



Alarm Failure

by Declan Curry

Repairs to the fire alarm system in the Union Building have been made following a fire alert in the early hours of last Saturday morning. During the alert, it was found that magnetically locked 'maglocked' fire escape doors stayed shut. These doors are supposed to open automatically when Beit Quad fire alarms sound.

The door lock failure is being blamed on a drop in voltage across the relays in the locks. Fire contractors ASF replaced the relays in the system on Monday of this week, and Mr Rick Bilby, Union Deputy President, says that the doors 'are now working'. Mr Bilby described the door lock failure as 'seriously worrying.'

The drama began at three minutes past one last Saturday morning, when a fire glass outside the Union Bar was broken. The fire control panel in the Beit Quad security lodge indicated a fire in the Union Building, and College and Union security began an immediate evacuation. Beit Quad Hall of Residence was also evacuated.

Within less than a minute, Union stewards found that the emergency exits outside the Felix office and outside the Traditional Bar were still locked. College security were informed, and were asked to open the doors with a key. While waiting for College security to arrive through the packed Da Vinci's Bar, stewards attempted to force open the door outside the Bar.

Other Union stewards and Bar staff meanwhile evacuated Da Vinci's and the Traditional bar. Customers report that the alarm in Da Vinci's was 'barely audible', while bar staff in the Traditional Bar were only aware of a fire alert after

being informed by other staff, as the Traditional Bar alarm did not sound. Customers complained afterwards that the lights in the Traditional Bar were abruptly extinguished, causing mild panic.

Ents stewards evacuated the Ents lounge, while Union stewards checked all floors of the Union building above the ground floor. Fire evacuation routes on upper floors were created by unlocking the table tennis and snooker rooms, and the concert hall. Students left the Union building by the central doors on the ground floor, with Bar customers being evacuated past the catering area, a possible fire zone. The snack bar, along with Da Vinci's and the Traditional Bars, had ceased trading before the alert began. Over 600 people were in the Union building at the time of the alert.

College security opened the magnetically locked fire escapes five minutes after the alarms sounded, easing congestion at the main central doors. Concern has been expressed over the crush of people which developed near to these ground floor doors. In an article in this morning's Felix, Mr Bilby writes that the evacuation was completed 'in a longer time than I would consider satisfactory', adding that 'in the event of a real fire, such a delay could have extremely serious consequences'. On IC Radio last Monday, he said that the crush at the doors meant 'it took fifteen minutes to evacuate the building, when ideally one would have it evacuated in about five'. A full check of the building had been made after seven minutes, and the building was fully evacuated thirteen minutes after the alert began. Alarms were finally

Chair's Birthday



Sir Frank Cooper, chairman of Imperial College's Governing Body, celebrated his 70th birthday on Wednesday 2nd December. Sir Frank, a former Permanent Secretary at the Ministry of Defence, enjoys tennis.

switched off at 1.20am.

Of four main fire exits, only one, the central doors, was used for most of the alert. The magnetically locked doors outside the Felix office and outside the Traditional Bar were not opened until five minutes after the start of the evacuation. It is unclear if the fourth exit, on the first floor, was open during the alert. Leading onto Bremner Road, in front of the Albert Hall, this exit consists of a 'push-bar' inner door and a magnetically locked outer door. Mr Bilby said 'no-one is sure whether it opened or not. I probably think that it did'.

Customers have also complained about the slippery nature of the floor of the Union lobby in front of the central doors, and of the stairs from the lobby to the first floor. Some students told Felix that people slipped and fell to the floor during the evacuation, and that a fight developed in the lobby. Felix has also been told that some fire extinguishers were not working, and that stewards did not appear to have adequate fire training. Some students have also commented on the possibility of windows in the Ents Lounge and Da Vinci's Bar being modified to become fire exits.

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Tutor change

Dr Gareth Jones will assume the responsibilities for College Tutor until 30th September 1995. Dr Jones replaces Dr David Goodgame who stepped down from his post on 1st November this year.

The College Tutor for women will remain unchanged. Professor Julia Higgins will be part of a new

tutoring team with Dr Jones. The College Tutors oversee the role of all academic tutors with students in College.

Professor Higgins can be reached on x4549 or Chemical Engineering 531, Dr Jones is available on x6606 Physics 310.

Access funds

The applications for Access funds, a reserve of money set aside by the Government for students suffering financial hardship, were declared this week. Tony Cullen the Assistant Registrar, will be managing the distribution of the fund and forms can be collected from room 334 in the Sheffield building.

The organisation of the fund has changed significantly from last year. The round of applications

which started on Tuesday is only open to certain groups of students. Those with incomes below Local Education Authority Grants and others with extra unavoidable costs, such as children and medical costs are eligible.

In a notice posted around college Mr Cullen stated that another round of applications may take place in the summer term. Other cases will be considered at this point.

Fascist concert bid

by Gareth Light

A right wing Student group threatened to physically prevent a concert by German rapper 'J' from taking place last Friday at Goldsmiths college in South London.

At 1pm, college officials reported taking a call from a man claiming that he represented 'The Nation Union of Fascist Students', and threatened to firebomb the concert - although there are conflicting reports on this aspect. It is certain

however, that other physical threats were made, and J's representatives - having been informed of these - offered to cancel the show.

In spite of all the drama, the concert went ahead as planned without any trouble. This is possibly due to the 'substantial' Police security that arrived when news of potential violence reached them, but it is believed more likely that the embryonic Nazi element failed to arrive.

Warwick Boar Censure Threat

The Warwick University Students Union is set to wrap the knuckles of its own student newspaper this week. The move follows allegations in last weeks issue of the Warwick Boar concerning the use of election funds in sabbatical elections and unethical practice by the personal assistant to a member of the shadow cabinet.

The Warwick Boar is now facing a motion of censure at today's Union General Meeting. Union sabbatical officers, elected on a Labour Party 'slate', have condemned 'unethical practice' at the newspaper, and the Union treasurer is reported to have threatened to cut the paper's budget

after the publication of the story. A 'Boar' editorial says that the affair is 'the tip of the iceberg', and has accused Labour sabbatical candidates of irregular election procedures.

Mr Bob Wilkinson, Personal Assistant to Labour treasury spokeswoman, Harriet Harman, is reported to have used computer equipment at the University of Warwick for private constituency work. Personal details of a Peckham constituent were found on a computer disk at the University Students' Union. The contents of the disk, which is used in the Union's general office, were uncovered by students working for

Staff shake up

A substantial staff shake up in the Humanities Department of Imperial College was officially revealed this week. Announced in a College wide notice on Monday, Angus Frazer, Imperial's managing director, made known changes that has been rumoured for some time.

In the rearrangement Dr Sinclair Goodlad, will become the director of Humanities, he is best known for his involvement with the Undergraduate Research Opportunities Programme (UROP) and the Pimlico Connection. He replaces Mr Eric Staples who will act 'as a consultant to coordinate the whole of the Humanities language teaching' and will continue to edit Network, Imperial's staff

magazine.

Dr Norman Smith has retired as Reader in History of Technology and Dr James Secord has resigned as Senior Lecturer in the History of Science. The appointment for this post was awarded to Dr Andrew Warwick.

Dr David Edgerton will take over as lecturer in the History of Technology from January 1st. This post will include special responsibilities liaising with London University, the Science Museum and University College on MSc. courses in the History of Science, Technology and Medicine as well as responsibility for teaching on all of the Humanities courses.

Doctor debt

by Felix reporters

The health of medical students is suffering and their studies are being jeopardised because of high levels of debt. A survey of more than 300 medical students at Bristol University showed that one in five fifth year medics have debts of over £5,000. The survey has prompted the Scottish British Medical Association (BMA) to seek ways of relieving debt related stress in medical students.

The Scottish BMA has approached the Clydesdale Bank about the possibility of setting up a debt counselling service. A spokeswoman for the BMA in Scotland said 'the matter of student debt is sufficiently serious to have deans of medical schools ask us

about counselling newly qualified doctors'. Nick Steele, chairman of the BMA Medical Students' group, said he hoped a Scottish pilot scheme would be extended to other parts of the United Kingdom. 'Medical graduates have excellent prospects of repaying their debts,' he said.

The move follows the negotiation of a £10,000 loan package for students enrolling on Nottingham Trent University's Law Society final examinations. The Royal Bank of Scotland has agreed to lend up to £500,000 to students on the legal practice course, to be repayed up to five or seven years after qualification. Interest is to be charged at preferential rates.

related documents had been found on the disk. She added that these included a press release, an address directory, surgery notes, and the letter which was published by the Boar.

Mr Lemon claimed that the story was designed to discredit Labour candidates standing in Union elections next spring, and said 'there is no question of a misuse of funds'. He added that Mr Wilkinson paid for the use of union equipment, but Mr Lemon could not recall how much was paid, or when the payment was made.

Editorial

Religion

Religion is the politics of insecurity. We doubt, religion answers, we waver, religion is firm, we are insecure and religion is solidity. Posters and information which shock personal insecurities are put out by religious groups, to attract us to the church, and satisfy our unanswered questions. How then can a religion be anything else but fatally flawed? If membership of any religion is brought about by a press gang of our own doubts how can it answer the questions we beg answers for?

This week was Islamic Week. It released propaganda as described above, and played merry hell with the emotions of anyone who was not a Muslim. I have no personal disagreement with Islam, because every religion on the planet performs exactly the same tricks.

Religions are built on insecurity and nurture neurosis. How have

they survived for so long? Easy. How many wars, murders, and revolutions, have been caused by groups of believers? Sikhs, Muslims, Hindu, Protestants, Catholics, Jews and even Buddhists, all have been at each others' throats since the dawn of time.

What is most amazing is that, in a science college, doubts are still regarded by students as unacceptable. Surely we welcome doubt. It allows us to question the world and its workings without the prejudices of religion. How long will it take to release ourselves from bigotry? We should see religion as it really is; a waste of time, and a grabber of money. If anyone doubts this, they need look no further than the USA and the evangelistic preachers on prime time-television.

IC Radio

IC Radio are applying for an FM broadcasting licence, to use in Freshers' Week next year. This has

been granted to other student radio stations in the past, and there is a reasonable chance of them getting it. The licence is granted by the Radio Authority, and approval would be more likely if senior members of College were to 'put in a good word'. If any persuasion was needed; a serious student radio station would attract students to study in central London. Is anyone out there listening?

Christmas Special

Next Friday as you rush into college to get your fresh copy of Felix, you may well be disappointed. Felix will not appear until Wednesday 16th December. But it will be an extra-large, bumper-packed, super-special festive issue. If the Union does not burn down with Felix staff unable to get out of the fire doors (whiff of crisp turkey), you should have two supplements to take home and impress your friends, relatives and budgie. Please be patient, even

though I know it will be hard to go without your regular fix of Felix next Friday.

Credits

News: Declan, Mimi, Phil, Gareth.

Features: Beccy, Mimi, David Spooner.

Reviews: Sara, Poddy, Ian, Mario, Rob.

What's On: James, Poddy.

Sports: Sarmad, Jonathan.

Bunches of holly to: Rose, Andy, Phil H, Steve Newhouse, Gina, Dom, Red Mullet, Rick, Chris, Andy Kerr, Rachel, Gareth, Sam, Simon.

This has been another spectacular edition of Felix. The Felix staff would like to wish good luck to Dom as he tries to come up with a new catchphrase over the Christmas holidays. Kick off those canary yellow sweatshirts and bring back the rubine.

Cat's Eyes

Near Miss

The IRA attempted to savagely blow up the Dominion theatre last Tuesday where the Prince and Princess of Wales were to attend the Royal Variety Performance in a few days time, but failed miserably due to three small errors: The first is that Scotland Yard received a coded warning, (obviously not that well coded); the second is that a mysterious figure was seen on the roof of the theatre, allegedly

planning a second bomb (probably that millionaire Texan, Steve what's-his-name, plotting his revenge against Princess Di for not leaving her husband); and thirdly, according to some reports, they forgot to prime the bomb (cue mass hysterical laughter).

Their target was meant as a gesture of defiance following revelations that they had planned to assassinate the couple nine years ago at the same venue, but thanks to an accomplice turned informer, allegedly, the police were tipped off, (and I thought back-stabbing only occurred within the House of

Commons).

But Tuesday nights lucky escape was the third in a row for London. How many lucky escapes can we have before our luck runs out?

Aids

I am sick of having the safe sex message being thrust down my throat every time there is yet another AIDS awareness week. Along with all the mountain of bump that is suddenly available, there are always a multitude of documentary-type programmes that appear on TV about people who have the HIV virus and are at some stage on the road to a painful death.

Nearly all of these programmes however are about your average, ordinary heterosexual who has contracted the virus by blatant stupidity. What about the drug users and homosexuals? TV has apparently ignored these members of the public, again showing signs of prejudice to these people as if it is them that heterosexuals should blame for the spread of AIDS.

If TV is an unbiased medium then I must be watching the wrong programmes since all these AIDS-umentarys are total bollocks as far as fairness is concerned.

P.J.Dodd

Beit Back

Are YOU so wise that you can put a price on people's safety? Obviously we have been blessed this year with some of the most fantastic sabbaticals since Einstein because this is exactly what they are doing. Time after time they have been warned that Union Security is not what it should be and the only response to calls for more Stewards or better equipment is "we can't afford it". It also seems that last

year's Deputy President, Ye Olde Johnny Griffiths (32), trained Tricky-Ricky-Bilby very well. In fact Rick seems to be doing exactly what Jonathan did last year—as far as security goes, absolutely nothing.

Let's take a look at last Friday night. Six hundred or more people in the Union Building, one fire door. Now, while fire alarm systems may be the domain of college management and not the union, did it not occur to those who we voted to power last February to substantiate the claim that the East and West fire doors would magically release themselves in the event of an emergency? And what form of telepathy are patrons of the union bar expected to exercise when the alarms sound everywhere but in that infamous drinking hole? Yes, while being almost inaudible in Da Vinci's, the alarm did not even sound in the other bar. Oh, and let's not forget the disco. Friday night

boppers probably thought the bells were part of the sound effects—once again, IF they heard them. We were lucky on Friday night. It could have been the 'major incident' that some have been prophesying. And then what mess would the licensees have been in? I believe there are laws governing the provision of 'steward' type staff at events—are these laws being met?

We might not like the high and mighty attitude of some of the stewards but when you think about it in the cold light of day, they have a very difficult job coping with 600 students under the influence. They have a lot of experience, and from what I can see most display above average levels of common sense, responsibility and professionalism. So why are they not being listened to? Virtually every Friday night there is 'an incident', ranging from verbal assaults on union staff to full scale evacuations. A year ago there

was a vast change in union security when card checking was introduced and the then duty officers started working in groups on Wednesday and Friday nights using age old radios to stay in touch (this after a duty officer was assaulted). Now it is time for another such vast change. However, since the beginning of term (when, it seems, an external source made a detailed report on the faults with union security) nothing has changed. A person who was only last year a student, who has no experience or knowledge in the field of organisational security, and whose money control policy is simple (don't spend any), is responsible for your safety. COULD YOU LIVE WITH YOURSELF IF SOMEONE GOT SERIOUSLY INJURED IN THE UNION, RICK?

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

Food Corrections

Dear Jonty,

I would like to correct some inaccuracies which appeared in Felix Issue 949 on 20th November, Catering Laws affect Imperial Students.

The College policy on the provision of food for sale is as follows:

All food sold on College premises, or food provided for private functions in rooms controlled by the College approved caterers (including ICU) must be supplied by College approved caterers.

Parties using food in low risk categories eg. crisps, nuts etc, are exempt and parties for fifty people or less may be exempt if approved by the College approved caterers, depending upon the food items to be supplied.

In areas not controlled by the College approved caterers it is the responsibility of the relevant Head of Department to ensure that the food provided complies with the provisions of the 1990 Food Safety Act.

Departments must obtain advice on these matters from David Smith, Catering Operations Manager.

Senior College figures have not banned the use of external catering firms for any functions held within College buildings. The College

administration are aware of their legal responsibilities under the 1990 Food Safety Act, and do not wish to permit events to take place which could potentially put at risk the health of guests attending functions and at the same time render the College authorities liable for prosecution.

The Act specifies the need for food handlers to be trained, for hand washing facilities to be available, and for strict adherence and monitoring of temperature controls of food in transportation, storage and display.

The concern to College is where hosts of events for large numbers produce food at home, where there is inadequate refrigeration for that amount, transport it in to College, without proper chilling and heating facilities, hold it in College in an inappropriate environment and then offer it for sale.

Societies wishing to host events are welcome to use College catering or, if using an external supplier, must comply with a checklist of requirements and give six weeks notice.

Details are available from the Union Manager, Mandy Hurford, and Catering Operations Manager, David Smith.

*Yours sincerely,
Simon Westerman.*

JCR Reply

Dear Editor,

An unfortunate incident took place in the JCR on 18th November during the Overseas Week, where the Turkish Society stand was attacked by a violent crowd demanding the removal of a tourist poster from the display board. As the poster did not have any political content and a direct insult to any group or individual, we, the Turkish Society members, think that it was wrong to accept their demand and remove the poster.

We think that, there must be some principles and regulations ruling the activities of the societies within the ICU, and every society should stand up to protect these principles. By trying to stand up against those hooligans that day in the JCR, we think the Turkish Society has played its role in protecting these principles. When the ICU Officers Rick Bilby and Dominic Wilkinson arrived at the Turkish Society stall they stated that they did not find the poster in question offensive either. Unfortunately, after having spoken to that violent crowd Mr Wilkinson seemed to realise that it was easier to ask the Turkish Society to remove the poster than to free the

room from that aggressive group of people to maintain order in the JCR.

From that point, we think the Turkish Society and the Overseas Students Committee (OSC) have a right to demand an apology from the ICU for not being strong enough to maintain a peaceful atmosphere in the JCR for the Overseas Societies to carry on with their activities within the Overseas Week. That apology should also be demanded from the ICU for trying to impose on an Overseas Students Society the decision of a group of hooligans on which posters can or cannot be displayed.

We also think that every student in this college should be able to display a poster from his/her home town regardless of whether or not his/her country has been recognised by the United Nations. And we think that he/she should be able to do this within a society that he/she feels comfortable with.

We also strongly believe that the whole body of OSC should act in harmony by condemning the action of the crowd of hooligans in the JCR on 18th November, resulting in the closure of the JCR.

*On behalf of the Turkish Society,
Sener Sezgin.*

Speaking Out

Dear Jonty,

Anonymity is a recurrent whinge of the Rector. Sir Eric criticises Beit Back, some letters and the like for their absence of names. He assures us that no one need fear expressing their views in Felix. No one will be victimised, he tells us.

Why, then, are some students being disciplined by College

Disciplinary committee for the expression of their views? Would they be exempted from this witch hunt if they wrote same opinions in Felix, rather than verbally?

It's time he came clean on this one. Even if he has to write in Felix to do it.

*The usual regards,
Declan Curry.*

Alarmed

Dear Sir,

In the wake of yesterday's (Friday 27th) fire alarm in the Union Building at just after 1am, there are four questions that I would like to see publicly answered by the college authorities:

1. Why are the alarm bells so quiet as to be barely audible above the hubbub in Da Vinci's, let alone in the disco?

2. Why did the door between the Union Bar and Da Vinci's not unlock automatically to allow people egress into Beit Quad? (This door could not be kicked down. I know because I was one of three people including a Union Steward who put a lot of effort into trying

to break it!!)

3. Why were there no fire engines in attendance? Can such a heavily populated building honestly not be connected directly to the fire station?

4. How many people are going to have to die before the college management sees fit to upgrade this and other fire alarm system in college buildings?

I hope that these questions can be answered in this publication, but I fear that college management, as is their wont will ignore this potentially fatal incident.

*Yours faithfully,
C A France, Civ Eng 2.*

Fresh

HAIRDRESSERS

15A HARRINGTON ROAD,
SOUTH KENSINGTON
071-823 8968

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

Check us out !

That's Entertainment

This Friday sees the great Club Atmosphere rear its ugly head from the more of tedium that is the day-to-day life at Imperial College. Swing your pants and fling your body to the soul funk fusion indie poppy dance progressive house 70s retro, techno-tribal, shamanic, archaic revival. The evening kicks off with the Smile Zone, 20% off all drinks at the bar from 8.30pm till 10pm then a bar till 1am. The now legendary Ents disco will be kicking it loud from 8pm till 2am. Entrance to this fun-filled extravaganza is a whole pound (proceeds to Nursery Benefit).

This is quickly followed the week after (11th December) by a festival of hypnotism and mysticism featuring the all time great, Geno Washington. This American soul crooner is also one of the country's top hypnotists. Sing like M J and Prince and other very embarrassing antics. Tickets available now, see posters for details.

But no!! The fun just never stops here in Ents land. The last night of term, 18th December, is kits off and eyes down for a full house, the house of Dr Death Bang!! Along with these officionados of funk soul dance, that are *Death Bang Party*

(back by public demand) will be *Pussies Galore*. Tickets for this most prestigious of all Ents events are very limited and are available from the Union Office now!! Get your tickets now to avoid disappointment.

Andy & B J.

applications are invited for the position of

SUBWARDEN Fisher Hall

We are looking for a friendly, resourceful and responsible individual to assist the Warden in the day-to-day running of the hall, in return for rent-free accommodation suitable for a single person.

Application forms are available from the student accommodation office and should be returned to Dr R J Murphy, Department of Biology by 5pm on: **Friday 11 December 1992**

The Official Version

At the 'Atmosphere' event in the Union building last Friday, the fire alarm was set off at around 1am when a 'break glass' switch was tampered with. Evacuation of the building was initially prevented at the east staircase exit as the magnetically locked doors into the Quad failed to open automatically. Union Stewards immediately called the Beit Quad security guards who opened the door manually enabling evacuation to be completed, though in a longer time than I would consider satisfactory with regard to the safety of those in the building. Obviously, in the event of a real fire, such a delay could have extremely serious consequences. The malfunction was due to a fault at the interface between the existing fire alarm system, and the 'maglock' system which was installed over the summer vacation. This fault has now been rectified, and we have arranged for a special weekly test of the entire Union building alarm system, to take place before the 'Atmosphere' event each

Friday. The only time the 'maglock' doors are closed while the building is in use is during an event.

A further problem highlighted on Friday night was the fact that alarm bells are not audible in some parts of the Union building, notably the Traditional Bar when busy. College fire officers were already aware of this problem, and had placed an order for a new power supply unit designed to boost the power to all bells and hence make them louder. Ironically this power supply unit was delivered last Thursday!

College authorities have taken the incident very seriously, and rather than attempting to find a scapegoat to 'hang from the yard-arm' are more concerned with bringing the Union fire alarm system up to scratch. I have been assured that the new power supply unit will be installed as soon as possible.

Rick Bilby
Deputy President

Careers Info

There are two Careers Talks this coming week at 1.00-1.50pm:

Tuesday 8th December: 'The Civil Service' by Mr Micahel Herron of the DTI—in LT213 Huxley—Clore Lecture Theatre.
Thursday 10th December: 'Environmental Careers' by Professor Nigel Bell of ICET—in LT213 Huxley—Clore 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.

Careers Seminars are being held each Wednesday afternoon from 2.00-4.00pm, sign up in the Careers Service.

For further information come to the Careers Service, Room 310 Sheffield—open from 10am to 5.15pm Monday to Friday. A Duty Careers Adviser is available for quick queries from 1.00-2.00pm daily.

Small Ads

●BASSIST wanted for new wave/punk band playing own songs phone 071-727 1123/229 5116 ask

for Sajeen Room G9.

●MOUNTAIN BIKE for sale 20" frame, cost £850 new, quick sale £400 ono. Contact Simon Ibbotson, Physics 2.

●IMPERIAL COLLEGE Indian Society presents: Rhythm in Motion on 11 December, 7.30 till late in the JCR, Imperial College, Exhibition Road. Members £3.50, non-members £4.50. We will be presenting a cultural evening. Tickets and information available from Rupa Patel, Maths 3; Indy, ISE 3; Divya, Biochem 1.

MONTPELIER HALL Subwarden

Applications are invited for the post of Subwarden in this Postgraduate Hall of Residence. The successful candidate will be a postgraduate research student with at least 18 months remaining at IC, and a proven interest in pastoral care and social activity.

Please submit a completed application form (obtainable from the Accommodation Office) by Friday December 11, to the Warden, Dr Richard Clarke, in the Electrical Engineering Department. Enquiries should be addressed to the Warden on ext. 5124 (day) or on 581 8895 (evenings and weekends).

Short-listed candidates will be interviewed during the last week of term.

ATMOSPHERE

in the Union Building
TONIGHT

£1 in, all proceeds donated to
Imperial College Day Nursery
8-2am

★bar till 1am

★disco till 2am

★smile zone happy hour:
8.30-10pm

Great Sightseeing Challenge

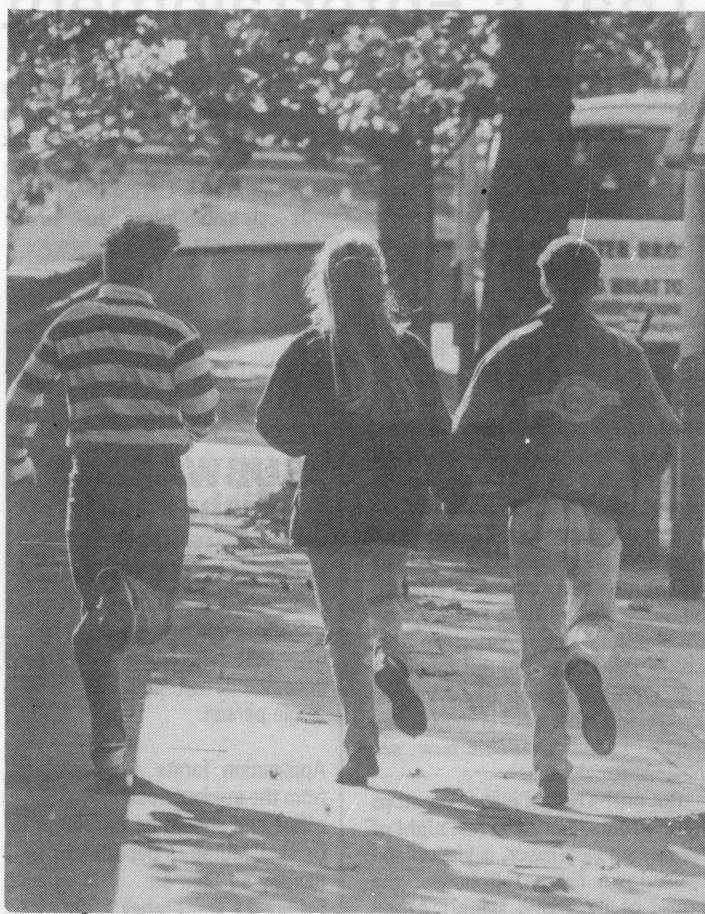
Have you ever tried to leapfrog around Trafalgar Square? Or carry a seventeen stone team-mate one hundred meters down the road and back in under one minute? Do you know what piece of surgery Queen Victoria's statue underwent recently? If you don't, those that took part in RAG's GSSC last Saturday certainly do. Five teams and a total of forty collectors braved the freezing cold to shake their cans and strut their stuff in aid of Shelter, a charity for homeless people and those in inadequate housing (no, that doesn't include Halls of Residence!). Although the turnout was a little lower than we'd hoped for, morale was high and everybody entered into the spirit of the event.

The challenge, for those of you who didn't read last week's article, was to visit nine specified locations in as short a time as possible, collecting money and accruing points by completing physical challenges, trivia questions and on the spot scavenges. Extra points were also available by bribing the marshals with suitable liquid

refreshment (I believe coffee was actually the most requested bribe!). The locations were all popular tourist sights, as you may have guessed by now, and included places like Sadlers Wells, Covent Garden and Camden Lock so the teams got to see all the things they'd been too busy doing RAG to see before.

A big thanks to all the marshals, most of whom stayed out in the cold for the greater part of the day - except for brief forays in search of warmth. Some of them even managed to collect as well! Personally, I thought that the amusement obtained from watching one team attempt to build a human pyramid in Parliament Square made it all worthwhile.

The top team won Shelter baseball caps and T-shirts and everyone else that took part also gets a T-shirt, so if you think that you are due a prize, come along and find out at the RAG meeting on Friday at 1.10pm in the Ents lounge.



Grand Tour

Sixteen European capitals in 132 hours, straight after the end of term is the impossible dream of three intrepid IC first years. This unusual RAG stunt is the brainchild of Garden Hall, desperate to increase their total. Our truly international team comprises one Pole, one Ozzie, and some guy from north of Watford. We'll return with a photo of a human pyramid under the Eiffel Tower, praying at the Vatican, stepping off a tram in Vienna,

etc...any request considered, reasonable or otherwise. If you're kicking yourself for not thinking of this before console yourself by throwing your money at Richard 'vodka' Marchlewski, John Williamson or Kevin 'northern twat' Ward, all from Garden Hall. Be warned, if you haven't been hassled for sponsorship yet you'll see us in lectures. Support IC abroad and RAG.

Halls' News

Hall League Table

	Hall Total	Per Resident
Willis Jackson	£1457.94	£18.69
Falmouth Keogh	£2700.29	£14.68
Garden	£1203.64	£13.52
Weeks	£732.13	£11.09
Linstead	£2012.22	£10.70
Tizard	£1183.98	£9.86
Fisher	£1804.63	£9.75
Southwell	£1207.05	£6.94
Selkirk	£241.31	£3.35
Bernard Sunley	£162.88	£1.61

Rag Week Plug

RAG WEEK
Any silly ideas?
Sponsor forms now available
 See Mike Chamberlain
 Rag Sponsored Events Officer

Rag Raid Revenge

'Oh no' I hear you cry, 'not another amazing RAGraid!' Yes, that's right. On Saturday 5th December (that's tomorrow), Chris Pease, the Rag raid coordinator, will be taking a minibus to Aylesbury to collect for Barnados and he wants you on it! All bodes well - the weather can't possibly be as cold as it was for the

Great Sightseeing Challenge, and Tim Atkinson (the driver), has promised not to drink anything alcoholic the night before....! What more reason do you need? Secure your place NOW by signing up in the Rag Orifice, or at the Rag meeting on Friday.

CONVEY THE POWER OF SCIENCE WITH THE FORCE OF YOUR WORDS

WIN AN ALL EXPENSES PAID TRIP TO THE USA

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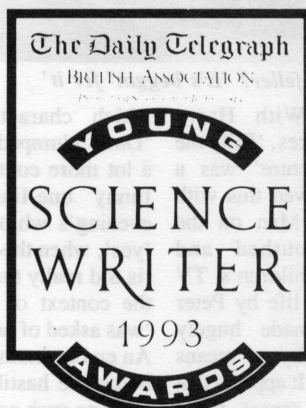
Yet the British public at large tend to regard scientists as poor communicators. The Daily Telegraph Young Science Writer Awards 1993 offers an opportunity to bridge the divide: write an article which informs and entertains the public, and the winners will have their articles published on the Monday science page of Britain's most popular quality daily newspaper.

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The competition is open to 16 - 21 year olds (inclusive at February 27, 1993), who should write about the scientific discovery of their choice, and to 22 - 28 year olds (inclusive at February 27, 1993), who should write about any recent scientific discovery or research. If research is described, it may be their own.

For a leaflet with more details, please contact your school head of department, your postgraduate dean of studies or call Lynn Milsom on 071-494 3326 or write to her at the British Association, Fortress House, 23 Savile Row, London W1X 1AB.



COMPETITION
CLOSING DATE

FEBRUARY 27, 1993.

YOUNG
SCIENCE WRITER
1993

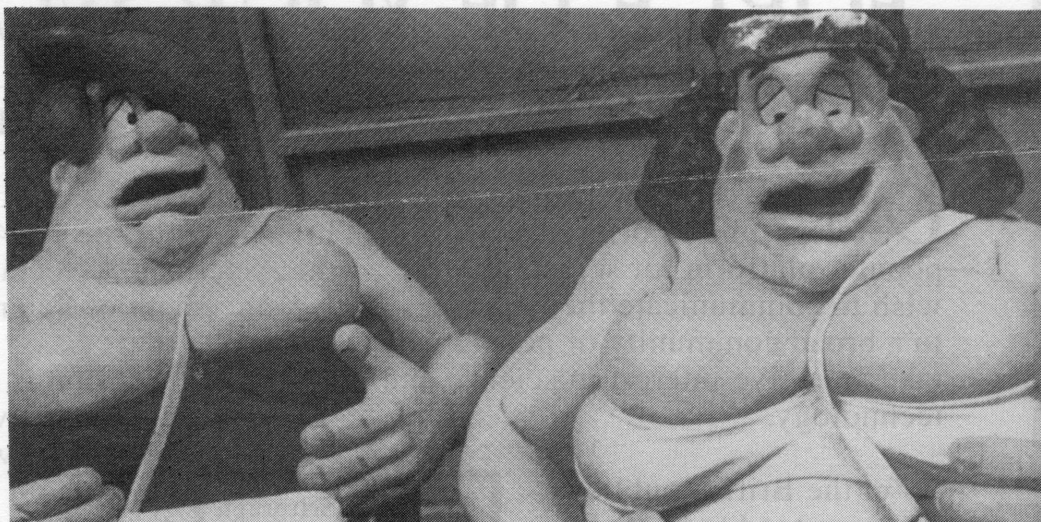
VIZ

V I D E O S

Ladies and Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to present, for your delectation, the hysterically funny, the shockingly adolescent.... making another taste-free entrance into British homes, at no particular offence to your sensibilities and intellect, I give you, THE VIZ VIDEO EXTRAVAGANZA!! (Cue trumpet fanfare)

When I first saw the comic Viz way back in 1987, its lip-smacking humour and fireproof wit seemed to bring new life to what had essentially become a haggard and prematurely flogged format, much the same as the Young Ones had revitalised the sitcom idea by taking the piss out of it. What materialised were the sort of plots, and the sort of kids, that gestated around minor public schools in pre-war Britain, a hearken back to the days of The Beano, Just William and all those pre-pubescent fantasy characters dreamt up by people who really did not have cause to patronise children. Arguably, the same fate awaited Viz; Viz's unique attraction, however, was the magnificent injection of cartoon violence and the intelligent application of 'adult' themes to its stories and characters, but with the comic's cornerstones being the immensely puerile Johnny Fartpants, Buster Gonad, and Postman Plod, the honeymoon had to end. Viz officially ceased to be funny in January 1989.

Notwithstanding this minor setback, Viz stuck its tongue in its cheek even further than before and stoically refused to accept the inevitable. Result? The 'comic for adults' went from strength to strength, astutely acquiring for itself a couple of (much) lesser rivals, whose names escape me in much the same way as their humour does. But, to return to our topic. In December 1990, Channel 4 commissioned from John Brown Publishing (the organisation behind Viz) a cartoon featuring Billy the Fish, a half-man, half-fish character who played the Goalkeeper in a bewildering homage to Roy of the Rovers. Also featured on the team were Brown Fox, a 'Large-Breasted Squaw', Johnny X, the obligatory invisible man, Mick Hucknall from Simply Red ('he failed to deliver after a promising start, in a bizarre parody of his pop career'), and



'Eeh, San, see that feller? 'E's beggin' fer it'

Shakin' Stevens. With Harry Enfield doing the voices, 'Billy the Fish-the Motion Picture' was a triumph. They followed this with 'Roger Mellie, the Man on the Telly', a foul-mouthed and incredibly tactless children's TV presenter brought to life by Peter Cook. Again, it made hugely entertaining, though by no means compulsive, viewing. It appears that recent attempts to repeat these successes with 'Sid the Sexist' and 'The Fat Slags' have been, shall we say, a little fraught.

The nature of the problem lies within the material itself. While 'Roger Mellie' has much content designed to offend, the concept is 'politically' sound, something neither Sid or the Slags can claim to have. Channel 4 declined to show them; therefore, both have been marketed through video where they remain reasonably accessible. A few weeks ago, Felix was admitted to a secret location, with a privileged group, for a very special screening....

The initial feeling among the group was one of disappointment. The first witness, who declined to be named and for the purposes of this article will be referred to as 'Dom', said he found 'the transfer from paper to celluloid interesting, but the wibbly-wobbly bits with the Fat Slags were not present; they were no more disgusting than the rest of the characters, which was the problem'. 'Sam' disagreed; she said, 'I found the Rubber Panhandlevision brought them to life superbly', and, when asked

which character he preferred, 'Dom' plumped for Sid, as 'it was a lot more continuous, with more funny one-liners'. 'Phil', the evening's whipping boy, decided 'yes', when the rhetorical question 'is Sid really that extreme when in the context of Imperial College?' was asked of no-one in particular. An embarrassing silence followed, before he hastily added that there were no such comparisons with the Slags. Sid the Sexist, the general favourite, features the voice of Bob Mortimer, drinking down the local, getting chucked out of the disco, and a holiday in Marbella, where he and his chums come a cropper with 'some dago bush'. A cartoon in the conventional sense, as opposed to the plasticine Fat Slags, featuring Waynetta Slob of Harry Enfield's 'the slobs'. They ate a great deal of food, drunk a great

deal of beer, and shagged a couple of taxi drivers, some very drunk, very little men, one or two of their prospective employers, and their dentist, all on the grounds that they were 'beggin' fer it', or that 'e couldn't keep 'is 'ands off me'. If there was ever any doubt about the reality of these characters at all, believe me. I'm from the North, and these people are real, but this is not regional humour. Sandra, Tracey, Sid, Bob, Barry, and the funny little one with the weird hair and a nose like a miniature elephant's trunk have all got solid foundations in their characters. Yes, they're extreme, they're as offensive as animation could ever possibly get, they're frequently hysterical, and the strange thing is, the animation does them an injustice.

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Build a bridge-design a plane-see your voice image- gasp at spectacular experiments-Make wreathes decorations, presents for parents- try Rowett's great toys from the past-play games from around the world - make friends with the Medical School Skeleton - gasp at the new Science Museum Launch show -tell all to Father Christmas- enjoy the best tea ever!

Do come! It will be a wondrous day. If you don't know a child, borrow one!

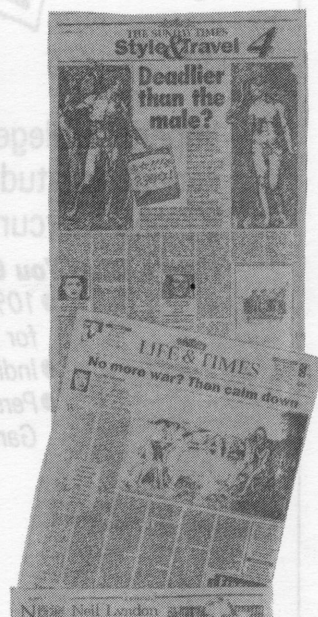
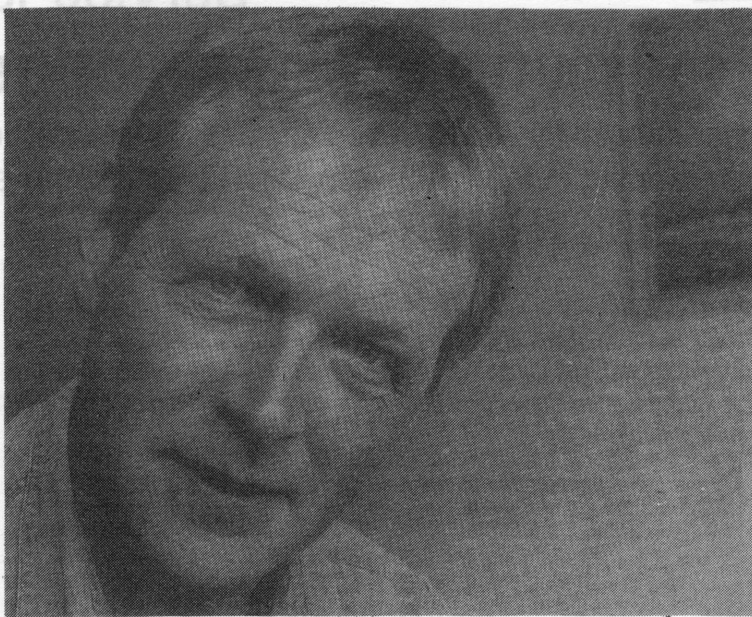
Tickets from HUB 355 Sheffield, Imperial College 071-225 6112 or ex. 3021/3405
Ticket price: under 5's= free 5-14= £2.00 Adults= £3.00

No More Sex War

Mimi Chakraborty, *reads a lot into a book that tried to change the world.*

Once in a while, out of the big blue, a book comes along which challenges the currency of accepted thought, overturns ingrained preconceptions, and effectively radicalises a generation. One such book was Kate Millett's 'Sexual Politics', and another, Germaine Greer's 'The Female Eunnuch'. When in September 1992 Neil Lyndon published 'No More Sex War: The Failures of Feminism', it's clear he hoped it would be a third. Lyndon promised that 'No More Sex War' would be 'the earthquake which would succeed in shattering the feminist myth'.

In America, the men's movement has achieved no small degree of prominence, particularly in the last couple of years, with the consciousness raising groups of Robert Bly's 'Iron John' attracting wide public support. In Britain, however, Neil Lyndon has penned the first attempt at a truly destructive attack on feminism from someone not on the right of the political spectrum. Lyndon, an ex-Times journalist in his mid-forties, proposes to prove without doubt 'That the feminist movement has



women, who are discriminated against by the legal system, by society and by the economy. He seeks to expose the 'feminist conspiracy' within the courts, and goes on to extrapolate this conspiracy through every level of society, to the extent that he feels that men have become disenfranchised, second-class citizens.

Lyndon goes on to say that the successes of women in the last thirty years, relative to all centuries previous, were entirely, not partly, attributable to increased access to higher education, contraception and abortion. These were all available to women some years before Kate Millett wrote 'Sexual Politics', the point in time which Lyndon locates as the genesis of the feminist movement. This one semantic point is in itself sufficient for Lyndon to feel he can deny the validity of the entire women's movement. However, though Millett's work was very significant in the history of feminism, is ludicrous to suggest that it was its origin. Mary Wolstencroft's 'Vindication of the Rights of Woman' was written more than a hundred years before Millett was even born. In any case, the suffragette movement was nothing if not a galvanisation of women demanding their rights, and the experience of two world wars

pre-empted much social change which Lyndon is happy to overlook.

Nevertheless, these are the points that Neil Lyndon has elected to make, and it is worth taking time to express them blandly, without the associated rhetoric with which the book is suffused. The most striking

orthodoxy' he insists that 'I can find few things more serious in our society than the presence amongst us of a totalitarian group, legitimated (sic) by fashion, office and place, whose wicked and vain orthodoxies are influencing the operations of the courts and of commerce and are inhibiting expression in all its most compelling forms.'

Lyndon's message threatens to lose itself in the pomposity of its own language, he seems to have a cosy fondness for quasi-marxist comparisons, where almost anything he can get his hands on is described as some kind of totalitarian hegemony. This is a sad reflection on a persistent theme within the book. It might have been big in the sixties to transcribe marxist ideologies onto any organisation, but it's a bit silly now, even marxists aren't marxists any more, and even radical baby boomers are going to have to kiss that particular fantasy goodbye. The sixties present Lyndon with a host of problems that he seems unable to come to terms with, the shock of the explosion of feminism and the indignity of having his consciousness forcefully raised, being but two. These perhaps offer valuable clues as to why he is so angry, and he lays the blame squarely at the feet of his

...the feminist movement had gone fishing circa 1979 and never returned...

not only of itself failed, but that its effects had been so far-reaching and insidious that it had threatened the very destruction of an entire generation.'

Anyone who (like myself) thought that the feminist movement had gone fishing circa 1979 and never returned, will find 'No More Sex War' a surprise. Specifically his invocation of a 'maniacal feminist sisterhood', powerful enough to reorder society

The thesis of Lyndon's debate lies in his claim that it is men and not

...referring to women as hoods... and to feminism as the 'Great Terror'...

thing about this book; is not the paucity of argument, but the venomous subjectivity of the language. Lyndon consistently refers to women as 'hoods' (sisterhood), and to feminism as the 'Great Terror'. He declares himself to be 'sick to the back teeth of being fucked over by tiresomely angry women'. He casually offers his opinion on feminist equality as 'that towering edifice of bullshit'. After such choice morsels as 'my entire adult life has been spent under the influence of this poisonous

generation.

'I am disappointed to the soles of my boots that my generation which promised so much, should have delivered so little by way of radical change...much of the responsibility of that conspicuous failure I attribute to the influence of feminism and to the perverted account of personal relations and of social composition which feminism has fostered.'

Nowhere does Lyndon address the paradox of how a movement with so little support amongst even women, let alone men, could come by such a degree of mysterious and sinister power.

The level of this kind of abusive attack continues throughout the book, and if the consistency of his invective continues to shock, then the content no longer does. It comes as no surprise that Lyndon believes rape to be an event which is 'over-reported', and instances of child-abuse to be 'willfully magnified'. Lyndon discounts the problem of domestic violence altogether, arguing that, since the number of places for women in refuges in the UK is about 650 (excluding children) that it seems that women are obligingly able to arrange their lives so as not to exceed this number. He goes on to complain 'What the hell has happened to us as a generation, as a nation, a people, that the plight of 650 women should be treated with so very much more sympathy and political energy than a million people who may have to have no home?'. Quite apart from the fact that every social injustice is as valid as the next to those who experience it, and that to establish a qualitative hierarchy is an invidious route to take, this kind of breathtaking propensity to pirouette over statistics is a disturbing feature of Lyndon's work.

...breathtaking propensity to pirouette over statistics...

Neil seems to have trouble also with the idea that women might be discriminated against in the workplace. When proposing that the number of women in Parliament was not artificially low, he takes a step out of the quagmire of statistical analysis, and proceeds simply to guess values of his own.

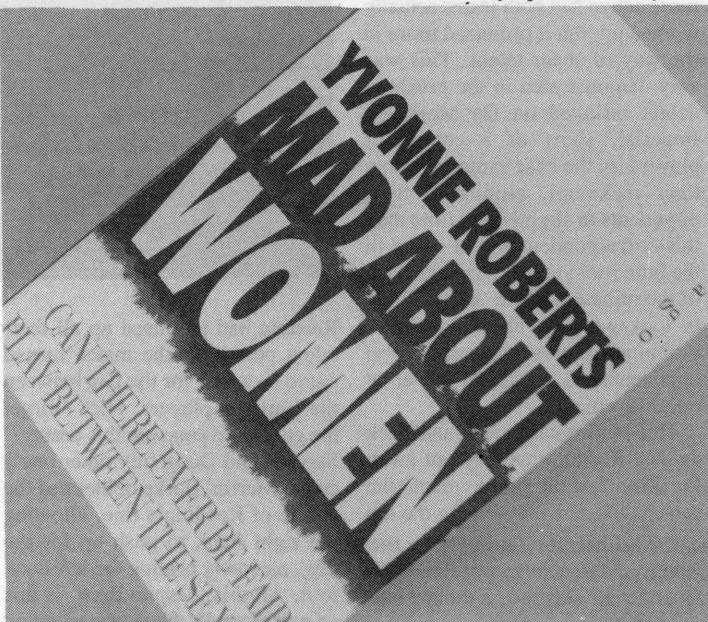
'Despite all the evidence to the contrary, let's assume that male-prejudice is a genuine obstruction to women candidates, let's guess that male prejudice might account for the absence of fifty MPs, that still leaves two hundred women MPs missing from the house.'

The reason, Lyndon thoughtfully informs us is 'Babies'.

I propose a different tack, let's assume that male prejudice isn't a genuine obstruction to women candidates, let's guess that male prejudice might account for the absence of precisely zero female MPs, from a total of around 600 MPs, around 300 should be

most noteworthy feature about these features was that they were all written by women, Lyndon unwittingly awoke the sleeping beauty of the feminist sisterhood, and they returned an impressive performance offering extensive critical review by amongst others Germaine Greer, Helena Kennedy QC, Fay Weldon, Yvonne Roberts, Kate Millet, Angela Lambert, Nigella Lawson, Julie Birchill, Beatrice Campbell, and even Lyndon's estranged wife, Deidre.

Andrew Neil and Melvyn Bragg conversely, were peculiarly reticent even in interviewing Lyndon, neither really questioned Lyndon



Neil Lyndon's book provoked a huge outcry, acting as a call to arms for many a closet feminist sympathiser. Shown above is 'Mad about Women' by Yvonne Roberts, one of the books produced as a response to *No More Sex War*.

women. Currently, there are around sixty, and they don't all have babies.

Lyndon uses the cute device of simply not including an appendix in his book, to offset queries about the statistics he has chosen to quote.

It would be easy, and very tempting, simply to dismiss 'No More Sex War'. If that were all there was to say, I should hardly be wasting my time or yours. However, when his book was published, Neil Lyndon was propelled into a furore of publicity, and was attacked by columnists in successive features in *The Sunday Times*, *The Times* (who ran five features on it in the space of a week), *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Evening Standard*, *The Guardian* and *The Independent*. Lyndon was interviewed on daytime TV slots, appeared on *Start the Week*, with Melvyn Bragg, was interviewed by Andrew Neil, Editor of the *Sunday Times*, and became the subject of numerous other fallout articles. The

about his views, or came out either in support, or against him, preferring instead to limit the discussion to Lyndon's reaction to the media coverage given to 'NMSW'. Lyndon said he had been victimised, and that none of his arguments had been answered by any of the 'harridans' who had reviewed it. Most responses, it seemed, had comprised in part of asking him if he had a 'problem' with women. It would have been tempting to say, 'Well Neil, what did you expect?', but none of the boys did. *The Times* and *Dillons* organised a debate, 'Has Feminism Failed?', to promote the book. More than 900 people paid £10 to attend.

Neil Lyndon and professor Kenneth Minogue (LSE) spoke for the motion, Yvonne Roberts and Beatrix Campbell spoke against, and Melvyn Bragg chaired.

Lots of people spoke at length, both nothing much was actually said. Having emerged from a month

inured to the kind of slow anger I ended up feeling. Lyndon spoke out for the angry 'new men', and Roberts addressed herself to the feminist faithful, and there was hardly any ground in between. Lyndon rounded on 'mad feminists', and Roberts rounded on Lyndon. Melvyn Bragg had on a pair of bifocals and sitting directly

...Melvyn Bragg had on a pair of bifocals...

opposite me with a disconcertingly disgusted look on his face, contrived to look like Paddington's irate neighbour Mr Curry. Everybody seemed intellectually angry about whatever they had come to be angry about. Lyndon's primary anguish was that men are unable to stay in contact with their children post-divorce or break-up, don't get custody and are forced by the courts to pay maintenance. This is unquestionably anguish which he himself feels, since he lost contact with his six-year-old son, after his marriage broke down, at the time of writing *NMSW*. He didn't help himself though by claiming to know that many women who say they have been raped, are actually lying, and that still many others use abortion as a cosmetic contraceptive. Roberts, in going a way to correct him on these matters, didn't give any real indication that his anguish was of much note. For me, little transpired from the evening except how utterly and paralytically vulnerable people are, and how short a step it is between pain and anger. It's nothing at all to express anger in whatever manner comes to hand, it's easy and predictable, and sad.

In 1990 in the *Sunday Times*, Neil Lyndon wrote:

'Something ruinous and evil has happened between men and women in the last 25 years. Something so wounding and painful and sore, that it is hard to see how the last generations of this century can come of age, unafflicted by the ills of the past.'

'Something so wounding and painful and sore' is not a voice we can afford to ignore, no matter from whom it comes. If the sixties generation which promised so much in the way of hope, has emerged so embittered, then, unless we listen with some sympathy and humanity, then sadly, we too are doomed.

SplotSoc - The War Zone

Another year, another crown to defend. This time, the 4th Annual Pro-Sport Student Trophy somewhere in the depths of Surrey. Saturday November 7th saw a mere fourteen bleary-eyed and yet full-trousered attempt to repel efforts by other universities to wrest from us the title of National Student Champions. Never one to be accused of being prima donnas, Imperial were the only ones to bring their own camera crew, as the opposition promised to be both numerous and challenging and Imperial were ready to capture this particular moment of glory on Sony U-Matic tape.

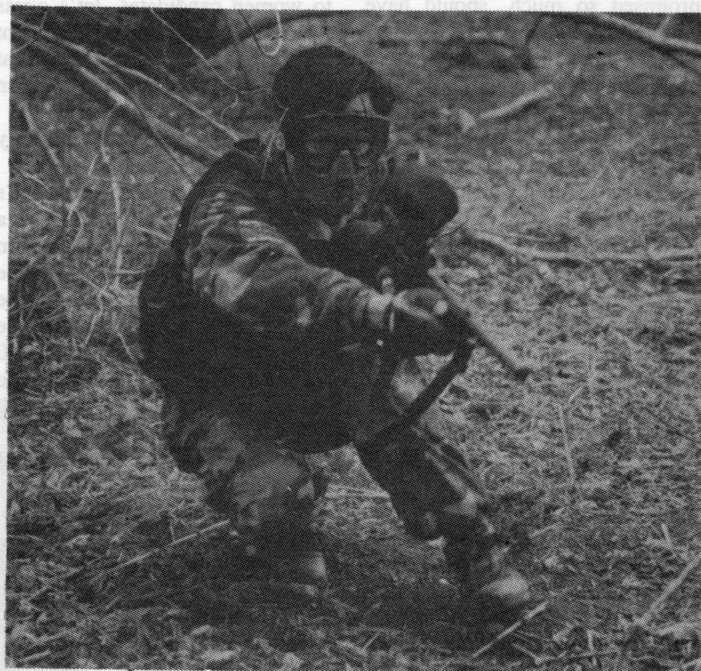
That morning saw us relatively underwhelmed by the sheer number of universities which turned up. All of three universities—ourselves, Reading University and De Montfort University (aka Leicester Poly) had bothered to attend, though such academic heavyweights (check the Times' league table, bozos) as Kingston Poly (sorry, University), King's College London, LSE and the London School of Pharmacy had promised to be there.

We were still potentially in for a rough ride, as Reading were out in full force and armed to the teeth. All fifteen of their team had their own guns, and many played for semi-

professional teams. Despite this, it wasn't ever going to be an occasion for a change of underwear. Imperial has its fair share of semi-professionals, including Warren 'do I really look like a girl?' Hirst, Leo 'my hair's just fine this way' Hume-Wright, and Brendan 'I'll be out from under the bed in a minute, honey-bun' Walker.

Imperial's first game of the morning was a tentative draw against Reading. Many onlookers suspect it might have been a little more active had both teams actually women up, but it promised more in the way of sheer talent. This was ably demonstrated in the crushing defeat inflicted on De Montfort. Imperial, short of a couple of players (in the base camp adjusting their make-up), eliminated their opponents in slightly less time than this correspondent would spend in the little room in the morning. Hero of the minute was Ian 'this is going to look good on my cv' Swaine, grabbing the flag, tagging several opponents and stifling a yawn all in one movement.

This put Imperial neck-and-neck against Reading, as they put away De Montfort in pretty much the same style. The play-off for the top spot was therefore going to be the final round match against Reading. Much to our surprise, it looked like



Reading had just used up all their talent points, as the match turned out to be a race for the flag between the Imperial players. Nick 'forget the gun, have you seen this beauty?' Stevens and Doug 'my other one's called Merlin' Burke obliterated the centre of Reading's line, allowing the right flank to push up for the flag, narrowly beating the left flank to it. All this, despite Brett 'is this an exit wound?' Iverson starting on the right, moving to the left and then back again, creating a new

dance move all by himself.

And so the title was retained. Disappointing turnout by the other universities, but nevertheless an opportunity for some of the younger players to experience some tournament play. Special mention and Blue Peter badges to Mike Kim and Rob Kensey, who now know all about frying pans and fire. Finally, a big smooch to Ross and Rex from STOIC, for covering the game. Stay tuned for paintball on IC-TV.

Classic ICSO

Tonight, Imperial College Symphony Orchestra will give its first concert of the year in Great Hall. The orchestra, which went on an exchange tour of Hungary in the summer, will be performing with Laurie Blake in Elgar's 'Cello Concerto. The programme will also include Elgar's 'In the South'

Overture and music from Prokofiev Romeo and Juliet. Richard Dickens, the college musician in residence, will conduct the concert which starts at 8pm. Tickets are available from the Haldane Library at £1.50 or on the door at £2.50 for students, £4 for adults.

Takraw

The game of takraw is a traditional game played in the countries in South East Asia. This game is a mixture of football, volleyball and badminton all mixed into one. The game is played on a court similar to that of badminton, i.e. the height of the net is the same and the play area is similar. This is a game for everyone with the professionals doing all kinds of incredible, body-bending moves.

Two teams of three people play the game. The teams stand on opposite sides of the net. The objective of the game is to keep the

ball in the air. All parts of the body can be utilised to do this except the hands. One side must pass the ball over to the other side within three moves as per volleyball. However, there is no restriction such as that one player cannot play the ball consecutively.

There is going to be a demonstration cum teaching session this Saturday, 5th December 1992 at the Volleyball Courts, behind the Chemistry Building from 10am to 2pm. It is FREE and a chance to learn a new game. Do come along.

Boon.

FilmSoc Basics

This week, FilmSoc proudly present what was undoubtedly the most controversial film of 1992, *Basic Instinct*.

The film, starring Michael Douglas and the stunning Sharon Stone, begins with a brutal murder during a steamy sex session; the murder weapon, an ice-pick. Michael Douglas is the investigating detective, and his main suspect, the victim's ex-girlfriend, is played by Sharon Stone. The plot thickens when Douglas discovers that she has just written a book, a thriller in which a man is killed by his lover with, you guessed it, an ice pick—is this the perfect alibi, or proof of her guilt.

An animal attraction develops between Douglas and Stone, as they play an ever more dangerous cat and mouse game. He also learns more about another side of Stone's life, which includes drugs and an intense lesbian relationship.

Despite the hype and protest which helped make this film the huge box office hit that it was, Stone's bisexuality is largely an irrelevant aspect of her character. What was much forgotten about *Basic Instinct* while both critics and censors were up in arms about the explicit sex scenes, was the brilliant and unpredictable plot. You really are kept guessing right until the bitter end.

For the ultimate, suspense thriller, with as much action as you can handle, and some of the most explicit sex scenes ever to be released from Hollywood, come along to Mech Eng 220, on Thursday 10th December, at 7.30pm. Entrance is 90p for members, £1.90 for non-members and the ideal Christmas present for yourself or your loved ones: membership for a very reasonable £6.50, which includes your first film free.

Feeding the Homeless

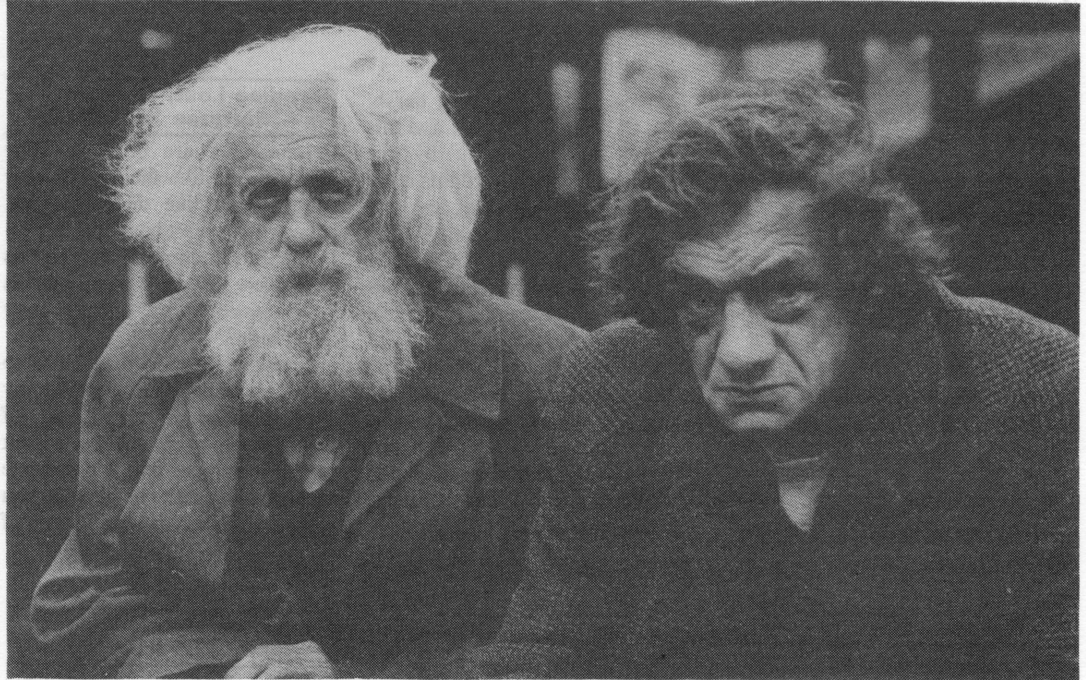
We deliver food, tea and soup to homeless people at Lincoln's Inn Fields, a park in central London.

It is a startling experience. About one hundred people currently live in or near to the park. Homes vary from big plastic bags to carefully made wooden huts with a (nearly) waterproof roof, blankets partitioning bedrooms and crates for furniture. Some people have lived there for years.

Owners of a row of tents wanted to give it a name; 'Tennis Court Avenue', then they would have a postal address to write on job applications. Another group was busy recycling copper from scrap cables.

There is a rumour that a Department of Environment 'task force' will find real houses for the residents and clean out the park. There was a similar rumour last year.

Everyone who still lives at Lincoln's Inn Fields prefers it to hostels and dormitories. There are misfits and outcasts, people who cannot live with rules and regulations. There are some who



proudly call this place 'home'.

We don't wave our magic wand and solve everyone's problems. We give immediate relief. We meet at Week's Hall at 9.00pm every

Thursday, and return to Southside around closing time. Please come and help us to help them.

If you want any more information, please contact Andrew

Melling, Geology UG (071-736 2685); James Kew, Physics PG; Alan James, Physics PG; Dan Kitchner, Physics UG.

Dan Kitchner, Physics 2.

What you do and why you do it

Being at university, we see all around us lots of different people doing lots of different things. Some have their heads down, working all hours of the day. Others are the opposite, partying every night. Others still spend time doing sports and making their bodies beautiful. And others still, are active in 'changing the world' type organisations. And then there's your average student who perhaps does a mix of all these things.

Have you noticed some common link between all these people as to why they do what they do? Everyone is trying to achieve happiness, satisfaction and contentment. Whether it be the intellectual challenge of a really tough problem sheet, or having a good laugh with the lads at the bar or the satisfaction of doing something with one's life by campaigning against world poverty; they're all done for the same reasons—essentially to feel good within oneself.

Life is all about that. Whether we do an action or not depends on its definite or probable outcome. The more beneficial the likely outcome, the more we are likely to sacrifice

in order to achieve it. After all that's mainly why most of us are here spending years on our various courses. We hope to get a decent job and serve humanity, and thus live as happy a life as possible. It's natural to want to be happy and contented and avoid misery and dissatisfaction.

If some benevolent, trustworthy sort said to you, 'hop on your left leg for one minute, and I'll give you a million pounds', the chances are that you'd do it. If he said the same, promising to give you that million pounds next year, you'd still possibly do it. Looking silly for a minute would, in this case, be worth it.

Now, if some raving maniac was to point a gun at you and said 'jump or I'll blow your head off', you would definitely do as he says. If he were to say the same, except he promised to kill you next year, you would still do as he said, if you thought that he could definitely find you in a year's time.

Now consider this. If someone (who you knew was capable of absolutely anything) said to you, 'Do this and that for seventy years and then I'll give you all that you

can ever think of wanting', would you not do as he says? Forget the million pounds and think of this possible reward. Now if that same person was to say, 'Live a different way of life for seventy years and I'll make you burn in fire forever', would you then not agree to what he says? Forget the gun and think of this possible outcome.

But the thing is, that someone is telling us this. That is, the Creator—the one who created me, you, the tree, the sun and everything else in existence. And this Creator is more than capable of fulfilling his promises. The least reward for living as he asks us to do, is anything we like—and then more on top of that—i.e. we can't imagine the reward. And the least punishment he promises for living differently is fire at our feet that will make our brains boil.

But hang on! Where is all this coming from? All this comes from a book that claims to be the word of the Creator. But this book has no merit if there's no Creator in the first place.

As muslims, we invite anyone to discuss with us our claims that there is a Creator and that the Quran is

the Creator's authentic word.

Today is the final day of Imperial College's Islamic Society's Islamic Week. The topic is Judgement Day. I spent the first few paragraphs discussing why people try to do what they do. This final talk aims to explain why muslims try to follow the lifestyle prescribed by the Creator. We invite you to come and find out about this reality of Judgement Day. Then afterwards you can discuss the issues of whether the Quran and the existence of the Creator is true. After all, if these aren't true, then everything else, be it Judgement Day, Paradise or Fire, are nothing more than fairytales, myths or superstitions.

Come and find out about these, the most important of issues. You may think that the chances of all this being true, is small—but you have to admit that the stakes are high.

Don't let ignorance strip you from doing the right thing.

'You denied My Revelations' although you knew nothing of them.

'What was it that you were doing?' Quran 27:84.

Judgement Day': Fri 4th December, 6pm, Mech Eng 220.

Zaeem Sivardeen, Civ Eng 2.

Albums

Amy Grant—Home for Christmas

Oh, joy to you and everlasting! 'tis the season to be glittery, cheery and slightly ruddy-nosed, while you sit round the fire with your brandy snaps, singing carols, and sparing a guilty thought for those poor folk whose Christmas dinner constitutes a cup of water and a roast slug that's been reheated. Yo ho fuckin' ho. Amy Grant turns her artistic bent to Bing Crosby territory, swallows an extra half pound of syrup for good measure, and starts singing about children like the sicko paedophilic mercenary bitch she really is.

The Smiths—Best...II

When I was a nonchalant fourteen year-old way back, ooh, you don't want to know when, I loved the 'Joke, the Sisters, the Banshees, and the Joy Div. Proper Goth stuff, yer know, not any of yer lily-livered Rosetta Stone, Bauhaus and yer Cure... But, lest I forget the point of this prickly scribbling, I still remember wondering when, upon first sight of La Mozzier & Co., why he felt compelled to whine so sorrowfully. That was the great 'What difference does it make?', a superb comic-rock codpiece with a megalithic chunk of bunched-knuckle riffola. The shame of it is, is that this particular record boasts neither this, or any other of my hugeous Smithy-type love-hummers.

So this bag o' luvvies is much

Singles

Gerry Rafferty—I Could Be Wrong

Oh come on, people, do you really need to be told which seventies' classic on the B-side? Well, here's a quick quiz. Is it a) 'Ding Dang Dong' by Teaching, 1975 Eurovision song contest winner, b) 'Rock On' by David Essex, winner of the 1979 Oscar for Worst haircut for a supporting actor or c) 'Baker Street' by Gerry Rafferty, million seller from 1978?

Lise Yates

● Out now on A&M.

Maybe I'm being a bit harsh. After all, it is Christmas, and this deserves to be bought by the bucketload, because, and this is the truth of it, you all fucking love this shit. None of you can justify liking Christmas, so none of you say you do, but all you want is to be kids again. 'Do you remember me, I sat upon your knee, I wrote to you with childhood fantasies'. Bollocks. I've had enough. I'm going home to me mince pies and me glass of sweet sherry, and me 'Andy Williams sings the Little Drummer Boy, and other faves'. Hum - fuckin' - bug.

Ebenezer Scrooge.

less a 'rock-out' extravangza than its predecessor; it doesn't matter that much, even though the overall effect is a little morose and altogether more maudlin than their in-yo'-face jokier moments, but the humour is still evident; 'Ask', 'Nowhere fast' 'Bigmouth...' and 'Reel around the fountain' the obvious contenders here for 'funniest moment in Smiths' history', but 'There is a Light...', 'Last night...' 'Heaven knows...' are still here to indicate what the Smiths are remembered for, their peculiarly English re-invention of Rock Music, their parochial iconography, and their coy hop-toad dance between comedy and tragedy. Sincerely beautiful moments. I forgive you, Steven. Pass the daffs.

David.

● Released on WEA.

World Series of Life Featuring Claudine Nelson —I Would Give Anything

This has bass so thick you could stand a spoon in it. And a woman singing 'ooh, ooh' all the way through it. Need I go on.

Peb

● Out now on A&M records.

The Sounds of Blackness— Soul Holidays c/w Joy

Supposedly a new club 'classic', on paper it looks OK: production by Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis and a Morales reworking of 'Joy', originally from the 'Mo' Money soundtrack, but it's more like the sound of shite. Heard it all before, it's fucking bollox. Fuck off.

Lucas.

Gig

Paradise Lost, Cerebral Fix—Marquee 28.11.92

Cerebral Fix are brilliant. Why does no one like them? The new songs sound like their best yet, although I haven't heard the album. I shall buy it soon. I've seen this band blow *Obituary* away on this very stage; why aren't they headlining?

Paradise Lost have no need to worry about being upstaged by any support band. Their brand of Death/Doom or whatever you want to call it is more than a cut above most of the genre. The thing is, you can hear the words—well some of

them anyway—accentuating rather than detracting from the band's extreme heaviness. *Paradise Lost* are very popular at the moment and I can easily imagine them becoming much more than just the darlings of the underground.

But what a bill—two Death Metal (ish) bands who have their act on good songs rather than obscene artwork and satanic/anatomical lyrics. A fine display of this type of music at its best.

Freddy Cheeseworth.

Cerebral Fix's new album 'Death Erotica' on Under One Flag.

Kreator, Biohazard— Marquee 23.11.92

Hardcore energy; metal power. Biohazard's bludgeoning, anger-filled music has no time for subtlety or tact—instead our skulls are pounded with their fury and our bodies thrown aside. This band is a force to be reckoned with—all tattooed biceps and that unrivalled Brooklyn aggression. No need to adopt 'attitude'—this is the real thing. Excellent music—but not for

the weak.

As for Kreator—well they were too loud for me to hear properly, and with music this intense clarity is of utmost importance. I'm impressed enough to go out and buy some albums but I'll reserve judgement on their live show until next time.

Freddy Cheeseworth.

● Kreator's new album 'Renewal' is out on Noise International.

Alison Limerick, Alvin Davis—The Orange

A wet Wednesday night in West Kensington.

Alvin Davis takes to the stage, unnoticed. Just the man and his alto sax. He's edgy and who wouldn't be. The club is beginning to fill with more damp clothes and they all need a drink. No one bats an eye to the man wearing glasses until he plays. The reverb on his sax fills the place as he moves to one side of the stage and back again. The sweetness of tone craves attention, reminiscent of Mano Dabango or Miles Davis in later years. Fluid phrasing.

In keeping with the times Moose joins him to rap over 'Let it Blow', the title track from Alvin's new album. Again Miles is revered, sampled on tape, studies on stage. He's warmly received and my socks are beginning to dry.

If Alison Limerick had a tag on her sleeve it would read 'I am the British soul diva, one and only'; who would argue? To even attempt to describe the qualities of her voice in words would be a gross injustice,

comparisons with the majority of other voices criminal. I want to make analogies between a piece of MFI tat and a fine mahogany sideboard, one crafted, nurtured, hidden depths and beauty, the other synthetic, mass produced. Fear of cliché of the week prevents me.

The Orange is in many ways the Ronnie Scotts of south west London. Tables too close to the stage, dance floor virtually non-existent. Have you ever seen anyone dance in Ronnie Scotts? Sometimes you just have to. Songs like 'Getting it Right', 'Make it on my own'. Licenses to lose all inhibition. No matter the quality of recorded material available, some voices cannot simply be heard, they must be experienced. 'Hear my call', 'It's magic'. Such experiences.

Marjorie Strobes.

● Alison Limerick plays the WOMAD Winter Festival this weekend.

This review is official IC Union policy.

All About Eve, The Sea Nymphs—The T&C

The Sea Nymphs were only describable as...well, strange. They were a good strange though, as opposed to a bad strange. We didn't get too near the stage because a) we were drinking and b) they looked quite smelly! Their music was a gallimaufry of unusual styles, which you either liked or hated, sort of like oral sex really.

All About Eve did a poor impression of the *All About Eve* we all know and love. The entire set comprised of material from their

Beautiful South—Wembley Arena 24.11.92

So, I'm sat in my impressive front row seat that Go Discs have kindly given me, and would you believe it? Bob Mortimer (of meat product infamy) sits down right next to me. This isn't relevant, I just thought I'd mention it after last week's Debbie Harry episode. (I also saw Billy Bragg that day, so ya boo sucks! Ms Yates).

The Grimthorpe Colliery brass band came out as support. They play brilliantly, and go down surprisingly well with Joe Public (who is definitely not a Camden Underworld mosher tonight). Sadly, their playing well is neither here nor there, as their appearance is nothing more than a vain political statement and an extension of *The South's* increasingly pretentious attempts to reach 'right on-ness' at their predominantly middle-class audience.

While *The Beautiful South* are a good band, they aren't exciting.

Shonen Knife/BMX Bandits—ULU 26.11.92

When we walked in, the *BMX Bandits* were already playing; 'too studenty' commented my sweet and charming companion, too right—but I liked them.

Shonen Knife were fuckin' marvellous, the band name actually means youth knife, and whether they're a conceptual novelty band or not, I don't care, I luv 'em down to the ground. They're so aesthetically naff, you just can't hate them. Even with corny one liners like 'we lub U' are delivered in such an unassuming, unpretentious manner they create arches that flex through your entire system (yes, I'm serious!). 'I Am A Cat' probably comes from an acclaimed Jap book by Soseki Natsume called 'Wagahai wa neko de aru'—an anthropomorphic satire seen through feline eyes; it's basically brilliant. 'Space Christmas' and 'Bear Up Bison' went down a treat, and the new

album (apart from two old songs which were revamped to sound like they were from the new album)! Not to be too bitchy, the new material is pretty good, but then again, once you've heard one song you can put your CD player on repeat and you're not going to notice any difference.

There was one thing, however, that they've kept from their traditional gigs, and that's sounding like an almost perfect reproduction of the album. Nice backdrop and lightshow though.

Lily, Minnie & Viola.

Among the very 'toe tapping' singles like 'Pencil Case', 'Red Eyes' and 'We Are Each Other'. I'm left looking around the Arena, and think about my parasitology essay. The *Housemartins'* sound comes back to lift the proceedings from time to time, this and some inspired singing from the now fat and shaven headed Heaton, conspire to drag the set out from the gaping jaws of mediocrity.

Having said that, it was a very enjoyable gig, not really my scene, but this being their first 'big' London venue ever, and technical problems like the backdrop plummeting to the ground halfway through can't have helped them very much either.

In the end temptation overcame me, and I asked:

'What did you reckon then Bob?'. 'Smart.' said Bob.

Can't say fairer than that can you?

Glyph McCord.

psychedelic 'Brown Mushroom' was absolutely mind blowing. No Pluto references, but 'Riding the Rocket' sped past my sense of reality and balance; in fact the dude, Poddy can probably empathise with me too (empathalogicalities—Poddy).

It's so great to see Jap women breaking out of the stereotype of the conformist society and doing their thing. In fact 'Baggs' on the 'Pretty Little Baka Guy' is great satire taking the piss out of most women in the land of the rising Yen (er, sorry—sun) who all carry Luis Vuitton bags thinking they have class. (Na-h, dream on).

Sheer attitude without pretention, sheer aesthetics without over-indulgence. All I can say is I'm in luurve.

Lucas.

●'Let's Knife', out now on August Creation. *BMX Bandits* 'Serious Drugs' out now on Creation.

Unsane, Surgery—Camden Underworld 24.11.92

Ah, the great injustices of life—*Unsane* supporting *Surgery*, for example. I mean, come on, anyone in the know surely knows that *Unsane* is the best thing to come out of New York since the Guardian Angels (erm...) and don't deserve to be support to anyone, let alone *Surgery*. But hey, life's like that sometimes, I guess.

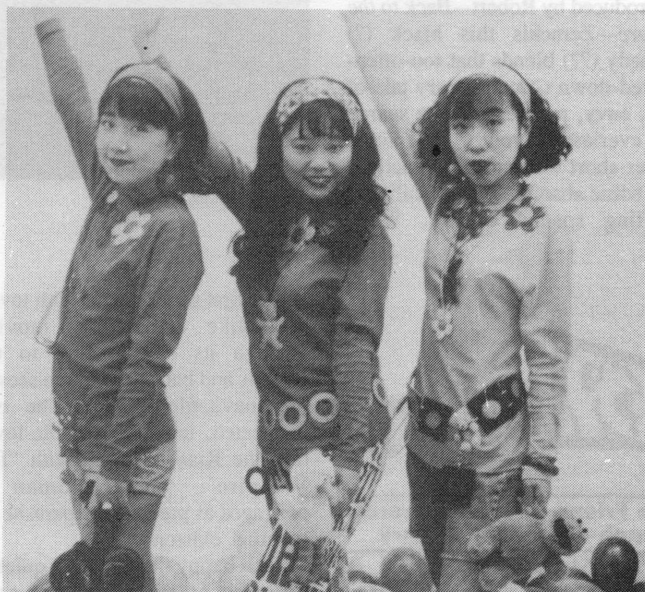
Okay, so the Underworld isn't such a great venue, what with the pillars all over the place and the really atrocious sound (which admittedly did get better) and the low stage, and considering that this was *Unsane's* first gig with new drummer Vincent Signorelli they sounded pretty good. I laughed

when they tuned their guitars, tho', because these guys were LOUD—feedback howling hither and thither and they hardly stopped for breath the whole time so the set was just noise noise noise, and hey, that's what us kids want, right? Ear destroyingly good fun.

Surgery confounded all my pre-gig expectations totally by being pretty good as well. I shoulda' known they'd be okay tho', seeing as they're on the ultra-hip-and-cool Amphetamine Reptile record label (ooooops...gratuitous mention of seminal underground label there, sorry; God, I'm just so 'with it' sometimes!).

Uh...that's it.

J Andelin.



Ickle girls wiv big knife

Robert Palmer—Royal Albert Hall

What happened to Robert Palmer?

I remember Robert Palmer, as do most people, for rock classics such as 'Addicted to Love' and 'Simply Irresistible'. I went to the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday evening expecting to hear those and more of his many hits.

I was certainly surprised.

Robert Palmer was to be accompanied by the BBC Radio 2 Orchestra, which was a little strange but I thought nothing of it.

The orchestra came on and played something that my gran would appreciate. Then the man himself came on. He sang a couple of songs from the 1920s era. It became apparent, from what he said between the songs, that he intended to carry on this big-band, swing sort of music for the rest of the concert.

From that moment on there was a constant stream of dissatisfied fans walking out!

I decided to stick it out, just in case it got any better. About half

way through Carrie Wilson, of *Wilson Phillips* fame, joined Rob on stage, looting particularly overweight. They sang a couple of duets (in the same style) and then together they did 'Every Kind of People'. This went down very well (the audience could be heard to cheer as opposed to just clapping). The hint wasn't taken and it was back to the first half of the century. By the end of the concert about a quarter of the audience had departed.

As an encore he actually sang 'She Makes My Day' (the highlight of the evening) then with Carrie the Nat King Cole classic 'Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas'.

These were well received.

He then came back for another encore but he repeated a number from earlier. At the end of that everyone just got up and left.

Most people went home, like me; feeling deceived and disappointed.

Helen Randall.

●Who are you, Helen?

Film

Death Becomes Her

Imagine Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis and Goldie Hawn as you've never seen them before, now imagine Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis and Goldie Hawn as you've NEVER seen them before. Cue twilight zone theme, do do do do, do do do do, ... okay you try writing it down, alright just think shock-horror-deep-breaths, and you'll be on the right track. This film is weird with a capital strange, not quite in the *Twin Peaks* league but defy category, it does.

Produced by Robert—*Back to the Future*—Zemckis this black (?) comedy (??) blends that too-often-dusted-down contemporary tale of lust, envy, murder and the search for everlasting youth, with some boxer-short wettingly good acting, and some absolutely pant-soilingly spiffing special effects. Well,



Death Becomes Her.

The first series begins with love's dreamlike conception, moving through its consumation to the despair and betrayal Munch sees as the inevitable ending. The two connected, indistinguishable loves of 'The Kiss' contrast with 'The Vampire', where woman is portrayed as predator, 'a parasite on spiritual existence'.

Such happy thoughts are quickly forgotten as we enter 'Anxiety'. Faces have become taut white masks, the world a mad curtain of swirling blues and reds. Alienation and death loom large—'pale corpses...a twisted road—at the end of which was the grave'.

'Puberty' showed his sister Sophie naked and scared, in the 'Death' room she's faded, serene and doomed at fifteen to die. In 'The Dead Mother and Child' she glares out, echoing 'The Scream' as her mother lies still behind.

Pointing 'The Green Room' Munch was recovering from total nervous collapse. The lunatic spirit lingers on through in these savage scenes set in a claustrophobic German brothel. So, a madman, but the strength of this exhibition is: however hard we try to distract ourselves we'll all follow this cycle of love and loss, conception and degradation. Give it a try but avoid taking the tube home.

Owain.

● National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, WC1, Charing Cross tube. Tickets £2 concs.

Concert

Yuri Bashmet—Viola

From Brahms to Britten, Marais to Fauré, Yuri Bashmet is the consummate musician—a magician. Beginning with Marais' suit in D-minor, Bashmet eased a viol-like sparseness of tone and dynamic range from his fiendishly difficult instrument, highlighting its fugal, baroque simplicity. Next, the lyric warmth and energy of Brahms' sonatas Op 120 Nos. 1 and 2, another result of the composer's love of the alto voice, came fully alive with every caress of the bow. He coaxes a raw, breathy cello tone in contemplative adagio passages contrasting with the sprightly agility and soaring beauty of a violin in Allegro sections. Accompanist Mikhail Mantial, struggling with the sledge-hammer dynamic subtlety of the incumbent Steinway was the only flaw here.

It seemed as though all possibilities of timbre, ingenuity and tonal beauty had been exhausted; then came Britten's *Lachrymae*. Bashmet racked sighs and sobs from his viola in a heavenly lament. To describe his encore, a Fauré, would be 'like taking a spade to a soufflé...'

Sara.

● Barbican Centre, Silk Street, EC2. Celebrity recital series continues.

enough of the below waist humour, the plot in a nutshell; 'Girl' going out with 'Boy' takes her to meet 'Friend', seven years pass 'Friend' now married to 'Boy', 'Girl' insanely upset puts on 200 pounds, plots revenge, 'Friend' afraid of getting old seeks elixir of life; 'Girl' comes back to kill 'Friend', but both now immortal, 'Boy' VERY confused, (—do you blame him?) and so on, I won't spoil it for you.

Do try to see this film, it's very funny in places, and the famous three work very well together, the special effects are amazing, not only the computer 'which way did I put my head on this morning?' graphics, but also the make-up, or should that be 'make me fat, old, sexy'. It starts too slowly, has a great ending, and has no middle—just like Goldie Hawn.

A good film, not excellent, most certainly not crap, above middling, ummm, errr, see what you think. Oh, and keep an eye out for Elvis.

Mario.

● Opens hither and thither today.

Sibelius, Symphonies 3 and 1

In the opening concert of their complete symphony cycle at the Barbican, it was the least Sibelius-like part of the programme which drew the best from Sir Colin Davis and the LSO. The finale of the First Symphony is pure Tchaikovsky, and can sometimes sound unconvincing, but here it emerged glossy and powerful as a thoroughbred racehorse. In contrast, the tone-poem *Luonnatar* of 14 years later shows Sibelius at the height of his powers; it too received a dramatic, full-blooded performance, with Karita Mattila a wholehearted soloist.

Davis's approach was less successful in the outer movements of the Third Symphony. Altogether a more lithe and sinuous work than the First, it makes its impact not through the strength of its fortissimos but through a build-up of inner tension which requires clean, open textures to make itself fully felt. If I dare to suggest that this could have been better achieved by reducing the number of strings, and being less ready to allow the LSO brass to have their head to a sometimes unnerving extent. In the central slow movement though, one could not have wished for more beautiful playing.

Patrick Wood.

● The Davis/LSO Sibelius cycle continues at the Barbican, Silk Street, EC2, Barbican/Moorgate tube. Box Office 071-638 4141. Tickets £6-£28.

Gallery

The Frieze of Life—Edvard Munch—National Gallery

Edvard Munch (1863-1944) is Norway's most celebrated artist. This major exhibition, first staged in Berlin in 1893, consists of three major themes: 'love', 'anxiety' and 'death'. A fourth, 'The Green Room' was added later.

Even if strictly a rainy day gallery visitor, you've probably encountered Munch's work, albeit unconsciously. For instance London Underground pay homage to 'The Scream' in their current fare evasion campaign. A man sits rigid, his reflection, one of pure terror. Munch had more than the transport police in mind though, 'The Scream' famously depicts 'a scream passing through nature...I painted this picture, painted the sky as actual blood. The colour shrieked.'

If you have ever caught your own reflection on the tube window opposite, subtly refracted and drained of colour, suddenly appearing that of a lonely stranger, Munch's work is like that, peopled by faces simple, strong and thus more powerful, landscapes rendered in form rather than distracting detail.

The Impersonals

I have one slight problem with supposedly improvised comedy. It always seems the same. Despite of, or maybe because of, the stupid, sometimes surreal, often just plain stupid suggestions the audience come out with, the night invariably ends up being based around fish. Tonight they break this eternal rule. And it was still funny.

A four piece outfit, nattily turned out in red, white and black, stroll through the standard formulas producing some rather patchy results. It's not until the second half, with the written suggestions that things work. As always the best laughs come from the mistakes, the times when three have no idea what the fourth is going on about.

Good value entertainment, what better thing could you do on a Monday night.

Ian

● Canal Café Theatre, Bridge House, Delamere Terrace, W2, Warwick Avenue tube. Box Office 071-289 6054. Tickets £4-£5.

Annie Get Your Gun

Petticoats and pantaloons jostle with clichés and stereotypes in this feel-good 'for-all-the-family' spectacular. Gutsy, busty Annie Oakley (Kim Gresswell) takes us on a sequin-spangled romp through the old musical chestnuts. She discovers that a) there's no biz like showbiz b) all men are bastards c) the only way to get a 'may-an' (man!) is not, 'with a gun' but to be, 'as pink and soft as a nursery' and d) if you repeat a melody for fifty verses the audience has no option but to leave whistling the tune. Lavish, slickly changing, sugar-sweet sets and costumes together with an immaculately drilled chorus, dispell the potential banality of the show, with its cringe-worthy story and lyrics. Skilled dancing, refreshing choreography and delightfully enthusiastic singing detract from some of Berlin's most boring balads. The real gem is Kim Gresswell's engaging Annie. She is a joy to watch with her strong, beautiful voice and ebullient acting. Puzzling then, that the mayan she lures sings like a drain and looks like Rod Stewart...

Sara.

● Prince of Wales Theatre, Coventry Street, W1, Leicester Square tube. Box Office 071-839 5987. Tickets £10-£25.

Macbeth

Macbeth is Shakespeare's most infamous tragedy. The play is a history of feudal Scotland in the middle ages where Kings ruled by violence. The drama revolves around power, ambition, violence and blood.

Macbeth kills the King of Scotland after hearing three witches' prophecy that he will become the next king. But life is never simple—he is haunted by the ghost of a former ally whom he ordered to be killed, Lady Macbeth dies and Macbeth is finally slain by Macduff—a man 'not of woman born'.

I have to say of the Bard's works, *Macbeth* is not my favourite play, but the internationally acclaimed English Shakespeare Company provide a unique and innovative interpretation and exhilarating performance. The actors will captivate you making it very easy to follow.

If you like intense drama, action, strong characters interwoven in the subjects of government, war and politics this one's for you.

Sonia.

● Royalty Theatre, Portugal Street, (off Kingsway), WC2, Holborn tube. Box Office 071-494 5090. Tickets £7.50-£18.50.



Annie Get Your Gun.



Speed the Plow.

Speed the Plow

If you have ever wanted to see a play that showed what a bunch of over-paid over-emotional and backstabbing bastards the American film executives are, then this is for you. Set in Bobby Gould's office, (head of production at the unnamed studios), David Mamet's play focuses on the friendship between Bobby Gould and his best friend, Charlie Fox, and the way in which scripts are selected to be turned into films. A lot of the time, perhaps too much, is devoted to how smug the film executives are in their attitude towards selecting the next blockbuster and also their 'we-

know-what-makes-a-good-film-because-we've-been-in-show-business-for-a-hell-of-a-long-time' attitude.

The cast are absolutely brilliant and the American accents are spot on. Any humour is rarely superficial and most of it can be found by analysing the words of the cast carefully.

Do not go if you hate American accents since they are very strong in this play and also if you object to over use of swear words.

P J Dodd.

● Pentameters, Three Horseshoe Pub, Heath Street, NW3, Hampstead tube. Box Office 071-435 6757. Tickets £5-£8.

The Tempest

Michael Bogdanov's ambitious production of the *Tempest* highlights the play's complexities without over-simplifying the issues. The questions of love, greed, utopianism, mastery and noblesse oblige are given a modern backdrop. New co-exists with old and we arrive at timelessness making the relevance of this play no less potent than in Shakespeare's time.

John Woodvine presents, at the beginning, a cold, calculating Prospero who grows in self-knowledge and compassion. Olwan Fouéré's androgynous Ariel, with echoed songs and slow moves, create another world—one of spirits and magic. In total contrast Trinculo (Tony Haygarth) and Stefano (Sean Baker) are hilarious.

The *Tempest* is a play that depends upon atmosphere and certainly this production provided plenty. Dry-ice aside, the phantoms and ghosts were breathtaking, not least because of their simplicity. The ESC combines Shakespeare with movement, haunting melodies, and modern effects, and yet remains true to the text!

Unlike many theatrical endeavours, this production rewards the audience with a final scene which, as it is enacted, is the natural, satisfying, and thoughtful

conclusion of this wondrous play. S-J.

● Royalty Theatre, Portugal Street, Holborn tube. Box Office 071-494 5090. Tickets £7.50-£18.50.

Trojan women

Trojan Women is a modern adaptation of an ancient Greek tragedy written by Euripides and recently translated by Stephen Sharkey.

The play is about the despair, anguish and anger of the women of the ancient city of Troy after a ten year war with the Greeks. The deposed queen of Troy, Hecuba (Ann Roper) leads the mourning for lost husbands and children.

The director Peter Kenwyn has given a modern flavour to the tragedy. It is not simply an unusual setting of the play, actors have to perform amongst piles of contemporary rubble representing the destroyed Troy but also suggesting any other town after a long war. In fact the play relates very much with the situation in the Middle East as is suggested by a picture dominating the stage, depicting mourning Arabic women.

Mediterraneo.

● Courtyard Theatre Club, 10 York Way, N1, Kings Cross tube. Box Office 071-833 0870. Tickets £3-£5.

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:

Twin Peaks, fire walk with me 12.10 2.55 5.40 8.25

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:

Twin Peaks: Fire walk with me 12.10 2.55 5.40 8.25

Electric Cinema

191 Portobello Rd, W11 (071-792 2020) Notting Hill/ Ladbroke Grove tubes. Seats £4.50. Today: *Electric Moon* 2.25, 4.30, 6.35, 8.40

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: *Blade's Runner- The Directors Cut* 1.55 (Sat only) 4.10 (not Sun) 6.30 8.50. Late Fri, Sat 11.15

(Sun Mat) *Cape Fear* 2.30

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: *Single White Female* 1.55 4.25 6.55 9.25 *Sister Act* 2.10 4.40 7.10 9.40 *Peter's Friends* 2.00 4.30 7.10 9.30 *Strictly Ballroom* 2.30 4.55 7.20 9.40

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: *Death Becomes Her* 1.40 4.10 7.15 9.35

Blade Runner- The Director's Cut 1.40 4.15 6.50 9.30

The Last Of The Mohicans 1.10 3.55 6.50 9.30

Of Mice And Men 1.40 4.25 6.55 9.25

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:

Husband's 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: *Sister Act* (not Sat) 1.50 (not Sun) 4.10 6.20 8.40. Sat only 12.50 3.00 5.20 7.30 9.50

Odeon Kensington

263 Kensington High St, W8 (071-371 3166) Ken High St tube.

Seats £6. This week:

Sister Act 2.10 4.40 7.10 9.40. Late Fri, Sat 12.10

Husbands And Wives 1.55 (not Fri to Sun) 4.30 (not Fri to Sun) 7.05 9.40

Beauty And The Beast (Fri to Sun Mats) 2.15 4.35

Glengarry Glen Ross 2.00 4.30 7.00 9.30

Single White Female 1.40 4.20 7.00 9.40. Late Fri, Sat 12.20

Strictly Ballroom 2.20 4.45 7.10 (not Sun) 9.35

Peter's Friends 1.50 4.25 7.00 9.35. Late Fri, Sun 12.10

Prince Charles Leicester Place, WC2 (071-437 8181)

Piccadilly/Leicester Sq tubes. Seats £1.20. Today:

Wild At Heart 1.30

GoodFellas 4.00

Bob Roberts 7.00

The Lunatic 9.20

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. *Heavy Traffic* 2.50, 7.15 *Fritz The Cat* 5.35, 9.00

UCI Whiteleys

Whiteleys Shopping Centre, (071 792 3324/3332). This week:

Sneakers 12.40 3.30 6.20 9.15

Beauty And The Beast 11.40am 2.00 4.15

Death Becomes Her 11.30am 1.55 4.25 6.55 9.25

Strictly Ballroom 12.25 2.45 5.05 7.25 9.45

Sister Act 11.20am 1.40 4.05 6.30 8.55

The Last Of The Mohicans 12.50 3.20 6.00 (not Sun) 9.05

Peter's Friends 1.20 3.45 6.10 8.40

Single White Female 11.45am 2.10 4.40 7.10 9.40

Music

Die Krupps, James Ray's

Gangwar.

Underworld, £5

The Enid, Sea Nymphs, Miranda Sex Garden.

Astoria, £6.50

Ludicrous Lollipops, Sugarblast, Big Boy Tomato.

Borderline, £5

Theatre

BAC

176 Lavender Hill, SW11 071 223 2223, Membership £1.

Josephine 8 pm except Sun 6 pm, £6-7.50.

Time of Grace 7.30 pm except Sun 5.30 pm £5-6, Pay what you can on Tues.

Beg-A new breed of horror 8.30 pm except Sun 6.30 pm, £5-6, pay what you can on Tues.

The Bush *Shepherds Bush Green* W12, 081 743 3388,

Belfrey 8 pm, £6-9

Canal Cafe Theatre

La Muse de Montparnasse 7.30 pm

till Sun £5.50-6.50

The Improprofessionals 8 pm

Drill Hall

16 Chenies Street WC1, 071 637 8270.

Get Hur 7.30 pm £6-9

Etcetra Theatre

Oxford Arms 265 Camden High Street NW1 071 482 4857

Deceptions 7.30 pm £5-6

Something Missing 9.30 pm £3.50-4

The Gate

Prince Albert Pub, 11 Pembridge Road W11, 071 229 0706.

Elizabeth 2 7.30 pm £4-8

Lyric Hammersmith

King St. W6 081 741 2311

Mowgli L'enfant Loup 8 pm, to Sat. 10.30 am 1.45 pm

Lyric Studio

Kings St W6 081 741 8710

The Rape of Tamar 8 pm Sat Mat 4.30 pm, £5-6.50

Pentameters

Three Horseshoes Pub, Heath St NW3 071 435 6757

Speed the Plough 8 pm Sat Mat 4 pm £5-7

Tricycle Theatre

269 Kilburn High street, 071 328 1000

Endangered Species 8 pm Sat Mat 4 pm except Sun and Mon, £6-11

College

Rag Meeting

1.10pm in the Ents Lounge oppsite Da Vinci's.

Third World First

weekly meeting 12.45 Southside Upper Lounge

Fitness Class

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

Imperial College Symphony Orchestra

concert. Great Hall 8pm. Tickets £2.50 students, £4.00 adults

SATURDAY

Cinema

Prince Charles

Waynes World 1.30

The Big Chill 4.00

A League On Yheir Own 6.30

The Five Heartbeats 9.20

Electric Cinema

Freddie As Fro 7 12.00

Electric Moon 2.25 4.30 6.35 8.40

Scala

Polyester 3.10

Female Trouble 5.00

Wax, or the Discovery Of Television among the Bees 8.00

Music

Boo Radleys, Juliana Hatfield.

ULU, £6

Eat, Veldt.

New Cross Venue, £6

Jesus And Mary Chain, God Machine, Stereolab, Mint 400

Brixton Academy, £9.50

Kinky Machine, etc.

Splash and Water Rats, £4

Pele, Jump The Gap.

Mean Fiddler, £6

Theatre

Courtyard Theatre Club

10 York Way N1 071 833 0870

The Catalyst 8 pm £2.50-4.50

College

ICESDS

present "Conscious Satelliter as an Exploratory Tool" by Dr P. Hanson, editor of *Nanobiology*.

7pm in *Electric Eng 403b*

SUNDAY

Cinema

Electric Cinema

Milky Way 2.35 +

Tristana 4.30

Electric Moon 6.35 8.40

Prince Charles

Nikita 1.30

Fried Green Tomatoes 4.00

Singles 6.30

Thelma And Louise 9.00

Scala

Eastern Heroes presentation 1.00

Polyester 7.10

Female Trouble 9.00

Theatre

The Bush

A Handful of Stars 8 pm £6-9

Tricycle Theatre

Still Crazy after all these years Sun 5 pm and 8 pm Mon 1.30 pm

£4.50- 6.50

College

Fitness Club

2.00-3.00pm in Southside Lounge. Intermediate.

MONDAY

Cinema

Electric Cinema

Electric Moon 2.25 4.40 6.35 8.40

Prince Charles

Lethal Weapon in 70mm 1.30

Cape Fear 4.00

Wayne's World 9.00

Scala

Je T'aime, Mais Non Plus Simon 3.00 7.00

Last Tango In Paris 4.40 8.40

Music

Material Issue, The Set.

Borderline, £5

The Sundays, Butterfly Child.

Town & Country Club, £7.50

Theatre

Lyric Hammersmith

The Ghost Train 7.45 pm Sat Mat 4 pm £7.50-15

College

Dance Club

Beginners Rock and Roll 7-8.30pm in JCR.

Fitness Club

5.30-6.30pm in Southside Lounge. Beginner

TUESDAY

Cinema

Electric Cinema

Electric Moon 2.25 4.30 6.35 8.40

Prince Charles

A League Of Their Own 1.15

Masala 3.45

Gas Food Lodging 6.20

Apocalypse Now In 70mm 8.30

Scala

Cafe Flesh 2.40 6.00 9.20

Up!; Coping With Cupid 4.10 7.30

Music

Balanescu Quartet, Miranda Sex Garden, David Gray.

Clapham Grand, £7

Bjorn Again, All The Glitters.

Town & Country, £10

Until Saturday 12. Two shows on Friday and Saturday.

That Petrol Emotion.

Camden Palace, £6/£3

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

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

Footballers — 1sts/Dribs

IC firsts, sponsored by 'R Whites', continued their winning form, despite the lack of support from ladies hockey.

A smoking performance by Marton Atherton, and solid back four of Andy 'Monster' Feuton, Paul 'I don't have an accent' Nelson, Richard 'Stick Insect' Borrows and Richie 'lovebite' Bruce. Apologies for absence come from Tom Robson, who was in jail.

The defence, eager to attack, had many shots on goal, culminating in the long range goal from two yards by Annan Galloway.

The midfield, sponsored by Araldite, ran all over the place for no apparent reason, although Rafael Martinez scored a hat-trick in the last game, so that's alright. Also

Ruben scored in another game.

The second goal was actually the first, and was John Mottashed's seventh, who 'is' keenly supported by ladies hockey.

Other notable incidents in midfield were Stuart Watson winning a header, Richie Dixon passing the ball square, and Tellis 'louganis' Botzios playing in position.

Although scrappy i.e. made the game safe with a beautiful corner from hat-trick hero Rafael turned in on the volley by Annan 'offside' Galloway.

IC are now through the UAU, as the quarter finals of the UL Cup, and on top of the league, but unfortunately not on top of ladies hockey.

The Dribblers started well, but team morale dropped sharply after a foal from Chrstie in the fourth minute was disallowed due to a player who shall remain nameless being offside. Captain Eleanor was once again absent, does she know something we don't? Although at least this time we had a full team—eventually. Kings dominated much of the game, although the Dribblers did manage to get a few shots on

goal but the net remained elusive. Had the Dribblers kept their spirits up, had the pitch been drier and had the referee not allowed Kings to take their foul throws again (?) the final score may have been very different.

As usual the Dribblers were victorious in the boatrace, splitting into two teams of four and racing each other as Kings were too weak and feeble to take part.

IC Netball

Imperial College Union Netball Club may not be the largest of clubs, but we make up for the lack of members by excellent results. We may only be a club consisting of eight female members, but that doesn't mean our team is of a low standard.

I think this year, we have proved ourselves to not only to be one of the best female sports teams at IC, but also we are doing much better than many of the large male sports clubs.

After coming second in the first round of the UAU tournament, after Reading, we are through to the next round in January. This achievement shows that the IC Netball team this year, has got further and done much better than the team in previous years.

In addition to this, we are currently at the top of our division in the ULU Netball League and we hope to set a record for IC here too in the tournament next year.

The scores recently have included victories against UCL, Royal Hospital and London and Royal Holloway and Bedford: 49-3, 44-12 and 31-26 respectively.

So come on IC, why not give us a bit more recognition?

Wobblers

We had prepared for the game with hours of practice. Our short corner routine was bound to devastate opposing defences. Like Heinz, but better, we had 400 variations of tomato-sauced, goal-mouth stimulation.

The game started with a single St Bart's attack followed by 20 minutes of Imperial 'total hockey', including all the 400 above flavours. Of course we didn't score from any of these. At least Dave Fairhurst managed to stop his slips this time. As for Steve Lam, he had enough time to give birth to an elephant before missing several times. Thankfully our open play came to the rescue. Like St George astride a majestic charger, Steve redeemed himself with a bumbling drive over the keeper. Thus spurred on to higher things we rammed another three home, courtesy of John Furlong, Dave F and Steve (again).

The second half quickly followed but was a grey affair, livened only by encores from Dave and John. The only other event of note was John's own goal. Determined to derail Simon the goalie's clean sheet, he carefully redirected a wayward shot into our goal.

Rugby — 2nds/Virgins

After initial confusion - when we found ourselves without any second row - and a swift position change round, IC seconds started a hard, but enjoyable game in the driving seat. Most of the possession was IC's, increasing as the police got more tired. The first try came from good dodging and pacey running from Fly-half Adam Wood. Unfortunately, the wind was against us in the first half blowing the kick back towards us. Rucking and mauling wasn't as clean as it could have been, but Mark Ashford and Tom Upsdell slowed down their backs well, enabling the back row to get in position again. The second

try came, once again from back play, by neat passing down the line to Simon Davalle on the wing who squeezed one in the corner.

The pack stood up well to a large police side with the usual front row - Simon, Rich (capt.) and Mark - pushed by Simon and Karl in the second row. The flankers, John Cassidy and John (Break right, Break right - The're going right!!) Roebuck, once again had a superb game. Jumping was consistent throughout the game and scrums got better as we didn't get tired. James Wilson, inside centre, also asked for a mention.

Imperial College 5 Goldsmiths 10
Sunday 29th December

After only six weeks of training, the I.C. Virgins were thrust onto the pitch for their first game. Despite inexperience, our girls put up a superb performance, with the forwards demonstrating their newly acquired scrummaging skills. The 'Goldies' few more capable players, however, quickly took advantage of our initial weaknesses and scored a try. Their lack of practice showed through at their poor attempt at a conversion, with the ball hardly leaving the ground. Our player of the Match, Permi, brought her football training into practice and, after a storming sprint up the wing, scored a try and almost made the

conversion, missing by mere inches. The second half saw another try by the opposition and an injury on each side, and the shortened game left our girls wanting more.

I.C. gave a better demonstration of their abilities in the bar afterwards, out-drinking and definitely out-singing Goldsmiths. Our thanks must go to all the people who came out to Sidcup to support us and especially to Leon Orr and Dave Bolton for their tireless training. Our next game is on Sunday 24th January at Harlington. Supporters welcome.

Ladies' Rugby train on Thursday lunchtimes and Sunday Mornings in Hyde Park.

ICBC's Indoor Row

Imperial achieved excellent results at the British Indoor Rowing Championships last Sunday. The 9-strong contingent competed on the Concept II ergometer rowing machine, which universally forms the excruciatingly painful basis for winter land training. Heats and finals were both rowed over 2,500 metres, times in general reflecting that this particular event comes in the middle of endurance, as opposed to speed, training.

Ed Wild, though disappointed with his own performance nevertheless achieved a creditable 4th place overall in Under-23 heavyweight men, in the face of stiff opposition from a heavy

Leander Club and Cambridge University BC presence, Andy Green took 6th. John Warnock shone in the lightweight men's category, coming 3rd. Anna-Marie Dryden who rows for Imperial as part of the national squad produced the performance of the championships by shaving 0.1 of a second off the world record in winning the lightweight women's category, also beating all but 3 of the heavyweight women. Both she and John Warnock have therefore booked their places at the World Championships held in Boston, USA. ICBC will be holding the Student ergometer championship in early February.

RESULTS TABLE

	FOOTBALL	
IC 1sts	3-0	Blacksmiths
	LADIES FOOTBALL	
IC Dribblers	0-4	Kings
	HOCKEY	
IC 1sts	6-1	St Barts
	RUGBY	
IC 2nds	10-0	Met Police
	LADIES RUGBY	
IC Virgins	5-10	Goldsmiths