

Realisation

by Declan Curry

The Science community has given muted approval to the Science White Paper, which plans to abolish the advisory boards, upgrade the status of the MSc degree, and shuffle the research councils. Dr Dai Rees, secretary of the Medical Research Council (MRC) said he was 'pleased to see the bold and realistic approach' the White Paper was taking 'to the many urgent issues currently facing UK science and technology.'

The changes to the Research Councils have been widely welcomed. The Agricultural and Food Research Council (AFRC) 'welcomed the expansion in its responsibilities to become the Biotechnology and Biological Sciences Research Council.' Professor Tom Blundell, AFRC Director General said 'the move recognises the coming of age of biology-based technologies and their enormous potential for industrial innovation.'

The Royal Society hailed the White Paper as 'offering a promising framework for the future development of science and technology in Britain,' but cautioned that the 'new Engineering and Physical Sciences Research Council (EPSRC) will have to adopt an enlightened long term policy.' The EPSRC was formed out of the old Science and Engineering Research Council (SERC), which said that 'the increase in the number of Research Councils from five to six misses an opportunity.' Sir Mark Richmond, SERC Chairman also said he was 'disappointed that

the new Councils will have no increased resources.'

Professor John Knill, Natural Environment Research Council (NERC) chairman, said they had been 'piloting the idea of the one year MSc course plus a three year PhD course,' a major proposal in the White Paper. Dr Dai Rees of the MRC 'welcomed sensible proposals on the reform of postgraduate education and the management of research staff in universities.' Dr David Harrison, chairman of the Committee of Vice Chancellors and Principals (CVCP) said they 'welcomed the Government's intention to review the management of the PhD.' Chris Hamblade, of the National Union of Students, said he was concerned about the reduction in the number of available three year PhD courses.

Dr Marjorie Mowlam, Labour's Charter spokesman, deplored the dearth of measures in the White Paper designed to improve the status of women in science and technology. 'The Government's solution to the problem is simply to set up another committee. British women scientists and engineers need fewer empty promises and more action,' Dr Mowlam told a Newcastle conference.

Professor Howard Newby, chairman of the Economic and Social Research Council said he was 'very sad about the intention not to create a separate Humanities Research Council.' Dr David Harrison said 'the CVCP regrets the Government's failure to support the establishment of a Humanities Research Council.'

Forte at Queens



Her Majesty the Queen celebrated forty years on the throne this week, writes Declan Curry. This landmark was celebrated at Imperial by the loud ringing of the bells in Queen's Tower. There was also a 41-gun salute in Hyde Park and a 62-gun salute at the Tower of London. Such events are dictated by the Department for the Environment, and local campanologists offer their services free to the College.

Her Majesty is the official College 'visitor', and has the power to intercede in disputes between College members. By cruel twist of history, this power has been delegated to the Education Secretary, to wit, John Patten. Disputes between students, staff and college are settled internally as, officially, only members of the Governing Body are College members.

The photograph, courtesy of Ann Barrett, shows the Queen on her last visit to Imperial College, when she opened the Haldane Library on 27 November, 1969.

3/4/5/6/7
Letters
Bonanza

8/9
Condom
Breakthrough

10/11
Prostitution
Explored

12/13
The Queen
Isn't Dead

Ex-Editor fires race rumpus

by Declan Curry

David Irving, the controversial revisionist historian and former *Phoenix* editor, took part in a meeting of neo-Nazis at Bromley-by-Bow last Saturday. The meeting is regarded as part of Mr Irving's campaign to build a new political 'Christian Democrat' party in Britain.

Mr Irving was editor of *Phoenix* in 1958-9, but was sacked after publishing material regarded as 'fascist'. Later that year, Mr Irving published pro-apartheid articles in a University of London publication of which he was editor. Mr Irving now claims that the Nazi holocaust never occurred, and is regarded by many as a Nazi apologist. Recently, in Canada, he said the only war crime committed was the Allied bombing of Dresden.

Mr Irving is believed to be connected with a body known as 'The Clarendon Club'. An organisation monitoring neo-nazi activity told *Felix* that the

Clarendon Club is reported to be a collection of 'very right wing Tories and upper class Nazis'. A spokesman for *Searchlight* magazine confirmed the existence of the Clarendon Club, but said that they were 'marginalised in Britain'. A spokesman for the British National Party told *Felix* to 'speak to Mr Irving'. When asked about the Clarendon Club, the spokesman slammed down his telephone receiver.

The Clarendon Club will hold a meeting in Brighton on 19 June. We are told that Mr Irving will attend this meeting. David Irving was recently refused an entry visa to Australia. The Australian High Commission in London said that Mr Irving's 'presence was not conducive to the public good'. Mr Irving was deported from Canada last November, and is banned from Germany, Austria, South Africa and Italy. He was also barred from speaking at the Brentwood primary school in Essex.

St Marys' art on display

An exhibition of art works by Imperial students started yesterday, writes Declan Curry. The artifacts are on display in the Consort Gallery in the Sherfield Building.

The exhibition, which includes works from both the South Kensington and Paddington campuses, runs until 18 June.

Holiday trail

by Declan Curry

The Whitsun Bank Holiday has seen the formation of a surprising flock of holidaymakers. Heading the 'Wish You Were' trail is the Rector, who will be in Hong Kong 'on alumnus business' until 7th June. Keeping up his hectic lifestyle, he will fly out of the country again on 9th June. Louise Clarke, erstwhile press officer for the National Union of Students, is at an unknown destination this week, as is her president, Lorna Fitzsimons. *Felix's* own Jan Moore, press officer at the Department for

Education is en vacance aussi. Keeping the education connection, the Shadow Education Secretary, Ann Taylor, is 'having a good time in France', according to a Labour Party spokesman. *Felix* editor, Jonty Beavan, also took advantage of the long weekend to disappear 'up north somewhere', but is now back in the office, writing up some feature or other. At the time of writing, Dominic Wilkinson was not in his office. Cathy and Michelle, who claim never to have taken a holiday in their lives, say that Dom is 'away'.

Student flees

by Declan Curry

The missing Buckinghamshire student who fled to London after she was expelled from her college has been reunited with her family. Samantha Fox, 20, told parents Ann and Andrew that she had run off to London 'in a complete daze, and hadn't a clue what to do.'

During her nine day absence, Samantha lived at a bed-and-breakfast in Finsbury Park, in North London. She had been thrown off her computer sciences and modern languages course at Swansea last March after initially running into difficulties with

coursework. Samantha told reporters that, at times, 'it seemed there was no-one to turn to', and claimed that there was a six month waiting list for counselling, an allegation furiously denied by Swansea.

The National Union of Students says the case shows the 'continuing stress' students are under. Samantha has urged other students in difficulty to seek help immediately. The Imperial College student counsellor, Don Adlington, is available to see students at his office in 15 Prince's Gardens, or can be telephoned on 3041.

Tube Charter

by Declan Curry

London Underground tried to ensnare the Government this week, by handing the bill to the Prime Minister for one of his own ideas. Denis Tunnicliffe, Underground Managing Director, warned that targets in the new Tube passengers' charter 'could be affected' if the Government did not pay out money it had already promised. The broadside came in the week when Government support for the CrossRail project was played off against promised finance for the Jubilee line extension to East India Dock. The Jubilee line extension was only temporarily saved this week by an eleventh hour deal cobbled together between the project's bankers.

The comments were made at the launch of the new Underground passengers' charter, 'Aiming High'. The document promises to

improve on targets set out in last year's charter. Under the new targets, 86% of customers should be satisfied with trains and 81% with stations, while 89% of Tube users should be satisfied with station cleanliness. Customer satisfaction with staff should rise by 1% to 86%. London Transport hopes to run the same proportion of trains at peak times, and says that 95% of trains should keep to the timetable.

A new refund scheme will be introduced at the end of 1993, with customers receiving compensation for delays of more than 15 minutes. 28,000 refund claims were paid out last year for delays of more than 20 minutes, costing London Underground £68,000. Mr Tunnicliffe said that the charter 'was about delivering a service that would make refunds an exception rather than a rule. Last year's performance has vindicated this.'

Mines Results

by Jonty Beavan

Felix has finally noticed that the Royal School of Mines students' Union (RSMU) had elections for its executive for the academic year 1993/1994.

Just before Easter the votes were cast and the results announced in the race for the prestigious posts at the RSMU. As the results came through on the slow boat to the Felix Office, it became clear that all posts had been filled with no victories for the ever notorious New Election.

For the post of President, John

McCall, a Geology student, was the clear winner, Omar Khier from Materials triumphed in the close battle for Vice President of the Union. The final post of Honorary Secretary was handed on a plate to Charlie Holgate in an unopposed contest.

The whole election was run on the Single Transferable vote system, in common with all Imperial College Union elections, and was organised by the steady hand of current RSMU Vice President Boris Pluskowski.

Editorial

Have you finished your exams? Bored on Monday and Tuesday? Why not try voting in the election for Deputy President (Clubs and Societies)? Voting takes place between 10am and 5pm next week and all you need is a Union card to take part.

It is a fun game and this is how you play: Find your favourite candidate and put a number 1 in the box next to his/her name, then find your next preferred choice put a number 2 by their name, continue until either you can count no further or you run out of candidates.

It is hardly very difficult and

people have died for the right to vote so give it a go. There will be ballot boxes in every department. You have no excuse not to.

Oh Yea, Oh Yea, a few announcements:

Firstly the very last bumper, sexy, venting of spleen Felix will be produced on the Wednesday 23rd June. This has repercussions, which will mean that on Friday 18th June if you go looking for a Felix you will not find one. We do not produce a Felix one the second to last Friday of term because it takes so long to produce the final issue. If anybody decides to come in and ask 'where is Felix?' on that day, the next sound they hear will be the cracking of their own knee caps.

The jam-packed to the edges issue 971 will be in three parts. One features and extended articles section, one reviews section and one News and current affairs section. If you require to have an annual report, feature or final comment to be inserted in your college magazine, please get it to me by 1 pm Monday 21st June. Anything received after that date cannot be guaranteed to be printed.

Secondly, If your needs extend to having a bound edition of Felix, please get in contact with me. A bound edition is every issue of this year's Felix, surrounded sumptuously in a hardback cover with your name on the front. This unrepeatable offer costs about £30,

but the more people who participate the less the cost. All who are interested in either announcements ask to speak to Jonty in the Felix Office or ring 3515 and ask for same.

Credits

News: Declan Curry, Andrew. Feature: Phil, David, Declan. Reviews: Phil, Donny, Tintin, Ian, Poddy, Gareth, Eiterah. Collators to the Rich and Famous: Steven Newhouse, Steve Dunton

Thanks: Rose, Andy, Bec, Steff, Tamsin, Rachel, Jane, Sonia, Chris, Rick, Dom, all you wonderful letter writers, Andrew Wensley, Graham Taylor!!

Falling facts

Dear Editor,

I would like to clarify some of the statements made in the article 'Pick-axe' in Felix issue 968 relating to the Department of Materials.

The phrase 'tumbling student numbers' does not apply to the Department of Materials. In recent years we have maintained an undergraduate intake of about 40 students and, as we have had a 20% increase in applications this year, it is likely that the October 1993 entry will be somewhat higher. The situation is similar at postgraduate level where the figures show that for the size of the Department we have a large number of students studying for a PhD; over the last five years the total FTE (a measure

of the number of students in a department used to calculate funding) PhD population has varied from 57 to 79 with the current figure being 79.

From time to time all departments have to look critically at their academic missions and structures. The Department of Materials is currently engaged in such an exercise but I would like to emphasise that the intention is to retain a strong Materials undergraduate course with increased student numbers and an active research school with an international reputation.

Yours sincerely,
Malcolm McLean.

Roll up, Roll up

Dear Jonty,

The next few months will see a dramatic improvement in the screening facilities at FilmSoc, with the opening of the Imperial College Union Cinema, in the Union Concert Hall. The moving of FilmSoc to the Concert Hall has already been an improvement on Mech Eng 220. Over the Summer months a 35mm projection system will be installed in a projection room to be built at the rear of the Concert Hall. This type of projection system is the cinema industry standard, which will allow FilmSoc to screen commercial release prints distributed to cinemas. At present three screenings a week are envisaged, but this may increase with demand.

However I feel three screenings a week would involve far too great

an amount of time and effort in current FilmSoc staff. It is for this reason, I write. At present I am looking for Managers, Duty Managers, Cashiers, Ushers and Technicians. Ideally some experience in the relative field would be appreciated, but full training courses will be held, not only by FilmSoc staff, but by people with a number of years experience in their respective fields.

Anyone interested may contact me for further details either via the FilmSoc pigeonhole, Chemistry UG pigeon holes or over the summer at Theatr Clwyd Cinema (Technical Department), Mold, Clwyd, CH7 1YA.

Yours sincerely,
Steffan Lawgharne, Technical Manager (ICUC).

Cat's Eyes

Viruses

Cmpts re batds. Comuer vrses ae bigr astds. Tis s hat a fw xt fils lokd ike ftr a ius ad rekd hvc n m fathu mcne. Heen nos whe t ame fom ut I hae m sspcins. Te stne ge omptes n Fex hve nt scumd t he lrg (yt) ut i wol nt srprie m. The ae rubsh, rap nd ery sit. Felix needs a DTP system with all the mod cons. (Srage hw tat lat sntnce rmand unfctd).

Celebration

The party on Thursday 28th May was short lived - for as soon as Kenneth Clarke (MP) was announced as the next chancellor, down came the balloons and the music was turned off. Every ministry that he has passed through has suffered severely; health, education etc etc. Just when I thought that may be the country

might get a chancellor who knew what to do with the economy to improve it, John Major (PM, cretin) appoints Kenneth Clarke (disaster zone). Oh dear.

Always look on the bright side, as they say. Norman Lamont (MP, ex C of E, tee hee) has gone (at last) which will bring a new face to the Exchequer and a wave of new jokes from the comedians and the press. What will they make of Kenneth Clarke (new C of E) and Michael Portillo (smarmy git) who now run the Exchequer together? (Gulp)

Fuck

What is wrong with the word 'fuck'? OK so there are a few circumstances when this strong word should not be used as a way of self expression. But the word itself is far from a bad word. Fuck is a good word. If your parents did not fuck then you wouldn't be here today. You cannot dismiss a word

that describes (a) the propagation of the human race, and (b) strong disgust towards something or someone, simply because you have difficulty coping with its strength. That's your problem, and I suggest you get over it. The word 'fuck' is becoming more commonly used and will not go away.

Anne Robinson

A different point of view? A different angle to hold your head at more like. Does this woman have a physical disability that means she cannot look directly at a camera? She always seems to leer at everyone, even her boss for all I know. Imagine having trying to have a normal conversation with someone who's head never points in your direction. She should channel her inadequate writing attempts into a book, suitable called 'Making Everyone Feel Inferior To You The Easy Way'.

The Royals

Don't write in claiming that I am a hypocrite for what I am about to say. We should scrap the Royal Family. I know that ? weeks ago I said we should keep them.

But the current surge of special reports, full page opinions, late night discussions and all the rest of the media space fillers have caused me to change my mind. I am sick to death of the lot of them. If the Royal Family is scrapped now, all the TV specials and newspaper pull-outs (or throwaways) will be over within a couple of weeks.

And never again will this sorry household be mentioned. Amen.

P.J. Dodd

'System Failure' flashed the message on the computer screen. P.J. Dodd calmly swallowed another mouthful of Pepsi (the choice of a new generation), tossed the empty can towards the bin, got up from the swivel back chair, took a small step back, and kicked the shit out of the PC that had just crashed. 'One day' he thought, 'I will strangle the designer of these machines. One day.' He booted up another machine, and continued to type. That was an excerpt from 'Hassles From A Computer', the new book available from Felix publishers, price £4.99.

Dear Editor,

its domain.

By the way, whilst Imperial's been strutting its stuff about how good it is (according to the *Times* chart), its international reputation, etc. take a look at the score for its

Back Row Boys at Computing.

Dear Jonty.

Hans C.

Dear Jonty,

Yours thoughtfully,
Moliere.

Dear Jonty,

Richard Santner,
MSC Env Technology.



Close them down

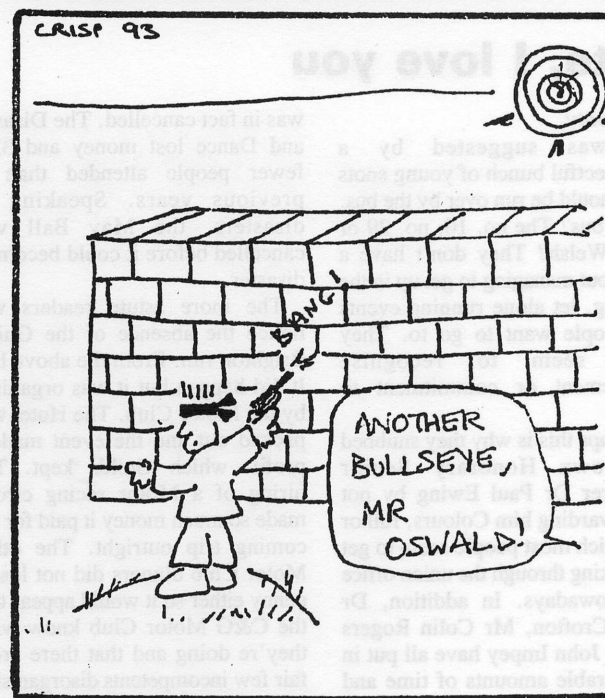
Dear Jonty,

Last week I decided it was time I contributed a letter to Felix rather than just sitting on my arse and reading it. I had actually intended to write a reply to the worthless drivel written about Mr. Pearson by our wonderfully competent, friendly and efficient Shitty and Guilds office. I do, incidentally hope and believe that our next year's exec, messrs Griffith, Baguley etc. will turn this farce around. However, today I found a better and more worthwhile subject about which to moan.

On my way home I use Gloucester road tube station, only this time it was a little more difficult. Due (I was told by the station manager) to recent government decisions to 'rationalise' our underground system and reduce running costs by sacking 5000 staff and then expecting the system to continue service normally, the ticket office was closed, not temporarily but for the whole day as there were simply no staff to man it. The alternative was the automatic ticket machines, well known for reliability and their

infrequent use of the 'EXACT MONEY ONLY' legend. These were of course virtually inoperative as they had no change and were not accepting 50P or £1 coins as the collection bins were full. As I did not happen to have 26 10P coins on me for a travelcard, silly me, I was forced to travel without a ticket, prime fodder for a prowling ticket inspector. As a regular paying customer I object to having to travel without a ticket. To register my complaint I had the station manager give me the 'phone number of a Mr. Nick Agnew, District line general manager, amazingly enough when I rang at 4 o'clock there was nobody in the office but if I would like to leave a message.... Perhaps a good cost cutting measure was deemed to be sacking all the staff customers could complain to, and thus cut the number of dissatisfied customers at a stroke!

It would seem then that Mr. Major is going to work the usual Conservative party magic on our underground system and turn it into an underfunded collapsing system (just like higher education really) or is he just going to make it profitable



enough to sell off, so that the well heeled who fund his election campaigns can make more money at our expense.

The latter part of this letter is a personal view of the situation, not a statement of fact and as such is not intended to provoke response from our, no doubt, large contingent of

budding young Conservatives which I assume we have to go with our 'I.C. spoddy wankers', trainspotting first year physicists, no life DramSoc members and our highly revered and feared Alex 'SAS' Taverner.

Yours sincerely
Liam Newcombe EE1.

A Slice of Life

Owain Bennallack

Okay, I admit it. There is more than a whiff of Jon Ronson's *Time Out* column to my good old 'Slice of Life'. A strange coincidence? Actually I met Jon at a go-cart convention in Merthyr Tydfil some three years ago. I can't recall exactly how we got talking, as I remember I saw his feet sticking out from under the chassis and we just began from there.

We got talking about writing and journalism, hitting upon an unbeatable concept. A weekly feature packed full of misogynist bigotry and slanted observation that would leave no nutcase uncracked. Afterwards he grew cynical and took the concept to *Time Out*, achieving fame and fortune as 'Columnist of the Year' whilst I mellowed and wrote poems about old ladies and their laundry buckets.

Am I jealous? Hell no—you see whereas Jon can only point and laugh at all the wacky crazies out there I've the advantage that I am one of those wacky crazies! It's true I don't fight for the rights of kitchen appliances nor do I hold wedding services for sensitive men with ponytails and consenting cuddly rodents. However I do read *The*

Guardian and quite frankly, for Jon, that's qualification enough.

Saturday morning, the 'Islington Green Fair'. I'm there in my role as carer and Earth-Saver (and thus lunatic), selling 'Fair Trade' coffee to the masses. For the puzzled 'Fair Trade' basically involves giving some money to the people who grow the goods, rather than merely giving money to large plantation corporations to spend bashing up those who actually grow the goods.

It began badly enough, my partner in righteous crime, Mark, gets hit for a forty quid parking ticket after Neil, a thirty something hippy-thing, advises him to shift the car over to a loading area outside his Oxfam shop. Neil is the kind of guy who believes we should all commute to work on organically fed family sized Yaks (oh yes), so quite why Mark listened to him remains a bone (well, we're all veggies, a baked bean...) of contention. But as I always say, if you can't trust a hippy who can you buy your Hash from?

We load up on coffee, promotional material and a curious game constructed out of doorbells. This consists of a range of questions

with corresponding possible answers, each answer coupled with a button. Pressing the wrong answer produces an infuriating buzz, pressing the correct button an infuriating bell. A better design would wire the buttons to the genitals of the participant. Any curious corporate scum trying out the game would be far more likely to remember that the answer to 'How many people will die fighting for democracy this year?' is not 'Who cares provided we're selling them the hardware' if it was accompanied by the smell of char-grilled flesh below.

At the green our first task is to obtain a stall. We find the 'funny little man in tweed trousers and DM's and he gives us a choice. We can take the empty spot next to the 'Karma and Spiritual Commodities Company' or the 'Animal Rights' people. I couldn't stand the thought of spending the day watching disciples buying plastic buddha shaped key rings to deposit their dying soul inside so we choose the latter. The table overflows with slogans, some decent enough, some seemingly a little mad—'Fish is Suicide' leaflets and 'Nits have feelings too' t-shirts.

We set up, begin to explain our case and sell our coffee. At first we stand demurely behind our wares, giving wisdom only to those who

seek it. Unfortunately we get just one customer in the first hour, the only other person who approaches our stall out is a juggler who's heard about our Sellotape. (Amongst my people all is shared—the Earth, the air, the water and the double sided). Our friend Lindsey revitalises our spirits with a round of jam doughnuts but morale is low. Mark begins making wisecracks, suggesting to the animal rights man that he go liberate the rabbit residing in an Islington City Farm promoters dungarees. There is only one choice.

We abandon being right on and verily assault the crowd. I rush out with a pile of promotional leaflets, jumping in the way of hapless passers-by and railroading them to our stall. At the stall Mark shamelessly convinces them that it's buy the coffee or take the first flight to the fires below. We're cash hungry pimps, preying on insecurities. The money comes in thick, sticky and fast. For a moment we consider slipping some timeshare sales in there but saintliness wins over in the end.

The people are told, the coffee is sold. Sitting on the lawn at lunchtime, veggie burger in hand, there seems some hope for the world. And then the doorbell game breaks, the interminable buzzing ceases and I know there is.

Kate, I love you

Dear Jonty,

It was suggested by a disrespectful bunch of young snots that I should be run over by the bus. Which bus? The no. 10, no. 29 or Sarah Welsh? They don't have a clue about managing to get up in the morning, let alone running events that people want to go to. They don't seem to recognise achievement or commitment to boot.

Perhaps this is why they snubbed their own Honorary Senior Treasurer Dr Paul Ewing by not even awarding him Colours, full or half which most people seem to get for walking through the union office door nowadays. In addition, Dr Shaun Crofton, Mr Colin Rogers and Mr John Impey have all put in considerable amounts of time and effort into helping the Union out and received no thanks. This is both insulting and completely unacceptable.

I noted with interest that the young snots managed to award themselves, but then again it's probably the only chance they'll get to put an honour on their CV.

So far this year the Freshers' Week event was poorly attended, the Boat Party was cancelled, the Careers talks got little interest and Ice Skating couldn't muster up a group discount. The Pub Pursuits got little interest, the second one

was in fact cancelled. The Disaster and Dance lost money and 35% fewer people attended than in previous years. Speaking of disasters, the May Ball was cancelled before it could become a disaster.

The more astute readers will notice the absence of the Guilds Brighton run. From the above list. It did happen but it was organised by the Motor Club. The Hotel was packed out and the event made a profit, which Guilds kept. The hiring of a Motor racing circuit made so much money it paid for the coming trip outright. The other Motor Club dinners did not lose a penny either so it would appear that the C&G Motor Club know what they're doing and that there are a fair few incompetents disorganising Guilds and wasting student money. This probably goes some way to explaining why they view the Motor Club and its officers with contempt, of which I am one.

I sincerely hope the new Guilds exec can build on the success of events they organised for the 'year in industry' students and not make the mistakes that many of this year's exec have. Then again, it's barely surprising when the numbers are made up with a coke head and an incompetent.

Yours sincerely,

Gavin J R Pearson, Mech Eng 3.

What is the meaning of truth

Dear Jonty,

A few quick points. It's good to see Owain is back, and as witty as ever. Phil's column is maintaining its bite and drawing blood, and he's making a good fist of some other sections as well. Others will only get big headed, but there's a definite whiff of improvement. Well done, Sir.

I'm also delighted to see the response to recent news articles. At last, life... Thanks to Bruce Cartwright in Beit for some solid points, and to Jim Bichard in Biology.

Jim is, of course, correct in his well crafted letter. The *Times* league tables are regarded as important in some sectors, but they are not as important, or indeed as significant, as they are made out to be. In the main, it's a fair cop. 'Jingoism' is a fair word to use in describing my earlier article. Why was it written? Why was it run?

Felix is not as editorially independent as we would like to think it is. The Union General

Manager asks for a staff protocol, so try not to name them. The Union President insists we toe the party line, but then Chris has real problems with freedom, democracy and the like. College management 'request' we print good news, so we do, as by some perversion they might control our funding in a few months. The Rector threatens us when we write about the Governing Body. One Governor mentioned libel, once.

Perhaps we should change our name. *Pravda* has a truthful ring to it, if nothing else.

A few pettifogging details, though. The comments about Rag were a touch unfair. The success of the boat club was and is well charted on these pages. Jonty did not interfere in the writing of the *Times* story.

I'm glad Jim had the courage to answer back. Not many do. Sometimes, I doubt if we have that courage.

Declan Curry,
outsider, pissing in.



Billed beyond belief

Dear Jonty,

Yesterday I received a letter in my hall pigeonhole (noticeably ten days after the letter was dated) which claimed I had not paid my accomodation bill. This threatened "I would remind you that you are now incurring penalty charges at the rate of £1 per day.....If you do nothing about this letter you will only put yourself deeper into debt".

This was in fact incorrect. My bill was paid on 19th May 1993 and I still have the receipt and switch receipt to prove this.

Perhaps the accomodation offices energies could be better spent chasing up unpaid bills and those of persistent non-payers as highlighted in the letters page of Felix 967.

Yours sincerely,
Duncan Austin

I love you too Gavin

Dear Jonty,

I have heard rumours, ill-founded they may be (but I doubt it), that a certain Mr G J R Pearson is having a sense of humour failure with the 'so long as he gets run over by the bus' comment (Felix 968). I have been led to believe that he is retaliating with a vicious attack on the Guilds Exec of 92-93. What a shame. I am devastated. As, I am sure, are the rest of the Guilds Exec, as we all know full well that he is, as usual, full of uninteresting, mundane, destructive criticism that we have all heard before. If any Felix reader wishes to know of Gavin's personal gripes against the Union, then please, come and talk to me and I will personally introduce you to him. I am sure that I will have a queue at my door saying 'Please, please I want to talk to Gav, he sounds so interesting'.

I am told, on good authority, that our dear Gav thinks that myself, and Sarah Welsh (C&GCU Hon Sec) wrote the 'so long as he gets run over by the bus' statement, hence the retaliation. Gavin, you are wrong.

As Guilds president this year, I have had to listen to Mr G J R Pearson's constant loud commentary on the Union. All year, I don't believe I have heard

a single piece of constructive criticism pass his lips. In fact, when pressed, all he could come up with was 'Get a life—join the Motor Club'. Hmmm. Very useful.

I hope I am not insulting the intelligence of the Felix readership to suggest that, just maybe, Mr Pearson is not just suffering from a severe case of sense of humour failure, but also a delusion of self-importance.

As I do not wish to have a 'letter for letter' war in the pages of Felix with Mr Pearson, I do hope that this will be the end of the matter. However, I doubt this very much, as I have great faith in the literary genius of said Mr G J R Pearson, to come up with something equally interesting and stimulating for your readers in future issues of Felix. I will however guarantee that this will be my ONLY and last input into this argument.

As a footnote, I would like to add, that if anyone, anywhere, has any serious and constructive criticism about Guilds or the general running of a CCU, please do not hesitate to contact me, or any of the Exec, in the Guilds Office, Rm 340, Mech Eng.

Yours sincerely,
Kate Dalton,
President C&GCU (92-93)

Perspective on '68

Dear Editor,

I read with some interest your article on May '68, but the causes for present apathy didn't come out clearly. Jonty Beavan mentions Ian Pigg (NUS General Sec) who puts the blame on middle-class upbringing: students want a good job not a revolutionary country. While this is partly true, there are a number of facts that need to be pointed out:

The May '68 revolution was started by sons and daughters of the élite: middle- and upper-class citizens who wanted a new world. They were part of the post-war baby-boom; they needed extra accommodation and education facilities. The government didn't plan for it immediately and had to build hastily new campuses, preferably in the suburbs. These buildings were basically lifeless slabs of concrete. How could students accept this, especially if they were the country's best? Like in 1789, the May '68 revolution was ignited by people who felt they deserved more, namely the bourgeois, or middle-class.

What made their lives duller still were the strict (and often petty) rules by which they were surrounded: no visits to girls' rooms in the evening, no 'modern' music, to name two. Their environment

was stifling: relations with teachers were cold and distant. Lecturers didn't feel human and demanded utter respect. Also, on the political side, De Gaulle had been in control for ten years by then, with only one amendment to the constitution (in 1961). Students were practically forbidden to criticise the government. Even the ORTF (television and radio) was run by the state. Things only started moving when the left came to power, especially under Mitterrand. How can students, the intellectual élite, be forbidden to express themselves? This explains the meaning of *The Guardian's* words: 'a saddled old society' which had to be taken 'on a fantastic liberating curve'.

My second point is that none of the above occur presently in England, or for that matter in the UK. Although, student poverty is a problem of some concern for a number among us, our lives (social, not academical, that is) are far from dreary and dictated by law. Sex, drink and music are common and certainly not restricted. Chris Davidson changed ICU constitution with little or no interference from the State. How can one complain? The cause for apathy is the fact that nothing bothers students seriously and any trouble can be rapidly remedied thanks to Dep Reps and



ICU. If there was any matter truly wrong and not solved, I can assure attention will be drawn upon it very quickly. Another cause for apathy is the actual educational system. 'A' Levels don't often entail more than three or four subjects. In France for the Baccalauréat, you have around ten subjects: in addition to maths, physics, chemistry and biology you have history and philosophy, and if you wish sociology and economics. These give you the background necessary to understand revolution. Who at IC can claim to know Trotsky's work? Who at IC knows the difference between the first and the second International?—probably

no more than the advocates of international socialism. I should perhaps point out this was also the demise of the May '68 revolution. The students usually understood the meaning of their movement, but the nine million strikers didn't. They just wanted shorter hours and more money. De Gaulle was able to manipulate them (thanks to the ORTF) before the June elections; and he won a landslide victory.

I hope these few facts and ideas will make people want to deepen their knowledge of our world. It can only be to their benefit.

Yours sincerely,

Charles Twist, Biochem 1.

Flip chart abuse

To continue a recent theme... 'Neither use nor ornament, those sabbaticals! Take that President of ours, the Scottish plonker, what's he up to? Nine months of focus groups, working parties, council meetings and what does he have to show for it... A new Union structure and a drink problem. True, true, the members of the working group spent hours, days even, putting together what should be a Union that will serve its members into the next century, in terms of social athletic, academic and welfare needs. They have consulted hundreds of people, recorded hours of tape, written endless reports... That's another thing, reports..

'What the point anyway? Voluntary membership, that's the usual excuse, pathetic. You'd think they wanted the Union to be useful or something. That's not what Unions are for! They always have


and always should be full of bureaucratic meetings and hours of wasting time. After all, everybody loves being in meetings all night. Getting involved in the Union *should* be difficult. Well, we don't want any old student walking in and changing everything, it has worked this way for nigh on fifty years and should stay like it is. Regardless of whether it does its job.'

'I'll tell you what, the Union General Meeting on Friday the 25th of June in the Junior Common Room should be a laugh. We'll show that Chris Davidson what we think of a customer focused Union...'

That's what Lionel Blair thinks of the Union restructuring, what do you think?

Next week Chris Davidson in flip chart abuse shocker!

This has been a party political broadcast on behalf of the Union Structure Working Party.



Travelling Expands The Mind!

CTS TRAVEL...Reduces the Cost!

NORTH AMERICA 071-323 5180	EUROPE 071-637 5601	LONG HAUL 071-323 5130
MEXICO 205 860	AMSTERDAM 44 76	AUKLAND 359 687
BOSTON 97 192	CAIRO 108 219	BANGKOK 199 399
CHICAGO 93 186	MUNICH 60 115	KATHMANDU 239 439
DALLAS 122 241	BRUSSELS 35 71	CARACAS 202 398
LOS ANGELES 124 240	PRAGUE 75 129	DELHI 205 329
MIAMI 112 224	GENEVA 57 107	HONGKONG 267 469
NEW YORK 93 186	MADRID 60 83	JO-BURG 264 473
ORLANDO 118 235	MILAN 57 99	NAIROBI 206 379
SAN FRANCISCO 124 247	PARIS 35 69	RIO 284 547
TORONTO 122 226	ROME 62 120	SINGAPORE 231 435
VANCOUVER 171 318	TEL-AVIV 99 169	SYDNEY 334 661
WASHINGTON 93 186	VIENNA 63 125	TOKYO 265 489

ROUND THE WORLD

£799

44 Goodge Street
London W1P 2AD
⓪ GOODGE STREET
IATA Licensed

220 Kensington High St.
London W8 7RA
⓪ HIGH STREET KENSINGTON

Greasing the tool

Can your rubber take the strain? Jonty Beavan tries out the KY Jelly test on the best friend of man's best friend.

'Well how was it then?'

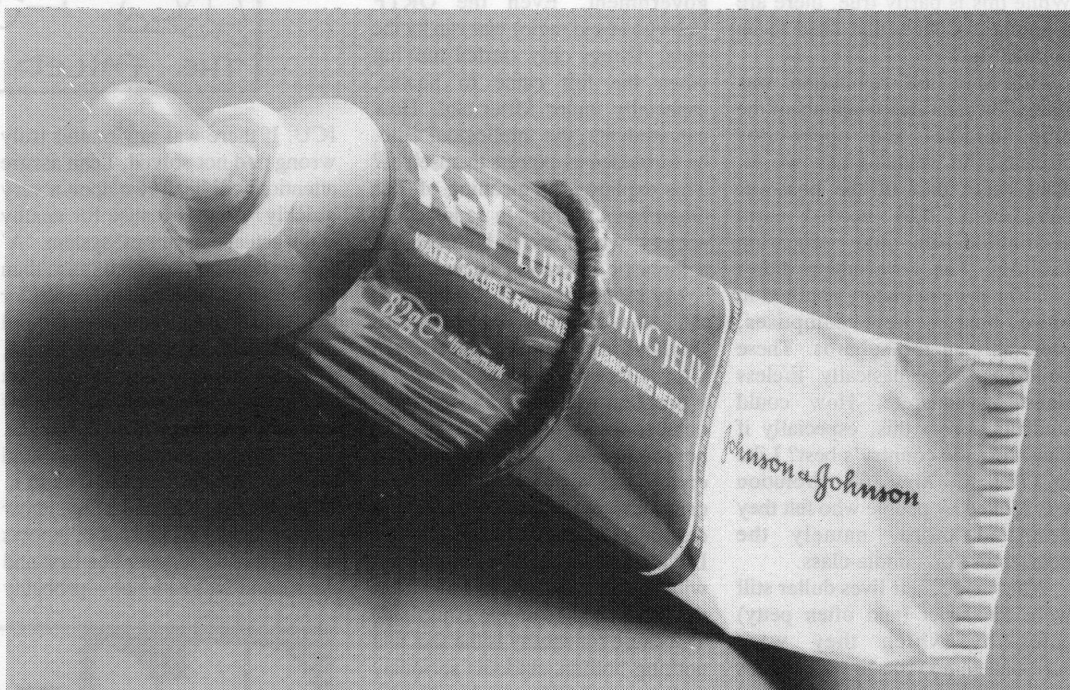
'Sorry?'

'The stress tests on the condoms?'

'Ahh...'

Maxine was inquiring after the small blue tissue box that she had sent me a few weeks ago. Discreetly wrapped inside several man sized tissues were two masculine sized condoms, a mystery plastic bottle, a tube of KY jelly and two rubber gloves.

This was not a press release from Perverts-R-Us, but a 'try it at home' test for all those of you who were worried which lubricant to use when you are performing the act of love. If you use a condom and an oil based lubricant you could be in trouble. It has been shown that the oil based lubricants eat away at the rubber of the condom making it much more likely to break during the strains of lovemaking. Tiny perforations develop, invisible to the eye, and reduce the condom's



strength by up to 90%. Well, that's what it said in the information pack, and who I am to question?

But why bother with it anyway? The main users are male homosexuals, as the act of anal sex is a little short on lubrication. Frequently it is used in 'moments when a little extra help is needed' during heterosexual intercourse (Quotes taken from any advert for the ever famous KY Jelly). What has worried many Doctors is that when the wheels of love need to be greased, the first thing most people reach for is Baby Oil. In these days fear about AIDS a condom that is likely to burst is a very dangerous thing and common Baby Oil is one of those risky substances. Hence KY Jelly have jumped upon the band wagon as the only big name water based lubricant. They have employed a PR company to prove how wonderful their tubes of oil are compared to nasty condom-rotting Johnson's Baby Lotion.

Actually doing the test in the kit proved to be a little more difficult than would be first imagined. Firstly, the two condoms supplied with the kit were no longer there, someone had run off with one of them. In the interests of scientific investigation, the three people who had gathered to do the test, decided

to cut the one we had in half. Jonty, Donny O'Nonchalant and Steff huddled around a rather too conspicuous table to test to destruction a mint scented Mates condom. Incidentally this particular condom definitely smelt of mint but did not taste of it, I should know, I was stupid enough to try it on my tongue.

In a scene reminiscent of The Rocky Horror Picture Show, my two assistants placed the rubber gloves on to my hands so that I could begin the operation. Liberal amounts from the mysterious bottle, which we presumed to be the notorious 'oil based lubricant', were then poured of the innocent half condom. We then realised that our single pair of gloves were covered in the oil so could not be used to grease up the other condom without prejudicing the experiment. Donny quickly leapt in the the fray and volunteered to smear his hands and the rest of the prophylactic with KY Jelly. Mere seconds later the two halves were sitting on opposite ends of the table looking like gutted fish swimming in our chosen lubricant.

After being left to soak in their own juices for a total of two minutes, the moment of truth arrived. Donny took one end of each condom, I took the other and

get
off
your
backside
and
go
to
italy

very special long stay
bargain flights.
4 - 10 weeks.
London/milan
go and come back
departures between: 15/06 and 13/07.
for £99.00.
return between: 09/08 and 31/08.
or don't come back
ring now to reserve your seat on:
for £59.00.
081 748 9007
London/rome
go and come back
for £129.00.
or don't come back
for £69.00.
save time and money this year.
you can afford to fly for less
than the coach or train fare.

ITALY
SKY SHUTTLE

started to pull. The condoms both stretched to about a meter before one suddenly snapped. Luckily for the owners of KY Jelly, it wasn't theirs. Of more relevance was the fact that the snapping condom had sprayed oil based lubricant all over the place. The tables, chairs and spectators of this strange condom stretching event were now proud owners of freshly deposited 'lubricant'.

After clearing up a little, the assembled observers decided that this was not very good test. As all the parts had been supplied by KY Jelly and cutting the condom in half might have effected the results of the test. Such are the trails of playing a game with any scientist, they take it all so seriously. It was decided that we should get some more condoms and repeat the event.

So off I went to search Imperial College Union Building for more fodder for our latex protection tests. Strangely, all the mens toilets were completely devoid of condoms. One empty machine lay outside the conveniences looking like it been ripped off the wall. I was depressed, if I was about to have sex, I would be near hysteria by now. There was one last hope, a female friend offered to go into the Ladies toilets and buy a packet of three from there. Strange place Imperial, you can't buy condoms if you're a man, but you can if you're a woman. When she returned, she cast a knowing wink in my direction. I started to explain, then realised that if I were her, I wouldn't believe me either.

Returning to examine the contents of the packet, our panel of judges discovered one Strawberry and two 'Cock'tail flavour Mates condoms. We decided that strawberry was far too queer so it would have to be the manly 'Cock'tail that was put under the strain. Again these were tested rigorously for the fragrance: We came to the considered conclusion it was the aroma of Juicy Fruits with a touch of rubber that would fragrance our simulated love making test.

After another session of smothering condoms with grease, we sat for one hundred and twenty seconds dripping with the various oils that had been scattered about. The table began to look like it had been the lardy bathing place for some Northerner. Stretching the condoms was considered a poor



The KY Jelly tester pack: A condom, some Jelly, some instructions and a dodgy looking bottle

guide, so we tried to insert a hand as far in to the sheath as possible. I took the oil soaked one, Donny the KY covered version, and almost as soon as my hand slid in, the condom split. Donny managed to put his entire fist and half his arm in to the rubber casing before it gave way. It may have been the 'Cock'tail flavour, but it unnerved me that the oil based one broke so easily.

Every one around the table had used condoms, but none admitted ever using a lubricant. A bit of a waste, as no one directly concerned by the rotting condoms was able to comment on the test. One Student Union President did say 'KY Jelly is the one I use every time'. But, for all you people who decide to play around with the Baby Oil, its better to use a water based lubricant just in case some gets on your chosen method of protection.

So back to Maxine, who incidentally is one of the people employed to promote KY Jelly at Red Rooster PR:

'...Yeah, the KY one didn't break'
'That's good, are you going to be able to do an article about it?'
'Shouldn't be a problem...'

Aerobics & Body Toning

EARLY MORNING CLASSES
Monday to Friday 7.30-8.30am

Southside Gym

Students £1.25/Staff £1.50

LUNCHTIME CLASS
Wednesday 12.00-12.45pm

The Union Gym

Students £1.25/Staff £1.50

The world's oldest profession

Our man on the street Philip Henry peers furtively into the lives of prostitutes and tries to disguise any hints of self-interest.



MISS ELECTRA

**FULLY EQUIPPED
FOR RESTRICTIVE
PUNISHMENT
FANTASIES**

937 9874

**Madam
Swish!**

*TV Slaves & Boot lickers
wanted urgently*

584 0360



NEW LOCAL NEW LOCAL NEW LOCAL NEW LOCAL NEW

**NANCY will Tie
NANCY will Tease
NANCY is sure to Please**

370 6914

You'll be bound to call



**Schoolgirl type
needs strict
headmaster for
lessons**

589 1202

OPEN VERY LATE



It's a bit difficult writing an article on a subject which arouses as many feelings as prostitution. Some people want titillation; some think the whole notion is disgusting and degrading; some may get a kick out of such an article. So being a firm believer that every man (at least) is a pervert no matter how latent, who will at least be curious about the subject I thumb my nose at what is expected of me in writing such an article, throw political correctness out of the window and carry on in my own chosen way.

You can hardly have failed to notice all the handouts found in 'phone booths in the South Kensington area advertising all sorts of carnal gratification. You may even have tried 'phoning one or two up for a giggle (or otherwise); but for all of you who haven't, whether

it's because you can't be arsed or you're afraid, here is a guide of what you can expect.

The first woman I called (373 1284) advertised herself as 'TVs Fantasy Haven, Satin and Lace, Frocks and Frills, Wigs and High Heels' so I decided, rather than tell her I was researching for purely journalistic interests I would pretend to be a punter.

- 'Hi. I saw an advert of yours in a phone booth in Chelsea...How much will it cost me?'

- 'It depends what you want.'
- 'Bondage, say.'
- 'Forty pounds.'
- 'What about humiliation?'
- 'That's the same thing...'

At this point the call girl was extremely suspicious. How was I to know they were the same thing? The word 'Physicist' is a synonym

of 'naive'.

- '...Where are you?'
- 'Me? I'm at South Kensington.'
- 'No you're not!'

At which point she hung up, which was a bit odd because it was the only truthful thing I had said during the entire conversation. According to a denizen of the Felix office this may have been a ploy to make sure that the caller is a serious prospective client rather than a joker or police officer; a call girl expects a serious client to call back. This may have been so but I was rather disgruntled at being rumbled and so I moved on to my next call.

My approach to 'Brand new stunning model' (938 3586) was more honest.

- 'Hi. My name is Phillip and I'm a freelance journalist researching call girls. Is it possible to ask you

a few questions?'

- 'Erm...er.. Hang on...'

I heard her call another woman over and I asked her the same question. There was a few giggles shared by the two and it seemed that they were far more embarrassed than I was.

- 'Erm.. sorry, love, we're a bit busy at the moment...'

And she hung up.

'School girl type' (370 7696) was far more co-operative and I was able to chat quite happily with her. The first thing which struck me was that, judging by her voice, no way was she just out of school, unless she was a teacher; she sounded as if she was in her forties. I was very pleased when she agreed to answer a few journalistic questions such as..

- 'So, how much do you charge?'



Friday evening I visited Soho with its sex shops, strip shows and what not. I was quite innocently (honest, Your Honour) wandering around some backstreet off Charing Cross Road when two girls approached me. One was coloured, the other of apparently black-caucasian roots. She was the taller, better looking of the two and did all the talking. She was really likeable.

'Hiya, love. Do you want some tonight?'

'How much?'

'Twenty pounds for half an hour.' This, I thought, was extraordinarily cheap. I thought they were all priced around the forty pound mark like the 'phone call girls. My surprise must have shown on my face because she laughed: 'I know, I'm worth more ain' I? You're surprised aren' you?' 'Yeah, yeah. Where would we go?'

'My apartment. It's around a minutes walk away.'

I shan't claim that I wasn't

tempted. Any normal man would have been.

'Tell you what. Go around the block if you want. I'll probably be here when you come back.'

'Will you be here tomorrow?'

'No. I'm off Saturdays unless you want to make an appointment. I'll be here Sunday though.'

'Okay, cheers.'

I thought I'd be more embarrassed being offered sex but I wasn't. I was also surprised just how easy it is to get if you're willing to spend a bit of cash. Lets face it: London is a sexy city. It simply oozes atmosphere. You can be in one of the most exclusive districts in the world and ten minutes walk later be in the seediest. You can, if you have the money, realise your most purvy fantasies. These girls are just out to make a living like anybody else by offering the public just one more luxury service. How involved you get is up to you.

- 'Oh, around sixty quid.'
- 'And what kind of clients do you get?'

- 'Oh, all kinds. Just normal, average men.'

- 'What jobs do they normally have?'

- 'All kinds. businessmen... even journalists...'

- 'Ah. Any students?'

- 'Yeah, I have students.'

- 'So, where are you situated?'

- 'In Mayfair.'

- 'Really? Have you had any famous people?'

- 'Of course.'

- 'Who?'

All my journalistic instincts were excited at the prospect of getting some gossip but I was disappointed - 'I'm sorry, love, I can't tell you. It's purely confidential.'

- 'Can't you just be vague and tell me what kind of job they hold.'

- 'I'm sorry'

I gleaned a little more information like the busiest nights are Fridays and such like but at last she told me that she had to keep her

'phone line free so that her clients could contact her. I thanked her and hung up.

Spanking Lessons by Busty Black Model (373 8576) and Massage by Caribbean Mistress (373 5956) proved, embarrassingly enough, to be the same woman who in both instances wouldn't co-operate. While Miss Electra (Fully equipped for restrictive punishment fantasies - 937 9874) was similarly unwilling to talk.

- 'Hi, I just saw your advert in a 'phone booth...'

- 'Where are you?'

- 'Erm... South Ken.'

- 'Right. We're just around the corner in Earls Court. If you come about....'

- 'Wait! Let me explain.' So I did. I just wanted an interview. She said that she wasn't allowed to by her employer and hung up.

Right, so much for the telephone call girls, the cheaper ones are on the streets. Go around Soho at about eleven at night and you can hardly fail to meet some. On a boring

Fresh

HAIRDRESSERS

15A HARRINGTON ROAD,
SOUTH KENSINGTON

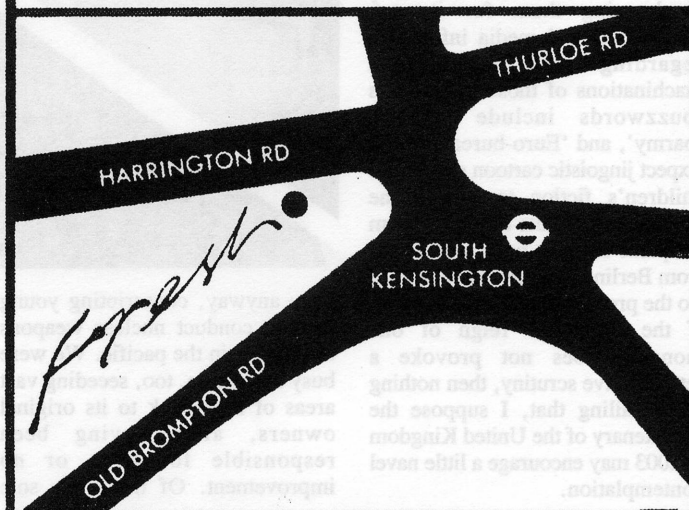
071-823 8968

We have a fantastic offer for all you students, a cut wash and blowdry by our top stylist

(which normally costs around £21)

For only £11 Men £12 Women

Check us out !



The Rovers Return

In a completely unprecedented move, Donny O'Nonchalant and Declan Curry crown their heads with cynicism, put on threadbare robes of coherence, and usurp the Empire

It was once said that the second world war had produced One Victor, the USA, One Villain, Germany, and One Hero, Great Britain. That the United Kingdom has portrayed a somewhat exaggerated sense of nobility in international circles is almost certainly true. Even British failures are ascribed a peculiar heroism. Robert Falcon Scott and Roald Amundsen, in their race for the pole, are examples of such historical treatment; Scott, beaten, does not outlive his failure, dying heroically in the inhospitable wastes of antarctica. Amundsen, successful, lives until a fateful expedition in 1928. British history has periodically portrayed him as clinical, Germanic, soulless. Another example of sense of humour failure, inhuman efficiency, and being first with the beach towels. While I may be accused of anti-nationalist propaganda or, god forbid, cosmopolitan sympathies, it is striking, is it not, how romantically we view our role in the international community.

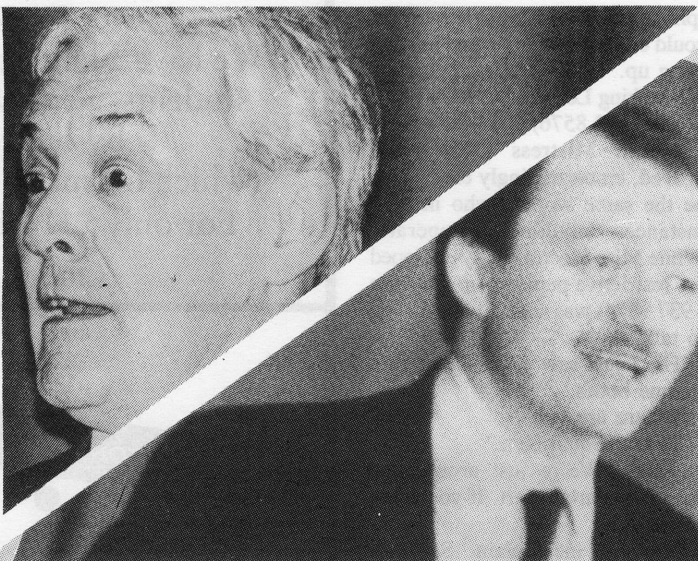
Or did. In the forty years since the coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, the British perspective of itself has changed a little; that is to say it doesn't look directly at itself anymore, although it is only our own history persuading us that it ever did. As a people, again, we demonstrate ourselves to have some small talent for ascribing our motives to the actions of others, and then condemning them for it, *c.f.* Maastricht, and media inferences regarding the would-be machinations of those in Brussels (buzzwords include 'potty', 'barmy', and 'Euro-bureaucrats'). Expect jingoistic cartoon strips, and children's fiction to uphold the British Way, salute the flag, warm the pants of those bally jackanapes from Berlin, Belgium, Bratislava... To the process of self-examination: If the forty-year reign of one monarch does not provoke a retrospective scrutiny, then nothing will. Failing that, I suppose the Bicentenary of the United Kingdom in 2003 may encourage a little navel contemplation.

Eight years from the war, the foundations of the welfare state set surviving colonial advances in 1993, there is Australia, whose



by the 1945 Labour Government well in place, and into Churchill's second term of office. Stalin's death spared us another war and no small embarrassment, Korea was an unfortunate aside of which we had little involvement, but we were

prime minister, Paul Keating, makes public demands for Australian independence, and familiar gestures (a caress here, a stroke there) to the head of state. Then there is Northern Ireland. Enough said. Even Scotland cries



busy anyway, conscripting young men to conduct nuclear weapons testing out in the pacific. We were busy elsewhere, too, seceding vast areas of land back to its original owners, after having been responsible for little or no improvement. Of the UK's sole

out for devolution from Westminster, and what precisely does European Union mean when our Government quite evidently has goals differing from those of our neighbours? John Donne's famous 'No man is an island' utterance is looking increasingly in need of the

codicil 'Unless the island is me.'

And there's new music on the streets; an underground tune that was sung throughout the 1920s and 1930s, remixed for the 90s. Ever since the first influx to Britain of coloured immigrants in the fifties, through the exodus of Indians, Pakistanis, Bangladeshis, and Ugandan asians forced out by Idi Amin in the sixties and seventies, culminating in the Vietnamese and Hong Kong refugees taking up the last decade. Europe-wide, the swagger, the jackboot, the very short haircut, and the crooked attitude worn on the sleeve, are making their resurgence. In Britain, Tory Nationalists, from Enoch Powell to his disgraced acolyte, Harvey Proctor, have campaigned vociferously for repatriation. Proctor's own concern, the right-wing *Monday Club*, provoked mass hysteria in 1984 when it was revealed to have been infiltrated by fascists. The British record on race relations reveals many sensitive areas; Viraj Mendis, forced to take sanctuary in a Manchester church to avoid deportation to Sri Lanka, the Tamil refugees stripping naked at Heathrow for the same reason, the furore caused by Dr Siddiqui and the Muslim Parliament, and the argument between religion and law over Salman Rushdie's novel 'The Satanic Verses'. Book-burning, followed by a holy *fatwa* from the Iranian Imam, followed by the support of Yusuf Islam, followed by record-burning. Organisations such as the British National Party, National Front, Combat 18 etc, have capitalised on this dissatisfaction and are making substantial progress in recruiting the dispossessed and the disenfranchised of British youth. There is no shortage of those willing to be foot soldiers for the new Right, replacing the Horst Wessels of the twenties with the Kevins, the Brians, and the Darrens of the nineties. It seems a rising number of what we might call 'ethnic Britons' are none too happy with this island's current state of cultural diversity.

And then we have the island itself, this 'precious jewel set in a silver sea' guarding itself 'against

the envy of less happier lands'. More gaud than Gaunt. Whether Shakespeare is entirely responsible for the elevated egocentricity of the English is perhaps a difficult claim to qualify, but the proliferation of the English language and the English media across the world makes a plausible basis for considering our view of our status, in contrast to the view of the UK held by our international contemporaries. And furthermore, how do we assess British justice, once proclaimed the envy of the world, in the light of the Guildford Four, the Birmingham Six, and Judith Ward? The ghosts of Timothy Evans and Derek Bentley fail to raise their heads because their necks were broken.

Civil unrest is, I suppose, the best way to describe the Miners' Strike, the Poll Tax riots, the Greenham Common demonstration, et cetera. We have paranoia theorists who are only too keen to tell us of phone-tapping, of MI5 and the armed forces plotting a military coup during the last Labour Government, of spy rings at GCHQ, and of senior Cabinet ministers involved in arms deals with nations they subsequently decide to send troops against. We are constantly told by our Government how much better than others we are, in whatever issues are effecting the comparison, but 'better than' does not mean 'good enough'. I am reminded of the politician disclaiming that 'Unemployment is no excuse for joyriding or drug abuse' when it is not being offered as an excuse, but by way of explanation.

'Forty years, eh?'. Forty years. 'Not said much about her, have you?' I have left that to my illustrious colleague. 'Not very balanced, then, is it?' The way I see it, my evidence will counterbalance your ego. 'Ah, well. At least Sir Edmund Hillary conquered Everest for The Empire'. Not bad for a New Zealander, especially with such a dead weight.

Declan Curry
*leads us through
Abdication, and
finds himself in
Robespierre's
waistcoat*

What role does the Royal Family play in Britain? Not the Monarchy, which has a constitutional job of work, but the Royals, the Coronation Clam, the Grasping Gathering. Are they merely the British ambassadors to Klosters? A monument to the flailing British tourist industry? Lodging mates for Michael Fagan? Possibly they are all of these, but the predominant role of the British Royal Family is as escapism. We need our fun, our



diversions, something to look at and shrug, 'maybe things aren't that bad after all'. Come to one, all ye who are burdened. Queenie, the entertaining musical, at a Palace near you.

At the time of the Coronation, the

Nazi Germany, continuing their feigned reign. And when Britain was at war with Germany, Elizabeth did her bit as a jobbing RAF mechanic. She also saw the esteem of the Royals rising as her mother visited London's East End after Luftwaffe bombings.

After the war came a new nationalistic fervour, stoked up by the Festival of Britain. The Royal Family turned the corner. National mourning at the death of George VI, national condemnation of the

press publishing funeral photographs of a grieving mother, wife and daughter, national joy when the daughter became Queen in her own right.

The Coronation was the start of Entertainment UK, and the Queen



27 year old Queen was fully alive to the importance of keeping the Royals popular. She had witnessed the trauma and tribulations when Edward abdicated for Mrs Simpson. She heard the grating of teeth when the pretenders King Edward and Queen Wallis visited

was its chief instigator. Against the advice of the Prime Minister and others, she allowed television cameras into Westminster Abbey for the Coronation ceremony. Later, in 1969, the nation was allowed a quick peak at the Royal family life, with the veil drawn back

again by television. Last year, to commemorate her 40 years on the Throne, HM let cameras maraud all over Balmoral to give us a year in the life of One.

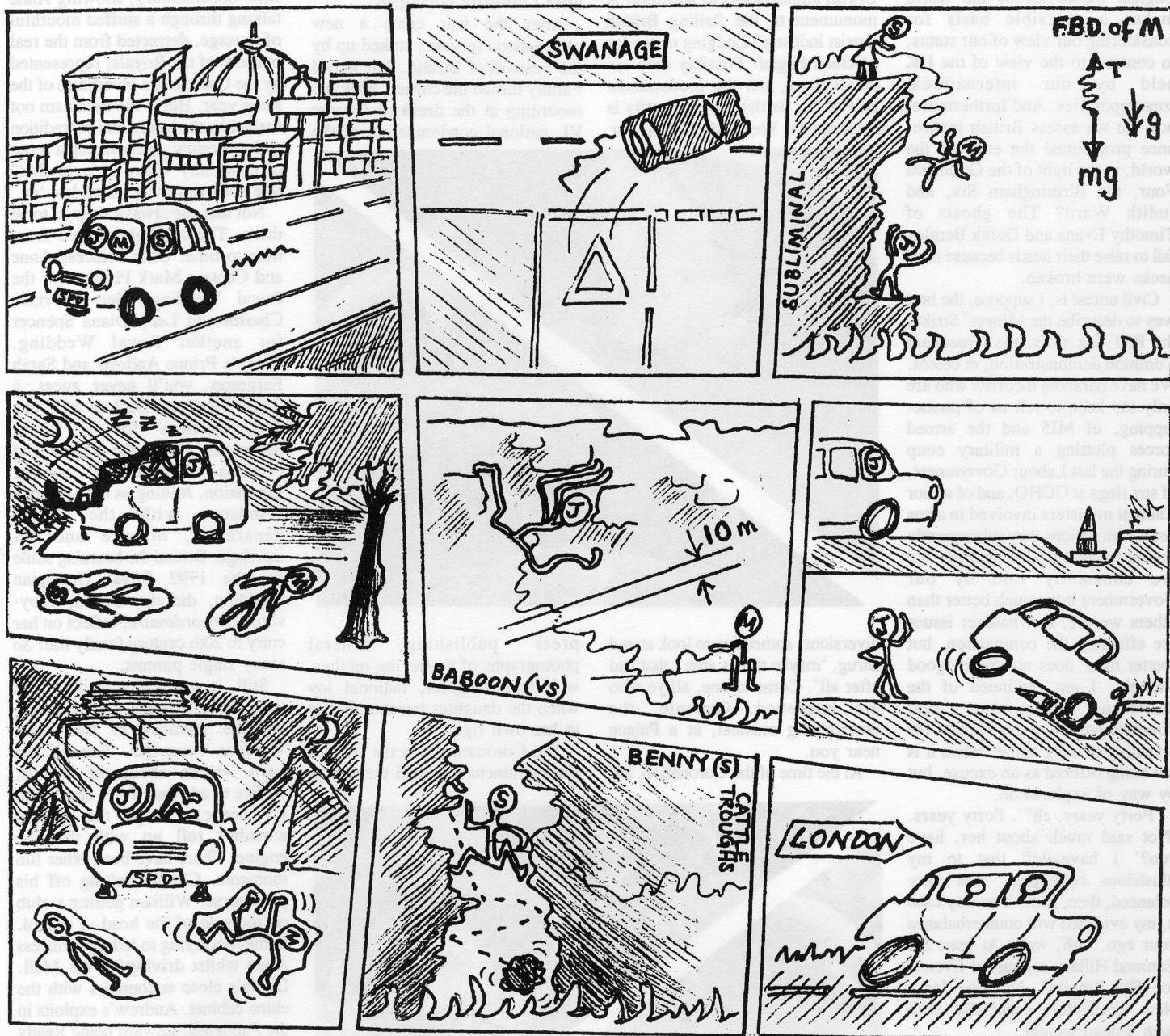
Some great, good and senile say that this is when the rot set in. That BBC documentary, showing Anne talking through a stuffed mouthful of sausage, detracted from the real purpose of the Royals, represented by the Caernarvon investiture of the same year. But is the escapism not fuelled by the heady mix of tradition and modernity, encouraging a sense of continuity when all is in flux? She's always there, God luv 'er.

Not that she always seemed to be there. The spotlight shifted from time to time. Onto Princess Anne and Captain Mark Phillips for the Royal Wedding. Here's Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer for another Royal Wedding. There's Prince Andrew and Sarah Fergeson, you'll never guess, a Royal Wedding. Back to the Duke and Duchess for a Royal Separation. Over the Prince and Princess of Wales for another separation. Joining us now is Anne Windsor, with the Royal Separation, divorce and remarriage. Behind the beaming smile for the 1992 Royal Grampian Wedding, did the Queen, baby-sitter *extraordinaire*, reflect on her entry to 20th century family life? So many single parents.

Still, it was a nice wedding, in time for Christmas, and smoking out the memory of the Great Windsor Toast-Out. Enough has been written about the Annus, suffice to add that if fire consumed my house, I hope the taxman wouldn't roll up with the fire engine. There have been other fun moments. Charles falling off his polo horse. William getting a club on the side of the head at school. Some fool trying to kidnap Princess Anne whilst driving up the Mall. Diana's close encounters with the china cabinet. Andrew's exploits in the Falklands. Edward being Really Useful. Philip, the slitty eyes, the pot-bellied Hungarians, and the Koala with mange. To top it all, the aged relic Queen Mother chokes on a bit of maggotted salmon. In public, she's just in for observation. In private, it's throat cancer. Heaven help us when she dies. What does one turn to for escapism then?

from left to right: Ken Livingstone, Antony Wedgewood Benn, Margaret Thatcher, John Major, The Queen Mother, Prince Phillip (by Spitting Image), Queen Elizabeth 2 and Prince Charles

SPD IN SWANAGE



Sam

Unforgiven

Unforgiven Showing on 10th June

This week's masterpiece at FilmSoc is *Unforgiven*, winner of three Oscars (four if you include the technical ones), and a Bafta. This year's Best Picture, it also won Best Director for Clint Eastwood, and Gene Hackman took Best Supporting Actor for his performance as the brutal sheriff in this Western must-see. Eastwood

plays William Munny, a reformed killer, asked to do a little vigilante work and punish two cowboys for hurting a local prostitute. Modern westerns rarely come along these days, and never as good as this one. Even if you're not a fan of cowboy movies, this one is excellent because of its acting but particularly beautiful scenery and final cinematography. Whether you're a

fan of Eastwood or not you should find this film very enjoyable. *Unforgiven* screens at 7.30pm, next Thursday, in the Union Concert Hall, and don't forget Da Vinci's Happy Hour immediately before it to make the evening even better.

That's it for FilmSoc this year...and what a year it's been. Thanks for coming along, and if you're here next year, make sure

you're among the first to see one of our 35mm shows with our new projection equipment. And a quick thank you to everyone who helped out over the year—Steff (taffy upstart) Laugharne, Pete (1-2-3) Stanley, Pete (now and again) Collins, Andrew Carpenter, Ranjit Mene, Costas Galenos (super-proj), Gary (who?), Zayeed and of course Sarah for the car.

IN THE SABBATICAL

ELECTION

7 AND 8TH

JUNE

ALCOHOL

Singles

UB40 - I can't help falling in love with you

Have you ever made a good record? ('The Earth Dies Screaming' in 1979, or thereabouts - sic. Ed)

F**k off and die, you majorly horrid wankers.

Giselle

● Out now on DEP



Kinky Machine: Soft blokes look upwards.

Various—5 for '93

First and foremost, I'm not sure in what capacity, if any, that this will be released in. It features bands on the Food label, EMI's token subsidiary for the kids. Food have *Blur*. Food have *Jesus Jones*. Verstande?

Strangelove open this, with a track called 'Hysteria Unknown'; it's the Cult! I yelled delightedly, doing a straight-faced 'What difference does it make?'. Like *The Smiths* propounding a serious rock ethic. The band themselves are tipped for great things, along with

Blaggers ITA - Stress

It's hard not to feel a certain fondness for such blatant agit-rock; 'Stress' is reminiscent of both the *Redskins* and the *Screaming Blue Messiahs*, a great, antagonistic rock n' rap effort to kick against the pricks with some wickedly parping horns thrown in. 'The way to die' is similarly unsubtle, but more obviously dance fare than 'Stress'. Maybe they just caught me in a good mood, but this is bags of fun, and perhaps a pointed comment that the squatter's party and the Pogo are just around the corner as the bubble finally bursts for pop culture.

Maybe punk was just something that happened to other people, but every new generation gets the terrorists it deserves.

Donny O'Nonchalant

● Out on Parlophone.

Convert - Rockin' to the Rhythm

Sexy little dance number shaking its wobbly bits at all the right moments; nice saxophone-based savagery packing its pistols over a powerful meaty bass. Semi-detached, with garage, too. Won't put the shits up the clergy, but kids, take care: it's summer, and anything can happen.

'Derek' McDestine

● Out now on A & M.

Rage Against The Machine - Bullet in the Head

If 'Killing in the Name of' was sour grapes, then 'Bullet in the Head' is like a grapefruit, only smaller. 'Now ya do what they told ya'

I know the drill.

Do you?

F....

Donny O'Nonchalant

● Out now on Epic

Kinky Machine—Shockaholic

If I told you this was a great song, I'd be lying; it certainly isn't the first time a song has dropped through my skylight with a nice idea and a soupcon of blunt wit, only to be let down by half-arsed, full-powered pop of the 'normal standard' standard. Just ask me what I think of *Carter*.

'Shockaholic' is another commentary on the nature of things with a capital 'SHIT', and would seem to be, in its own small way, specifically directed at society's (That's 'society' with a capital 'SHIT', readers - sic. Ed) thrill-seeking populace. Unfortunately, no self-respecting shockfreak is going to look in this direction. Now, if the music itself were thrilling, we'd have irony, and be forced to acknowledge *Kinky Machine* as 'Kings of Pop' in a very straight-faced way. Ironical, that.

Jerome Skeleton de Sardone

● Out now on Lemon Records

showcase of some potential, undoubtedly, but I can't think of many cakes or desserts that it's comparable to. Strawberry angel delight, perhaps?

'Derek' McDestine

● Out at some point in time (conceivably before cataclysm) on Food.

Therapy? - Face the Strange E.P.

More knuckleduster rock from those noisy noise boys following up on the inspired 'Shortsharpshock' E.P. with a substantial quantity of exquisitely hideous guitar work for ears gone lazy. 'Neckfreak' is, I'm told, the only track on this four track E.P. to appear on the album 'Nurse', and is uncomfortably close to those dead men from Dublin, *U2*. The line is becoming ever more vague, and difficult to distinguish...

It's a question of attitude, I suppose; It took *U2* ten years to learn how to exploit their own bullshit, and I don't for a minute imagine that *Therapy?* will pursue that line. Not, I hasten to add, on the strength of the other three tracks anyway, and I mean 'Strength'.

Donny O'Nonchalant

● Out now on A&M. I don't know; *Paw* last week, *Therapy?* this week. It's looking for all the world A&M are undergoing some ch-ch-ch-changes (Jesus Christ, who edits me? - sic. Ed)

UNICD2 - Various

Again like the *5 for '93* product reviewed over there (I'm sorry we can't oblige you with an arrow to point in the necessary direction), this would seem to be another showcase for some Phonogram bands whose names sound vaguely familiar. I don't recall hearing anything by any of them before, so I shall just have to launch bravely on, sans reference points.

The *Mighty Mighty Bosstones* open with 'Someday I suppose', a cute track that starts off with a ska feel before becoming guitar pop in no uncertain terms. Tracks 2 and 3 are by *Kerb Dog* and *Mindbomb* respectively, and tend towards noisy metal territory. *Darlingheart* follow with a very *Muses* effort 'Smarthead'; I kid you not when I say this would be at home on 'Hunkpapa', and there may be a plethora of bands sounding like *Throwing Muses* at the moment, but 'Smarthead' is a well-crafted song, and maybe a triumph of substance over style awaits them. The 5th track is called 'Waiting for the Sun' by the *Jayhawks*, and as I can think of nothing constructive to say, I shall say nothing. Track 6 is the standout, by *Urban Species*. A smooth, jazzy swingbeat/hip hoppy number, 'The Ropes (Trick of the Trade)' is very cool indeed. Don't know where you'll be able to buy it, don't care either; I've already got mine. Hardy-Hardy-Ha-Ha

'Derek' McDestine



Blaggers ITA: Hard blokes wait on staircases.

Iris Dement—Infamous Angel

It's not often that an album can honestly be described as 'purely anything' but 'Infamous Angel' is just pure, full stop. Partly it's Iris voice, which most country singers would D.I.V.O.R.C.E. for but the sympathetic production of Jim Rooney also plays its part. (He of Nanci Griffith fame). Which is not to necessarily say that 'Infamous Angel' is good, as there are some

clinging tastes about it, particularly when she starts to involve her family. Both parents get dedicated songs, and with respect I hope her Pa is gone the way of all flesh because she's singing about burying him already. The cause of nepotism is taken to further heights on the gospel classic 'Higher Ground'. Oh yes, Flora Mae DeMent (my dear mother) gets to do lead vocals in that shaky way reminiscent of heavy old ladies of bus-pass vintage. Not

a pretty sound. In her defence I should say that Iris has a boyfriend called Elmer too. It could only happen in the land of the free.

Thankfully this family album is limited to fair songs only and the remaining seven have enough quality to overreach and send you away with a tear in your eye. The simple accompaniment of fiddle, dobro, piano, bass and acoustic guitar set the scene for Iris to weave her small town stories of love,

Albums

loyalty, future glory and infamous angels. 'Let the mystery be' and 'hotter than Mojave in my heart' are the best of the bunch. Fiddle solos and lyrics like 'you came along and you tipped my apple cart' prove that reports of Nashville's death have been great exaggerated.

Tintin.

● Out on Warner Bros.

Donald Fagen—Kamakiriad

Sometimes, you hope for a record; sometimes you give up hoping. Sometimes, a record comes at you from out of nowhere. Sometimes, eternity hides itself in the most innocuous places; I'm really pleased to be able to tell you that 'Kamakiriad' is all of those. And then some.

Potted history: 1972. Donald Fagen and Walter Becker form the creative impetus behind *Steely Dan's* debut album, 'Can't buy a thrill'. It is universally acclaimed. *Steely Dan* produce another six brilliant albums, including 'Countdown to Ecstasy' and 'Aja' before imploding. In 1982, Donald Fagen releases his first solo album, 'The Nightfly', to unanimous applause. And then...

Eleven years later, Donald Fagen returns, with Walter Becker as producer, for his second solo album, 'Kamakiriad'. To describe it as 'Long-Awaited' is an understatement in *extremis*; music journalists the world over, including myself down here in Lowest-of-Lowsville, have been behaving like

pregnant felines going into labour for the past few weeks. Meeow. The music is heavenly, the smokiest, sleekest, sexiest, silkier *faux-luxe* jazz-fusion imaginable, plucked out of the sky and set to eight tracks about a boy and his car. The first song, 'Trans-Island Skyway' is about the narrator 'about to embark on a journey in his new dream-car, a custom-tooled Kamakiri. It's built for the new century: steam-driven, with a self-contained vegetable garden and a radio link with the tripstar routing satellite'.

The fantastic of the next millennia beautifully set as if it were the reality of now sublimates every track of this futuristic road movie. From the 'Shack on Cape Sincere' to the Metroplex in visors and thermasuits; from Sheilus, and the reefs of Kizmar, to Stargate, and the Outer Worlds, Donald Fagen is telling the story in the buzzwords of the day. Buzzwords solely because he has initiated them as such. Yes, I may be critically biased, no, I don't care what you think, yes, I do advise you to hear this. I advise you to mortgage your



This is the cover. You will now be able to recognise it, thus facilitating purchase.

soul just to hear this, and when you do hear it, realise just what a bargain you got.

Donny O'Nonchalant

● Out now on WEA. Donald Fagen is rumoured to be touring with *Steely Dan* later this year. Details? Keep your eyes open...

Posse Soundtrack—Various

The black cowboy has always been an enigma.

Take *Blazing Saddles*: it's satirical outlook, trivialising the existence of the black man, let alone a black sheriff, and as a statement only inducing cheap laughs at the expense of a much deeper and more important issue. The Oscar winning *The Unforgiven* never really raised it.

The new *Posse* is a yet to be released black cowboy film directed by Mario Van Peebles and stars shooters like Big Daddy Kane, Billy Zane and Blair 'I saw you on the Word' Underwood. It is probably an attempt to highlight awareness—as one in three cowboys were black—and must make a change to the usually white-washed western. This is the yet to be released soundtrack.

On a cursory glance through (a

nonchalant observation), a certain Melvin Van Peebles appears to be on the listing, no, not a Dutch cousin of Andy, but a relation of Mario. With blatant nepotism in the likes of *Beverly Hills 90210*, Hollywood has a lot to answer for itself—preferential treatment to relatives is elitist, but in a way everybody can be forgiven, as through the transcendental words of the Dalai Lama, we are all brothers and sisters. Personal thoughts aside, the potent statement on it: 'Freedom isn't something you make, freedom is something to take' leaves you wondering.

Intelligent Hoodlum's 'The Posse (Shoot 'Em Up)', is an assertion that appearances can be deceiving and is one of the best tracks with its Spaghetti sampling, rich name drops, insane catchiness, TV cowboy pots, and the smoking statement of '...if you live by the gun, you die by the gun', seems to sum up the whole western ethos,

irrespective of colour.

The gospel workouts of *The Sounds of Blackness* are a positive improvement to their *Mo' Money* contribution, the harmonisation brilliant and adds to the varied influences here.

Whatever happened to the jazz track though? Not commercial enough, no doubt.

Vesta's 2nd contribution 'Ride of Your Life' with its 'Hey you, big man, come here...', is either furthering the myth, or making the lamentable (!) John Holmes turn in his grave and impale himself. The song itself is nauseating despite a soulful voice, and is the epitome of commercial compromise.

Making it a wrap *The Neville Brothers* are stunning, their desolate atmosphere on 'Let the Hammer Fall', with slaving chains in the background must be emancipatory.

The art experimentation 'sieved upon' by Ennio Morricone lives partially to the present, but maybe

there's too much parmesan and too little garlic—plenty of surface appeal but not enough underlying substance. As Tintin commented on *Wild West*, it is rather worrying about the film soundtrack turning into just another opportunity to make money. Media manipulators.

If you do buy this though, in addition to the already mentioned, listen out for Tone Loc, Michael Colombier and Top Choice Clique (MC Force and Nuno Bettencourt), while make an effort to ignore Vesta, (B)BOTI and Salli Richardson.

A cry of recognition for the existence and struggles of the black cowboy, any ignorant comments could be fatal...

A Western?

Where's Eastwood or Wayne?

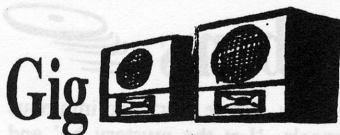
BANG!

BANG!

Trickle, trickle.

The rest is silence.

Ophelia.



An Emotional Fish— Borderline 21.5.93

I sometimes wonder about the membrane of sanity and the performance of *An Emotional Fish* provided a rich vein to tap. It wasn't the name which even a self-respecting Dadaist would query but rather the lead singer's behaviour.

Whilst music is well entrenched as visual entertainment, the wide rolling eyes of this man would give Rasputin a run for his money. Contrasted by the total staticity of the other band members, who looked like Robert Plant and a younger Tom Waits, the scene was set. Look at me, I'm really mad. A messianic figure with lanky black fringe, obligatory tambourine in hand, an occasional wander into the crowd, arms outstretched, head forced back. All he needed was a crown of thorns, but he asked US if we were religious so I guess that was enough. And there was me thinking Koresh was dead.

Still after the first couple of songs such behaviour tailed off and things



An Emotional fish: Necessarily vague.

became rosier for all concerned. At times the *Fish*'s high powered rock was as striking as you can get to hear. 'Robert Plant' twaggled his Waw Waw lever, Tom Waits stood around and Mr Messiah just did the vocal thing. You don't have to be

mad to make good music. I even enjoyed it. The set ended with 'If God was a girl?'. The route from tortured and emotion to tired and emotional is one worth watching.

Tintin.

● They have a single out soon.

The Auteurs—ULU 21.5.93

Tsunami, the support and a jangly guitared female american band, were - unsurprisingly - somewhat reminiscent of the *Throwing Muses*. Not bad mind you, but not to the taste of my guest for this evening, whom you can rest assured is incapable of pretence and whose

opinion can only complement the objectivity of this review.

The *Auteurs* started their set with three or four acoustic numbers (actually the Cello was electric). A band that has songs rather than guitar sequences with words is rare these days. This is certainly a band with songs. The ULU crowd, so

often a steaming sodom of thrown hair and gnashing teeth, were this evening a subdued, (comparatively) older herd, obviously having come for the music and not the noise.

To the unfamiliar, and here I pigeon-hole my guest, the consensus of opinion was that it was

This Picture—Borderline

'It's been a while' announces Simon Bye, lead singer and posturing frontman of *This Picture*. So it has. Almost exactly 12 months ago, I saw the same band on the same stage, albeit a stage without the assorted Axminsters and the like with which it is bedecked tonight. A year on, 'Naked Rain' and 'Death's Sweet Religion' sound as, well, sweet and religious as before; accompanied as they are tonight, by new numbers, the new single 'High Rise', a tower of power, and 'The Greatest Escape' like sugar on the senses. Rock 'n' Roll.

Support on the night in question is provided by *Surrender Dorothy*. The Oz-esque name is strangely appropriate, as they are a lead singer, sweet and innocent, a lovely voice dreams of signing to RCA. (Remember the poppies in their field of corn, you foolish child, the wicked witch of the rock world), and with her motley band (sic) of a scarecrow, a hairy lion and a tin man.

Surrender the band, Dorothy, and come back to Kansas, where being pretty is probably enough.

Easi Style

good but you couldn't dance to it. (Watch a *Joy Division* Vid sometime).

I thought they were deadly, and how could I be wrong.

GLYPH & MILVERTON VIX

● 'How could I be wrong' out now on Hut.

MUSIC PREVIEW

Tonight Preview

Blur - Astoria

With a new album, 'Modern Life is Rubbish', and something of a hit single with 'For Tomorrow', *Blur* take to the stage, ably supported by *Darlingheart*, whose 'Smarthead' features on UNICED2 (reviewed this issue). Expect to hear 'There's no other way' somewhere within their melange of choice guitar pop and English drollery. A bargain at a mere £7.50. 7pm.

Kingmaker - Mean Fiddler

Hunky-chunky *Suede/Slade* crossover rock supported by *Delicious Monster*. Put on your best bluffin' an' stompin' gear, and watch the world call you a wanker, 'cos that sort of thing doesn't go on at a *Kingmaker* gig. £6.00.

Wynton Marsalis - Clapham Grand

He's brought his own trumpet. It's no contest, really. Bit costly, though. £14.50. from 7.30pm

Jamiroquai - Brixton Academy

Well, there really is too much going on tonight, isn't there? I was laughing, and me mate was laughing (bleeding funny), and saying that you'll probably be in the bar all night, won't you? Fuckin' A. £3.00 here a few months back, £13.50 in Brixton now. The price of fame. From 9pm

Saturday Preview

Cranes - Windsor Old Trout

And the smells?! The smells were simply out of this world!! Supported by *Slowdive*, expect to find a few widowed goths throwing Eldritch poses by the river. Better still, there's a burned-out castle nearby; it's a fake, but you can't tell now. Seven quid for Alison Shaw performing live is well worth it, mind. 8.30 pm

Dr Alban - Subterania

£7.00. I dunno. You must have money to burn. Why don't you just stay in and watch the cricket with a few tinnies of Draught Guinness? from 7pm.

The The - Brixton Academy

'Sweet Bird of Truth'. 'Infected'. 'Beat(en) Generation'. Should be fun. £12.50. 7pm

Sunday Preview

D*Note - Ronnie Scott's

Extraordinary jazz/rap outfit, far too cool to ignore. Their album 'Babel' (Dorado) was reviewed in *Felix* 966, and we told you that it was fuckin' good. Don't miss. £6.00. From 8pm.

Crystal Gayle - Palladium

The only way to hear Country Music: Syruppy and sequinned, like Marc Almond gone rock n' roll. £19.50 - £15. 7.30pm

More Next Week - Donny. (sic. Ed)

Out of Hiding— Beit Hall 22.5.93

This group, led by Jan Babst (the only Beit resident), vocal and guitar, gave us an evening of mostly gentle, rather Irish, music which was impeccably performed and almost hypnotic in effect. Every now and again the flow would break into more complex rhythms, with notable flourishes from the drums and bass. Andrew Baker and Clare Simmons. Clare Bailey has a fresh, natural voice, and, as lead singer,

Biohazard—Camden Underworld 11.5.93

Biohazard—where metal meets hardcore in a sea of flailing hair and thrashing limbs. Despite the shitty little venue with its unfortunately placed pillars and knee-breaking arrangements of monitors in front of the stage, this is one of the most rabid crowds I've ever seen.

I've described *Biohazard* in these hallowed pages twice before, but since you weren't paying attention then either, they blend their

was fantastically good—in addition to the songs already in her repertoire she took in her stride, at sight, one number that the rest had practised without giving her the chance to learn it. I, not being familiar with this sort of music, was particularly struck with their balance, the other (I must not say second) guitar, Alex Alan, providing much of the melodic line. In particular, given their massive electronic aids, the performance was beautifully controlled.

John Finley.

authentic New York Hardcore (and I mean America's reaction to Punk, not this techno/dance/rave crap that they're all calling hardcore these days) with furious post-deaths, slayeresque riffing and an extra boinginess subtle derived from Brooklyn's hip-hop community in an unrivalled display of energy and aggression.

Buy their 'Urban Discipline' LP, see them at the Marquee next month, and don't expect to be treated gently.

Freddy Cheeseworth.

DramSoc

Can't Pay Won't Pay

Dario Fo's unique blend of farce and acute political comment found fresh and vivid expression in Imperial College Dramsoc's production of 'Can't Pay Won't Pay!'. Although this form of theatre strives to stir an audience's sense of the injustices in life, it never adopts an intimidating tone.

On the contrary, the plot resembles a bizarre sit-com that spirals wildly out of control, with bewildering and hilarious consequences. Or, rather, an episode of 'The Flintstones'; where Wilma and Betty have taken part in a riot against unfair increases in prices down at the local 'Drugastoraus', coming home laden with their spoils. How will they explain this to their husbands....?

The cast of five, after a tentative beginning, threw themselves with fearless abandon into their parts. Martin Pye's Giovanni ('Fred') was diabolically self-righteous in his naivety and admirably sustained the many lengthy monologues. While Mancy Amin's Antonia ('Wilma') displayed perfect poise amid the chaos unfolding about her.

The second couple ('The Rubbles') were given strong performances by Catherine Pope and Richard Ford. But the star of the evening for me, and it seemed the rest of the audience, was Stephan Kannengießer. His depictions of those in authority (there was a breathless array of no less than four characters, distinguished only by facial hair and differing headwear. Thankfully the accent remained constant!) as 'creatures of habit with no brain', was aided by an accent that seemed to span the Atlantic - lying somewhere between Germany and America. He brought a strange, other-worldly quality to his lines: Not quite how Fo may have envisaged it, but great fun nevertheless!

Finally, a word about the production. The spontaneity of the action did not always seem the result of fore-thought, but was constantly entertaining; bicycles ridden through the audience, bellies being blown up...

Altogether, a conception and evening not easily forgotten!

IQQY

Theatre

The Cabinet of Dr Caligari

Although it had started off with a half hour delay, the play was very promising from its beginning. Everything was there, a very interesting story adapted from the much revered Wiene's classic expressionist film, relatively good acting, appropriate music and full audience. It looked like mysterious Dr Caligari and his somnambulist Cesare would take us, breathlessly to the world of mesmerism, horror and depravity.

However, as the play progressed it revealed all possible mistakes in stage managing, order of cast appearances and changing stage settings. Girls doing curtains could not agree whether they had to open or close them. From time to time actors would appear from corners wondering was it their turn to say something. Although the stage itself was relatively simple, four to five objects in maximum, it took them ages to change things and make ready for the next scene. The audience had to sit in the dark for an unacceptably long time, forced to listen to all sorts of noise behind the curtains (luckily no swear words).

It was a great pity that all these, although important, but still only supporting things spoiled the whole artistic feeling of the play itself. Dr Caligari (Harry Gendryes) was very good. With that horrible grimace on his face (which must be very difficult to maintain for an hour or so, I suppose) seemed like someone who really knew something about mesmerism and all those dark and secret things. Producer and director Maria Holzamer was on a right way in adopting expressionist style and pantomimic acting from the original film which was a major breakthrough for Art cinema in the 1920s.

If they had another week or two for rehearsing, this might be a remarkable play. If you still want to give them a chance, wait for another ten days or so (play is on until 13 June), they might improve by that time, otherwise don't waste your time.

Elena.

●The Courtyard Theatre Club, 10 York Way, Kings Cross. Ends 13th June; Tue-Sun 8.00pm. Tickets £6.50/£5 concs.

Antony & Cleopatra

'Antony and Cleopatra' is a noble and spacious play. In it Shakespeare presents a fine picture of Eastern opulence and Roman pride. Eight years earlier he had written 'Julius Caesar' and there the rivals, Antony and Octavias, appear as comrades. In that play the critical clash of cares is between Antony and Brutus; the man of action and the idealist. The tragedy is the soul's tragedy of Brutus. Through this Shakespeare passed to the writing of the four great tragedies, all of which are concerned with the world within, the self-torturing soul. In 'Antony and Cleopatra' he returns to the world of great affairs and presents us with a play of action and action that spans the whole range of the Roman Empire. Here we are witness to the full fall and frustration of Antony, once the 'Jupiter of men...the day of the world...the lord of lords'.

The play, in its meaning, structure and characterisation is very complicated and has given rise to a bewildering variety of interpretations; most of which have tended to run to extremes either of denunciation or glorification of the lovers. In this charming production

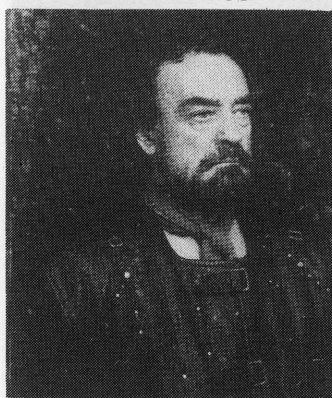
at the Barbican, John Caird has challengingly retained something of the significance of the text by simplifying nothing. The play opens with Antony languishing in the land of the Pharaohs. As the house-lights fade the air is filled with a faint fragrance of perfume, the caressing, clean aroma of luxury and opulence. On the instant Egypt seemed to reach out and seduce, as it's Queen had the pillars of the world.

Clare Higgins played Cleopatra with all the appropriate haughtiness, voluptuous appeal and fickle tyranny. While Richard Johnson's Antony was a great titan in decline, tottering about the stage he swiftly accended the scale of suffering, to unsoundness at the end. Both breathed vividly amid the dispassionate correctness of all about.

With such flawed characters as Antony and Cleopatra it is difficult to excite close sympathy, but it is a measure of the success of this production that it inspired very powerful emotions. The run continues into early July.

IQQY.

●At the RSC Barbican, 7.15pm, £8 concs.



Anthony...



...Cleopatra

Danny Boy

This black comedy is set in Northern Ireland and the unbelievable plot is that Danny is visited one day by the Angel Gabriel. I know it sounds weird, but what's weirder is that his parents are named Mary and Joseph? The characters are hardly original, are they!

Danny then becomes Christ in Ulster and begins to perform all sorts of miracles, again borrowed from someone else's life story.

The comedy is really funny and the one liners are unlike anything that I have ever heard. But the production doesn't do the humour any favours and can dampen things a bit.

The last play(s) that the Etcetera wrote or produced or whatever were nominated for fringe theatre

awards and so their latest must be worth a visit-even if it can be improved a few ways.

Mrs. Punctuality

●Etcetera Theatre, Oxford Arms, 256 Camden High St., Camden Town Tube. Tues-Sun 7.30pm. Concs £5.50. Ends 13th June.



Sorry Spoons; Phil

MEGA THANKS

to all the reviewers this week.

Just a gentle reminder—all reviews by Tuesday lunchtime at the latest or else!

Exhibition

Well, there's good, bad and ugly. And if you want to see the last two of these, go over to the Whitechapel Gallery. Out in the crumbling lands beyond the bomb-shattered golden towers of the city, lies a small temple dedicated to modern art. The gallery is a beautiful creation of light and space, which one would think would enhance any exhibition. Unfortunately, the art on display does not do it justice. The Ugly is Tony Bevan. His paintings are portraits and hands, emphasising only the surface unpleasantness. He uses lurid red and orange backgrounds to surround his lumpy, fleshy renditions of people, in a style reminiscent of the Late Great Francis Bacon. Bevan's pictures, however, are worthless in comparison.

His faces and hands are painted with deft, expressionist strokes of the brush, enhancing distorted features and the wrinkled folds in

the skin, emphasising the bodily nature of the human. Somewhat incongruously the rest of the picture is almost abstract, with hair reduced to snaking black lines around the features and backgrounds reduced to suicidal black and crimson. The faces stare out at the viewer with a mixture of blankness and incomprehension. The artist has somehow removed all life from his subjects—This may have been purposeful, but it only seems to emphasize a lack of technical ability. His main picture, "The Meeting" (Most of the other exhibited works are studies for this one) says it all. A large collection of canvasses depicting lumpy, vacant old men with their mouths open. One feels that they must be yawning with boredom or laughing in derision. I certainly felt like doing both. Bevan's work is nothing new; it's just a mixture of styles used by other artists recently. He

uses none of the techniques well, and the result is instantly forgettable.

The Bad is Piotr Nathan. His exhibits are 'installation works', works designed specifically for a particular gallery. He is the epitome of all that is wrong with contemporary art. Using cheap methods to shock the viewer (urine stains) and obvious political statements, his work is full of the mindless pretension that gives art a bad name. Take, for instance, the large collection of plaster casts of bullet holes in walls. The title is "The outline of the place that was bombed in the last days of the war follows the contour of a urine mark that emerged on the mattress of a person dying from aids." Need I say more?

If you feel like seeing some good contemporary art then don't go to the Whitechapel Gallery. It seems a shame that, while there are many

potentially good artists in this world, the ones who achieve acclaim are the ones who produce such pointless work. Nobody really appreciates this stuff apart from the small, narcissistic group of followers who also enjoy pissing on sheets and calling it "Art". No one else would, they would only laugh or sigh (like me). And, if they want to make some world shattering political statement, then they should either learn to write or learn to paint real, powerful pictures—after all, Picasso did, and his "Guernica" is still a powerful and motivating as it was in the thirties. I doubt that this exhibition will be remembered in a month, and I hope it isn't.

M.A.

●Tony Bevan/Piotr Nathan Whitechapel "Art" Gallery, Whitechapel High st. (Aldgate East tube) 14 may-11 July (Free) Open Tues-Sun



'I didn't mean to burn all your Jilly Cooper novels honest, it was an accident. But you must admit they are crap.'

Orchestra

ICSO 21.5.93

It's been a great year for IC Symphony Orchestra, starting with their Hungary tour last September. A balletic thread has linked their three subsequent concerts: *Romeo and Juliet* last Christmas, a triumphant *Rite of Spring* last term, and a fortnight ago the programme included the *Prélude à l'après midi d'u faune* and dances from Falla's *Three Cornered Hat*. ICSO's wind soloists were the icing on the cake; James Layland's flute solo in the Debussy *Prélude* had one rummaging in the adjectives box for expressions such as mellifluous,

diaphanous, and that useful word meaning 'with interestingly suggestive fruity bits in it' that slips my mind just at the moment. Clarinets, solo flute and cor anglais also shone in the Falla.

It was good to hear an IC performer in the concerto item, and refreshing that Stephen Tarlton should choose with the Ravel G major piano concerto to stray a little from the well-beaten path trodden by recent soloists. Fresh and jazzy in the outer movements, lyrical in the central *Adagio*, it's a lovely piece, especially when played as well as it was here.

Theatre

Pain Of Youth

Despite the title, this play started out on a lively and sarcastic note and looked quite promising. On the way home however, instead of boarding the tube, I was strongly tempted to throw myself under it.

Portraying the possible pain experienced in late youth (ie late teens), this play graphically and powerfully gives a feel of what life may be like for us young people.

Lines like '...you might as well kill yourself when you're seventeen...' drown the humour some what and give you that suicidal feeling.

All luvvies and darlings were born for the roles, especially the characters of old man, *Alt* and the baby faced *Petrell*, and the set, I thought, could be one of the best at a fringe theatre that I have ever seen.

This play speaks volumes for today's youth and is worth seeing. Don't expect to laugh, but expect to watch a remarkable play, all be it on the depressing side.

Hard Harry

●Grace Theatre (above The Latchmere Pub), Latchmere Rd, Bus 49 from South Kensington Tube Stn., Mon-Sat 8pm. Ends 19th June, Concs £4



This photo of Radiohead has nothing to do with ICSO. It is merely a space filler. Thanks to Hot Gay Action Inc. for providing this photo and mega thanks for the assistance of David 'camper than a row of tents' Spooner. His help was sincerely appreciated.

Film

Falling Down

Breathe in, out, in, out, up the nostril. Lovely shot. Two seconds in, and I've got a 15ft nostril, right in front of me. Jam today. 'I'm in linoleum myself'. Hello? Hello? Hello? 'I've had a really rare morning.' Parallel lives. 11.35am, June 1991, the temperature's rising, Hot! Hot! Hot! Slow down, cool off, chill out, have a snack. We stopped serving breakfast at 11.30. The customer is always right. 'Can anybody tell me what's wrong with this picture?'

Now the review: Fully paid-up member of the American Dream Society, William Foster (Michael Douglas), has just noticed that it's a pie in the sky, his future is past it. He's kicking against the pricks, wasting the wastrels. A man,



'Look hear, missus.'

contorted, confused, his work in the defence industry so successful, that there's no longer any need for defence. The Cold War's past, and he's past his use-by date. Trapped in traffic, driving to work which he no longer has, he flips, leaving a cumulative trail of violence across the city.

Meanwhile, Martin Prendergast (Robert Duvall) LAPD, is about to retire, but he's the only one who notices the connection; two ordinary men, each doggedly pursuing a personal goal. To see his daughter for her birthday. To make one last arrest.

Ana G.

● Editors note: this review was cut from twice its original size because the rest was bollocks. But I think he loved it.

Theatre

The Changeling

Lust, greed, infatuation make the human heart behave in the strangest of ways, making 'even' murder and adultery 'completely justifiable'.

In the *Changeling*, Alsemero and Beatrice-Joanna fall in 'lust' at first sight, however, Beatrice-Joanna's father has arranged for her to marry Alonzo. In desperation, Beatrice-Joanna convinces De Flores the family servant, who is smitten with her, to murder Alonzo; but in return he demands a place in her bed. Although repulsed by De Flores, Beatrice-Joanna is forced to continue an affair with him after her marriage to Alsemero.

Meanwhile two of Beatrice-Joanna's father's servants disguised as lunatics gain entry to Dr Alibius'

asylum in order to seduce Isabella, his beautiful wife. The possessive Dr Alibius keeps his wife locked up while he is away, she is guarded by his assistant, Lollio, excellently played by Geoffrey Freshwater. The two servants become suspects to Alonzo's murder.

The *Changeling* is a cruel and sadistic tale of greed, lust and seduction. After a disappointing first act, the play gained power in the second half, however I felt a much stronger performance was needed to do this play full justice and as a result was a little disappointed.

Sonia.

● RSC, The Pit, Barbican. Box Office 071-638 8891. Tickets £14, £6.50 (student standby-by).



'Operator—the top of my head is gone—help.'



Family conflagration in *Mela*.



'Not I, sir' mumbles *The Changeling*.

Choir

IC Choir, 28.5.93

'Opera composers shouldn't be allowed to write masses, unless they're Mozart. Discuss.' Another counterexample, less obvious than Rossini and Verdi, might be Puccini. His liturgical offering, unlike that of his two compatriots, dates from the very beginning of his career. The *Messa di Gloria*, a graduation piece, makes no attempt to hide its operatic pretensions, and indeed is none the worse for them.

Last Friday the IC Choir under Eric Brown did not have the strength of numbers (due perhaps to exam term) always to ride over an enthusiastic brass section, but passages such as the obligatory fugue were lithe and well-focused. The work consistently displays a high standard of invention, not least

in the beautiful *Gratias agimus tibi*, which received a fine and wholehearted performance from tenor Octavio dos Santos Nato.

The main item in the first half was Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms*, a stunning piece of music, scored for a large orchestra by two pianos but without upper strings. Again a larger body of singers would have helped to bring more intensity to an accurate performance. The orchestra sounded as if they might have benefitted from a little more rehearsal, although there was some excellent flute and oboe playing at the start of the slow-burn central movement.

**Patrick Wood
& Sue Doe-Nimh.**

Theatre

Mela

Mela is a seventy year old flamboyant and eccentric grandmother who has the philosophy that her bags are packed for the final journey and she waiting for the announcer to call 'all aboard'. Does she intend to spend her days moping around waiting for death? You must be joking! She is out there, experiencing discos, drugs, sex, young men, the lot.

Only two problems: Rosaria, Mela's daughter and Carmen, Mela's granddaughter, who both think that Mela should be locked up in a funny farm. Rosaria is an idealistic revolutionary, who frankly got on my nerves, and on Carmen's nerves for that matter, with her apologetic nature and views on how the world should be.

Carmen on the other hand is a confident, self-centred cow who lands herself in a spot of bother.

All three women live under the same roof and so a few slugging matches go on which produce a lot of laughs, especially from Mela. The play gives you an insight into what these women are thinking and feeling very well, but it ends prematurely. It is left so wide open that God only knows what happens. This, I feel, lets the play down a bit and such a masterpiece deserves some sort of conclusion. But it is worth a visit.

(P.S. Did I mention how bloody good the actresses are?)

Harry

● BAC, 176 Lavender Hill, SW11. Bus 45a from South Kensington Tube Stn., Tue-Sat 8.30pm Ends 20th June. Concs £5

FRIDAY

Cinema

Camden Plaza

211 Camden High St, NW1 (071-485 2443) Camden Town tube. Seats £5; 1st show daily £3.80; concs £2.30 1st perf only. This week:

Jamom, Jamon 2.15 4.25 6.40 8.55

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:

Madame Bovary 2.45 5.30 8.20

Electric Cinema

191 Portobello Rd, W11 (071-792 2020) Notting Hill/ Ladbroke Grove tubes. Seats £4.50. Today: *One False Move* 4.45 8.50

& *The Long Goodbye* 2.55 6.50

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:

Mediterraneo 3.00 5.00 7.00 9.00 11.15 (Fri and Sat)

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:

Bad Behaviour 7.20 9.40

Groundhog Day 2.10 4.40 7.30 9.45 (is this still on?)

Orlando 7.30 9.00

MGM Fulham Rd

Fulham Road, SW10 (071-370 2636) South Ken tube then bus. Seats £6; concs £3.50 Mon-Fri before 5pm. This week:

Falling Down 1.40 4.15 6.55 9.30

Indecent Proposal 1.10 4.10 6.50 9.30

Sommersby 1.10 4.10 6.50 9.30

Alive 1.10 3.50 6.45 9.30

Cop and a Half 1.40 4.10 7.10 9.30

Minema

45 Knightsbridge, SW1 (071-235 4225) Knightsbridge/ Hyde Park tubes. Seats £6.50; concs £3.50 1st perf Mon-Fri for students. This week:

Sommersby 2.15 4.30 6.45 9.00

Notting Hill Cornet

Notting Hill Gate, W11 (071-727 6705) Notting Hill tube. Seats £5. This week:

Falling Down 2.15 4.40 7.00 9.30

Odeon Kensington

263 Kensington High St, W8 (071-371 3166) Ken High St tube. Seats £5.80 and £6.30 This week: *Frauds* 2.25 4.50 7.15 9.40 12.05(Fri, Sat)

Bad Behaviour 2.15(not Fri, Sat, Sun) 4.45 7.15 9.45 12.15(Fri, Sat)

The Jungle Book Sat, Sun: 12.30 2.35

Indochine 5.35 9.00

National Lampoons Loaded Weapon 1

1.15 3.25

Reservoir Dogs Fri, Sat: 12.25

3 Ninja Kids 12.45 3.00

Jack the Bear 5.15 7.40

Nowhere to Run 10.00 12.15(Fri, Sat)

Un Coeur en Hiver 2.15 4.45 7.15 9.45, 12.15(Fri, Sat)

Groundhog Day 1.55 4.30 7.05 9.40, 12.15(Fri, Sat)

Prince Charles

Leicester Place, WC2 (071-437 8181) Piccadilly/Leicester Sq tubes. Seats £1.20. Today:

Taxi Driver 2.00

Candyman 4.00

Singles 6.30

A few good men 9.0

Rocky Horror Picture Show 11.30

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:

UCI Whiteleys

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

Falling Down 1.25 4.00 6.40 9.20

Indecent Proposal 12.45 3.25 6.25 9.05

Groundhog Day 1.10 3.40 6.10 8.45

Nowhere to Run 9.50

3 Ninja kids 12.55 3.10 5.25 7.30

Cop and Half 12.30 (Sat, Sun only) 2.45 5.00 7.15

Accidental hero 9.30

Passenger 57 1.00 7.45 10.00

Loaded Weapon One 3.35 5.40

Sommersby 1.50 4.25 7.00 9.40

Alive 2.55 (Not Wednesday) 6.30 9.15. 6.00 and 8.55 on Sat and Sun

The Jungle Book 1.35 3.50

Theatre

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

Wedlock the Opera 8 pm 6 pm (Sat) Ends today £5.50-7

Mela 8.30 6.30 (Sun) £5-6

Love at a loss 7.30 pm 5.30 (Sun) £6-7.50

The Bush

Shepherds Bush Green W12, 081 743 3388,

The Chinese Wolf 8 pm £6-9

Drill Hall

16 Chenies Street WC1, 071 637 8270.

Withering Looks 7.30 pm (Not Sun) £6-10

Ectetra Theatre

Oxford Arms 265 Camden High Street NW1 071 482 4857

Danny Boy 7.30 pm Sun Mat 3 pm £5.50-6.50 Not Mon

A cold hand in a warm place 9.30 pm prices as before

Lyric Hammersmith

King St W6 071 741 2311

Romeo and Juliet 7.30 pm Not Sun, £8.50-13

Lyric Studio

see Lyric Hammersmith

In Lambeth 8 pm Sat Mat 4.30 pm £5-6.50

Tricycle Theatre

269 Kilburn High street, 071 328 1000

Studs 8 pm Not Sun £7 Mon-Wed £9-11.50

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.

Stoic

Available in Southside, Beit Hall, JCR, Da Vinci's and soon Linstead, Gardens and Weeks!

From 8 pm THE MOVIE CHANNEL

SATURDAY

Cinema

Prince Charles

Bladerunner director's cut 1.30

The last of the Mohicans 4.00

Peter's Friends 6.30

Candyman 9.00

Once upon a time in China & Pianted Faces 11.30

Electric Cinema

Pepi, Luci, Bom and all the other

Girls 4.05 9.00

& *Dark Habits* 2.20 7.25

& *What Have I Done to Deserve This?* 5.35

College

Stoic

Available in Southside, Beit Hall, JCR, Da Vinci's and soon Linstead, Gardens and Weeks!

From 8 pm THE MOVIE CHANNEL

SUNDAY

Cinema

Electric Cinema

Raise the Red Lantern 4.15

& *Urga* 2.05

Simple Men 8.45

Trust 6.45

Prince Charles

The vanishing 2.00

I was on Mars 4.15

Les amants du Pont Neuf 6.15

The Bad Lieutenant 8.50

College

Fitness Club

2.00-3.00pm in Southside Lounge.

Intermediate.

Stoic

Available in Southside, Beit Hall, JCR, Da Vinci's and soon Linstead, Gardens and Weeks!

From 8 pm THE MOVIE CHANNEL

MONDAY

Cinema

Electric Cinema

Delicatessen 4.45 8.55

& *La Grande Bouffe* 2.20 6.30

Prince Charles

The Last of the Monicans 1.30

Peter's Friends 4.00

The Player 6.30

Singles 9.00

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. Stoic

Available in Southside, Beit Hall, JCR, Da Vinci's and soon Linstead, Gardens and Weeks!

From 8 pm THE MOVIE CHANNEL

TUESDAY

Cinema

Electric Cinema

Dance Girl Dance 2.55 6.00 9.00

& *Christopher Strong* 4.35 7.35

Prince Charles

Bladerunner, directors cut 1.30

Les amants du Pont Neuf 4.00

I was on Mars 6.40

The last of the Mohicans 9.00

College

French Soc

Club meeting, 12 noon Clubs Committee Room

Spanish Society

Learn to dance 'Sevillanes' at 1.15 pm in the Concert Hall

Riding Club

Meeting 12.30-1.30, Southside Upper Lounge

Radio Modellers Club

meet in Southside Upper Lounge 1-2pmor contact David Walker in Chem Eng 3.

ICSF

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

SLOTSOC

Every Tuesday 12.15pm-1.30pm in Southside Upper lounge

Fitness Club

5.30-6.30pm in Southside Lounge.

Advanced

Canoe Club

Meet 6.15 pm in Beit Quad and 9.00 in Southside contqact J Aleman

Bio 3.

Dance Club

Beginners Ballroom/Latin 6-7pm. Intermediate Ballroom/Latin 8-9pm. Advanced Ballroom/Latin 8-9pm.

Stoic

Available in Southside, Beit Hall, JCR, Da Vinci's and soon Linstead, Gardens and Weeks!

From 8 pm THE MOVIE CHANNEL

WEDNESDAY

Cinema

Electric Cinema

Amazing Grace 5.15 8.40

& *The Attendant*

Noir et Blanc 3.45 7.10

Prince Charles

The vanishing 1.30

White men can't jump 4.00

A few good men 6.30

Candyman 9.00

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

THURSDAY

Cinema

Electric Cinema

Prospero's Books 4.10 8.30

& *The Cook, the Thief, his Wife and her Lover* 2.00 6.20

Prince Charles

I was on Mars 1.30

Single White Female 4.00

Peter's Friends 6.30

The Bad Lieutenant 9.00

College

Quiz Night

with promotions in the Union Bar.

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.

ICU Cinema

Unforgiven 7.30pm IN THE BLOODY CONCERT HALL AND DON'T MISS IT!!

The Soup Run

deliever Soup to homeless people meet at Weeks Hall 9.00 pm

Spanish Society

Meeting in Southside Lounge at 1 pm.

Stoic

Available in Southside, Beit Hall, JCR, Da Vinci's and soon Linstead, Gardens and Weeks!

Stoic

Robert Jackson -A profile

by Declan Curry

Robert Jackson MP resigned as junior science minister last week. He will be replaced this morning by David Davis, the London-born MP for Boothferry in Humberside.

Mr Jackson was appointed as junior science minister, or **Parliamentary Secretary in the Office of Public Service and Science** just after the last General Election. He was a Parliamentary Under-Secretary at Employment between July 1990 and April 1992, and at Education between June 1987 until July 1990. Mr Jackson's political career can thus be remembered as coinciding with political landmarks about somebody else. He became a junior minister after the 1987 General Election, changed his job when Geoffrey Howe lost his, and then Mr Jackson lost his own when Norman Lamont was offered Environment, sorry,

sacked.

Mr Jackson will principally be remembered as the minister who was arrested for causing a security alert at Heathrow Airport by telling security men that there was a bomb in his ministerial red box. He will also enter the annals of history as the minister who lamented the latest rise in the unemployment figures on the day that unemployment fell for the first time in under three years.

By comparison, Mr Davis seems to have had a rather dull political upbringing, being Parliamentary Private Secretary (unpaid skivvy) to Francis Maude during 1990. In November 1990, he was appointed Assistant Government Whip. He entered Parliament in 1987, and was educated at Tooting Bec Grammar School, Warwick University and the London Business School, among others.

Tubebending

by Declan Curry

Transport ministers are engaged in an 'arm-bending' exercise to save the London Travelcard. Department of Transport officials claimed yesterday that ministers 'are working with operators' to ensure the survival of the famous three inch by two inch rectangle of cardboard.

The claims were made after pressure group Save the Travelcard said they had obtained a copy of the confidential report of the Department of Transport Working Group on London Transport. Expressing 'grave concern', Save the Travelcard said the report contradicted assertions by ministers that the Travelcard would survive. They claim that the report 'repeatedly stresses the likelihood

that the Travelcard will disappear as a result of privatisation and deregulation.' The report also apparently rules out the electronic 'Smartcard' as an alternative to the Travelcard.

Save the Travelcard say that the Travelcard could either be 'repriced', replaced with single journey tickets, or restricted to Tube-only travel. Chris Church, director of Save the Travelcard, said that the Department of Transport report 'acknowledges that the current system works well and is popular. These new proposals are badly thought out and completely inadequate. London and Londoners deserve much better than this.'

Commendations

by Declan Curry

The two College security officers who detained a suspected thief after a St Patrick's Day chase have been officially commended. Michael Sankar and Ivan Baxter have been congratulated by Chief Superintendent Haughian, of Belgravia police, for their 'fine work and prompt and intelligent action' which led to the arrest. Chief Superintendent Haughian said their 'dedicated attention to duty

was responsible for the apprehension' of the man.

Meanwhile, twenty-two bicycles have been stolen from around college since April. Only three of the bikes were 'D-locked'. College security remind students that 'D-locks' are sold at Security Control in the Sherfield Building. Any suspicious activity around cycle parks or around College should be reported immediately to Sherfield Security on internal telephone 3372.

FREE FLIGHTS

to:

**Paris, Malaga,
Faro, Tenerife,
Gibraltar, Geneva
& Florence**

see

**Womble or Jane
in the Rag Office
TODAY**

Council farce

by Andrew Tseng,
News Editor

The last Imperial College Union (ICU) Council meeting, which debated proposals by Chris Davidson, ICU President, to restructure ICU, has been described by some as farcical.

Only three significant decisions were made at the meeting which lasted over 4 hours. Votes were taken and passed on 'replacing ICU Council with a smaller body' and that 'all members of the Executive Committee are to be elected by a Union General Meeting (UGM) or a cross-campus ballot'.

The motion that has caused the greatest controversy centres on the proposed position of Entertainments Representative. This would be the sole representative of various recreation and entertainments sub-

committees on the new executive committee. In the current system the chair of each concerned sub-committee sits on Council. The motion stated that 'the Entertainments Representative can represent the Social, Cultural and Amusements Board (SCAB) and Rag' on the new Executive Committee. The motion was passed, though the Rag Chair and the SCAB Chair voted against it.

Council did admit that it 'did not have the mandate to make ICU policy' and that 'ICU policy could only be made at a UGM'. Hence, any changes to ICU will have to be passed at a UGM. Mr Davidson's proposals are scheduled to be presented at the next UGM, which will take place on Friday 25th June, the last day of term.