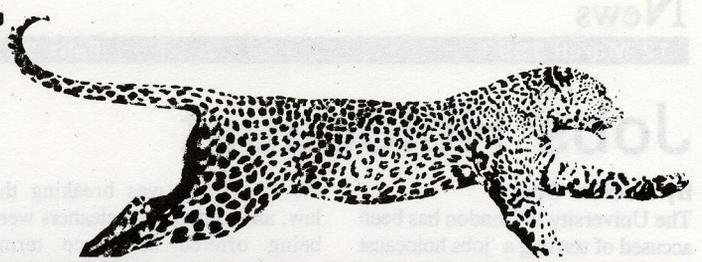


FELIX



The Student Newspaper of Imperial College

Issue 962

12 March 1993

Elections Knocked

Apathy is as prominent as ever at Imperial College according to a mini survey carried out by Felix during this week's sabbatical elections, with the elections as a whole coming in for a great deal of criticism.

Although 54% of voters were aware of the elections taking place and what they were for only 30% of those surveyed had bothered to vote. The final result of New Election for the Hon Sec post, was echoed in the survey, with students being unsure what the post actually did. A large compliant from those surveyed was the feeling that the elections were irrelevant to the vast majority of people. This was demonstrated in the low turn out during the poll when 23% of those eligible voted. One particular voter based in Silwood Park, said that everyone there had voted for New Election, as no candidate had considered them.

Many complained about the candidates, saying that there was no clear choice. Although campaigns were better than last year, but were obviously marred with dirty tricks. Posters appeared just to say vote for a candidate with manifestos and leaflets being very short on real policy. Many voters had real difficulty working out actual differences between candidates as

many seemed to agree on the vast majority of issues.

There was a little confusion with the voting system with a significant number being marked with a cross or tick, instead of the numbers as was clearly marked on the ballot paper.

In reply to this comment Mr Dominic Wilkinson, the current Hon Sec (events), made a detailed reply:

'If the electorate could not spare a few minutes to vote then they have little right to complain about the quality of the incoming sabbaticals. The opportunity to vote was given with New Election being the option for those dissatisfied with the suitability of the candidates. At the end of the day the well worn phrase 'You get what you deserve' rings true.

I am concerned that some think that the Union bears little relevance to their lives. Unbeknown to them, the work that the Union does will touch every aspect of their time at Imperial. This is an attitude that we are acutely aware of and through our increased communication with students, via, for example, the reaching out stalls and focus groups, we can alter this perception to one that more accurately reflects the work that the Union does for students.'

Door Damage

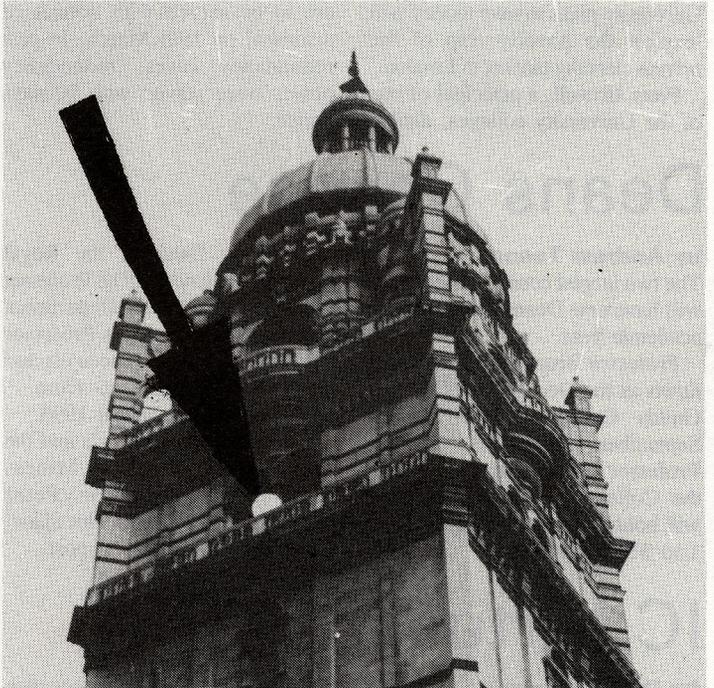
Wednesday saw severe damage to the toilets in the Union Building opposite Da Vinci's during the 'Libido' disco night.

A wall inside the Men's lavatories was smashed leaving a large hole. Who actually was responsible for the damage is unclear, but it is believed that a large number of students who had been drinking in the Da Vinci's bar may have had a role. Union

Stewards on the scene said it was possible that the damage had started accidentally and individuals passing through the toilets had added to the damage as the evening progressed.

Speaking to Felix yesterday, Chris Davidson, ICU President, said that the matter had been reported to the Police. He added that if any of those responsible were identified, criminal charges would be brought.

Queen's T Splat



PIC BY MIKE CHAMBERLAIN

The large 'splat' put on the Queens Tower last week in support of today's comic relief day. The 'Splat' was paid for by charity donations by West London Chaplaincy, and will be lit up tonight.

Resignation Call

by Andrew Tseng

Relations between Imperial College Union (ICU) and St Mary's Hospital Medical School Students Union (SMHMS SU) have taken a turn for the worse this week following a letter published in this issue.

The letter by Ex-SMHMS SU Presidents, Simon Stockill and Simon Smith, demands the resignation of Dominic Wilkinson, Honorary Secretary (Events). Mr Stockill and Mr Smith also demand that the rest of the ICU Exec distance themselves from Mr Wilkinson. The alternative that the letter cites is the complete separation of SMHMS SU from

ICU.

When interviewed by Felix, Mr Wilkinson said that he would be replying to the letter privately and would not make any further comment. Questioned by Jonty Beavan, the editor of Felix, Mr Wilkinson elicited a response of, 'oh go away you tedious editor'.

When asked if the rest of ICU Exec would condemn Mr Wilkinson, Chris Davidson, ICU President, said that it was 'not the usual thing that it seeks to do'. He added, given that Mr Stockill and Mr Smith were not present at the hustings, that 'it would probably be different if were there'.

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Jobs Holocaust

by Declan Curry

The University of London has been accused of starting a 'jobs holocaust across colleges and institutes' by London trade unions. Tom Snow, London area officer for the National Union of Public Employees (NUPE), says that plans by the University to make 98 cleaners redundant are a breach of University employment protection regulations. Mr Snow says that the University plans to save money will 'exploit the poverty trap of the private cleaning market in London.'

Peter Howell, a principal of one of the University colleges, denied

the University was breaking the law, and said that the cleaners were being offered severance terms 'twice as good as the statutory requirement.' NUPE claims that some staff are only being offered 12 weeks pay if they leave work immediately. The University says the redundancies will save 47% of the cleaning budget. The cleaners, who work in 6 of the 8 intercollegiate Halls of Residences, are to be served with notices of dismissal on 19th March. In past redundancy cases, redundancy orders were served with 90 days notice.

Deans Change

by Andrew Tseng

The two largest constituent colleges will have new Deans come the next academic year.

Professor Bruce Sayers will step down as the Dean of the City and Guilds College at the end of September. He makes way for Professor Julia Higgins, currently the College's Senior Tutor, who will hold the position from October 1 to 31 August 1994.

The new Dean of the Royal College of Science will be Professor John Pendry, from the Department of Physics. He replaces Professor Trevor Stuart and has been elected to hold the position from 1 September to 31 August 1996.

The Deans of St Mary's and the Royal School of Mines, respectively Professor Peter Richards and Professor Tim Shaw, continue in their current post.

IC Virtuoso

by Declan Curry

A 17 year old violinist will take centre stage tonight for the spring concert from Imperial College Orchestra. Lucy Jeal, studying in the Royal College of Music, will play solo violin in Tchaikovsky's 'Violin Concerto'. The concert, which begins in the Great Hall at 8pm, will also include Debussy's

'Nocturnes', and Stravinsky's 'Rite of Spring'. Miss Jeal, a pupil at local Westminster School, has played in several major venues in London, including the Royal Festival Hall and the Queen Elizabeth Hall. The concert will be conducted by Imperial's Richard Dickens.

Counselling Call

by Declan Curry

Schools and colleges have been ordered to pay more attention to student counselling. Tim Boswell, the Higher Education Minister, said that high drop out rates in further education were due to insufficient attention being paid to students and their progress. Mr Boswell added that counselling may be one of the new performance indicators for future further education funding.

More student counselling is provided in higher education than in further education. Don Adlington, Student Counsellor at Imperial College, said that there were arguments to show that counselling had an effect on drop-out rates in higher education. 'It is

almost certainly true that students stay in the university system due to counselling support through difficult periods,' he said. Legal, debt, financial and immigration advice is provided by Stef Ruis, Imperial College Union Advisor. Mr Ruis can be contacted on internal extension 3507, and is available between Monday and Thursday, except for Wednesday morning. Mr Adlington has an office on the first floor of 15 Prince's gardens, and can be contacted on internal extension 3041. He can see students during normal office hours, and says that he is 'always anxious to see people quickly.'

Food Fight!



Mary's students join in their annual food fight at Charing Cross Hospital. Some years the fire brigade have been called to clear up the mess.

C&G Hustings

by Andrew Tseng

The first ever City and Guilds College Union (C&GCU) hustings occurred on Tuesday.

Very few new policies or ideas were brought forward. Standing for the post of President, Paul Griffith proposed a City and Guilds Sports Day. And in a year that has seen the Constituent College Unions lose their student appeal, Joe Baguley, standing for Vice President, called for C&GCU to increase its profile.

Of those posts available only the post of the City and Guilds College Association Representative sees a

member of this year's C&GCU Exec standing.

The most closely contested post looks set to be that of Ents Chair. Tim Atkinson, who last year was defeated in the election for the post of Honorary Junior Treasurer, stands against Subhashis Chowdhury. Mr Chowdhury has promised an increase in the number of joint events with other Universities.

New Election will be standing for all posts. Voting will take place in C&G Department Foyers on 15th and 16th March from 12-2pm.

Silwood Outreach

by Declan Curry

Imperial College Union (ICU) held another 'outreach' stall on Wednesday of this week. Members of ICU staff travelled to Silwood Park at Ascot to meet students and raise awareness of the Union. Chris Davidson, ICU President, said that the event was a 'very successful day', adding that Silwood students were 'pleased with the effort made in bringing the Union to them'. After a tour of research labs and facilities, Mr Davidson, along with Michelle Began, Union Receptionist, and Stef Ruis, Union Advisor, held a meeting with Silwood students. Mr Davidson said

that students at Silwood were disappointed that they did not qualify for the 'London weighting' for local authority maintenance grants, and also had problems with catering and accommodation. Mr Davidson added that he would be looking at grant levels and the levels of food pricing at Silwood. Rick Bilby, ICU Deputy President, would look at accommodation matters. The Silwood stall follows on from a similar stall set up recently in the Junior Common Room (JCR) at South Kensington. Imperial College Union is said to be pleased with response to this first stall.

Cat's Eyes

Red Nose Day IV

I'm not going to start moaning about charity in general and how it would be unnecessary if all wealth was distributed evenly, since this matter is often brought up by somebody else and it is boring to read or listen to anyway. It seems that perpetrators of this argument are banging their heads against a brick wall because the situation has got worse; more charity events such as *Comic Relief* and benefit concerts are occurring. These are to the general delight of the public, since the concerts are often excellent and *Comic Relief* has never caused me to do anything but laugh. But I feel that ideas are very thin on the ground though, as far as Red Nose Day is concerned. The Red Nose-type object has become the symbol of *Comic Relief* since it started in 1987; first the noses were small, then they were bigger,

then they developed hands and now it has metamorphosed into a tomato. What will they do for Red Nose Day V in 1995?

Rachel Basset

I think I owe her one whopping great apology for last weeks repetition of what I see now was a particularly cruel joke that was possibly out of order. This action is not instigated by that letter from Sarah Lee (RCSU AAO BITCH), but by reports from people at the hustings that she defended me. It seems then that I owe her a thank-you as well. (I can't believe I'm writing this!)

Malcolm X

How much publicity has been given to this film!!? I think everyone would agree: too bloody much. I have not seen it yet because despite Denzil Washington's alleged sparkling performance, the identity of the director has put me off. Spike Lee's previous efforts, although entertaining and possibly very close to real life, always focus on the

pain, anguish, torment blah, blah, blah, that the white community has and is inflicting on the black community. I go to the cinema, mainly to be entertained, but also to learn a few things. I don't go to experience a guilt trip, as many of my white friends have, and then leave with a feeling that all the hatred among the black community is my fault. I remember seeing or reading an interview with Spike Lee in which he said this was not the aim of this film. Things don't always turn out the way we want them to. Being a member of the film industry, I am surprised he hasn't learn this lesson yet.

Sabbatical Elections

After denying that I would not mention the election to several students in Felix, I find myself going back on my word. All I want to say is congratulations to all winners and I hope they do a damn good job next year.

P.J.Dodd

Credits

News: Gareth, Jacob, Declan, Andrew. Feature: Ben, Zaeem, Sarmad, Chris, Rick, Dom, IC Choir, TAMSIN, Reviews: Sara, Mario, Richard, Phil, Kristine, Patrick. What's On: David. Collating: Greg, Kev, Poddy, Steve, Dec.

Thanks: Rose, Andy, Mike Chamberlain, Josh, Joe, Simon, James.

**DAVID
SPOONER**

Adieu

Cleaning up on Islam

Dear Jonty,

First let me make one thing very clear about Islam. Islam—as we stressed a number of times before—is not a mere religion—which is commonly known to tackle the spiritual aspect of Man only—but indeed a full and complete way of life, since it would not be right or wise for God to create Man without providing him with the rules and guidance necessary for him to run his own affairs in a just and fair way.

And history bears witness to this fact when it was implemented wholly and fully.

It is obvious from last week's Beit Back article, that its author found a book on Islam written by a good old orientalist repeating the same good old false, biased, misinterpreted allegations.

Islam is the last religion sent down from God to the whole of Mankind and not a certain nation or tribe and is similar to all the messages that came before it. It was brought down through Angel Gabriel (peace be upon him), and I consider it foolish to assert a nationality to any of God's Angels (peace be upon them).

As for the claims made on the Quran, indeed they are not but claims short of any substantial proof or evidence 'And if you are in doubt as to what we have revealed to our servant then produce a chapter like

it and call your witnesses or helpers besides God, if you are truthful. But if you cannot, and of surety will not, then fear the fire whose fuel is men and stones which prepared for those who reject faith' Quran 2:22-23.

As for the slaughtering of non-muslims you must be either joking or lying. Who is slaughtering whom. It was and still is that the Muslims are the ones who are being oppressed, persecuted and butchered and this is being done throughout history up until today as in Bosnia and Palestine—so do not then come and clubtly blame Muslims for defending their lives and security.

'God forbids you not with regards to those who fight you not for your faith nor drive you out of your homes from dealing kindly and justly with them, for God loves those who are just. God only forbids you with regard to those who fight for your faith and drive you out of your homes and support others in driving you out if such as turn to them in their circumstances that do wrong'

Quran 60:8-9

And I challenge those who ignorantly accuses Muslims of forcing others on becoming Muslims, to produce for us an authentic sound historical record of such claim. In fact the large number of people today all over the world

Dear Jonty,

International Night '93 took place last Friday and I write this letter to thank all those who participated in or contributed to the event.

In particular, I would like to thank Harpreet for running a superb Cultural Show, Nina for weaving her way around the impossible obstacles of environmental and health regulations in order to get the Food Fair organised and Nainish for his immense support in all areas especially the finances and the live band.

Thank you Marcus for the famous logo design, Jan for the

who are coming back to their natural way of life—Islam—which proves otherwise.

My sincere advice to the author of that article and to people like him is to acquire the decency, when disagreeing with others—to put forward their argument in a manner that would rise above comments of mockery and insult, so if we were not fortunate enough to agree with each other, we would at least be successful in achieving mutual respect and understanding.

Finally, I feel it would be appropriate to end my letter with an extract from Annie Besant's book

disco, Tooba for the posters and tickets, Shehzad for the sponsorship and Aarzo, Zahra and Nee for coordinating the show and rehearsals. I should also like to mention Duniya, Sunil, Giha, Stanley and Boon.

International Night '93 was organised to celebrate the many cultures and nationalities represented at College. I am sure that most people who came learnt something new and enjoyed the event.

Sincerely,

Yen Yang Lim, Chairman OSC.

'The Life and Teachings of Muhammad':

It is impossible for anyone who studies the life and character of the great Prophet of Arabia, who knows how he taught and how he lived, to feel anything but reverence for that mighty Prophet, one of the great messengers of the Supreme. And although in what I put to you I shall say many things which may be familiar to many, yet I myself feel whenever I re-read them, a new way of admiration, a new sense of reverence for that mighty Arabian teacher.

Yours Fahad El-Adawi.

St Mary's Vote

Dear Jonty,

How terribly sad it is that once again the record needs to be set straight between St Mary's and IC Union, however the front page article in Felix 960 leaves us little alternative.

In the four years that we have been involved in the Union activities—including design and implementation of the Union merger—we have noticed a lessening of the anti-IC feeling in Paddington, but a corresponding strengthening of the anti-Mary's lobby in South Kensington. We are, on the whole, satisfied with the manner in which IC Union officers have treated and assisted the Mary's Union, whenever it was able to do so. Much of this has been made possible by the good working relationships between the last three presidents of IC and St Mary's Unions. Paul Shanley, Zoe Hellinger and Chris Davidson were all well supported by St Mary's students in their respective elections; this illustrates two points.

Firstly, that these three could win the confidence and support of St Mary's students was a comment on their personalities, their capabilities, their performance in difficult situations, and yes, their charisma; the very qualities which

also made them successful presidents. Secondly, they chose to get to know students at St Mary's and understand their concerns—most notably Wilson House and Teddington—and consequently were then able to offer useful back-up to the St Mary's Union. This we believe they all did admirably.

Allow us then to stress four serious concerns arising from the article in question.

1. ICU knows that the St Mary's Rag Week is planned to coincide each year with the United Hospitals Rugby Cup Final—the dates of which are set years in advance. Why then does ICU not choose to try and avoid holding its hustings during this period of high spirits and mischievous merriment, when it could so easily do so?

2. What sort of democratic system allows its leaders to be elected with 'an easy ride' as Dominic Wilkinson believes 'hustings should be run'?

3. Past experience has shown that the knowledge and understanding of the concerns of Medical Students that ICU candidates have at first is understandably negligible. Also negligible is the relevance to medical students of much of what the candidates have to say relating to issues at South Kensington, since

the Mary's Union generally runs its own financial, social and representative affairs within the Medical School. Therefore, what we look for in the candidates is the ability to cope in difficult situations, willingness to listen, learn and understand, capacity to talk one self out of almost anything, and most importantly to ensure they do not have a serious lack of the qualities necessary for leadership i.e. charisma and sense of humour...which leads nicely on to Dominic Wilkinson!

4. Mr Wilkinson and his belief that 'Mary's students weren't fit to lick the shit off our shoes' really goes beyond the bounds of common decency. Rarely have we known a Union officer anywhere in London who has had such a blatant and absolute disdain for his electors—and with ignorant Union officers hardly being thin on the ground in London colleges, you, Mr Wilkinson, have managed to beat off tough competition!

It is, therefore, obvious to us that Mr Wilkinson neither desires to nor is capable of representing over 650 members of his electorate. This leaves us two alternatives. Firstly, the ICU Exec must all publicly dissociate themselves from Mr Wilkinson's comments, leaving Mr Wilkinson no alternative but to resign. With his past record of storming out of meetings in a sulk

if he does not get his own way, he is presumably not averse to walking out on his responsibilities, so this should not present a problem. Alternatively, the Mary's Union should demand its own representation at all levels—including Governing Body—effectively declaring UDI from IC Union, something it is perfectly capable of doing. The second alternative however, would simply destroy five years of diplomatic hard graft, which, until Mr Wilkinson's injudicious, patronising and offensive comments, has been successfully achieving a good working partnership between our two student bodies.

We sincerely hope that Chris Davidson and his Exec do not allow this sad situation to do lasting damage to Mary's—IC relations, and that the successful candidates in today's elections do not perpetuate Mr Wilkinson's totally unsuitable attitude.

Yours sincerely,

Simon P Stockill, Ex President SMHMS SU (91/92)

Simon G T Smith, Ex President SMHMS SU (90/91)

Easter

Dear Jonty,

Without wanting to make a big deal out of it, I would like to point out that the 'Easter decorations' cartoon in last week's Felix (5th March) was offensive. You surely must have known this before putting it in. Not only does it offend Christians but also the other religions who have Jesus as a prophet.

Easter means many things to me. Jesus endured a very painful death on a cross in order that He may take away everything that everyone has done wrong. For three days he fought with death, which is worse than anyone can imagine. He came back to life on the third day, showing that he had won over all sin. It is through these three days that Christians believe we can have eternal life.

Christians often wear crosses, which remind us that Jesus went through all that for everyone, but often those crosses are empty—Jesus is no longer on the cross, He is alive!

To ridicule a painful death as this cartoon did is insensitive—please bear in mind that Jesus suffered these things for YOU as much as for me.

Laura Burgess, Geology I.

P.S. When did anyone put up Easter decorations anyway?

Mediterranean Conflict

Dear Jonty,

We, the members of the Turkish Society, felt that we have to write to you regarding the articles 'Greece' and 'Cyprus' in the Felix International Night Special issue.

If we had told the international community at Imperial College that there are some Greek fanatics who dream to annex Cyprus, where both Turkish and Greek communities live, very few people would have believed us. If we had told international community that they claim territory from Turkey as well, not many people would have believed us either. However, if you read the article 'Greece' in Felix International Night Special Issue written by the Hellenic Society, you will see that they themselves openly say so. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank them for showing their true faces. The fact is that they don't just dream, they try to do it in real life. For example, they came to invade Turkey in the 1920's and caused loss of hundreds of thousands of human lives including their own. They also tried to annex Cyprus in 1974 and started

to massacre Turkish communities; and as a result Turkey had no choice but to intervene according to the article IV of the 1960 Treaty of Guarantee (They claim it was occupation!).

We sincerely believe that those fanatics do not represent real Greek people and we want to stress that we want to live in peace with our Greek neighbours as well as with all other nations. We also urge those fanatics to wake up and see the realities, the sooner the better.

Yours faithfully,

Ersin Akartuna on behalf of the Turkish Society.

Dep Reps

Dear Jonty,

Just a quick note about last week's Felix.

Firstly, can I point out that being a Dep Rep may, admittedly, not be a major responsibility in terms of the overall organisation of the universe; but within IC the Dep Reps are most decidedly the unsung heroes of my department, being

responsible for all things from keeping the chocolate machine stocked with Twixes, to calling staff student committees at a time convenient to everybody involved. I'd like to thank Alison, Andy, Duncan, Matt and Rhian—you've kept me sane and always been there when I've need to rely, and depend, upon you, and only you.

Secondly, 'Rachel 'fred' Bassett. Does Mr Doddery (sic) realise how petty, maddening, irritating, annoying, boring, old, sad, sick, pointless, useless waste-of-space etc and infantile it is to repeat a very, very old joke thinking you're the only person intelligent enough to think of it (every time guaranteed). You can't blame the parents for a name they give, or indeed are given, in all innocence, but you can blame the insensitive brutes who think anybody will smile; and I for one intend to until the end of my days if needs-be.

Lots of love,

Sarah Lee, RCSU AAO.

Any comment about worth waiting for and I might turn green and either explode messily all over you or bite your head off. Slowly. I haven't decided yet.

Catering Department

Dear Jonty,

I would like to correct the inaccuracies in the article by Gareth Light on the Catering Department, Felix 959.

The Catering Department has not lost £450,000 or £½ million last year. The catering department's figures were not released last week, but to the Advisory Group on Catering and Bars on 16 October 1992. There was a trading deficit of £319,000, and interest payments on capital loans totalled a further £90,750.

There is no relation whatsoever between the Catering department's trading position and Linstead Hall Bar.

The catering service to students has not remained under constant criticism.

Southside Bar had not lost in the region of £25,000 so far this year. It has made a trading surplus of £21,973, which after central administration costs nets down to a surplus of £8,358.

The bar is not 7% down on projected income. It is 18% down.

The Advisory Group on Catering and Bars did not complain to ICU about anything—its membership comprises four representatives from ICU. The chairman asked for information from the students about happy hours. How could a committee, 50% of whose members are from ICU, complain about itself.

The financial errors and misunderstandings that you refer to in the context of Linstead Bar are in no way connected with me, the Catering Department, or my future as a license holder. Could you please make clear that you did not intend to call in to question my financial probity and integrity.

Gordon Marshall is not in overall control of Catering. The department, through me, reports to the Deputy Managing Director, Dr Rodney Eastwood.

Felix should take care not to publish inaccurate, misleading or distorted material.

Yours sincerely,
Simon Westerman,
Catering Manager.



ALTHOUGH NOT AS EASY AS
BUTTERFLY COLLECTING, GIRAFFE
COLLECTING HAS ITS OWN HIGH SPOTS.

A Slice of Life

Owain Bennallack

It's 6:10 pm and I'm at IC Radio to be interviewed on the new 'Thirty Minutes' programme concerning the Photographic Society. The show will commence at 6:30 pm. Paul, the host, has cunningly tricked me into arriving early on the pretence that we'd be able to go through the interview beforehand and maybe discuss the simulation coursework we both have to submit by Friday. In fact the real reason I'm here is that Paul doesn't smoke, and wingeing at me is his only alternative to the dreaded cancer stick.

'Oh Owain it's six fifteen and no-one's here' he pleads, in a voice I had thought the exclusive domain of my spoilt little sisters. He goes through the running order again. Do seven two's make fourteen? Yes Paul. What shall I talk to the Orchestra about? Err, music Paul? What if nobody turns up? Then you're fucked Paul.

At a big table five hacks are playing trumps. They are completely unconcerned by Paul's Cleese-like hysteria, joking amiably and throwing empty anything's at each other. Hacks at home. They never seem to do anything, just

exist in their little world, absorbing the atmosphere like Komodo dragons bathing in the sun. At hack school (ie Southside first year) they are taught to be the three f's. Friendly, funny and functionless. Standing there I feel like I've intruded on some rumbustious family gathering, listening to a close knit banter reminiscent of the penultimate scene in *The Godfather II*.

6:22pm and so far only the 'Gun and Pistol' person and myself have arrived. A door opens and the famous Celtic news editor summons Paul with businesslike Irish precision. Through the window of the office I see Paul explaining his schedule, whilst the news ed pulls at his hair and answers telephones. An assistant creeps in, the momentarily open door revealing a tantalising 'What the bloody hell do you mean -' Two minutes later they're out again and moving into the studio. I receive bad news.

'All right Owain' says Paul, 'Neither The Japanese society nor the Orchestra have arrived yet so you've been moved to first place.' Camera pulls back to reveal Owain Culkin's hands clapped over ears

staring into the audience and screaming. First? First! I fully appreciate that most of the listeners to this show are probably in this very room but at that moment I feel like someone's said 'Owain, her Majesty can't make it, would you mind stepping in for her at the Queen's speech? Ta awfully'. A hack trumps another and then playfully thumps him. The station manager explains how if they'd only followed his instructions they would have had fourteen tricks and a holiday in Jamaica. And I panic.

'Get him in here' yells editor in chief and I'm bundled into the tiny studio. 'Talk into that' says Paul, sweating. I look at the microphone, which promptly falls over. Whilst I'm trying to repair it (6:29:30 pm) the Japanese Soc member appears at the door. 'Sorry, I was in the toilet.' 'Get him out of here' yells the news ed, and I'd dumped back outside the soundproof door. Fiery business this live radio.

Outside we listen to the shows birthing. Jingle, sting then 'Hello, your listening to Thirty Minutes and this is your host Paul Dias...' The Japanese interview seems to go okay, he implores the audience to come and watch a cartoon about a rabbit with an exploding head. All too soon it's my turn.

I stand there like a contestant in Bullseye deciding whether to go for

'Bullies Star Prize'. The whole world is waiting at the other end of that microphone. It's a faintly ridiculous interview.

'So Owain, what's it like in the darkroom?' 'Err, dark Paul.' 'So Owain, the exhibition consists mainly of photographs?' 'Some would say entirely Paul.' I forget the name of the room in which we're exhibiting and stumble. Paul's going 'Well, isn't it the C..Con..Consort Gallery?' like a muppet on Sesame street. But I survive. It's a weird experience, the pressure of having to be somewhere for several minutes, and having to produce responses there and then. I feel a more educated man as the news ed screams 'Okay, thank you, get him out!' And I smirk superiorly at those yet to go, although they don't seem particularly worried. I must have inspired confidence.

The show proceeds fairly well, except for a small disaster when Paul commences an interview by asking the 'Rifle and Pistol' member why he likes to jump out of aeroplanes. And the surreal choice of music, a selection of 1987 'classics'. But Paul gets through without requiring hospitalisation, the news ed smiles and swears he won't be able to do that every week and every one is happy. Except a hack with a punctured bicycle tyre. We grin at him as we leave.

Banned leaflet

In last week's issue of Felix, Mark Richards of ICU Conservative Society wrote a disparaging letter which derided the Islamic Society's sincere attempts to open a dialogue concerning the problems of the Middle East, and Islam as the ideological solution to these problems and all problems world-wide. Mr Richards sneered at the concept of Islam being a complete ideology. I find it strange that someone, who seems to have no real knowledge of Islam, can cheerfully dismiss it without even examining it. This does not strike me as being a terribly open-minded or enlightened attitude.

Islam, the Ideology

An ideology is an intellectual doctrine from which a system emanates. This system should provide comprehensive solutions for people's problems and a method for satisfying their needs. An ideology, therefore, should not only have an intellectual basis, it should also provide mechanisms for practical implementation of the aforementioned doctrine. Islam, like Capitalism and Communism, has these mechanisms. Islam has very detailed political, economic, judicial, educational and social systems. These systems are all embodied in the Islamic State which is responsible for their implementation.

The Islamic State

The current Muslim states do not represent Islam in the ideological sense. They are secular states whose populations happen to be Muslims and whose laws sometimes have a vague cultural affinity with Islam. So Iran, Saudi Arabia, Iraq etc, are definitely NOT Islamic States and any criticism of Islam using such countries as examples is totally invalid. To being with, these countries do not even adopt the Islamic political system; this is the Caliphate (Khilafah) which was destroyed with British complicity in 1924. There are many groups of dedicated Muslims across the world involved in re-establishing the proper Islamic State. What would an Islamic State be like though?

Judicial System

The Islamic judicial system is often criticised on the basis that some of its punishments, such as the amputation of the hand of the thief, are barbaric. But is not the mindless murder of two year old Jamie Bulger barbaric? This may be a fairly rare incident at the moment, but for how long? Remember Rachel Nicole, Julie Dart or any of

the hundreds that didn't make it onto Crime Watch? In Britain, crime is now reaching endemic proportions:

There is now a burglary ever 24 seconds. A car crime every 21 seconds. A rape every 2.5 hours. We live in a sick society where men, women and children cannot walk the streets without fear of being robbed or assaulted. Even the horses in the Home Counties cannot graze freely without some disgusting pervert carving up their private parts? Yet smug critics have the audacity to ridicule Islamic solutions when their own institutions have addressed these problems with monumental incompetence and empty rhetoric. Islam believes that the belief of a person in the after-life, and a consequent accountability for actions in this life, will motivate a person to refrain from committing crime. Islam also recognises that human beings are inherently weak and therefore open to temptation; so Islam provides a deterrent. The deterrent principle is after all applied by the West to justify its nuclear arms and there is no reason why the analogy cannot be extended to a societal level.

Economic System

Britain is currently in the grip of the worst recession since the 1930s. As a result of this little downturn, 1200 businesses have been going under every week. The high street banks have not exactly helped matters with their overcharging, untimely repossessions and seizure of business assets. These actions have been well documented in all sections of the press. The banks point out that other large corporations have also made a substantial profit during the recession; and anyway they are not a charity but a business whose duty is towards the shareholders. Other large companies, however, are not in the position of controlling the medium of exchange in this country. Neither do these same companies make their profits from displacing 75,000 people from their homes or making their businesses collapse. When faced with the choice of commitment to their customers or submission to their shareholders, the banks always choose their shareholders. So there will always be a conflict of interests as long as banks are in private hands.

The Islamic State would have only one bank; the Government Bank. This bank would be free from any obligations to greedy

shareholders so it could get on with the job of helping businesses to prosper, thus creating a successful economy. But what about the massive fluctuations in interest rates? State ownership of the banking system cannot remedy that, surely? Actually, that is the really good bit; There are currently a lot of people calling for a cut in interest rates to improve the competitiveness of British industry. Under the Islamic economic system rates are always low: 0% permanently, to be precise. So businesses will save billions in interest repayments, and this cash can be invested in the creation of jobs and prosperity.

Conclusion

I have so far only briefly mentioned the judicial and economic systems of Islam since economics and law and order are both pretty topical issues. Regarding the issue of British foreign policy in the Middle East, it is well documented that

Britain has always exercised hegemony in the region: the RAF gassing of Kurds, the Sykes-Picot agreement, the Balfour Declaration, the destruction of the Caliphate, the creation of artificial countries such as Iraq, Jordan or Syria, the precipitation of the Suez Crisis, the massive arms deals with Saddam Hussein; these are but a few examples of the British establishment's arrogant and evil involvement in the wanton destruction of people's lives. I strongly urge Mr Richards to participate in an open debate about these matters or to make a public apology for his slander against Islam and Muslims and withdraw his ill-informed and puerile comments. If he really does believe in market forces, democracy, British foreign policy and the caring Conservative philosophy, let him defend it intellectually and publicly.

This leaflet was written by Najeeb Khan and was banned by Security.



— Monday 22nd of March —

DEMOCRACY IN ACTION:
COME AND STATE YOUR VIEWS

THE NEXT VICE CHANCELLOR
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
YOUR PART IN HER OR HIS CHOICE

By
Professor Geoffrey ALDERMAN
Chairman of the Academic Council

Who will answer your questions

OPEN MEETING: STAFF AND STUDENTS WELCOME

In the Read Lecture Theatre Sherfield Building at 1.00 pm

Keogh Kick Ass

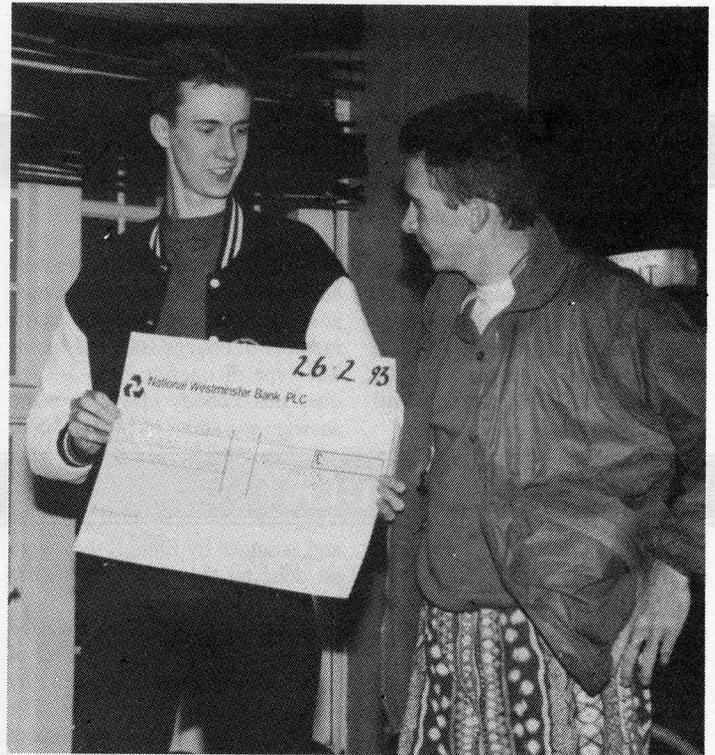
Was Saturday cold? I don't recall catching frostbite when I ventured out to Sainsbury's... or slipping on ice, or even having to dig my way out through snowdrifts up to my earlobes. So what happened to all you people? One of the best opportunities this term to get out of London and collect a bit of money, have a bit of fun and win a luvverly prize and only a few wonderful and dedicated collectors turn up! Disgraceful.

Fisher managed to muster two Dozeners - pretty poor by most people's standards, but a brave effort all the same. Willis Jackson did rather better, and sent out eight collectors to Reading, raising a staggering £700 and almost making up for the apathy radiating from some of the other halls. Falmouth Keogh, on the other hand, not only sent eight enthusiastic Dozeners to Guildford, to collect £750 for the Leonard Cheshire Foundation, but also put in an appearance at the QPR v Norwich football match,

which raised over £1400! Admittedly, this was with a little help from other Raggies, but it all goes towards making Falmouth Keogh the out-and-out champions when it comes to persuading the public to part with its money.

Congratulations are in order for all those that bothered to turn up, in what must obviously have been extremely adverse conditions. For their efforts, the Falmouth Keogh team win certain alcoholic substances, the details of which have yet to be released. Whatever the prize is, though, it will doubtless be appreciated!

Also to be applauded are all those who have helped Rag beat the £50,000 mark. Yes, the total is currently standing at a massive £55,193.98 with over a term left to go! A huge thanx to everybody who has collected, organised, been hassled for sponsorship money, jumped off a crane and generally taken part - you are all brilliant and we love you!



Give Away

If you had been at last week's Rag meeting, you would have witnessed a very rare event - the giving away of money by Rag! Our very own Rag Chair, Rachel, steeled herself to do what doesn't come naturally to a Raggie, and presented two cheques, totalling over £3000, to representatives from charities nominated to receive a share of last year's money. Martin Poole from the World Wildlife Fund for Nature accepted a cheque for £1506.79 (well, he wasn't very likely to

refuse, was he?!), and Louise Massert received £1506.75 on behalf of Turning Point.

The overall total raised last year was an amazing £39,796.83 some of which has still to be presented to the relevant charities, so watch out for more large cheques at future Rag meetings. This year's dosh will be given out at Rag Fete in May - an event I am not going to start plugging yet, but which you will hear plenty about nearer the time!

Uns(t)ung

Apologies to anyone who signed up for the Sting concerts on Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday this week - Sting has laryngitis and has had to postpone these until April. We expect to obtain permission to collect at these as well, on the 19-21st, but as this is during the Easter break (I won't call it a holiday as so many people have exams when they return!) this might cause problems! If you still want to collect on one of these dates, call

into the Rag Orifice and see Lorna or Womble.

Bristol Rag Raid

Just a quick reminder - tomorrow sees the departure of a courageous band of collectors, heading towards the wilds of Bristol on a mission from Rag. Raising money by raising hell (have I used that phrase before? Tough - I like it!) these thirteen raggies will be rewarded for their efforts by the chance to relax, socialise and generally piss about with other raggies from places as far afield as Exeter and - er- Bristol! It should be a fun day anyhow, so make sure you reserve YOUR seat at today's Rag meeting. Oh, Tim Atkinson has generously offered his services as driver so at least you are guaranteed safe transport to and from Bristol...!

Hall League Table (8.3.93)

Hall	Total Collected	Residents	Total per Head
Willis Jackson	£3064.87	78	£39.29
Falmouth Keogh	£7095.26	184	£38.56
Fisher	£3477.70	185	£18.80
Garden	£1538.44	89	£17.29
Tizard	£1947.46	120	£16.23
Southwell	£2301.90	174	£13.23
Weeks	£777.13	66	£11.77
Linstead	£2124.01	188	£11.20
Selkirk	£383.65	72	£5.32
Bernard Sunley	£171.92	101	£1.70

Pipe Dreams

What would they do if they had their time again? Four sabbaticals voice their wishes.

PRESIDENT

Chris Davidson

The Presidents job cannot be summed up in 300 words or probably even in print. In many ways it is what you make of it and most of my work is self inflicted. The few administrative jobs which I do have are delegated to the permanent staff, because they will

bo a better job of them.

I have to be all things to all (wo)men. I have to deal with every customer in an individual, be they a student, member of my staff, member of college staff and so on. The type of queries I get are the ones that nobody else knows the answer to and, on the whole,

require delegation, although if I just did that I would be a poor President. I identify and solve problems. This may mean setting up a major project or simply having a few words with the appropriate people. At the end of the day it all takes time and that is one thing I seem to have none of.

I have a year left to do in my

department but when I do look for a job I would like one that is similar to my job now, if perhaps better payed. In short I love the job but it is not good for the health, mental or physical.

All the best,
Chris.

DEPUTY PRESIDENT

Rick Bilby

If I were here next year I would like to see a change in areas of responsibility of the various officers. In many cases there is confusion as to who is supposed to be doing what. I am responsible for clubs & societies and the HonSec is responsible for overseas students, so who takes care of overseas student societies? Further, it always strikes me as absurd that the Deputy President has to arrange security for events coordinated by the HonSec

and arranged by Ents. If they were all done by the same person, life would be a lot simpler.

Union sabbaticals are a wasted resource. There is an awful lot of work currently undertaken by sabbaticals that need not be. The one thing that I think I have spent most time on this year is security. It has been satisfying to shake the Union security operation into some semblance of order, but it only needs to be overseen, and not run

by a sabbatical.

When you consider that between a third and half the DP's time is taken up with external work i.e. representation on College committees, the time he/she is able to devote to internal affairs seems all the more precious.

I would like to see the Deputy President in more of a management role, making sure the financial side of the Union runs smoothly, and keeps changing with the times.

Responsibilities for the day-to-day running of the Union should be devolved to other Union officers or permanent staff.

I have instigated changes to make fairer the distribution of Union funds, but I believe that we could get rid of a lot of the red tape and make the system run more efficiently. I know which areas need the most attention, and I hope my successor will carry on where I leave off at the end of July

HON SEC

Dom Wilkinson

This may appear to be something of a tired old cliché but it's painfully true. There are only 24 hours in a day. Whether you like it or not you inevitably end up prioritising your time. Things that at the start of the year you'd had the best of intentions to put right, to devote endless hours of effort to, become, unintentionally, rusty heaps on the road side.

I've always tried to work by the ethic 'If it ain't broke, don't fix it'. Rag has seen very little of me. I don't think they've needed me. My

absence doesn't seem to have affected them because they've raised incredible amounts of money this year. They ain't broke and they don't need fixing. I'd like Rag to think that if they wanted any help then I was around to give it. I hope that the OSC Committee feel the same way.

If I had my time again then I'd try to spend more time with the student societies. This is though something of a false promise but I feel obliged to make it.

What I set out to do from the start

of my year was to promote the Union as a social centre. The refurbishment of the bar was a great help and I'd now like to think that students, particularly first years, always think of the Union as the first place to go on a night out. If I had another year then I'd push the Union even harder. There's still too many people who don't know what's going on. You can never spend enough on advertising; I hope my successor doesn't let this slide.

When I set out my manifesto I purposely didn't fill it with false

promises. I am always angered by candidates whose pledges are as solid as the foundations of castles in Spain. If you talk bullshit then you eventually end up with some of it on your face. I knew what I could achieve in the time I had and so I'm fairly content.

A Sabbatical year will always be frustrating because it's too short. By the time you've learnt the ropes it's the twelfth round and you're out. Perhaps it's time for a new member of staff?

FELIX EDITOR

Jonty Beavan

Most of the job of Felix Editor and Print Unit Manager is running fast to just keep standing still. With the need to produce and organise a weekly magazine, a job that in the media industry is usually broken up between a team of people, precious little time is left for planning and improving Felix.

On top of this, working and being responsible for the machinery of the Print Unit makes the job even more difficult. If I had my time again, I would concentrate on two things:

Firstly organising the structure of the Print Unit and Felix so the people who work here understand the organisation better. Secondly, to spend much more time at the beginning of the year, dragging people into Felix so it is much more representative of Imperial College.

The unfortunate fact is that while the Union has bucked up its ideas and joined the 1990's, Felix has not. Felix needs to get more students writing for the magazine so, pressure is taken off those who

spend a great deal of time and energy putting together sections of our magazine at the moment.

Another section of the Felix job is DOBSON, very few at Imperial will even know what this stands for. DOBSON is a directory listing all the student newspapers in the country, and is organised through the Felix Office. It has enormous potential, maybe expanding to cover other countries, other student media, and possibly sending student newspapers over electronic mail.

Co-operation over all the Universities of the UK is immensely powerful. A network of student media could exist without the endemic problems of the NUS and would mean we are taken a great deal more seriously than at present. I hope my successor realises this and continues the work of the previous Felix Editor who set up DOBSON.

Flying the flag

Showing we are not scared to get involved with ULU, Jonty Beavan interviews Ben Hancock about his chances in the upcoming Sabbatical elections

After all the fuss has died down from Imperial's Sabbatical elections, the walkway has been cleared of ego-seeking publicity and the losers have sniffled their way back to anonymity, one IC student will still be trying to fight for his right for a sabbatical year.

Ben Hancock is a third year Maths student and is trying to worm his way through the mass of beaucracy that is the University of London students' Union (ULU) elections. On Tuesday 16th March he will face the assembled 'elected representatives' of London University and attempt to convince them that he can do the job of Vice President (Finance and Societies).

The last ULU officer who came from Imperial is so shrouded in the mists of time that Marc Samuels, current ULU President could not find an Imperial crest on the display wall in his office. Trevor Phillips one time IC, ULU and NUS President, now part time presenter for LWT and after dinner speaker, is a more memorable figure from IC to have been part of the larger body of the University. An individual who Ben Hancock dismissed as a 'professional student' when I spoke to him.

As with all ULU posts the process for getting elected is a little obscure. Every election takes place

at General Union Council (GUC) of ULU, in this body are the 'elected representatives' from each college of London University. After a brief speech, and a series of questions the meeting votes on which candidate should be allowed the post. Unlike the clamour of the elections just past in Imperial, Joe student doesn't even get a look in.

This obvious lack of student expression in ULU is clearly a sore point, because when I mentioned the idea of campus wide ballots to Ben, a stream of stock excuses emerged. Expense, time for each candidate to canvass 60,000 students and the fact that people are not usually known outside their own college were all wheeled out as reasons for continuing the old system. Fine, think I, but it's still students' money that sabbaticals are paid with.

Even with this original definition of democracy, winning is not a foregone conclusion. Of his competitors for the post Ben is dismissive, 'I can never remember their names' he says describing a list of accommodation officers from ULU, Kings and Goldsmiths who feel that they could fill the post much better than he could. Is he going to win? 'I'm quite confident.. I have better financial experience than the rest' he replies.

Describing the actual job, Ben goes into more detail: The 'normal treasury things' and supporting Societies in ULU as well as liaising with the full time Entertainments Manager, ULU employ to run the bands and performances there. His previous experience appears rather narrow, having been heavily involved in the Sailing Club and little else. Ben does not see this as a problem, as, he feels, the impressive array of sailing championships that he has organised has given him a wide range of experience in finance and event management. Although about the minutiae of the post, he is a little uncertain, the same, no doubt, as every person trying to enter a new job.

What about the 'reexamination' of Imperial's role in the University of London that Sir Eric Ash,



PIC BY JOE BAGULEY

Imperial's Rector announced in his Commemoration day speech last year? Although he has not spoken to Sir Eric yet, Ben does not regard it as an immediate problem, but if Imperial were to show signs of moving out of the federation, 'I plan to fight him' is the clear signal to Sir Eric's successor.

Ben is convinced that Imperial College students' Union and ULU can coexist, saying that ULU provides a different centre to students in London and the chance for Imperial students to mix with a different group of people. 'It is important that Imperial students have a choice' he comments, and plans to increase the profile of ULU in Imperial if elected.

Is there a future in the University

of London Union? Again the stock answer is reeled out; ULU represents all the small colleges in London, places that would lose a strong voice if ULU were not there to defend them. Whether this will be enough to keep ULU out of the fate that is being prepared for the NUS in the upcoming white paper on Higher Education is not certain. And what can he do for London students if he gets the job? 'Provide a well run facility at Ma let street showing the things they want to see at a price that they can afford.' Sounds like the promise of a well meaning politician? Well, we can't tell until we see him in action, and thanks to the ULU voting scheme few of us will get a say in that.

UGM

Friday 12th March, 1pm in the Concert Hall (Union Building, 2nd Floor) the following posts are up for grabs:

Academic Affairs Officer
 ICCAG
 Ents Chair
 UGM Chair
 Rag Chair
 External Affairs Officer
 Welfare Officer
 Housing Officer
 Post Grad Affairs Officer
 2 Ordinary Members of Council

★GET INVOLVED★
 ★BRING UNION CARDS★

Excellence thru enjoyment

Keith McNully *Bass voice representative at IC Choir examines the 130th performance of that august body.*

In the Great Hall on 19th March, Imperial College Choir will perform its 130th concert. Ever since its foundation in January 1950 the tradition of giving a performance every term has been unbroken. The present conductor, Eric Brown, has conducted 115 of these concerts and is now in his 40th year as conductor of IC Choir. Numerous times has Queen Alexandra's House, the RCM and, after 1969, the Great Hall been filled to hear yet another rendition from a choir whose reputation has grown tremendously since its formation.

Among the choir's many performances has been the London Premiere of Benjamin Britten's *Hymn to St Peter*, in 1955, under Imogen Hoist, and the World Premiere of Christopher Shaw's *No Room at the Inn*. Also memorable for a different reason is the choir's performance of Britten's unaccompanied *Hymn to St Cecilia*, in which under-ventilation and fatigue resulted in the choir dropping pitch by a full tone and a half. The situation was saved by a soloist who, in sheer panic, sang a solo that was completely different from what was written in the score, but somehow managed to restore the pitch, thus saving the piece from total collapse.

Today, IC Choir is just as strong, if not stronger than ever. How has the choir managed to survive the environment of a purely scientific

college? Firstly, and perhaps most importantly, the choir considers talent secondary to dedication. Dedication is something you need to be a member. Talent is developed while you are a member. For this reason, the choir does not audition. It simply requires that you attend a minimum number of rehearsals in order to sing in the concert.

Furthermore, members of the choir find a good balance in their activities. For every hour of rehearsal there is an hour of fun. This is particularly evident in the choir's weekends away. The first of the year comes in mid-February to Bedgebury, an all-girls boarding school in Kent. Here, an intensive rehearsal schedule is well complemented with opportunities to enjoy the surrounding countryside, a quiz and games night on Saturday, followed by the highlight of the weekend—the infamous Bedgebury Bonfire.

The second weekend away comes on the last weekend of the Easter vacation, to Pigotts, a farm/music camp in Buckinghamshire. Pigotts has been an annual date on the choir's calendar for almost 30 years, and its reputation has made members all too pleased to give up the last weekend of their holiday. As well as fitting nine rehearsals into three days, there is plenty of time to enjoy the spring sunshine (providing it doesn't snow like it did in 1981). The team of cooks produce food to suit all tastes, while



the Pigott's Barn Dance is possibly the most popular social event of the year.

All this madness, however, must have an organising force behind it, and that is the job of the Choir Committee. Annual committees have unfailingly managed to make the choir's year run smoothly. They have had to deal with numerous crises over the years. For example, just before the 100th concert in March 1983, the Mezzo-Soprano soloist, Mary Lloyd Davies, was taken ill. At the last minute, a replacement was drafted in in the form of Miss Anne Mason, and the concert became yet another success for IC Choir.

Ultimately, though, it is in the termly concerts that the choir shows the true dedication and talent of its members. Next week's concert should be no exception. Mozart's *Solemn Vespers*, Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang Choral Symphony* and the strange but rhythmically exciting *Brazilian Psalm* by Jean Berger should provide yet another enjoyable evening courtesy of IC Choir.

Then back to business, when preparation starts at Pigotts for the 131st termly concert. Perhaps this is the secret of IC Choir's success, its unhalting continuity in moving from one concert to the next. There is no time to relax, it's heads down straight away in preparation for the next performance. In this way the choir gathers momentum through experience and is constantly approaching the excellence it strives for.

IC Choir's Easter concert takes place in the Great Hall on Friday, 19th March at 8pm. Tickets can be purchased from Choir members or the Central Library, price £2 for students and £5 for non-students. Student price is £3 on the door.

The Choir also welcomes new members. They rehearse on Thursday evenings at 6.15pm in Mech Eng 342. If you are interested in singing in the Summer Concert you must attend the rehearsal on Thursday 25th March in order to find out how to get to Pigotts. Ladies from other University of London colleges are welcome to join.



IC Choir in 1954

Too X-treme?

Zaeem Sivardeen shows the side of Malcolm X not revealed in Spike Lee's film, that of a true muslim.

More than twenty-eight years after his death, Malcolm-X—Alhaji Malik El-Shabazz—still towers over the Statue of Liberty. He refuses to die. And with the release of Spike Lee's film *X* this Friday the 5th of March, his memory continues to live.

With the film has come the hype. Everyone claims him to be of them—from civil rights activists to black nationalists; from rappers to even socialists (!). And of course, there are the Muslims, who also claim him. After all, it was Islam that Malcolm X advocated as a solution to the Race Problem. At first he was a member of the deviant black nationalist group, so called 'The Nation of Islam' and then after his Pilgrimage to Mecca he reverted to mainstream Islam. His period in mainstream Islam was short—and as a result the film *X* does not cover it in great detail, but this short part of his life was the most important part. The ideas he had at this time were the ideas which he died with—indeed, it was probably because of these new ideas he had, based on mainstream Islam, that he was killed.

Below is a letter he wrote to 'his loyal assistants in Harlem...from his heart.'

'Never have I witnessed such sincere hospitality and the overwhelming spirit of true brotherhood as is practised by people of all colours and races here in this ancient Holyland, the home of Abraham and Muhammed... For the past week, I have been utterly speechless and spellbound by the graciousness I see displayed all around me by people of all colours...

...There were tens of thousands of pilgrims, from all over the world. They were of all colours, from blue-eyed blondes to black-skinned Africans. But we were all participating in the same ritual, displaying a spirit of unity and brotherhood that my experiences in America had led me to believe never could exist between the white and non-white.

America needs to understand Islam, because this is the one

religion that erases the race problem. Throughout my travels in the Muslim World, I have met, talked to, and even eaten with people who in America would have been considered 'white'—but the 'white' attitude was removed from their minds by the religion of Islam. I have never before seen sincere and true brotherhood practised by all colours together, irrespective of their colour.

You may be shocked by these words coming from me. But on this pilgrimage, what I have seen, and experienced, has forced me to rearrange much of my thought patterns previously held, and to toss aside some of my previous conclusions. This was not too difficult for me. Despite my firm convictions, I have been always a man who tries to face facts, and to accept the reality of life as new experience and new knowledge unfolds it. I have always kept an open mind, which is necessary to the flexibility that must go hand in hand with every form of intelligent search for truth.

During the past eleven days here in the Muslim World, I have eaten from the same plate, drunk from the same glass, and slept in the same bed (or on the same rug)—while praying to the same God—with fellow Muslims, whose eyes were the bluest of blue, whose hair was the blondest of blonde, and whose skin was the whitest of white. And in the words and in the deeds and in the actions of the 'white' Muslim, I felt the same sincerity that I felt among the black African Muslims of Nigeria, Sudan, and Ghana.

We were truly all the same (brothers)—because of their belief in One God had removed the 'white' from their minds, the 'white' from their behaviour, and the 'white' from their attitude.

I could see from this, that perhaps if white Americans could accept the Oneness of God, then perhaps too, they could accept in reality the Oneness of Man—and cease to measure, and hinder, and harm others in terms of their 'differences' in colour.

With racism plaguing America like an incurable cancer, the so-



called 'Christian' white American heart should be more receptive to a proven solution to such a destructive problem. Perhaps it could be in time to save America from imminent disaster—the same destruction brought upon Germany by racism that eventually destroyed the Germans themselves.

Each hour here in the Holyland enables me to have greater spiritual insights into what is happening in America between black and white. The American Negro never can be blamed for his social animosities—he is only reacting to four hundred years of the conscious racism of the American whites. But as racism leads America up the suicide path, I do believe, from the experiences that I have had with them, that the whites of the younger generation, in the colleges and universities, will see the hand-writing on the wall and many of them will turn to the spiritual path of truth—the only way left to American to ward off the disaster that racism inevitably leads to.

Never have I been so highly honoured: Never have I been made to feel more humble and unworthy.

Who would believe the blessings that have been heaped upon an American Negro? A few nights ago, a man who would be called in America a 'white' man, a United Nations diplomat—an ambassador, a companion of kings, gave me his hotel suite, his bed.

Never would I have even thought of dreaming that I would ever be a recipient of such honours—honours that in America would be bestowed upon a king—not a Negro.

All praise is due to Allah, the Lord of All the Worlds.

Sincerely,
El-Haji Malik El-Shabazz.
(Malcolm X).

It's quite clear that Malcolm X, after going through much experience came to the conclusion that mainstream Islam—the love and obedience of the One Creator of the Worlds—and not black Nationalism nor the deviant 'Nation of Islam', nor socialism (!), is the only thing that could bring the various races of humanity together under one umbrella of peace, love and harmony.

A Time to Fast

Sarmad Qureshi takes a brief look at the Islamic month of Ramadan

Fasting was practised by many prophets of the past including those mentioned in the Old Testament—Moses and Elijah are said to have fasted continuously for 40 days, a feat that was later repeated by Jesus, who also recommended fasting as an example and as a teaching. Indeed, fasting is strictly practiced in Judaism and the Jews fast on the day of Atonement and the Christians during the period of Lent. These practices are observed as a command from God, and in the Quran God says

'O you who believe fasting has been ordained for you as it was ordained for those before you, so that you may develop God-consciousness' Quran 2:183

It is from this verse that the muslims have been commanded to fast. So in a continuation of the messages that come before it the Quran prescribes the month of Ramadan for the muslims as the period in which they fast from dawn to dusk. *'Ramadan is the (month) in which was sent down the Quran, as a guide to mankind, also clear (signs) for guidance and judgement (between right and wrong). So everyone of you who is present (at his home) during that month should spend it in fasting...'* Quran 2:185

It is for this reason that Ramadan is considered as one of the holiest months in Islam, and the month is spent not only in fasting but also in good deeds. The Quran can be heard being recited from all corners



of the world, as muslims seek its guidance and understanding. *'This is a Book of Guidance in which there is no doubt. It is for the God-conscious'* Quran 2:2

But the fast that is observed during Ramadan is more than a mechanical abstention from food and drink. It also prohibits all sexual relations between spouses, during the period of fast, as well as a strict observance of one's actions and words and also encouraging acts of charity and good deeds to others.

What, however, is the wisdom behind fasting? There are numerous benefits that a person who fasts will enjoy, encouraging the person's character to progress, and those who fast with intention and devotion leave the month richer in spirit.

The act of fasting itself can sometimes prove to be very demanding. The month of Ramadan may fall during the summer where the long daylight hours can mean that the fast lasts from 3am to 9.30pm. This can prove to be very intensive especially as the period of Ramadan progresses towards its final days. Elsewhere in the world Ramadan may fall during the hot season, meaning having to bear temperatures of 40°C normally unbearable, but made even more difficult when you cannot drink or eat. It is for this reason that the person who fasts develops the patience and willpower being able to bear out his circumstances, with the knowledge that his reward will come at the time he breaks his fast, and in the hereafter. *'Those who patiently persevere will truly receive a reward without measure.'* Quran 29:10.

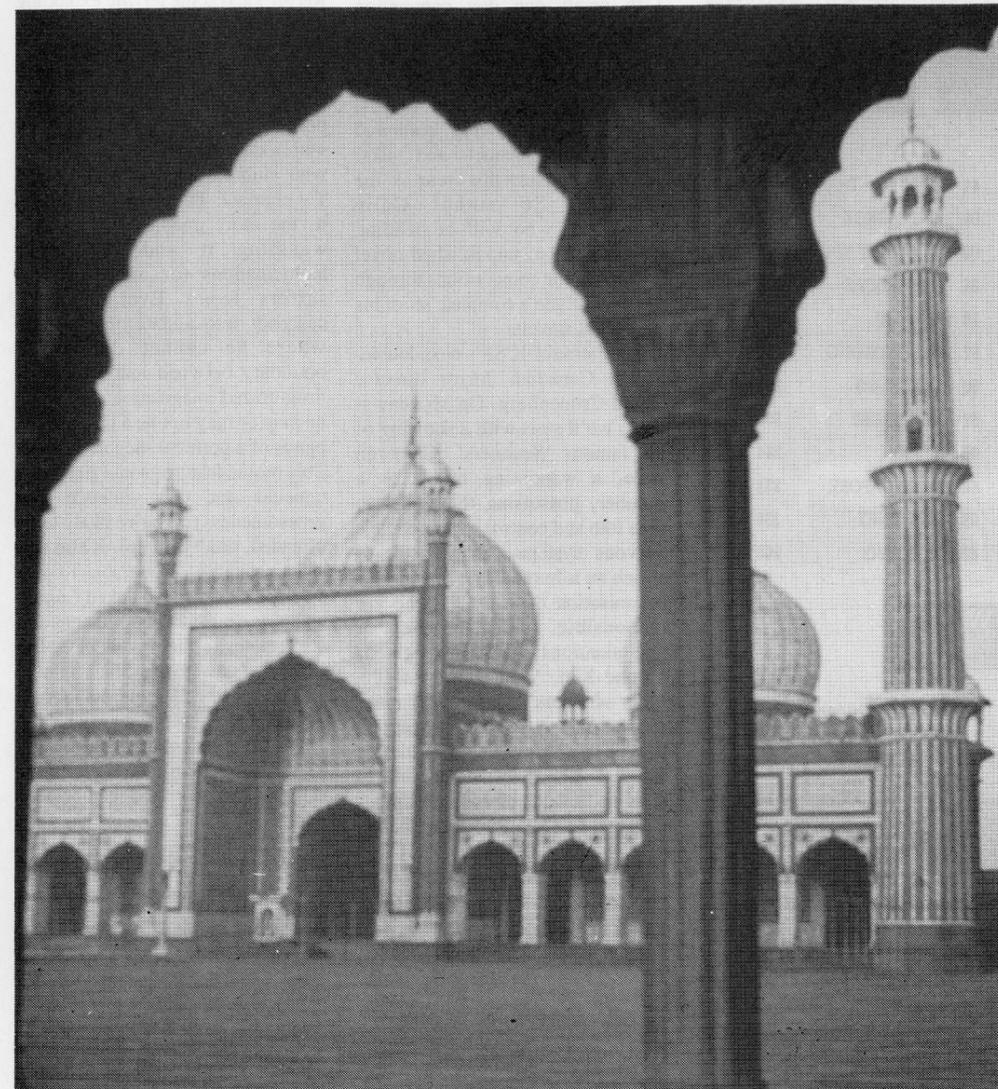
Without the need for a check it can be very easy to take things for granted. It is all too easy to succumb oneself to the desires of this world, eating to and beyond contentment with little care, or even satisfying ones sexual desires. But it is only when these avenues are closed and you have to refrain from these channels does one realise how much one relies on them. This

lesson is to be learnt for all, as hunger does not prejudice between the rich and poor. This is all very humbling as one then realises how reliant he is and gives perspective to one's mortality. But the lesson to be learnt from this is not only humility as restraint from that which is permitted should also develop restraint from these actions that are discouraged.

The fast is also meant for one to abstain from bad thoughts and speech and to avert his eyes from that which does not concern him. So one has to develop not only a physical control of one's action but of a mental control of one's impulses and thoughts. Only when this control is developed does one realise how much he was led by his tongue or eyes, how it insulted others or the pain it caused. Then do you realise how you can easily become enslaved to your corrupt side.

But fasting is not seen as a bruden nor does it cause a radical change in lifestyles as muslims carry on living their normal lives during Ramadan but being more vigilant of their practices. The fasting is seen as a blessing, which makes people enrich their lives and being more mindful of others. People are also expected to practice the lessons of self-restraint learnt after the month has passed so that the benefit is permanent and the rewards attained immense.

The celebration of Ramadan in muslim countries is a joyous occasion and everyone contributes to give to the feeling. In order to



preparation for life where invaluable lessons are learnt and practised. But Islam is not only about self-control of the individual. Muslims are encouraged to seek the truth and to contribute to society by being righteous and fair in all dealings with people, and that is where the challenge lies.

'The Believers, men and women, are protectors one of another: they enjoin what is just and forbid what is evil: they observe regular prayers, practice regular charity and obey God and his Messenger. On them will God pour his mercy: for God is exalted in power, wise.' Quran 9:71.

'Those who have faith and do righteous deeds, they are the best of creatures. Their reward is with God: Gardens of Eternity, beneath which rivers flow; they will dwell therein forever.' Quran 98:7-8.

TONIGHT at 5.50pm The Imperial College Islamic Society is holding an Iftar dinner, to break fast, in the JCR.

signify the beginning and end of the fast, drums, cannon shots and even alarm sirens are used. People usually come together to open their fasts in mosques or at their homes. But overeating at the period of opening and closing the fast is discouraged as this would contradict the principles of self-control learnt. At the end of the month the feast of

Eid-ul-Fitr is celebrated and muslims thankful for their blessings gained, come together in large numbers for prayers and then go out to meet friends and relatives, but again moderation being the underlying element in the festivities.

As can be seen the period of fasting during Ramadan is a

TIMETABLE for the rest of Ramadan (which began on 22nd Feb)

DAY	Fajr, Zuhr, Asr, Maghrib and Esha denote the times of prayer		Fast					
	MAR	RAM	Fast Begins	FAJR	ZUHR	ASR	MAGHRIB	ESHA Fast Ends
FRI	12	19	4.37	4.52	12.12	3.17	6.02	8.02
SAT	13	20	4.35	4.50	12.11	3.18	6.04	8.04
SUN	14	21	4.32	4.47	12.11	3.19	6.06	8.06
MON	15	22	4.30	4.45	12.11	3.20	6.07	8.07
TUE	16	23	4.28	4.43	12.10	3.21	6.09	8.09
WED	17	24	4.25	4.40	12.10	3.22	6.11	8.11
THU	18	25	4.23	4.38	12.10	3.23	6.12	8.12
FRI	19	26	4.21	4.36	12.10	3.25	6.14	8.14
SAT	20	27	4.19	4.34	12.09	3.26	6.16	8.16
SUN	21	28	4.16	4.31	12.09	3.27	6.17	8.17
MON	22	29	4.14	4.29	12.09	3.28	6.19	8.19
TUE	23	30	4.12	4.27	12.08	3.29	6.21	8.21

اطلبوا لعلم من المهد الى اللحد

The Holy Prophet has said: 'Seek knowledge from the cradle to the grave'.



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IC Dance

Last Sunday, IC hosted the Inter-Varsity Dancing Championships, the biggest inter-University dance event of the year. No grubby sports centre or church hall for us; the venue was the Great Room of the Grosvenor House, Park Lane, a magnificent ballroom and amazing backdrop to the 30th annual event.

The big guns of Oxford and Cambridge were well represented, together with 19 other universities at IC. The pressure was on us; not only had IC won the IV for the past two years, but had also swept the board at the Sheffield and Southern Balls earlier this term. Cambridge

has even resorted to the desperate measure of rearranging their entire A Team, in a final bid for victory.

In the past 29 years, only the 4 couples comprising each A Team had competed at the IV. This year, a B Team competition was also arranged. IC must have been favourites for this, too: at the Southern Ball, we beat all other B's, only narrowly missing Cambridge A. However, a different marking system and 3 weeks frenzied practice by the other universities suggested 2 very close competitions.

The afternoon programme, of

Foxtrot and Samba, with a Quickstep for the Beginners, saw some fine individual performances. Several IC couples made the finals, and Satin and Shelagh won the BCD Samba. This was the warm-up for the main event, the Team Competitions, starting dead on time (rather than the more usual hour late at such events).

All of the IC couples made their respective finals—but Oxford, Cambridge, Bristol and Liverpool (to name but 4) were well represented here, too. While nails were bitten, we were entertained by a professional Latin American

demo and the Offbeat Competition. The latter is a Team event which is marked on both dancing ability and entertainment value. Tracks ranged from 'It's Raining Men' to some Manchester 'Madness'.

Finally the results. Both A and B competitions were decided by the last dance, the Jive. But we did it: retained the A trophy, put our names on the new B trophy, and carried off the Offbeat with a 20's Lindy-Hop/Charleston. After the Last Waltz, we retired to the JCR, for a celebratory party (and of course, more dancing!).

Thanks are due to the IV organisers, and our trainers.

Can't Pay? Won't Pay!

After presenting the 'Twelfth Night' last December, DramSoc gives a jump both in time and in space to present this term 'Can't Pay? Won't Pay!' by one of Italy's most important twentieth century

playwrights, Dario Fo.

Dario Fo, probably best known in this country as the author of 'Accidental Death of an Anarchist' is not only a play writer but also a political activist.

The production we are staging is an extremely funny political farce about a strike by London housewives against price rises, although the original is set in Italy.

So if you feel like spending an evening of laughter, come to see this comedy full of 'anarchy, theft, class war and bopping the fuzz' which is bound to 'extract whooping laughter from social injustice'

'Can't Pay? Won't Pay!' Wednesday 17th to Saturday 20th March, 7.30pm, Union Concert Hall, £2 (£1 concs).

Exploding Heads

Tomorrow, Saturday 13th March, ICSF is pleased to be holding its 11th small one day convention (hence called Picocon 11) in the Union building. Entry is just £1 to members (membership £3) and gets you into all manner of events, quizzes, video showing, book and comic trading, panels and talks. Our main guest this year is the renowned SF author Colin Greenland, who will be reading from his latest, unpublished novel and prizes for competitions through the day include a complete set of his published novels.

The theme of ICSF's next double-bill is Canadian horror director David Cronenberg. On Monday at 6pm, we'll start with a showing of his famous 'Scanners'. Cameron Vale, a wandering tramp, is a scanner, possessing the ability to tune into and control other people's nervous systems, as a result of which he is hunted by a mysterious organisation of scanners who are responsible for a number of assassinations. As the net tightens around him, Vale learns that the other scanners' aims are far more sinister than at first they appear and that he must destroy the leader of the organisation in a sanner duel to stop his heinous plot. The film has a great cast (Patrick McGoohan

from 'The Prisoner' and Michael Ironside from 'V' and 'Total Recall') and some terrific exploding heads too.

At 8pm, we have 'Videodrome' featuring James Woods and Debbie Harry. Woods plays a cable TV programmer who gets involved with a chat show host (Harry) and who stumbles across a snuff/SM TV channel. The more he watches it, the more unable he is to stop watching it and the more hallucinations (or are they?) he suffers from. Eventually he descends into a state of existence where he cannot define the boundary between reality and his drug-crazed imagination and where he may or may not be a pawn in the hands of a political megalomaniac. This movie features some strikingly unusual sex (!), violence and gruesomeness (if you're likely to be offended, don't turn up). It also acts as a suitable precursor to the director's later film 'Naked Lunch' which its drug-induced illusions and also relates to the novels of Philip K Dick (source of 'Bladerunner' and 'Total Recall') with its themes of defining absolute reality.

The films start at 6pm on Monday the 15th in Chem Eng LT1. Entry is free to members and membership is just £3.

OpSoc

Opsoc would like to announce a workshop on the musical 'Guys & Dolls'. Rehearsals will be on Tuesday 16th March, 7.30pm, Huxley 308 and Sunday 21st March, all afternoon in the UDH for a performance on Sunday evening. Anybody is welcome, we hope to see you there. For more information contact Laura Hudson (Chem Eng 2).

Tapping the Source

Save the Rainforests! support the rubber-tappers?

Rubber-tappers have been in the Amazon since the end of the 19th century when the world market for rubber was expanding, and migrant male workers were recruited by managers of rubber estates.

Rubber is collected between May and December, then during the rainy season Brazil nuts are collected.

Rubber-tapper communities are small (settlements typically consist of 4 or 5 houses), economically viable, and largely self-sufficient. A rubber tree can yield latex for over 50 years.

Though rubber tappers work individually, the formation of cooperatives is an integral part of a new range of survival skills that they have had to learn. Only together can they be strong enough to resist the threat to their way of life, and to the very existence of the forest—the opening up of the Amazon region to the cattle companies.

The ownership of the forest is legally unclear. The rubber-tappers assert their rights to the land as being at least as good as anyone else's. However, they are often unaware that pieces of paper have been exchanged in the cities, until the logging crews move in.

With each tiny community of tappers often many days' journey from each other, it was difficult for them to meet and plan a response to the land grabs. A lack of education compounded the problem.

Then in the late 1970s a local voluntary group began Project Seringueiro (Project Rubber-Tapper) with funding initially from Oxfam. Project workers opened up the possibility of forming cooperatives so that the tappers could market their own rubber. They also established schools where initially adults, then later children, could become literate and numerate. Chico Mendes, for many years the leader of the rubber-tappers, described the importance of schooling:

'My life began just like that of all rubber-tappers, as a virtual slave bound to do the bidding of his master. I started work at nine years old, and, like my father before me, instead of learning my ABC, I learnt how to extract latex from a



Tapping in progress

rubber tree. From the last century until 1970, schools were forbidden on any rubber estate in the Amazon.

The rubber estate owners wouldn't allow it. Firstly, because if a rubber-tapper's children went to school, they would learn to read, to write, and to add up, and would discover to what extent they were being exploited. That wasn't in the bosses' interests. Also, it was better for production to have the children available for work rather than at school.

So for many years, the great majority of us could neither read nor write. The rubber-tapper worked all year hoping he would finally make a profit, but always remained in debt. As he couldn't count, he couldn't tell whether or not he was being cheated.

Project Seringueiro brought the rubber-tappers together, and along with education came organisation. The first rubber-tappers unions were formed in 1975 and many others followed. In 1985, the National Council of Rubber-Tappers was formed to coordinate their activities. This level of organisation has given them the power to defend their way of life, and with it the rainforest. Their standard response to the arrival of a logging crew within one of their areas has become the *empate*—a peaceful organisation. Chico

Mendes described the technique:

'When a community is threatened by deforestation, it gets in touch with other communities in the area. They all get together in a mass meeting in the middle of the forest and organise teams of people to take the lead in confronting the workers cutting down the trees—all this in a peaceful but organised way. These teams try to convince the workers employed by the landowners to leave the area. The rubber-tappers also dismantle the camps used by those workers to force them out...

At the same time as 180 or 200 colleagues are involved in the *empate*, standing in the way of the chain-saw and the scythes, we aim to have a team whose job it is to get information about what is happening to Xapuri, where another group will make sure it travels all over Brazil and the rest of the world.

For us the important thing is to continue to make a political impact. We feel our resistance can produce results through pressure by the press and lobbying organisations, at both national and international level.'

The rubber-tappers have learnt that the real threats come from far beyond the forest—from the inter-governmental lending agencies like the World Bank, and the Inter-American Development Bank, and

from the headquarters of transnational corporations. Hence they have built up an impressive range of alliances with Third World and Green movements in North America and Europe. They have testified to the UN's Brundtland Commission on the environment, and have lobbied the World Bank.

Chico Mendes was assassinated in December 1988.

The rubber-tappers' struggle goes on. Central to their efforts is their own strength, and their alliances within Brazil. In 1989, together with groups representing indigenous peoples, they created the Alliance of Forest Peoples.

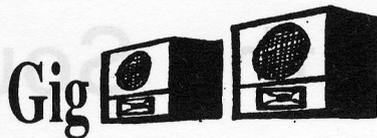
'To defend the Amazon you have to support the unions, the women's organisations, the residents' associations. Since Chico's death the press have started calling him an ecologist. But he always called himself a trade unionist. We don't see any distinction between environmentalism, and trade unionism.'

(Atanagildo Matos, National Council of Rubber-Tappers).

On Tuesday 23rd March, Third World First and EnviroSoc are to hold 'A Night of Brazilia' in the Union starting at 8.30pm. All the proceeds from ticket sales (£2 each) will be going to the Brazilian Rubber-Tappers' Union. Come along and show your support.



Thousand Yard Stare. Because the Airhead (they're crap) photo has gone astray (Voice of the Beehive, Thousand Yard Stare, Airhead, ULU, 16th March).



Ash—Union Lounge

If you don't relish the thought of attending the Union on a Thursday night to see a group of College bands pissing about on stage before they've learned to play their instruments, I wouldn't blame you. However I did go on Thursday and was pleasantly surprised. The second band *Ash, Ask* or some such name, were dead good. I'm not alone in thinking this as it was the only one which attracted (and kept) an audience.

I have to admit to a little prejudice

as I know a couple of the members, but arbitrating myself, they showed definite promise. They can all play their instruments—strangely it helps, and the girl up front can sing, which really does make a change. All in all, for a first time live performance it was remarkably right and if they play again, go and see them. Even if it is on a Thursday night.

Ian.

(For that is a good name for music reviewers.)

Suede—Cambridge Junction

Cambridge is like a big Turkey Shoot, one huge, lazy, sleepy essentially dead-end town in the fens. Apart from the university, it's Dodge, and Butch and Sundance have just rolled in off the 1415 from Kings Cross.

Long, black coated, and armed, tooth high with 35mm, we strode disdainfully northwards, staring down the witless undergraduates with their swanking scarves and Oxbridge haircuts, northwards, northwards, into the belly of Sidney Sussex College, an old friend, and there to await the coming of Godot in his now notorious alter-ego, Brett Anderson.

Pencils sharpened, pints sunk, stories told and scores settled, the hour is nigh. We brave flatland gale and intermittent flurries in pursuit of the Junction, and nirvana. Car parks, railway bridges, nothing sways us, we are steeled in purpose. Motivated and determined.

Ah...the Grail! We approach. 'They would have rung and told us if they'd taken us off the Guest List, I sorted it all out weeks ago.'(here, Jane is defamed).

One of the musketeers is broken and prepares to flee shamed and refuted, but the one known as Ralph is steadfast and resolute. He surveys all before him for our salvation. (Brain ticks over, odds are weighed. Twat bouncers.....no. Tunnel in.....no. Find women with tickets and use inherent charm, dash and intrepidity to win their hearts.....and their stubs. *Left eyebrow migrates deftly skywards and evil grin ensues.*)

Following a short briefing, two teenies - simultaneously spotty and

rough - are selected, and ten minutes, stupid bouncers, and open lavatory windows later, Felix has bluffed its way into the most unbluff your way intoable gig in the land. - Cheers Jane.

Bang! gomorrah. Heat, sweat, teenies jumping around to Sharkboy and spilling Snakebite down my jeans. 10pm explodes with an energy and sexual vitriola, the like neither of us had before witnessed. 'Animal Nitrate' opens. Several songs later, 'Metal Mickey', and I begin to register my situation. Loose, very much so, but this adds to the spectacle. And it is a spectacle, a sideshow, a quirky timeless adventure into the land of shrunken denim, and flailing beads. The Two Ronnies with three straight men. I should hate this, and I wish I did, but it's just so attractive, you can't help yourself. 'Sleeping Pills', 'Painted People', and the ultimate, 'My Insatiable One'. Raw, naked and writhing, the masses jump and fawn, but as quickly as they came they went. A stunned mob is left, heated and expectant. Not quite to point B the house lights rise, and one can almost here the strains of 'You'll never walk alone' and a massive Boo ! Heard it before ?

As one of the teenies commented before Mum came. 'We all missed *The Smiths*.' Anderson obviously didn't, his Bowiephilic claims fall horribly short here, and their unfortunate change of tack into style plagiarism is a step backwards.

50 minutes and no encore? Pass the daffs Steven.

Glyph & Ralph.

● 'Animal Nitrate' Out now on Nude/Sony.

Singles

Pulp—Razzamataz

One of my few exstatic moments in recent months has to be listening to this.

A moment of pure exultation—Cocker lifts an average ditty to produce something that we all need—fun. The virtues of 'pure pop' may be, being forced down peoples' throats at the moment, and most of what is being promoted is utter crap, but here are some people who know what they're doing.

Heavenly.

Peb.



Albums

808 State—Gorgeous

Once I was infatuated. I had a passionate belief that somehow the future would be better. It would have to be, how could things get worse. But that dream is fading. All too much I see the future unfolding in the same way as the past—can things ever change? I mean, sure, superficially things change—but somehow despite an intitial glint of originality things become dulled by time. The most radical of changes soon falls into the same rut, following the same course until some new favourites arrive.

Peb.

Spindoctors—A Pocketful of Kryptonite

Right from the opening chords of 'Jimmy Olsen Blues' the *Spindoctors* reach out, take your hand and lead you into their strange and wonderful world; where all is not what it seems and everyone has a good time. Tipping their hats to Southern boogie and the alternative jammin' blues scene, they play a heady mix of funk roots with a dash of fusion jazz leanings.

The first single 'Little Miss Can't Be Wrong' is the most accessible track; but the most satisfying is the stompin' '2 Princes'. Full of swirling delights and the odd crunchy guitar bit, it made me feel like a toad on a hot tin roof. (A frying brain say all asundry.) But

then alas, the other 8 tracks are lightweights. Certainly simmering away nicely yet not fulfilling their early promise. I guess the problem is that *The Spindoctors'* concentration on live work means that they never quite spark in the confines of a studio. The live bonus tracks are proof-of-the pudding. 'To Mamas a Pajama' lashes out, easily ellipsing most of the earlier stuff, and 'Sweet Widow' isn't far behind.

Despite which all is not lost. As if by magic, *Spindoctors* play ULU on 18th March. The choice is yours, and I'm off for a couple of fies.

Tintin.

● 'A Pocketful of Kryptonite' released now on Epic.

The Indigo Girls—T&C

The Indigo Girls played a stunning two hour set to a packed Town and Country Club last Friday night. Emily and Amy were accompanied by a nearly all female band including, I am pleased to say, a cellist and a violinist. Their new material is so good that they had little need to resort to old favourites. The new album 'Rites of Passage' (Epic 471 363 4) is a true pleasure.

Their sound is a little changed live. A powerful blend of acoustic, ringing guitars and close vocal harmony. With just enough folk influence to keep your spine tingling and enough country to keep your toes a tappin'. On top of this are two of the most powerful and pure female voices around today with tunes and lyrics to lift you up to higher places.

If this wasn't enough—it was—the concert closed with a guest appearance of the legendary Joan Baez. If you haven't heard of her your parents will have all her albums! Their three voices together were matched in ability—a complement to the musical skill of the *Indigo Girls*. Simply superb.

This is a band for the spiritually impoverished. A seriously spiritual experience. Life force recharge City.

Mich.

Hyperhead, Sloan—Powerhaus

Sloan for the uninitiated are a US guitar band recently signed to MCA via Geffen. Simply sound choons or as a friend of mine would put it 'tude. Smart, smart melodic indie that leaps and jumps around out of the banal indie guitar fashion, but so loosely like floppy hair.

Hyperhead are loud and chunky, but I've seen more activity in a packed tin of sardines than this place. Live exuberance surpassed only by Nitzer Ebb, bass is so overwhelming it seeps under your feet, grabs your ankles and pulls, leaving your teeth chattering uncontrollably. Percussionist and singer in a wild, unrestrained frenzy scorching traces on the psyche; only gripe is 3 guitar wanker types doing nothing but pose. Still, it was Smashing.

Sloan were overpowered tonight, but the subtleties made their statement. *Hyperhead* were in overdrive and only a fool would've walked out.

MC4 were there, Huggy Bear supposedly were there, but where were you?

Lucas

● *Sloan's* 'Underwhelmed' out now on Geffen. *Sloan* play Camden Underworld on Tuesday.

The Tragically Hip, The 4 of Us, Ghost of an American Airman—T&C

It was a night for the vocalist to strut their wares in front of faceless and pretty dour bands. First into the limelight was *Ghosts*. Dodge McKay; high on the *Spinal Trap* rating. Looking something like Morrissey and acting like a squirrel on acid, the stage was his world. Jumping up and down, into the crowd and most memorably performing a handstand, motionless for a minute, he mirrored the intensive nature of their music. Energetically loud. Unfortunately that was about it, loud. The golden egg in their basket was 'Freakshow' from their EP '4'. Roll up and see Dodge the hyperactive squirrel—it's got a ring to it.

The 4 Of Us initially appeared to be a illframed bunch. There were five of them and their lighting looked like a reject from the Gary Glitter farewell tour. Nevertheless they managed to rise above it for at least half the time. The psychedelic swirling tracks had a bite to them, whilst the more conventional stuff like 'Sensual Thing' was going nowhere; rather like the two guitarists who didn't move except to breathe and then none too often.

Again it was the lead singer, one Brendan Murphy who carried the day. Drooping black fringe and evidence of an acne ridden past gave note of a man ready for rock 'n' roll stardom.

Then it was time for the 'Hip' as the initiated call them. (To be initiated you had to be Canadian and talk lie something out of Wayne's World.)

'Hi, Winnipeg.' 'Hi Vancouver.'

Huggy Bear, Bikini Kill, Itchy Poo, Avocado Baby—Conway Hall

Perpetually changing instruments and anger tie these 'riot grrrl' bands together. Arguably Jack of all trades and master of none, but what is undeniably important is the underlying attitude.

Avocado Baby were a little shy for their own good, but top marks for the bloke who was dress-ed up. As a band they really weren't together, and were in fact shite.

Itchy Poo potted their president, and despite only two numbers showed a lot of potential.

Enraged and incensed were *Bikini Kill*, stomping through but somehow didn't have the spontaneity despite the tons of aggression. Better than the previous acts by a long way, but not as good as was about to come.

At last, *Huggy Bear* got up on stage; technical prowess not their forte, but their confrontational

'What are you doing over here, dude?' 'Hey, I work for IBM (garth)' 'Yer dude, my dad was president of IBM, Canada.' 'No Way.' 'Way.' Party on Wayne, here's a stick of dynamite! Thankfully *The Hip* weren't too long before coming on. Swifly they broke into their new album 'Fully Completely'. The liveness breathed colour into an album which had been rather 2D on first hearing. Tracks like 'At the 100th Meridian' and 'Pigeon Camera' were more accessible, dragging you into a wall of rhythmic motion. Even weaker songs like 'Lionized' and '50 Mission Cap' started to crack a whip like they wanted to go someplace.

Frontman Gord Downie was an interesting mix of Henry Rollins and Robin Williams. Facially it was Williams; pulling faces and screwing up his eyes but under it all a concentrated energy all dressed up and ready to play.

Throughout, all the initiated continued to jump merrily around, and then start a feud with the T&C security. By the end about 20 embryonic stage-divers had attempted to plunge. Most being treated to the 40 second trip marked 'EXIT'. Still the show went on and finally ended with a triumphant 'Eldorado'.

For a band renowned for their live performances, they had impressed and I hadn't understood a word God had said; especially the bit about his Grandmother and a nuclear submarine. Tragic.

Tintin.

● 'Fully Completely' released now on MCA.

audacity kicks you in the face. They don't want to be lumped in with punk, but they are. The original punk was partly a backlash against 60's flowerpower that had been dragged into the early 70's (escapist vs confrontational attitude). Similarly *Huggy Bear* are repressed all right, all the bands were, but what differentiates this lot is that the repression has fermented anger, which rips chunks out of conformity in magnanimous proportions. Just feel the voice of society muted by the anger of youth and never forget insanity breeds genius. I must admit I was a cynic before, but am now definitely converted; I must also be some sort of warped pervert, angry women turn me on!

Bikini Kill and *Huggy Bear* were the only two bands worth going to see, they could both definitely incite a riot, but a revolution? Time will tell.

Lucas.



A Riot Grrrl yesterday.

Book

Travellers World Guides

Christopher Riley takes an imaginary trip to Southeast Asia to test the new travel guide boos from 'Travellers World Guide'.

So you've just arrived at the railway station at Saigon, and you want a cheap but safe hotel for the night. You're new to Vietnam, the currency, the people, the politics. This is what your travel guides are for - to guide you through the nightmare of travel tribulations laid to waylay you and wear you down along the way.

The sweat is running down your forehead, as you strain to stand up in the sauna conditions, your rucksack keeping you buoyant in the platform crush. There are five little men tugging you this way and that, as you fumble with your guide book to check the hotel as they are trying to entice you in to.

As with all guide books, space is at a premium, and consequently the writing is small and closely spaced. Despite this the 'Thailand, Indochina & Burma' handbook (£13.95) runs to 816 pages, and the hardback although only 11x19 cm, weighs over 400 grams. Both are important when you only have one small bag to cram everything into for maybe 12 months.

So how do these little white guides stand up to seeking quick information about obscure back street markets, changing money during the national holidays, or buying a ticket for the weekly bus to Can To on the Mekong Delta. Too many guides on the market are great on the history and the culture of obscure, 'off the beaten track places', but they don't give you enough information to get there.

In contrast to many tame tour guides, the travellers World Guides are marketed as the definitive handbook for the independent traveller. The book begins with a short practical introduction, including a detailed section on health care, followed by an overview of the region. The book is then divided into countries, each of which begins with its geography, history, culture, religion, politics and economics, with even enough detail to cover the local radio frequencies for the BBC World Service and the Voice of America...etc. After these

formalities are out of the way, the travel nitty-gritty are covered, starting with the capital then covering the country region by region.

But just how practical is this information being a new and independent traveller in town? There are a few things to do before seeing the sights and sounds. The first order of the day is a ticket to your next destination and a place to lay your hat.

Hotels are divided into categories A to E, A being the most expensive. Accommodation is crammed into one or two chunky paragraphs, hotel names highlighted in bold. The locations of most are shown on comprehensive street maps, all with a north arrow and scale bar - vital when on foot. The problem is that they are in Roman script - not very helpful when you thrust the book at a local in despair and beg to be taken to the Sky Guesthouse in Sukhothai New Town, central Thailand. Two maps, one being in the local language, would occasionally be useful.

So you've got somewhere to stay - next task a ticket away from Saigon, from a rundown bus depot somewhere across town you've never been to and in a language you can't speak. On this account, the little white books offer a section on 'Transport to and from... by air, train, bus, ferry, and ship' which includes the main routes, times to destinations, some costs and brief visa information. This section is even included for the smaller places where it is most needed. The concise 1 page vocabulary section at the end of each country is just enough to buy a ticket, but it could be expanded to help with buying food.

So at last we have which comes close to the legendary Australia based Lonely Planet series of guides which assume you can get your luggage off the carousel, and covers everything from those that speak English in Kunning bus station, to bribing your way across the Burmese border. The problem with LPs is the time it takes for them to come out, being updated every 2-3 years. TWGs aim to update their books every year. But for my money, the larger, clearer print of the LPs still takes the edge. In hardback, the TWGs will probably last the milage better; but the question remains - do you want your trusty guide to look like it's been to the ends of the world with you or not?

The Shee by Joe Donnelly

This is a book which in a way seems based upon Tutankhamun and his curse which fell upon the archaeologists that discovered his tomb. The plot is as simple as that. Archaeologists digging in Kilgallan, Ireland, discover what they initially believe to be a tomb for one of the ancient Celtic Kings. However as they continue their studies, they find that things are not as they originally seemed. The tomb turns out to be the prison of the Shee, the epitome of evil which feasts on fear, horror, violence and ultimately (as with any other horror story) death - preferably as horrific as possible. The archaeologists inadvertently help it to escape, before they realise what they have done.

The book is well written, the various characters being carefully and cleverly woven into the plot, giving the book life. The unwitting hero is a journalistic photographer which seemed a very unlikely choice until you got deeper into the story. The only problem with the book, was the amount of gore - it wasn't that it was too gruesome but it wasn't anything new and it became slightly repetitive, 'though one wonders what kind of mind it takes to think of these acts of violence. Joe Donnelly does introduce some of Ireland's history to the reader along the way, which is interesting and quietens it down a bit. Not brilliant, but not bad!

● Published by Arrow, £4.99

Born in Blood

Blood, guts, religious hypocrisy - ah, now this is a book which makes history interesting, nay, exciting; it had me riveted. Its basically hypothesising a link between the ancient order of the Knights of the Temple and modern day Freemasonry, all very dry you may think but it tells the sordid history of the medieval hierarchy so graphically you'll be held to each page. It contains many short, almost pythonesque, anecdotes like the Catholic execution of cutting open your stomach while still conscious and slowly pulling out you intestines. If it wasn't for the fact that this was actually practised on 'heretics' it would be hilarious. WARNING: if you're of a Catholic disposition you may find some of the book offensive. Why? Because it exposes the outright hypocrisy and evil that was the church. How it condemned the Templars to destruction just because of its greed and desire for their extensive property holdings and consequently forced them to go underground only to emerge centuries later as masons - its all chronicled with breathtaking plausability. You'll also be surprised at how many famous figures of history were Masons: from Christopher Wren to the present Prince Philip. A jolly good read.

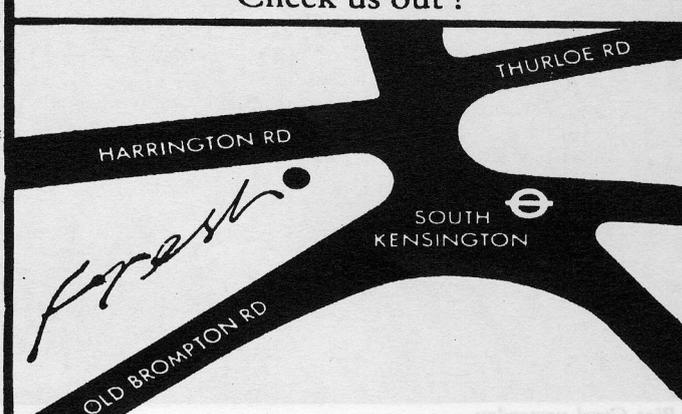
Phil H.

● Published by Arrow, £5.99

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Orlando.

Film

Orlando

Orlando is a 'person' who lives for 400 years, initially as a man then as a woman. The story begins in the 17th century, when he is charged with entertaining Queen Elizabeth I. We are then taken through the chapters of his (and then her) life, each a different period and theme

: 1600 - Death, 1612 - Love, 1700 - Poetry, 1750 - Politics, 1800 - Sex, etc. culminating in a return to the original location but in the present day.

Though *Orlando* is, about ambiguous sexuality, the direction is distinctly feminine, with each shot a delicate framing of the central character (Tilda Swinton) in extrovert colour. This combined with the simply constructed music

reminds one of Peter Greenaway's films, but Sally Potter has added such personal features as the character occasionally addressing the camera and an outrageous flying, singing Jimmy Somerville appearing at the end. Her intention seems to be to empathise the audience with Orlando, with numerous silent close-up's throughout the film, which became occasionally tedious, though I think the desired effect was achieved. The

costumes and period sets where delightful and almost a distraction from the central theme, a great deal of effort has obviously gone into this production from actors and crew alike. Whether this is an accurate adaptation of Virginia Woolfe's novel I cannot say but it stands as an intelligent and original work in it's own right. This is where British cinema should be heading.

Aralia Elegantissima.

Food

International Night

OK, here is the second instalment of the Good Food Column. This week we review the biggest and best event IC stages - International Nite. But us being food types will review the Food Fair only, leaving the cultural thing to those cultural kinda people!

There were dishes originating from 11 different countries, giving International Nite the uniqueness not achieved at any other time in IC. This year professional chefs were called in to cook, and by all accounts their efforts were well appreciated.

We cannot list the actual dishes that were to be tried, as there were just too many and if we do forgive

the spelling, including veggie and non-veggie food. And we would like to say now that if we do not mention some food it does not mean that it was not good, it just means that we could only try a limited amount of food! Also all the food we tried we liked, and by asking others it seems that all the food was SUPERB, so don't get offended if your food has not been mentioned.

Vic first tried some Italian, served by three very unlikely Italians! It was a spinach pancake thing, and was wonderful even more so as Vic had never tried it before. Nainish went and accosted the Iranian people and was subsequently served a huge helping of sweetened rice (no idea of what went into it) with peas and chicken.

The Latin American food was a must to try and Vic got a plateful of Brazilian rice (notice how the staple food is rice for so many cultures?) and some crab dish (Crab

Moqueca?). The Turkish stall gave us some stewed lamb curry, cooked the Turkish way and to sweeten our palates there was a plateful of Turkish Delight. Nainish found the Nigerian food to be a completely new experience with a huge choice of dishes, from which he chose the black bean stew, fried plantains and some bread fruit, and now strongly recommends the MDH to cook more African food!

Going on, the Spanish stall had some crispy chicken which we wanted to try, but by now both of us were too full to try any more! The Indian stall ran out of food before we even had a chance to get there, which speaks volumes for the attracting power of the food and people serving it! The Malaysian and Singaporean (joint) stall was attracting great attention at the end where the deserts were creating a huge commotion - this coloured jelly (Ayam Golek?), some sponge

cake with coconut and fruit.

Summing up the food at the Fair was more authentic than most restaurants that either of us have been to, because it was all prepared in a rush and in bulk like is done with a big family in a crowded kitchen, with no time for the chefs to do their nouvelle cuisine stuff. The atmosphere in the MDH was truly brilliant, with all the cultures and foods mixing so well together, and giving many people the chance to try taste sensations they would never have otherwise.

Congratulations must go to the OSC for the time and effort gone into organising this, especially Nina Bhanap who managed to cajole and comfort 10 touchy chefs throughout the day well enough for them to produce some amazing food.

(No marks awarded as the experience only happens once a year!)

Vic & Nainish



Theatre

The Gambler

The Power Station brings Dostoyevky's famous novel back on stage, adapted by Stephen Sharkey and directed by Thomas Baker. The Gambler is a story of Russians abroad, especially those who gathered in the European spas and gambling resorts with which the author himself was all too familiar.

Luckily, the Gambler is not devoted to philosophising or to recollection of the distant past which is so common for Dostoyevsky's world. There are, it is true, moments of reflection on gambling: 'Round and round the wheel she goes, and where she stops—nobody knows', or on the attitude of Russian women to Frenchmen. But play is based upon a tale of passion, intrigue and public scandal.

Alexie Ivanovich, the gambler himself (Andy MacKay) is obsessive and emotionally disturbed in his relations with other people. The main objects of his obsessions

are gambling and a beautiful young Russian woman, Polina (Sian Jenkins). Polina is also adored by an English aristocrat, and French Marquis and that is what makes the story complicated, but interesting at the same time.

Andy McKay as Alexei gave a very good performance. Furthermore, the dramatic appearance of Grandmother (Eve Shickle) was very notable. A presumably fatally ill old woman showed up unexpectedly and instantly disrupted all plans the group had built upon expectations of her death.

The idea of presenting roulette as a pattern on a floor with each player standing on their choices, supported with appropriate lights and sounds, was very impressive. But at the end it was one of those mild performances which are either not too good, or not too bad, just enough that at the end of the night you won't feel anything (apart from cold feet).

Elena.

●The Courtyard Theatre Club, 10-14 York Way, Kings Cross tube. Box Office 071-833 0870. Tickets £4-£6.50 to March 14th.

Julius Caesar

Students should like this theatre due to its address—basement of the Barons Ale House. The noises of the pub above, however, are not too noticeable and the play is enthralling enough not to plan a quick dash upstairs for a pint.

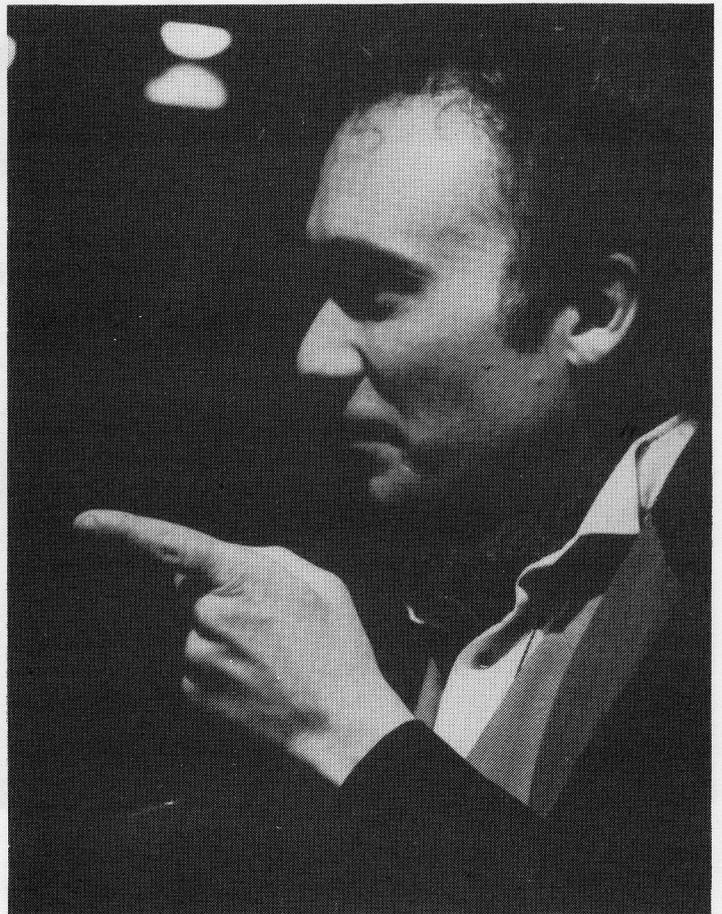
This is not a play for Shakespeare traditionalists. The title itself is misleading and should read 'Julia Caesar'. Many slight changes in the script are necessary to incorporate this. Now in the play is a reporter, complete with tape recorder. T-

shirts, togas sum up the show, and during the scene where Mark Antony mourns Caesars death and kneels, my eyes were drawn to the legend printed on the soles of his espadrilles 'Made in Bangladesh'.

The battle at Phillipi was well staged and made a strong impression on my mind. Complete with flak jackets and the sound of machine gun fire, Brutus more-than-makes-up for his slightly weak performance in the first act and is very convincing as a man tormented by his past.



Julius Caesar



The Gambler

Play with Cocaine

Play with Cocaine is set at the turn of the century against a background of imminent revolution, decadence and despair. The play is not primarily concerned with an adolescent's addiction to cocaine but with the current lack of social and political cohesion.

The story follows Vadine's increasing inability to relate to the people in the world around him: his poverty stricken mother, his revolutionary schoolmate and his married lover, all of whom offer him glimpses of love and fulfilment. However the escape provided by cocaine with its instant happiness, achieved with little effort, time and energy is by far his preferred option.

Despite being somewhat disjointed we follow Vadine as he turned away from those who cared and immersed himself in a world of hallucination. The second half was highly emotive and one watched with increasing horror as the story unfolded.

Adapted by Deidra Morris from a Russian novel by M Agayav, this play was well produced and deserves to be seen.

Sophie.

●The New Grove, Drummonds, 73-77 Euston Road, Euston tube. Box Office 071-383 0925. Tickets £3-£6 to March 27th.

Divine Words

This extraordinary production by the Loose Change Company is the British Premiere of *Divine Words*. It is the story of a group of somewhat repulsive villagers in rural Galicia (in the north west of Spain) in the twenties. A mentally and physically disabled young man, who is pulled around in a primitive cart, is orphaned, and despite the inconvenience of having to care for such an invalid, his aunt and uncle fight to look after him. Their motives, however, are not altruistic.

It can easily be assumed, whilst watching it, that the play is an attack on the hypocrisy of a society who proclaim to be strict Catholics, but in fact, are rather selfish. However, the author (Valle-Inclan) is simply telling a story, and if anything, is showing how human codes of behaviour contradict our natural instinct.

The acting is brilliant, and the props, despite being simple, enhance the atmosphere and make the play a little more light-hearted. The dialogue is carried out in an Irish accent whose 'colouring and lyricism seem to be the nearest approximation to Galician.' This, I think, is rather apt, although a couple of characters are more difficult to understand. The music, too, is very well suited to the story.

Don't go and see it if you are looking for a laugh or two. The characters are, as I have said, rather grotesque and the story could be described as a little disturbing. Otherwise, it has my wholehearted recommendation.

Bill

●BAC, Lavender Hill, Bus 45a from South Kensington. Box Office 071-223 2223. Tickets £6-£7.50 to March 21st.

Running Dream

The action of *Running Dream* takes place simultaneously in Dominica and England. Essentially, it is concerned with the lives of three sisters, Grace (Sherlina Chamberlain), Clementine (Marianne Jean-Baptiste) and Bianca (Cathy Tyson), but to say that it is their story is misleading for that implies a kind of linear progression from beginning to middle to end. Trish Cooke's play is a more truthful portrayal of life and she resists the temptation to impose any authorial, all-knowing interpretation. However because of the humour (uninhibited laughter abounds) one leaves the theatre with the sense of satisfaction that even if life is not explicable it is funny. Coupled with its wit, the strength

of the play is its music. It is almost insulting to compare the music present in *Running Dream* to that of a musical which seems plagued with the eternal question, how do we start singing and yet appear to be normal humans going about our everyday life? Rather, the music here seems to beat out the subconscious, it is the heart and soul of the play—something larger than the play. In *Running Dream* we have the perfect blend of bitter-sweet humour, music and real life.

S-J.

●Theatre Royal Stratford East, Gerry Raffles Square, E15, Stratford East tube/BR. Box Office 081-534 0310. Tickets £3-£12. To March 27th.

The Merchant Of Venice

This was a joy to watch, not only because I think that this is one of Shakespeare's finest, but the cast were right for the role. The part of Antonio was played extremely well - full marks to Paul Hatton. Others worth mentioning are Andrew McDonald (Shylock) and Sarah Ball (Jessica). Somewhat shabby sets let the atmosphere down a bit but this is a fringe theatre after all. Do see this play, it will be money well spent.

Harry & Hels

●New End Theatre, 27 New End, NW3, Hampstead tube. Box Office 071-794 0022. Tickets £5.25-£8.75 to April 11th.

Opera

The Mikado

Purists might feel surprised when the curtain rises upon this production of *The Mikado*; it is set in an English country club, in the 1920s, and all the characters (despite claims to be Japanese) are



Running Dream

totally English. Ah, but this is a revival of the Jonathan Miller production, and a delight to watch. Richard Stuart has replaced Eric Idle as Ko-Ko, and plays the part with enormous enthusiasm: his rendition of the (revised) Lord High Executioner's song, 'I've got a little list', had the audience in stitches. Nanki-Poo, sung by Barry Banks, was a touch indistinct at times but generally quite reasonable; Katisha,

sung by Anne Collins, was quite superb, and won the audience's hearts, with her ferocious stalking about the stage and vicious delivery. A marvellous production and pure joy to watch.

Scarlet.

●The London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, Charing Cross or Leicester Square tubes. Box Office 071-836 3161. Tickets £9-£42.50.



The Mikado

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:
Orlando 2.20 4.30 6.40 8.55 Late Fri/Sat 11.15
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:
Damage 1.15 3.40 6.10 8.40
Electric Cinema
 191 Portobello Rd, W11 (071-792 2020) Notting Hill/ Ladbroke Grove tubes. Seats £4.50. Today: *My Own Private Idaho* 2.50 6.45
Dogs in Space 4.45 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:
Orlando 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, 7.00, 9.00 (Late Fri/Sat 11.15)
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:
Toys 1.40(not Sat/Sun), 4.15, 6.50, 9.25
Orlando 2.40, 5.00, 7.20, 9.40
Honeymoon in Vegas 2.00, 4.45, 7.00
A Few Good Men 9.10
Strictly Ballroom 2.25
Consenting Adults 4.30, 7.10, 9.40
MGM Fulham Rd
 Fulham Rd, SW10 (071 370 2636) S. Ken tube then bus. Seats £6; £3.50 weekdays before 6pm. This Week:
Scent of a Woman 2.00, 5.35, 8.55
Malcolm X 2.25, 7.45
Under Siege 1.10, 3.40, 7.00, 9.30
A River Runs Through It 1.10, 3.50, 6.35, 9.25
Lorenzo's Oil 1.00, 3.45, 6.35, 9.20
Notting Hill Cornet
 Notting Hill Gate, W11 (071-727 6705) Notting Hill tube. Seats £5. This week:
Malcolm X (not Sat) 3.20, 8.00
Odeon Kensington
 263 Kensington High St, W8 (071-371 3166) Ken High St tube. Seats £5.80 and £6.30 This week:
Toys 12.55, 3.45, 6.35, 9.30, Late Fri/Sat 12.20
Bad Lieutenant 2.35, 5.00, 7.25, 9.50 Late Fri/Sat 12.15
Bram Stoker's Dracula 3.40, 6.35, 9.30 Late Fri/Sat 12.25
Leon the Pig Farmer 2.15, 4.45, 7.15, 9.45
Consenting Adults 1.55, 4.30, 7.05,

9.40, Late Fri/Sat 12.15
Damage 1.05, 3.55, 6.45, 9.35, Late Fri/Sat 12.25
Reservoir Dogs Late show 12.15
Prince Charles
 Leicester Place, WC2 (071-437 8181) Piccadilly/Leicester Sq tubes. Seats £1.20. Today:
Into the West
Scala
 257-277 Pentonville Rd, N1 (071-278 0051) King's Cross tube. Seats £4.50; concs £3 Mon-Fri before 4.30pm for students. This week:
Slacker 5.20 9.00
Decline of Western Civilisation Part 1 3.30 7.10
UCI Whiteleys
 Whiteleys Shopping Centre, (071 792 3324/3332). This week:
Malcolm X 12.00, 4.05, 8.10
Under Siege (not Sat/Sun) 1.30, 3.55, 7.05, 9.30
Consenting Adults 4.55, 7.20, 9.45
Scent of a Woman 2.15, 5.40, 8.55
Toys 12.25, 3.10, 6.00, 8.45
Stay Tuned 1.50
Honeymoon in Vegas 4.25, 9.35
Bram Stoker's Dracula 6.45
A River Runs Through It 12.50, 3.40, 6.30, 9.20
Lorenzo's Oil 3.20, 6.15, 9.10
Theatre
BAC
 176 Lavender Hill, SW11 071 223 2223, Membership £1.
Divine Words 8 pm Not Mon, Sun at 6 pm.
The Tailor-Made Man 7.30pm Not Mon, Sun at 5.30pm.
Why is John Lennon wearing a skirt? 8.30pm Not Mon, Sun at 6.30pm.
The Bush Shepherds Bush Green
 W12, 081 743 3388,
Not Fade Away 9pm Mon-Sat 6.30pm.
Drill Hall
 16 Chenies Street WC1, 071 637 8270.
The Marriage of Figaro 7.30pm Not Mon.
Etcetra Theatre
 Oxford Arms, 265 Camden High St NW1. 071 482 4857. M'ship £1.
Krapp's Last Tape 8pm 'til Sun.
Obsessions 9.30pm Tue-Sun.
Hedda Gabler 7.15pm Tue-Sun.
The Gate
 Prince Albert, 11 Pembridge Road W11, 071 229 0706.
Snow Orchid Mon-Sat 7.30pm.
Greenwich Theatre
 Crooms Hill SE10, 081 858 7755
Entertaining Mr Sloane Mon-Sat 7.45pm.
Lyric Theatre
 Kings St, W6. 081 741 8701.
The Magic Fundoshi Mon-Sat 8pm
Tricycle Theatre
 269 Kilburn High street, 071 328 1000
Anna Karenina Mon-Sat 8pm
Courtyard Theatre Club

10 York Way, N1. 071 833 0870.
The Gambler 8pm
The Adding Machine from Tue 8pm.
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.
Atmosphere
Disco in the Ents Lounge till 2 am
£1 on the door

SATURDAY
Cinema
Prince Charles
Into the West 1.30
Alien 3 4.00
Sneakers 6.30
Unusual ground floor conversion 9.00
Electric Cinema
Home Alone 2 12.00
Unforgiven 3.00 8.20
Once Upon a time in the West 5.25
Scala
Nekromantic 2 and Lonely Hearts 4.50 8.40
White of the Eye 2.50 6.40
UCI Whiteleys
Under Siege 1.15, 2.00, 4.40, 7.05, 9.30
Consenting Adults 4.55, 7.20, 9.45
MGM Chelsea
Honey, I Blew Up the Kid 2.10
Notting Hill Cornet
Malcolm X 1.20, 5.20, 9.20
Odeon Kensington
Honey, I Blew Up the Kid 1.20
Reservoir Dogs Late Show 12.15
College
Dance Club
Social Dance in the JCR. 7.00 pm to 11.00pm

SUNDAY
Cinema
Odeon Kensington
Honey I Blew Up The Kid 1.20
Electric Cinema
Solaris 12.30
Stalker 3.25
The Red Shoes 6.35
Strictly Ballroom 9.00
Prince Charles
Midnight Express 1.45
The Hairdresser's Husband 4.30
The Universe of Dermot Finn 6.30
Man Bites Dog 9.00
Scala
Pepi, Luci, Bom, and the other girls on the heap 4.30
Law of Desire 2.45
Night on Earth 8.30
Mystery Train 6.20
MGM Chelsea
Honey, I Blew Up the Kid 2.10
College
Fitness Club

Monday
Cinema
Electric Cinema
La Belle et la Bete 3.10 7.00
The Beast 5.00 8.50
Prince Charles
Bitter Moon 1.30
Glengarry Glen Ross 4.00
My Own Private Idaho 6.30
The Zebra Man 9.00
UCI Whiteleys
Scala
Thundercrack 4.20 8.40
House of the Holy 2.30 6.40
College
Dance Club
Beginners Rock and Roll 6-7pm in JCR.
Latin Medals 7-8.30pm
Fitness Club
 5.30-6.30pm in Southside Lounge.
Beginner
IC Cricket Club
 Meet Mech Eng foyer at 7.15 pm for training at MCC Cricket School. Whites are Essential.
Football
In Da Vinci's

2.00-3.00pm in Southside Lounge. Intermediate.
Monday
Cinema
Electric Cinema
La Belle et la Bete 3.10 7.00
The Beast 5.00 8.50
Prince Charles
Bitter Moon 1.30
Glengarry Glen Ross 4.00
My Own Private Idaho 6.30
The Zebra Man 9.00
UCI Whiteleys
Scala
Thundercrack 4.20 8.40
House of the Holy 2.30 6.40
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Latin Medals 7-8.30pm
Fitness Club
 5.30-6.30pm in Southside Lounge.
Beginner
IC Cricket Club
 Meet Mech Eng foyer at 7.15 pm for training at MCC Cricket School. Whites are Essential.
Football
In Da Vinci's

Tuesday
Cinema
Electric Cinema
Comfort of Strangers 1.55 6.25
Bitter Moon 3.50 8.20
Prince Charles
Annabelle Pantagee 2.00
Midnight Express 4.00
My Little Eye 6.30
Scala
The Crying Game 4.40 8.50
The Krays 2.10 6.40
College
French Soc
 Club meeting, 12 noon Clubs Committee Room
Free Juke Box and Jazz
 in Da Vinci's
Riding Club
 Meeting 12.30-1.30, Southside Upper Lounge
Radio Modellers Club
 meet in Southside Upper Lounge more information contact David Walker in Chem Eng 3.
ICSF
 open their Library every lunchtime to members who join for £3
SPLOTSOC
 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.
Stoic

Wednesday
Cinema
Electric Cinema
The Unbearable lightness of Being 2.00 7.40
Henry and June 5.10
Prince Charles
Patriot Games 1.30
Man Bites Dog 4.00
The Commitments 6.30
The Cutter 9.00
Scala
The Beast 4.50 8.50
Ai No Corida 2.50 6.50
College
Tenpin Bowling Club
 meet 2.15pm in Aero Foyer or contact Pete Sharpe Bio PG x 7488
Fitness Club
 1.15-2.15pm Southside Lounge.
 Intermediate/Beginner
Can't Pay Won't Pay
Dram Soc Production 7.30 pm in Union Concert Hall
Club Libido
Dance around with the Happy Ents
Kiddies until the hour of One in the Morning and bring your own drugs

Thursday
Cinema
Electric Cinema
Mystery Train 1.50 6.20
Night on Earth 4.00 8.30
Prince Charles
Night and the City 1.30
Full Metal Jacket 4.00
Glengarry Glen Ross 6.30
Romper Stomper 9.00
Scala
Swoon 2.20 5.40 9.00
Edward 24.00 7.20
College
Music
Live in Da Vinci's with 12 string steve
Can't Pay Won't Pay
Dram Soc Production 7.30 pm in Union Concert Hall
Bible Study
 in the following departments.
 physics lecture theatre 1 12-1pm.
 Maths/Chem/Computing Huxley 413 12-1pm.
 Mech Eng 709 1-2pm.
 Civ Eng/Mines Civ Eng 444.
 Elec Eng/Life Sciences Elec Eng 407a 12-2pm.
Fitness Club 5.30-6.30pm in Southside Gym Intermediate level
Dance Club
 Beginners Ballroom 6-7pm.
 Improvers Ballroom/Latin 7-8pm in the JCR.
 Intermediate Ballroom/Latin(Social) 8-9pm.

What's On

1.15 Stoic News
Canoe Club
 Meet 6.15 pm in Beit Quad. or Southside Bar at 9.00

WEDNESDAY
Cinema
Electric Cinema
The Unbearable lightness of Being 2.00 7.40
Henry and June 5.10
Prince Charles
Patriot Games 1.30
Man Bites Dog 4.00
The Commitments 6.30
The Cutter 9.00
Scala
The Beast 4.50 8.50
Ai No Corida 2.50 6.50
College

Thursday
Cinema
Electric Cinema
Mystery Train 1.50 6.20
Night on Earth 4.00 8.30
Prince Charles
Night and the City 1.30
Full Metal Jacket 4.00
Glengarry Glen Ross 6.30
Romper Stomper 9.00
Scala
Swoon 2.20 5.40 9.00
Edward 24.00 7.20
College
Music
Live in Da Vinci's with 12 string steve
Can't Pay Won't Pay
Dram Soc Production 7.30 pm in Union Concert Hall
Bible Study
 in the following departments.
 physics lecture theatre 1 12-1pm.
 Maths/Chem/Computing Huxley 413 12-1pm.
 Mech Eng 709 1-2pm.
 Civ Eng/Mines Civ Eng 444.
 Elec Eng/Life Sciences Elec Eng 407a 12-2pm.
Fitness Club 5.30-6.30pm in Southside Gym Intermediate level
Dance Club
 Beginners Ballroom 6-7pm.
 Improvers Ballroom/Latin 7-8pm in the JCR.
 Intermediate Ballroom/Latin(Social) 8-9pm.

Friday
Cinema
Electric Cinema
The Unbearable lightness of Being 2.00 7.40
Henry and June 5.10
Prince Charles
Patriot Games 1.30
Man Bites Dog 4.00
The Commitments 6.30
The Cutter 9.00
Scala
The Beast 4.50 8.50
Ai No Corida 2.50 6.50
College

Saturday
Cinema
Electric Cinema
Comfort of Strangers 1.55 6.25
Bitter Moon 3.50 8.20
Prince Charles
Annabelle Pantagee 2.00
Midnight Express 4.00
My Little Eye 6.30
Scala
The Crying Game 4.40 8.50
The Krays 2.10 6.40
College

Sunday
Cinema
Odeon Kensington
Honey I Blew Up The Kid 1.20
Electric Cinema
Solaris 12.30
Stalker 3.25
The Red Shoes 6.35
Strictly Ballroom 9.00
Prince Charles
Midnight Express 1.45
The Hairdresser's Husband 4.30
The Universe of Dermot Finn 6.30
Man Bites Dog 9.00
Scala
Pepi, Luci, Bom, and the other girls on the heap 4.30
Law of Desire 2.45
Night on Earth 8.30
Mystery Train 6.20
MGM Chelsea
Honey, I Blew Up the Kid 2.10
College

The Soup Run
 deliver Soup to homeless people meet at Weeks Hall 9.00 pm
Spanish Society
 Meeting in Southside Lounge at 1 pm.
Stoic
 1.15 Stoic News. 7.00 onwards STOIC present Films, Features, Competitions and (of course) news
 ●WANTED: Subwarden, Fisher Hall. Application forms from the accommodation office, to Dr Murphy, Dept Biology by 5pm on Friday 19th March.
 ●STOLEN: Light Brown leather rucksack with a pair of spectacles, passport and all my personal documents in it. It was stolen in the Elec Eng library, level 6. I am very eager to get it back and will give a small reward on its return. Contact Dominic Walker Elec Eng 3.
 ●OPSOC would like to announce a workshop on the musical 'Guys and Dolls'. Rehearsals will be on Tuesday 16th March at 7.30pm in Room 308 Huxley Building, and on Sunday 21st March all afternoon in the UDH for a performance on Sunday evening. Anybody is welcome, we hope to see you there. Thanks in advance, Lucy Hobbs.

Careers Info
MILK ROUND—don't worry if you were too late to apply for the Milk Round, we shall be writing to 800 employers in April/May and you should apply for their remaining vacancies in May or June at the latest.
 SUMMER Vacation Training opportunities are now available in the Careers Service. Over 100 employers have supplied details. Details of the UROP scheme are available in Departments and in the Careers Service.
 PENULTIMATE Years—start thinking about your future now. If you don't know what you want to do, come to the Careers Service and try PROSPECT—our computer aided careers guidance system.
 CAREERS Seminars are held each Wednesday afternoon from 2.00-4.00pm. The final seminar this term is on 17th March on the Job Market for International Students, sign up in the Careers Service.
 For further information come to the Careers Service, Room 310 Sherfield—open from 10am to 5.15pm Monday to Friday. A Duty Careers Adviser is available for quick queries from 1.00 and 4.00pm on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

IC Radio Schedule

Day Time	FRI 12	SAT 13	SUN 14	MON 15	TUE 16	WED 17	THU 18
8-9	Manor			Vic & Ni			
9-10	Morning	Hebdomadal Hits		MORNING MUSIC JAM			
10-11	Music	Hebdomadal Hits		MORNING MUSIC JAM			
11-12	Jam	Hebdomadal Hits		MORNING MUSIC JAM			
12-1	Chris	Robin			Penguin & Phil	Dan the Man	
1-2	Ismail	Griffiths			Kev & Dog	Sedgwick Cook	Lofty
2-3	Cath	Jitr	Richard		R Saw		
3-4	Globe	Lofty	Saw				
4-5	Trotter	Album	Top 40	Cath		R Saw	Greg
5-6	Bryan	Chart	Charts		Bryan		
6-7	Jaymz	Show		Bruce	30 Mins	Oli & Reg	Happy Hour
7-8		Chris	Richard & Justin	Donna	Mission Impossible	Donna	
8-9	News Desk	Abi &	Neil	Monday Program	Paul E	8 o'clock Edition	Marcus
9-10	Adam &	Amran	Steve D	Alan	Adam &	Damon's Co	
10-11	Colin	Chris				Rock Show	Ian Parish

OSC elections

17th March 2.00pm

Mech Eng 220

Vote in International Nite '94 organisers

Bring your OSC membership card

IC Hockey Win!!

Imperial College vs Royal Holloway and Bedford New Coll

Not even free Jazz every Tuesday at Da Vinci's Café Bar was sufficient to deflect our focus from the looming prospect of Oscar Peterson's 'Hymn of Freedom' (see Juke Box). We had our own freedom in mind, conquest over the 'peinture vendeures' XI (Painting Sellers). The £11 million exchanged for Turner's masterpiece was not instrumental enough to mute our trumpeting tunes.

The game opened with a Charlie Parker tumultuous saxophone solo, as Holloway blew hard towards an early lead. However, Charlie Parker's dead, so with a flourish of brass we took control of the game. Our midfield came up trumps as the virtuoso channel of Lain-Fairhurst gainfully opened our account. The sun was shining. (1-0.)

More beams of golden light danced over Holloway's cloudy defence. They parted again letting Steve Ian cross from the left allowing E Spencer Penfold to display his spangly-collared goalmouth panaché, no one could believe it. We couldn't believe it, they couldn't believe it. Perhaps we were under the influence still in Da

Vinci's, but no! It was real. We were swinging like Big Bill Bronzy and his big swing band. A slappin' bass solo from the aforementioned Stephen Lam was rewarded by a trip to the floor. John Furlong completed our treble clef of goals from the penalty spot.

So, at half time, the score rang like the Mardi Gras through the smokey New Orleans atmosphere which had strangely intoxicated us. 3-0 to IC (yipee).

In the true sense of sporting clichés, the second half was as sick as a parrot's hospital. We sat back and let Holloway's wind sway through our defensive quack grass. Basically we were all played out, a team waiting for the whistle. It was not a surprise when they got one back. A bit of suet dumpling carefully dropped on our plate. It woke us up and heavy limbs started to get back on the road. Holloway wasted their remaining opportunities and our one-legged long jumpers sprung into the sand pit of victory. Chariots swung, horns played and Imperial Hockey Team had finally fulfilled their early seasonal promise. (Many thanks to our galant supporters who shouted at us when we needed it.)

Rugby 1sts Triumph

IC—44
Thames Valley University—0

Despite the dry, warm conditions which were ideal for open running rugby, IC started in rather nervous fashion with several passes not going to hand and some good ball wasted. This was no doubt due to a combination of lack of match practice and the team's excitement at seeing a number of spectators watching the action. However, the crowd was sent into rapture at the award of an early penalty and the sight of fly-half Stuart 'Jean-Ba' Paynter opening his legs to slot the ball between the uprights. A few minutes later, Paynter broke blind and deftly stroked a kick through the Thames Valley defence for left wing Dave Bolton to catch the ball for the first time since Christmas and touch down in the corner.

The score remained at 8-0 until good work by Andrew Montgomery and Chris Telling sent Richard Stubbs over for the first of his two tries, which Paynter converted to the screams of his fans on the touch-line. Two more tries followed before half time from Steve Townsend, a second row who seemed more at home on the right

wing, and from Montgomery who crashed over from two yards out, taking the whole opposition pack with him. By the time Paynter slotted the conversion, the cheerleaders had been forced to retire due to exhaustion.

Sustained pressure after half time led eventually to a pushover try for Telling which Paynter strode up manfully to convert. As the second half drew to a close, IC scored twice more. The penultimate try came after a poor Thames Valley clearance kick was fielded by Stubbs who sent Roger Gilchrist over. However the final try was the *piece de resistance* of the whole season. A great drive down the left by the IC pack led to fast ball which enables Paynter to utilise the pace outside him. Quick, sharp passing from centres Anton Fields and Nick Finn and full back Gilchrist fed Stubbs who managed to shrug off the covering defence (but not his 'Fat Boy' reputation) to score in the corner and make the final score 44-0.

IC: Gilchrist (c), Stubbs, Finn, Fields, Bolton, Paynter, Montgomery, Corbett, Carr, Baker, Townsend, Drage, Dennison, Orr, Telling.

PakSoc—IC Champions!!

Snooker

Two IC teams set out for Glasgow and the annual university snooker championships. Both teams got off to bad starts against tough opposition the 'A' team winning only one of three group matches and the 'B' team losing all three.

There were better things to come on the second day as the 'A' team found their touch with an inspiring performance from Paul Kellet who didn't lose a frame all day and solid play by the rest of the team. A series of stunning victories saw the 'A' team through to the final of the second stream tournament with the 'B's' losing in the first round. The final was a close match against Queens (Belfast) 'B' team but despite a comeback from 45 points behind by Paul Kellet in one frame, a string of black ball defeats put the pressure on and the IC 'A' team had to settle for second place. Queens then completed a clean sweep of the prizes winning the first stream and singles competitions. IC will be back next year.

The conclusion of the indoor soccer tournament took place last Friday. The Pakistan Society and Anti-Apartheid Society teams had reached the final after beating tough opposition i.e. the Sikh Society and Cypriot Society teams respectively in the semi-finals the day before. Both semi-finals were closely contested with special mention for the spirited performance put up by the Sikh Society who played undoubtedly their best game of the tournament and were unlucky to lose. The Cypriot Society team also were unfortunate to lose to the Anti-Apartheid Society who gave a professional performance. Dinos (Cypriot Society goalkeeper) was again at his best and had a terrific match, and deserves the award as the goalkeeper of the tournament.

The player of the tournament award goes to Peter D'Mello who having scored 40 odd goals helped the Pakistani team reach the final. In the final he yet again scored vital goals at vital times. He has the uncanny ability of being at the right place at the right time. He did this a few times in the final, at the

frustration of the Anti-Apartheid team. The final was a thrilling game with the Pakistani team taking the early initiative in the first half. They built up a three goal lead and it seemed as if they were sailing towards victory. However, the second half saw the Anti-Apartheid Society make a spirited effort to get back into the game. With a flowing game, played in a good spirit and attractive to watch there were numerous chances, and many chances went begging or were well saved by the respective goalkeepers. As the game drew on the Anti-Apartheid team drew within two goals of the Pakistani team, the goal scoring attribution of Peter D'Mello saw the Pakistani team home, winning by three clear goals. The final score was 8-5 to the Pakistan Society.

The game was a great advert for the footballing potential available within Imperial College and the Overseas societies. However, there is still a need for this footballing talent to be nurtured and given a chance to be used at a higher level.

Overall the indoor football

tournament has proved to be a great success. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the people who have contributed and participated in the tournament. A special mention to the referees Alan Bailey, Khurram Sair, Harpreet Cohan and Gunwant Dhadayalla for their help.

Kuldip Sandhu (OSC Sports Officer).

IC 1st Results:

Semi-Finals

Pakistan Soc 10—Sikh Soc 5

Anti-Apartheid 6—Cypriot 3

Final

Pakistan Soc 8—Anti Apartheid 5

St Mary's

St Mary's Hospital Medical School Rugby team lost the final of the UH cup 16-9 on Wednesday after holding the cup for 5 years. The victors were Charing Cross and Westminster Hospital. Bad luck boys!