



Felix

Issue 975

15th October 1993



**Did you tiddlywink with Rag down
Oxford Street last Saturday?
Fancy playing Monopoly tomorrow?
See page 21 for more details**

Fresher Arrested

BY ANDREW TSENG,
NEWS EDITOR

In what could be described as the shortest academic career at Imperial College, a fresher has been suspended for a year.

Adetola Oshinaike, who was enrolled for a course in the Chemical Engineering department, started causing mayhem on his arrival at Garden Hall on Saturday 2nd October. His behaviour upset both the cleaners and the Warden of Garden Hall, Simon Walker.

By Monday, he was being reported for disciplinary action. However, Monday evening saw him being the cause of several disturbances in Beit Quad and the Union Building. The evening's disruption started after he attempted to get into the Union Building without a ticket for the Freshers' Carnival. Imperial College Union Stewards managed to keep him out after a brief scuffle. He was later seen climbing through a window in the back of the Union Building.

There then ensued a chase resulting in Mr Oshinaike being surrounded by 17 members of College and Union staff in the Union Bar. Before being thrown out of the Union Building and whilst in the process of being restrained, Mr Oshinaike assaulted several Union Stewards, Dave Goddard, the Deputy President (Finance and Services) and senior security officer Terry Sweeney.

Mr Oshinaike's threatening behaviour did not subside during the week. In the early hours of Tuesday morning, he acted in a threatening manner to various members of Garden Hall. At 9am he was arrested for disorderly behaviour, breach of the peace and obtaining money by menaces. Gordon Marshall, Director of Estates, was at the scene: "It was the Warden who called the police. I just happened to turn up when the police were there."

The police released Adetola Oshinaike after cautioning him for disorderly behaviour. Following a College disciplinary on Friday 8th October, he was suspended from College for the period of one year.



Fungal Pour?

Imperial College Union Rag has begun its Fungal Spore '94 campaign with vigour.

On Saturday 9th October, Rag had its first big event, the annual 'Tiddlywinking Down Oxford Street'. A total of £647.28 was raised, with Imperial College students on hands and knees flicking discs of plastic down the busy London street. The start was dampened slightly with rain threatening to ruin the fun. However, as the day progressed, the rain did subside. Jane Hoyle, Rag Chairman, said: "It was a bit tiring and a bit damp, but it was really good fun... it was a good day."

Rag's next major event is the annual 'Live Monopoly Around London' which will take place tomorrow. Everyone is welcome. Those interested should meet in Beit Quad at 10am. See page 21 for further details.

Free Cycle Coding

BY ANDREW TSENG

With the theft of bicycles from around campus continuing to be on the increase, the police have announced 'Crime Prevention and Cycle Coding Days'.

Held between Monday 1st November and Friday 5th November, the crime prevention and cycle coding will be in the Ante Room, Sheffield Building between

10am and 5pm.

All sorts of information relating to crime prevention will be on display including videos on personal safety.

The police will also be able to encode your bicycle free of charge with your home postcode and house number. Just take your bicycle along to the Ante Room. Cycle coding helps police trace the owners of any stolen bicycles.

Former Student Transported Back

BY JOE MCFADDEN

A former student of Imperial College has come full circle. Returning to the college after almost twenty-five years absence, Brian Martin has joined the University of London Centre for Transport Studies here at Imperial College.

Brian Martin's long and varied experience in Transport Research will be drawn on by the Centre in its studies of rail and road travel. The work will eventually be used

by the European Commission in planning the development of future land-based transport links. This will involve consultations with government departments and other research institutions throughout Europe.

Mr Martin's appointment as an Honorary Research Fellow reunites him with an old colleague, Project Director Professor Tony Ridley. The two have worked together on a number of projects over the years, including the planning of the Tynes and Wear Metro.

Selecting Union Stewards

BY THE NEWS TEAM

Those attending events at Imperial College Union could be meeting new faces at the gate as the final selections take place for jobs as Imperial College Union Stewards.

However, many applicants could be disappointed. Dave Goddard, Deputy President (Finance and Services) said that: "there have been far more applicants than places."

One change that has occurred since last year is the management of the stewards. Following the appointment of an Events and Marketing Manager, Imperial College Union Stewards will not be managed by the Deputy President, as was the case last year. Instead they will come under the jurisdiction of the Events and Marketing Manager.

The new position, has been introduced as a result of Imperial College Union reforms that have been spearheaded into place by last year's President, Chris Davidson.

College Mourns Loss Of Student

BY PAUL DIAS

Imperial College is in mourning after I-Cheung Lee, a second year student in the department of Mathematics, died after attending football trials.

I-Cheung was taking part in the trials at Imperial College's Harlington sports ground last Wednesday when he complained of having a headache. He was taken to the pavilion, where he collapsed. He was not taking part in a game at the time.

The member of the St John's Ambulance on duty at the ground arranged for Mr Lee to be rushed to Hillingdon Hospital where he was put on life support. He was diagnosed as suffering from a severe brain haemorrhage. There

was no apparent reason for the haemorrhage, which was sudden and unexpected.

Mr Lee's parents were contacted in Taiwan and arrived in England on Saturday. Due to the inoperable nature of his condition, the decision was then made to disconnect the life support systems. Mr Lee was cremated on Wednesday afternoon. The funeral was attended by many friends and family. One of those present said that "it was a cohesive community. Many young people attended."

Dr Jacobs, I-Cheung's personal tutor, described Mr Lee as "a very quiet sort of fellow and quite withdrawn. He was a very nice young man and very gentle. It's a very sad business."

In Brief

River Traffic Control

If you thought the weather was bad in London this week, spare a thought for the poor rowers in Cambridge. Members of the University rowing club were confronted not only with a bursting-at-the-seams River Cam but also with a request to only row in one direction when passing under one of the Cam's many bridges! The bridge in question is currently festooned with scaffolding, causing a build-up of traffic on the river. The one-way ruling still hasn't solved the congestion problem, though, and the next step may be to install traffic lights on the bridge.

Alarms!

The Students' Union at the University of Wales College at Cardiff has been giving out free

rape alarms. This follows a incidents of flashers reported around some of the halls of residences. Free rape alarms can be obtained from the Imperial College Union Office on production of your student identification card.

Aubergine Shock!

Ex-smokers could be interested in a report published in the New English Medical Journal this week. Researchers have found that aubergines contain three times as much nicotine as cigarettes.

Be Vigilant

College Security are advising members of Imperial College to be more vigilant with their belongings. There has been an increase in recent weeks in the number of wallets and credits cards reported stolen.

Walkway Work

BY JOE MCFADDEN

Plans to develop the walkway alongside the Junior Common Room in the Sherfield Building should be finalised within two months, according to Imperial College Union President, Andrew Wensley.

Proposals for the development of the walkway were first made last February. The changes would turn the walkway into a mini-mall, the aim of which being to provide additional services such as a launderette or an optician.

A feasibility study is currently under way and once negotiations between the Imperial College and Imperial College Union are completed, plans for the changes can be drawn up.

In an interview with *Felix*, Mr Wensley said that: "at the moment we're only considering developing the stores and alcove area behind the JCR." He added that the wall of the JCR might have to be put back a little.

The development of shop outlets on the walkway was one of the election promises made by Mr Wensley while running for the position of President.

S.B.S. - Smith with British Science

BY THE NEWS TEAM

The Save British Science Society have invited the Rt. Hon. John Smith, the leader of the Labour Party to a meeting to address scientists and engineers at Imperial College.

The Save British Science Society organised a meeting at Imperial College earlier this year where William Waldegrave, Minister for Science, gave a speech.

Mr Smith will speak to the audience in the Great Hall, Sherfield Building, on 17th November at 6.30pm. Admission is free, although a ticket must be obtained.

Those interested should contact Jean Paul Conrad on ext 8860.

Parking Permit Allocations

The following is a list of registration numbers of vehicles allocated Union Parking Permits. Permits can be collected from Monday onwards from the Imperial College Union Office, Union Building, Beit Quad. You must bring with you your Union or Swipe Card, proof of address and a medical certificate if necessary. A £5 deposit will be required. If your vehicle registration is in bold type, a medical certificate is needed in order to obtain your permit.

al HANRAJA	J 79 CJD	VLW 783X	C44 KKG
F600 HGP	E259 MHM	F963 EBW	TTF 940Y
D683 HAJ	PHB 74Y	EKX 482Y	POLYCHRO-
D855 NBH	B417 MBY	D44 TGH	NOPOLOUS
SWA 320Y	ODF 7JD	RYM 373Y	J8 TKT
C741 TLE	B260 UKX	KUU 862P	F215 NBL
B940 OLT	KYH 793X	E512 MEG	F388 ATH
G36 XLL	D58 CPM	F510 KNB	E719 GLB
A 469 GLC	J765 LBY	F411 SLH	AMD 5032
B498 BGN	F645 MVW	E763 ELT	MJR 40X
D347 DBJ	F182 DWB	E740 WGP	K552 XPG
CZI GKO	E899 JDW	TKK 288N	D960 LWD
B558 WUG	D103 OTW	F695 LBW	G680 LRP
F82 RRX	E163 TDA	PGO 560Y	
D180 RNS	TRD 420Y	GHU 375X	
NUW 132Y	F399 SOY	EHG 144Y	

If you were not successful in your application, you may appeal against the decision. A form will be available from the Union Office from Monday 18th October for you to add any additional information that you feel is relevant. Please note though that since the majority of permits are now allocated, the number left for appeals is small. The appeals committee's decision will be final.

Cinema

Short Cuts

Starring: Jack Lemmon, Fred Ward, Lyle Lovett
Director: Robert Altman
Running Time: 186 minutes

Just as you are getting sick to death of formula Hollywood movies, they manage to completely surprise you with a masterpiece of modern cinema. *Short Cuts* is a unique portrait of life in contemporary America. The film is multi-layered with different people living their lives in parallel, oblivious to each other apart from odd chance contacts or occurrences.

The director, Robert Altman, appears to be reaching new heights in his career with this movie. His last film, *The Player*, was a huge success and *Short Cuts* seems to be going one up on even that. It has already won the Venice Film Festival's award for best picture (alongside *Three Colours Blue*) and the entire cast won an award for their performance.

The screenplay is based on a set of eight short stories and one poem by the American writer Raymond Carver. I've never read his books so I cannot comment on the authenticity of the plot, but he is said, by some, to be a legendary writer. However, the screenplay was written by Altman and Frank Barhydt in conjunction with Carver's widow. Altman is the first to confess that the stories are not an identikit reproduction, but still they come across as funny and moving.

If you are into action or high melodrama this is definitely not the film for you. The stories are just chance occurrences that change ordinary people's lives. There's no gloss and no glamour. Little Casey gets run over, Stuart goes fishing and finds a dead body, Ralph finds out that his wife had an affair eight years ago, Stormy goes mad and rips up his ex-wife's house. That being said, the film is not boring. At over three hours, it's tempting fate but it's so beautifully made that the stories grip you throughout.

One of the major strengths of this movie is the outstanding performances of the cast as well as the sheer number of familiar faces. The film is full of people that you remember from other movies but can't quite place. Tim Robbins gives an excellent performance as the stressed motorcycle cop, Jack Lemmon plays a long lost father, and such strange characters such as Huey Lewis and Lyle Lovett play mad fishermen and angry bakers.

This film is a celebration of life. Under the Los Angeles haze, an ensemble of bakers, doctors, clowns, fishermen, swimming pool attendants and helicopter pilots all laugh, cry, make love, get drunk, argue and kill, smoke joints and dream.

This film is great, go and see it.

Kamran Malik

Short Cuts plays at the London Film Festival next month as is on general release next in March. next year.

Cinema

True Romance

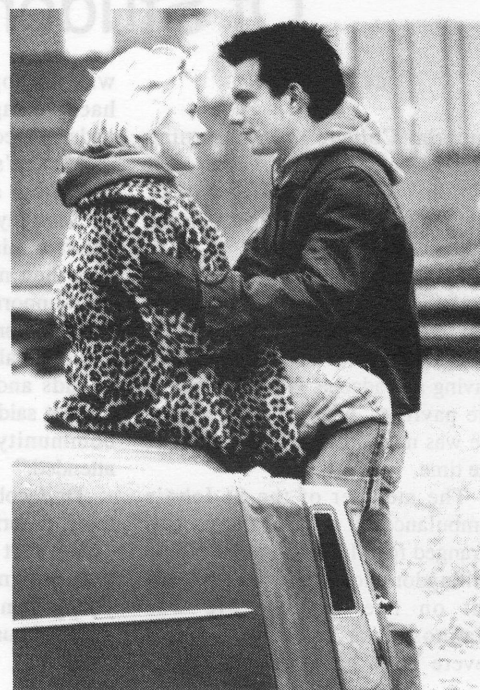
Starring: Christian Slater, Patricia Arquette
Director: Tony Scott

From the beginning, this has the feel of a heavily constructed film. It's complete and boxed up before we start. Alabama (Patricia Arquette) relates a talkback from the perspective of the film's end: "This is what it was like."

The inner city canvas of Detroit is the setting for Clarence (Christian Slater) and Alabama to fall in love and get married. After a visit to Alabama's ex-pimp, a rizzable Gary Oldman, Clarence mistakenly ends up with with \$1 million of coke. Other cameo roles then sail in and out of view. Chris Walken, Dennis Hopper and Pitt Brad appear in transparent form, loosely woven in. It's very much like *The Player* except that the stars weren't playing themselves.

Still, the best idea in the film is to have Val Kilmer playing a never quite defined Elvis figure, who is the creation of Clarence's pulped mind. You're never sure what Elvis is there for and he only shimmers into view twice anyway. Another feature of the film is the way the camera plays very close to the face, trying to enlarging the characters. We get so close you can even hear the crackle of burning cigarettes.

After fleeing to LA the happy couple attract the attentions of the police department, the legitimate drug owners and a potential buyer, who is a kind of Coppola/Spielberg film producer composite. Everyone gets to meet in the final scene which is a total farce; twenty heavily armed men in one small room. They shout about for a bit, the usual "lay down your



A boy, a girl and a cadillac - that's romance

guns" stuff before the climatic shoot out end all the minor characters, disposed of in a cartoonish orgy of bang bangs.

The ending is Hollywood claptrap - some mysticism and we're given both our cake and a full stomach. At the end of the day this film "lived fast, died young and left a series of good looking star corpses". If the advertising for this film attracts you, go and get Lynch's 'Wild at Heart' on video. *True Romance* is a faded copy.

Tintin

Cinema

The Secret Garden

Starring: Maggie Smith and some children
Director: A. Holland

Let's face some facts. Maggie Smith is sad. Any Oscar-winner who agrees to appear in a film like *Sister Act*, never mind *Sister Act II*, has either a really bad agent or a really expensive drug habit. Anyway, at least with *The Secret Garden* she has a chance to revive some of that comatose credibility. Not much of a chance, but still.

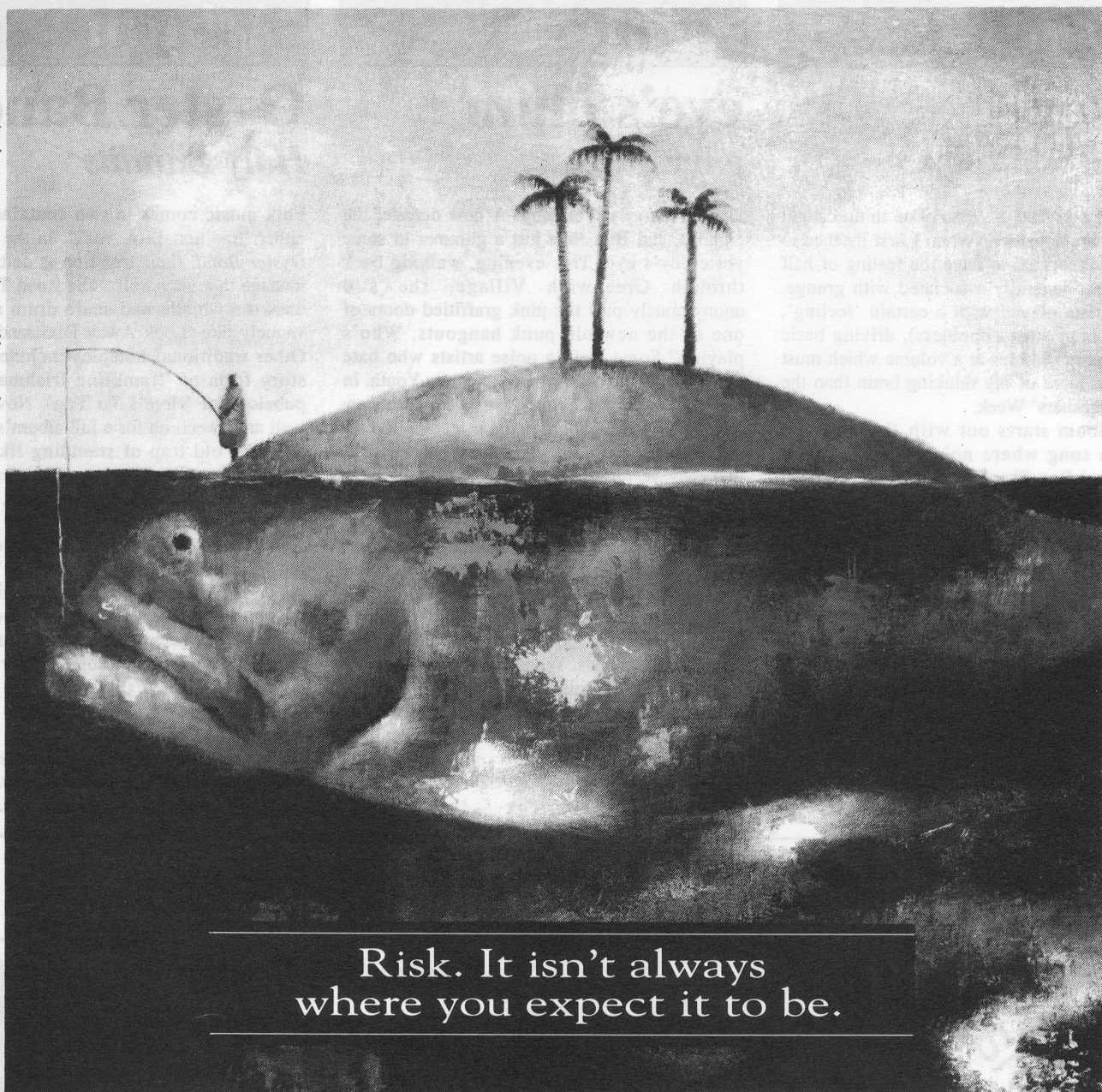
Adapted from the 'classic' children's novel of the same name, the plot has improbabilities which even Neighbours wouldn't use. A suitably photogenic little girl loses her parents (they die) in India and she is sent to live with her uncle in his large mansion on the moors. She is a spoilt bitch. I'm sorry but she is. There is a housekeeper who doesn't like our little moppet.

Possibly because her name is more prominent in the credits. Eventually she makes friends with her maid and discovers a secret garden with a shady past. Then she discovers that the strange noises she is hearing are the screams of her invalid cousin who she didn't know existed. Or something like that. Anyway, they restore the garden and stop her uncle from being such a morose old hippie (he looks uncannily like the lead singer of the Wonder Stuff).

It is obvious from the first scene that Warner Bros. is going all out to try and capture the kid's market from Disney. To a certain extent it has worked but God only knows what Dwayne, aged nine, from Buttux, Nebraska made of this. I mean, I had trouble understanding the servants. Did they have to be quite so northern? Don't get me wrong, I'm quite of a Yorkshire accent, in it's place. "Should you go and see this film?" is the question you all want answered. Well, yes and no. That all depends on whether you like your entertainment so syrupy you could use it to make Rice Crispie buns. You decide.

Tony Grew

A plan of this year's Careers Fair is on the centre pages



Risk. It isn't always
where you expect it to be.

You are standing at the edge of your future. If there is one thing you can be sure to expect, it's the unexpected.

How you deal with risk—those risks you see and those you don't—will shape your future.

No firm understands the nature of risk better than Bankers Trust. Risk is what we deal with everyday. Risk, and its gratifying counterpart, reward.

This is why the opportunities that await you at Bankers Trust are more stimulating than others. We know you didn't come this far to settle for something easy or something boring or

something you'll eventually want to change.

Bankers Trust careers have change built in. Change and growth. And risk. If you wish to talk to us, please submit a CV by Friday, 12th November to: Charlotte Gardiner, MBA/Graduate Recruiting, Bankers Trust, 1 Appold St., Broadgate, London EC2A 2HE.

Presentation and Reception

Monday, 22nd November, 1993 - 7:00 p.m.

By invitation only

Bankers Trust
LEAD FROM STRENGTH.

Album

Hater*Hater*

When I first looked at *Hater*, one thing caught my eye ... Soundgarden! When I first listened to the album it seemed to have the feeling of half drunkenness generally associated with grunge. The guitarists played with a certain 'feeling', (my neighbour says sloppiness), driving basic riffs down my earholes at a volume which must have killed more of my thinking brain than the whole of Freshers' Week.

The album starts out with 'Mona Bone Jakon', a song where noise prevails. John McBain and Ben Shepherd's guitars stomp all over the grooves and end in enough guitar feedback to plaster anyone on the wall. 'Who Do I Kill?' follows the same pattern of grunginess with the psychotic chaos of a mass murderer, while 'Lion And Lamb' displays the bandmembers instrumental skills. The rest of the album plunges deep into mediocrity, showing that grunge is really a rehash of the seventies. If you like predictable music recorded with the worst equipment around, do yourself a favour and either: a) Buy this record or b) Get a lobotomy. (6)

Austin

Released on A&M

Album

eve's plum*envy*

Debbie Harry's dreaming. A new decade, the eighties, and Blondie's just a glimmer in some yesterday's eye. This evening, walking back through Greenwich Village, she slid anonymously past the pink graffitied doors of one of the new/old punk hangouts. Who's playing? Some weirdo noise artists who hate their guitars and call themselves Sonic Youth. In bed she tosses and turns. Her voice, their new music - a whole new gravy train.

And this album isn't that album, it's another, and they've managed to find in Colleen FitzPatrick a vocalist to recreate those glassy tones. *eve's plum* sound like two bands squashed onto the same stage. The music can be fiery. 'Blue' and 'Once Twice' are ripped through with guitar licks, slides and tinkling cathedral melodies but riding with these lyrics, that voice? Colleen sounds like a little kid hanging out with her big sister's rock friends. When she growls "I know that I'll sink into Hell" during 'On The Outside' the urge is to pat her on the head and hand the mic back to Kim Gordon. It's all or nothing when you bite that apple. (6)

Owain

Released on Epic

Album

Oyster Band*Holy Bandits*

Folk music comes in two containers marked either 'traditional' or 'rock'. In the case of the *Oyster Band*, their tradition is celtic and they manage that very well. 'The Road To Santiago' uses the whistle and snare drum and sounds vaguely like 'Look Away Dixieland' in places. Other traditional notables include the ballad story form of 'Rambling Irishman' and the pubalong of 'Here's To You'. Now this is all well and sweet; oh for a full album's worth. But then the old trap of sounding like Chris de Burgh is sprung. The curse is seen on 'Gone West' and 'We Shall Come Home', which both pan the depths of AOR.

Overall, it's another very mixed catch which leaves me wondering whether it's only the American folkies who can avoid falling between the two stools. We all know that the celtic strand of music has been well explored but where are the bands who are developing it for the now as opposed to the then. (5)

Tintin

Released on Cooking Vinyl

★ For the initiated and the informed, Cooking Vinyl have an excellent sampler out. There's 17 tracks all for the princely sum of £3. Boilin'

SOUTHSIDE BAR

Bacchanalian Nights

100
to choose
from



Cocktail Of
The Day
Promotion Mon
18th Oct- Sun
24th Oct

Class I.C. Cocktails
at a Classic Price

Monday 18th October

Free Pints Of
Guinness

Mystery Genius
Promotion



Wednesday 20th October

Ind Coope
Burton Ale

Champion Beer
Of Britain 1990
30p Off Pint



BASICS IS IMMINENT

Album

Oui 3
Oui Love You

First surprise: A band whose name I find overwhelming naff (irrational, but true) has such a good album.

Second surprise: A band predominately consisting of a rap artist have such brilliant and innovative tunes and excellent singing.

Third surprise: The positive vibes that hit you throughout this album. They all have a groovy and good feel. This is an elpee (*shurely an LP - Ed.*) to lift the faint-hearted, give hope to the hopeless and smiles for the weeping (hmmm, a bit excessive perhaps.)

Fourth surprise: It's not a major hit yet.

Fifth surprise: There is no fifth surprise. (8)

al

Released on MCA



OUI 3 - Who was their French teacher?

Single

Molly Half
Head
Barny

Mr Molly Half-a-Head has a peculiar vocal style, like someone singing directly through their adam's apple. Still, once you've overcome that, there's not much else on offer. Their playing verges on professional stoicism. Definition: That's being good at enduring the slings and arrows following an outrageous lack of ideas. Sorry!

Tintin

Released on Playtime Records

Single

Blink
Going to Nepal

Well, they might be Irish, but they are definitely not U2! *Blink* play a sort of Indie-pop which sounds different to anything I've heard before.

The first (title) track opens with an impressive gong and then passes through some very weird lyrics that seem quite out of context with the rest of the song: "Mister Magoo, Tell Betty Boo, I bought most of your records, But I stopped at number two." It finishes in the same way it began. Altogether rather groovy, and worth buying simply for the first song.

timsi

Released on Lime Records

E.P.

Anna
Pretty Jesus

With a title track involving the juxtaposition of Jesus, Hollywood and violence, you could be forgiven for believing that *Anna* were playing the stereotypical indie band game; and you'd be right. But they play and win. From the snarly underbones of 'Pretty Jesus' right throughout there's always combined power chords tearing the songs together. 'Bumper Cars' is like vintage Quo, almost.

Tintin

Released on free records

E.P.

Spiritualised
Electric Mainline

'Good Times', 'Lay Back In The Sun', and two versions of the instrumental 'Electric Mainline' constitute this EP, *Spiritualised's* first release this year. The two lead tracks feature all the essential elements - Jason's 'Sumner-esque' whisper, the twinkling guitars, the hypnotic melodies and the glorious crescendos, although they're certainly not the 'Lazer Guided Melodies' of last year. Noticeably the tempo is faster and the horns are noisier and dirtier. 'Electric Mainline' meanwhile illustrates Jason's much talked about Kraftwerk influences, although its two guises are basically identical. All in all an EP for those who think that *Spiritualised* should put more effort into their songs.

Yuen'

Released on Dedicated

Album

the killjoys
A Million Suns

There are a number of reasons why I should choose to disregard this album:

1. Jeremy (a true musical neanderthal) has just wandered in; said: "This is good, I don't usually like what you play." This in itself is an ominously bad sign. Quick, someone slay the virginal moggy, the gods are angry.
2. The promo literature calls them 'acousticky'; I ask you...
3. They're Australians, and antepodians are the main cause of me not being able to get within 200 yards of my local pub.

Thus armed with enough prejudice to make William Joyce look about as extreme as Paddy Ashdown, I have to concede that I like this album. The *killjoy's* art is that of the much maligned three minute pop song but relying not only on quirky guitar melodies but also on other diverse instruments such as the vibraphone, kalimba and mandolin (witness the Wonder Stuffiness of 'Shadoo Shadoo'). 'Trains And Rocks And Riverbeds' washes over you with it's lilting 3/4, whilst the breathless trumpet solo on 'Yes Yes Yes' is pure Chet Baker and 'Ruby'... 'Ruby' is just the jewel in the crown.

Much is made of Anna Burley's voice in the Australian press (I know, I've read the clippings) which falls anywhere between Karen Carpenter and Harriet Wheeler Therefore the notoriously easily pacified British public will probably ignore this as they did with other girl fronted bands, the Katydids, Forget-me-Nots et al, and settle for another Belinda Carlisle or Roxette album. Sad but true. (7)

Davros. C. Dick

Released on Mushroom records.



the killjoys - still smiling at the end of the line

Opera

Cod Staging of a Masterpiece

Richard Wagner's vast and uplifting medieval pageant, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, has returned to the Royal Opera House in a new production by Graham Vick. The singing is very fine, the orchestral playing wonderful, but the staging is disappointingly uninspired. To be fair, a seat in the upper slips is not the best place from which to make such a judgment (one corner of the stage and the whole backdrop are invisible) but from what I could see, this is not a production to make one proud of this country's flagship opera house.

The first act fares the best, largely due to the diligence of the costume department in recreating the look of a Flemish old master painting, complete with prominent codpieces for several of the Masters. There is much sage finger-wagging and head-nodding from these well-dressed worthies, and the standard multipurpose ROH dramatic gesture (arms spread, palms out) is more than a little in evidence. The humour is confined to painfully unspontaneous slapstick antics from the apprentices. The light, grainy wooden panelling, gives the stage a warm glow, and would not disgrace an unambitious touring opera company.

The medieval streets of Act II are depicted by model houses, each about the height of a man (is this Nuremberg or Legoland?) and it is left entirely to the performers to conjure up the magic of Midsummer's Eve. Beckmesser's serenade fails to gather sufficient momentum, and leads into a finale which provides the biggest musical disappointment of the evening. This extraordinary passage (imagine Bach driving a HGV and you'll get the idea) requires the touch of a watchmaker to balance it correctly, but here too much detail was lost. The scrum on stage didn't help; certainly the libretto calls for a brawl, but the exalted music and the interests of clarity surely preclude a descent into hooliganism. It's not as if it was funny, either.

What make the 5¼ hours of this *Meistersinger* pass so fleetly are certain key performances, and the orchestra. John Tomlinson looks wild and woolly as Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet who plays Figaro to Eva's Rosina. At first sight it appears as if the Green Knight has settled down and found himself a day job. But then he starts to sing and one is immediately reminded that this is in fact the Father of the Gods moonlighting from Bayreuth in between Ring cycles. Immense amounts of power and stamina, total security of line, and enough depth and colour in reserve to make the most of the great 'Wahn! Überall Wahn!' in Act III.

Gösta Winbergh, as the young knight Walther, does not have the bright, metallic ring

of the true heldentenor, but strong, accurate and pleasant voices are not exactly ten a penny in this repertoire, and his is welcome. David, Sachs' apprentice, is sung with panache by Deon van der Walt, who is only occasionally tempted to overact. As the villain, Beckmesser, Thomas Allen seems a strange choice; someone with a growl and a snarl in his voice would have made more of the role. Nancy Gustafson as Eva, the eligible heiress vainly pursued by Beckmesser and eventually won by Walther, is unremarkable, but she looks the part.

It's the orchestra under Bernard Haitink who really steal the show: crisp woodwind, bright, surging strings and, most noticeably, richly varied and characterful playing from a heroic horn section. Bar the one cavil over balance mentioned above, Haitink charts unfailingly the wide reaches of this full and expansive score. It's true that everything sounds more vivid when you're almost literally suspended over the orchestra, but that was the place to be last Friday, when there was so much artistry and imagination from the performers and so little in the production.

Patrick Wood.

At the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on 16th October and 4th, 8th and 13th November. Tickets from £7 (upper slips), up to an arm and a leg. Upper amphitheatre seats on sale at £29 from 10 am on the day of performance. Student standby subject to availability.

Opera

Cosi Fan Tutte

In this up to date adaptation, sung in English, two RAF officers test the loyalty of their fiancées as part of a bet with a friend who is determined to prove that no women can be trusted. In true operatic tradition, where you only have to change your socks to become totally unrecognisable, the two officers appear in disguise to tempt the women.

There really is very little I can fault with this production. The singing is good, especially from Soprano Jacinta Mulcahy as Fiordiligi, and the acting brings across all the quirky and subtle emotions of the characters.

The only short-coming was the rather clumsy scenery changes performed in full view of the audience accompanied by some off stage clatters, but as this was the first performance they can be forgiven. If you know *Cosi Fan Tutte*, this adaptation will still provide fresh entertainment, while for those who are new to opera, it is a light-hearted, easy to follow evening of entertainment that will leave you wishing for more.

Dave

At the Greenwich Theatre, Crooms Hill, SE10. Greenwich BR. 081 858 7755. Mon-Sat 7.45pm. Concs £5.50.

Next Week: Britten's *War Requiem* on CD

We predict that Patrick Wood will say 'awesome' and 'colossal' a lot and have to be taken away for a cold shower.

Theatre

Camping Out

You are in Happy Valley Summer Camp. Your presenters Camp Leader and Camp Mother (alas the Topp Twins) guide you through the summer with their stunningly hilarious rhythmic songs and outrageous party games. Not by themselves mind you, the audience are not so much asked but feel compelled to get on to the stage or butter some bread (seriously!). This works wonders for the play since it provides an excellent opportunity for the Topp Twins to demonstrate their wonderful ad-libbing abilities, while giving more laughter to an already near-to-hysterical audience.

Set in the 50's and incorporating 90's humour and wit, *Camping Out* is an infectiously funny show that will shock the tame and gives constant laughter to the exciting. Using jokes

and masses of innuendos (that Julian Clary wouldn't dare use) about the Royal family, Australians and members of the audience, an

atmosphere of an almost child-like quality is created. Everything about the gorgeous but simplistic set and even the out-dated clothes that the Topp Twins wear suggests childishness, not the sort that's silly and likely to be scoffed at, but the sort for adults that will make even the serious of folk laugh.

With the exception of incredibly shy people and the very politically correct, I recommend everyone to see this, straight or gay, old or young, Mainstream music or Indie fan. Not one will leave the theatre with a straight face. And everyone will leave wanting more.

John and Susan

At the Drill Hall Arts Centre, 16 Chenies St, WC1, Goodge St Tube. 071 637 8270. Until Oct 23rd. Tue-Sat 7.30pm. Concs £6.

BBC2's *The Living Soap* is previewed on page 23

Students. Another opportunity to sit and look out of the window.



Saturday October 9 sees the launch of The Daily Telegraph/Cathay Pacific Airways Young Travel Writer of the Year Award in the Travel Pages of The Daily Telegraph.

If you're a young writer under 25 and can string a sentence or two together (about 500 words on a real or imaginary journey), you could be one of the six finalists flying off to Hong Kong and China on a press visit.

All finalists wishing to make a holiday of it may delay their return flights. And the overall winner will receive at least three commissions for articles set by the Travel Editor of the Telegraph.

Write to the address below for an entry form, and stop day dreaming.

Closing date for entries is December 4, 1993.

CATHAY PACIFIC  **The Daily Telegraph**

YOUNG TRAVEL WRITER OF THE YEAR, PO Box 26, ASHWELL, NEAR BALDOCK, HERTS SG7 5RZ. TEL: 0462 743018.

Cinema

The Wedding Banquet

A witty portrayal of the elaborate lengths to which Wai-Tung, a Taiwanese-American, is prepared to go not to reveal that he is leading a perfectly happy life with his partner as a young, gay professional to his parents back home in Taiwan.

Persistent lobbying from home urging marriage and the timely production of grandchildren ends in him persuading his tenant, Wei-Wei, a Chinese art student who urgently requires a green card, to pose as his fiancée who he intends to marry for mutual convenience.

This attempt to fob off parents ends in a giant muddle when they descend (father with ailing heart to add drama to the situation) on him to arrange the marriage ceremony. Part of the paradoxical festivity is a sumptuous, if not riotous, wedding banquet, a gift from an old friend to Wai-Tung's distinguished father so that he could celebrate his son's wedding a manner that he was accustomed to.

The culture clash is played accurately and engagingly and woven skilfully into the hysterically funny plot that is handled well by the excellent cast. The seemingly rigid character of Wai-Tung's father being particularly endearing. The bittersweet moments are played with sensitivity in this film which was brilliantly directed by Ang Lee. Highly recommended.

R.N.

Book

The Killer Next Door

Joel Norris

Pulp fiction has never had it so good. *Silence Of The Lambs* and its ilk have opened a floodgate for the pseudopsychological investigation of the 'serial murderer', except that these cases involved real people, but maybe we can't tell the difference anymore?

Still, here are seven case studies from America, where everything is bigger and better. They range from the famous Henry Lee Lucas (over 300 notches to his belt) to the original Hannibal Lecter, Arthur Shawcross.

Joel Norris (Ph.D) is an expert, they say. He's not out to make a quick buck. All that he comes up with as precursors though are the usual dysfunctional childhood, drug problems, insatiable sex drive etc. I guess that it's all true, but is it "inside the mind of the serial killer"?

The thing that did really stand out was the inability of the police to catch these people. Lucas, for example, killed a woman immediately on leaving prison, leaving the corpse on the main road. And that's the way it is in the real world. Murder is a brutal, messy business and even reading about these made me nauseous.

Tintin

Published by: Arrow
Price: £4.99

Book

A Philosophical Investigation

Philip Kerr

This is the story of the hunt for a bizarre serial killer who impersonally assassinates potential murderers, thieves and rapists. *A Philosophical Investigation* is a heady mix of science fiction and psychological thriller following a twisting course through seediest London, Cambridge academia and behind the closed doors of a secret government project.

In the book, Kerr skilfully handles several unsavoury and politically sensitive issues, whilst avoiding being, excessive or superficial. However, the novel is ultimately let down by its central plot device: The man who kills because science says it is in his nature to do so. Overall this is a well-written book spoilt by the author's attempt to cash in on post Jurassic Park 'science is bad' fever. Shame!

House.

Published by: Arrow
Price: £5.99 (paperback)

Exhibition

National Art Collection Fund Exhibition
National Gallery

The National Art Collection Fund is 90 years old and to celebrate they've organised showings of various works of art to new audiences in other parts of the country.

To launch the exhibition they have taken 'The Madonna and Child enthroned with St Peter and St Paul and a Donor' from the Birmingham Art Gallery and are showing it in the National Gallery and in my opinion we shouldn't give it back. For any of you who haven't visited the Gallery, this is a perfect opportunity to take in some of the best works from nearly every period and in every style imaginable.

In 1991 the Sainsbury wing was built, giving a permanent home to one of the finest early Renaissance collections in the world. You can see the Da Vinci cartoon (which is a rough drawing from which a painting is planned and has nothing to do with Disney), a representation of Saints John the Baptist, Anne, Mary and the

little baby Jesus. The cartoon is probably the most famous work the Fund has ever helped buy. For those of you with more modern tastes there are literally dozens of Impressionists, post-Impressionists and all manner of European art. It is free as well, so you have no excuse.

Very little is known about this work. It is known that it came from the school of the master Giovanni Bellini; it is almost certain that he is responsible for the overall composition and the saints. It was part of an altarpiece and originally had doors. The figures themselves are beautifully realised in a way only paintings of this period seem to be able to achieve; they appear at once life-like and angelic, perfectly visualising the dodgy theological idea of being both God and Man. Little is known about its history; though we can be sure that it came from Venice. It is unusual therefore to see a donor in the picture. Though quite common everywhere else to have yourself socialising with the saints

in pictures you commissioned, the Venetians thought this to be just a little too ostentatious. What we do know is that it appeared in England in 1801 and was held in various private collections until it came on the market in 1967. The National Art Collection Fund donated £20,000 towards the purchase fund.

The Fund receives no money from Government and relies entirely on its membership. Over the last 90 years they have helped purchase over 10,000 works of art for the nation and annually distribute £1.5 million. Membership is £15 per year and you can get more information on 071 821 0404.

The National Gallery is the big white building in Trafalgar Square with all the tourists outside it and it is open every day. So don't say you weren't told.

Tony Grew

Theatre

One More Head On The Block



The French, eh? Don't you just love them? Well, no, to be honest. And *One More Head On The Block* didn't exactly help matters, what with it being bloody awful. In retrospect I felt very sorry for the playwright, Marcel Ayme. Throughout the whole piece he tries so very hard to be witty. What we are left with is a very poor Gallic imitation of Noel Coward. The plot, such as it is, is merely a vehicle for the alleged hilarity; a man sentenced to death knows that the only person who can act as an alibi for the night of the murder is the wife of the judge who is also

the mistress of the prosecutor. She spent the night with him in a sleazy motel. He escapes from prison and confronts them all. This is where I fell asleep.

The rest of the audience loved it - all 39 other seats were taken. It defies logic that those people paid £8 each for this stuff. I would have walked out if it was free. Yet they revelled in it. In fact the audience was much more interesting than the play, trying to out do each other and show off to their partner - and these are hard-core Hampsteadites we're talking about here, no

girlfriends of husbands - that they *fully* understood the joke, and why it is particularly funny in French, and basically how very *witty* the whole exercise was. There were some actors in evidence, and you can see a picture of them on this page. For legal reasons I am advised not to describe quite what I thought of their performances, but suffice to say I was not impressed.

Tony Grew

The Chelsea Centre, World's End Place, King's Road, SW10. 071 352 1967. Tickets £8.

Theatre

Wallenstein

Wallenstein is set in the Thirty Years War (1618-1648) and re-enacts the events of 1634 which led to the death of Wallenstein, the then Imperial Supreme Commander of the German Protestant army. Wallenstein doesn't want to betray the Emperor, but is coerced and tricked in to doing so by close friends and generals.

Wallenstein is a well written drama. The set is minimal, but subtle lighting changes and maximum use of the available set allows the stage to become any number of rooms or places.

The acting is simply top notch. Ken Bones is excellent as Wallenstein and Philip Voss is enjoyable as the manipulating Octavio Piccolomini. What more can I say? Go and see it!

Dave

RSC Pit, Barbican, EC2. Barbican/ Moorgate Tube. 071 638 8891. Concs £6.50.

Theatre

Therese Raquin

This exhaustingly long, disasterous french play is hopefully a lesson to all adapters and translationists since it shows the dangers of doing a bad job.

The story is as old as the hills, and hence a bit boring: wife of sexually inactive husband is fed up, wife finds tall, dark, sexually active lover, lover and wife murder husband, lover marries wife, marriage is haunted by the dead husband and hence is a nightmare, mother of dead husband becomes an invalid and must be looked after by lover and wife and they all live dismally ever after.

The music and set are good with an excellent atmosphere being created from the outset. Alas it is ruined by what I can only describe as either a really dire adaptation or acting that looks more

at home in an amateur production. The audience were laughing at the serious bits and especially at the characters and their over acting.

The 'love' scene was hysterical as well; just a blatant excuse for faking orgasms without the actors engaging in any bodily contact (have they been offered roles for the stage version of *When Harry Met Sally?*).

It's seems a shame that the refurbishment of the Young Vic should precede this awfulness. I feel let down and hope that the rock opera which starts on the 18th November is much, much better.

Harry

At The Young Vic, 66 The Cut, SE1. Waterloo Tube/BR. 071 928 6363. Until Nov 6th. Mon-Sat 7.30pm. Concs £5.

Careers Fair - Fair or Unfair?

John Simpson, Director of the Imperial College Careers Service advises you on how best to prepare for this year's ICU Careers Fair and how to get the most out of it once you're there.

The ICU Careers Fair is different from many of the other Careers Fairs you may experience. Firstly, it is attended by employers who are particularly interested in meeting students, graduates and postgraduates from Imperial College. Secondly it is situated in the Sherfield Building in the heart of College and so is immediately accessible to us all and thirdly, it is not so crowded that you will have to wait for ages before you can have a discussion with an employer. So, you have no excuse for not turning up!

Do your prep.

Preparation is all important! Think about how you can get the most from the two days, what you need to say to impress employers and what you want to learn from them.

And homework.

Do some homework by reading up about the organisations which are attending. You can get quick information from the various employer directories such as *PROSPECTS* (previously known as *ROGET*), *GO* and *GET*, available from the IC Careers Service. Also, you should read the excellent Careers Fair Brochure available on the day.

Clueless?

If you haven't a clue what you want to do, now is the time to start thinking seriously about yourself. What are your particular interests, abilities, skills and values? What do you enjoy

doing and what are you good at? The Careers Service has the computer aided careers guidance system, *PROSPECT (HE)*, which may help, and there are also work books you can go through on your own.

Interests, Abilities, Skills and Values.

These are the interests you have, such as in engineering or science, managerial or administrative, literary or verbal. Your abilities such as problem-solving, numeracy or social confidence. Your skills such as designing, planning or analysing. Your values such as independence, variety or security.

Occupations.

You may wish to remain with your degree discipline or you may want to think about a career in a different direction. There are a wide range to choose from: Engineering to Education, Science to Selling, Accountancy to Zoo Keeping. Match your personal qualities with what you are good at doing and what you enjoy doing and then you can then try to choose an occupation.

Employers.

Once you've sorted out who you are and what sort of occupation you are seeking, you can begin to market yourself to potential employers. Approach each one at the Careers Fair as if they are your chosen, ideal and preferred employer. Be enthusiastic, it is infectious and you will be remembered.

Your Questions.

Prepare a few questions to get you started with each one, along the lines of:

What opportunities do you have for a ???ist?

Can I get Chartered Engineering status with your company?

Do you prefer postgraduates for any of your vacancies?

At which location do most graduates start?

What are the career development prospects?

Is a foreign language important?

What travel is necessary in the UK or abroad?

Why do you like working for Intergalactic Industries?

Their questions.

Be prepared for employers to take an interest in you and expect some probing questions. What sort of work are you seeking? Why are you interested in us? How is your degree course going? What have you learnt about yourself during your studies? What are your strengths? What are your weaknesses? What do you mean by a management career?

And finally.

The IC Careers Fair should help you to start on your career search. You may even end up joining one of the companies you talk to. Give yourself a flying start by good preparation, and if you need some advice, call at the IC Careers Service stand at the Careers Fair.

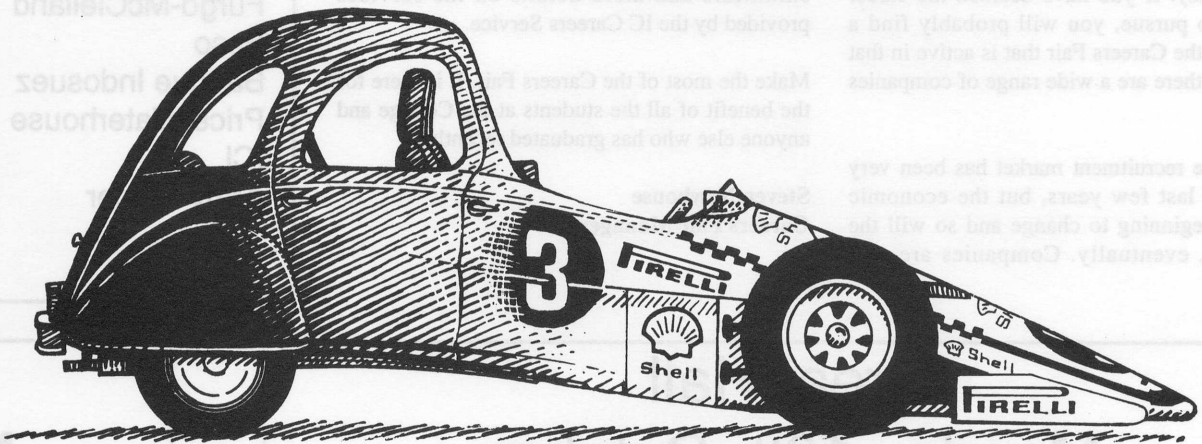
Imperial College Careers Service

Room 310
Sherfield Building

For information about vacation training, information booklets, reference files and videos.

Open Monday to Friday, 10.00am to 5.15pm

If you want to get on, get in the fast lane.



Autumn Presentation Imperial College 28 October 1993

If you want to learn more about your prospects with the world's largest management consultancy, please visit us at Imperial College in the Sherfield Ante Room on Thursday, 28 October 1993 at 6pm. There will be a buffet following the presentation.

*For further information contact the
Andersen Consulting Help Desk on 0500 100 189*

**ANDERSEN
CONSULTING**
ARTHUR ANDERSEN & CO., S.C.

Imperial College Union Careers Fair

Introduction

This coming Monday and Tuesday, sees the return of the **Imperial College Union Careers Fair**. Both the Great Hall and the Junior Common Room (JCR) in the Sheffield building will be filled with companies looking for you!

The companies attending this year cover the range of job opportunities available to graduates, from the Armed Forces to the Civil Service, from statistics to engineering, from accountancy to consultancy. If you have decided the career you want to pursue, you will probably find a company at the Careers Fair that is active in that area. If not, there are a wide range of companies to talk to.

The graduate recruitment market has been very slow in the last few years, but the economic climate is beginning to change and so will the job market, eventually. Companies are still

recruiting, even if it is in smaller numbers than four years ago during the boom.

Even if you are not in your final year, come along to the Careers Fair and talk to the employers. If nothing else it will get you used to doing it in future years.

The Careers Fair brochure, available during the event, has more information on each of the exhibitors and more details on the services provided by the IC Careers Service.

Make the most of the Careers Fair. It is there for the benefit of all the students at the College and anyone else who has graduated recently.

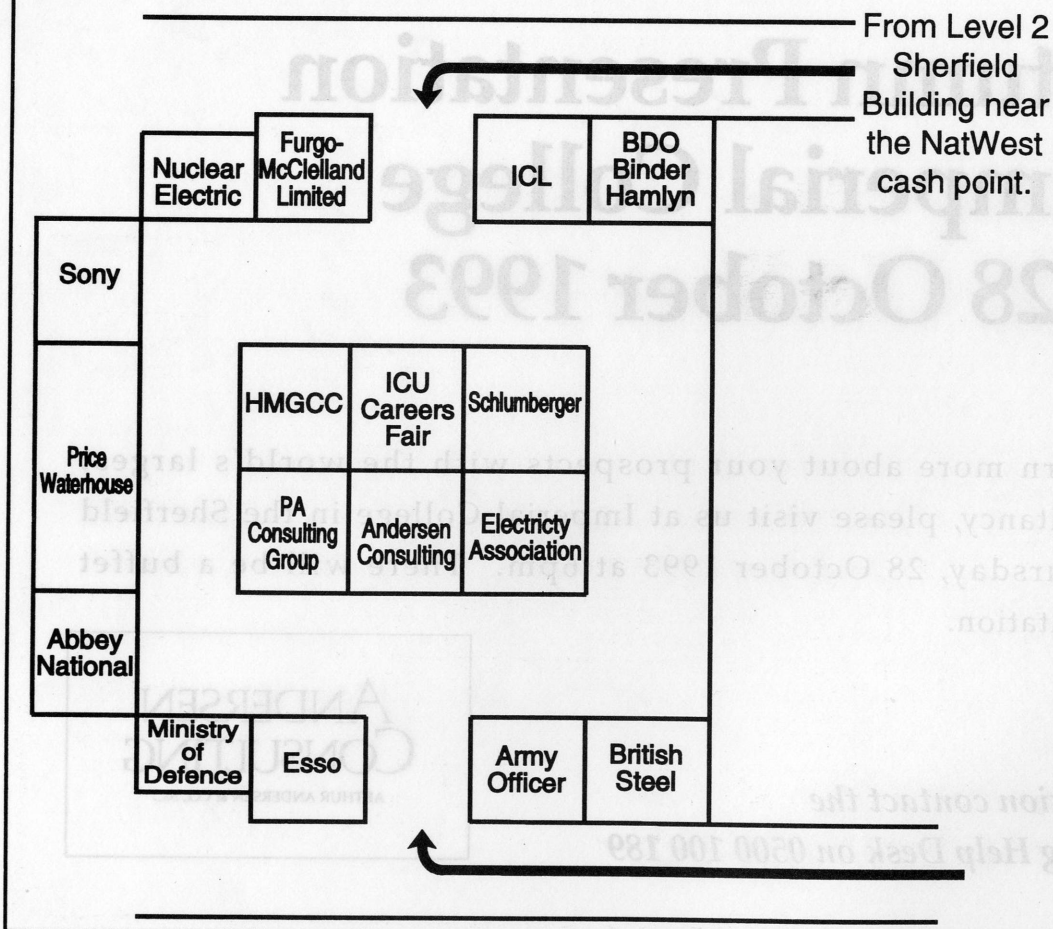
Steven Newhouse
Careers Fair Manager

Which Companies Will Be There?

Monday only	Tuesday only	Both Days
Andersen Consulting HMG Communications Centre PA Consulting Group Schlumberger Sony Manufacturing UK Abbey National Furgo-McClelland Esso Banque Indosuez Price Waterhouse ICL Army Officer	BDO Binder Hamlyn British Steel Nuclear Electric Ministry of Defence (DES/DSG) BT Electricity Association British Gas John Brown Engineers Chartered Institute of Management Accountants DOAC	Royal Navy & Royal Marines Touche Ross TASC BOC Government Statistical Service John Lewis Partnership Arthur Andersen Defence Research Agency Johnson Matthey Mobil Madge Networks Procter & Gamble General Portfolio Ricardo Consulting Engineers Smithkline Beecham WS Atkins Ove Arup Partnership Rolls Royce Logica IC Careers Service

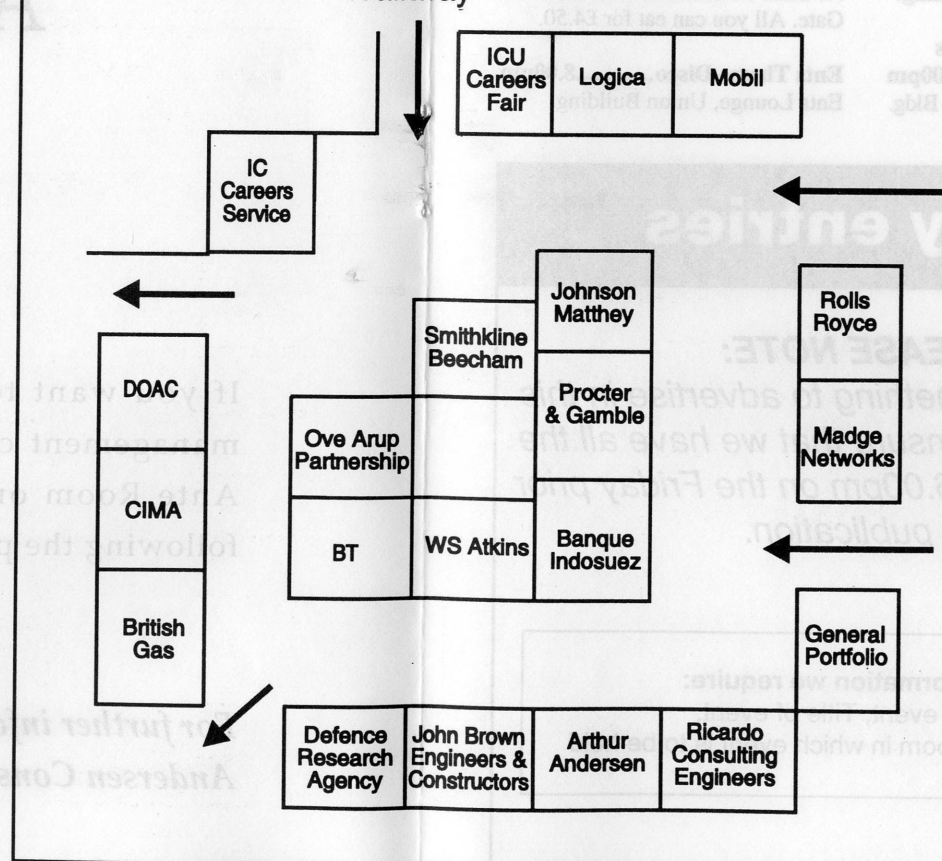
Great Hall Monday 18th October

From Level 2
Sheffield
Building near
the NatWest
cash point.



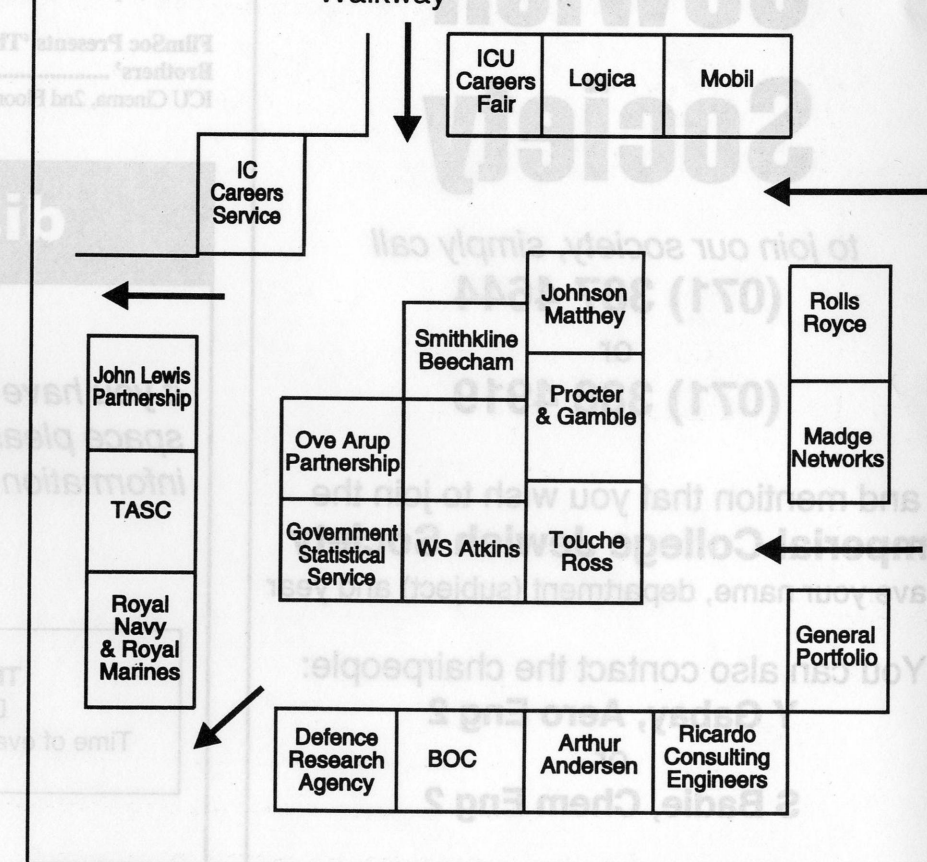
JCR Monday 18th October

Entrance from the
Walkway



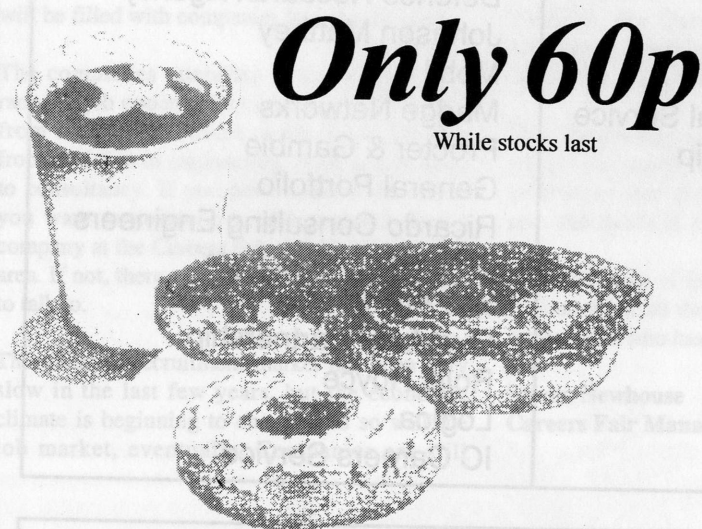
JCR Tuesday 19th October

Entrance from the
Walkway



Southside Shop

Fresh Cake & a Cup of Coffee/Tea



Imperial College Jewish Society

to join our society, simply call
(071) 387 4644
or
(071) 388 4919

and mention that you wish to join the
Imperial College Jewish Society
Leave your name, department (subject) and year

You can also contact the chairpeople:
Y Gabay, Aero Eng 2
or
S Badie, Chem Eng 2

diary

Friday 15th

Labour Club12.00pm-2.00pm
First meeting of the year in the Union Lounge (Ground Floor), Union Building. Refreshments provided. All welcome.

Rag Meeting.....1.00pm
Meet outside Concert Hall, 2nd Floor, Union Building.

Icon Poster Sale.....8am-6.00pm
Junior Common Room, Sherfield.

Overseas Societies Freshers' Disco.....8.00pm-late
Junior Common Room, Sherfield Building.

Saturday 16th

Live Monopoly round London.....all day
Organised by Imperial College Rag. Sign up at your CCU offices at 10am.

OpSoc Rehearsals.....2.00pm
For 'Opposites Attract' in the Junior Common Room, Sherfield Building.

DramSoc Auditions.....2.30pm
For Oscar Wilde's 'The Ideal Husband' in the Brown Committee Room (top floor), Union Building.

FilmSoc Presents 'The Blues Brothers'11.00pm
ICU Cinema, 2nd Floor, Union Bldg.

Sunday 17th

OpSoc Rehearsals.....1.00pm
For 'Opposites Attract' in the Union Concert Hall, 2nd Floor, Union Building.

FilmSoc Presents 'Strictly Ballroom'7.00pm
ICU Cinema, 2nd Floor, Union Building, Beit Quad. All seats £2.00.

Monday 18th

ArtSoc.....12.30pm-1.30pm
Meeting in the Union Dining Hall, Union Building where tickets for *Les Misérables* will be available.

'Opposites Attract' and Party.....7.30pm
OpSoc's performance in the Union Concert Hall, 2nd Floor, Union Building.

Dance Club.....5.30pm
Union Dining Hall, Union Building.

Chess Club6.00pm
Brown Committee Room, Union Building.

CathSoc Dinner6.30pm
At Chan's Restaurant in Palace Gate. All you can eat for £4.50.

Ents Theme Disco.....8.00pm
Ents Lounge, Union Building.

15th - 22nd Oct

Tuesday 19th

Jazz & Rock Buskers Night8.00pm
Ents Lounge, Union Building.

CathSoc Mass12.00pm
Sir Leon Bagrit Centre, Level 1 of Mech Eng. Followed by lunch.

Sailing Club Freshers' Ploughman's Lunch.....12.30pm-1.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge. Come along and fill your face and arrange your free trial sail. Elections for two first year reps will also be held.

Wednesday 20th

Japanese Society1.00pm
In Ante Room, Sherfield Building.

Tenpin Bowling Club.....2.15pm
Meet in Aero Eng foyer for a trip to Chessington Bowl. Transport provided.

DramSoc Auditions.....2.30pm
Oscar Wilde's 'The Ideal Husband' in the Brown Committee Room (top floor), Union Building.

Circus Skills Society.....4.00pm
Union Lounge.

Club Libido.....9.00pm
Featuring 'The Full Monty on Tour' with Mixmaster supremo Paul Oakenfold and Chad Jackson. In the Union Lounge. Bar till midnight.

Happy Hour8.00pm-10.00pm
Da Vinci's Bar, The Union Building, Beit Quad. 20% off.

Thursday 21st

Commemoration Day.....all day

Christian Union Meeting.....6.00pm
Meet for food at 6pm and the meeting will run from 6.30pm to 8.30pm in Huxley Building Room 308. All fab bunnies welcome.

Tenpin Bowling Club.....6.15pm
Meet in Aero Eng Foyer for trip to Hollywood Bowl, Tottenham Hale.

Help with Felix6.30pm
Come and put Felix together.

FilmSoc present 'Innocent Blood'7.00pm
ICU Cinema, 2nd Floor, Union Building, Beit Quad. All seats £2.00.

Rag Freshers' Event.....7.00pm
Free drinks and nibbles in the Senior Common Room.

Friday 22nd

Union General Meeting ...1.00pm
Junior Common Room.

Club Atmosphere8.00pm
In the Union Lounge, Beit Quad. Bar till 1.00am. Entry £1.

Happy Hour8.00pm-10.00pm
Da Vinci's Bar, IC Union.

All Overseas Students are invited to the

OVERSEAS FRESHER'S

FREE ENTRY **NIGHT** **FREE ENTRY**
on **FRIDAY**

15 OCTOBER 1993

in the

JUNIOR COMMON ROOM
(Sherfield Building)

Disco with live DJ **From 8pm to 1am**

Bar Extension til Late

*** bring IC Student ID Card ***

diary entries

PLEASE NOTE:

if you have something to advertise in this space please ensure that we have all the information by 6.00pm on the Friday prior to publication.

The information we require:

Day of event, Title of event,
Time of event, Room in which event is to be held

deadlines

To avoid a penalty worse than death i.e. not getting your article printed, make sure you adhere to these deadlines:

Everything, except letters: 6.00pm on the **Friday** prior to publication

Letters: 6.00pm on the **Monday** prior to publication

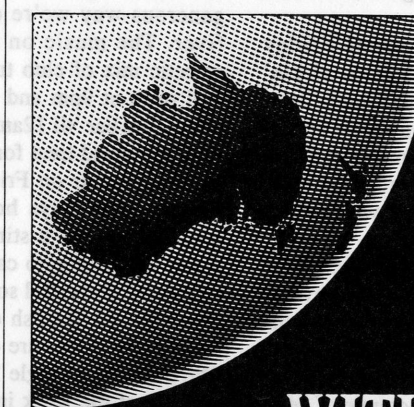
Bargain

Kawasaki GPz 550 sports fairing in firecracker red

A reg 63 bhp, 120mph. Sound chassis. Bearings and bushes need replacing for MOT. List price in dealers £1,450,

I'll sell for
£750 ono

Contact James Bayley on int 6887, Physics room 739b.



WITH STA TRAVEL
STUDENTS CAN AFFORD TO SEE IT ALL.

Imperial College, Sherfield Building, SW7

ABTA IATA

WHEREVER YOU'RE BOUND, WE'RE BOUND TO HAVE BEEN. **STA TRAVEL**

Clubs and Societies Column

by Charles Leary, Deputy President (Clubs and Societies)

Those of you who are still awaiting information on the clubs you are interested in may be getting disheartened at the lack of communication. All the people running these activities are full-time students and have had all the hassles of starting a new academic year as well as trying to run their club. You will get news of what is happening, but some clubs get organised quicker than others. If you feel you have been forgotten, then you can always drop them a note in their pigeon hole in the Union Office.

Two new societies are setting up: the Society for the Progression of Humanity and the Welsh Society. Both are social societies providing a forum for both events and discussions. The Welsh Society will encourage interaction and socialising between Imperial College's Welsh contingent. They welcome both English and Welsh speakers, in fact anyone with an interest in Wales. They intend to organise subsidised trips to Wales, Welsh rugby internationals and London Welsh clubs. Also the Welsh language will be taught free of charge. The first event will be a trip to the London Welsh Club on 29th October. To find out more contact Krista Jones on extension 6894.

Wargaming and Roleplaying, a well established and large society, have already started their programme of events. They meet in the Table Tennis Room (third floor Union Building) on Wednesdays and Sundays from 1pm onwards. Roleplaying Games are like the 'Cowboys and Indians' played by children, but this time with rules. They are either simulations or politico strategy games - backstab your friends and allies before they do it to you.

RAG have been very busy since the start of term. They ran the cloakrooms throughout Freshers' Week and organised the tiddlywinking down Oxford Street last weekend. Tomorrow is live Monopoly, an event not to be missed by anyone. New students will get practical experience in finding their way around London, meet lots of people, collect cash for MENCAP and get an invite to the exclusive party afterwards. All this and it won't cost you a penny (unless you are too lazy to walk and have to buy a travelcard).

The Overseas Students Committee have organised a Freshers' Disco happening tonight in the Junior Common Room, Sherfield Building. On Saturday and Sunday, the Operatic Society

will be holding rehearsals for their musical 'Opposites Attract'. The performance will be on Monday evening and everyone is welcome to attend.

One of Imperial College Union's newest societies is the Circus Skills Society. It started up last year when it was just a humble juggling club, but now it performs a much wider range of skills. They will be in the Union Lounge on Wednesday 3pm-5pm, so drop in and see them if you are interested.

The final word for this week is on the demise of the volleyball court. New students will not be aware of the fact that the Union had this facility which was used for basketball, volleyball and badminton. Unfortunately, it was built on Science Museum property and had to be demolished. By the time you read this, all the sports, including both the teams and recreational playing, should be re-sited to other facilities. The College have been exceptionally good in giving every assistance to help replace this facility and, thanks to their help, these sports should continue throughout the year despite the loss of the volleyball court.

What An Atmosphere!

With Freshers' Week now well and truly over we can look ahead to what's going on in the next couple of weeks.

Tonight, we start off our usual Friday *Atmosphere* nights with the Ents disco kickin' off at 9pm and continuing through until 2am. There's a late bar until 1am with a happy hour if you get there early on. Admission is just £1 all night, free if you've got an Ents card. This is the format for Friday nights in general with special events roughly every other week.

Monday night is a specialist disco with different themes each week - you'll have to check flyers for details. The music runs from 9pm until 12am and there's a happy hour in the bar between 8pm and 10pm. Entry is free.

This coming week there are a couple of gems for your pleasure and enjoyment. On Wednesday 20th October, *Club Libido* plays host to the *Full Monty* upstairs in the Concert Hall. The *Full Monty* is a long running club from the Windsor area which has spawned various high brow one-off events. For this evening the Union will be graced by the presence of DJ *Paul Oakenfold* a legendary DJ, producer and remixer who recently went on tour with U2 as well as remixing their hugely successful single, 'Even Better Than The Real Thing'. He also worked with Steve Osborne on all the Happy Mondays more famous records. Support on the night will come from Chad Jackson who is unfortunately more famous for 'Hear The Drummer Get Wicked' than his skills on the decks.

Now, any London club would charge at least £10 for a night such as this but in our usual generous way we're only charging a measly fiver. The music on the night should be an eclectic mix of club tunes old and new. Doors will open at 9pm and the party runs until 2am with a late bar 'til 12am. Bring a friend.

The second treat for the week is a somewhat different affair on Friday 22nd October when *Atmosphere* plays host to a band currently causing a bit of a stir in the media - *My Life Story*. Impossible to categorise, they mix poppy songs and orchestral sounds with a large amount of traditional English eccentricity and come up smelling of a mixture of roses, bacon and eggs. The band's new single 'Girl A, Girl B, Boy C' is a single of the week in both Melody Maker and NME but tickets for this event will be just £2 in advance, possibly more on the door. People with Ents cards are looking at just £1.

This just leaves me to say a big thanks to everyone who helped during Freshers' Week. Special thanks go to Andy Nu and all of the Dramsoc lighting crew who everyone should praise for not just the lights but for their all round help. Thanks to the Sabbs, Sam and Mandy and of course Michelle for putting up with us and to Kash for selling tickets. Last of all a big round of applause to all the Ents crew that helped especially Dave and Gav, also Andy and BJ for putting me on the right tracks. And everyone else not mentioned, I raise my glass to all of you.

Tetsuo 2: Body Hammer

"Imagine Ridley Scott directing a William Gibson story with advice from David Kroenbergs."

This is the kind of blurb *Tetsuo 2* usually attracts. And it's a fair description really. If those three names mean nothing to you, the film is a typical Japanese story of a bunch of metal freaks who turn themselves into living weapons (body hammers). They infect an ordinary family man with their metal seed, causing him to transform into a man/gun hybrid whenever he loses his temper, which he does rather a lot in the course of the film.

Along with its vaguely cyberpunk overtones, the film's basic theme is the (rather poetic, actually) beauty in destruction, mixed in with the bodily corruption and absorption. The film's imagery is very powerful and the shoestring effects add much to the dark, grimy atmosphere.

It's being screened at 7pm on Tuesday 26th October in the Concert Hall. You can join ICSF on the door for £3 and get in free, or if you're already a member who's used up your free film, it's £1.20. Members of Japan Society also get in for our membership price of £1.20 and for everyone else it's £1.80.

The Blues Brothers is showing at ICU Cinema next Saturday

IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

CAREERS FAIR

Monday 18th October
Tuesday 19th October

in the
Great Hall &
Junior Common Room

from 10am to 4pm each day

FREE ENTRY AND BROCHURE

Over 40 organisations attending this year...

Abbey National plc
Andersen Consulting
Army Officer
Arthur Andersen
Banque Indosuez
BDO Binder Hamlyn
BOC
British Gas
British Steel
BT
CIMA

Defence Research Agency
Ministry of Defence (DES/DSG)
DOAC
Electricity Association
Esso Petroleum Company Ltd
Furgo McClelland
General Portfolio
Government Statistical Service
HMG Communications Centre
ICL
John Brown Engineers

John Lewis Partnership
Johnson Matthey plc
Logica
Madge Networks Ltd
Mobil Oil Company Ltd
Nuclear Electric plc
PA Consulting Group
Price Waterhouse
Procter & Gamble Ltd
Ricardo Consulting Engineers
Rolls Royce plc

Royal Navy & Royal Marines
Ove Arup Partnership
Schlumberger
Smithkline Beecham
Sony Manufacturing Company UK
TASC
Touche Ross
WS Atkins
**and the Imperial College
Careers Service**

End Of Summer Sail!

At the end of last year, the Sailing Club went to Northern Ireland to compete in the Coleraine 24 hour yacht race. Ben Deverson and Sinead Malone report.

This year, Imperial College managed to muster two teams for the race: 'Imperial College Flying Circus' and 'TICKled Pink'.

After leaving college, the first stop was the Welsh Harp Reservoir to collect two Firefly dinghies. We eventually left London, seemingly fully laden, with a further two people to pick up en route. Not knowing what the weather was holding in store for us, everyone had packed all conceivable sailing kit to suit every extreme. The creature comforts were also well in hand with members not only bringing along sleeping bags, but duvets, pillows, cushions, foam mats, a music system, twelve juggling balls, four performance kites, copious confectionery and enough spare boat fittings and tools to make the 'Mary Rose' into a Whitbread contender.

We finally made it to Cairnryan ferry terminal at 4.30am. Whilst some people piled out to play frisbee, the remainder collapsed into the newly found space and snoozed for a couple hours before catching the ferry.

After arriving at Larne we took the coastal road to Coleraine via the Giant's Causeway where we stopped to admire the spectacular scenery and take team photographs.

The warm welcome we received at Coleraine Yacht Club really made the day. After a team siesta we awoke raring to go for the evenings entertainment - a barbecue plus plenty of liquid refreshment!

The next morning, disaster nearly struck. Whilst rigging the boats we found that the mast for one boat did not fit! We'd brought the mast belonging to another boat! However after some frantic work with an electric drill and a file, the mast was jammed into place and the boat was passed as seaworthy.

As the race start approached the first crews assembled and prepared for it, whilst the more senior (or should that be the more cunning) team members administered to the demanding task of attending the Commodore's Buffet, which boasted some reasonable nosh and free drink. We dragged ourselves out just in time to see the start and to support our two boats.

The principle of the race is as follows: Each boat is allocated an internationally recognised handicap number. Every time a boat completes a lap, its corrected lap time is calculated as a function of its handicap number and its actual lap time. In this manner every boat has a competitive corrected lap time. Hence the boat with the quickest average lap time over the 24 hours is the winner.

Throughout the 24 hours our two boats were very evenly matched. As soon as one boat got a lead, a change of helm once again reversed the positions. The boats were never separated by more than 15 minutes and, as a consequence, the tense atmosphere increased throughout the race. After 23 hours of sailing both boats had identical lap times! Every three hours or so throughout the race there was a change of crew; the two helms



Imperial College Sailing Club's Fireflies

alternated shifts whilst the crews spent one shift on and two shifts off. This provided only short breaks and most people were reluctant to sleep for fear of being rudely awakened at 1am or 4am only to be told that they had five minutes to stumble about in the cold and dark and get back into soaking sailing kit, before wading waist deep in water at the changeover area to meet the incoming boat!

Sailing in the dark is really eerie. It was blowing a steady force 3/4 and we were sailing hard and fast, having to hike-out up the beat and surfing down the waves on the run. The buoys were marked with the flashing amber lights commonly found at roadworks and in student bedrooms, the boats with small chemical lights. The only lighting was provided by flood lights on the start/finish line and at the changeover area. These provided a welcome opportunity for the helm to check the trim of the mainsail, otherwise it was very dark and quiet.

As dawn approached 'TICKled Pink' was recorded as sailing the fastest lap time, however several hours later it was deemed a mistake as no one believed that a Firefly (and student sailors) could possibly have sailed so fast!

Fortunately we had very little gear failure, which is surprising given the testing conditions through the night. We lost one jib stick overboard, another snapped under foot in the dark, and a jib halyard broke during the early hours of Sunday.

Our two teams, 'IC Flying Circus' and

'TICKled Pink', finished 4th and 5th overall respectively, winning two trophies in the process, 'First Menagerie Class' - not in the top three places and 'Best University Team'. In addition to the two trophies, we also won a bottle of Port, two fruit cakes, tee-shirts and caps, provided by the major sponsors to the event, Coca-Cola (Ulster).

This highly excellent weekend demonstrated to all involved the sort of adventure and excitement that can be had by a club when they branch further afield and compete on a larger scale than inter-university racing. All thoroughly enjoyed themselves and hope to return next year.

Teams:

Imperial College Flying Circus: Helms - Ben Deverson, Mike Dunbar. Crews - Sinead Malone, Zara Flynn, Alan Geer.

TICKled Pink: Helms - Liam Moloney, Bill Chard. Crews - Mel. Hayles, Sarah Thomas, Henry Nebrensky.

If you want to experience the thrills and excitement of dinghy sailing, come and see us at our weekly meetings every Tuesday at 12.30pm in the Southside Upper Lounge or contact us through the Sailing Club pigeon hole in the Union office. We cater for all abilities from the experienced race helm to the complete novice, with one of the best equipped fleets in the country.

From Old Kent Road To Mayfair

This Saturday saw the first event of the Rag year. Yes you've got it - Tiddlywinks. Many people ignored the rain to turn up and take part. Everyone gathered at the CCU offices and then went over to Princes Gardens for Wakey Wakey Southside to wake the residents up. A few people did actually join us from there - they couldn't really ignore us. Also, for the first time, Linstead Hall got a wakey wakey call.

From there we were all ferried to Marble Arch for a photocall (after we woke up one of our minibus drivers - hello Dave Goddard!). The CCUs were all there in their regalia, as were Jez and Clem (the RCSU fire engine and the Mines flatbed truck). Unfortunately Bo, Guilds' vintage car couldn't make it because of a poorly back wheel. Hopefully she will be with us for Live Monopoly this Saturday.

As soon as everyone had arrived at Marble Arch, the tiddlywinking started with a vengeance. Enthusiastic collectors made their way along Oxford and Regent Street avoiding as many obstacles as possible. Lots of shoppers and tourists were so bemused by the sight of people tiddlywinking along the street that they reached in their pockets and donated some money to Action Aid. Some tiddlywinks (but no tiddlywinkers) got run over but eventually everyone arrived at Piccadilly Circus intact. Once here, we did the traditional ring-a-ring-a-roses around the Eros, much to the amazement of the tourists. Then Jane, our esteemed Rag Chair, lost some of her dignity by being dunked



Jane, Rag Chair, after being thrown into the fountain at Eros for the first time!

in the fountain, twice! After all this, all the collectors were ferried to The Queens Arm Tavern in Draycott Street to try to drink it dry.

The total amount of money collected was the grand sum of £647.28! Well done to everyone who took part. All in all it was a great start to the year and everyone involved enjoyed themselves. Special congratulations to the top fresher collectors: Emma Russel & Chris Lewis £36.56 (team) and David Barnes £21.93 (solo).

If you missed Tiddlywinks, don't worry, the fun isn't over yet. This Saturday there's Live Monopoly. Teams of four to six run around London visiting all the sites on the Monopoly board, solving clues and collecting treasure. Sign up at the Rag Office (2nd floor, east staircase, Union Building) from 10am. Afterwards, there's a free party organised by Mencap. There are prizes for the winning teams, including a skiing trip to Andorra. See you there!

Are you a vegetarian?

Ever thought of becoming vegetarian?

*Come and check out the
Main Dining Hall, Sherfield
18th - 22nd October*

**National Vegetarian Week Special Dishes
Plus
Commemoration Day Menu on 21st October**

Scout and Guide Club Go Climbing

The Scout and Guide Summer Tour to the Italian Alps was convened in the South of France after a brief, wet and electrifying sojourn in the shadow of the Matterhorn. Acclimatising was achieved by patronising successively higher bars up the valley. Tolerance having been established, our first forays to the mountain tops met with the gods' displeasure. Eschewing strength with his arm, he did a fair amount of striking down the mighty from their seats. So Piedmont was quit in search of the good life, the high mountains, the cheap wine and the croissants delivered to the tent door every morning.

The bottom of the crevasse was our initial target. Getting in was easy enough - a sensation similar to walking the plank or discovering that there's one step missing from the cellar steps when the light bulb has gone out. Getting out was the hard bit. We were forced to leave behind some weaker members of the party (such is Darwinism at the sharp end!).

Those making it back to camp were deemed to possess the required skills to be let loose on the unsuspecting French mountains. This theory proceeded to be disproved repeatedly. Facile routes were transmogrified into the Eiger Nordwand. Bergschrands mysteriously appeared, swallowing equipment and people. Nights were spent on snowy ledges in thunderstorms with only a pair of thermal long johns between you and certain death.

Survivors staggered back in the early (and

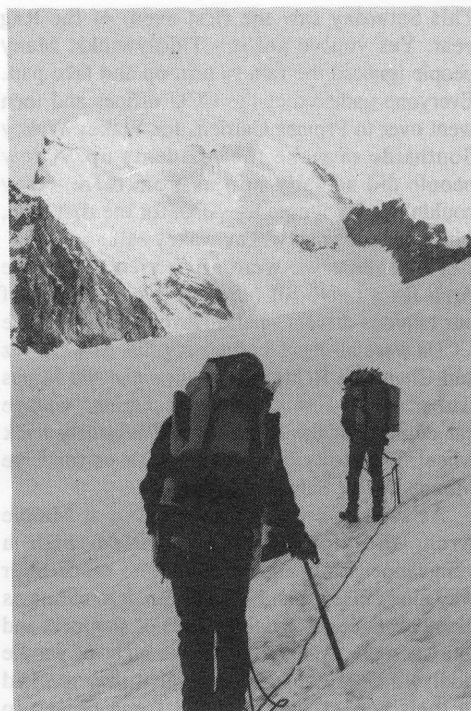
not so early hours) and the helicopters were on the verge of being sent out on more than one occasion.

Having endured these 'pleasures of alpinism', the reward came in making one's own epic into the most heroic of the tour, over several glasses of the local plonk de plonks. For example, ankle deep snow became drifts going over the head and 2500 metres was causing terminal altitude sickness. All too soon, though, we were speeding back to the homeland, stopping only to fill the van with smelly cheeses and expensive bottles of wine.

Amongst the highlights of the remaining summer was camping in a back garden while the next-door neighbours played dance music to their pot plants.

Thanks must go as ever to Simon Gubbins (we look forward to his forthcoming novel '101 Things To Do With A Dead Tomato') and to Stacey Kittner whose organisation ensured that there was never a dull moment.

We will be piling a minibus to the windows and heading off in search of adventure a number of times this term (see below for details). If this interests you, hear the stories and eat the butties every lunchtime in Southside Upper Lounge.



Scout and Guide, you guessed it, climbing!

**Oct 15th-17th
Oct 27th**

Hathersage, Peak District
Skiing on the Plastic Alps
of Hemel Hempstead

Nov 12th-14th

Wasdale, Lake District

**Nov 26th-28th
Dec 4th**

Cadair Idris, Mid Wales
Wyeobston: quads, jet skis,
even better if it snows

Dec 10th-12th

Bethesda, Snowdonia

• FRESH HAIR SALON •

the best student offer in london!



**CUT &
BLOW DRY**

£14 LADIES

£12 MEN

Normal price: £28!

.....



1 minute walk from South Kensington Tube Station!!

Call: 071 823 8968

15A HARRINGTON ROAD, SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON SW7 3ES

Living On The Box

BBC2 launches a new documentary series today, The Living Soap. Five students living together in a house? Sounds familiar. Tony Grew investigates.

If we're going to be honest about it at the beginning, we may as well acknowledge the fact that the Def II series has an image problem. Basically, young people think that most of its output is condescending and laughable. And let's face it, Janet Street-Porter (the 35 year old clubber) doesn't help matters. Neither does Normski for that matter. The list of supposed good ideas, from Rapido to Reportage, is long and embarrassing. So BBC Youth Programming have come up with this idea: *The Living Soap*. When I say "come up with" it, I really mean that they have blatantly stolen it from the MTV series 'The Real World', shown recently on C4. There is no shame in this and the series looks to be interesting one way or another.

The basic premise is the same: five students who have never met are given a house to live in, their lives are filmed and then shown on TV. The Beeb have opted to film one week and edit in time to broadcast the next. The cameras will follow the subjects to college, their girlfriend's house, to clubs. Everywhere. There should be some positive differences from 'The Real World' whose main problem was that the people were so, well, American. Consequently it was difficult to feel anything for them. I kept wishing they would all fall under a bus. But students, well, that's a different matter.

The five in question are all suitably diverse; at least that way you increase the chances of some in-house tension:

We have Emma Harris who is driven completely crazy by racism, is troubled by troubles in Somalia, wants to be an advertising copywriter when she grows up and regards her son Samuel as her first priority.

She contrasts neatly with 18 year old Vidya Manickavasagar (thankfully known as Spider) as a London clubber who wants to be a DJ or a supermodel when she grows up. She is annoyed by bigots, carnivores and cruelty to animals.

It is as light relief that they included Karen Bishko. Her biggest indulgence is talking on the phone and she claims that she would abolish apartheid. In her defence, she does propose that ginger people should be made to shave off all their hair. Unfortunately, her biggest ambition is to make her children happy and win Wimbledon.

As a bit more of a contrast, they included Dan Moore, a self confessed Conservative voter



Simon McKeown, Matthew Lappin, Emma Harris, Vidya Manickavasagar, Karen Bishko

whose ambition is to own a multi-national business, would introduce a law to imprison child offenders and cites Richard Branson as his biggest influence. As if all this wasn't bad enough, he's from Colchester.

Simon McKeown claims to be famous for being a sad get, which isn't hard to picture when you learn that his favourite band is Depeche Mode, friendliness makes him happy and he likes tolerance in others.

Lastly we have Matthew Lappin doing a National Diploma in Audio Systems who apparently has a problem with the letter 'g', as he says he enjoys "chillin out, playin tunes, workin and seein my girlfriend".

I always feel very slightly guilty for enjoying programmes like these, almost as if I am watching someone in the shower. It is inevitable that a concept with as much voyeuristic appeal as this one will generate a lot of interest. Indeed even the national broadsheets have given lengthy verdicts on the pros and cons of the idea.

The debate seems a simple one of opinion and semantics; you say exploitative, I say informative, and so on. In a way, it is irrelevant; the time slots are a clue to BBC2's real motives; Friday, 7.15pm gives them fifteen minutes to engage those who are looking for something to

watch before Coronation Street. Even if they lose most of the audience halfway through, they can recoup those losses on the second showing at 1.40pm on Sundays, when at least eight million will be tuning in to catch Eastenders.

So it is not just a desire to truly represent the lives and views of a generation that drives Def II here; there are several lucrative rating related ones as well. Again, there is no shame in that - the BBC deserves better ratings. It must be annoying when the tat LWT churns out on a Saturday evening consistently rates higher than quality programming such as Casualty. *The Living Soap* is by no means a safe bet either - it is set to run for the academic year but we have to remember that its success is dependent on factors such as whether people find the everyday existence of five students interesting enough.

Perhaps the most worrying is the potentially detrimental effect this all could have on our parents' ideas of student life. Mine think that I spend all my time in the library - God alone knows what they will make of this. Thankfully the programme goes out before 9pm so we will be spared the more enjoyable student excesses. You have been warned, get your excuses ready.

'Oh no, mummy, our college is *nothing* like that...'

Rough Guides

No, not an exposé of bullying within the female version of Scouts, but rather a new series of the excellent travel programme, also from BBC2 and also starting a new series this week. This time the girl with the sunglasses and the Asian bloke (who is now a completely different Asian bloke, but nobody seems to really have noticed) pack their suitcases and showcase the Americas.

First up are San Francisco and Seattle, from gay to grunge. If you have never watched an episode then do - they're well worth the effort, are highly informative and quite funny as well!

Next week - a feature on the Levi ads of the past

Five Bands, Five Days, Two Nights

That was the Freshers' week that was. Whilst Owain swanned lyrically around the bar, Tintin babbled dysfunctionally into his Beamish. Bouncing boldly off the back of the attending NME journos, they slunk back to lick their pride and produce their own soiled report...

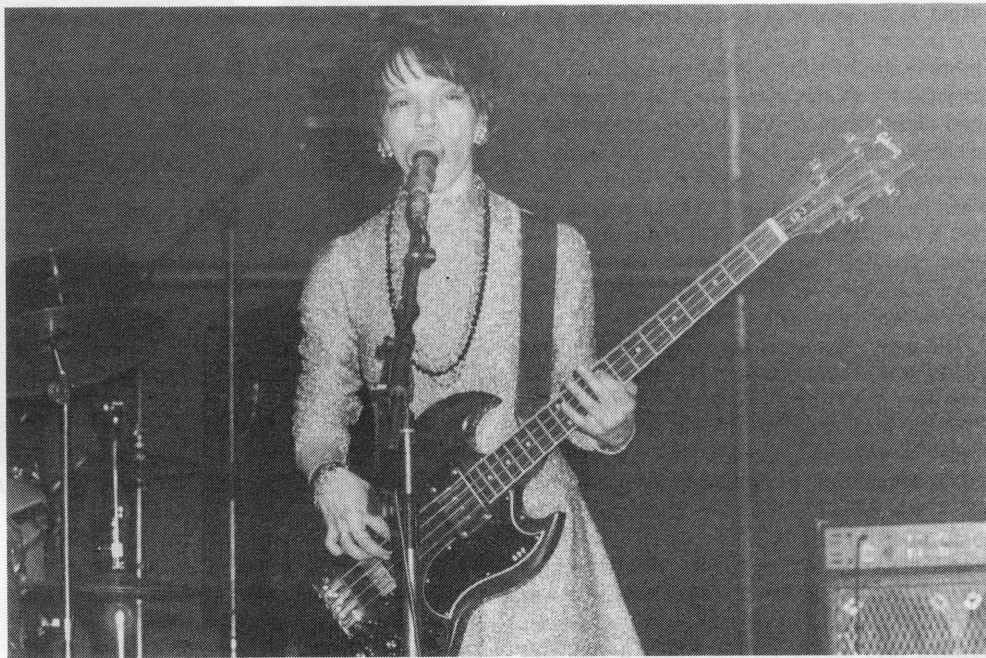
"Yeah, we can shoehorn another Fresher in here," signals an Ents man, keen eyes spotting a sliver of space vacated when two partners suddenly become 'an item'. Around them the Union building is hot, sweaty and the only empty turf is on the conspicuously empty dance floor before the stage.

Boy Girl Soup are about to play, but the ephemeral first week alliances are more concerned with each other. The Fisher-Hall posse eye up the Bernard-Sunley boys whilst the We-Met-At-The-Physics-Registration ensemble shoulder uneasily the Got-Stuck-In-The-QT-Queue-Together crew. And all in an unholy stew of veteran drunken sharking third years. It's first day time again folks!

Some young, some old, so many. *Boy Girl Soup* have taken to the stage. Three guitars, a drummer, and the flamboyant lead singer have launched into 'Hard On'. "I've got a hard on for you!" sounds more like the Sex Pistols but is sung alongside strumming sensibilities more akin to, say, The Rockingbirds. The kids clap politely. 'So Much To Do' and 'Mary Jane' later and a few cheers float across the smoke to our lads. In response we are treated to 'Mad Woman' sung from the dance floor, a mad spiralling mess of green trousers and cheeky grins. The tune is becoming familiar. Three guitars have been squeezed onto that stage but surely they're all playing the same rickety rhythm? The angry bassist jumps up and down and the accordion comes out for 'Baby'.

Things come alive a little, *Boy Girl Soup* are a good time band and everyone's having fun. But haven't we heard it all before? 'Jesus (On The Telly)', a ditty about the scourge of pearly toothed preachers on the box, already sounds dated. The tempo's uprated and someone climbs up and prances around before diving into the five (wo)man mosh. Hooray! Exit the band and everyone applauds. A solid set, sure, but I'd prefer a little more salt in my soup next time please.

Dodgy cantered onto the stage as the most reputed band IC have entertained for quite some time. They were certainly on another plateau to *Boy Girl Soup*. Swirling guitars kicked them into shape and the four piece were off. Strangely lead by the bass player but having the archetypal 'nice bloke' drummer, *Dodgy* were tight. There were *Dodgy* anthems to begin, then into some covers of yesteryear, always good as crowd jerkers. In fact, if you were the sad stage diver, I hope you woke up with a hangover, else you are the first sober person to make that particular leap of faith off a two-foot stage. Slack entered the set after that, about the same time that the lead guitarman started to smile. Following on from



Drugstore by name, shiny dresses and swirly eyes by nature

this, the single 'Don't Take The Beaten Track' started off with a bunch of inflatable bananas thrown into the crowd. This could be classified as 'the beaten track' in my book but everyone enjoyed themselves. Inflatable bananas are like that.

We're back again on Friday, lured by the promise of fabulous music and more nice fluorescent yellow wristwear. Less punters came tonight though, and too many of them came too late for the first phenomenal act.

Coming second to Blessed Ethel in the recent Manchester 'In the City' extravaganza, *Drugstore* are eagerly awaited by some of you, certainly by me and the Melody Maker musos here tonight.

At some point during the first three blended songs notions of second best are dispelled and allegiance is sworn. Why? Maybe it's the furious honesty of the vocalist, heart clearly in her mouth and in the lyrics she bares before us. Or the sheer virtuosity of the music - how can an unknown band burst out with its colours so brilliantly unfurled?

This the real red-hot Pixies fallout, not Frank Black's overblown ego-vinyl or the anti-climatic Breeders. But bands that have taken the insanity of their basslines and the stop-start elasticity of their tunes and then dared to smelt the grail and create something of their own. In years to come 'Debaser' and 'Gigantic' may be trodden over by new disciples seeking a fix from *Drugstore*

with 'Almost Ascending', 'Gravity' and 'God Help Her'. We got ours tonight.

Maybe I was still in love with *Drugstore* but *Sidi Bou Said* were out of my limb. They sang "I'd rather be a woman," and there was me thinking that they all were already. Everything was too overplayed and stretched. It sounding as if they were uncomfortable with the whole live thang until late in the set. Then they sounded relaxed and the last couple of songs had direction. Occasionally, well once, I was reminded of The Breeders, so there.

The *Funking Barstewards* were altogether different. They wore their wigs with pride; one even looked like Don Was. Coming straight from Disco Mountain, so they said. Someone shouted back "Why did you come down?" I was still trying to work out if they were real or whether the send up was part of the fun. It recalled the ultimate irony of dancing to the Smiths' 'Hang tThe DJ' and that happened as well during the evening. OK so I take things too seriously but I laughed at that. And so it continued both day and night. *The Funking Barstewards* strutted their stuff, played with plastic fish, giant fans, the whole entertainment package. Their instruments were not so much played as used as props for tomfoolery and we didn't care because the music batted into the night. It was time to go.

In the quad I found a playing card and it was the Joker, honest. I was still on a shopping high.

This week's Ents events are previewed on page 18

Autumnal Vegetables On A Roll

"Anyway you choose me, you won't be wrong," - Billy Corgan, a Smashing Pumpkin, stutters, sings and then soars. Tintin listened in (twice) . . .

Surprises are not often on the cards in press conferences and the *Smashing Pumpkins* were no exception. They've been well polished in the hype grind wheel of late. Indeed, the first question was almost a cliché: "What does it feel like to be the Next Big Thing?" You could smell the boredom in the air. Rock'n'Roll is pretty dead if that's all we care about. Still Jimmy, Billy and D'Arcy shrugged and carried on through, it's par for the course. (James Iha the dress wielding guitarist is ill, by the way.)

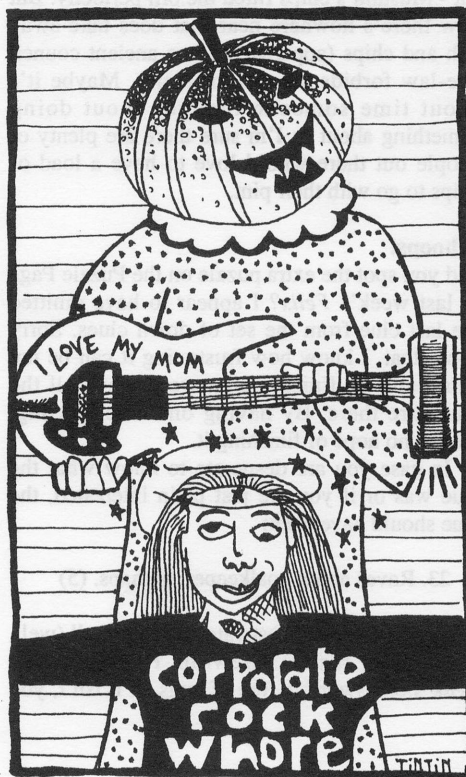
Billy Corgan, 'a difficult man' so he sardonically pre-empted, was the hub through which most things passed. That's normal though, considering that he is the credited songwriter. Still, for someone labelled as a control crazed Messiah, he came across as a good game player, directing questions to Jimmy and D'Arcy. Perhaps his recent marriage had something to do with it, although twisted media labelling sprung to mind as being more likely. His Superslut T-shirt was just part of the irony.

Much of the conference was taken up with the issue of the band's, even any bands', portrayal/betrayal by the media. Did Nirvana and Pearl Jam really change the world or had Mudhoney, Sonic Youth and Husker Du been doing the same thing for a decade? The whole grunge thing was something larger than music and ultimately became a peg on which to hang anything from Levi's to films. Billy confessed to swallowing the whole Jimmy Page Rock God myth as a teenager. Ted Nugent posters, long hair for the sake of image and Spinal Tapisms were the thing to be.

The list of the fake bands for today included Madonna, Guns 'N' Roses and, interestingly, Suede - is Brett's head glued to his shoulder? (It's a question you might like to consider.) Which is not to say that their music is no good but that there is no honesty in their image-first approach.

The point is that journalists need to sell magazines and that's the criteria which a band must conform to in order to get publicity. This was explained time and again. In fact, before any questions were asked the first thing Billy said was "We're honest."

Honesty is not really what you expect from musicians and it's all the more refreshing for that. Jimmy's well documented drugs problem was another manifestation in question. He saw himself as a rock star and only later realised what a dangerous game it was. You get the women, cars, drugs, the whole nine yards and the ego-feeders who pump it all up. This may sound like sour grapes but the deeper you get to the heart of the fame business the more people want a part of you. Take heed Musos and readers alike, it's our determination to get a scoop and your desire for trivial information



which are the cause.

At about this point some infiltrator at the back starts to take issue with the band and several minutes of acrid argument follow. Billy and D'Arcy are getting wound up, people are squirming uneasily in their seats and I am wishing for a miracle of dumbness to fall like manna from heaven. In the end, order is finally welcomed back to proceedings and we can continue.

The question of touring is one which has dogged the *Pumpkins* footsteps, particularly after an infamous visit to the Reading Festival. The touring pressure caused by the 15 months promoting 'Gish' almost broke the band up. Billy says that the difference is between touring and playing. Touring is looking at the world through a bus window and ending up like a mutant; playing is leaving some of your mind on the stage. Still, for a band known for their tendency to twisted perfection, playing 200 shows could be seen as taxing. Billy and James' dress-wearing habits just provided some added tongue-in-cheek interest as well as being something of a false skeleton for the press core. The acoustic gig at Raymond's Revue Bar was part of the same process of always looking to do things different. Things start to wind down, Billy plays out the tailenders and it's time to go.

Yes, you can only trust these people about as much as you trust yourself because they're human too.

Gig

Smashing Pumpkins Brixton Academy

For most bands, a producer is a designer label on which to hang image, not content. The *Smashing Pumpkins* have, with the help of Butch Vig, produced a carefully sculptured article in the form of 'Siamese Dream'. Unfortunately that approach doesn't generally make for good live performances, just because everything is in a more harsh and brutal format. The haunting delicacy which characterised much of 'Siamese Dream' was lost in a heavy rippling of bass guitar. The tracks which suffered most were those which relied on a contrast in power like; 'Hummer', 'Rocket' and 'Soma'. Interestingly, though, the older material from 'Gish' worked really well. 'Rhinoceros' and 'I Am One' were placed in a new grown-up atmosphere which displayed something of the group's progress. Still 'Cherub Rock' looked good with a beefed up rippling style, as did 'Geek USA' and 'Quiet', which were amongst the least structured album tracks.

Anyhow Billy was happy enough, striding onto the stage with a sloganised guitar: 'I love my mom.' The rest of the band were the background canvas for his dreams. Which is not to say that they were anonymous, rather it was surprising how much work they had to do to keep the whole effect going.

But it wasn't until the encore that the *Pumpkins* displayed anything approaching their potential. After playing with the crowd during a prolonged 'Soma', Billy returned complete in a clown suit, playing screw-the-press to the last. This, combined with the strong upward lighting, created a Stephen King figurette. Round angelic face, deep eye sockets, hollowed cheek bones and sharp canine teeth, he became a menacing figure who you knew you should run from but were instead drawn to. 'Spaceboy' was his song. Primarily vocal, it cut as an intensely personal song. Remember that Billy had dedicated it to his disabled brother when playing in the States. This was a moment out of time. The finale was a stretched 'Silverf!&k', an epic even on the album. Here it was splinted with a short unaccompanied 'Somewhere Over The Rainbow' before entering the terminal 'bang bang you're dead / hole in your head' stage.

This may well have been flawed genius, but the *Pumpkins* have made my page, dead or live.

Thanks (twice) to Gin at Bad Moon.

More music on pages 6 and 7

Editorial

Read the small print.

The Islam debate seems to have manifested itself in quite a big way on the pages of *Felix* already this year. No surprise, really, especially if you were fortunate enough to experience it for much of last year. As far as I can remember, nothing ever resulted from the letters for and against, except more letters for and against and it appears to be heading in the same direction this year. If a conclusion cannot be reached after a year of 'discussion', what is it going to achieve if I continue it for possibly another year?

Apologies to those short-sighted people who may be finding it difficult to read the letters on the opposite page. The volume of the response to just one of the letter from last week was, as you can see, quite large and the only way to fit everything into the space available was to shrink the point size. No-one really wants to read the same arguments week in, week out, so as of this week, I won't be printing any more letters about this particular issue, and that's the end of it.

Fish and Chips

On a lighter note, when was the last time you had fish and chips? In my first year here, about three years ago, you used to be able to buy chips from a place in college called Mustafa's. Much to the sadness of many of the inhabitants of Imperial, it closed down during that year.

Credits

Andy Thompson
Rose Atkins
Steve Newhouse
Penguin
Simon Govier
Charlie Leary
Lynne Bravery
Joe McFadden
Tom Bradley
D. Zaghal (sorry, don't know your first name)
Kin Wei Lee
Owain Bennallack
Paul Dias
Rekha Nayak
Jane and the rest of the Rag crew
Mike Chamberlain (for the totally wonderful Rag photographs)
Richard
Kamran Malik
Tony Grew
Jon Jordan

Collating Last Week:

Michael Ingram
Owain Bennallack
Penguin
Jon Jordan
Sajjad Bhatti
Another guy (sorry, I forgot your name - let us know and I'll put it in next week)

You've probably all seen the place where it used to be - the room at the end of Southside Upper Lounge (above the bar). It was great when the bar had kicked out and you fancied something to eat - Mustafa's chips fitted the bill perfectly. But now there's nowhere near that does take-away fish and chips (apparently some ancient council bye-law forbids the sale of them). Maybe it's about time someone thought about doing something about it; I'm sure there are plenty of people out there who'd love to have a load of chips to go with their pint.

Whoops!

Did you spot the extra puzzle on the Puzzle Page in last week's *Felix*? I appear to have omitted the last clue from the set of down clues. Sorry about that, I know how frustrating it can be not being able to finish a crossword when all the clues are there. By having one clue missing, there's no hope of finishing it.

In case you are desperate to know what the clue was or if you are just plain interested, the clue should have been:

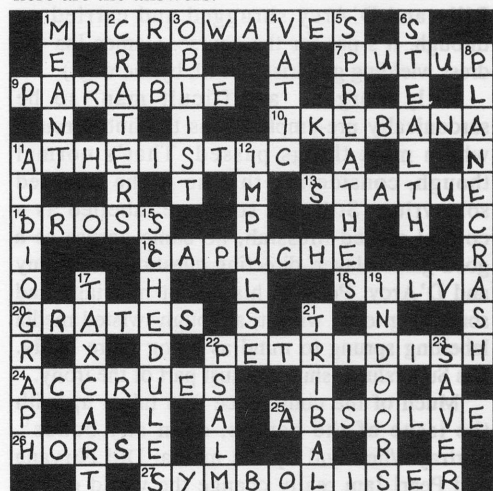
23. Raves about goalkeeper, perhaps. (5)

Apologies to John Westwater for the small (well, quite major really) screw-up. Hopefully this week's crossword is free of bugs. If it isn't, you

can always give the Felix Office a ring on ext 3515 and we'll let you know what it should have been. One thing we won't do, however, is let you know what any of the answers are - you'll have to wait for the next issue of *Felix* to find out.

Thanks must go to Jaymz and Tamsin at IC Radio for the scribble pad idea. They were also the ones who phoned up on Friday and pointed out the small omission from last week's crossword.

For those who did attempt the last crossword, here are the answers:



Sorry Clive, Dudley's even older

Dear Madam,

Your correspondent, Mr Cohen (8th October) is wrong in believing he is the oldest student at IC. I first arrived here while on demob leave in 1949 when we had two 'Fresh Young Ladies' (no votes for the under 21s) out of 800 students, mainly ex-service, at Guilds, some 1800 in the whole of IC.

There were fewer lectures but hardly any of the visual aids and course notes that I find available now so I suspect the work level was about the same.

I remember the FIRST issue of *Felix*, one of the articles began a series on students' cars. It was a short series because there were very few student cars but I remember a friend buying an Austin 7 No KR 3949 for £60, he called in jCYN after the girl he met at an IC Saturday night hop. Those hops sparked off four marriages that I went to in '52/'53.

I await with interest the publication of a letter showing that I am not the oldest student here.

Yours faithfully,
Dudley Parker.

Something Constructive On The Islam Debate?

Dear Miss Land,

Over the last year the Islam vs. Rest-of-the-World debate overtook the letters pages of *Felix*. Personally I couldn't give a stuff about this debate and would like to see a bit of variation on this year's pages.

If there are at least 20 people out there who care about the debate, may I suggest that a more productive way of debating the issue (and on a more regular basis than once a week) would be to see the Deputy President (Clubs & Societies) and form a 'Debating Islam' society - only 20 signatures needed.

Look, I don't mind you debating it, just don't do it on the letters pages of *Felix*, it's getting tediously boring. I know many share this opinion, so please take the hint.

Yours looking-forward-to-something-new-and-interesting-on-the-letters-page,
Marc Ellis

Help collate *Felix* every Thursday night at about 7pm

The Islam debate seems to have reared its ugly head again already this year. The discussion went on for much of last year and I don't want the same thing happening this year as it got very tedious. As you can see, I had to reduce the text size just to fit them all of this week's letters on one page. I will not be printing any more letters on this subject.

Dear Beccy,

After a summer spent working, sleeping, socialising and slobbering out, not necessarily in that order I come back to IC to find at least one thing hasn't changed. Someone is once again trying to convince my friends and I into becoming Muslims. Before I go any further I would like to point out that I have not put pen to paper ref. this subject before nor am I in any way connected with the Conservative Society, Club, whatever in College.

I would also like to point out to Saleem and others of his ilk that for most of us intellect and logic only come into play when working towards our degree, the rest of the time we muddle through life trying as best we can. Not being particularly good with words or at debating topics I'll get to my main message. My friends and I already know as much as we want to about Islam and we are not interested, nor do we want to become Muslims. I am quite capable of making up my mind about what religion I do or do not want to follow and how to live my life. What is becoming increasingly perturbing is that anyone believes that they have the right to tell me that the life I lead and the religion I follow is wrong. Particularly when you consider that I am a native in my own country and the people who are doing the telling are not.

Dear Miss Land,

I know that I will not be the only IC inmate, who upon seeing the title of the first letter in issue 974, immediately thought: 'not again' or words to that effect perhaps with slightly more colourful language.

Let me get it straight, I am the last person who wants to enter into the 'Islam vs the rest' verbal war of attrition but Mr Chagtai is too soft a target to pass up. Put in the most elementary terms, I think he needs to have a bit of a word with himself. As a third year he must have had his self-righteous head firmly inserted in the sand all last year. If we learnt one solitary thing from the 92-93 Christian-bashing season was

Dear Beccy,

Having read the letters page of Felix during my first year at College, and being irritated by the tedious persistence of members of the Islamic Society trying to convert everyone to Islam, or more likely trying to justify their own faith in what is, after all, just one of many possibilities (as any truly open minded person will acknowledge), I was hugely irritated by yet another of these letters in last week's issue.

I wonder if Saleem Chugtai has read any of the Christian Bible, and Hindu Vedas or Upanishads, the Jewish Torah, the Sikh Guru Granth Sahib, or the Taoist Tao te Ching? Or how about the scriptures of the Buddhists, the Confucians, the practisers of Zen or the Bahá'í Faith? (to name just some of the best known religions/philosophies.) If he has, then perhaps he can claim to be able to make a qualified judgement of whether Islam is the 'truth' or not. If he hasn't, then I'd like to invite him (or anyone of similar inclination) to do further research before taking it upon himself to enlighten his peers in a letter of limited scope like his last. As a start, how about this poem on the subject by Abu-'l-Fazl al-Alla'im who was a Sufi at the court of the Moghul Emperor Akbar in India in the 16th Century:

'Sometimes I frequent the Christian Cloister and sometimes the mosque,

I wonder if I went back to Saudi Arabia I would be given the same freedoms of speech. I doubt it, as it was I was not allowed to wear a Union Jack on my shoulder or follow my own religion whilst I was there. However I do realise Saudi Arabia is an extreme, (my lab partner brings this up every week!) my most vivid recollection being of the fear the religious police provoked in Muslims and non-Muslims alike.

If my limited knowledge of the Quran is correct the Quran says that taking up the Muslim faith should be by personal conviction, so it appears that Saleem and others are overstepping the mark by telling other students how to live their lives. I would like to point out that my argument applies equally to fundamental Christians or extremists of any faith or political leanings.

I don't believe that I have the right to tell anybody how to live within the framework provided by society, equally I resent strongly anyone who believes that they have that right.

Saleem, I have no beef with you or your religion but with you trying to ram it down my throat, or educate me as you term it, I most certainly do.

Yours sincerely,
Christopher Hubbard

that that particularly odious debate will never be resolved. Religion is a personal thing and trying to ram your loathsome ideals down our collective throat is hardly likely to get us flocking to join your exulted ranks. Take note, I'm not putting Islam down, that's a mug's game. However I'd like to officially decline Mr Chagtai's offer of what I'm sure would be a scintillating and two-sided debate, maybe his time would be more profitably spent revising some basic grammar.

A C Christodoulou, Civ Eng III.

P.S. Mr John Simpson, I did get a job cutting grass at my local council so I'm right now counting my blessings and so should many more of you.

But it is Thou whom I search for from temple to temple.
Thine elect have no dealings with heresy or orthodoxy,
For neither of these stands beside the screen of Thy truth.
Speculation to the heretic, theology to the orthodox
But the dust of the rose-petal belongs to the heart of the perfume-seller.'

Saleem says in his letter: 'When finding the truth, one should not let their whims and desires dominate over one's thought'. It seems to me, though, that emotion and spirituality go hand in hand, as in a phrase attributed to J.C., but of likely origin circa 7th century B.C.E.:

'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all they mind and with all thy strength, and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'

Perhaps Saleem's confusing science and religion, which are ultimately on the flip side of the same coin. In the same way, surely heart and mind are interdependent and both equally valid?

Finally, I hope Saleem finds reason not to hold as low an opinion of the intellect of his fellow students as his letter evidenced, and I wish him luck in 'finding the truth'.

Yours sincerely,
Suki Kler, Chemistry 2.

Dear Beccy,

Please can you stop the certain tedium that will result if any of the 'Islam is/is not better than the Church of England or Islam is/is not better than the Conservative Party correspondents continue to be published before they bore us all shitless, and refer any of these tedious no-lives to last year's Felix 'Editor'.

Cheers,
RSMU Office

To the Editor of Felix,

It appears that the Islam correspondence is starting up again. We had the first letters of term in Felix 974, 8th October. I wish to make the following points.

1. It is disappointing to find a 3rd year mathematician stating that Islam has a proof of the existence of God, etc. No religion can claim this, except by stating God as an axiom.

2. Christians and Jews are 'people of the Book' (Qur'an) claiming at least religious descent from Abraham through his son Isaac. Moslems claim descent from Abraham through Ishmail. These peoples are therefore cousins. Moslems are obliged to respect this from the word of Mohammed. Since we live in a nominally Christian country, please can they do this and stop ramming Islam down our throats; it engenders hostility, not friendship.

3. Jesus of Nazareth is a highly revered prophet to Moslems, and there is an account of his birth from Mary in the Qur'an. I don't like commercial Christmas any more than the Islamic Society, but as a religious festival there cannot be anything unholy about it.

4. Moslems should remember that the Christian attitude to blasphemy against God is to pray for the blasphemer's soul. Some sects of Islam however respond to blasphemy against God with death threats and murder. Mohammed specifically stated that it is best to love your enemies, but if this is too difficult then response on the Jewish basis of 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth' is recommended. It seems that many Moslems do not heed the teachings in their own holy book. (You can say the same about some alleged Christians as well.)

5. Most Moslems and Christians do live in friendship. I do wish that the hostile ones would think again, and go along with the majority.

N.B. I am a Christian, but I have read the Qur'an from cover to cover, although some years ago now.

Edwin Hutton, Process Systems Engineering.

Dear Editor,

I'd like to pick up on Saleem Chagtai's letter on Islam, published last week. As a Christian there's obviously a great difference in opinion between us, but that's not why I'm writing. I'd like to add my voice to the challenge laid down by Mr Chagtai in his letter, namely that we have a duty to seek the truth.

Here at IC (and I'm in my fifth year) it seems as if any reference to matters vaguely philosophical, never mind supernatural, are taboo. We seem to wander around, oblivious to life's great questions: Why are we here? Where are we going? Is there life after death? Are we answerable to a supreme being? But they'll never go away.

Shouldn't we be trying to address them? I believe that we should and that we must. The Bible is the most influential book in the history of the world - fact. Yet it's record of the life of Jesus, the most influential man in history, is probably one of the least read of all biographies in print today. If we are products of logical and scientific training, then surely there must be a case for studying this book and this man's life.

I hope to see the day when IC becomes a little more open to this kind of discussion. After all, life and death are serious things.

Yours sincerely,
David R Kirk, Civ Eng PG.

Crossword *by Sphinx*

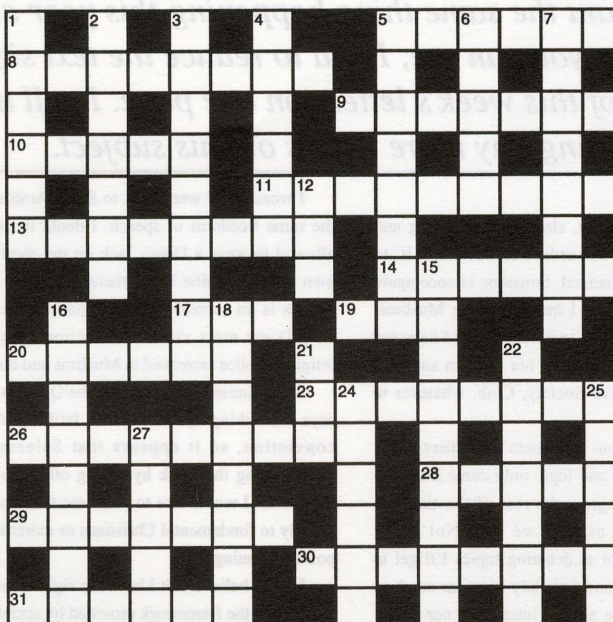
**SCRIBBLE
PAD**

Across

5. It's rare to see so many in a fright. (6)
8. A building in which your mind will spin? (8)
9. Bra came undone - how awful! (7)
10. Greek character at the function. (5)
11. Something I have to aim for. (9)
13. Peak hour? (4, 4)
14. Surface qualities of fruits. (6)
17. Fuss about a party. (3)
19. Worker gets a bad start with two middle-men. (3)
20. To sell on a bicycle. (6)
23. Wise man admits wrecked boat was deliberate destruction. (8)
26. Unlocked a vault indeed. (9)
28. A sense of location, we hear. (5)
29. Authority for husband-seeking lady? (7)
30. Massacres centaur holding a Turkish emblem. (9)
31. A rule for ruling! (6)

Down

1. Point to a hag for a change. (6)
2. Tolerate being beneath a green light. (7)
3. It is fair to say I am incomplete. (9)
4. Inside, knocked back paracetamol also while on the run. (6)
5. Science will retaliate in pursuit of something useful. (8)
6. Isolated the middle-class role. (5)
7. Moving homes. (8)
12. Tibetan accommodates wager. (3)
15. Take back a delegate who loves to point to a ship. (9)
16. Drink to a grave mix-up in 19. (8)



18. ICI top seducer holds back autocratic tendency. (8)
21. Employ Sue to organise. (3)
22. Disputes the nasty leg gash. (7)
24. Stick a small advertisement in this place. (6)
25. Property is in France consumed. (6)
27. High-frequency pulse goes up and down. (5)

ABA COPYTECH

NEW DOCUMENT PROCESSING CENTRE

OPEN 9.00 - 18.30 WEEKDAYS (9.00 - 13.00 SATURDAYS)

115 GLOUCESTER ROAD - SW7

FULL RANGE

- A0 - A2 PLAN PRINTING - (REDUCTIONS & ENLARGEMENTS)
- COLOUR COPYING
- SPOT COLOUR COPYING
- A4/A3 COPYING
- FINISHING AND BINDING SERVICE
- PRINT ADVISORY SERVICE

SPECIAL OFFER

- 20% DISCOUNT ON ALL LIST PRICES

(OFFER VALID TO 31ST OCTOBER 1993 - 'IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION',
'SWIPE' OR 'NUS' CARD REQUIRED)

FELIX
The Student Newspaper of Imperial College

Felix is produced for and on behalf of Imperial College Union Publications Board and is printed by the Imperial College Union Print Unit, Prince Consort Road, London SW7 2BB (Tel: 071 225 8672, Fax 071 589 4942).
Editor: Rebecca Land, Business Manager: Simon Govier, Advertising Manager: Steven Newhouse.
Copyright Felix 1993. ISSN 1040-0711