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THE FELIX

Wednesday 18 th June, 1997
issue 1091
The original Felix -
beware lesser imitations

<http://www.su.ic.ac.uk/Felix>

Student Newspaper of Imperial College

Been asleep in lectures? Catch up with our **news review of the year** and test your new found knowledge in our **news quiz**. Page 6.

Interview technique? If you've got it, you've got it. If you haven't, don't despair as *Felix* comes to the rescue with some pointers for success. p 10



In your colour
Something for the Summer: Music, art, films and 24 hours at Heathrow

Union faces decapitation

NEWSTEAM

Union officials reacted with shock, dismay and bewilderment last night as the third round of the ICU Presidential elections came to their conclusion, with 'New election' again winning the race.

The turnout of voters was the lowest for the three elections so far; a total of 713 votes were cast which left candidates requiring 355 to win outright in the first round.

After the initial round of counting, Geology student Richard Stultiens was eliminated, the 67 votes he polled being re-allocated among the other candidates. Many voters who opted for Richard put 'New election' as their second choice, giving the reopening of nominations a 70 vote lead over Laurie Tweedale.

A second re-allocation saw Mech Eng Postgrad Paul Brown's 197 votes distributed between 'New Election' and Miss Tweedale, although a majority of Paul's supporters did not express an alternative preference. The final totals gave Laurie 260 votes and 'New election' 321; this being greater than the quota of 298 votes required to win, nominations must be held open for a fourth time.

After the close of polling at 5.00pm, the count finished at 7.35pm last night. This relatively short time taken to count the votes prompted fears of a low turnout. The candidates were ushered into the Union office to hear the result from the elections committee, and emerged shell-shocked some five minutes later. Taking advantage of a PA system on a temporary stage, ICU President Eric Allsop announced the result to a comparatively large crowd of drinkers sat outside in Beit Quad.

Shortly afterwards, a bouyant Richard Stultiens spoke to *Felix*: "I'm just going to enjoy my last week at College" he said, but added that it was "...disappointing that no-one could decide" over and above the fact that he himself had not been elected.

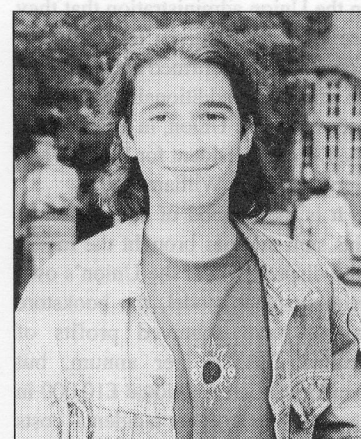
Defeated candidate Laurie Tweedale made similar comments and expressed her surprise at the result, claiming that this time around there had been 'serious' candidates standing.

Other IC students, many of whom were in the Quad to watch College bands perform in an open-air concert, reacted with surprise and, in some cases, anger. One stated that the students "...deserved everything it got now" for rejecting these apparently promising candidates. Other students expressed their dismay that the whole election process would have to be repeated yet again.

A despondent Eric Allsop observed "None of the candidates ran a particularly effective campaign, least of all 'New election'" and went on to say "It is a bit harsh on the candidates; they were beaten by the previous two results rather than their own merits - or lack of them."

ICU Deputy President for Finance and Services elect, Rob Clark professed to being "...amazed that 'New election' won, given the quality of the candidates that were standing." Mr Clark went on to suggest that "...perhaps people were blindly voting for 'New election' just to see what would happen."

The outcome of this election leaves the Union in a state of potential disarray. Nomination papers must now go up at the beginning of **continued with results, page four.**



Smiling through:
Paul Brown, Richard Stultiens and Laurie Tweedale after their collective defeat at the hands of 'New election'



PHOTOS: ROBIN



PHOTO: IC CRICKET

Imperial College's victorious 1st XI. The team won the ULU Cup, beating UCL by 2 runs. Sport: Back page.

Bookstore battle rages on

NEWSTEAM

Imperial College Union's battle for compensation from the College for the loss of the bookstore trading revenue continued last week with a meeting between representatives of the Union and the College. The Union is lobbying for an increase in its annual subvention from the College to make good the loss of the retail outlet's profits.

The Rector has committed the College to "ensure that the Union finances would be no less healthy than if the existing ICU bookshop had continued to trade." However, a casual remark about the recompense by the College's Director of Finance, Mike Hansen, triggered alarm bells in the Union administration that they are likely to be given too little. Mr Hansen later confirmed his comment, an offer of an additional £20,000 per annum for the Union, in an e-mail to the Deputy President for Finance and Services, Piers Williams.

It is the method of calculation of this sum that has brought the matter into dispute. Under the Union's own reimbursement model, the bookstore would have achieved profits of around £30,000 per annum, but would want an additional £10,000 in the first year to cover incidental costs like restructuring and the loss on selling stock to Waterstone's, the new booksellers on campus.

In reply, a letter from Alan Swanson, the Pro-Rector for Educational Quality, reiterated the College's belief that £20,000 was an adequate sum to cover the loss of the bookstore. Professor Swanson pointed out that this deal may even result in over compensation if the influx of students on to the campus post-1998



meant that there would be greater stationary sales in the shop.

The Union's financial model assumes that stationary sales increase considerably and that if they had been retained, the bookselling operations would have not have increased. In contrast, the College Finance Division's model is based on a flat rate boosted by a one-off payment.

Speaking to *Felix*, the Rector commented that the Union were "trying to have their cake and eat it." He said that the tendering operation had been conducted on a professional basis, and that the Union could not expect to behave like a company and yet be cossetted as part of the College.

Mr Williams said that the Union had tried to persuade the College of its case but that now "the ball's in their court."

£1 curries set for a rise

VASKOR BASAK

The price of one pound curries at Da Vinci's Cafe is to be raised to £1.10 from the start of next term in order to keep up with inflation. It had previously remained fixed at a pound for the last two years.

The prices of many other products are also likely to be raised by 5p. Ian Richards, Imperial College Union's Catering Manager, pointed out that many prices had in fact been reduced the previous year and that a price rise was inevitable. However, to meet demand and to let curry addicts get their fix all the faster, the curries will be sold from dB's rather than Da

Vinci's next term to help relieve long queues that are currently the norm.

Yvonne Woods, the Assistant Catering Manager, thinks that this will not deter students from buying the curries. Da Vinci's currently sells between about 400 and 700 curries daily.

When asked about their reactions to the price change, most students said they did not mind the increase, as the curries were already excellent value for money. However, some replied that the pound-in-the-pocket was their favoured price, and that the extra ten pence was "just too much of an inconvenience."

CLAYPONDS ASSISTANT WARDEN

The College invites applications for the position of Assistant Warden at Clayponds which is available from September 1997. Clayponds is a residential development of houses and flats in Ealing. It houses 2nd, 3rd and 4th year undergraduates and postgraduates. Assistant Wardens receive rent free accommodation in return for pastoral duties within this "student village". The post is open to all non-undergraduate members of the College, but experience of pastoral care would be an advantage.

For further information and an application form contact Janet Jones, Office Services Manager, extension 45536, Room 512 Sherfield Building, e-mail Janet.Jones@ic.ac.uk

Closing date for applications: Friday 20 June 1997.

New from Hewlett Packard...



DeskJet 670C £140.86

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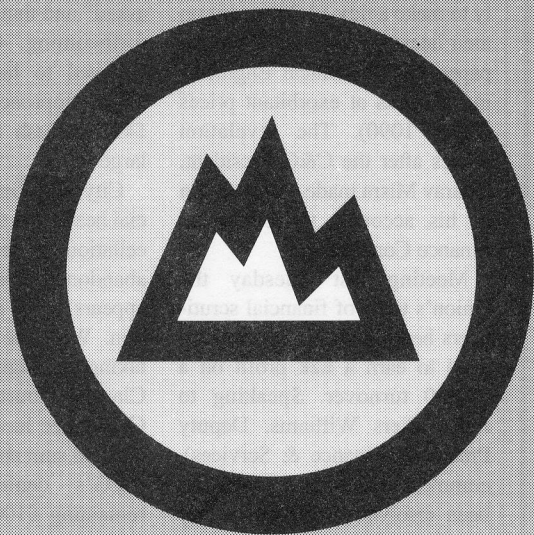
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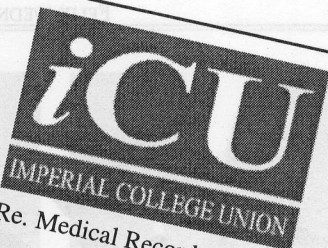
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Re. Medical Records for student Jeremy Thomson (94PHYS162)

Dear Dr Fredricks,

I am writing with regards to the appointment of this student to a position of considerable stress and responsibility - namely Felix editor. I understand that he has been an occasional patient of yours in your capacity as College psychiatrist. I would value your opinion in the question of whether he is fit to do the job, though I respect, of course, his (and your) rights to confidentiality.

Yours,

Mandy Hurford Union Manager.

Beit Quad
Prince Consort Road
London SW7 2BB
Tel: (0171) 594 8060
Fax: (0171) 594 8065
8 June 1997

Dr. Samuel Fredricks
14 Princes Gardens
Exhibition Road
London SW7 2AZ
Tel: (0171 59) 49375



Dear Ms Herford,

It is true that the student in question has had some difficulties, as has felt that he required medical help. Most of the problems were minor, such as mild depression, some emotional immaturity and a few rather bizarre ethical principles. However, there is one specific and rather unhealthy fascination of his that may have been a cause for concern. In order to explain the problem, I doubt if he would object if I included verbatim some transcripts from recent sessions:

9.16am, 31 March, 1997

MYSELF: Tell me about this game.
JT: Its often possible to dominate right from the start. ♠ + ○ is strong and fast, and can be followed up with ♠ ♠ ♠ + □ + Δ. If you are a good player, one of those on whom he smiles, you can perform the thunderous smash ♠ + □ + Δ, quick pause, then hold ♠.

MYSELF: I feel that you are not telling me what is really on your mind, Jeremy.

JT: And soon we shall see proud and commanding as he poses victorious. Showing the vulnerable inside of the wrists he mocks his opponents; blades, swords, maces are bluntly ineffective against him. Crude and unbrilliant, no substitute for his supple power. [starts to growl incomprehensibly, session ends]

9.50am, 7 May 1997

MYSELF: I'd like to go back to what you were telling me last week concerning this game 'Tekken'.

JT: Yes, sorry about that. [says nothing].

MYSELF: No need to apologise, just say what you feel.

JT. I'll try. Look, its not the game. Its him, or rather...

I've never really been a fan of computer games. Sure, I had a spectrum and I suppose I spent a long time on that. And there's Doom, I nearly got RSI there. But this is different. Its not the game, as I said, I could stop playing it if I wanted to, I think. This is a feeling out side of the game, I've played other characters and yes, its fun, but is doesn't mean anything. This is not making any sense.

MYSELF: Can you put a name to this feeling?

JT. Its cats. There's something... They just appear in my head, its a fascination, their strength so beautifully contained. An elegant machine that could rip you to shreds, a quarter of a ton of muscle and teeth, but capable of walking totally silently. A lion is a brute. A king he is, but quarrelsome and lazy. The tyger is the perfection of nature and is a loner... I know its stupid, but I've been studying them - drawing them, drawing on myself, watching programs at the expense of work, even going the the zoo, and I hate zoos. Eveyday objects

trigger it off, its a feeling but its also a kind of knowledge. Its like..
MYSELF: Go on.
JT: No, I won't say.
MYSELF: Being in love? Do you want to be a tyger?
JT: Not be one, that wouldn't be the point. But to be killed by one that would be something. Shit, why did I say that? [stops talking].
MYSELF: We'll have to stop, but I think its really important that you see me next week.

9.00 am, 28 may 1997

MYSELF: I am concerned that you missed the last two sessions.

JT: You know, exams. Sorry.
MYSELF: Tell me about the Armour King.
JT: Oh that, I've sorted that out now. I don't play it anymore. I still find the big cats fascinating, but its an interest... Hey, how did you know his name?

MYSELF: I was doing a little research: would you like a game now?

JT: Er, no thanks. Actually I've just bought this new game, wipEout, and its incredible. So fast, its crazy...

This type of problem is becoming increasingly common, and I do not expect that it will cause and serious interference to his new job. It is not surprising that as our games and simulations get more and more convincing and powerful, that it will be increasingly difficult to differentiate reality from fantasy, and people may question what, if anything, makes fantasy any less valid and genuine than reality. As for next year's Felix, I am confident that it will be interesting, if unusual, though you can expect rather too many tyger graphics.

Yours,

Dr Samuel Fredricks.

news AUTUMN review

JEREMY THOMSON

It's June and the academic year 96-97 is petering out like a worm drying in the sun. Let us take you back over the peaks and ditches of the year as we present, in our most pithy prose, the great annual news review...

IN OCTOBER...

As drawbridges were lowered and portcullis raised for the new term, the **Estates Department** already had their first front page story. A large part of the library walkway roof had collapsed without warning. About four tons of masonry smashed down onto the dozens of students who were mercifully not standing below.

On a brighter and altogether more curvy note, returning students got their first look at the enlarged lino-tastic **ents lounge**. Renamed dB's, with a sound system to match, the room was a climactic improvement. It also seems to have set a trend, with the new JCR design owing more than a quick fling to dB's design.

Rollerbladers were told to take a running jump when Security extended their College-wide ban on having fun and banned in-lines indoors. Skaters could take solace, however, in their **stout** as ICU became one of just a few students unions to continue selling Guinness.

It was a triple whammy for the **Boat Club**, winning the Henley



Royal Regatta, the under 23s' World Championships and planning permission to rebuild the boathouse just a few weeks apart.

It was student politics at its best down at the University of London Union, when **Claire Lawrie**, the Finance & Services Sabbatical, left before she had even started. Election season had already begun...

"Start as you mean to go on" was apparently the motto that **Guarav Misra**, C&G President, adopted for the year. Perhaps attempting to revive everyone after the Rector's speech, he invited a pair of strippers to the freshers event. Undergraduates were bewildered as the budget-rate male-female double-act strutted their stuff. Ten out of ten for political correctness, but a big smelly zero for taste.

Heavy objects continued to fall from the skies, with Schal's crane

contractors, Hewden Stewart, dropping a ton's-worth of block and tackle onto the Science Museum site. They followed this first trick by smashing a large bundle of steel through a Chemistry Department window, permanently crippling several students who mercifully were not in the room.

The cycle of destruction was completed when a copy-cat criminal combined these cock-ups and lobbed a **full beer can** from the top floor of Tizard Hall and through a Mews house window, rendering unconscious an elderly man who mercifully was not sitting just inside. (Full beer can? Could the perpetrator really have been a student?)

The closure of the substandard but popular **Montpelier Hall** was also announced this month, with the loss of seventy-five beds. Simultaneously, homeless students took to sleeping rough on the accommodation office steps, hoping to snap up rooms as soon as it opened the next day.

By late October, the dreaded **Bookstore tender** had been sent out. Bids to run the primarily student-aimed shop were to be judged by a panel consisting of a Dean, a Pro-Rector and three administrative Directors. Oh yes, and one student.

ULU's search for Vice President **Claire Lawrie's** replacement was successful first time, with Nick Dearden taking the voters' fancy. Perhaps we could learn something from them?

South Ealing's light-fingered lads had been busy all autumn at **Clayponds**, regularly breaking into ground floor flats via windows that could be opened 'with a coat hanger'. Deadlocks were rejected on the grounds of cost, although £160,000 was invested on new carpet.

St Mary's Hospital Medical School Students' Union finally secured plans for a **new sabbatical** post to improve their representation.

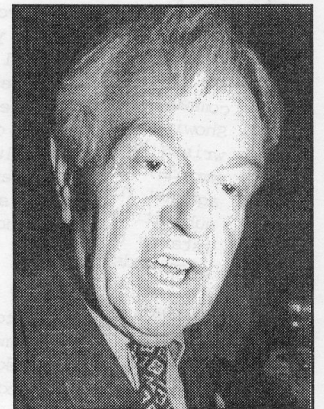
ICU Council had agreed in principle, but did not commit any funds, saying that the Medics would have to find the cash (~£8,000) themselves. Rather to ICU's surprise, they did.

IN NOVEMBER...

Back to the bookstore. A motion to actively **boycott** a non-ICU shop was quashed by Council as too radical. Oh, Surprise. Instead, officers hoped to receive compensation from College towards the loss of revenue. This was about £70,000 and rising.

The prospect of **top-up** fees continued to rumble in the background like an inadequately controlled fart. The London School of Economics had tried to charge for the 97-98 session, but backed down. Similar ruminations had been heard coming from Huddersfield, Birmingham and even UCL.

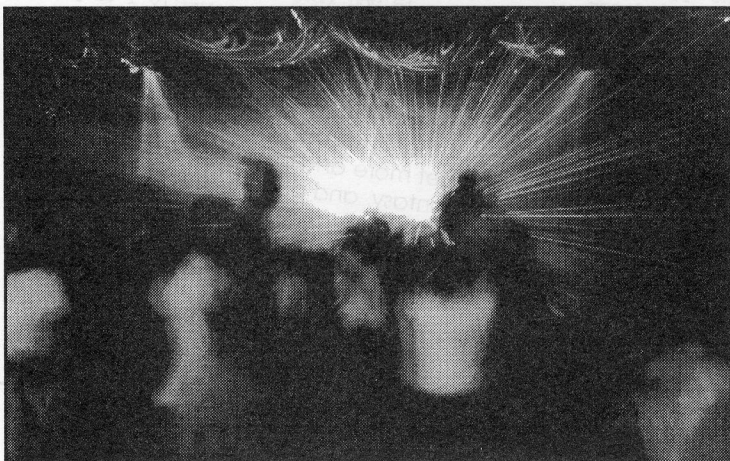
Staff too had been suffering from dwindling funds, and the major academic unions voted (just) to stage a one-day **strike**. Most courses were disrupted, though many staff quite reasonably stayed at home rather than brave the dreary rain at the pickets.



Nicholas Scott; wankered.

The World-wide prestige of IC suffered a paralysing blow when the **University Challenge** team lost in the first round. The Tory-led four-some were defeated by Cambridge's St. Cats on a tie-breaker.

Students everywhere could sympathise with tory MP for Kensington



Blinding laser show at the sell-out freshers' carnival.

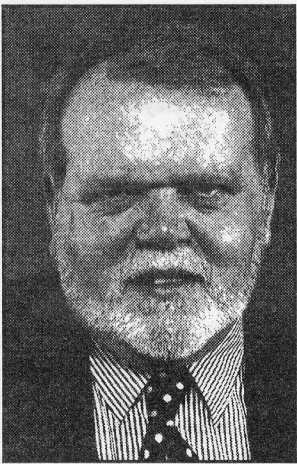
news WINTER review

and Chelsea **Sir Nicholas Scott** when he hit the free booze a little too hard and ended up dazed in the gutter. His local party did not, and he was duly expelled.

Arachnaphobes were appalled when it transpired that a Selkirk Hall resident had been fostering a pet **tarantula**. The secret was only revealed when live crickets intended as dinner escaped into a re-app's shower cubicle.

Estates were back in the news with their bizarre '**Garden on Enlightenment**' plans for Dalby Court. Also proposed were a canal down Imperial College Road, a huge computer-controlled laser water sculpture on the Queens Lawn and an eight metre long geological map of the UK. And who's paying? Millennium Commission. Possibly.

The **Royal College of Science Union** had their fair share of problems this month when both the Senior and Junior Treasurer left. Dr Ann Mitchell was forced to turn in the post when College renegotiated her contract. The Junior treasurer, Chris Bragg, resigned in disgust at the continual ineptitude of his subjects.



Prof John Caldwell. Scary, eh?

The mood was sombre and philosophical in the physics department following the death of **Professor Abdus Salam**. As well as a world-leading theoretician, Salam contributed to many cultural causes,



notably the Third World Academy of Science. He was a Nobel prize winning physicist who proved that ethics and politics are very much a part of good science.

IN DECEMBER...

Congratulations were due to the **ULU Karate** team, including two IC students, who won the national championship. The Kung-Foo Kings fought off vicious competition, and 'A full-point Ippon in the dying seconds meant that London was now the UK and European student champs.'

Petty bureaucrats everywhere were given fresh inspiration by Dr Bryan Clarke of **Wilson House** when he fined several students £10 for opening the front door. The penalties were introduced unbeknown to ICU or the Hall Committee, and formed a blanket ban on allowing people to enter the hall including, it seems, one's own housemates.

The elusive Medics' Dean **Prof John Caldwell** (no relation) was finally pinned down by students at St Mary's. In a two hour face-to-face he pledged support for continuing the high subvention (>£80,000) that the two large medical schools receive, rather than dropping to the less impressive £12,000ish they could expect as a CCU. Priority was to be given to medics at Wilson House, he agreed, but did not concede to separate clubs and bars after the merger.

There was another black-eye for Schal when a workman had his jaw

smashed by a large iron gate. The gate hit him when a large timber and concrete frame fell onto it. The frame fell over because it had been hit by another frame which was hanging from... can you guess? A crane.

IN JANUARY...

"I can't fucking believe it!", was the phrase of the month when Prof Alan Swanson revealed that the **Bookstore contract** had been awarded to Waterstone's, not ICU. College forced the Union to stop all book-sales in direct contravention to the Memorandum of Understanding. Worse still, it is believed that Waterstone's did not submit the cheapest quote, and the panel failed to consider the benefits of keeping the money within the college. Alan Swanson gave us perhaps the juiciest quote of the year; "College hasn't shot itself in the foot, just maybe shot the Union."

A cool million went missing from the College Student Finances Office. Research grant cheques expected on the 20th December were delayed due to bad weather affecting the courier. It seemed to disrupt his vision as well as his speed, and when the cheques did turn up, they were delivered to the Royal College of Art. The errant funds were finally tracked down in early January by a relieved registrar.

Always quick off the mark, the Union Sabbs organised an

'**awareness blitz**' to inform students that they don't just sell beer and books, just beer. Ooh I love being nasty.

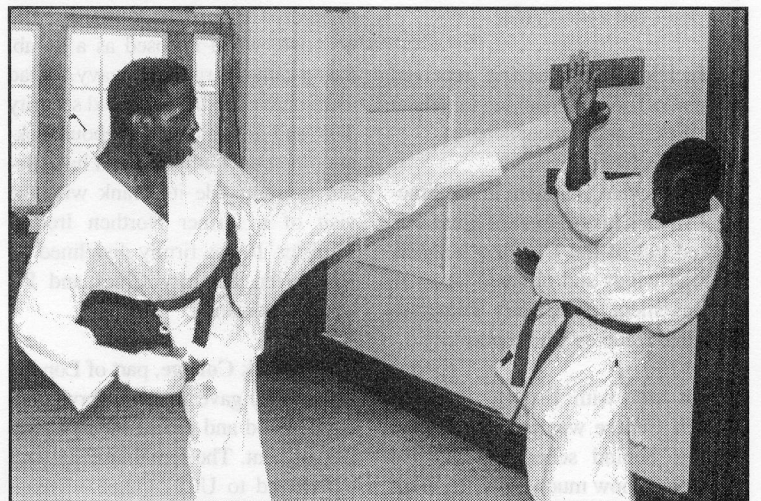
Still more thefts plagued the college, this time it was the clever and sensitive parts of the Press Office computers. Production of **IC Reporter** was hindered, and employees struggled to complete the four-page fortnightly newsheet in time.

Final year biochemist **Richard Parker** tragically hanged himself after causing confusion in Southwell Hall. He had been setting off alarms and posing as a Fire Safety Officer in Southwell Hall when he was placed in charge of a security guard. However, the guard, apparently intoxicated, released him again whereupon he returned to his girlfriend's flat and committed suicide. No clear reasons were given. Richard's suicide is one more death on a sadly long list, raising questions about the levels of academic pressure applied and support provided to IC students.

Rain stopped play in the beligered **library extension** project. Water seeped into a main distribution box, blacking out the library and much of Sheffield. Problems problems problems.

IN FEBRUARY...

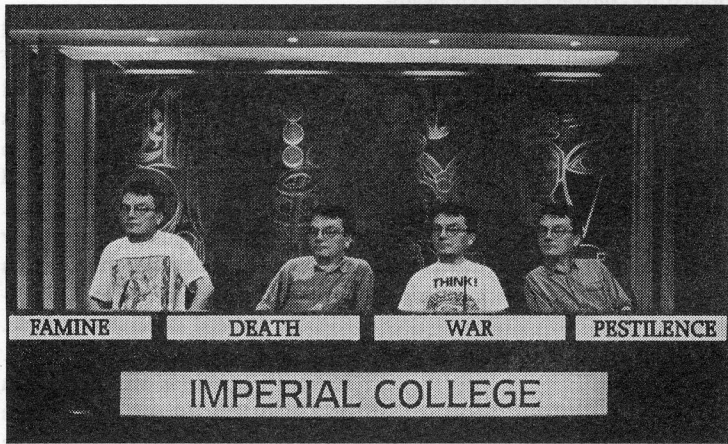
It was **Prof Alan Swanson's** turn to face St Mary's students. He added



IC's Karate Kids Godwin Unkere and Edwin DoSantos

news SUMMER review

weight to Prof John Caldwell's promises of level funding and clinical students' priority at Wilson House. Not everyone was happy, particularly at ICU, where officers felt that deals were going on behind their backs. Alex Feakes wrote in 'that editorial' that "ICU and the College have been neatly side-stepped by a room full of baying medical students...", and became highly unpopular 'over in Paddington'.



IC University Challenge Team in cloning row.

Delegates from the **Dearing Enquiry** into Higher Education funding attended an open meeting at ICU to get some intelligent student input to their report. Particularly disappointing was Sir Eric Ash's refusal to recognise the misery that a £10,000+ graduation debt can cause. He repeatedly compared student loans to a mortgage, failing to grasp a) that you can sell a house, and b) you can't fail a mortgage.

Electrical Engineering received top marks for their teaching targets in the HEFCE assessment scheme.

Estates were yet again in the limelight when a **large sheet of glass** was sucked out of the Civ Eng building by high winds and plunged down to the pavement, completely decapitating three students who mercifully...

And still with Estates, the new **Health Centre** was completed nine months behind schedule. "No-one anticipated how much noise the work would transmit ... so we decided to

stop work until after the exams," explained Director Ian Caldwell. **WHAT? HOW LONG IS THIS MAN'S MEMORY?**

IN MARCH...

It's election time! An adequate crop of eight candidates stimulated a high punter turnout, with the first of the dreaded New Election victories as president. Final results were unpre-

dictable, which was a good job for the Felix Fantasy Sabbatical League. In case you're a claustrophile with a penchant for unexplored holes in the Hindu Kush, The new DP (F&S) is Rob Clark, and DP (C&S) will be filled by Smita Chaturvedi. Felix will be run by own iron hand, sanity permitting.

An **overhead projector** belonging to Safety Officer Ian Gillet was up to no good, when it posed as a bomb. Being rather large and heavy, it had itself delivered to the Sheffield security desk and deliberately sat about looking ominous. Furthermore, it had chosen to coincide its prank with the visit of a former Northern Ireland Minister. It was firmly disciplined by Ken Wier, Security Chief and PC Clive Coleman.

Birkbeck College, part of London University, gave in to underwhelming demand and closed their Physics Department. The remaining students transferred to UCL. Other universities seemed set to follow.

Ridiculous quantities of cash were raised by St Mary's students on their annual **circle line pub crawl** - nearly £20,000 in one day. Rumours that the medics threatened passers-by with arcane surgery were unfounded.

ICU President Eric Allsop was thoroughly duped by a cunning King's College **kidnapping caper**. They intived him to attend a meeting allegedly considering disaffiliating from the NUS and ULU. He was unfortunately returned unharmed after ICU paid a £50 ransom to King's Rag.

The Overseas Student Committee came under fire for their **poor finances**. They are responsible for funding the Union's overseas clubs, but failed to produce any budgets by the deadline. A Council no-confidence motion was defeated on the grounds that it would make things worse. Piers Williams gave them "a very big slap", and sent them to bed with two-thirds funding.

Imperial College revealed its very own **secret garden** behind Weeks Hall. Larger than Princes Gardens, it is available to swipecard wielders from 9am-6pm, unless it isn't; the grounds are sporadically locked or full of children, ensuring continued obscurity.

In the dying hours of the term, dozens of black-clad mourners gathered in the bleak sunlight. The **funeral march** accompanied the cortege as it proceeded around the college, grieving the tragic demise of the Union bookstore. For maximum effect, the train paused outside a governors' meeting and traipsed through the Senior Common Room. Last rites were read by Rob Clark before the corpse was layed to rest in the bookstore window.

IN APRIL... NOTHING.

IN MAY...

Students returning after a holiday of hard revision were treated to a good hard slap in the face from the Estates Department. Yes, I am talk-

ing about the **great tent debacle**. Anyone who still doubted where Colleges' priorities lay had it spelled out to them in this April Fool's joke that wasn't. As January said, "I can't fucking believe it!".

The general election came rather too late for **ABA**, College's new reprographics contractors. They went into receivership just months after opening. On the bright side, many clubs had their photocopying bills written off.

New election 'ron'ped home once more, as the only remaining candidate on voting day, Clare Bunston, was heavily defeated. Here we go again...



No Joy for Clare

Two of the candidates standing for the post of the new **Imperial College School of Medicine President** were rejected on 'academic grounds'. The election was delayed and will take place this week. The winner will technically represent all of the IC medical population, although Charing Cross and Westminster already has a sabbatical president. Things may get interesting.

Imperial held third place in the oh-so-important **Times league table**. The score was hindered by a poor accommodation rating (67%) but IC came out top on staff/student ratios.

And so we reach June. Our previous issue is probably still kicking about on your bedroom floor, so I'm not going to review it. It's not nostalgia until its at least a month old. The final issue lies in your hands right now and the rest is, as they say, future. Enjoy your news-free summer.

Felix NEWS QUIZ

OK, so now you've read the review, attempt the *Felix* News Quiz. Answer the questions below and award yourself a score accordingly.

- Which hall had complimentary insects provided?
 - Linstead
 - Selkirk
 - Fisher
 - Montepelier
- How much is an ICU President worth?
 - £2.50
 - 17.5%
 - £333.33
 - £50
- What type of internal decorators 'brightened up' the G&GU freshers' talk?
 - Plasterers
 - Painters
 - Strippers
 - Electricians
- How many drinks had former Tory MP Sir Nicholas Scott had?
 - "A few"
 - "A few and some painkillers"
 - Half a brewery
 - An 18% swing
- Which type of plague did the Estates Division visit on the campus?
 - Raining sheets of glass
 - Falling lumps of concrete
 - One large marquee
 - All of the above plus a shower of frogs, forbidding the birth of sons and a plague of locusts just for good measure
- Which group of people became *persona non grata* about the College grounds?
 - Students
 - Rollerbladers
 - Students
 - Students
- What innocuous bit of kit caused a security panic?
 - The physics department's enormous plasma generator
 - An overhead projector
 - C&GU's safe
 - DOC's demogogic supercomputer
- Complete this quote: "College hasn't shot itself in the foot, maybe just"
 - ...the Sheriff."

- ...Roger Rabbit."
 - ...the Union."
 - ...in the head."
- The secret garden is...
 - "... for quiet contemplation and enjoyment."
 - A novel
 - for local school kids to play in during the heavy revision sessions of nearby students
 - a secret
 - Which of these acronyms accurately describe the College's outsourcing policy?
 - C.R.A.P.
 - A.B.A.
 - I.D.T.J.
 - S.H.R.U.G.
 - How many one pound curries do the Felix staff eat each week?
 - 30
 - 60
 - 90
 - 57
 - Which famous newspaper had university league tables showing IC in third place?
 - Felix*
 - The Wolverhampton Evening Mercury*
 - The Times*
 - Advertise!* trade magazine
 - A national strike was called by the various HE service unions. What where they demonstrating over?
 - Reduced coffee allowance
 - Argentinian foreign policy
 - Human rights abuses in Indonesia
 - Their appalling pay offer
 - How many Sabbatical Elections candidates (including those who subsequently dropped out, but not New Election) will we have had by the end of the academic year?
 - 13
 - 14
 - 15
 - 16
 - What additional security arrangements did the Estates Division organise after the series of break-ins at Clayponds?
 - A new dead-lock on every door
 - New carpet for every room
 - A van, a man and a dog
 - Grilles for windows, bolts for doors and a vigilante security force that beats up local kids if they even look at any of the buildings.

- Top-up fees reared their ugly heads again this year. Which London institution came a hair's breadth from implementing them?
 - King's College
 - University College
 - Imperial College
 - London School of Economics and Political Science.
- Why were the two candidates for the post of Imperial College School of Medicine Student's Union President rejected?
 - For being too fat
 - On 'academic grounds'
 - For being engineers in disguise
 - It was the Sabbath

HOW YOU SCORED:

0 - 18 Pay attention at the back! Where have you been all year? *Felix*, F.E.L.I.X, is the student S.T.U.D.E.N.T. Hello? Student newspaper of Imperial College. Imperial College dear. Hello? Hello, can you hear me? Yes, Imperial College, that's right. Good grief! You are meant to pick it up and read it, not to correct a wobbly table.

19 - 25 Ok, so you've heard of *Felix* and perhaps even picked up your own copy from time to time. You really must do better. Try reading a news story, getting incensed and writing a letter to us complaining about how bad things have come to be. You are a typical student. Congratulations, you can run for President.

25 - 39 With this level of knowledge, you must read every issue avidly. Are you a member of staff or on the *Felix* news team? I think we should be told. Rest assured that the world will be safe in your hands when you graduate into a fantastically well paid banking job. You can run for one of the Deputy President positions.

40 - 51 You must be the news editor - hop it. You probably already have run for the post of *Felix* Editor and succeeded. Congratulations, I shall leave the seat warm for you.

52 Either you're cheating or you're me. If you get this score, you can be the *Felix* Editor right now. Come in and start ordering people around.

SCORING

0 - 0 1 - 0 3 - 8 5 - A 01	0 - 0 0 - 2 0 - 8 1 - A 11
1 - D 0 - 1 1 - D 0 3	0 - 0 0 - 0 - 0 - 8 1 - A 11
3 - D 0 3 - C 0 - 8 3 - A 11	0 - D 0 - 1 - D 0 - 8 0 - A 11
0 - D 0 0 - 0 - 8 3 - A 11	1 - 1 - D 1 - D 1 - 4 - C - 4 - 8 - A 11
3 - D 0 0 - 0 - 2 - 0 - A 11	3 - 1 - D 1 - 1 - B 1 - A 11
0 - D 0 0 - 0 - 2 - 0 - A 11	1 - D 1 - 1 - D 1 - 4 - C - 4 - 8 - A 11
0 - D 0 0 - 3 - D 0 3	0 - D 0 0 - 1 - D 1 - 0 - 8 0 - A 11
3 - D 0 0 - 1 - 0 - 8 0 - A 11	0 - D 0 0 - 3 - C - 0 - 8 0 - A 11
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0 - D 0 0 - 0 - 3 - C - 0 - 8 0 - A 11	3 - D 0 0 - 1 - 0 - 8 0 - A 11

JOB INTERVIEWS - THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE

The questions you will be asked and the answers you should give...

Here is a list of some of the questions you are most likely to be asked in a job interview, along with some rough guidelines for answering them.

Disclaimer: We take no responsibility for any of this. If someone goes into an interview, gives the listed correct answers, and fails to get the job, that's their problem. Sorry.

Section 1 : You

1.1 Tell me about yourself.

Wrong answer: 5 foot 7, male, blonde, handsome, good sense of humour, seeks similar.

Correct answer: I have 3 first class honours degrees and I'm still 17.

1.2 What are your three main strengths and weaknesses?

Wrong answer:

Strengths

1. I can recite *pi* to 150 decimal places.
2. I can fart "God Save the Queen" after only a spoonful of baked beans.
3. I can drink an infinite amount of free beer.

Weaknesses

1. I don't like bright lights.
2. I have a pathological fear of other people.
3. My skin shrivels up when exposed to fresh air.

Correct answer:

Strengths

1. I never sleep, eat, get bored, or want holidays and time off.
2. I like offices, paperwork, forms, telephones and answering machines.
3. I am an evil ruthless slave-driver.

Weaknesses

1. None, in my not-very-humble opinion.
2. None at all.
3. Really, none.



Give an example of a difficult situation you have had to deal with.

1.3 How do you get X done?

Wrong answer: Get someone else to do it, then take the credit.

Correct answer: Done it already. What next?

1.4 How would your friends describe you?

Wrong answer: Evil/Satan/Creature of the night/I don't have any friends.

Correct answer: Good leader, good organiser, hard-working, well-developed ego, early riser, intelligent, artistic, good team leader, creative, friendly, outgoing, productive, good negotiator, quick thinking, smart, well-dressed, efficient, capable, modest.

1.5 What is the most difficult thing you have had to make?

Wrong answer: Catapult made of clothes pegs and toilet rolls, as featured on Blue Peter/Nuclear power station built in shed over summer.

Correct answer: Name your 3rd/4th year project. Exaggerate.

Section 2 : Academic Life

2.1 How/why did you decide to study the degree at Imperial College?

Wrong answer: I read the article in Cosmopolitan/I thought "ratio of 3:1" meant 3 women to 1 man.

Correct answer: Had heard of its good science and engineering reputation/liked the hard-working atmosphere/I never had much social life anyway/I am a loony.

2.2 What have you enjoyed most about your degree?

Wrong answer: Late nights, late mornings, cheap beer, daytime TV.

Correct answer: Sense of responsibility, purpose, self-imposed discipline, being allowed to work in the labs until 11pm.

2.3 What would you change about your course?

Wrong answer: More women/What course?

Correct answer: More maths, tutorials, problem sheets and lab, please.

2.4 Are your A levels/degree results a good reflection of your academic ability?

Wrong answer: No, I cheated in the exams.

Correct answer: No, the exam questions were all too simple and I got bored.

Section 3 : Skills

3.1 Give an example of when you have led a group.

Wrong answer: Led an expedition to travel round the world by pogo-stick. We got as far as the Queen's Arms.

Correct answer: Led a three year long project that taught third-world educationally-challenged disabled orphans to speak Japanese and make fruit cake.



How do you cope under pressure?

3.2 What contribution do you make to a team?

Wrong answer: I once donated 23p to Sheffield United/I made bad jokes like this all the time.

Correct answer: I take over, tell everyone what to do, and leave them to do it while I sneak off down the pub for a drink.

3.3 How do you manage your time?

Wrong answer: 24 hours = 10 hours sleeping, 4 hours eating, 5 hours beer, 5 hours daytime TV.

Correct answer: Stopwatches, personal organisers, revision timetables, diaries.

3.4 How do you work under pressure? Give a recent example.

Wrong answer: I panic, stay up all night, get high on (insert chosen substance), then collapse the following morning when I'm actually required to do anything.

Correct answer: I like stress. I work better under stress. I need stress to effectively complete everything the big wide world throws at me. Hahahaahaaaaaa!

Section 4 : Outside Interests

4.1 Tell me about your involvement in a student society, sports team, etc.

Wrong answer: I got thrown out after the first week for spending all the money on sex, beer, and hard drugs/I hung around until I was eventually elected as Chairman,

then I left and was never seen again/I completely neglected my degree bumming around writing for the student newspaper.
Correct answer: I ran the society/was captain of the team since before freshers' fair.

4.2 *What do you think was your major contribution to this society or team?*

Wrong answer: I always got the pizzas in on a Friday night.

Correct answer: I've organised everything they've ever done/Single-handedly won every match, right up to international level.



Tell me about your involvement with a student society/sports team.

Section 5 : Work experience

5.1 *What were your main responsibilities at this organisation?*

Wrong answer: Getting the pizzas in on a Friday night. If I was good they'd let me make the tea.

Correct answer: I took over from the boss when he went on holiday.

5.2 *Give an example of a difficult situation you have had to deal with.*

Wrong answer: A customer came in and wanted to buy something without a bar code.

Correct answer: A masked gunman came in to company headquarters and took everybody hostage.

5.3 *How did you resolve it?*

Wrong answer: I turned round and yelled "Tracy! Price check on till three!"

Correct answer: I negotiated with the gunman and persuaded him not only to let everyone go, but also to pay the company £3 million in cash and spend the rest of his life doing volunteer work for charity.

Section 6 : The job

6.1 *Why do you want this job?*

Wrong answer: It'll earn me money, and money will help me pull.

Correct answer: This job has always been my lifelong dream/it will help me fulfil my awesome potential/I want to see the world/broaden my horizons, etc, etc. This applies even if the job is sweeping the streets, cleaning toilets, or even cleaning

toilets in McDonalds.

6.2 *How have you found out about this type of work?*

Wrong answer: A friend of a friend said it would be a doss.

Correct answer: It's been my lifelong ambition since I was born, no, before I was born.

6.3 *In your view, what are the major problems/opportunities facing this company/industry?*

Wrong answer: I haven't a clue. I've never heard of your company/industry. I'm only applying for the interview practice.

Correct answer: List the last 50 years of company history from memory.

6.4 *What other jobs have you applied for?*

Wrong answer: Sweeping streets, selling dope, MI5, rounding up supermarket trolleys, strippogram, games teacher, McDonalds.

Correct answer: None. This is the job of my dreams and I will be satisfied with no other. Give me the job! Please! I'll do anything! (foam at mouth)...

Section 7 : The future

7.1 *Where do you see yourself in 5 years time?*

Wrong answer: Lying on a mattress stuffed with used tenners and surrounded by at least 15 beautiful women.

Correct answer: Anything that implies you're still working for the company who are interviewing you and *loving every minute of it.*

7.2 *What support/training do you think you will need to do this job?*

Wrong answer: None. I have a degree in soil mechanics. What more do you want?

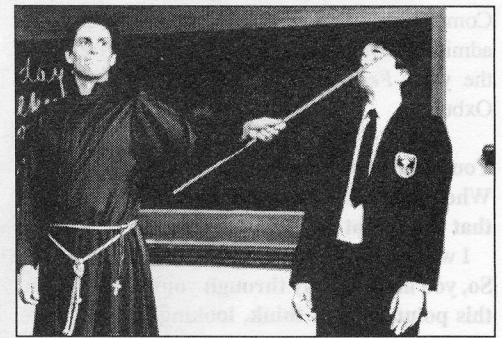
Correct answer: None. I completed all the relevant training courses years ago in my spare time, along with learning Mandarin Chinese, playing the bassoon, teaching evening classes in macrame and taking British ten-pin bowling to an international level.

7.3 *How do you see this job developing?*

Wrong answer: The longer I stay with this company, the less work I do for more money.

Correct answer: Challenges...rapid changes...organisation...increasing profit-related pay...committees...millenium...forefront of information technology...company expansion...multi-national...decision-making process...foreseeable future...conglomerates...world domination.

Section 8 : Last question



Where do you see yourself in five years time?

8.1 *Do you have any questions to ask us?*

Having done well on the rest of the interview (assuming you have) don't suddenly panic and get it all wrong now. "Getting it wrong" includes any of the following replies...

Do I get a company car?

How many female employees does this company have between the ages of 18 and 25?

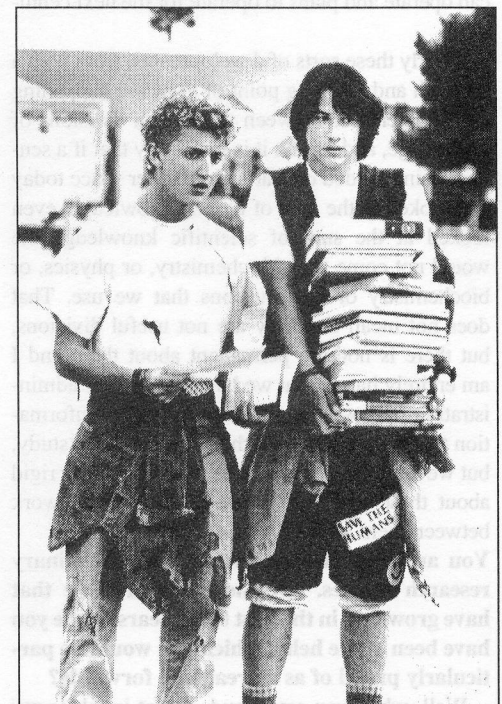
When do I get my first pay increase?

Do I get an expense account?

How closely will you be looking at my expense account?

Will I have to actually justify my expense account?

Correct answers include anything that implies you're taking any interest in the company and how it's run. It is important to always ask them something at this point. They think you're desperate to leave early if you don't. Finally, good luck!



What made you decide to study at Imperial College?

Completing our series of interviews with senior administrative personnel, and to nicely round off the year, *Felix* talks to the Rector, Sir Ronald Oxburgh.

You have been here for three and a half years. When you came here, how long did you think that you might stay?

I was appointed for seven years.

So, you are half way through your time here. At this point, do you think, looking to the future, about things you have still yet to achieve?

Absolutely, we've scarcely started.

Could you tell me what you're biggest achievement to date has been, in your time at Imperial College?

I would not really take credit myself for most of the things that have happened in the College. Most of the things that are beneficial have happened through the action of others. They probably would have happened anyway, whether I had been here or not. But, if you look at the major changes that we have had, I suppose the biggest change is the development of the medical school and not only the joining of the new institutions, but the rebuilding of the site and the development of a new academic emphasis for the College during the next millennium. That is the largest single change that has happened while I have been here.

Do you feel that you have contributed significantly to that?

I have done quite a lot of work. In other respects, and I'm not sure to what extent it has been successful, it has been to build bridges between the different parts of the college, both between the different departments, and between the departments and the centre. When I arrived, relations between Sheffield and the departments were not bad, but left something to be desired. Certainly, departments tended to perhaps be run in a rather traditional mould, each an island unto itself. It is clear that a first class institution cannot function if it believes that the academic divisions that were relevant 30 years ago are the only ones within which it can operate and plans to operate for the next century.

Clearly these sorts of developments, from both a research and teaching point of view are happening on the interfaces between the British divisions of knowledge, and I think it is fair to say that if a sentient being landed on Earth from outer space today and looked at the sum of human knowledge, even looked at the sum of scientific knowledge, he would not come up with chemistry, or physics, or biochemistry or the divisions that we use. That does not mean that they are not useful divisions, but there is nothing permanent about them and I am entirely happy that we have to have for administration purposes, major divisions of the information that we work on and the figures that we study, but we have to recognise that there is nothing rigid about these and that we have to facilitate work between them and collaborate.

You are a great exponent of interdisciplinary research centres. Are there any of those that have grown up in the past three years, while you have been at the helm, which you would be particularly proud of as a great leap forwards?

Well, when you say proud, if that involves my taking credit, none is due at all, but probably the outstanding IRC in the country is Process Systems Engineering in Chemical Engineering. I mean, that

is the best in the country by far, it is the one which has realised the objectives which both the College and the Engineering and Science research council shared to work together interdisciplinary skills and work with Industry to produce something that amounted to much more than the sum of the parts and could then be self sustaining and we've achieved that.

Could you perhaps elaborate on what you want to do in the remaining half of your contract?

Well, this embryonic medical school has to make the transition as rapidly as possible to be one of the leading medical schools in the world. And it can be. It will be one of the largest in the UK, will be very research-intensive and it has got some very high calibre people within it and there is no reason why we should not be outstanding. However, at the same time, we want to couple that with an undergraduate medical course which is also the best in

agencies because we have agreements with other institutions, and all of these things may be able to be made machine-based and I hope that we will be able to reduce our administrative costs. Here, we will change the nature of administrative jobs, and I hope it will provide people with a better and more efficient service. So, that all is going to be important over the next few years, and the medical school is a pilot of that.

It is also true that coming from outside, I was very impressed by the rather run-down nature of much of the College estate. Many of the labs that people work in here are not state-of-the-art. We have good staff, we have good students, in many cases working in third-rate conditions. When we move outside the labs, we come out to buildings which in many cases need painting or maintenance. You come out into what could be a rather marvellous area and there's a car park. The facili-

INTERVIEW WITH A RECTOR

the country. Now, we are going to have a really good start with a splendid new bio-medical science building, which I think will be both architecturally stimulating and good to use. The new course that is being designed there will be one of the most forward-looking in the country, we are using that development as a pilot project for the avocation of the sensible, practical application of IT to teaching and communication throughout the College. All the undergraduates will have laptops which will plug in all over the place. That is how they will get a substantial amount of handouts from lectures. That is how they will get timetable information.

Of course, medics lead a more complicated life than many of us, particularly in the future when they will be doing clinical attachments from a very early stage; these things actually have to be tied into the hospitals and the patients that they are seeing. There are actually important time-tabling and communication issues for which this is an ideal medium. So, we are putting a lot of effort into this, and I will expect over the next three years to see the campus, which could never become paperless, actually see a reduction in the amount of paper that goes round. For example, we ought to be able to go to a substantially machine-based purchasing system. Now, you can't stop people sending you paper invoices, but a lot of the transactions that involve shuffling paper are admissions and we are obviously dependent to some extent upon external

ties for when people are not working, the facilities for recreation are not very good. Student residences are in some cases, I think, close to the bottom of what is acceptable. I don't think that that is the way that we should be moving into the twenty-first century.

It must be difficult to try to achieve all that at once.

We can't achieve it all at once. What I am saying is that the College is very good academically (it's not as good as it's going to be) but unless we get some of these other things right as well, we'll never be able to make that last jump. We are going to be dependent on the continued application of outstanding students both in the UK and abroad and people do not want to come and be taught in what looks like a tip. They don't want to live in conditions that aren't very good and the trouble is that our competitors for those same students are now putting more effort into that and offering attractive conditions. So we have got to do something about that. The other reason that we have to clean the place up and make it look better and make it a continuing programme after we finish the BMS, is that big money sponsors are not prepared to have their names associated with places that don't look reasonable. We're going to improve the environment as well.

A more corporate and more beautiful IC?

Absolutely.

You mentioned our competitors in the academic market. The recent publication of *The Times* good universities league tables put us still at number three and we have been for the past five or six years. Is it your ambition to try to perhaps get to number two or maybe even number one over the next ten years?

Of course.

But isn't our accommodation going to continue bringing us down?

First of all let me say that the *Times* league tables are ludicrous. There are ways of comparing our educational institutions, but that is not the way. All that says is that if someone is going to publish a league table it's better to be at the top than the bottom, so one is not unhappy to be there. When people say how good it is, I say, "well yes", but in fact it is a ludicrous table and it is put together in a silly way.

Could you demonstrate this?

If one looks at the performance on the research assessment, that is a more serious comparison. There I think yes, we can do better. Our engineering is, across the board, I would say, better than any in the country. If you want to compare us with any institution, you could. But our science is not scoring as well as it should be at the moment.

The research rating is very good, but what about the teaching rating?

Teaching ratings in the College, as you are aware, have been uniformly rated as good to outstanding. Again, there is a question as to the validity of that assessment. I personally believe that the external assessment of teaching has been a good thing. Mostly because it has caused departments to pay attention and to look at themselves and look at the way that they do things across the College as a whole. That has been good. I don't necessarily believe that a department in the College that has scored twenty four out of twenty four is actually doing a better job than one that has scored twenty one out of twenty four. I don't think that that sort of lateral comparison is possible. By and large I am pleased with the way that the teaching assessments have gone, but that does not mean that I am actually satisfied with our teaching and with our treatment of students. Some particular areas leave something to be desired.

You were an undergraduate at Oxford. How does the teaching you received there compare to the teaching that a similar undergraduate would receive here?

It's very hard to say. I probably don't know. I did my first degree in classics and then switched and did my Geology honours in two years. You got a lot more personal attention, at least in my time. On the other hand, I think that people here work an awful lot harder. But I suspect that people in Oxford these days work an awful lot harder too. It's not all that different. Fundamentally, in Oxford and Cambridge, the system is still based on the tutorial system where alone or in a group of two you would spend an hour a week with one of the senior members of the department and in preparation for that meeting you will have done a fair amount of work on a particular topic, and in my day it used to be twenty hours work, we'd study a topic in great detail and then discuss it in depth. We can't operate that way, we have a tutorial system here that operates in different ways in different departments. Let me say that although I enjoyed that system, it wasn't good for everyone.

My first teaching job was at Oxford, and I found that there were students admitted to Oxford that did not like that system. I found that I had very good students who at the end of the first year I helped to transfer to other universities where they would be taught in a different way because they did not like the one-to-one, possibly confrontational, relationship you had where you would be interrogated, challenged and so on. They much preferred to sit in a large audience in a lecture theatre or to do prescribed practicals labs and things of that kind. It is not uniquely good. It is a good system but there are other good systems too, and I'm satisfied that we've got a good system as well.

When you were an undergraduate or in your later teaching jobs, when was the first time that you heard of Imperial College?

I must of simply heard of it as a student, you know, as one of great London science and engineering colleges.

So there is no particular event that triggered your knowledge?

No.

What do you think the public's impression of the College is at the moment?

I think it's a question of whether you ask our more immediate neighbours in South Kensington or those that are more remote and I suspect that you would get rather different answers. I take you are more concerned with people who are more remote. I think we are seen as a leading science and engineering university, and I use that word advisedly.

Does it perhaps make you angry if you are watching the news or reading the paper and you see an expert who has been called in and it's always Professor Whatever from Oxford or Dr Whomever from Cambridge. Don't you think "No, we've got a better centre for that, you should be talking to us"?

Sometimes I do, sometimes I don't. It depends on what the topic is. We have good press exposure, and are pretty good for providing names for the media at short notice than either Oxford or Cambridge. We have the tremendous advantage of being in London, and it is an awful lot easier for various news companies to come here rather than Oxford or Cambridge. Occasionally, the media get the wrong person, occasionally, they are right to go somewhere else.

Right, on to the Dearing Committee.

Yes

Soon to publish,

Yes, seventeenth of July.

Can you perhaps reveal a few of your conclusions?

A scoop for *Felix*! "*Felix* says..."

Well, you must be nearing the final consultations...

Yesterday I spent from 8.30 until 6 at the penultimate meeting. What can I say? The Dearing Committee has had an enormous amount to do in far too short a time. It was told by the government that the report was needed now, and if wasn't provided now then important opportunities would be lost. We're also constrained, I think very unfortunately, by the public assertions by both the previous government and the present government that they do not see their way to putting more resources into higher education. So the bottom line is that when the report comes out, it will be long, a great deal will have been done, but a great many matters that required thorough and deeper investigation

have simply been touched upon and not really explored to the depth that a detailed solution needed. But some of the problems are almost insoluble given the boundary imposed by the politicians. But given that, we've done what we can and I don't think that it's giving away any secrets at all to say that the circumstances at the setting up of the Dearing Committee were precipitated by a financial crisis within universities. If the government is not going to contribute significant more money, although it has indicated as it has done in its election manifesto that more burden should be put on students, it would not be surprising if the committee did not come out with recommendations which from a student's point of view would seem to be very unwelcome. It has been a priority for the committee to try to explore what I might describe as unwelcome solutions which would have the least deterrent effect on students participating in higher education and least discriminatory effect on those from poor backgrounds or deprived backgrounds of any kind. Now, ultimately a decision on this is going to be made by government because we shall be putting forward various alternatives, but the areas we would be talking about would be a student-fee contribution and something to do with maintenance. These can be juggled in various ways, and clearly one is looking at income contingent loans, learning banks and a whole range of things of this kind.

What is your preferred option?

I don't think that there is a single preferred option. It is such a complicated issue, that my preferred option would be to raise taxation, I mean, if you really want a quick answer, because you don't actually have to raise taxation by very much to solve the problem but from a governmental point of view, that would be a way of tackling a whole range of problems. I'm not really dodging the question but simply saying that student finances become very technical and you could say that, yes, this element would be right here, but its only right if it's that, and that, and that, in other parts of the system. It also comes down to political philosophy. I suppose broadly I am the least unhappy with a system in which if higher education is not to be free, there has to be some division or conceptual separation between maintenance and tuition costs. Maintenance is something that is required here and now while students are actually learning, and personally I am quite happy to see that supported by a means-tested grant of some kind relating that to the family circumstances of the individual concerned. If one then takes the cost of tuition that seems to be something that you be relate to earnings for life then everyone regardless of their background could be treated the same. Now, if you make that income contingent so that those who go into the least well paid professions, particularly public service, may not end up paying anything, or at least only a small amount, whereas those who go in to industry or commerce would pay a more substantial amount. That sort of division between maintenance depending on family circumstances, tuition paid off by graduates in employment. At that level no-one's background is taken into account because hopefully being graduates everyone starts on a level playing field. I'm not saying that that is what the committee will come out with, but those are the kind of ideas that we have been talking about.

Sir Ronald Oxburgh, thank you.

Words and pictures: Alex

OCTOBER

The last night of the Proms. OK - this didn't actually happen in October, it was over the summer, but who's counting? The BBC proms are raging; myself and a select band of colleagues go onto the roof of the Beit Building to listen to the music coming from the Albert Hall. Obviously we've been drinking fairly heavily. We can't hear a thing, so we go and watch it on TV in Beit Hall. Just before the final number, the BBC proms head-honcho comes up and makes a speech thanking all the musicians, etc... and we notice that on his lectern is a sign reading 'Do Not Sit On This Wall - Danger Of Falling, Imperial College Union.' Obviously stolen from the rear wall of our own beloved building. Collectively, we think 'Right, we'll have them for that.' And set out on a mission to defend the Union's honour. Across the roof of Beit we go, past the various jars containing biological samples (I poured a little Glenfiddich into one; sorry if I ruined anyone's PhD) and the vents that smell of gerbils.

We soon tire of throwing beer bottles onto the Albert Hall steps and watching them smash, So one of my associates, whom I shall refer to only as Mr Green, fetches a

middle-class pretensions, but had unwittingly stumbled into an alien world of depravity.

Eventually we grow bored of our new-found toy and, through some Herculean alcohol-assisted effort, leave it atop the bus shelter on Prince Consort Road. We return to steal a huge 'BBC Proms' banner from under the noses of the crews loading equipment into lorries; this banner remains in our possession. The photographs in the camera have since been developed but cannot be reproduced here without identifying both ourselves and its previous owners.

NOVEMBER

Involved with some flighty girl from the Dramatic Society; We make hurried, graceless love on the table in the Society's room, where they go to rehearse, store things, shag or whatever it is they do. It turns out the table isn't a table, it's a coffin. Not a proper coffin, mind; it's a prop. Later in the year I see the Union hacks carrying a coffin across the

different hats, and initiate a rapid series of questions. I have to breathe in the inspector's face and walk in a straight line; thankfully neither of us have ingested anything we shouldn't have and are quickly on our way. We drive off, cool as cucumbers. There is not quite enough cannabis in the car to be arrested for dealing, probably. A minute later we are a very tense, and lost. Five minutes later I am so nervous I almost write the car off against the side of Westminster Bridge.

JANUARY

New Year's Eve, to be precise. I eschew the crowds of Trafalgar square for a better-than-average party at the flat of a few friends. I get talking to this strawberry blonde from Edison, Canada. She flies back tomorrow; perfect. There's a huge plastic barrel of punch which contains alcohol in just about every form you can imagine, plus fruit, jellybabies and female underwear. As is always the case, she gets more attractive with every helping from the barrel. About fifteen minutes before Big Ben chimes, we stumble together into an unfamiliar darkened bedroom and fall over in a wardrobe. Oral sex ensues, which may or not have been great - I am in no fit state to

an

Alternative

Review

nine sordid tales of youth misspent.

large water pistol. We take turns to bring light rain upon the heads of the exiting prom-goers before a lady walking her dog spots us. It's time to get a little more pro-active, we feel, and quickly take a trip down to the statue in front of the Albert Hall. We find it decorated, presumably by the prom organisers or similar upper-class louts, with road cones, BBC banners and a large cylindrical display pillar about the size of a phone box. We also find a camera with half the film unused, and begin to take a few snaps. After some procrastination, Messrs. Green and White, somewhat over-assisted by Mr Blonde, dislodge the pillar and send it crashing onto the steps, smashing an attached perspex box to powder. They then attempt to roll it down into the street.

Distancing myself from their activities, I realise that I am sobering up. A quick rummage through the nearby bins, where affluent prom-goers have been queuing all day, yields half a bottle of red and a half of white. A group of tipsy, penguin-suited twits have been watching us and hesitantly decide to join in with the rolling; obviously thinking we are of similar ilk. They are very wrong. I offer them the red and they pass it round, each one taking small gulps. One of them compliments me on the wine; it's probably quite expensive. "It's not mine." I reply nonchalantly, gesturing; "I just found it in that bin over there." Their horrified expressions fill me with indescribable joy; they must have thought they were safe in the company of like-minded twenty-somethings with similar

Queen's Lawn, protesting against Waterstone's. It looks like the same one - how many can they have?

I have to go away and laugh really rather hard.

DECEMBER

My mother's car, a Vauxhall Astra 1.3L estate, will do 117mph downhill on the M11. Above this speed the steering starts to shake uncontrollably. It's 3am, myself and a friend are bored of our parents and the whole Christmas thing. We drive to South Kensington with no clear idea of how to get there; I just don't know central London by car. Passing through the city, the road ahead is narrowed artificially by red and white plastic blocks and a WPC stand by the side of the road. She waves at us, we wave back. I know it sounds stupid now, but I honestly didn't realise that constitutes a roadblock.

After a short and unexciting chase, in which we are unwittingly the pursued, we are flagged down by no less than three patrol cars. One stops in front of us, one behind and one to the side; these guys don't mess around. Officers emerge, all in their

decide. She loses an earring, her mother's, at some point in the act, so we grope around in the dark for it before turning on the light. There is another couple

in the room, cowering under the bedcovers. - they've been there the whole time.

We hastily abandon our search and retreat to the living room in time for everyone to dance around like a bunch of loonies at the stroke of midnight. Later, blondie and I retire to a different bedroom which we have to share with three other couples. As soon as the lights are turned off, a hideous cacophony of squelching and muted grunting begins. I'm sharing a sleeping bag with the Canadian girl; when in Rome... She starts to make an embarrassing amount of noise, probably for my benefit I'll admit, but I have to clamp my hand over her mouth before, as it were, finishing her off. Confronted with a room of eight people all obviously with the same interests at heart, I'm tempted to throw off the covers, turn on the lights and shout "Half time! Change partners!" - thankfully by this stage I am feeling a little ill.

I can't face talking to her in the morning; luckily before she wakes up a friend drags me, hungover, to a greasy-spoon cafe. By the time we return she's gone, back to Canada. Like I said, perfect. Well, certainly better than last New

Year's Eve, when some random girl I'd just met tried to masturbate me in Trafalgar Square before running off to jump in the fountains. The police stopped her in time. (jumping, not masturbating.)

FEBRUARY

Sunday 15, 1:32am. When the phone rings at this time of night, you know it's your friends ringing you up off their heads. I am not disappointed; two friends whom I shall refer to as X and Y.

X: "Hi. It's me, X."

Me: "Oh. How are you?"

X: "I'm fine. Absolutely fucking fantastic, in fact."

Me: "You sound very... confident."

X: "I had a finger of speed before I dialled the number, and now I don't...<confusion at the other end> ...We've just come back from the QMW Valentines' Ball."

Me: "Er... yeah? I've been trying your mobile, but it just keeps hanging up on me."

X: "Maybe that's because I changed networks."

He hangs up. Inevitably, it rings again after about thirty seconds. There is further confusion and shouting in the background, presumably as Y grapples the handset from X.

Me: "Hello, Y."

Y: <jabbering> "You're not you. You're an imposter."

Me: "No I'm not. I am me, honest."

Y: <interrupting> "Oh yeah? Well what's my name then? What was your mother's maiden name?"

Me: "But you don't know my mother's maiden name...."

Y tries to convince me to come over, straight away. I say it's impossible. He says get a cab. I say no. X has a go;

Me: "Why should I come over? You've got no booze..."

X: "But we've got drugs."

Me: "But they'll all be gone by the time I get there!"

X: "No they won't. If we took them all before you got here, we'd be dead. And there'd still be loads left for you."

Me: "Oh, I see."

X: "Am I sounding weird? I'm just asking for research purposes you understand; I'll be testing you on this conversation later... The scales of my eyes filling up. <banging noises> Ow! Get that out of my ear!"

<Click. Brrrr....>

MARCH

It's Friday night and Mr Blonde and I are at the Union. It's the week of the Sabbatical election campaigns. We've just learned that this year's ICU President had to down a pint of human urine as some sort of test to see if he was good enough to be elected, and we're wondering how many people you'd need to make a full pint. A friend assures us that the average male can piss a pint at a single pass if he's been drinking, and, in the name of science, we feel compelled to investigate.

Entering the gents' with plastic skiffs empty and emerging with them full, we can confirm that it's

true - a pint is no problem if you're willing to make a little effort. Unsure of how best to employ our discovery, we start depositing pints of second-hand beer, of varying hue and shade, around the bar and disco. Placing them carefully amidst other abandoned drinks, we are stunned to find them disappearing and, in a number of cases, the levels of liquid in each glass dropping considerably. Who's drinking them? Serves them right for stealing drinks. With vigilante fervour, we continue on our mission.

Returning from the cubicles with a warm, fresh and particularly pale and milky sample I am nobbled by a friend from hall. I am desperate to get shot of my glass but he won't go away, and there are no opportunities for me to make my excuses. I can see him wondering why I'm standing here talking to him for so long without taking a sip. Salvation arrives in the form of some drunkard who staggers into me, knocking my arm and sloshing a good third of the pint over the front of my friend. "I'm sorry; I've split my, er, cider all over you."

Exit stage right, at speed.

APRIL

A flatmate comes back from a festival with two paper squares, purportedly soaked in LSD. We swallow them and four hours

later start laughing like madmen. For some insane reason we're watching long-jumping

everywhere - we're surrounded. We walk back to the tube station alongside a woman in leather trousers; the squeak she makes as she walks grows louder and louder until it fills my whole world. I want to go home. I want it to end. That afternoon, it does.

MAY

Exams and project deadlines wheel around; May is the month of sleeplessness.

Notes on insomnia: Always remember that a strong cup of coffee contains up to 150mg of caffeine; a Pro-Plus tablet is only 50mg, and doesn't distract you from your work enough to constitute a break. Alternating nicotine and caffeine is your best bet to see you through a night. Amphetamines are neither big nor clever; you'll take in about one word in every thousand and anything you write will be complete garbage; take enough and sooner or later you'll start wondering about ways of killing yourself. You cannot do without sleep, no matter what: allocate yourself a minimum of four hours from every twenty-four. Forcing yourself to sleep at certain times is difficult, but attainable if you use herbal sleeping tablets. Don't swallow them; crush them up in hot water four or eight at a time; use the weakest tablets you can find for the best natural sleep without the risk of an OD. In an absolute emergency mix a 'flawed emerald' (Night-Nurse and vodka) and have a bed within staggering distance - be sensible; liver failure is no joke.

Symptoms of sleep deprivation: shivering, nausea, depression. The nausea is often due to the coffee; this can be countered to up to a point by drinking water and force-feeding but ultimately you just have to get used to it. With longer-term deprivation things start to get pretty weird: random outbursts of activity, hearing things and hallucination. Yes, hallucination; stay in brightly-lit places; if someone suddenly turns the lights off you'll start tripping like a bastard. If you're writing a report, always go back and check what you've written every 12 hours or so, otherwise you'll start including daydreams and stuff you heard on the radio in your

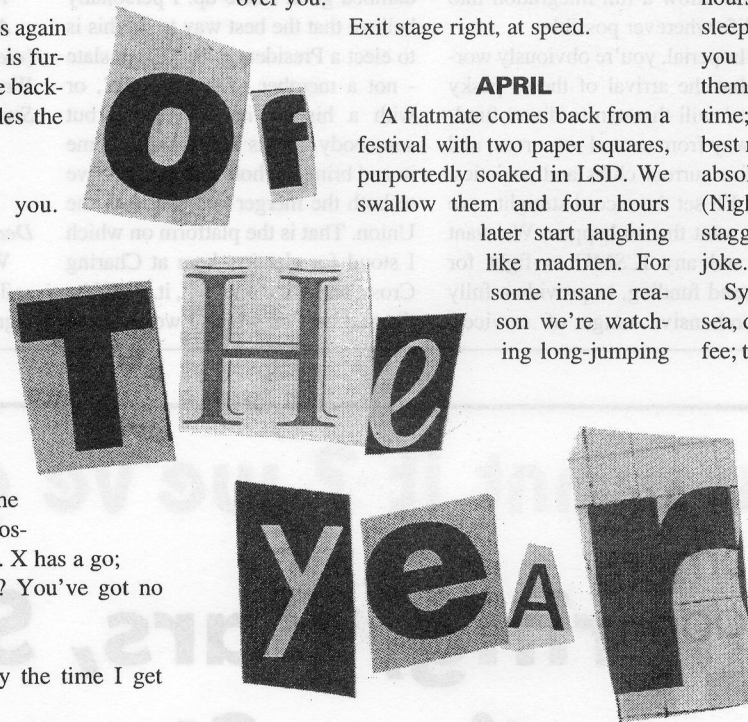
text without even knowing it. Drinking tea or coffee for long periods to the exclusion of everything else produces yellow eyeballs, loose teeth and symptoms imitating (so I'm led to believe) diabetes. You can tell when high-sugar foods start sending you to sleep instead of perking you up and feel like you want to pee all the time but can't go.

I have, at various times, experienced all of these. Foolhardy? I maintain that the best way to stop worrying about your revision is to do the revision.

JUNE

This is the end... A degree is finished and my rehabilitation as a useful member of society begins. Sick? Depraved? If you're graduating this year and have spent three or four years at university without doing anything similar, I'd say there was something wrong with *you*; now you'll never get the chance. It's better to regret something you have done than something you haven't; I regret very little. Except that it's over.

See you at the graduation ball.



Letters to Felix

election mark IV

Dear Editor,

As I write this letter, students at Imperial are about to go through their third round of Presidential elections. What will be the outcome? Who knows, but as somebody who doesn't get to vote, I'm hoping for New Election (again).

Why? Well, having read the manifestoes of the four candidates in the last edition of *Felix*, I saw nothing there to put the minds of the 1000+ new medics set to join IC in August this year at rest. From where we stand, the stories of tents for examination halls and hoards of Imperial students standing at the entrance to Beit Quad waiting to stone all new medics to death if they dare breathe the words 'Medics Bar' don't exactly fill us with confidence in our new home.

I'm not fully aware of what has gone on in the past between St. Mary's and Imperial, and frankly, I don't really care. We must treat this merger sensibly, and attempt to create an ICSM Union that will (a) fulfill the needs of its members and (b) exist in harmony with ICU and the

other CCU's - if we just try to score political points off each other, the bad feeling won't go away, and all the potential benefits of the merger will be wasted.

I'll make one thing clear; medics are different. Our course is different, our style of teaching and learning is different, our terms and holidays are different and for the majority of our course we travel around West London hospitals like nomads. New medics arriving in 1998 will be embarking on a six-year course, during which they will be put under enormous pressure to do well - both for themselves and for the image of ICSM. We want to create a Union which will cater for these differences and pressures and provide a 'home', but also allow a full integration into ICU life wherever possible.

At Imperial, you're obviously worried that the arrival of these 'pesky medics' will threaten to divert funding away from central resources, and penalise current clubs and societies. Well, I'll set the record straight - we don't want that to happen. We want ICU and any ICSMU to fight for increased funding, to provide a fully comprehensive range of services,

meeting everybody's needs. Having your cake and eating it? Absolutely. As the saying goes, 'if you don't ask, you don't get'. Future ICSM medics intend to ask for (and get) all we can from this merger, and if ICU doesn't follow suit, well perhaps you're electing the wrong people to represent you.

None of the four candidates manifestoes printed in the last edition of *Felix* really promised anything different in future. Your next President should be taking hold of the advantages being thrown at their feet, not simply offering hollow phrases of unity. Next year provides the opportunity to completely review the way ICU represents its members, to grab itself by the throat and give itself a damned good shake-up. I personally believe that the best way to do this is to elect a President with a clean slate - not a member of any 'clique', or with a history in the Union, but somebody who is not afraid to come in and bring a whole new perspective to both the merger and future of the Union. That is the platform on which I stood for election here at Charing Cross, and if it came to it, it would be the platform on which I would stand

for election as ICU President. You see, I believe that a Charing Cross medic could prove to be all things to all people - and at least an October election would not alienate 1000 future members of the Union, as your current elections are. So I'll make it clear - should New Election have won last week, I'll be throwing my hat in the ring for the next round, standing on a promise to create an ICU fit for supporting the world-leading engineers, scientists and doctors of the 21st century. And should you fill the post this time, well, you can be sure that I'll be fighting for what I've said above throughout the next 12 months - because if ICU stands still now, it may never catch up.

Yours sincerely,

Andrew Heeps, Vice-President (elect), Charing Cross and Westminster Medical School Students' Union.

sing for your supper

Dear Felix,

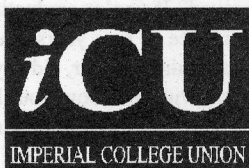
Want to make money?

Then come to Imperial. The college is literally GIVING MONEY

FOR YOU you want it? we've got it!
**Catering, Bars, Shop,
 Reception, Stewards,
 Ents, Print Unit**

All require staff for the 97/8
 Academic year

If interested leave your name and address
 in the Union Office or contact Michelle
 on 594 8060 (48060).



Training will take place in the first week of October

AWAY!!!

All you need to do is spend 1 night in each college hall, and you will go onto the list of residents. Then, stand outside any one of your "homes" and make LOTS AND LOTS OF NOISE.

The college will then rebate all students of said hall about 60 pounds for your "inconvenience". Don't worry that you've only lived there for one night; THE COLLEGE DOESN'T!!!

(This letter is based on an administrative error made by the accommodation office with respect to the building work on the new Medical Centre, below Falmough-Keogh hall, and one certain individual who shall remain nameless. £60 isn't much, but it hints at the level of organisation within the administration of the college).

*Philip Rowlands
Comp I*

Damn, you're on to me. I've worked that old sixty quid ruse every year I've been here!

smoke free, joke free

Dear Editor,

Throughout this year, I've been increasingly appalled, disheartened

and disgusted by the lack of regard shown by some people for their environment and those around them.

As a first year, I rather naively expected that there would be some respect amongst the students here for the few rules that we have to live by in order to live a more pleasant day in a rather dreary place. Foremost amongst these breaches is the blatant disregard shown by most customers of the JCR for its 'No smoking' signs. The conditions within this supposedly liberated and smoke-free area are ghastly and most unwholesome.

Elsewhere, another by-law is openly flouted by those playing football in Prince's Gardens. It clearly states on signs at the entrance of these gardens that they are for 'quiet contemplation and enjoyment' and that 'ball games are not allowed'. So much for revision if happens to be a sunny day!

I don't want to sound like a bore, but these areas have had special constraints on their use put on them for a reason, not on some whim. It would be unrealistic to expect perfection, but might some people consider a little before lighting up in the JCR or punting a ball across PG?

*Yours sincerely,
Richard Jenner*

ALLOCATIONS PROCEDURE FOR CONTINUING STUDENTS START OF SESSION 1997/98

Sharine Brown, Residences Manager.

The Student Accommodation Office will be operating a new system of allocation to continuing students for the next academic year. In the past, many students have relied on chance that there would be vacancies in halls due to no shows. Unfortunately, they have been disappointed to find that all the accommodation has been allocated to new 1st year students, who are guaranteed a place in hall. They are then in the desperate situation of being homeless and feel that they have been treated unfairly.

It is likely that the next session starting in October 1997 will be no different and continuing students are strongly advised to find alternative accommodation well before the start of the new academic year. Lists of accommodation in the private sector will be available from the Student Accommodation Office. The office can provide information on short-term accommodation, privately run hostels and accommodation agents. We also have access to the University of London private accommodation list.

The reallocation of rooms that are not taken up by guarantees will be BALLOT. Continuing students are, therefore, asked to follow the procedure set out below and not to queue outside the Accommodation Office, 15 Prince's Gardens.

1. Students who wish to be considered for any vacancies that may occur in halls must complete an application form, obtainable from the basement office, 15 Prince's Gardens, on Saturday 4th or Sunday 5th October between 10.00 am and 2.00 pm.
2. The completed ballot forms should be posted in the ballot box.

Students who do not complete the form in full or who are found making multiple applications will be disqualified.

It is extremely unlikely that we will know before the end of the first week of term if there are still places after allocating all new 1st year students.

APPLICATIONS FOR PLACES WILL BE DRAWN AT RANDOM. A student will only be contacted if their application is successful.

All vacancies occurring after October 20th will be advertised and allocated on a first come, first served basis.



FELIX

Student Newspaper of Imperial College

Editor Alex Feakes / Advertising Manager Mark Baker

New Election wins it again! What a performer, what verve, what p'zazz. Except that this time round there wasn't any. The New Election campaign for sabbatical election number four was a bit of damp squib. In fact I didn't even notice that a movement to re-open nominations was under way. So, why did he win?

I would like to put forward a number of theories. Firstly, it could all be a plot on the part of Eric to remain in power for as long as possible. Secondly, a dark horse candidate has been manipulating the electorate to force a new election for the Autumn when he or she may stand. Thirdly, the New Election campaign for the first round was just too good. People have got used to that candidate. They like him. He has policies everyone can agree with, and so on. Fourthly, none of the candidates this time round managed to persuade the electorate that they were the right person for the job.

I will leave the X-Files enthusiasts among you to figure it out.

Right, on with the last issue uglies. This is *Felix's* first foray into full colour print for a number of years. It is also its biggest issue for a number of years. These achievements are not for their own sake but rather an effort to give you, the readership, as much good quality, entertaining stuff as possible. This has been my philosophy throughout the year, and I felt that the students of Imperial

College deserved a little bit more than they had been getting.

Despite criticism of it being a "triumph of style over content", I hope that it never came to be a pile-'em-high-sell-'em-cheap approach. Yes, there were errors and mistakes, but there was also a great deal of quality writing and enjoyable material. I think that everyone who read it found something of interest.

As repeated elsewhere in this issue I would like to extend my gratitude to all the people who have contributed in whatever way to *Felix* this year. I would also like to thank the rest of you for being patient and generally attentive readers.

I would like to finish off by making one last point: the students here really suck, but it's not their fault. Let me explain. When I came to university, I hoped to experience some great experiences and learn some great stuff, but above all I wanted to meet some fantastic people. I thought that Imperial College would be a congregation of beautiful minds; inquiring, open and inspiring. Unfortunately it failed to happen and I'll come away knowing only a few such people.

The main cause of this dearth of adventurousness is a teaching system that quickly stifles imagination and creativity and promotes sycophancy and fatigue. Subsequently we have few innovators but many technicians. Discuss.

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NEWS: ROBIN; PHOTOS: ROBIN AND DAVID; MUSIC: JASON AND ALOK; FILM: CHRIS; ART: EMMA; FEATURES: EVERYONE; SPORT: SIMON; GRAPHICS AND LAYOUT: DAVID; COLLATING LAST ISSUE: ALOK; AND THIS ISSUE: EVERYONE.

SUMMER JOB:

Networking Assistant in Chem Eng

A student is needed to help with the task of installing network cabling and equipment during the summer for the period of about 8 weeks.

No previous experience is required but you must be prepared to stand on ladders, get dirty, pull cables etc and get dirty. You **will** get to see Chem Eng in a different perspective!

Period: Late June to September; Hours: 9.30 - 5.30;

Pay: approx £4.00 ph.

Contact Dick Wood in Chemical Engineering and Chemical Technology Department. E-mail: r.wood01@ic.ac.uk

And now the end is near, and so I face the final curtain. As those with a long memory will recall, this is how last year's final article began, and, originality being my middle name, why not trot out Ol' Blue Eyes' classic again? It has been, to paraphrase Ronnie Barker in *Open All Hours*, a funny year. Exams in tents, the General Election massacre, the Union Election fiasco, young upstarts interviewing the Rector. I finally came face-to-face with two of my long-standing sparring partners, Ian Caldwell and Mike Hansen. If you keep them on their toes, they're really not that bad after all. A few veneers of Sheffield secrecy were finally peeled back, and I hope that I have shown, as the Rector said, what a first-class administrative operation we have here. Not. My regrets, aside from getting hammered in the Election, are that I never got round to dealing with College Catering. Maybe next year. Just quickly, John Foster, why does almost 40% of sales go on staff wages, and how on earth can you only make £100,000 on £4 million, when you don't get charged rent or any utilities? I think we should be told. Given the large, captive audience and the often exorbitant prices, it should not require the acumen of Sir John Harvey-Jones to do better than this. We clearly can't,

so why not let professionals do the job?

Since we have reached the end of the year, I thought it would be a good time to revisit the BMS and the Library extension, for which I must again thank Phil Hilton and Oliver Clarke. The outside of the BMS is nearing completion, with a huge effort going on inside. It is really starting to take shape and having seen mock-ups of the lab, the medics and biologists can be sure that they will be very pampered in their new home. Shame they're not going to let some proper scientists in it (only joking, boys and girls). The Library, amazingly, will be broadly finished by the time you read this, with some of the books being moved in. All in all, it seems that Schal are doing a sterling job. What's this, you cry, has Baker been

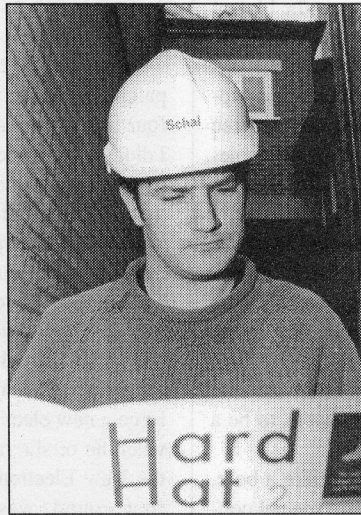
nobbled by the enemy? Months since he slagged them off. Has Caldwell got him wrapped round his little finger? Not on your nelly, missus. Now I'm not out to do a hatchet job (honest, Ian) on anyone, and will give praise where it's due. Not everything in the Schal garden is rosy, it would seem. They may be good at construction, but their accountancy leaves a little to be desired. Enduring the SCR slop in order to eavesdrop, I heard that all is not well. Schal, apparently, are being audited on one of their other projects (the Royal Opera House, I think), to determine the nature of certain alleged 'irregularities.' I am quite sure that such behaviour is not taking place on the BMS project, despite IC being a very soft target.

One organisation that is unquestionably pulling a fast one is City and Guilds Union. The exam photocopy-

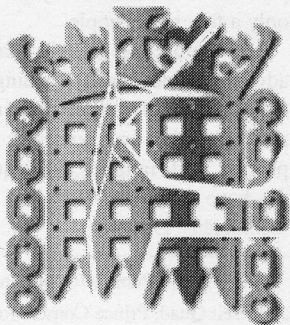
ing scam is disgraceful behaviour by a body that purports to look after student interests. What seems to have been overlooked in this whole affair is that our exams are copyright. Commercial photocopying, particularly where such profiteering is occurring, is surely illegal. If this didn't appear dodgy enough, it transpires that the cash proceeds were kept in a safe, rather than banked in the usual. It does not take the Serious Fraud Office to detect the mild aroma of rodents in this sorry saga, but far be it from me to suggest that any of the cash could have been misappropriated or used for nefarious purposes. For my part, I trust the C&G exec as much as the next man.

So there we have it. That's your lot, ladies and gentlemen. As most of you leave for the epic summer break, some of us will remain and keep the home fires burning. Thanks to everyone who has kept with me this year, particularly those who felt moved to write. Some of you even managed a letters-page battle, of the like we haven't seen for a while; if young Mr Weir makes himself known, a pint at Southside and a beginner's course in journalism await him. As Vera Lynn once remarked, we'll meet again, don't know where don't know when. Goodnight and God bless.

Simon Baker



Voice of Reason



Westminster Eye - Hamish Common

After John Major's predictable resignation as leader of the Conservative Party, made in his first public announcement after the General Election, the party has been up to its usual tricks of tearing each other apart over the new leader. Michael Heseltine was out of the race literally years ago, when a heart attack rendered him (at least in his wife's view) unfit as leader. The minor recurrence just after the election merely emphasised this point. With Heseltine out of the way the main contenders were Kenneth Clarke, William Hague, Peter Lilley, John Redwood and Michael Howard.

Each candidate had hinted in past times that may have wanted to stand as leader. The battle had never really been about what actual person was standing but what his views on... can you guess? Europe were. With Anne Widdecombe putting the boot into Howard's campaign with reports on Derek Lewis and all the other people he

fired during his time as Home Secretary, this left the four with any vague chance of victory in the first round.

Those results were again fairly predictable: in descending order it went Clarke, Hague, Redwood, Lilley and Howard. Lilley and Howard broke a previous agreement that the last two would support the candidate in third place (they all knew they would make up the last three) and supported Hague. This was yet again unsurprising, as Redwood and Howard have always despised each other, and they all knew Redwood would be known as the dark horse who stood against the leader. And his support among the public was feeble.

With the second round coming up, the battle will be a Clarke - Hague match, with Redwood in the wings (unless he leaves first), and we will be back where we started: a battle between the wings of the party. Various old grandees have quietly or publicly pledged support for a candidate, again on left/right lines. The right wing of the party resemble Labour's left wing in that they still believe that the reasons why no-one likes their policies is because they have not been implemented in their full extremity - the solution being to move the entire party in their direction.

One hopes talk of co-operation in a future

Shadow Cabinet between the wings of the party, despite present hard-line talk (Hague has talked of a fully Euro-sceptic Shadow Cabinet). If he doesn't compromise as leader, Clarke may carry out his vaguely-hinted promise and defect with his friends to the Liberal Democrats. History may repeat itself in mirror image of the Labour wranglings of the Eighties, when they chose Michael Foot over the more popular Denis Healey, to keep their extreme left happy. Anyway, time will tell. Enjoy your summer.

**Don't forget
your free copy
of Something
for the Summer**

IC cricketers are, typically, caught down the pub

An IC Select XI met on Saturday to play a friendly against Gray's Inn, in what has recently become an annual event. The Gray's Inn are an extremely tidy pub side made up mainly of lawyers, and they remain unbeaten this year after playing many of the Oxbridge constituent colleges.

Captain Dawkins got us to Harlington after mishaps with the minibus keys and traffic snarl-ups on the M4. He then went out immediately to inspect the pitch and amazingly win the toss again for the fourth time in a row in a spookily Athertonesque manner.

early wicket. But with a near-gale-force wind blowing down the wicket Mandar found it difficult to bowl into, as did Dave with his spin and Barry with his legspin - neither of whom found much movement and what there was very slow. A two wicket stand built up 130+ runs, but when this was broken we regularly took wickets. They finished with 215 for 6 off their 40 overs.

With Mandar finishing with figures of ten overs 56 for 1, Nigel was his usual economical self with nine overs 23 for 2, Dave bowled nine overs 46 for 1, Barry six overs for 33. Phil, who bowled the final overs with Nigel, bowled six overs 42 for 2 off a run-up that started at twelve paces and finished at twenty five plus, generating a lot of skidding pace.

So came our innings and after a shaky start we were at 36 for 4. Nigel and Mandar, who was promoted from his self-appointed no.11 spot to no. 6, settled the shop and embarrassed the top order by between them putting together ninety plus runs. Mandar was eventually run out on a sharp single for 34, another record broken, he could have done with those glasses earlier in the season.

But we were well behind their run-rate at this time and in trying to make up the deficit the tail soon were back in the pavilion, especially Dave who under orders from Barry, coach for the day, "to slap it about" did so and hit the first ball hard and high for the fielder to make an extremely good running catch at deep mid-on.

We finished with 162, Nigel finishing with 65 runs plus his economical 2 wickets he surely was the man of the match once again.

A good time was had by all and thanks must go to the captain's father, who came to watch him play and ended up as umpire for the day.

He also bought a jug, along with the three from our hospitable and generous opposition. We enjoyed ourselves and there was Barry's thought-provoking conversation.



The first team, who won the ULU cup this week.

Usually we play our first XI against these opponents but due to imminent exams and projects our select XI was drawn up giving a first cap and rounding the cultural education of Dan who is more at home back in the USA playing baseball.

It was decided that we should bowl on a decidedly sticky wicket - after overnight rain - and an outfield that resembled the Sahara, after being sanded just before we arrived.

Mandar and Nigel opened the bowling with Nigel picking up an

Sports short

Two IC fencers, sportsman of the year Edward Rysdale and our very own Felixer Mo Mansoori, have been selected for the British Universities team to tour Saudi Arabia for two weeks this summer. Hope you both do yourselves justice, you lucky swines.

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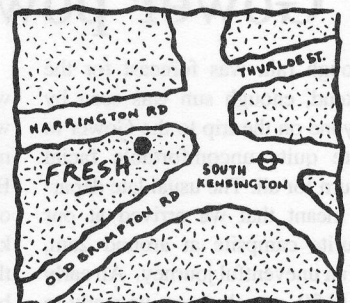
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FELIX SPORT

Plain rowing for the (very) good ship IC

On May the 3rd, the BUSA championships were at the Nottingham water sports centre. As ever, the water was about as tempting as a cross channel journey to a heavily sea-sick person. However, this was comparable to a good day on the tide-way. Imperial College had entered as

Newcastle, Edinburgh and Nottingham. They also came away with a silver for the Senior four, which lost to Edinburgh, a gold for the Junior four and a gold for the pair, whose opposition looked like they were in a different race, they were so far behind.

“sort out the accommodation”. On arrival early Friday evening, we discovered that in fact the boys had plush ensuite rooms whilst the girls had been put up last minute in the roof on a big line of mattresses - not what you might expect for serious athletes!

Unfortunately, some amongst our number had somewhat oversampled and whilst demonstrating a gymnastic feat during disembarkation, managed to overturn a step ladder onto an innocent motorist's car. No IC trip is complete without some hilaaaaaarious incident of this sort.



Back: Mary Cole, Becky Dixon, Ruth Keete, Becks Riley, Guy Ingram (coach), Mel Hirsch, Alison Trickey, Ruth Willot, Colette Curran.
Front: Jenny Williams, Tache Tan, Anna MacKonald, Jackie Belbrook, Sophie Davies, Tim Ramsdale.

many boats as possible, in an attempt to sweep the board as usual (and to tire all the participants as much as possible so they would be unable to partake in heavy post-event festivities!). Particular focus was placed upon the women's college eight as this is the boat to be raced at Henley and this was the venue where all likely Henley opposition would race, making this a very good sounding-board for that event. The crew won their final easily against Bristol (who are at present head of the universities league, but not for too much longer),

The men's development squad also entered a number of crews and won two silvers and a bronze. This is a somewhat incredible feat, since at the beginning of the day they were one man short.

On the next weekend the regatta at Ghent took place. Ghent is on the continent, not in Wales as some members of the club believed. Two minibuses set off on May the 8th with large amounts of kit and equally large amounts of unsuitable food to stave off that journey boredom. Bill Mason had left the previous day to

The Ghent racing course was much like Nottingham, except that it is not as deep. This means that in bad conditions, such as that weekend, one lane of the course might be completely sheltered and flat whereas the others weren't. This would give an extra 15 seconds to the lucky recipient of that lane. Again we had entered as many boats as possible. The women raced the college eight on Saturday which won it's heat easily. In the final they drew Thames Tradesmen, Tideway Scullers. Thames A and B and some Dutch crew. The latter had lane 1 and so cruised to an easy first. Thames, old rivals, had a poor start but hung on until the last 750 metres, where perhaps their experience paid off and won silver, leaving IC with the bronze. However, the Queens Tower / IC composite women's eight won the gold on Sunday. The pair came only 11 seconds behind Wilma (a former world championship gold medallist) and Claire's pair - an excellent result.

The men raced their potential Henley eight and won Under 23's. Some of this crew were later selected to row for Great Britain. The men's club four also won bronze on Saturday and Sunday.

After a long and tiring weekend, we sampled some of the delights of Belgian ale and sped home.

Two weeks later at the Metropolitan regatta, the women won Senior 1 eights on both days, setting a new course record. The Queens Tower women's coxless four won silver on Saturday and gold on Sunday for Open Coxless fours. The novice men won gold on Sunday with their Senior 3 coxed four. As they landed their boat after the race, a disgruntled coach nearby voiced his distress with the unflinching success of IC boat club at all levels - "bollocks that's a Senior 3 four," quoth he - "actually that's right," came the reply, "we're novices".

Last weekend Imperial took to the water once again to race at the London Docklands Regatta. The women's college eight won College eights on Saturday, beating Bristol University and placing themselves at the top of the Universities league. On the Sunday, the eight won Elite eights, beating a Queens Tower / Thames composite crew containing the aforementioned Wilma and Claire in the process. The women's novice four did well to hold their own in a competitive Senior 3 race, although they were just beaten into fourth place.

The results from so far bode well for IC in the future especially at Women's Henley on the 21st and 22nd June and Royal Henley on the first week in July.

Gower power shower for the canoeing flowers

Although rain was forecast for the weekend, enough sun was seen by everyone on the trip to the Gower to ensure quite uncomfortable facial sunburn for all. The usual late departure meant that we arrived at our favourite campsite at around 2am, after an uneventful journey. An early start (8.30, actually) saw us ready to get on the beach and Surf for about 10am, all keen to attack the waves with a mixture of enthusiasm and ability (the two didn't always mix, as a few early swims displayed).

The forecast of strong onshore winds was mostly right, but the waves seemed undiminished, and much fun was had by everyone. Breakfast was eaten with a minimum of utensils, opening tins with a table knife is a perfectionist art, although the flavour of Safeway Economy brands seems unaffected by eating it in the great outdoors (as in we'll buy better next time, really!).

A trip to the excellent local hostelry complemented the day well, with everyone performing well at the

bar, in most cases better than on the water. After an eventful night - our Force 10 giving up in a mere Force 6 wind, and the tent leaking in the 5 minutes of rain - another early start with surprisingly little backlash from the night before found the waves to be good again, and the sun lotion was brought into play this time, but how long it could stay on was dubious.

Punctuated by an accident and delays on the M4, and by a food stop at one of our member's homes the return journey was generally a silent,

sleepy affair, and the small minibus was praised for it's low cost.

The club meets every Tuesday at 7.10 in Beit Quad for an hour and a half session, and we frequently "Get Away From It All" at weekends. We introduce roughly 10 complete beginners every year, who by the end have attained a good level of performance. So anyone interested in joining next year, turn up on Tuesday with swimming things on, or contact us by email on slappers@ic.ac.uk.

Report by Garth

A Midnight Summer's Dream

A play in two Acts by Alok Jha esq.

Dramatis Personae:

- Antonio - a student at Venitona University nearing the end of his studies
- Bertolucci }
Giovanni } - friends of Antonio at Venitona University
Michaelangelo }
- Ariance - the daughter of the Duke of Venitona and the centre of Antonio's affections
- Scorchio - Antonio's rival for Ariance's heart and a student of medicine
- Karvarkianius - Scorchio's attendant and morgue-keeper

Members of the Duke's Guard

Children

A Clerk

A Herald

Prologue

- [Antonio] Come now, young ones. You must understand the meaning of this simple geometry?
When I was studying at university, this was as axiomatic as speech.
- [Child] Sire, why didst elect to take the tutor's role? They say that this is not a well paid profession.
- [Antonio] Alas, that is something upon which I have mused for a long time no. 'Tis a long story and it all began whence I fell in love with the Duke's daughter, Arianne. It is a worthy tale, sit round all and I shall tell ye.

Act I - The Test

Scene 1 *[A lawn with Antonio cursing the Fates]*

- [Antonio] Ah, far and wide have my troubles grown. I am betwixt two concerns so stuck that I have no course of escape. Not only have the Fates decreed that I must under a devilish canopy my final tests suffer thus inducing my senses to a horrible beating from dainty flowers on account of their dust and from the seasons and their heat and rain; but I must also suffer my love for the fair Arianne whom to me is like a star to an astrologer or the book to a student. A thing of desire so great that I study her soft face as if it were imprinted upon my brain. Would my good friend Giovanni were here to calm my fever'd mind, to put my sickly form to a peaceful rest.

But ho, who is this?

[Scorchio enters]

Ah, 'tis Scorchio, a man that hath given

me his previous wrath.

- [Scorchio] Antonio, the hate I bear thee can have no term that is utterable.

[Antonio] Get ye gone sirrah! Fly back to thy nest across the royal fields, man-vulture!

- [Scorchio] If thou wilt, Antonio, I will duel thee here! The injuries thou hast done me are without other recompense.

[Antonio] You shall be unto us melded - unified into a whole. That is, thus, your advantage and our grievance.

- [Scorchio] Fie! Speak to me no longer! Draw if you are not a coward!

[Antonio parries Scorchio's lunge.]

Giovanni enters]

[Antonio] How now, Giovanni?

- [Giovanni] Antonio my friend. And who is this? Scorchio! Art thou not a physician from across the spacious royal fields?

[Scorchio] That I am.

[Giovanni] And what is your business here?

[Scorchio] I am here to confront your friend Antonio, though it is no business to be here.

[Giovanni] That would reason why your rapier is thus drawn. But tell me Scorchio, what has your mind so vex'd that you must upon Antonio relinquish your anger? Can it be that he has injured you in some way and you are unable to perform your duties?

[Scorchio] Nay, the reason is far more awful. I have from my allies heard that he has his affections unto fair Arianne fix'd.

[Giovanni] Arianne is mightily worth his affection. She is fair and lovely, a true beauty amongst the rough cattle that dominate these parts.

[Scorchio] Indeed, sir. I come to challenge Antonio for her favour.

[Antonio] Thou art affected by her also?

[Scorchio] Yea, 'tis true. But enough sentiment. Come, wretch, and fight.

[Scorchio raises his blade again]

[Antonio] Scorchio, away, be gone! I have no time for your bickering. I must my finals in yonder tent sit.

[Scorchio] Shame on you coward, I shall return. But know this: Arianne shall be mine - thou canst erase her visage from your memory. Hah, I am away!

[Scorchio exits]

[Antonio] Giovanni, what a to do! If I am to pursue my love for Arianne, I am surely dead! If I do not then I must in eternal longing remain.

[Giovanni] Fear not, dear friend. Michelangelo has interved on your behalf. He has talked with the lovely Arianne and arranged with her a tryst upon which you must decide.

[Antonio] Oh happy day!

[Giovanni] And Arianne has agreed most intently. Now come, let us to the tent.

[Exeunt]

Scene 2

Giovanni and Antonio join the line entering the tent and meet a confident Michelangelo. At the door a clerk is entering candidates in a ledger

[Michelangelo] Giovanni, Antonio, hast thou heard the news? Hieronious the Seer has said this day that the elements will let loose a furious squall of hail and thunder. This does not bode well for us.

[Antonio] That is true, for the noise that shall make will no doubt be distracting upon those within the tent!

[Giovanni] Methinks that this rigid tent was erred upon.

[Michelangelo] Not so much err as erred. For this idea was rested by an architect cunning enough to build a place of study for the likes of Scorchio.

[Giovanni] Look now, it is our turn.

[They reach the clerk]

[Clerk] Your numbers please gentlemen.

[Michelangelo] *[Aside]* I spot some fun here my friends! *[To the clerk]* My number sir, now let me think, I have it about me somehow.

[Giovanni] There it is Michelangelo, tucked in your cuff. Thirty-six it reads. There!

[Michelangelo] Thanks kind Giovanni, It is a number true. Will it do?

[Clerk] Is that your number sir?

[Michelangelo] Why 'tis mine. Look I have it, therefore 'tis mine.

[Clerk] But is it your number sir? I must have your number to enter here!

[Giovanni] I think that perhaps the worthy refers to your candidature, Michelangelo. Your number there, that I have just lately found, looks to me now some other figure. Thirty-six. What could it be? Ah there on the reverse 'tis writ in bold.

[Michelangelo] "Ede and Ravenscroft"? Why of course, 'tis my robe, a fine a gown as there ever was don't you think?

[Antonio] Though lacking a fur, methinks.

[Clerk] So this is not your number?

[Michelangelo] Yes it is, but not the one you want. I have another.

[Clerk] "Ninety-three-o-sixteen", 'tis more like it. There it fits!

[Michelangelo] Thanks be. Now where was I? Oh yes, Scorchio....

[Antonio] Speak not that name unto me

Michelangelo!

[Giovanni] Enough of the complaints, friends. Where is Bertolucci? He was concerned about this test was he not?

[Michelangelo] Aye Giovanni. You have spoken prophetically, here he comes.

[Enter Bertolucci red-faced]

[Bertolucci] How now friends.

[Antonio] Bertolucci, how goes your day?

[Bertolucci] Not well Antonio. I have for three months my notes studied and yet I know not what the subject means. I fear that I will fail this test.

[Clerk] Do you have a number?

[Michelangelo] You must understand, Bertolucci, that the subject of describing how things occur has no basis. You must know that our mentors are, all the time, inventing new ideas without due reason, except perhaps to further confuse us. Then, when they test us, they will do so on other ideas. So worry not, gentle Bertolucci, for your study so far will not have aided even if understand it you did.

[Clerk] But it will matter not at all if you don't give me your number!

[Bertolucci] Why does this fool prattle so? I have no numbers left in my brain for anyone else.

[Giovanni] He doth just bark, ignore him so.

[Bertolucci] Speak you the truth, Michelangelo?

[Antonio] Aye he does.

[Giovanni] Come, we must be seated now. I hope that Lady Luck shines on you all today.

[All] Thanks Giovanni.

[All sit and the examination starts. Antonio looks through his paper and realises that he

cannot do any questions]

[Antonio] *[Aside]* This is indeed terrible device. I have not with my keen eye spied even a single question that I am able to undertake without fear of being beaten on knowledge. Alas! how can it be that I, like my friend Bertolucci, shall fail? But hush hurried thoughts, look at him now, a smile upon his face and his quill scratching his thoughts onto the thirsty vellum. He knows what he is undertaking. Is it just me here who does not understand? Can it be only I who cannot scribe even a mark on my scroll? Even my name has fled! Oh why has the Lady escaped me? I wish I could be akin to that man near the front for whom this test is but a mild annoyance. He sails through it like an old mariner following the steady North Star who remains fixed upon his target and shall arrive merry and with ease. To that I am but a fool who is in love with a fair maiden. Ah Arianne, where art thou? Not thinking of me as I think of you, I'll warrant. But there is hope there. Did Giovanni not say that good Michelangelo has with Arianne my contact organized? I am then saved. For even if this doth pronounce me unable to matriculate, I have my Arianne. But what of Scorchio? Will he hole my plans and thus complete my misery? Nay I shall slay him before he can any damage unto me inflict. Aye, he shall understand that Antonio shall overcome him.

But hush, a warder this way comes.

Back now, dear heart, back to this test. What of't? Shall I complete it or leave to pursue Scorchio. Aye that's the rub. That is what I shall do. Beware Scorchio, I come for thee! But first some lowland courage: I shall away to Leonardo's tavern to collect my thoughts aproper.

[Antonio exits]

Scene 3 *Antonio leaves the tent and makes his way to Leonardo's tavern where he stopped by the Duke's Guard with dogs]*

[Guard] Young sir, thou art not allowed to enter.

[Antonio] Pray tell me forwhy?

[Guard] I am a member of the Duke's Guard. I have this power and the Duke's Rule, and my new faithful hound shall help me enforce this.

[Antonio] A dog I see, a faithful hound no. It seems that the beast has taken a dislike to the Duke's Rule.

[The dog mark's the guard as its territory. The guard fends it off]

Scorchio enters]

I think that I shall enter. Your reason has a better in your animal, and my dry throat the best of all!

[Antonio moves to the door]

[Guard] Stay you sir!

[Scorchio] Turn villain and draw!

[Antonio] Scorchio, thou devil!

[Scorchio] Bring thy rapier to bear and fight.

[Antonio] *[To the Duke's Guard]* Willst not thou and thy hound come to my and against this maladroit physician?

[Guard] I will not, foul mouthed student! I am here to prevent entry, not to enter to prevent. I will not assist you, 'tis not my duty.

[Antonio] But what of the Duke's Rule: he wishes to kill me!

[Scorchio] Then send a message to my master and he may arrive in a day or two. The Duke has ruled me to stand my place and prevent entry.

[Antonio] That is no help to me!

[Guard] Away from here student. There are pretty nobles coming who would not wish their path sullied by the likes of you.

[Antonio] Then I am lost.

[Guard] Away I said, thou are breaking my concentration.

[Scorchio] Do not run Antonio. Draw thy blade.

[Antonio draws and fights Scorchio. Antonio strikes Scorchio, who falls, injured]

[Scorchio] Thou hast wounded me! How darest thou.

[Antonio] The keenest for the duel speaks of battle wounds? I shall kill you for impertenance!

[Scorchio] Thou hast not the courage, Antonio. Willst thou strike a man when he is down?

[Antonio] Thou art right, I will not. Away Scorchio and take these fellows with thee. [Scorchio and the Duke's Guard leave]

I have lost my flavour for a drink. The fight still courses through my veins and gives me strength. I shall wait for Arienne.

[Bertolucci, Giovanni and Michelangelo enter]

[Giovanni] Antonio, art thou in good health? You look a little raged and I saw you leave during the course of the test.

[Antonio] I left for I have no reason for it. I was waiting here for Arienne when Scorchio approached me and we duelled. I injured him and he left.

[Giovanni] He will be back, and with greater numbers. Thou must be careful Antonio, the physicians often band together to protect their own. But now let us to Leonardo's tavern to consider your tryst.

[Michelangelo] She will meet you, Antonio, do not fear.

[Giovanni] Have you thought about what you are going to wear?

[Exeunt]

Act II - The Tryst

Scene 1

[In Leonardo's Tavern. Enter Antonio, Giovanni, Michelangelo and Bertolucci]

Tell me, whence will the fair Arienne meet me?

[Antonio] Merely a few moments from now, Antonio. Thou art to meet her by the statue in the piazza at dusk.

[Antonio] Thanks, good Michelangelo.

[Bertolucci] Now, let us our attentions turn to the test that we have just undertaken. Didst thou attempt to conquer the mountain that was -

[Giovanni] Nay Bertolucci! Remove from thy mind the thoughts of such things for they are well and truly over now and talking of them will only suffice to give Antonio more sorrow.

[Antonio] Worry ye not, for I shall not be upset by thy conversation. I must now to the statue in the square. Adieu, friends.

[Exit Antonio]

[Giovanni] Now, I think 'tis time to begin the merriment of drinking. I shall the first circle of mead purchase.

[Michelangelo] Giovanni, hast thou not told me but yesterday morn that thou hast neither monie nor possession that will suffice to call thee anything other than poor? How canst thou, then, pay for mead for good Bertolucci and myself? Please do not take this burden upon thyself.

[Bertolucci] Aye, Michelangelo speakest right. I shall then buy.

[Giovanni] Fear not my friends! Thy concern touches my heart and if were not in the company of so many here I'll warrant that my eye would have shed a tear here to see my friends talk thus. But I have news that may make thee understand. I am doubly happy today - not only have I my final test completed today, but I have recently been appointed assistant to old Marcus the scroll-seller. He is paying me a ducat a week for every week of toil that I undertake.

[Michelangelo] Old Marcus? From him did I all my texts purchase. Indeed he is a worthy man.

[Giovanni] Aye. But come back to my former offer - what shall thee have to drink?

[Michelangelo] Since we are celebrating, I shall drink much. A whole flagon of ale for me!

[Bertolucci] Aye, two for me!

[Giovanni] My friends, I fear a competition is about to begin.

[Michelangelo] Competition? Nay, Giovanni. Bertolucci can never drink more ale than me whilst the sun shines in the heavens.

[Bertolucci] Art thou challenging me, Michelangelo?

[Michelangelo] Aye, I am.

[Giovanni] Then let the drinking begin.

Scene 2

[Scorchio's rooms]

[Scorchio] Tonight, I shall win the fair Arienne. To Leonardo's Tavern shall I, and there with sweet word (and with sweet meats!) shall I overcome her. I am fair, am I not? I am clever - cleverer than that villain Antonio, no doubt. For what doth he study? He studies how the earth may over time change its shape what makes it! What a waste of time that is! I, however, study the intricate arts of how a man may function. 'Tis a skill that requires a keen brain and a surgeon's hand that does a job such as mine. Arienne must, then, understand

that I am the man she will most desire. I am the superior and that is why I am to be preferred.

[Enter Kavarkianus

What news Kavarkianus?

[Kavarkianus] Sire, I have a news that is dire!

[Kavarkianus] Yes, pray what is it?

It concerns some news of thy desire, sire

'Tis said that she and another will tonight, by night,

Meet by the statue in the square for a tryst, if thou willst.

What sayst thou to all of this mission, dear physician?

[Scorchio] Thy speech is always laboured, Kavarkianus. My surgeon's hands will one day operate on thy throat to see what exactly is the matter so no others have thy misfortune.

[Kavarkianus] But what of this fresh news, do you muse?

For it can only mean one thing, (may I sing?).

If this gentleman will with her meet, it wont be a feat.

That he should be in such luck, and they shall surely -

[Scorchio] Enough, fool! 'Tis only one man

who canst this do. Fiendish Antonio, I come to slay thee.

[Kavarkianus] What of me, sir? Shall I to the morgue where I live?

[Scorchio] Aye, and make space for a new corpse.

[Exeunt

Scene 3

Leonardo's Tavern later that evening, Bertolucci and Michelangelo have taken of much mead and they are talking]

[Bertolucci] And then, when I came home that evening, I found a dead horse in my stable!

[Michelangelo] What didst thy lady say?

[Bertolucci] Well, my lady then looked on in much dismay as I fell asleep!

[The both laugh]

[Michelangelo] Talking of such things, I muse now as to how our dear friend Antonio is progressing with his lady his night.

[Bertolucci] Better than I, I'll warrant.

There he is. Hail Antonio! Why are you returned so early? How was the fair Arianne?

[Antonio] A grave error I have made, my friends. Arianne was not the lady that I had hoped.

[Bertolucci] What mean you by this, Antonio? is she not the fairest woman ever to study in these parts?

[Antonio] Aye, that she is.

[Michelangelo] Is she not wise and merry?

[Antonio] Aye, that too.

[Michelangelo] Then what doth make thou so unhappy? If she is fair, wise and merry, what more could thou want from her? What mistake didst thou make?

[Antonio] Aye, she is all those things that you have kindly said. But I came to realise today that she was not only all these things but also vain and foul company. She cannot but look at herself in a looking glass at all times and all she talks is of herself. A more uninteresting person I have never met, my friends. So now, I am even more unhappy. For I completed not the test today because I thought that I would have Arianne's company to compensate. Alas, even that is gone now and I have nothing.

[Bertolucci] Worry not, Antonio. Let us drink more together and forget this mess.

[Michelangelo] Aye, there's the rub.

[Enter Scorchio

Antonio look, 'tis the evil Scorchio!

[Scorchio] Antonio, I am told that you did meet with Arianne tonight. That is an outrage for thou knowst that she will be mine. Now I shall kill thee.

[Antonio] Thou are full of words and nothing else, Scorchio. This afternoon, did I not defeat you in combat. Did I not spare you life? Why do you come back still?

[Scorchio] I come to win Arianne.

[Antonio] You can have her, villain. I am not with struck any more. I think that thou will make a fine match for her. One vain, one stupid.

[Scorchio] What is the meaning of this? I have come across the royal fields to duel with thee and that is what I shall do.

[Antonio] I will not fight thee, fool. Begone!

[Scorchio] Thou wilt not insult me! I will fight thee

[Enter Giovanni]

[Giovanni] No! Fight me, Scorchio.

[Antonio] Giovanni, what art thou doing!

[Giovanni] I am here to fight this villian that has stolen my means from me. I began work with Marcus the bookseller today so that might earn some monies in order that I might live a decent day. Today I found that Marcus has been told to cease his selling of books by order of the Duke. They have given the allowance to sell books within the city to another from outside.

[Antonio] This is grve indeed! Was not Marcus a generous benefactor, providing greatly for the university and those who study here?

[Giovanni] Aye, he did. Now, he cannot do so and not only do I have no ducats, but our place of study has less also. Scorchio was the one whispered silver-tongued into the Duke's ear to sway his judgement. For that, I will duel with thee, treacherous villain!

[Scorchio] Thou art right. I did speak with the Duke on this matter. But the Duke hath stated that other monies will be made available to compensate.

[Giovanni] Aye, and the greater we become the chattels of the Ducal Palace.

[Scorchio] My plan worked well, then. I have no regret for what I hav done and I shall have none. I shall fight thee but say to thee now: I shall defeat thee.

[Antonio] My dear Giovanni, think carefully about what thou are doing. There is no need for such a show.

[Giovanni] Dear Antonio, I must do this for poor Marcus as well as myself. Come savage, and fight!
[Giovanni and Scorchio fight. Giovanni is injured and Scorchio flees]

[Antonio] Sweet Giovanni! Why didst thou do this?

[Giovanni] Antonio, there is no need for your sorrow. I have done what needed to be done and I failed. That I accept now and I am resigned to my fate. Soon, the angels will come to collect me and I shall watch upon thee and my other friends until thou will care to join me. Until then, I say adieu to you all, my friends. Bertolucci, Michelangelo and Antonio,.....adieu.

[Giovanni dies]

[Antonio] Ah, Heavy day! Why did today need to commence? What have we here in this hallowed place of study done to deserve such actions from our Duke and patron that even gentle Giovanni becomes incensed? O dark night, 'tis bleaker today than any other night. Tonight I shall mourn my friend and tomorrow...tomorrow I know what to do. Come friends, let us leave this place.

[Exeunt, carrying Giovanni's body]

Epilogue

[Antonio] To this day, I still meet good Michelangelo occasionally and Bertolucci is a waelthy merchant in the Spanish Antillies. Of Scorchio and Arianne, I have heard little since.

[A fanfare and flourish sounds, Antonio leans out the window]

What is

this? Ah, a herald comes to the piazza to read a proclamation.

[Herald] Hear ye all this. The Duke wished his people to join him in blessing a most precipitous announcement. I have come to declare the betrothal of the Duke's daughter, the fair Arianne, to the most noble physician Scorchio. The wedding will be on Midsummer's Night a month hence. In celebration of the event, the Duke has declared two days of feasting and amusement at that time

[Antonio] Ah, what justice is this? Scorchio is to wed Arianne. Good Michelangelo will be please to hear this this! What merriment we shall make. Didst I not say that they were suited t one another? Indeed they will drive each other insane and kill each other someday. Dear Giovanni, I hope that thou art listening to this and smiling, for this indeed is the most comical thing I have heard in years. Finally, I can rest easy in my trouble to avenge thy death. And now, I go back to my teaching. For years I toiled to complete my degree, but it did not really aid me in this world. I am glad I completed it though, if not for the

study, at least I gained friendships from't. Such is the life of a student of Venitona University.

- The end -

[Enter Giovanni]

[Giovanni] Not fight me, Scorchio.
[Antonio] Giovanni, what art thou doing?
[Giovanni] I am here to fight this villain that has stolen my money from me. I began work with Marcus the bookseller today so that might care some money in order that I might live a decent day. Today I found that Marcus has been told to cease his selling of books by order of the Duke. They have given the allowance to sell books within the city to another from outside.

[Antonio] This is give indeed. Was not Marcus a generous benefactor providing greatly for the university and those who study here?
[Giovanni] Aye, he did. Now he cannot do so and not only do I have no debts, but out place of study has less also. Scorchio was the one who persuaded silver poured into the Duke's car to sway his judgement. For that I will duel with thee, treacherous villain!
[Scorchio] Thou art right. I did speak with the Duke on this matter. But the Duke hath stated that other monies will be made available to compensate.

[Giovanni] Aye, and the greater we become the objects of the Duke's Palace.
[Scorchio] My plea worked well, then. I have no regret for what I have done and I shall have none. I shall fight thee but say to thee now: I shall defeat thee.
[Antonio] My dear Giovanni, think carefully about what thou art doing. There is no need for such a show.

[Giovanni] Dear Antonio, I must do this for poor Marcus as well as myself. Come savage, and fight!
[Giovanni and Scorchio fight. Giovanni is injured and Scorchio flees.]
[Antonio] Sweet Giovanni, why didst thou do this?
[Giovanni] Antonio, there is no need for your sorrow. I have done what needed to be done and I failed. That I accept now and I am resigned to my fate. Soon, the angels will come to comfort me and I shall watch upon thee and my other friends until thou will come to join me. Until then, I say adieu to you all my friends. Bortolucci, Michelangelo and Antonio.....adieu.

[Giovanni dies]

[Antonio] Ah! Heavy day! Why didst thou need to commence? What have we here in this hollow place of study does to deserve such actions from our Duke and patron that even gentle Giovanni becomes inaccessibly O dark night, its darker today than any other night. Tonight I shall mourn my friend and tomorrow...tomorrow I know what to do. Come friends, let us leave this place.

[Exeunt carrying Giovanni's body]

[Antonio] Epilogue
To this day I still meet good Michelangelo occasionally and Bortolucci is a wealthy merchant in the Spanish Antilles. Or Scorchio and Ariane, I have heard little since.
[A faint and mournful sound. Antonio leans out the window.]
What is this?

[Herald] Here ye all this. The Duke wished his people to join him in pleasing a most pious announcement. I have come to declare the betrothal of the Duke's daughter, the fair Ariane, to the most noble physician Scorchio. The wedding will be on Midsummer's Night a month hence. In celebration of the event, the Duke has declared two days of feasting and amusement at that time.

[Antonio] Ah, what justice is this? Scorchio is to wed Ariane. Good Michelangelo will be pleased to hear this! What amusement we shall make. Didst I not say that they were united in one another? Indeed they will drive each other insane and kill each other someday. Dear Giovanni, I hope that thou art listening to this and smiling, for this indeed is the most comical thing I have heard in years. Finally, I can rest easy in my trouble to average thy death. And now I go back to my teaching. For years I toiled to complete my degree, but it did not really aid me in this world. I am glad I completed it though, if not for the