatre*

Crooms Hill SE10, 081 858 7755

*Just between ourselves* £5.50-12.50, 7.45pm, Sat Mat 2.30pm

*Richmond Theatre*

The Green, Richmond,

081 940 0088 *Hay Fever* £8-18, 7.45pm

*Tricycle Theatre*

269 Kilburn High street, 071 328 1000 *Breaking Boundries* childrens Puppuppet Festival £2-5.50

*College*

*Silwood Park Bonfire and Fireworks display*, food, late bar and disco- tickets from Union office

*Rag Meeting* 1.10pm in the Ents Lounge opposite Da Vinci's.

*Third World First* weekly meeting 12.45 Southside Upper Lounge

*Fitness Club* 5.30pm in Southside Gym step Class take your student card.

*Cygnat Ring* play host to atmosphere in the Union Building from 8pm to 2am entrance £1. Bring your Union Cards.

*Saturday*

*Cinema*

*Prince Charles*

*Apocalypse Now In 70mm* 1.30

*Subway* 4.50

*The Hand That Rocks The Cradle* 6.55

*The Lunatic* 9.15

*Electric Cinema*

*Charlotte's Web* 12.00

*American Boy* 1.55 7.35

*Taxi Driver* 2.55 8.40

*Goodfellas* 5.00

*Scala*

*Flaming Ears* + *The Way Of The Wicked* 3.15 5.10 7.00 8.50

*UCI Whiteleys*

*Housesitter* 11.50 Sat and Sun only

*Music*

*Anna, Peach, Hedda.*

*Bull & Gate*, £3

*Drop Nineteens, Bang Bang Machine, Rollerskate Skinny*

*New Cross Venue*, £6

*Eskimos & Egypt, Pro-Gress.*

*Bassment, Regent Palace Hotel, Piccadilly*, £5

*Levitation, The Hinnies, Tabitha Zu, The Cuckoos, Genius Freak.*

*Underworld*, £5

*Sunday*

*Cinema*

*Electric Cinema*

*La Grande Illusion* 1.30

*La Regle Du Jeu* 3.40

*Three Brothers* 5.55

*Christ Stopped At Eboli* 8.00

*Prince Charles*

*1900* 1.45

*Kiss Of The Spider Woman* 4.15

*Toto The Hero* 6.30

*Fried Green Tomatoes* 8.45

*Scala*

*Trust* 4.30

*College*

*Fitness Club* 2.00-3.00pm in

*Southside Lounge. Intermediate.*

*Monday*

*Cinema*

*Electric Cinema*

*Rivers Edge* 1.30

*My Own Private Idaho* 3.20

*Bellissima* 5.30+

*Rocco And His Brothers* 7.35

*Prince Charles*

*Prince Of Tides* 1.30

*Kiss Of Comedy* 4.00

*Thelma And Louise* 6.15

*The Steeper And Deeper Ski Extravaganza* 8.30

*UCI Whiteleys*

*The Last of the Mohicans* 12.30, 3.10, 6.00, 8.40

*Strictly Ballroom* 1.05, 3.25, 5.45, 8.05.

*Beauty and the Beast* 12.40, 2.55, 5.50, 8.00

*Scala*

*Beneath The Valley Of Ultravixens* 4.25 9.10

*Supervixen* 2.30 7.25

*Music*

*DMC Mixmag Awards*

*Royal Albert Hall*, £12.50-£22.50

*Theatre*

*Etcetera Theatre*

*Sal and Dean* £3.50-4, 8pm

*Richmond Theatre*

*The Life of Gilbert and Sullivan* £8-17, 7.45pm

*College*

*Dance Club Beginners Rock and Roll* 7-8.30pm in JCR.

*Crystal Place vs Arsenal on TV in the Union Building.*

*Fitness Club* 5.30-6.30pm in Southside Lounge. Beginners

*Tuesday*

*Cinema*

*Electric Cinema*

*Bellissima* 1.30+

*Rocco And His Brothers* 3.35

*River's Edge* 7.00

*My Own Private Idaho* 8.50

*Prince Charles*

*Bugsy* 1.30

*Toto The Hero* 4.00

*Batman Returns* 6.10

*The Steeper And Deeper Ski Extravaganza* 8.30

*Scala*

*My Own Private Idaho* 5.15 9.00

*Drugstore Cowboy* 3.25 7.10

*Music*

*Jacob's Mouse, Tabitha Zu.*

*Camden Palace*, £2/£4

*Strangelove, Throw That Beat In The Garbage Can.*

*Borderline*, £5

*The 4 Of Us, The Lost Soul Band.*

*Clapham Grand*, £5

*Wonky Alice, Sunshot.*

*Windsor Old Trout*, £4

*Theatre*

*The Bush*

*Poor Beast in the rain* £6-15, 8pm

*Etcetera Theatre*

All on top £4-5, 7.30pm

*Tricycle Theatre*

*Trouble in Mind* £4.50-11, 8pm Sat Mat 4pm.

*College*

*French Soc Club meeting*, 12 noon

*Clubs Committee Room*

*Free Juke Box and Music* in the Union Building.

*Riding Club Meeting* 12.30-1.30, Southside Upper Lounge.

*ICSF* present 'Edward Scissorhands' in Mech Eng220 -£3 membership, £1 each film thereafter

*Radio Modellers Club meet* in Southside Upper Lounge 1-2pm

contact David Walker in Chem Eng 3.

*ICSF* open their Library every lunchtime to members who join for £3

*SLOTSOC* Every Tuesday 12.15pm-1.30pm in Southside Upper lounge

*Fitness Club* 5.30-6.30pm in Southside Lounge. Advanced.

*Dance Club Beginners Ballroom/Latin* 6-7pm.

*Intermediate Ballroom/Latin* 8-9pm. Advanced Ballroom/Latin 8-9pm.

*Wednesday*

*Cinema*

*Electric Cinema*

*Zero De Conduite* 1.45

*Taris + A Propos De Nice* 2.30+

*L'Atalante* 3.20

*The Long Day Closes* 5.15 9.10+

*Cinema Paradiso* 6.55

*Prince Charles*

*Kiss Of The Spider Woman* 1.30

*Cape Fear* 3.55

*Fried Green Tomatoes* 6.20

*The Steeper And Deeper Ski Extravaganza* 8.30

*Scala*

*Flaming Ears* + *The Way Of The Wicked* 3.15 5.10 7.00 8.50

*Theatre*

*Etcetera Theatre*

*Truth games in the 21st Century* £4-5, 9.30pm.

*College*

*French Society Pubcrawl* -meet Gloucester Arms Tavern, 7pm

*Club Libido* in the Union Building 9pm to 1am

*Tenpin Bowling Club meet* 2.15pm in Aero



## Wobs Hockey

Wobblers - IC Hockey 1st XI, Men's 28.10.92

Without a doubt, not even a very little one, it was team morale and fitness that pulled us through in Wednesdays' UAU match against King's. Great vision on the through balls and incredible execution inside the 'D' gave us an early lead (although they soon equalised)

A Testosterone-packed second half led to a tense midfield struggle, and lots of yellow cards. However we always looked likely to break the impasse and with our corruscating set plays we scored a well deserved second 'go-ahead' goal with only 10 minutes remaining.

We all held on to our huge loads, with Simon 'Gin' Curwood performing well in goal and 'Muff Diver' Higgin, in his last appearance, doing well in defence.

Simon, for his storming performance on the right wing, was awarded our quacking mascot - the eyeless duck called Blow Job. Our teams goals aided our bid for UAU champions.

An irate 2nd XI asked me to correct the score published last week. They scored twice in the first 15 minutes against King's and were always the dominant side. The result was IC 2nd XI 2 v 0 King's College.

## Rugby Wins

Imperial College Rugby First XV Imperial College continued their University Athletics Union (UAU) winning way by beating Brunel 17-13 at Uxbridge.

The game started in hectic fashion as IC conceded the obligatory three point penalty five minutes into the game.

They struck back on the twenty minute mark with a slick handling movement where Anton Fields put Dave Bolton in for his first try of the season. This was converted and was followed by a period of heavy pressure by the IC forwards, culminating in a converted penalty try when the Brunel pack dived in the scrum to stop Simon Pearson touching down. Another penalty by Brunel brought the half to a close with IC 14-6 up.

The second half was a scrappy affair with Brunel narrowing the deficit, with a converted try, to 14-13.

Debutante Mark Ashford narrowly missed a drop goal before Stuart Paynter kicked a penalty to complete the scoring. George Habib replaced Roger Gilchrist with ten minutes to go and IC held on for a hard fought win.

Imperial College Rugby Second XV ICRFC 8 Brunel 5

At last the seconds earned the win which reflects their efforts. Lead from the centre of the scrum by Captain Rich (Chunky) Clemey, the rest of the front row - Si Fuller and Mark Jackson, had an excellent game. Rucks and Malls were powerfully won by the rampaging John Cassidy and unstoppable Keith Simpson on the flank complemented by a powerful second row and speedy number eight.

A try in the first ten minutes by Lee Jefferson (unconverted) set the precedent for the rest of the game, more tries were deserved but unforthcoming. The penalty kick was also taken by Lee's immaculate boot. Unfortunately a try was conceded in the last few moments, but IC's relentless energy and effort was finally payed off at the final whistle.

The game was free flowing and lovely Rugby to watch, a fitting result considering our last few, hard fought, defeats.

**(Karl Drage, Vice Captain)**

Imperial College Rugby meet every Sunday at 12, Monday at 6 and Tuesday at 12 in the Union Gym.

## IC T. Tennis

Brunel v Imperial

At 12.45 there was panic as two of our best players couldn't play. Two reserves were quickly found. It seemed as though, after a 15-2 win in our first match (Mathias Stolpe, Mark Green and Richie Lam all unbeaten) we were now going to

struggle to win. However Mathias kept his unbeaten record, Guy Plowman scored 3/4 and Richie Lam and Prakash Rajn each scored 2/4. Richie and Mathias added the doubles for a more than satisfactory 12-5 win.

## Buffalo Trip

### ALL REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS

**You could win a national competition and a trip to America for the Student Games by reporting for your student newspaper's sports page.**

The *Independent* newspaper and the British Students Sports Federation are offering two students the chance to cover the World Student Games in the United States next year. The best student photographer and student reporter will be sent to Buffalo from the 8th to the 19th July 1993.

The two winners will travel with the British team. All their travel and accommodation costs will be met and they will work in Buffalo under the direction of the team management and the *Independent*.

Anyone at IC over the age of 18 on the 1st January 1993 and available to travel to Buffalo from the 5th to the 21st July 1993 is eligible to enter the competition.

Initially, reporters should submit a typed report (maximum 400 words) of any recent student sports event. Photographers should submit one or two photographs of an event taken in the period between October and December 1992. All entries have to be at the BSSF office no later than the 4th December 1992.

Any reporter or photographer producing material for the FELIX sports page is of course eligible for entry. Anyone who would like their work forwarded to the BSSF should come into the FELIX office on a Wednesday or Thursday lunchtime (with any reports/ photographs) for an application form and for further details.

## Chess Challenge

The Mestel Challenge took place on Monday evening in the Union Concert Hall. Dr Jonathan Mestel took on thirty of IC's top players in a simultaneous exhibition match.

The former British Champion put up a spectacular display of violent tactics and positional subtleties that baffled most of his opponents,

earning him 23 wins, 6 draws and 1 loss. IC's only consolation victory was scored by B Kluffinger of the Physics department.

D Tang, P Duncan, G Knott, K Wong, T Lee and B Birchell all achieved creditable draws.

The Chess Club extends its thanks to Dr Mestel.

NOVEMBER SCHEDULER	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
If you have an event planned for the dates below, submit all articles by Monday November 9th, 1pm	16	17	18	19	20	21	22

RESULTS TABLE					
ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL			HOCKEY (WOMEN)		
I.C. 1	0-1	Brunel 1	IC 1	1-7	Brunel 1
IC 2	0-4	Brunel 2	IC 2	1-0	Brunel 2
IC 3	2-4	Brunel 3			
BADMINTON (MEN)			RUGBY UNION		
IC 1	6-3	Brunel 1	IC 1	17-13	Brunel 1
IC 2	4-5	Brunel 2	IC 2	8-5	Brunel 2
			IC 3	36-7	Brunel 3
BADMINTON (WOMEN)			SQUASH (MEN)		
IC	6-3	Brunel	IC 1	0-5	Brunel 1
GOLF			TABLE TENNIS		
IC	4½-1½	Brunel	IC	12-5	Brunel
HOCKEY (MEN)			Imperial played away in all matches.		
IC 1	1-1	Brunel 1			
IC 2	0-1	Brunel 2			
IC 3	0-6	Brunel 3			