



Felix

The Newspaper Of Imperial College Union

Founded 1949



Anthem For Doomed Youth

Dear Dave

Three years ago I was a young, keen geophysicist with a four-year degree and three year's industrial experience behind me. As I wanted to work in research, and had an interesting project I wished to work on, I came to Imperial College to do a PhD.

In the three years I have been here, I have come to know a lot of people—undergraduates and postgraduates, spread across most departments of the College. Like me, they were mostly young, and mostly keen to become geologists or physicists or mechanical engineers.

Now I find that I have a friend with a first in physics who is working as an accountant; two friends with degrees in mechanical engineering who have no intention of ever working as mechanical engineers; a number of friends trying to complete PhDs in geology for which they have totally lost interest; and the list could continue. I myself am on the verge of giving up my PhD, only six months from completion, because I am tired of the constant struggle to get anything done, of the barriers that constantly appear before me. I have no intention of working as a geophysicist again.

What has happened to the young, keen people?

Is Imperial College really doing the best possible job for Science and Technology?

Yours sincerely,
Graham Oakes

Great Dons Of Today

Dear Dave,

I am writing in reply to Steven Mercer's letter (FELIX 756) concerning Hamlet Gardens. Mr. Mercer seems to have been misinformed.

I have contacted the landlords' agents, through whom all the flats at Hamlet Gardens are let. They tell me that the flat to which Mr. Mercer refers, which is in the basement, is in fact a flat for only five. Space in what used to be a double room has been blocked off in order to create a corridor to the cellar, thus making it a single. Mr. Mercer's is a normal six-person flat.

Furthermore, I am told that the rent being charged for the basement flat is in fact £150 per week—rather

more, per person, than we are charging Mr. Mercer and his flatmates.

It is true that the flat across from Mr. Mercer's is being let at a lower rate. This is because it is unfurnished and has been let to the same person for a number of years on a protected tenancy, which prevents the rent being raised by more than a little each year.

We asked the landlord to improve the security arrangements as soon as we heard there was a problem. They reacted quickly in installing locks and spring returns. New entryphones, though, are expensive and need to be costed before installation. This takes time. Pending installation of the entryphones, the new locks were put on the latch. On discovering the locks, though, some of the occupants of the flats activated them and some others kicked down the now-locked door. To prevent further vandalism, we temporarily suspended the locking of the doors and Mr. Mercer complained. It seems we can't win!

As far as keys are concerned, I can only apologise on behalf of the landlords if there has been any mix-up concerning their issue. I will pursue the matter with them. I understand that the situation has been fully remedied.

I am confident that Mr. Mercer, now in full possession of the facts of the matter, is in a better position to appreciate the College's rent structure and policies. If not, I would be more than happy to meet him and explain them to him. I hope this clears up any misunderstanding.

Yours ever,
Don Ferguson
Student Services Officer

When I Were A Lad....

Dear David,

After last week's issue and its article about my Dad's garage I thought it time that I wrote in and explained generally how that story was born.

Whilst I was sitting on my first Undergraduate Studies Committee one of the first items to get through was that of paying departments a sum of money from the fund controlled by the committee to allow them to send lecturers away on courses. These courses would be aimed at improving their knowledge of their courses or improving their lecture technique, or hopefully both. Now silly little me thought that the money the Undergraduate Studies Committee was paying departments would go to bringing in a replacement; apparently this is not so (quoted from the aforementioned

committee meeting). So I then asked that if the money was just going to a Department as an incentive payment, why should we need to do this at all. Surely it is in every Department's best interest to keep its lecturing staff up-to-date as possible.

This is where the lesson according to my Dad's garage comes in: My Dad used to work for a garage which employed fitters, sales staff and receptionists. As was the tradition in those days, each Works trained some apprentices in combination with lectures from the local Tech. Also, before each new range of cars came out garages who sold the cars of this make were invited to send staff on a familiarisation course, for a small sum of course. This meant that the fitters could mend the new cars before they came out, a bonus in a competitive world such as ours.

However, the recession hit and garages were no freer from its effects than any other industry, the first things to be cut were those that required outlay before profit, i.e. the continuing education process.

As I said, my Dad used to work in a garage.

Applying the moral of this story to Imperial College, Departments shouldn't be saying "what's in it for me", they should be insisting that all lecturers be continually trained and educated because in the long run that is what people will notice, and in the long run that is what will save this College from the acts of any government and perhaps the staff here will never have to say I used to work in a University.

I hope this dispels any thoughts of premature senility that the author of last week's third hand story was toying with.

Dave Colley
Hon. Secretary

The One We Had To Print

Dear David,

I am about to leave the College after nearly thirty years looking after the College archives, and would like to express my appreciation of the help that students of the College have given to the archives office. It would not have been possible to undertake so many exhibitions, displays, and the organisation of professional and private functions without this assistance. FELIX editors and staff have been particularly helpful, first of all yourself, for doing so much artwork for the Great Queen's Tower project, and among previous editors Pallab Ghosh, Mark Smith, Hugh Southey and especially David Rowe who also has this marvelous

talent for appearing at exactly the right moment with a bottle of champagne. I shall never forget also how Steve Marshall's farewell issue cheered me at a very black moment in life. Two former chairmen of the Social Clubs Committee, Dr. Frank James and Robin Graham were of immense help to me. Last but not least I am most grateful to that well known FELIX contributor and ex Union President, SD Goulder, the perfect major-domo. As a member of the FELIX Club I hope I will see something of you all in the future.

VIVAT ET FLOREAT FELIX!
J Pingree

NUS Debate: No Case For Reaffiliation

Dear Dave,

What could IC possibly gain from joining the NUS? What would we get in exchange for the valuable clubs which we would have to sacrifice to join that organisation? If, as you say, ICU has an opinion to express (and the question here is not whether it does or not), does it need to a member of the NUS to express it? Surely not. Has the NUS not proven itself to be the most inefficient student organization in Great Britain? Any organisation that spends 90% of its budget on its annual conference (leaving only 10% for possible worthwhile activities which may have a slightly higher chance improving our lot as University students) cannot honestly claim to be doing its best for the students it supposedly represents. What are the NUS's most outstanding achievements so far? The only one I can think of is one that has lasted 7 years—since 1979 they have sat idly by, watching students' grants as they are reduced more and more in real terms. What have they done to try to prevent this? Nothing. Not only has the NUS done nothing for Joe (or Jane) student, it has actually done more to damage the public image of students than any other organisation. It is they who have given the public the idea that a university student is automatically some kind of ultra-left wing dirty hippy who spends all his time going on protest marches instead of staying at home and studying, and who spends all his grant money (which was provided by the tax-payers) on nose-rings and hair dye. This is the image we University students have, and we have the NUS to thank for it. Let us ask ourselves again, what would we possibly gain by joining the NUS?

Yours sincerely,
Alastair Seymour

QT Revisited

The Students' Union is pressing the College for control of the QT snack bar in the Sheffield building, in compensation for an expected £12000 loss in conference revenue should the College's plans go ahead. Meanwhile, the academic staff are protesting about the College's intention to convert the Senior Common Room into a refectory, and are particularly concerned that they had not been properly informed of the proposals.

In a document presented to the College last week, the Union pointed out that the loss of space in the Junior Common Room will substantially reduce their takings when the JCR is let to conferences during vacations. They estimate that further losses would be incurred by reduced sales of books to conferences.

The matter was raised at a public meeting called by the Rector, Professor Eric Ash, on Tuesday lunchtime, during which College Secretary John Smith explained the need for more refectory facilities. He pointed out that the number of students using the refectories had shown an unexpected increase this year of 1400 above the predicted figure.

Hence, said Mr. Smith, the College's original plan to swap the JCR with the Sheffield buttry could no longer take place. "We can go back to the old proposal if College demands, but I won't be responsible if it goes wrong," he said. He added that the congestion in the JCR was the result of the

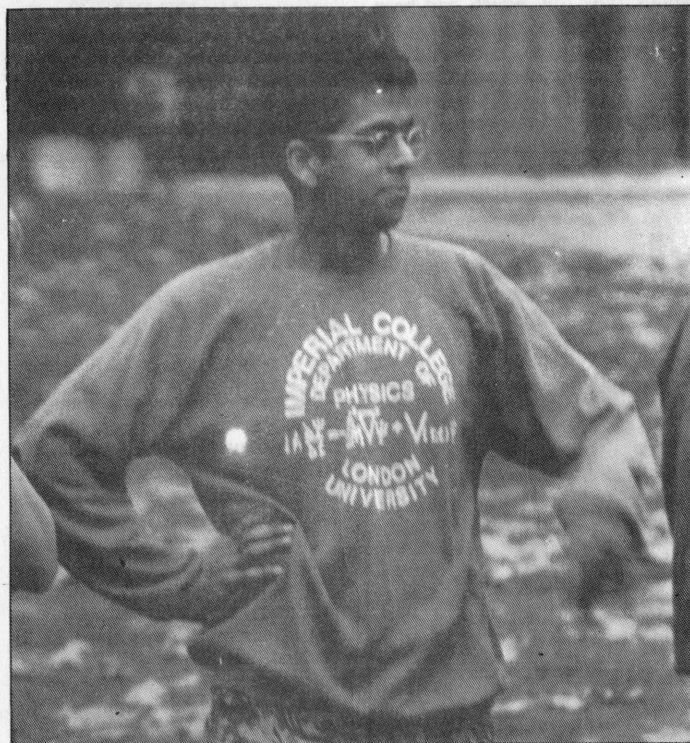
College not foreseeing that users of QT would use the seating space in the JCR.

The issues were again discussed at a meeting of the Refectory Users' Committee later on Tuesday afternoon. FELIX reporters approached Mr. Chalmers, the Senior Assistant Secretary, for permission to observe the

procedures, but were denied access to the meeting.

The Academic Staff Assembly meanwhile has written to the Rector complaining that they had only found out about the moves accidentally and expressing the need for staff to be able to entertain visitors and hold confidential conversations.

Going For A Singh



The Royal College of Science Union will be holding an "Extraordinary General Meeting" today. The meeting has been called at the request of more than 50 members of RCSU, who have signed a petition criticising President Simon Singh's leadership of the Union.

The petition was delivered to RCSU Hon. Secretary Guy Perry last week. The students are concerned that Mr Singh has made a series of decisions without the proper backing of the Union. In particular he has been attacked for not calling enough Union General Meetings or General Committee Meetings. Mr Singh has also dismissed Broadsheet Editor Tony Spencer, who is not a current student, without consulting either the rest of the executive or the General Committee. This was a

decision which Mr Singh does not strictly have the authority to make.

Several senior RCS students have signed the petition, including Sunny Bains of Physics 2, who proposed Mr Singh for the post of President in last year's election.

The petition was organised by Paul Bailey who told FELIX why he was protesting against Mr Singh. He said that Mr Singh had made a lot of decisions that were relevant to RCSU, but was failing to tell the Union about them. He added that Mr Singh had tried to take over the role of Entertainments Chairman in the last few weeks, instead of letting others get on with their jobs.

RCSU Vice President Judith Hackney said later that she and Guy Perry felt that Mr Singh has acted very hastily in making a decision about Tony Spencer.

Silent Nightline

West London Nightline suffered an unexpected financial setback this year, due to an oversight by last year's ICU Deputy President Dave Kingston. This could cost Nightline £675, which would threaten training weekends and facilities for operation. Imperial College normally pays £3,000 directly to Nightline, which is in addition to £675 provided by ICU. This year, the sum paid by College was paid through the Union as a trial arrangement, so increasing the Union subvention, on paper. Mr Kingston did not fully understand where his nose was and so set the Union contribution at £3,000, so effectively cutting Nightline's funding by £675. The error was not noticed until recently, and as this year's budget has already been fixed, the Union will either have to make a contingency claim or rewrite the budget if they wish to rectify the mistake.

Holbein House Banned From Dinner

Students from Holbein House have been banned from the College Christmas Dinner on Thursday because of alleged bad behaviour during last year's event. The ban was imposed in an attempt to prevent the recurrence of excessive drinking and food fights by some of the residents. Ten students who were not from Holbein have also been banned for disruptive behaviour.

One Holbein resident had to be escorted home during last year's dinner, and another vomited on the table.

Commenting on the ban, House Warden Barry Saunders said that although he wasn't completely surprised by the move, he had not received any official College notification beforehand. He also pointed out that a number of students had only been told that they had been banned after buying tickets, and that last year's problem could have been prevented if alcohol had been sufficiently controlled.

The Holbein Students Residence Committee will be holding their own function as an alternative to the dinner.

Balls Pocketed

Fourteen coloured balls were stolen from the Snooker Club in the Union Building last Tuesday. The theft follows an incident on November 14th after the Guilds' Carnival when two red and two black balls were stolen and two windows broken.

Club President David Rhodes has appealed for the return of the balls with the promise that 'no questions will be asked'. The Club Junior Treasurer, Richard Wiles, said that the Club would be looking at the possibility of buying a new set of balls, however, in the meantime it may be forced to close down one of the tables. The Club is also considering closing an hour earlier to avoid bar closing time.

Slinging The Shit

The Geology Department is carrying out a major review of safety in an effort to reduce the risks from hazardous biological and mineral substances analysed by researchers. The move follows a scare when two boxes alleged to contain Rhinoceros droppings and blood samples were delivered to the department three weeks ago. The samples had not been referred to the Biological sub-committee on safety, as is usual when biological samples are brought into the university, raising fears that they may present a safety hazard. Further concern was raised when a post graduate working with the samples contracted Tic Typhus. Protocols are now being drawn up by the Geological Safety Department and future projects will be referred to the College Head of safety, Dr Gordon Heardgreaves, for assessment of biological and toxic hazards. Guidelines for collecting minerals in the field will also be draughted in an

attempt to prevent the recurrence of recent incidents in which students have collected radioactive and toxic materials, including blue asbestos, for polishing and grinding.

Investigations following the convening of an Emergency Safety meeting, at the request of trade union officials, revealed that soil and vegetation from Nahuru National Park in Kenya had been sent to Imperial for trace element analysis in a project by Dr Ian Thornton and post graduate John Maskall designed to make the park suitable for Rhinoceros habitation. Samples of Impala blood were delayed at Imperial, on the way for analysis at the Mardun Institute of Education, for three weeks when Mr Maskall was hospitalised with Tic Typhus. The soil, which had been sun-baked prior to shipment before heat-treatment at Imperial to remove moisture, was examined by Head of Safety, Gordon Heardgreaves and Ian French of the

Biology Department and found to be non-hazardous. The blood, it was revealed, has been heat treated to 56 degrees celcius before shipping and was stored in adequate containers.

Commenting on the incidents, a safety official in Geology told FELIX that he was suprised that the samples had not been reported to the Biological Subcommittee and pointed out that there may have been a potential danger. He added "the events have illustrated a weakness in the College safety procedure and the whole College will have to be informed of the existance of the Biological and Hazardous Substances Committees".

Head of Safety in the Geology Department, Bob Kinghorn, was interviewed by FELIX last Tuesday evening. After discussing the issue for twenty minutes, he then decided to retract everything he had said, saying that he did not trust FELIX to quote him accurately.

Grant Not Enough

"Student grants aren't high enough to live on", according to the Department of Education and Science. This admission has come out of a Government enquiry into student finances. The Science and Arts Select Committee are also investigating funding for students. The National Union of Students have recommended that grants be raised by 21% to bring them up to the same level, in real terms, as in 1978/79. Other NUS proposals are to lower the age at which students are considered 'independent' when considering awards, and to introduce an allowance of £35pw for all students over 16.

Broken Lift

The hydraulic lift used by the CCU Motor Clubs has been repeatedly broken, during the past term. The lift, situated by the Jez garage, near the Old Chemistry building, is secured by an electromagnetic lock to prevent accidents. Keys to the lift are available from both RCS and Guilds Motor Clubs but the lock has been forced at least twice this term, at a cost of £130 a time.

Faked Burglaries

Forty one students living in College halls and houses had their rooms "burgled" by a special IC Union security team on Thursday 27th November. In each case the doors to the rooms had been left open or unlocked whilst the rooms were unattended.

The action was part of a Security Awareness Campaign carried out by the ICU Welfare Committee. The burgling team were briefed to look for the sort of situations that are allowing walk-in thieves to remove considerable amounts of property from student accommodation. In each case where a room was vacant the "burglers" left stickers that proclaimed that the room had been burgled and warned residents to "lock it or lose it".

The action was carried out with the full approval and cooperation of the College Chief Security Officer, Geoffrey Reeves, and the wardens of the halls and houses concerned. The team carried badges bearing Mr. Reeves signature to avoid confusion with genuine intruders.

Welfare Officer, Tom Melliars-Smith has warned that residents should never assume that anyone wandering around the halls is there for a legitimate reason and that anyone who is engaged on College or Union business should always be able to prove it if challenged. He said he though the campaign had been quite successful in its aim of



surprising people into being more aware of the security problem.

The worst residences in terms of open rooms were Southside and Beit halls and Southwell house. The only hitch in the whole operation was when one of the Southside Assistant Subwardens tried to stop the team on his staircase because he was not in favour of the security campaign. He finally insisted upon contacting the warden, Mr. Paul Jowitt, whereupon Mr. Jowitt instructed him to stop hindering the team.

Third Degree

Students who started on a four-year course leading to a BEng in October 1983 (or later) will be awarded a MEng on graduation if a change to the University of London regulations is approved.

The regulations are currently being considered by the Privy Council, and a one-year period for objections to be lodged expires in four months time, with none so far received. The same set of changes will mean that most who started three year course leading to the BSC(Eng) after the summer of 1984 will receive a BEng. The only courses not to be upgraded in this way are those of Computing and Metallurgy, which do not at present include the necessary economics and humanities courses in the syllabus.

However, the Academic Council of the University of London, which makes decisions on the awarding of degrees, has not accepted the principle of backdating the changes. This leads to the unusual situation where students who have missed a year, for example through illness or failing exams, will graduate at the same time and from the same course as others who will receive a more advanced qualification, putting them at a possible disadvantage for life. It is understood that College is campaigning within the University of London to have the decision on backdating changed.

Ruddy Enormous

The Natural History Museum has identified a record-breaking 4lb 2oz rudd, breaking a record which has stood unchallenged since 1933. Alwyne Wheeler, the Museum's Ichthyologist and scientific advisor to the British Record (Rod Caught) Committee identified the specimen by the number and shape of the pharyngeal teeth, and the relative positions of the fins.

The specimen rudd will be on display to the public in the Museum from the end of December.

The rudd is particularly tasty if lightly fried in butter, and served with a white wine sauce.

Open Day

An open day organised by the staff and students of the RSM last Thursday attracted over 250 schoolchildren. The cost of the event was £1300, of which £800 was donated by industry. Dr Harry Shaw of the Geology Department, one of the organisers, said that the event was great success, and expressed his thanks to the staff and students for their help.

Stick Of Rock

There was a minor row at the IC Union Council Meeting on Monday, which culminated in Ian Howgate, the Geology Department Representative, walking out. Mr Howgate was upset by the amount of mundane business on the agenda, he objected to the reports of people who did not attend the meeting being considered.

Arguments began when Mr Howgate objected to the report from Postgraduate Academic Affairs Officer Gareth Fish. Mr Fish had sent a written apology for being unable to attend along with his report. Mr Howgate objected to Mr Fish's report the grounds of his absence. During the ensuing debate on whether this was reasonable, Mr Howgate also proposed that all of the minutes of Council Committees such as Internal Services and Academic Affairs be rejected as well. Council Chair Hugh Southey explained that these minutes were presented for information purposes and that Mr Howgate was "out of order" in his suggestion. Mr. Howgate left the meeting. Earlier he had said that he was upset that the papers for Council members were circulated late and had earlier criticised Union publicity as being responsible for the failing of most events this year including Guilds Carnival and Rag Carnival.

Hugh Southey later described Mr Howgate's action as "rather childish". He used some of the time after the otherwise quiet meeting to hold a short discussion on improving Council meetings and making them less intimidating for new members.

Dave Colley, Union Hon Secretary, apologised to the meeting for the late circulation of reports but explained that he had been ill and

that a lot of the reports had been submitted to him late. In future there may be a strict deadline for submission of written reports if they are to be circulated before the meeting.

The business of the meeting was briefly suspended after Mr Howgate's departure while Chris Martin, who had just returned from observing the National Union of Students Conference in Blackpool, presented those present with a large stick of rock which was broken up and passed around.

Womens Officer At ULU

The University of London Union (ULU) elected its first Womens' Officer at the General Union Council last week, almost a year after IC created a similar post.

The post, a non-voting position on the ULU executive, is to be shared between Francis Taylor (KQC) and Rachel Picheathly (UCL). Beforehand the women delegates to the meeting held a closed discussion to decide whether to ask the male delegates to abstain in the election. A vote showed equal numbers for and against this proposition, and ULU President Jane Cannon used her casting vote to defeat it.

No election actually took place, however, as the candidates agreed to share the post.

A ULU International Officer was also elected for the first time at the same meeting.

Benefits Notice

On the 1st September the present Government changed the regulations which had made it possible for students to claim various benefits over the two short vacations. Students can no longer claim unemployment benefit or supplementary benefit over the Christmas and Easter vacations, even if they have paid enough contributions to qualify under normal circumstances.

As from September 1st the College year was officially regarded as being 38 weeks long to include the short vacation periods. Students are considered to be still attending College during these short breaks and not available for work, and therefore they become ineligible for the unemployment and supplementary benefits.

The only benefit now available to students is housing benefit, which may be claimed by those not living in College-owned residences (such as halls and houses). Unlike in previous years, those ineligible for housing benefit during term time will not have a chance of eligibility during the short breaks.

Any student with questions on benefits can call into Student Services and see Lesley Gillingham, the IC Welfare Advisor.

Felix

Union Adrift

Following the emergency meeting of Council on Friday November 28th, Union Deputy President Jackie Pierce sent a discussion paper to College administration as a response to the revised plans for the JCR. Included in this is a definite proposal that ICU should take over the new JCR bar, and a speculative suggestion that, given certain management changes within the Union, control of the QT Snack Bar should be transferred to ICU. The paper asks College to confirm or deny that each refectory outlet is self-financing and non profit making, beyond a level necessary for maintenance and refurbishment of that outlet. Clearly this "perceived aim of the refectory system" does not apply in the case of QT, which has been raking in a healthy profit ever since it opened just before the start of term. It is really rather naive of Council to expect a constructive response to a proposal such as this, and but for a healthy caution which the Union is wisely displaying, the situation would be very similar to the "let's get the Union bar" fever which affected last year's Executive. The more important question, however, is whether ICU is acting correctly in trying to expand the Union-backed services. Already the administrative chores take up too large a proportion of each sabbatical's time, and if the Union services are expanded further, it will be more difficult for the Union officers to contribute something positive to ICU during their term of office.

Season's Greetings

Looking back on this term's FELIX, I have been disappointed with the lack of variety in the content, and will be taking steps to try to improve this next term. As ever, this depends entirely on the availability of as many people as possible to write and paste up. After Christmas there will be a staff meeting on Monday January 5th (the first day of term), and this will be followed by regular Friday meetings at 12.30pm. Please try to find your way to the office sometime early next term.

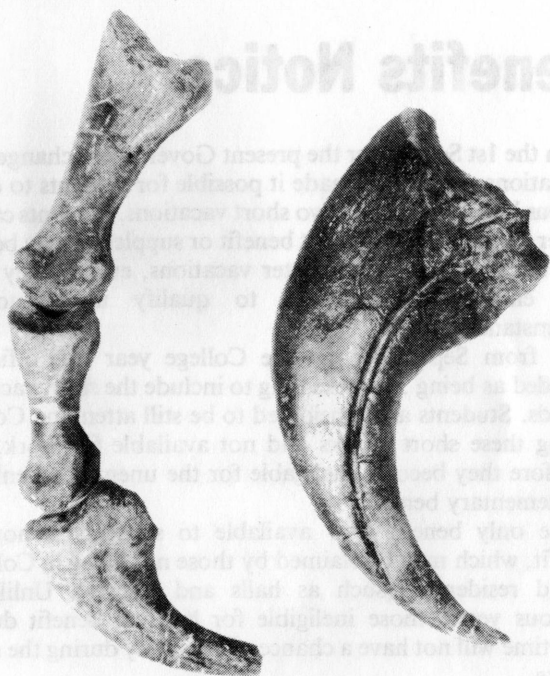
Credits

The amount of work put into FELIX by some members of staff this term has been quite startling. My own performance as Editor has frequently left a lot to be desired, and so I am especially grateful to the following for their continuing help and tolerance; Chris Martin, Chris Edwards, Bill Goodwin, Mole, Pippa Salmon, Judith Hackney, Kamala Sen, Nigel Whitfield, Jane Spiegel, Aaron Kotcheff, David Williams, David Burns, Liz Holford, Alex McNeil, Richard Bleasdale, Richard Fincher, Gail Turner, Sarah Kirk, Ian Thomas, Hugh Southey, Mark Cottle, David Wooding, Norman, Mark Hunter and Fourth Avenue, Gren Manuel, David Rowe, Pallab Ghosh, Colin Palmer, Steve Cook, Laura Dain, Rosemary Hosking and Steve Shackell. Merry Christmas.

FELIX is published by the Editor for and on behalf of Imperial College Union Publications Board and is printed by the Imperial College Union Print Unit, Prince Consort Road, London, SW7 2BB (Tel 01 589 5111 ext 3515). Editor, David Jones. Business Manager, Jane Spiegel. Copyright FELIX 1986 ISSN 1040-0711.



Mike Foulds and Portia Smith in Dramsoc's recent production, "After the Fall" by Arthur Miller, which closed on Saturday.



'Claws' has at last been officially christened. Her (or his) real name is now *Baryonyx walkeri*, say the experts, and she's the founding member of a new dinosaur family, *Baryonychidae*.

Three years, you might think, is a long time to take deciding what to call a set of old bones. For it was in 1983 that a plumber and eager amateur fossil hunter, William Walker, stumbled over the first traces in a clay pit in Surrey. The foot-long claw he found hinted at drama and fury in the prehistoric world, and at further dramatic revelations to come. It's been a long wait for more news.

But to me it's a miracle that the creature has been classified in less than a decade. Think it's hard putting together the sky on a jigsaw puzzle? You should have a go at this jigsaw. The palaeontology lab at the Natural History Museum looks like a busy town centre—just after it's been hit by a rather large bomb. Fragments of bone and mud everywhere. Tangles of wire and pipes at strange angles, glaring lights and mechanical noises...

To get back to the point—'Claws'. She (or he) is lying in what must be hundreds of thousands of pieces over this disaster area. A closer look, however, shows that the chaos is organised. A few larger bones stand out—notably the humerus and a couple of pieces of jawbone which add up to a metre-long snout (almost as long as that of the notorious *Tyrannosaurus rex*). A few lumps of rock stand about with half-revealed ribs or shin-bones slanting out like modern sculpture. The rest of 'Claws' consists of fragments of jagged, dull grey-brown stone that even a highly trained geology student would walk by without a second glance, and handfuls of sand at the bottom of cardboard boxes.

Somehow, over the three years since she was dug out, patient hands have put the myriad pieces of the puzzle together into individual ribs, toes, and other small bones. Even the tiniest of these are cobwebbed with the lines of plaster showing that at least six shards fit together to form an inch of bone, paper thin as it is. Among the success stories stand the boxes for which nothing can be done, those pieces which are too badly distorted to be teased gently back into shape.

Even before the fitting-together enormous amounts of care, skill and planning have gone into the project. Palaeontologists may be strange creatures, but they're not completely crazy: they didn't work

On Wednesday November 27th Alan Charig and Angela Milner of the Natural History Museum finally announced details of a new type of dinosaur. The FELIX Geology division, headed by Kamala Sen, went to investigate.

Claws

in the cold and wet, under the tracks of the encroaching bulldozers, for three years, digging out bone by bone. Fossil hunting has gone high-tech—expanding polyurethane foam (which, incidentally, gives off toxic fumes when made) was used with plaster to encase the 'semi-continuous series of irregular stone blocks'—two vanloads full of them—found in the vicinity of the claw. Hardly any bone could be seen in these except where the bulldozers had scraped by, but their positions were mapped before they were transported back to the lab. Only there could the sideritic siltstone—that is, muds cemented together with iron carbonate—be broken away to reveal the secrets of

the animal. Pneumatic engraving tools, diamond-toothed saws, and thyoglycolic acid; all were used to remove the tough rock casing.

Just to illustrate the uncertainties of the job: Alan Charig and Angela Milner, the senior staff in charge of the project, found it necessary to say that the bones were found 'closely associated...We are confident that they come from the same animal.' Joking apart, people have in the past mistakenly fitted the leaves of one plant type to the bark and roots of another. Amazingly, 'Claws' has remained almost intact through the millions of years. Almost sixty percent of the skeleton—well over hundred bones—has been found; by the time the model makers are

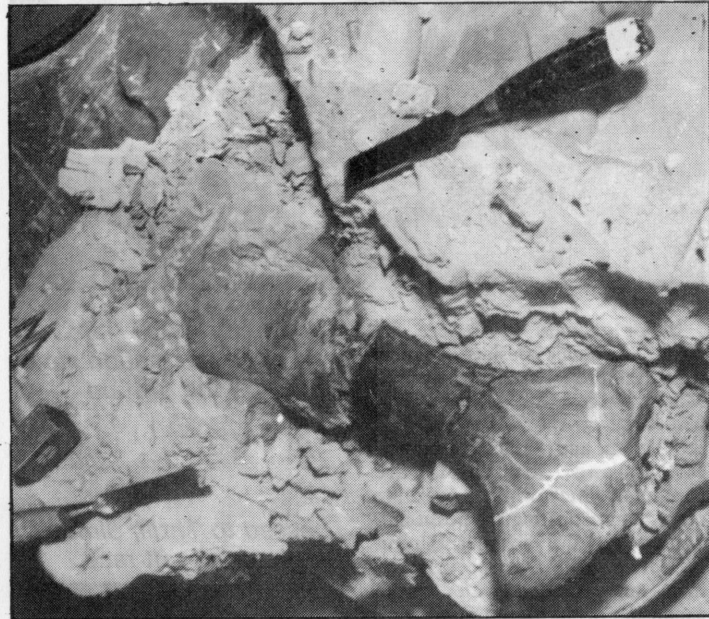
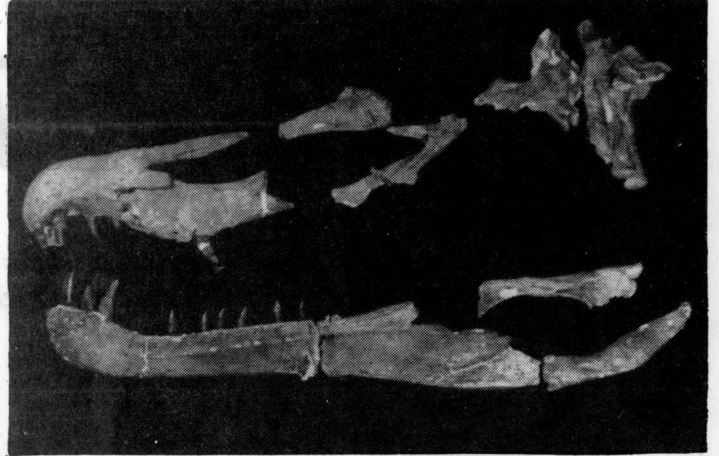


through with it, filling in ribs, making right arm-bones to match the original left-arm bones, and enabling the structure to stand up, about eighty percent of the dinosaur's frame may eventually go on show—in another year or so.

There are still three large blocks out of fifty-five to be opened, and the remnants of the rock matrix to be cleared in a stop-start process when at any moment the sandblaster might find itself disintegrating new bone. Apparently one can tell when bone is reached by changes in colour and hardness—the fossil consists of the actual bone with certain minerals dissolved out and replaced by

for fish in the swamps of a river flood-plain (sandstones and shales in the area show ripple marks) or, less romantically, rooted in the ribcages of carcasses for the odd delicacy. The fish teeth in the region of her stomach aren't conclusive evidence, but the acid-etched fish scales found with them are. She has twice as many teeth in her lower jaw (sixty-four) as most dinosaurs, and each is so finely serrated that the jaggedness only shows under a microscope—both features of a fish-eater.

'Claws' also had very strong arms for a dinosaur of her type, suggesting that she could quite easily have strolled along on four



legs. The extra-large claws, three times as large as the rest of her fingers, may have been on either hands or feet, and were probably used both to attack and defend. Milner points out that grizzly bears use their claws to side-swipe passing fish.

So picture, if you will, a fifteen-foot, one-and-a-half ton reptilian with a crocodile smile, ambling leisurely on her hind legs along a river bank. Now and then she drops bear-like to all fours, waits a while, then suddenly darts a heavily-clawed hand into the water to come up with a fish which she proceeds to swallow with enjoyment, her armoury of teeth making short work of its struggles. Also on the scene are a couple of plant-chewing iguanodonts. Swarms of insects, among them the recently discovered giant dragonfly, haunt the air. Add the appropriate vegetation,

horsetails and cycads, and there you have it—the world of 'Claws'.

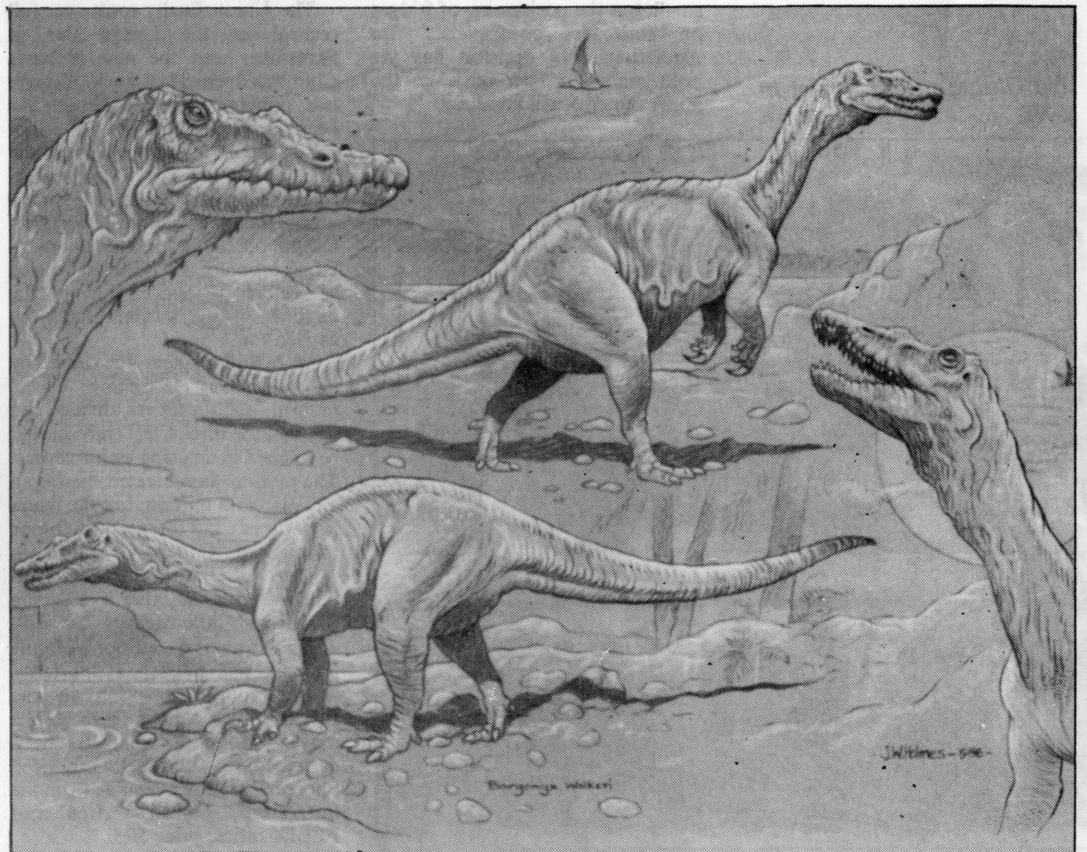
Baryonyx walkerei:

'Baryonyx' comes from the Greek words meaning 'heavy claw'; 'walkerei' honours its discoverer, W Walker.

others. More often it seems that what is needed is a little imagination and a lot of anatomy.

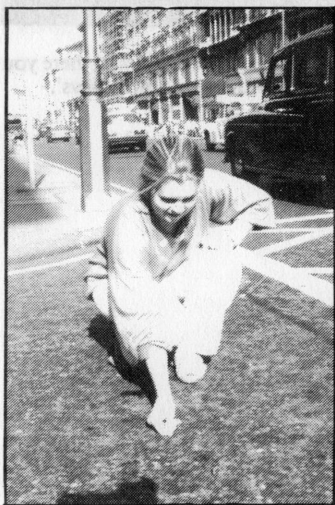
The biggest lack in this skeleton is the tail, which probably parted company with 'Claws' when after she died her body was washed downstream in a flood. Unfortunately there are no signs of how she died, or even whether she is a 'she' or a 'he'. But the remains already studied have told a great deal about the lifestyle of 'Claws'. Indeed, they've shown such vast differences from anything so far seen that Charig was prepared to 'stick my neck out and say that this is probably the most exciting find in Europe this century'. Stirring stuff, for an old fossil—in this case all of 240 million years old; it's the only relatively complete dinosaur find in the world from the rocks of the lower Cretaceous.

People whose imagination was caught by the nickname 'Claws' may be in for a disappointment. True, she was one of the theropods—bipedal, carnivorous, Tyrannosaurus rex-type dinosaurs. But her skull was definitely not that of a hunter and killer. Her slender snout, swelling at the end like that of a crocodile and loosely jointed so that she could probably waggle its tip, means that she probably hunted



One For The Road

FELIX Chief of Staff Pippa Salmon presents a review of the news which has made most of the headlines since the beginning of term.



Tiddlewinking down Oxford Street For Rag

Tie Clubs; under threat in 1986

A serious shortage of accommodation dominated the news at the beginning of the term, when it was disclosed that the Student Services Office was having difficulty allocating rooms to all those who had been guaranteed places. A Union spokesperson described the situation as "bloody ridiculous". Fortunately, most students have eventually been able to find suitable places to live, but security in College residences was put under question following the rape of a nurse in Hamlet Gardens. Locking doors were fitted but the lack of working entryphones and keys presented more problems for residents.

There was more trouble for Mr Peter Hallworth, the Managing Surveyor of Residences, regarding the inadequate cooking facilities in Tizard and Selkirk Halls. The problems have been going on since last year, when staircase kitchens were built in Falmouth Keough Hall but not in Tizard or Selkirk. Not only are the present kitchens too small, but the positioning of fridges on staircases contravenes fire regulations. No decision has yet been made on how or when the improvements will be made.



Site of Northside Hall; new accommodation slow to get off the ground

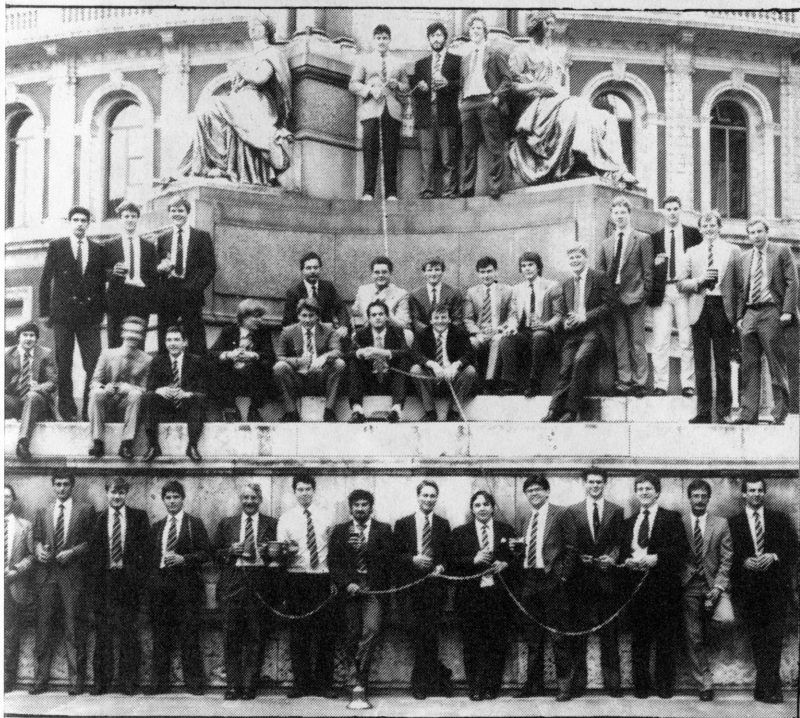
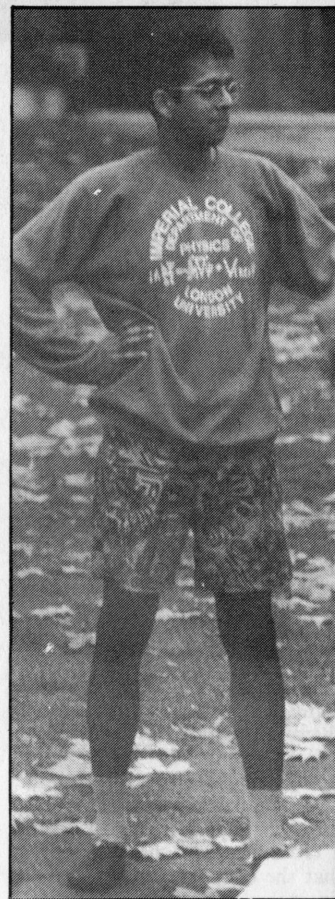
Major changes in College life have been under consideration this term. The proposed merger with St. Mary's Medical College has brought favourable reactions from most of the Union and College representatives and discussions are continuing. Meanwhile, a working party is investigating the possibility of setting up another Union Sabbatical post, to cope with the increasing workload created by the expansion of the Union services.

The Union finally took over full control of the Union Bar in September and the new Holland Club was opened last week. A move less popular with the Union has been the opening of the QT snack bar in the JCR. It appears that the planned JCR-Main Dining Hall switch will not go ahead, which means that the Union will effectively lose its one large function room. A large section of the JCR will be used as refectory space during the daytime, if the current plans are carried out.

More Union anger was caused by the notorious 'Drinking Clubs' motion, with officers divided on whether the three CCU clubs should be banned from using Union rooms. The motion was defeated, as was an anti-Barclays motion, but the issues raised caused heated debates throughout College. Motions to support ULU and Amnesty's Ivan Starovoit, on the other hand, were passed with little dissent.

The centenary edition of the Phoenix was published this term, amidst some disruption in the FELIX office caused by the office move. Copies of what has been described as "the best produced Phoenix" are still available from the bookshop, Union Office and FELIX office, price 50p.

Dressed to Thrill; Simon Singh at the raft race



STA - Service To Students

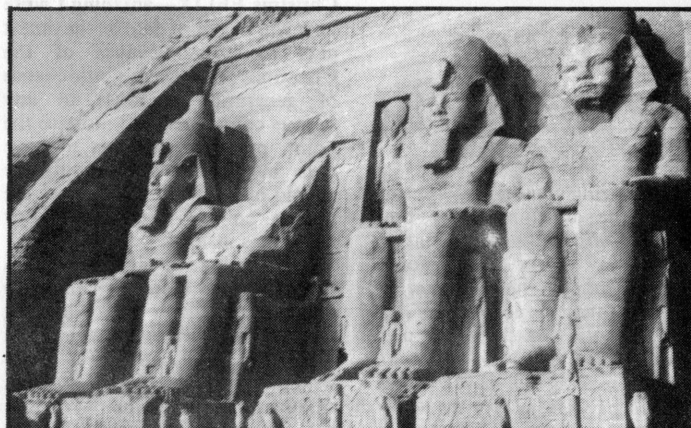
STA is the most widely used travel organisation for students and young people. Imperial College has one of the two offices in the South West London area, which is used by 40 students every day. FELIX interviewed Mark Fletcher, assistant sales manager for South West London, who described the service STA is able to offer.



In an effort to provide the type of travel service students need, STA try to employ staff who have travelled extensively "in the student manner". Prior to taking up his current job, Mr Fletcher spent a year in South America after working on land surveying projects in Iraq. The office staff can always find information about travelling abroad—if they haven't visited your destination themselves they can easily phone up someone who has.

STA are offer significant discounts on fares for students, and can be up to 50% cheaper than their competitors. The service is flexible, allowing you to alter your timetable where necessary, and unlike bucket shops, STA is government backed—should the organisation collapse, your ticket would still be honoured. Discounts are available on, for example, general airline tickets, National Express coach services in the UK, ferry crossings and as a greyhound tickets. There are also special offers, such as a trip around the world for £800.

Because STA has offices all over the world it is easy to change routes and it is also feasible to use the offices abroad as mail boxes. For some trips it is necessary to book well in advance, and fares are in

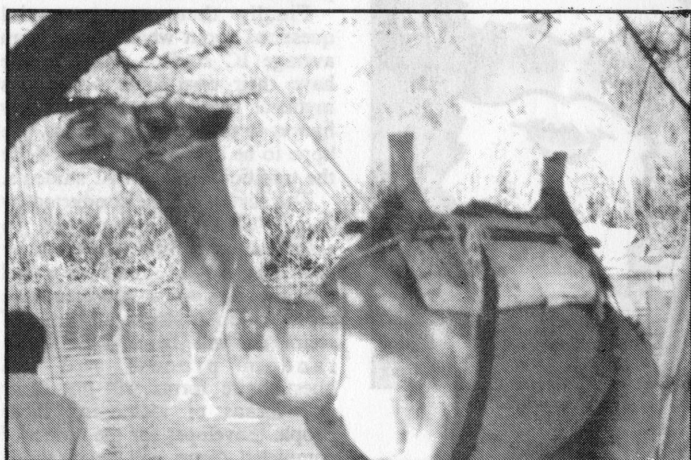


general very seasonal.

The office at IC attracts business from other colleges in the area, such as the RCA. Earlier this year the office was moved from its old position on the JCR to a new site with a direct entrance from the Sherfield walkway. As a result trade has increased and academic staff are now beginning to use the office. IC Union benefits directly from STA—it receives a rent payment of 1% of the office turnover, with a minimum of £2,500. In addition STA sponsor some Union events, such as the offer

of a holiday for two in Paris at last year's Rag Fete (won by ex-FELIX Editor Hugh Southey). There are also regular adverts in FELIX and the Union Handbook.

The IC office has two permanent members of staff; Suzie Roberts (Manager) and Lesley Hing. The office is open throughout the summer period and can now be phoned internally on 3906. For group trips students should contact the main branch in Old Brompton Road, telephone 581 4751.



Tales from the Holland Club

by Nigel Hamster

When Union plaything Hugh Southey decided to stand for a sabbatical post at the end of the third year of his four year Chemical Engineering Course, several people suggested he would have difficulty getting used to academic work again. Heroic Hugh appears to have

proved everyone wrong, however, and has rediscovered his enthusiasm for the subject. At the same time he has been unable to fade gracefully away from the Union scene. At the Union Planning Group two weeks ago, Hugh proudly presented his master plan to save IC Union; with twelve people around the table he suggested that three working parties be set up to look into different aspects of Union affairs. Each group should have, he explained, three or four members so that they would be able to "meet regularly" and "act swiftly" (three timed four equals twelve—brilliant, Hugh!). Hugh has not fully recovered from eight weeks with ICI over the summer, where he discovered what a working party was and decided that IC Union needed one or two. Stunned by Hugh's mind-blowing plan, the rest of the assembled cross section of the Union office spent the next half an

hour deciding who should sit on what working party and what exactly each party should be responsible for. At the end of January, each working party (after a lot of "acting swiftly") is going to report back to the omnipotent UPG which will then report to Council, where all the people who sat on the working parties will decide if they want to do anything. A bureaucrats' paradise—fantastic!

Ever-popular Refectory Manager Rob Northey rarely misses an opportunity to boost his profits. Earlier this term honest Rob persuaded the shift engineers to turn up the heating in Southside, in order to drag more custom down to the bar. Since then Rob has been doing his best to gain a reputation as a College nice guy. After the RCS beer festival he approached one of the organisers and handed over £60—a share of the enormous profit he had

made from the "QT" snack bar during the day. Being such a benevolent character, he added a condition that this act of altruism should be mentioned in the pages of FELIX—I hope he's satisfied.

FELIX has not said very much about the College's new accounting system, which was introduced at the beginning of August. Though Sherfield was in chaos for several weeks, it was impossible to find anyone who would admit that anything was amiss. "Problems with the finance system? Don't know what you mean. Everything's okay here—just a few teething troubles in the first few days, but you expect that when you make as major a change as this." The teething troubles included one member of staff resigning in despair a few days after the system was introduced, but otherwise, no problems. Yes, Terry—tell it to the Marines!

Christine's Christmas Bit

Well, amazingly enough it appears to be "write something festive" time already. Difficult one, this; having guarded my image closely for a whole six months—the cantankerous idiot who threatens people at UGMs while secretly furthering her own raving pinko ambitions (not to mention making life hard for the fun-loving CCUs, just for the hell of it) it seems a shame to lose it all in one go. (*I don't think that was a sentence—Ed*). However I suppose I'll just have to face the facts and own up to being a lovable human being after all.

Of course that's not the only problem about writing bits for the

Christmas FELIX—anything I write now will be out of date by the time it gets to you; because of the Christmas break there's little chance of generating response to any serious comments; and more to the point, my brain appears to have gone into hibernation leaving me devoid of inspiration. So forget the serious bit and accept a Happy Christmas instead.

So what do raving lefties do at this time of year? Don't ask me...I'm going home for a week, looking forward to twelve hours sleep a night, nut roast, and teddy bears wrapped in recycled paper...Well, whatever you do this holiday, I hope it's fun. And a special Happy Christmas to all the Union office, Jen, Pat, Kathy, Jackie and Gutman, and thanks for putting up with me so far.

Have a good holiday, see you in January.

Christine



Who is Average?

During the first two weeks of next term IC Union will be conducting the largest survey of Imperial students ever attempted. This article attempts to explain the reasons for this project and how it hopes to achieve useful results.

The Union has in the last few years acquired control of its own bar and catering facilities which it plans to develop. Eventually plans will have to be drawn up for the future development of the entire Union. To do this we need accurate information about the lifestyle and social habits of students. For the union to develop the right facilities it has to know what students do with their leisure time, what their eating habits are and how much they have to spend.

There is also an increasing amount of debate about changing financial circumstances of students. However there seems to be little reliable data about the current

position of IC students. Imperial is not an average university, if such a thing exists, and so we need to survey our own population rather than rely purely on nationally produced statistics.

Finally there are perennial questions about what exactly is an average IC student. Most people have their own ideas about this mythical being but there are few figures to prove these opinions. We hope to be able to confirm or deny the traditional view of IC students.

The survey will be conducted by the Welfare Committee in association with Student Services by sending out confidential questionnaires to a representative cross-section of students. Names of recipients will be selected by a random process and the questionnaire forms will not carry any means of identifying those people. Envelopes for the return of completed forms will be provided and secure boxes for posting the envelopes will be situated at strategic places in College. In addition, arrangements will be made for questionnaires to be returned via the internal mail service.

Associated with the questionnaire to encourage your enthusiastic participation will be a raffle for a variety of goodies. So remember, if your name is picked out you will be helping both yourself and your Union while expending very little effort indeed.

Forms will be sent out on the first day of next term to allow you plenty of time to complete them. The results will be published in FELIX once they have been processed and hopefully they will provide the basis of discussions for a while to come. Lastly I must point out that this questionnaire is purely voluntary but the importance of the information it will provide cannot be underestimated. I must re-emphasise that replies will be completely confidential in all respects and that you can only benefit by taking part.

Mark Cottle

Rag Week '86

Rag Week has come and gone and as Rag Weeks go this has been one of the most successful.

It started on Wednesday 12th November with a new (clean?) version of Morphy Day. And so it was that the three CCU presidents set off down Putney High Street with the aim of chatting up a non-IC girl and taking her for tea in Harrods. Small but perfectly formed Duncan Royle was resplendent with posh suit, carnation, champagne and bow tie whilst all but perfectly-formed Simon Singh tried to tempt the ladies with a kit kat and those yellow shorts. Rob Perry was last seen in a bar with others of the RSM Exec. In the end Simon was the first president past the post after picking up the amazing Tracey from Roehampton Institute although he was narrowly beaten by Guildsman Simon Childs who reached Harrods five minutes earlier.

Due to indecision on Man Tai's part, some drinkers didn't turn up to The Norfolk—the pub chosen for "Drink-a-pub-Dry" that night—but to a completely different establishment. All the same we managed to reduce them to half a barrel of lager before the landlord realised what was happening and stopped serving us, at 10.30 pm.

The hypnosis lecture brought the largest attendance since it started seven years ago. One hundred and fifty of the audience volunteered to be hypnotised and of these, eight were kept back for further embarrassment. They were made to do silly things like see a hippopotamus walking across the stage, when with perfect timing, Man Tai walked through a side door (hippo-potato-mus?).

Friday was the Guild's carnival—a brilliant event, that would have been even better had more of you turned up.

I can't remember much of Saturday but I am told I enjoyed Southside's cocktails...

Yes, I did get up for the Raft Race the next morning, and it was won most convincingly by Guilds. Sunday evening was Chaps Curry and Barnite which was very poorly attended—perhaps everyone was still recovering from the Raft Race? (or cocktails?)

A lot of dirty people turned out

for the RSM Dirty Disco on Monday, but the highlight of the night was definitely Julian's streak round the Queen's Tower.

Wednesday's Beer Festival, as usual, was the most successful Rag event; in fact, some people enjoyed it so much that they didn't want to leave. In the end we carried them out and cleaned up—thanks folks, the JCR never looked cleaner than it did the next morning.

The Smoking Concert on Thursday was a chance for various people who should have known better to show what talent (or lack of it) they possessed. The most notable of these were Fiona's poem (which won the "Best Act"), the Chaps Sketch, the Guilds Exec, and the the inevitable Guilds Rugby. Chas Brereton also resurfaced having completed his 48 hour piano marathon a week before, and played at the Carnival and the Beer Festival. (Is there no limit to this man's enthusiasm?)

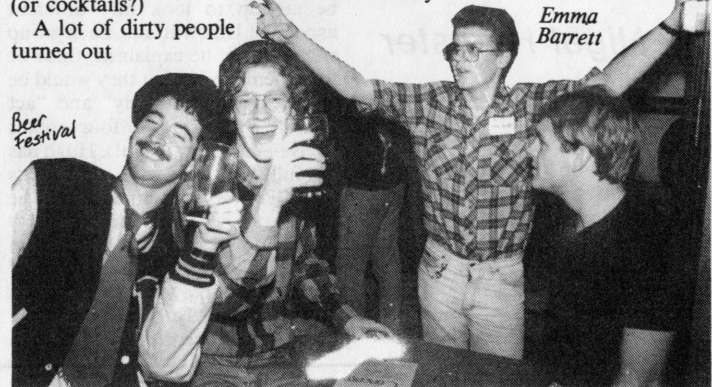
Friday, and the RSM actually won an event—true, it was the Boat Race, but it's better than nothing. In the evening we had Rag and Drag—the most colourful party of the week. Imagination had run riot, and some men had really gone to town on their dresses. Someone who shall remain nameless (called Nigel) liked his dress so much he wore it to lectures on Monday.

SCAB night was a very cultured way to end Rag week, and showed how much talent there really is in IC. The magnificent Trombone Trio received the most thunderous applause, and a close second was Debsoc's debate—"This house proposes that Wombles are the zenith of creation." Both sides spoke convincingly but the motion was almost unanimously carried.

Rag Week officially finished with SCAB Night but the dedicated "1,000,001 darts" players kept going until Monday to score 1,000,001.

So there it was—Rag Week 1986. I hope you all enjoyed it as much as I did, and many, many thanks to everyone who helped in every way. A special thanks though to the Rag publicity team, the Rag Committee and the organisers of the Beer Festival and Carnival. See you next year!

Emma Barrett





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Yes, you too can become a part of the new craze that is tacking the country by storm by owning what will surely become the cult object of the decade—and don't forget where you saw it first!

Yes, here at "Felix" we have, thanks to the kind generosity of Mr. Honeypot of Honeypot Wholefoods, been able to obtain these teabags for no more than their normal price! Such is the awesome power of student journalism. Mr. Honeypot is now recovering a major trauma brought on by the thought, although it was never suggested, that he might be asked to supply the teabags for free. We wish him well and hope that all this free publicity helps and comforts him through his convalescence.

Chuck "Norman" Jardine, notorious ex-teahead, snack bar manager, chef, private detective, psychiatrist and one time member of wild regressive "rock" combo "Norman and the Nutburgers", found it hard to contain his enthusiasm when interviewed early today: "All the best. . . It was a laugh. . . Steamboat. . . Scroggs. . . What's the crack. . . Hey," he exclaimed in a rare moment of candour at which this reporter feels privileged to have been present. "Yeah," he continued, "I used to do a lot of tea. . . and biscuits." Nobody laughed except snack bar employees, fearful of future employment prospects.

There are two things you can do with your absolutely free and without obligation teabag (an exciting option for the anal retentive amongst you): Simply take it to the Union Snack Bar and hand it over to the staff member of your choice. You may then claim your complementary Xmas insult by rejoicing in the salutation, "Ho bloody ho," mispronounced with a regionally disordered Tyne Teas overbite. On no account should you attempt to make tea with it.

Free Gift

MEGABRAIN

CHRISTMAS PUZZLES PAGE

Here's the traditional collection of Megabrain Christmas problems. The crossword and crossnumber both have £5 prizes that will be awarded to a randomly picked correct entry, the rest are just for fun. Answers to the FELIX office by 1pm, Wednesday 7th January, 1987. Good luck, and Merry Christmas!

Last issue's puzzle

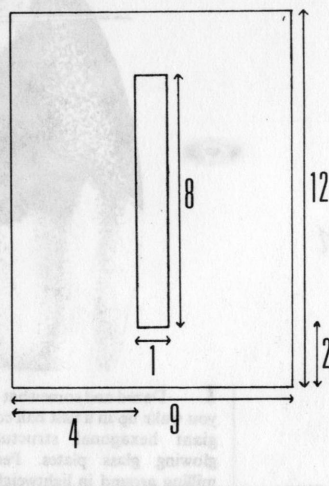
The winner was Irwin Chin, Elec Eng III. Well done, please collect your prize before the end of term. Here's the answer:

$$\begin{array}{r} 8124 \\ 37 \overline{) 300588} \\ \underline{296} \\ 45 \\ \underline{37} \\ 88 \\ \underline{74} \\ 148 \\ \underline{148} \\ 0 \end{array}$$



A Carpet Caper

Can you cut the carpet shown below into two pieces (and only two pieces) which fit together to make a square carpet with no hole in it?



Next Number

What is the next number in the following series?
10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 23, 30, 33, 120, 1111,....?

PRIZE CROSSNUMBER

Top

1.	2.	3.
4.	5.	6.
7.	8.	9.

Middle

10.	11.	12.
13.	14.	15.
16.	17.	18.

Bottom

19.	20.	21.
22.	23.	24.
25.	26.	27.

These are the three levels of a three dimensional cross number. Each square is filled by a single digit. Clues may be given at the same level, straight up or down, or diagonally. All clues will be for squares in a straight line. Numbers in brackets always refer to positions on the grid.

Top

- (1,2,3) Digits of (25,26,27) rearranged.
- (1,4,7) Multiple of (21,24,27).
- (3,6,9) A cube.
- (7,8,9) Successive digits differ by (17).

Middle

- (10,11,12) No digit = 0.
- (10,13,16) Equals (2,11,20) plus (19,22,25).

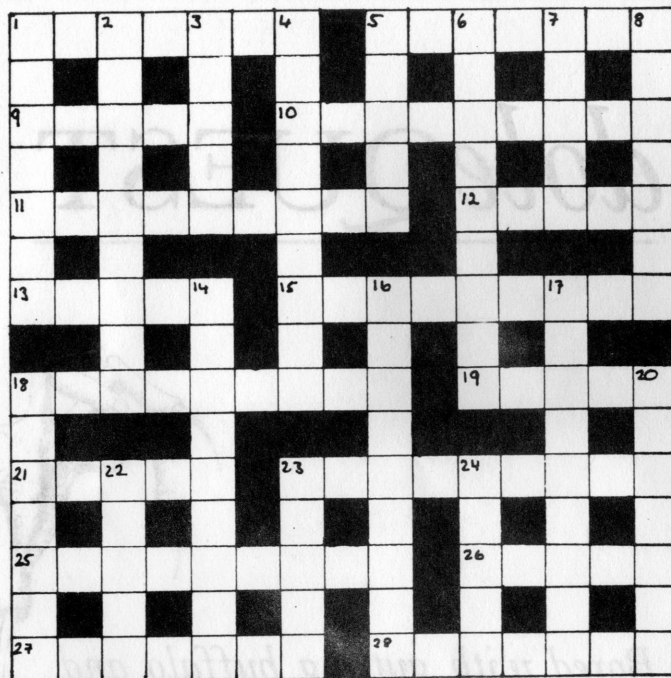
- (13,14,15) Digits all different, their sum is 17.
- (12,15,18) Successive digits differ by same amount.

Bottom

- (19,20,21) Multiple of 5.
- (20,23,26) Multiple of (14).
- (21,24,27) Sum of digits is 16.
- (25,26,27) The square of (11,14).

Other clues

- (1,11,21) Multiple of 9.
- (3,12,21) Each digit no more than the previous, no digit = 9.
- (4,14,24) Sum of digits is same as sum of digits of (10,11,12).
- (4,13,22) 1st digit divided by 2nd digit equals 2nd divided by third.
- (7,16,25) Multiple of (8).
- (9,18,27) Multiple of 3.



PRIZE CROSSWORD

By
Brunhilde

Across

- 1 Last breaths? (7)
- 5 Company for me arrive with a purpose (4,3)
- 9 Metal holy man takes his turn (5)
- 10 South African faints with a point into dreams (9)
- 11 Cry as seen is needed (9)
- 12 Divide by colour in the Inca's tent (5)
- 13 My pet holds nothing (5)
- 15 Rector Incorporated? Wrong! (9)
- 18 I on used to be cute, dead and done (9)
- 19 Deodorants made without 500 ants is a wild show (5)
- 21 Measures merit? (5)
- 23 Outrageous seat price to see this (4,5)

- 25 A religious ceremony held by ICU with a French no and American mother (9)
- 26 Northern river is hopeless (2,3)
- 27 Is in charge like the editor before a drink (7)
- 28 Lice and tar producing a musical performance (7)

Down

- 1 Eastern scenes evoke aromatic oil (7)
- 2 Cripple in turmoil for a moral reason (9)
- 3 Stare madly at the council's demands (5)
- 4 Abe fails with one most important criminal consideration (4,5)
- 5 Company uses Japanese money to buy a rabbit fur (5)
- 6 The carnivore's equipment to trace eastern rum? (9)
- 7 Tosses a coin instead of lipstick? (5)
- 8 Short court peers about with awe (7)
- 14 Circular command (4,5)
- 16 One tin car is a useful vessel (9)
- 17 Tender soul loses nothing when the game's over (9)
- 18 Tic in need caused temptation (7)
- 20 Ship's clock sounds once only (3,4)
- 22 2001 plus 101? Copy! (5)
- 23 Psi, epsilon, rho! Code for this agent (5)
- 24 In a quiet one hundred there may be pandemonium (5)



The Big Match!

This one is very simple but often confuses people even though the answer's staring them in the face. Move just one match to make the sum correct. The whole expression must be in the same number system.



doleQUEST

Bored with gutting buffalo and spearing innocent travellers on the plains? We present a game of modern living for every savage nouveau.

You are Boris the Barbarian, fearless fighter and blatant card cheat, in search of fulfillment and mindless violence. However, you found yourself engaged in an argument with a mighty wizard about whether a pair is worth more than a flush, in which you still maintain that cutting off his left arm was an accident. But if people will insist on muttering to you in arcane languages and making rude gestures this sort of thing is going to happen. The wizard amazed, at the amount of information you can pack into the single word "urgh", decides to transport you into another world — totally different from your own. A world where wizards don't exist and Barbarian means a rugby player from New Zealand. Boris has become part of the 20th century.

Playing the game

This part is dead simple, unlike our more expensive counterpart. Boris has the nasty habit of winning fights, mainly because the average 20th Century citizen doesn't own a broadsword. This means that combat rules are dead simple, as there aren't any.

All you have to do is calculate Boris' intelligence by rolling three dice and adding up the total. Not very clever is he?

Occasionally you will be called upon to make a saving roll. This involves rolling two dice, adding Boris' Intelligence score to it and seeing if the total is more than 20. If it is then you have made the roll, if it isn't then you have failed.

All that remains is to say that you start at paragraph 1 and carry on according to which decisions you make or are told to go.

In terms of equipment, Boris may be considered to have a broadsword, full plate armour, a backpack, a small knife for taking stones out of hobbits' feet, and a pair of Doctor Marten's Air Wair Seven League Boots. He also has a bag of two hundred golden Groggs, taken from the pocket of a certain wizard prior to transportation. Now go to paragraph 1.

1 Dazed and somewhat confused you wake up in a vast hall containing giant hexagonal structures and glowing glass plates. People are milling around in lightweight cotton clothing. You can just about make out two words in the distance — FT Index. Being a barbarian you tell yourself that Fourier Transforms are wizard's business and not to be tampered with.

Suddenly, as your ears clear from the shock of being sent spiralling through the dimensions by a powerful spell — something, which along with smoking the Gilda weed, the Council of Alchemists has put an official health warning on — you realise that someone is trying to talk to you.

His language is difficult to understand, but you can just about work out that he is asking if you are a Barbariogram and who is it that you are looking for.

You tell him that you are Boris the Barbarian, and have been sent here by a mighty wizard who was pissed off at losing at Poker. The man says he understands and starts to explaining about the place he calls the 'Stock Exchange'. It is only when he gets to the bit about Milton Friedman and Monetarism that you realise you are falling into a deep sleep.

Make a saving roll on Intelligence. If you make it go to 30. If you fail go to 15.

2 Don't you find this mindless violence boring after a while? Very well, you kill her. Now, do you kill the man (31) or run away (20)?

3 You go over to the window, where you tell the receptionist all your details. She tells you that there isn't much demand for barbarians these days, especially without any 'O'-levels.

She gives you a piece of card with the name of a reggae group on it, and tells you to go on every other

Monday. Puzzled as to why a reggae group should appear there, you wander down to the Jobcentre. Go to 22.

4 At that point the Managing Director comes in and tells you that he likes your style. He says he has just had a visit from the Alliance leader, who says that Roy Jenkins just isn't the man he was, and would you like to stand at the next election for the Alliance. Go to 23.

5 While walking down a road you see a 'room to let' sign. It doesn't seem too bad from the outside, perhaps a little respectable for an image-conscious barbarian, and so you ring the doorbell.

An elderly woman appears at the door, cigarette in her mouth. Although slightly perturbed at your mode of dress, she decides that you seem wholesome enough and leads you in. On the way in you ask her where she gets the disposable Gilda Weed pipes from, and how long does the fix last.

All she says is: "Bloody kids, all they ever think about," and carries on up the stairs.

Eventually you come to the room, and you have a look inside. Remembering your home world, you tell her about the Caves of Bogg where you get hot dripping water through the roof as an optional extra. She demands a month's rent in advance. Do you pay her (13) or get a job instead (20)?

6 Roll a die. If it comes up 1—3, go to 17, if it comes up 4—6, go to 12.

7 Not doing very well today, are we Boris? As a result of your inability to get the dice to do the right thing, you are now in a room of glowing glass screens. Next time try nudging the table, or use loaded dice or something. Anyway, Geoffrey has

brought you to this room to be a jobber.

As far as you can make out, this involves bashing lots of keys so that numbers appear on the screen, and head-butting the screen if this doesn't work. You think that you can really get to grips with the head-butting part, even if the key-bashing part doesn't turn you on.

Go to 29.

8 You decide to beat it quick to the Dole Office, rather than suffer the embarrassment on the way back to your own room. Go to 20.

9 You casually mention to the interviewer that you are a hereditary peer, and that your father is a big noise in the sharpened steel business. The interviewer is delighted and instantly offers you a job.

You find you have a knack for cutting dead wood out of industrial organisations, and always without recourse to voluntary redundancy. Go to 4.

10 You realise that these guys really speak your language, and you try to impress them with a really neat trick you learned in the Nicotine Mountains back home from a homicidal Buddhist sect. The trick involves holding one of your assailants off with your left foot, while you rip the arms off the other one. However, Fuzz (the one who hasn't just undergone major surgery) doesn't seem to be too impressed with your trick and starts blowing on a whistle.

You decide that the best policy is to run away, following the advice of the great prophet, Glenoddle: 'He who runs away doesn't get trodden on by a dirty great giant'.

Do you go East 20 or West 5?

11 You pull someone out of their chair by a window. Deciding that he is making too much noise, and

not half as respectful as he should be to a barbarian, you break his neck. Chaos suddenly breaks out in the room, as people demand that you stop pushing in as they have been waiting for the last two days to get an interview, and could be bothered to bring their sleeping bags.

Do you decide on a quiet life and queue instead (14) or slay the rest of these upstarts (25)?

12 You find a job going at the local crèche, and dutifully trot down there for an interview. The interviewer doesn't seem to be too keen on your style of dress, and that your sword is somewhat aggressive, and she didn't know what the ILEA would have to say about it.

Roll a die, if it comes up 1—3, go to 26, if it comes up 4—6, go to 33.

13 You give her a Grog — a large piece of nearly solid gold with a small admixture of lead depending on the honesty of the local mint — and settle into your room.

Feeling tired after the day's exertions, you go to sleep. Several hours later you are awakened by the sound of moaning and a hideous slapping, cracking sound. Thinking that someone is being killed next door, you get up, collect your sword and gallantly go to rescue the hapless victim.

You break the door down and find a man lashed to a heavy chair with a woman standing over him, holding a whip aloft.

"Aha, a hour!" you cry. "Old fashioned aren't you, love?" she replies.

Do you kill her (2), kill him (31) or back out of the room feeling extremely embarrassed (8)?

14 Two days later, a harsh, metallic voice says over the intercom: "Mr Boris Barbarian to position four, please." Go to 3.

15 You now understand the principles of the financial world, and capable of slugging off Keynesian economics, till kingdom come. The man introduces himself as Geoffrey, a level thirteen Stockbroker from Ewell. He says you would make a great jobber, but you say that your mother told you to avoid going into that sort of thing. Geoffrey says it's all above board, and that you'll fit in really well.

You are not convinced. Make a saving throw on intelligence again. If you make it go to 18, if not go to 7.

16 With a mighty sweep of your broadsword, you detach the man's head from the rest of him. Since this situation is incompatible with normal biological activity, the man dutifully dies. Go to 4.

17 You find a job going for a Management Consultant, and you dutifully trot down to the firm for an interview.

When you get there, the interviewer seems to think that your mode of dress is rather strange for a budding Management Consultant, and that you need your hair cutting.

Roll a die, if it comes up 1—3 go to 9, if it comes up 4—6, go to 21.

18 Obeying the old saying of your forefathers, 'If the Gods are not smiling on your fate, run like hell', you run like hell. Do you go north (20) or south (5)?

19 It gets to Monday, and you go to sign on. After a few weeks they get rather pissed off at you killing all the people before you in the queue, and agree to send a cheque through the post every two weeks if you stay away and go down the Jobcentre instead. Go to 22.

20 You find yourself in a dingy room full of people either sitting at windows, or waiting to sit at the windows. A sign on the wall says 'Unemployment Benefit Office'. You come to the conclusion that the name of this game is to sit at a window and try to communicate with the person on the other side.

Do you wait your turn (14) or pull someone out of the way to get in quick (11)?

21 The interviewer asks if you have any qualifications, to which you reply that you won the Conan Award for skinning rabbits.

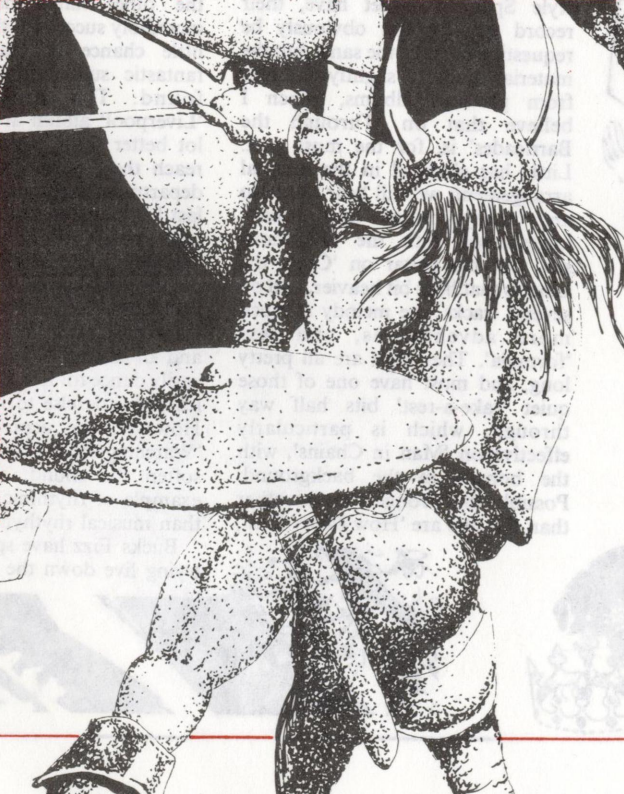
He tells you that you are not quite the sort of person his firm are looking for, but he wishes you the best of luck in your search for a job.

Do you look for another job (22) or kill the interviewer (16)?

22 You arrive at the Jobcentre and look on the board set aside for barbarians. Make a saving roll on your luck, if you fail go to 19, if you succeed go to 6.

23 You are just getting into the swing of canvassing — which as far as you can make out involves asking people who they are going to vote for, and killing them if they get the wrong answer — when you feel a familiar rending feeling. Suddenly everything goes black, and when you wake up again you see the face of a very annoyed, very powerful wizard, who has discovered that you picked a pocket just before he sent you away and would like his two hundred Groggs back thank you very much.

You are just beginning to explain how much you enjoy being a Parliamentary Candidate, and why can't they have them here, when with the sweep of his right arm, the wizard turns you into a frog.



He asks you how you feel about this, and while you would honestly like to tell him all about the angst of being an everyday teenage frog, it only seems to come out as "Rivit."

The game is over. If you want to play again, simply go to paragraph one again.

24 With a mighty blow from your sword, you cleave the figure of the Stockbroker in two. Disturbed at his lack of resistance you wonder if you have done the right thing, but this is the sort of action barbarians are famous for and you tell yourself how proud your father would be right now at killing your first Stockbroker.

You notice that a lot of people all seem to be looking at you now, with a few screaming and shouting quite a lot. Do you run away (18) or wait around (28)?

25 Now let's face it, chaos is your favourite atmosphere, and you hack into the assembled crowds until there is just you and a lot of dead bodies in the room. Go to 3.

26 You casually mention that you are a hereditary peer, and that your father is a big noise in the meat business. She turns an odd purple colour, calms down, and tells you that you are not quite the sort of person they are looking for. Go to 22.

27 You are sent to prison for quite a long time. Eventually you are released once you get around to realising that your fellow prisoners don't like playing one of your favourite games, which is all about beating people over the head with a meat tenderiser.

When you get out, do you go north 20 or south 5?

28 Suddenly two men in dark blue clothing and wearing dome shaped hats with the crest of the local lord on them appear through a nearby door. From the whispers of the crowd they seem to be called Pig and Fuzz.

The fatter of the men asks you if the body of the Stockbroker is your

work, you assume that he the one called Pig.

"Yes, Sir Pig," you reply proudly, trying not to notice the annoyance on his face.

"Got a right fruitcake 'ere," mutters his accomplice. You gather from this that barbarians are known as fruitcakes in this neck of the woods.

The one you think is called Fuzz asks you if you would like to accompany them to the station. You reply that you haven't been introduced properly yet, and that your mother warned you about men like them, leading young warriors astray.

They produce short black clubs. Do you surrender (32) or fight (10)?

29 It is after you've head-butted your 20th terminal that you are summoned to see the Big Jobber. He is rather disturbed at your habit of destroying the computers whenever there is a 2 point drop in the FT Index, and that he must ask you to leave. But he does point out that the Prime Minister came round recently and said that she was in need of a replacement for Norman Tebbit as his "batteries were beginning to go flat."

Do you go to the Dole Office 20, find somewhere to live 5 or become a Conservative MP 23?

30 You realise you are being hypnotised by a Level thirteen Stockbroker. Do you run away (18) or fight (24)?

31 You weren't too keen on the way that the man enjoyed being killed — but these things happen. Now, do you run away (20) or hang around for the hell of it (27)?

32 Wimp! You are taken to a place known as a Police Station, where lots of people called Bobby, Fuzz and Pig hang out, so to speak. You are introduced to the Station Sergeant who says he is called Smith. You ask him why he isn't called Bobby, Fuzz or Pig, to which he just tells you to mind your step.

He begins to fill out a form, and asks you your occupation to which you reply 'Fruitcake', thinking that he wouldn't understand the term 'Barbarian'. He simply says: "You can say that again.", but gets very annoyed when you dutifully comply.

Eventually you are taken down to the dungeons, where you are left with a man who claims to be Marilyn Monroe and keeps on going on about the Niagara Falls at great length until you introduce him to the walls. Go to 27.

33 She asks if you have any qualifications like 'O'-levels. You reply that you don't, but you say that you love small children, and that you know several good recipes. She is delighted and offers you a job immediately.

After making several barbecues with a few of the more well-off children, a person who claims to be a militant introduces himself to you. You say that he would never make a soldier, but he doesn't seem to understand this, and carries on to say that Dennis Skinner isn't quite as vociferous as he used to be, and how would you like to be known as Boris the Beast of Bolsover. You think this is a really neat idea, and go instantly to 23.

Theatre

The Shadow Syndicate: Blood Of Angels: The Ideal Christmas Party?

It is hard to know how to start reviewing *Blood of Angels* by the Shadow Syndicate. There is no single thing one can say that gets to the bottom of this strange play. Anyone who is unsure just how innovative and powerful fringe theatre can be should try to catch this play before Christmas. It is breathtaking.

On the outside it sounds a little preposterous: Oscar Wilde's *Salomé*; light 50's music, prophecy, intrigue. It sounds like a vague mêlée of unconnected ideas but it is nothing of the sort.

Instead we are treated to a play that has been constructed with great intelligence and the utmost in imagination. Wilde's risky '*Salomé*' (too hot for the English stage to handle in its time) is the key or interior. The exterior is a setting of the 1950's complete with the band evocative music of that period. There is a similar duality in these two as the plot unfolds, investigating the characters and their relationships in a bizarre probing ritual manner that involves the acting of *Salomé*. The

programme notes describe this as a surreal therapy session.

Everything is provocatively shrouded in vagueness and 'uncertainty' where strong currents of portentous prophesy flow underneath. The high drama is arresting, heightened by ingenious techniques all serving to extend the frontiers of what is taking place in the small room.

To single out actors would be pointless. the production is very much a 'syndicate' production. Each of them communicates a haunting scene of what they are doing. Whether the audience understands or not they seem to totally understand the esoteric nature of their play. Credit for its conception goes to Jon Pope and Peter Granger Taylor, the latter also writing recent Syncicate hit '*Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*'.

You would not be disappointed in this play. From the moment you are ushered into the small theatre until the moment you leave you will be witness to a production of total theatricality. The adjective 'camp' could be applied if you wished but not in any derogatory sense—more in envy of the brilliantly devious minds who created this stage flight of the imagination.

McNeil



Records

Having proved what a successful style Spandau Ballet have, their record label would obviously be requesting more of the same, but the material needs to slightly different from previous albums, which I believe that on '*Through the Barricades*' is, for the most part. Little has changed in the musical arrangement; we still hear the crisp and always-in-tune lead vocals, interspersed with the ubiquitous sax, but the guitar on '*Cross the Line*' is that little bit heavier, and on several tracks, the melody is much more adventurous, and less 'formula'. The songs are all pretty long, and most have one of those quiet 'take-a-rest' bits half way through, which is particularly effective on '*Man in Chains*', with the bongos in the background. Possibly the strongest tracks other than the title are '*How Many Lies*',

with an OMD-like vocal hum intro leading into a slow, but powerful sounding track, and '*Swept*', which is a quieter ballad-type number, with plenty of acoustic piano.

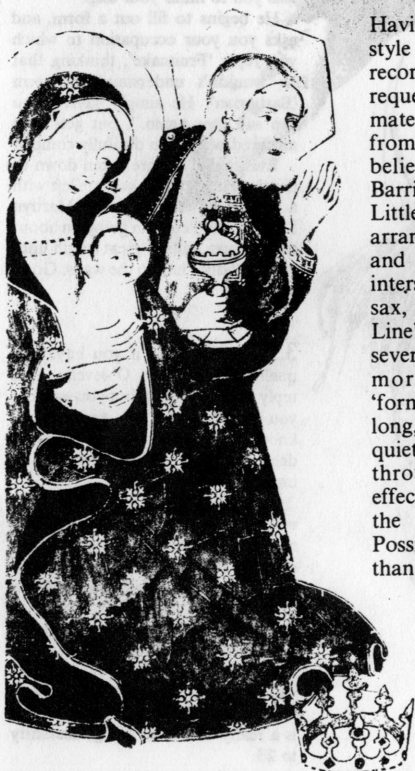
Frankie Goes to Hollywood on the other hand, have been so incredibly successful that they stand little chance of maintaining the fantastic success they so quickly found. The songs on their '*Liverpool*' album are in general a lot better thought out before they reach the Trevor Horn big sound department than was the case on the last LP, but somehow have lost that cult appeal. With one exception, '*Watching the Wildlife*', the tracks are the same combination of driving beat/bass and big-sound synth Chorus that go down well on radio and in discos, although you can't easily dance to '*For Heaven's Sake*', leaving little else to recommend it. However, the acoustic piano on '*Watching the Wildlife*' does a lot to soften the sound, and is a real example of rhythmic music, rather than musical rhythm.

Bucks Fizz have spent five years trying live down the fact that they

won Eurovision, and would have succeeded with their current album, '*Writing on the Wall*', if it wasn't for the 'two men, two women, all sing together' format of their chorusses which is a dead giveaway of their kinship with the unspeakable Swedish quartet. Their current sound is characterised by modern sounding digital percussion, and quite strong solo vocals during the verses, and a few new ideas, such as the harmonica on '*The Company you Keep*', which also includes the soul-type bass that Paul Young records always used to feature. '*Love in a World gone Mad*' actually sounds quite 5-star like in parts, but despite their efforts, I don't think they're sufficiently detached from '*Making your mind up*' to appeal to a wider audience. My favourite track was '*Magical*' which is rhythmically very strong, in fact several tracks could stand up in a disco well if it weren't for peoples pre-conceptions.

Finally, check-out that indescribable Christmas record from the Baron-Knights.

Dick P Canary





Books

"Billy Boy" by W. Mason, Methuen £2.95.

This first novel by author William Mason chronicles the life and times of Billy Jenkins, a working class teacher struggling to make a living in Jamaica. Billy flees Jamaica after getting into trouble with the local gang who put out a death contract on him. Returning to England he meets Caroline and falls in love with her. Caroline has, however, only got eyes for Callum, her childhood sweetheart, and ignores Billy totally.

During an intensely erotic chapter set in Callum's flat, Caroline realises that Callum's love is merely a sham and runs to be with Billy. Billy, thinking that his love is unrequited, and after a particularly long and moving account of his difficult childhood, has meanwhile hung himself.

The book ends with Caroline weeping over Billy's body in his flat in the East End of London.

The prose captures the frailties of the human condition with startling precision and is well worth the struggle through some of the lengthier chapters, just for Billy's monologue premature to his untimely death.

Nigel Barker.

IAN ADAMSON AND RICHARD KENNEDY

SINCLAIR AND THE 'SUNRISE' TECHNOLOGY



Yo ho ho! Christmas is a-coming and the EEC turkeys, fattened with oestrogens are getting fat. Those nice people, the penguin press office, have sent me four books to review for your delectation and delight, and here they are; starring (in alphabetical order) Ian Adamson and Richard Kennedy's debagging of the Sinclair myth "Sinclair and



the Sunrise Technology", Robert Bolt's "The Mission", Bengt and Marie-Thérèse Danielson's "Poisoned Reign" and Margot Livesey's "Learning By Heart".

The Sinclair book is a bit turgid for holiday reading, but would come in handy as a case study for an economics essay. In this type of book two flaws are open to the biographer/journalist; either to concentrate on personalities at expense of fact or on fact at the expense of personality. Unfortunately the latter course was taken, and when I wanted to know what Sir Clive is like—does he beat his kids (or even does he have any), what was the result of his forceful mother on his life, does he eat boiled eggs for breakfast?—I was left with a couple of pages at the beginning and a few references to his "forcefulness and determination". A very masculine biography, dare I say, with the one noticeable feature being the way that all these little-boys-playing-at-electronics monumentally failed to answer the question; "what good is it?". Miniaturisation and innovation were ends in themselves. Costs £3.95.

"The Mission" book of the film is several orders of magnitude more interesting than Sinclair, and a good read whether you've seen the film or not. In many places it fills out the characters and eliminates the devious politics of the court of Portugal that cost the Missions their existence. Some new personalities are introduced, such as the ambitious Carvalho, Portugal's Minister for Foreign Affairs. The span of the film is better at transmitting the clash between the Kingdom of God and the Kingdom of men, and the emotional content is more charged; the book is more calm and detached: it stands back and gives a factual account. Costs £2.95 and definitely worth it.

"Poisoned Reign" by Bengt and Marie-Thérèse Danielson is

subtitled, "French nuclear colonialism in the Pacific". It details the way the French Government has pettily resisted all moves to Polynesian independence so that they can explode a few atom bombs...Dare one draw parallels with "The Mission"—one of the most outspoken proponents of independence was Pouvanaa, a Christian pastor who was arrested on a trumped-up charge of arson at the age of 64 and sentenced to 8 years solitary confinement plus 15 years banishment from Polynesia. A very well-written book, it would make you a confirmed Franco-phobe, if the authors (who are goodies) weren't French as well. Costs £3.95.

The last and best book "Learning

POISONED REIGN

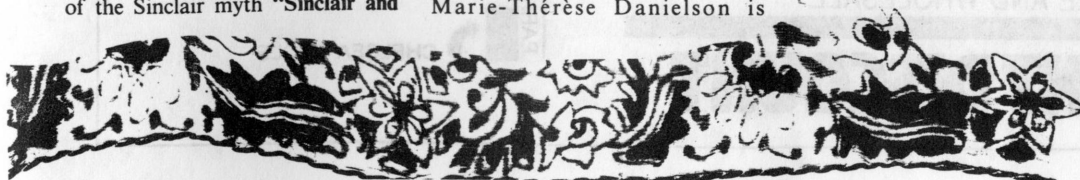


By Heart" is the first collection of Margot Livesey's short stories. They are all subtle, with a faintly mystical air; details are distilled. Many of the stories are about rocky and embittered human relationships—an elder sister who would not let her younger sister marry until she had, a



man obsessed by death, breaking up marriages, purely horrible children and a man who for 'a small price' seduces a shop-girl in a petty way. The longest story, 'Learning By Heart' traces the mirrored lives of a young woman and her stepmother; the knock-on effect of unloving—from her stepmother's unhappy childhood comes the daughter's own misery. To quote W.H. Auden, my pretentious bit for the week; "Those to whom evil is done/Do evil in return". But that was about Hitler. The book nevertheless manages to steer clear of depression, and is full of the "warp and woof of human experience", costs £3.95 and though it sounds naff to say it, would make an ideal Christmas present.

Happy Christmas and a Merry New Year,
Sarah Kirk.



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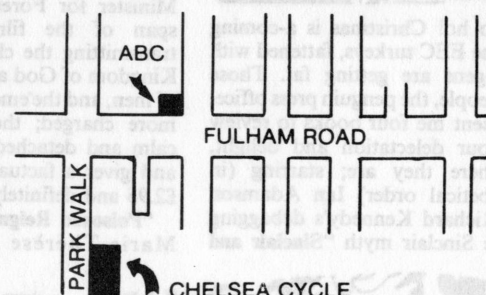
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Those Who Would Be President



Briefcases and Filofaxes will be producing ugly bulges in Christmas stockings for many, but budding Presidential candidates will be getting highlights put in their hair, contact lenses and a new pair of flares. It's only December and the race is on us once again as to who can gain credibility as quickly as possible without actually achieving anything.

Who are the faces that will be adorning the walkway, and pushed under every hall door in February? Spotting the Presidential candidate is an easy task. The subject will first express an irrepressible need to speak at UGMs, no matter how little they know about a topic. The next step is to try to get on as many committees as possible, even if it means crashing them in the first place. The final, fatal stage is to write long articles in various College magazines on their current province, be it as Internal Lavatories Officer or CCU Vomit Monitor. When this stage is reached there is no turning back, and usually leads to permanent emotional scars, such as actually becoming President.

FELIX presents its own dossier on who has developed this frightening syndrome around college this year.



Ian Howgate's cardboard cutout was not too keen on being photographed.

Diagnosed as suffering from an acute form of committee attendance, Ian 'Showroom Dummy' Howgate has shown such keenness to be elected that he has even sent

apologies for his absence to Exec meetings. His need to speak on any matter as long as it is about student residence or security has led to him making up totally fictitious stories about Weeks Hall and then apologising for the situation in public.

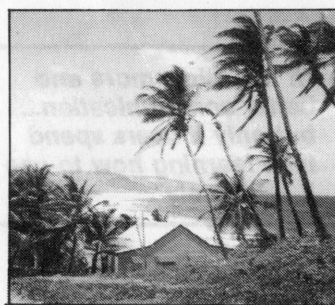
However this ability to keep quiet has meant that his soon-to-be-created cardboard cut-out replica is currently one of the favourites for the Presidency. Its combination of silence and inability to write makes it incapable of embarrassing itself and has been shown to be more popular as it has been invited to all committee meetings in the Union.



In a last ditch bid to save last year's RCS Dinner, Tom Melliar-Smith does a hopeless impression of Willie Rushton.

Another approach to the Presidential campaign is to take as many first years as possible in order to gain fame and votes—often using false registration slips to prove they are really students (one of the little rules that stops people like Ronald Reagan and Papa Doc Duvalier from ever becoming President).

The current exponent of this technique is Tom 'Fallguy' Meliar-Smith who has managed to spend his time in Life Science I, Pretending To Be Life Sci I Again Though Not Really A Student At All, and now Geology I. However during his 'enforced holiday' he held down the post of RCS Hon Sec in spite of a few rules banning that sort of thing—so formalites like 'good academic standing' in order to be a sabbatical shouldn't bother him too much.



Due to a mix-up at the chemists we are unable to bring you Hugh Southey's bum, but we think you'll find the palm trees we were sent instead far more attractive.

There are certain advantages with already having been a sabbatical, à la Hugh 'Bigbum' Southey one-time FELIX Editor and now holder of the maximum number of legitimate committee posts himself. Bigbum seems to believe that the art of being a good Presidential candidate is to sit on any committee he can, without actually achieving anything. Only two things stand in his way: his constant gyratory motion makes it impossible to take clear photographs of him for his election publicity, and secondly Jackie might not let him stand.



Incorrigible rubber fetishist, Chas Jackson tries on his latest outfit.

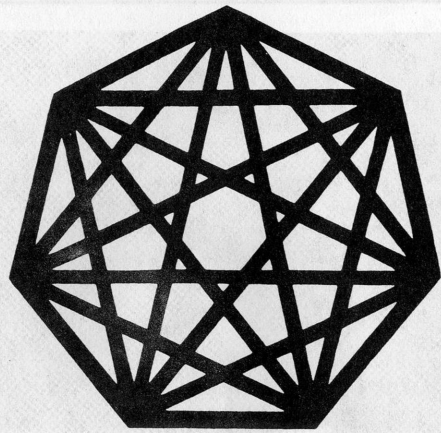
A no less senior compatriot in Chem Eng is Chas 'Grandpa' Jackson, whose extraordinary keenness to be Publicity Officer—hot favourite as

the naffest job in the Union together with Ordinary Member of Reactor Safety Committee—is curious to say the least. However, his interest in posters may extend just as long as February when his own face starts appearing on the Walkway. He can cite as previous experience his less than friendly attitude to people caught borrowing stools from the Snack Bar.



Simon Singh in his famous impersonation of Dame Edna Everage.

Backing the CCU corner is Simon 'Short Skirt' Singh, so named because of his habit of getting various Rocky Horror events organised just so that he can show off his legs at them, or it might be due to Christine extolling the virtues of dressing up in drag that has brought this on. We may have seen the birth of a new form of sabbatical credibility. His other qualification for the job is his political ambivalence, otherwise known as hypocrisy. Whilst backing the thrice failed student, Tony Spencer as Broadsheet Editor, he was somewhat less at home with the idea of having Tom Meliar-Smith as Hon Sec last year despite his similar situation.



LIVE-NET

by Sunny Bains

Imperial College has recently become part of LIVE-NET, one of the world's first academic interactive video networks. British Telecom approached the University of London with a partly developed network system, which they offered to the University free of charge (temporarily) in return for its further development.

The University became formally involved with the project in March of this year. In October the hardware started arriving, and IC, University College and Senate House were connected up in time for the 'Science for Industry' Exhibition. Kings College came on line more recently, and it is hoped that Queen Mary College, Royal Holloway and Bedford New College, and the University of London Computer Centre will be connected in the new year.

"the real question is going to be whether the University gets enough real use out of the system to make its development worthwhile"

Those who attended the exhibition were amongst the first in the country to use the 'video telephone', and they seemed to enjoy doing so. There is no doubt that the system works. The real question is going to be whether the University gets enough real use out of the system to make its development worthwhile, or whether British Telecom is simply presented with a marketable product at the end of the day, with the University's only reward being the prospect of royalties and the knowledge of a 'job well done'.

"It will allow more and better communication... but only if users spend time learning how to use it effectively"

The main hope for the system is that it will allow more and better communication between people who are doing similar work in different parts of the University, and that it will allow intercollegiate teaching. There is no doubt that this is a realistic objective, but only if those who use the system are prepared to spend time learning how to use it effectively.

At the moment the system can give four pictures to any college simultaneously. By switching one can get as many signals as are transmitting, four at a time. At the moment, all switching is done manually, however, designing software to make the technician's job obsolete (e.g., to keep one channel always switching to whoever is speaking for a more-than-four-way conversation) is part of the development which the University has undertaken.

The LIVE-NET system is state of the art technology: this does not necessarily mean, however, that it will automatically benefit its users. A bad or mediocre lecture will not be improved by putting it on LIVE-NET, indeed, some of the restrictions of the medium (such as having a lecturer who is forced to stay seated, rather than being able to run around gesticulating) could make lectures worse. Bad teaching will be emphasised by the medium, not hidden. So far, the system has not always been used to its user's best advantage, simply through insufficient thought about its strengths and weaknesses.

and a blackboard they saw alternate pictures of the lecturer's head and his prewritten notes. The lecturer simply went through the notes on the screen and the students dutifully copied them down. There was almost no interaction between the students and the lecturer except for the occasional query about a subscript and one correction. Afterwards, the students said that they appreciated not having to travel, but expressed doubts about the legibility of the writing on the screen and the pace of the lecturer. They felt that because he didn't have to write anything down himself, he didn't leave enough time for them to take down notes.

It may be that this type of lecture is more suited to video tape than the video network. Had the lecture been recorded at IC in the morning and sent to UCL in the afternoon, then the UCL students would have been able to stop the tape when necessary. Any other problems could have been sorted out in a twenty minute LIVE-NET tutorial or, better still, a face-to-face tutorial which probably would have to take place anyway.

A good example of this was the first formal transmission from IC, a postgraduate Physics lecture. Students who attended were from both Imperial College and University College, the UCL students usually having to travel across London for the course. Instead, the students simply made their way to the TV studios in their respective colleges. The lecture was conducted in exactly the same way as usual, except that instead of seeing a lecturer



The LIVE-NET system in use during the 'Science for

"the LIVE-NET system should not be wasted on things for which suitable technology already exists"



Colin Grimshaw — switching the channels for IC.

The LIVE-NET system should not be wasted on things for which suitable technology already exists. It should be used, as far as possible, for truly interactive situations: seminars; short committee meetings; more discursive lectures; intercollegiate discussion groups for people in the same discipline; etc. If LIVE-NET must be used for formal lectures, then academics are going to have to

rethink their teaching style: abandon their old practices for some which are more compatible with television (and less compatible with sleep?). Unfortunately many academics are extremely reluctant to change their styles of teaching. We can only hope that the prospect of looking foolish on TV will give them the impetus to think harder about how to give lectures in the studio.

The LIVE-NET system is restricted by the fact that only one group of people can use it at once, i.e. there are only as many hours available in the 'intercollegiate lecture theatre' as there are in any other room in the University. The LIVE-NET theatre is also considerably more expensive to maintain. While it is, of course, necessary to get people to use the system, it is more important in many ways to make sure they use it effectively right from the beginning.

Those involved with the LIVE-NET project are aware of the problems related to the system. Indeed, they have a consultant whose job is to deal with the basic problem of making a man and machine compatible. Perhaps their biggest problem will come in trying to make people want to interact. One can only wish the project the best of luck and hope that LIVE-NET can help to pull the University together - and not die trying.

Opinion: A View To Pacifism At Christmas

It should not be taken from this article that all Christians are opposed to weapons, the MoD, or whatever, but all Christians desire peace in the world by some means, and in this sense are pacifists, this desire being firmly based on biblical teaching.

It seems self-evident to many people that there exists things worth defending, worth dying for, even killing for. Most people would also agree that war, killing, violence constitute maybe the worst nightmare humans can suffer, and that they should be avoided as much as possible.

Contrary to most of us, who rarely think where the line must be drawn, Augustine of Hippo was a thinker who asked when war can be justified. For him, a war was acceptable if non-combatants were respected, if it were waged by a legitimate authority for a good cause against unjust aggression, and if the benefit from fighting it outweighed the destruction caused by it. A war shouldn't be fought if there was no chance of winning it. St. Augustine's thinking, based on 4th Century Christianity still reflects what we would call reasonable requirements.

On the other a few people throughout history have rejected war, mainly on religious grounds. Christians followed the 'turn the other cheek' way of life until people stopped burning them and feeding them to the lions (around 300AD).

Love for enemies, forgiveness,

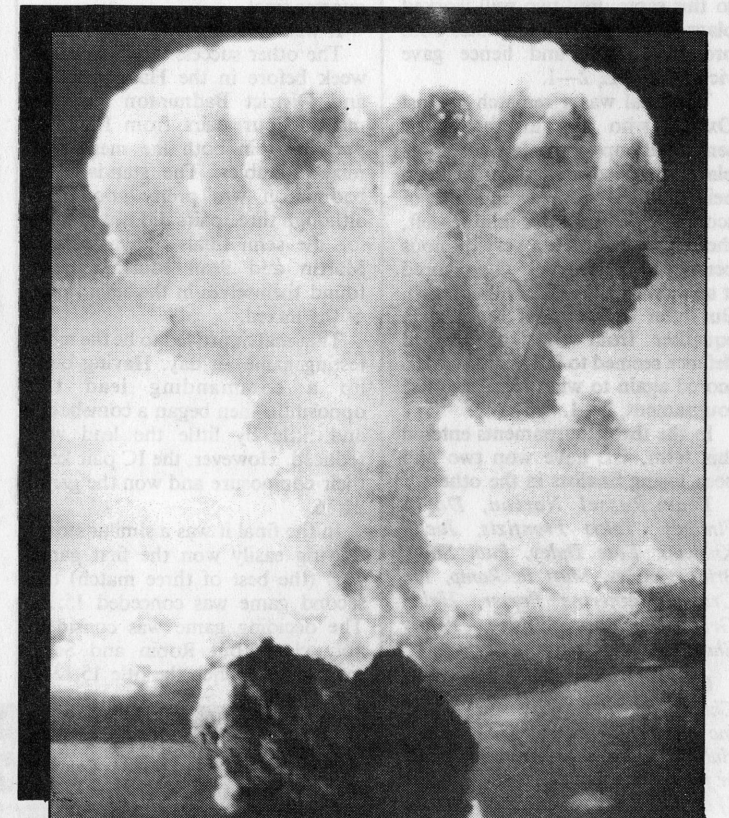
turning the other cheek: Is it just a display of weakness and passivity, like Nietzsche thought? Is it just a bunch of good principles, unapplicable and impractical in this violent and dangerous world?

As a matter of fact, in the last 4000 years war has failed to eliminate war from the Earth. The next major war will probably eliminate the human race as well as wars. In the light of modern warfare and of history as a whole one can't dismiss non-violence as naive or simply defeatist. Couldn't it be precisely because of the use of violence that after every war new divisions immediately form, new hatred and new interests drive people to worse conflicts? Couldn't there be something fundamentally wrong with the idea that we can make peace by endlessly preparing more destructive weapons? Can we really go on forever, shall they never be used? More than a matter of specific policies and politics, we seem to be immersed in a society which 'religiously' believes violence is a reasonable, necessary evil.

The answers are not easy. We all feel we must protect our families, friends, even our civilization; but the way to do it becomes (as it should) less and less obvious.

As a Christmas wish, may we start searching for the way to Peace: we who are responsible for it.

M. Moutoussis,
ICCU Social Action Rep.



Korfball

UL Win Tournament

On Saturday 29th November, the University of London Korfball team travelled to Nottingham for the last tournament before Christmas as reigning champions.

The UL second team led the way with three victories to win their group fairly comfortably. However, due to the rules of the competition, they were unable to compete further and this prevented a possible all-London final.

Five teams were in the second group including the three strongest in the country. UL started well with emphatic victories over the weaker teams of Nottingham, 4-0, and Sheffield, 4-1. After this, the games became a lot more tense, and with strong defences, scoring became a lot harder.

The next game, against Oxford, was very tight but UL eventually struggled to victory, 3-2, mainly due to better long range shooting. This led to a group-deciding match against arch-rivals Brighton which was won 2-1 after an all-out effort for revenge following last week's defeat.

A joint Lancaster and York team were the opponents in the semi-final, and after taking an early 1-0 lead, they seemed capable of holding UL to this score until two well worked plays in the last three minutes both produced goals and hence gave victory to UL, 2-1.

The final was a rematch against Oxford who had thrashed their semi-final opponents. Both defences played tight, controlled korfball and neither side seemed capable of scoring. With only five minutes left, the referee awarded a very dubious penalty to Oxford, and when scored it seemed to have settled the match. But after an excellent long range equaliser from UL, the Oxford defence seemed to fall apart and UL scored again to win the match, and tournament, 2-1.

In the three tournaments entered this term, UL have won two and been losing finalists in the other.

Team: Russel Norton, David Finnaey, Takis Frontizis, Jacky Knowles, Kate Duley, Paul Stahl, Brian Gubner, Matt Reckamp, Ian Craig, Catherine Porter, Helen Grinyer, Karen Wilden, Penny Sharp.

UL is losing several players after Christmas and so needs new players (no experience necessary) to join the club. Would anyone interested, male or female, contact D. Finney (Physics 1) or R. Norton (Chem Eng 2) via the pigeonholes.

Badminton

Successes In UAU

In the last two weeks badminton players from IC have achieved two remarkable victories in ladies and mixed doubles.

The most notable victory came last weekend when the badminton club sent a team to represent the College at the UAU Individuals Championships. Robin Martin and Julie Goodeve stormed through to the Ladies Doubles Final by crushing anything that stood in their way. In the quarter finals they easily beat Loughborough's first pair, who boasted half of last years winners, 15:6 15:2, and in the semi-final they annihilated the number two seeds from Sheffield 15:2, 15:1.

The final, against another unseeded pair from Birmingham, was a closer and tougher match but the IC pair were never in any real trouble. They won the title 15:12, 15:10.

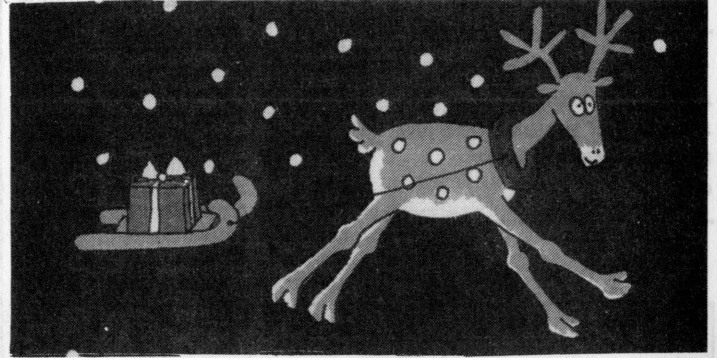
There were other good performances that weekend, again featuring Robin and Julie. In the mixed doubles Robin reached the quarter finals with Sean Mulshaw, and Julie reached the last 16 with Graham Scott. In the Ladies singles Sue Yates played extremely well to reach the last 16 and only narrowly lost 11:8 11:6 to miss out on the quarter final.

It was a memorable weekend.

The other success took place the week before in the Hammersmith and District Badminton Tournaments. Four pairs from IC took part—two in both the mens and mixed doubles. The standard of badminton was pretty good and although three pairs did not qualify for the semi finals, it was Robin Martin and Sean Mulshaw that found themselves in the semi finals of the mixed.

That match proved to be the most testing game all day. Having built up a commanding lead the opposition then began a comeback, and little by little the lead was reduced. However, the IC pair kept their composure and won the game 21:16.

In the final it was a similar story. Having easily won the first game 15:4 (the best of three match) the second game was conceded 15:10. The deciding game was considerably closer but Robin and Sean managed to clinch the title 15:12.



Tough Opposition

At the second meeting of the London Colleges ski league, we enjoyed some good racing against tough opposition. The Imperial first team, Victor Misawa, Kate Finch, Ivor Gillbe, Mark Schmidt and Mike Johnston, reached the final only to be narrowly beaten by UCL. Our other two teams had a good evening's racing coming slightly lower down the results.

Despite the racing debut of our Club Treasurer, Clare Murphy, we still need female skiers to complete the teams. So if there are any good female skiers who wish to race, contact us through the union pigeon holes or come to one of our meetings.

Next race is in the Spring Term on Saturday 17th January at Hemel Hempstead.

Basketball

Basketball Blues

The team played in the South East UAU tournament at Essex University on Saturday 15th of November in Colchester. Despite this being the first time the team had played together we performed well and, with some luck, could have qualified for the knock out stage of the tournament.

We played 3 games and won 1. The first two games, against Kent and the home team Essex, we lost narrowly by 55-59 and 56-60. In

our final game we beat Surrey by 44-33.

It was a good performance and we were unfortunate to lose two games by such a small margin.

Our first league game was played against UCL on Thursday 27th. the game was very competitive but we always had the edge over UCL and after we weathered a period of intense UCL pressure in the second half, we were comfortable winners by 76-74.

Ten Pin Bowling

Bowlers' Bad Patch

In the past few weeks we've had three matches and not surprisingly we didn't win one. However, in the two against Southampton we had moral victories. That is we scored points for the first time this season. This first match was a 5-5 draw that we should have won whilst the second was lost 8-2 after we looked like getting a draw. The worst performance of the week was by Capital Coaches on Wednesday when they turned up seventy minutes late. This meant that when

we arrived at Tolworth we had already lost the match 10-0.

Special mentions go to Paul Gaines, Andy Rayner and Nicky Fletcher for service beyond the call of duty.

There is no bowling for the rest of the year but next term bowling will start again on the second Wednesday. If you've never come bowling before then now is the time to start because you'll have your grant cheque waiting to be spent.



Sailing

Sailors
Adrift

Ten members of IC Sailing Club filled two cars on Saturday and set off for Oxford with some foggy idea of the whereabouts of Farmoor reservoir. The first arrived safely, the other three quarters of an hour later. Our Captain and Commodore lost themselves in Abingdon and asked for directions. Fortunately, the hapless individual they picked on was a member of last years team and knew where the reservoir was!

Back at the pond there was no wind and the water lay shrouded in mist. A decision on whether to race was postponed until the afternoon, and Oxford sternly got on with some boat repairs, both teams thinking of all the far more interesting things they could be doing.

After lunch it was left to your intrepid reporter to lead the way. He sailed off alone into the mist in search of the windward mark. This forced the others to get changed and

go in search of him. Miraculously the mist began to lift and some wind appeared enabling racing to begin, your reporter having manoeuvred both teams onto the water.

In the testing light-air conditions IC lacked boatspeed in the unfamiliar Laser 2's. Added to this our Commodore's delight in sailing into things (like the opposition) and his quick test of his dry suit neck-seal (it leaks!) meant that the first few races all went Oxford's way. Eventually the team pulled itself together and began to show what it was capable of, but by this time it was too late on in the curtailed series of races. The result was a narrow defeat by a team not tactically superior just slightly faster, the re-match in the Spring promises to be even more closely fought. Many thanks must go to our two drivers Sam and Adam and to our Commodore Richard for getting us there. (via Abingdon?)

Those present (and guilty) Richard Brimelow (Commodore), Malcolm Hunter, Richard Jacman, Apostolos Leonidhopoulos, Daniel Lucas-Clements, Charles Oxley, Samantha Page (Captain), Jenny Ramsey, Adam Stork, Eric.

Football

Firsts Lose On Penalties

IC's best performance of the season ended in heartache as Essex moved into the next round of the UAU on the lottery of penalty kicks. Essex were the villains of the piece, according to the IC camp, after the reply was forced to be played again at Colchester. Also, preparations did not go according to plan—IC suffered their first defeat this season at the 13th hurdle to a very strong London Hospital Side.

Uncharacteristically, IC made a superb start, completely overrunning the opposition, and taking the lead after 10 minutes when Paul Olden's powerful downward header bounced into the top corner. Shortly after, Byron Wood almost made it 2—0 when his shot at the far post was miraculously kicked away by the Essex keeper. Essex began to find their attacking movements, and they nearly scored twice, once hitting the underside of

the crossbar. Essex's equaliser, was fortuitous, however, as an Essex player's overhead kick found the top corner. The half-time score stayed at 1—1.

In the first meeting, Essex's all round fitness told in the second half, but this time round, to their immense credit, IC dominated proceedings while not creating many chances. Essex made even less. But the pressure of not conceding anything meant that the midfields were packed and defences solid. The full-time score remained 1—1.

Extra time came and went in a flash and hence to penalties. Essex scored all of their five kicks, and no one can argue with that.

Team: A. Allen, M. Bradley, P. Ewart, P. Dyson, L. Dovill, B. Wood, S. Cole, P. Olden, N. Vandenbegin, D. Lynne (Capt.), N. Collier, Sub: R. Kelly.

Football

From The Sublime

After losing last time out, Selkirk Hall football team introduced some new faces on Sunday. With a groin-strain causing skipper M. Birmingham to fail a late fitness test, the scene was set for the return of the elegant skills of R. Tonge. This was to prove a decisive factor.

Due to security considerations, the team were told that they were to play Norman and the Nutburgers, however this week's opposition were the experienced Egyptian Embassy F.C.

Selkirk quickly went 1—0 up with a tap in by P. Cardwell, but the diplomats were not to be thwarted.

Football

To The Ridiculous

This was the big one: crashes of thunder and sheets of lightning rained down on the blessed turf as the Gods jostled for a good view of the game. Commander Galloway led his faithful into the arena and in no time play had commenced.....

Even before the IC war machine had engaged first gear. The opposition dealt it a glancing blow with a headed glance. But their excessive excitement ended extremely quickly. Psycho Galloway, fired up and eyes blazing, put Jet-Pack Johnson through, who unleashed a ground to air thundercracker from his own six yard line.

A well built move resulted in a crashing shot to equalise.

It was late in the first half that the ever-threatening Tonge struck. With a breathtaking run beating four men, he proceeded to walk the ball around former Egyptian national team goalkeeper A. Lydabylls' it to put the IC team ahead.

In the second half Tonge combined well with Cardwell to present the latter with the first hat-trick of his international career.

The final result was 4—2 win for Selkirk.



Rugby

Rugby Firsts Flatter

The scoreline in this match was extremely flattering towards Goldsmiths, who were definitely the weaker team. Goldsmiths scored first, after a very lucky kick on in the IC half, but after that did not really get a look into the match. The Goldsmiths pack was comprehensively outplayed in every department of the game, especially in the scrummage, where their heavy pack was destroyed by IC's organisation and drive. IC's second run combination of Rob Hogrove

and Louis Christopher drove the Goldsmiths pack off the park and were rewarded by a pushover try in the first half. After half time Andy Watson, the IC scrum-half, stormed over for the final try of the match, after which Goldsmiths tried to make up for their lack of both brains and skill by the use of dirty play—needless to say, it did not work. IC were now through into the next round of the Gutteridge Plate Competition, which will carry on after Christmas.

ICCAG – the Soup Run

The Imperial College Community Action Group (ICCAG) organises a soup run which takes place every Thursday. The soup run takes bread, soup, biscuits and tea to homeless people in London.

Society's social conscience manifests itself as numerous 'hand outs' of food, drink, clothing etc. made available to London's homeless. These are often provided by 'professional' soup runners who call at unsocial hours and are usually abrupt. Probably the most important thing about our soup run is not therefore the food we bring, but that we bring a group of students willing to listen and talk.

We leave Weeks Hall every Thursday evening at about 9.15 pm, taking a union van full of people and food to Lincoln's Inn Fields and Embankment.

We return to College by 11.30pm. This term support for the soup run from students has not been as good

as it could have been, so I hope that people reading this will consider joining us next term. I don't know anyone who has ever regretted coming, neither is it a regular commitment.

I would especially ask that anyone in London over the Christmas holiday would come on the soup run on the 18th of December which will be our last run before next term.

Thousands of people in London are homeless. These vary from teenagers who have run away from home, to ex 'professionals' who have dropped out of the rat race. A lot have had nervous breakdowns and are thus unable to cope with 'normal' society. All these people, having no fixed address, are stuck in a trap from which it is almost impossible to escape. You can't get a job without an address etc. Last week, one of the homeless people I was talking to gave me a copy of this

poem, which he had adapted from a song 'The streets of London':

*You've heard the song
Maybe taken in each word
Yet I've seen beneath the surface
And every note I've heard
For on the streets of London
Where the lonely tread each day
I have slept upon the flagstones
And tried to will my cares away.
I have met the old lady
With a carrier bag her home
I have followed the old man
Now so lost and so alone.
So I can tell you of the loneliness
And of the sun that doesn't shine
Yet I've seen you in the street,
Could a song ever change your mind?*

Paul

Derek Hill
ICCAG Soup Run Coordinator.

Two Medals

On Sunday 30th November, the Orienteering Club went to Epping Forest to compete in the London championships. Despite the bitterly cold weather and muddy condition, two members won medals. Mr. Bruce Ainsworth (Geology 3) won the M19A silver medal and Miss Clare Caulfield (French Institute 2) won the W19 bronze medal. This upheld the excellent record of the club, in the London championships. The other members all completed their courses, whether running, walking or even swimming(!) with the incentive of liquid refreshment at the end (ie the orange juice!)

Amnesty Vigil

Today (December 10th) is United Nations Human Rights Day. To mark the occasion IC Amnesty are holding a vigil outside the Soviet Embassy in support of IC's adopted Prisoner of Conscience, Ivan Starovoi. Starovoi was imprisoned in the USSR for peacefully practising his religion as a Jehovah's Witness. The vigil will be from 2pm to 5pm. Please come along with us and show your concern for human rights. We will be leaving the Royal Albert Hall steps (on Prince Consort Road) at 1.30. If you want to get involved in Amnesty's campaigns we meet every Tuesday evening at 5.30 in the Brown Committee Room on the top floor of the Union Building.

Christian Union: A discourse on Death

Death. Not a very nice word really. It's not the sort of thing that you want to talk about in polite company. Tends to stop conversations and cause awkward silences. Death has no respect for age, colour, religion or sex; it comes to us all, no matter who we are. It is not sexist or racist, nor does it hold any political views, and it is truly cosmopolitan. (*Wol?Ed*). Problem is that we want to avoid it. Everyone who has ever lived and, dare I say it, anyone who ever will, is going to meet death. (*I'd never have worked that one out-Typesetter*)

All pretty morbid so far, isn't it? Well, there is some more cheering news. No, I haven't found an elixir of life! Well, not exactly. However, there is one man who is greater even than death. Just before you start to switch off at the sound of another funny farm case, take a fresh look at Jesus. Well, the last time you took a look, you were probably an angel in the church nativity play or half asleep in the school chapel. Jesus was the one who said "I am the resurrection and the life" and then raised a man from the dead. Most incredible of all, he himself rose

from the dead. Fairy stories! It's probably the best attested fact in history if you will bother to look. Apathy won't do here; if Jesus rose from the dead, then isn't it about time that you started listening to what he actually had to say, rather than what you think he said. How do you find out? Pick up any of the gospels in the New Testament of the Bible—Matthew, Mark, Luke or John—and read an historical biography about the man around whom history pivots!

Cookery

Jasmine Smith

Shock, horror, gasp, faint! There was a response to this column's first appearance. Thanks for pointing out the misdirected arrow on one of the diagrams. My correspondent has sent in a recipe for boiled eggs with bread soldiers made using a non-automatic kettle, a cup and teaspoon: I shall not go into the procedural details of how to achieve the best results, but shall leave it to you, the reader, to rush out and in a truly scientific manner attempt to discover the fastest and easiest way of obtaining the desired end product.

Let us move on to a different problem. One which has dogged the

human community for hundreds, if not thousands of years. A problem close to many people's hearts. It is a subject which causes severe anguish, arouses deep sympathy, is not spoken lightly of but treated with great respect and if someone can think of a way to solve it, they'd be stinky-poo rich overnight. Yes, it's the dreaded HANGOVER!

Take a breather while you recover from the shudders this word produces. Those of you who have no experience in this matter can obtain blow by blow accounts from your friends. Instead we shall turn our beady eyes to an aspect which has exercised even the most able brains: THE CURE

No, not the rockband, but the release from the hangover. This topic is surrounded by an air of mystery and mystique. The imagination throws up images of toad's spittle, bat's urine and other such delicacies. People gawp in awe at whoever has the audacity to suggest that they know the answer to this ailment. I say poppycock,

balderdash and fiddlesticks! We all know the answer—don't drink. But to most of us this would make social intercourse a trial instead of a pleasure.

This is the time of year when many will be suffering from the excesses of the night before. In order that we can continue the scientific moulding of our brains, I have compiled a list of the "cures" which frequently are suggested as dead (!?) certs:

—drinking something alcoholic first thing next morning (surely this just makes you legless again ?)

—drinking lots and lots of water before collapsing in a pathetic heap on one's bed.

—drinking lots of orange juice because it's liquid and contains sugar (then why doesn't hot, sweet tea work?)

They all seem to involve drinking! Is this significant? I think we should be told. Happy experimenting and I look forward to your reports next term!

Jasmine Smith

Film Soc Premiere

Last Thursday night, Imperial College Film Society had its first film evening. One hundred and sixty students packed Physics LT1 to see 'Clockwise' starring John Cleese—an uproarious tale of one day in a school headmaster's life, when his whole world falls apart around him.

The film was brilliant—absolutely hilarious, and with the audience joining in, clapping and cheering towards the end, a good evening was had by all.

Next term, Film Society hopes to hold more evenings of the same sort, on a regular basis. Next time refreshments may be provided, and the second projector will be working, to bring a more professional air to the show.

If you would like to know more about Film Society, or would like to become a member, please come along to the Union Lounge at 12.30pm this lunchtime.

Back By Unpopular Demand, it's.....

THE BARON OF CHEAPSKATE



In a distant corner of Cheapskate Ian Whygate sat planning his latest publicity stunt with his two dumb helpers, GMT (who was so stupid that he was still in the first class at Cheapskate infant school) and Custard Johnson. Whygate had a very clever plan. He and GMT and Custard were going to creep around all of the citizens dormitories in the middle of the night and leave cardboard cut-outs of Whygate inside all the rooms which were unlocked. Whygate giggled and thought how clever he was. He wanted to be next year's head citizen in Cheapskate, and was carefully planning how he would takeover from the current head citizen, Ms Plague. Whygate was easily the best person to be the citizen's leader as he had been to more committee meetings than anyone else, and was very good at running out crying in order to get a lot of attention. In particular, he was much better at talking a lot than Alan Ego, the other candidate for the post of next year's head citizen.

Custard, meanwhile, was getting bored with Ian Whygate's plans. He did not like the idea of following Whygate around with several hundred cardboard cut-outs, and decided to go and find his friend, Kettle, to go for a drink in Northend Bar. As usual when he wanted to find Kettle, Custard rang the FALLIX Office. "Is Kettle there",

said Custard when FALLIX Editor Rabid Bones picked up the phone. "Piss Off, Custard!", said Rabid and slammed the phone down. Rabid was not in a good mood. He was in disgrace after falling asleep whilst having tea with Mr and Mrs TSB, the chancellor of Cheapskate and his wife, at the Baron's Castle. He did not like people using his brand new office, including his staff, and as usual was having an argument with his Fairy Stories Editor, Willhebe Goodforacolumninch. Willhebe was drunk, after going to the Belgium Club to find some fairy stories. He had been speaking to John Verycamp, the leader of one of Cheapskate's bands of elves, who always seemed to tell Willhebe a lot of fairy stories about himself. Willhebe was confused. He did not understand why Rabid did not want him to write a story about how good John Verycamp was at gardening. Rabid sighed and disappeared into the Print Room for half a hour to clean the Printing Press with Judith Largeamounts.

Meanwhile in the Citizens' office, Bigbum, the Citizens' Chairman, was sitting on Mummylonglegs' knee. Mummylonglegs was the Deputy leader of the citizens and was in charge of the office while Ms Plague was busy playing with Hamster. Bigbum was sucking his thumb and wailing "me want cuddle" at regular intervals.

Mummylonglegs was trying to talk to McNorthy, the Chief cook in Cheapskate. She explained that she wanted him to give her his new "Quite Tasty" burger factory which was making lots of money for the Baron's coffers, but McNorthy just laughed and gave Mummylonglegs a sixpence for the citizens' Rug collection. "But it's my room", shrieked Mummylonglegs, banging her fist on the table, and spilling a cup of coffee all over Bigbum who started to cry.

At that moment Ms Plague rushed back into the Office, pushing aside Gutters, the Citizens' Head Bouncer, on her way in. She ran to the phone and dialled the number for Dong, Fergie & Son, the Cheapskate Rent Collector. "Hello, can I help you?" said Dong sleepily when he answered the phone, waking from his afternoon nap. "You idiot", screamed Ms Plague, "you've given the citizens a house with no roof!"

"Does it have four walls and a floor, though?" replied Dong, always on the defensive whenever Ms Plague rang him.

"Don't argue, fix it immediately!" ordered Ms Plague. "I'm going to ring the Baron's wife". With that she slammed the phone down.

Dong was worried. He went downstairs to see Hardlyworthit, the Cheapskate House Builder. Hardlyworthit was very busy. He had had lots of complaints about his houses but couldn't get any of his

staff to mend anything. "I know", said Hardlyworthit, "we can get Whygate to mend all the houses. Just give him a hammer and some nails."

"Super", said Dong and went back to finish his afternoon nap. His peace was shortlived, though. No sooner had he got back to his comfortable office than the phone rang again. Dong leapt to attention when he heard the Baron's voice over the phone. We'd like to come and have a look around your office, Dong", said Derek Dash, the new Baron. Dong shuddered. The Baron Himself was bad enough, but this time Derek was bringing his eccentric wife, Mad Dash. Dong began to clear up his office but before he could collect all the coffee cups his phone rang yet again. This time it was Arthur Michael, the good but not very useful fairy. "The Baron's coming to see you now", chuckled Arthur Michael, gleefully. Dong looked about him and groaned. He could tell it was a Tuesday....

Will Dong get a dressing down from the Baron

Will Willhebe Goodforacolumninch ever sober up?

Will Custard find Kettle?

Will John Secretary appear in the next instalment?

Find out in the next episode of "The Baron Of Cheapskate"

UNION BAR
WINTER ALES WEEK
Wednesday 10th Martson's: Old Roger
Thursday 11th Whitbread's: Winter Royal
Evenings

ISSUE OF GRANT CHEQUES

Please note that Postgraduate and Undergraduate grant cheques will not be available for collection until the **second** day of next term, Tuesday 6th January 1987. (This is because, unusually, the College does not re-open after Christmas until the first day of term, and the Fees office staff have to sort and prepare the grant cheques which have arrived while the College has been closed.)

Thus grant cheques may be collected as follows:

Tuesday 6 January 9.30am—4.30pm, Third floor foyer
Wednesday 7 January 9.30am—4.30pm, Sherfield Building

Thereafter from the Fees Office, Room344, Sherfield Building.

As a glance through *Time Out* (without which this column would have died long ago) will tell you, there is really nothing better to do at this time of year than to indulge in the sentimental excesses of a modern westernised Christmas. Even attempting to do "something completely different" has become as hopelessly traditional as the festival itself, and so it is with very little hesitation that I recommend that you spend this Christmas in exactly the same way as you have spent and will spend, every other Christmas; you won't escape it, so you may as well wallow in it along with the rest of us.

In fact I doubt if, given the choice, you'd really want to do anything else anyway - oh, alright then, of course you would, but bear with me anyway, will you? After all, at what other time of the year can you savour the rare delights of arguing with all your relatives at the same time, watching non-stop drivel on TV whilst working your way through your parents' drinks cabinet-as like as not with their full knowledge and approval, and explaining to your mother why you really don't feel like even looking at her Christmas lunch, far less actually eating it.

On the subject of rare delights, I've always maintained that there's no better source of Christmas Eve entertainment than the local church's Watchnight Service-that subtle blend of sincerity and sarcasm as the minister declares how nice it is to see the church so full, well, it gets me in stitches every year. Better still is the sheer exquisite embarrassment of my granny lusting after the organist and attempting to quieten down the "rowdies" in the pew behind us (i.e. those of my friends who are unencumbered by elderly relatives.) All that, with carols and grandson plus points thrown in, and for however much you feel like paying: surely there are few cheaper shows running on the 24th, and let's face it, by that time you'll be counting every last penny...

Assuming that you're not sufficiently organised (laughable possibility as it is) to have already done your Christmas shopping-and not only that, but remembered where you've hidden it, or that you bought it at all-you'll be spending the next week or so frantically searching for the right gift (well, any gift really) to give your nearest and dearest. What better way, indeed, to prepare yourself for all those calories than by fighting your way through the crowds on Oxford Street?

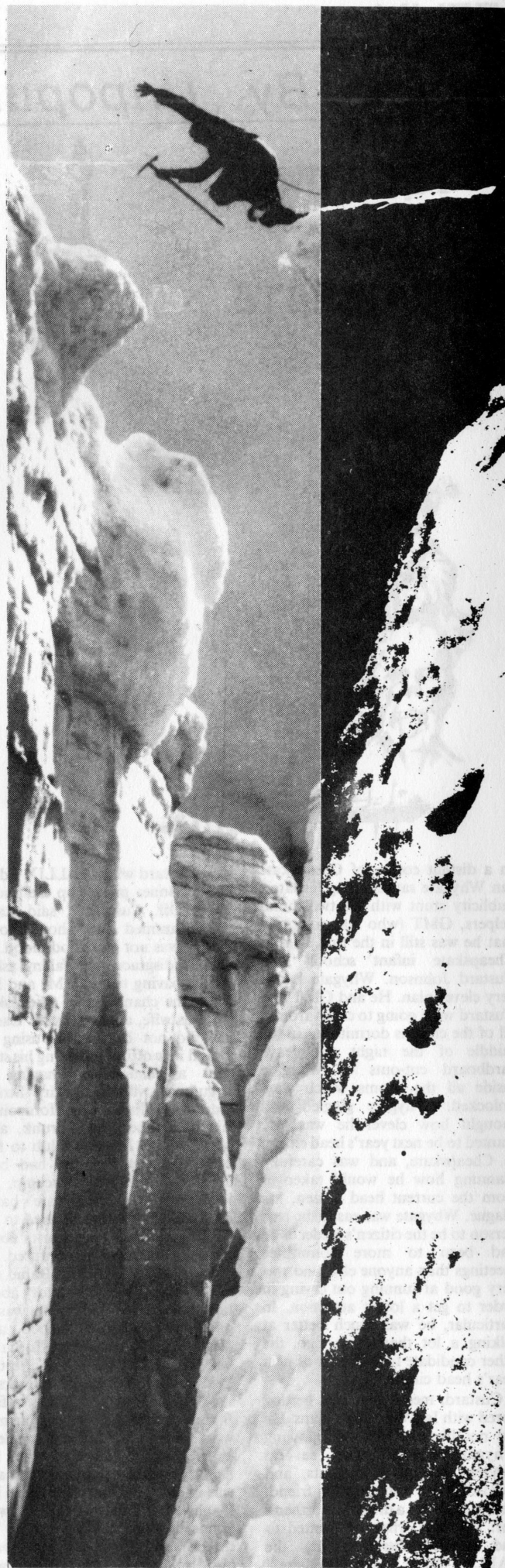


Down&Out in London

If we're to believe the past few weeks' crop of Sunday colour supplements-heaven forbid that we might have any of our own present ideas-it seems that peace, goodwill, love and affection etc. are readily exchangeable for hard cash down at you high street bank (and-here comes a bit of satire by the way-I reckon those bastards at Barclays might even do it, given their own vast experience of trading off human suffering). All of which, to get back to the point, would suggest that if that price tag (self adhesive price tags in an assortment of currencies, 75p a pack from Boots and John Menzies) you so carelessly left in your loved one's pressie isn't of telephone number proportions, then it simply means that you don't love them enough. Hey! Let's hear it for the emotional bankruptcy of modern society!

Good news for us poor students eh? Mind you, with the seasonal rush there's a fair chance that your Access bill won't come through until the beginning of February, so you'll have a month to bask in the gratitude before the full horror of your financial situation hits you.

Oh, and by the way, have you peeked yet? Under the 24th on your Advent Calendar? I just did, and it's a Mr. Man Santa Claus holding a huge Christmas pudding, and he's got his tongue hanging out, and a huge sack of presents, and...Ah well, whatever they say, it's all worth it really. Happy Christmas, everyone.



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ANNOUNCEMENTS

●**ICCAG Soup Run** will go as usual over Christmas, except 25/12/86. Meet Weeks Hall 9.15pm each Thursday. ICCAG helping you to help them.

●**ACCOMMODATION** Anyone interested in sharing a flat for 6 people (groups of up to 6) in Lexham Gardens (only 15 minutes walk from College) in the summer term, please contact Lesley Gillingham, Student Services (int 3602) before the end of term.

●**DON'T FORGET** The Dartmouth House Ball on Saturday 13th December—What better way to celebrate the end of term? Details on a poster near you or from Alastair Seymour (EE2) or Anne Driver (Guilds Hon Sec)

●**WANT TO MAKE SOME MONEY** Don't buy British Gas, join the TURFSOC Racing Syndicate. We have access to top quality information (our "source" gives about 75% winning bets). Contact H. Lloyd (Phys 3), A Haigh (Phys 3), G. Poppy (Life Sci. 3) or M. Brook (Mines 3). Don't tell Sid.

●**10 PIN BOWLING** More explosive than a gaaas blaasst!

●**Student Services** Will be closed from Friday 19th December until Monday 5th January. Urgent defects should be referred to the Managing surveyors office (15 Princes Gardens, ext 3605) other urgent matters should be reported to wardens, security, etc, as appropriate.

●**Friday 12th December** AEROSOC TALK given by Richard Noble (world land speed record holder) 6.00pm in AERO 266 all welcome. Ian Cowley, Aero II.

PERSONAL

●**Sharon** You dare me, I fulfill my part of the bargain, what about your side?

●**PP (PET GEOL)** How elusive you are!

●**HE** has an average body, and an awful hair-do—but I still want to rape him. (Said Sharon).

●**To Anne Parsons** who's 123 not out?

●**WHO'S** Barry Feagan?

●**Mumble** mumble...They got pissed...Kath and JJ...mumble mumble...and then they went to bed....

●**Let's** quime the cleen's tower Anne!

●**Ian** didn't know the Queen's Tower, the Albert Hall and the Albert Memorial were all in a straight line, but he knew the Albert Memorial and the Albert Hall were!

●**Dr Vickery** runs on Duracell—he goes on 6 times longer than ordinary lecturers.

●**Merry Christmas** & a Happy New Year to all the Shark Reserve.

●**Wot** no flannings yet? Y.e.ss, I think there probably will be. RIP The Sharks.

●**How's** Cinders then Prince Charming?

●**WOT**.....No sharks this week???! Terry's will go out of business now.

●**Heldi** Thanks for the orgasm, it was great. By my reckoning, you only owe me another 5 now!

●**Apologies** to all ladies in Willy J for harrassment this term—Merry Christmas, and see you in the next...till then, love M.

●**Pizzas** aren't the only thing Dave's gott a passion for!

●**What** did Dave dig up at the party on Friday?

WANTED

●**Articles/Artwork** for new panzine to be launched January. Any topics. Contact N. Motteram DOC1 (zmacy 63 on rvax)

●**Part-Time** Lumber Jack work. Any vacancies please contact S. Anderson Civ. Eng.

FOR SALE

●**AMPLIFIER FOR SALE** JVC JAII-Sg, 4 channels, £50.00 ono. Contact CHEH GOH, PG EE, Int 5242. Day or night.

●**Kawasaki** GP2 305, A reg, replaced engine with only 15,500 miles on the clock. Red, good condition, taxed until Oct. 87, mut sell, £575 ono. Contact U. Beyer, AERO III.

●**FOUR TICKETS** for A-Ha concert. Best seats in Royal Albert Hall. Contact D. Briscoe Mech Eng 3.

What's On

All clubs and societies wishing to include a regular entry in the 'What's On' listing should complete another form at the beginning of next term. All old forms are to be discarded.

what's on

WEDNESDAY

AP-Tech Society2.00pm
Mech Eng Foyer. Help make toys for Handicapped Kids.

Human Rights Vigil 1.30pm
Royal Albert Hall steps (Prince Consort Road). Organised by IC & LSE Amnesty Groups. Come along to our vigil for IC's adopted prisoner of conscience Ivan Staroviot outside the Soviet Embassy 2pm-5pm.

THURSDAY

YOUTH HOSTELLING CLUB 12.30pm
Meet above Southside Bar.

Fives 2.00pm
Beside Linstead tennis court. Contact Hon Sec David Nicolson ext 6289.

Lesbian and Gay 7.30pm
Room 2 E ULU, Malet St. Contact Tim on 480-6579.

Carol Service 12.30pm.
Consort Gallery Sheffield. Anyone welcome. Wind band are playing. West London Chaplency.

RCSU Xmas Party8.00pm.
IC Radio Disco in JCR till late. £1.50/£2.00 on the door.

Carol Singing6.00pm
Meet Beit arch. Mince Pies and Mulled wine. Free. Christian Union.

FRIDAY

Fencing Club6.00pm
Union Gym



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From September 1st 1986, students from EEC countries who satisfy various residence requirements and who are following first degree courses at UK universities are eligible to have tuition fees paid by the British Government.

Students who have been identified by the Registry as possibly being eligible have been advised and invited to complete an application form, which should be returned by the end of term.

Any undergraduate who is a national of a member state of the EEC, or is the son or daughter of a national of a member state of the EEC, who was ordinarily resident within the EEC for the three years before commencing their course at the College, and who has not been contacted personally by Registry is invited to go to the Registry Fees Office, Room 344, Sheffield Building as soon as possible. Students requiring further advice regarding the arrangements should also ask at the Registry Fees Office in the first instance.

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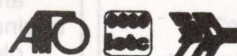
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