



Felix

The Newspaper Of Imperial College Union

Founded 1949



YOUR LIFE IN THEIR STRINGS



Editorial

The sign of a misspent youth

Nearly four years ago I arrived at Imperial College to read Mechanical Engineering, but without any real intention of pursuing an engineering career. Three years later, after drifting aimlessly through the last eighteen months of a three year course, I was quite relieved to pick up a lousy degree result and be of "good academic standing", and therefore able to take up a sabbatical post. Over the last few days I have looked back at all this year's issues of FELIX, and to be honest I found most of them rather tame. On occasion FELIX has attacked College administration for dragging its feet over the accommodation issue and focussed more attention on the poor teaching standards in College, but there has not been much to reflect the rather desolate experience that I remember from the previous three years.

Like many students who came to Imperial, I was attracted by the College's world-wide reputation. I remember particularly the advice of several friends over forty years of age, mostly from the teaching profession, who all enthused at length on the merits of Imperial College. Now, after following their advice, there is no way that I would recommend IC to any prospective university entrant. In fact, I think I would go further and actively discourage any sixth former who was considering applying.

I wouldn't write this if it were based on my own experiences only, as I have to confess I was a lousy student. The majority of the students who took the course with me were of a similar mind; the number of graduates opting for careers in accountancy and similar professions is a joke at Imperial College, but it is a measure of how

completely their time at College drained them of the enthusiasm which they (mostly) started out with.

The biggest barrier to effective undergraduate teaching is not the lack of an ability to teach, in terms of "communication skills", etc. What destroys the enthusiasm of students is the almost total lack of concern which some departments, not just Mechanical Engineering, have for their students. I know several people who have been through a degree course at Imperial College and only spoken to their personal tutor on two or three occasions. Certainly, the onus is on the student to seek help when he needs it, but this does not absolve academic staff from the duty to supervise.

Over the past few weeks I have seen several senior academics react in a very paranoid manner to any hint of bad publicity for the College, either in FELIX or elsewhere. The letter which a group of postgraduates sent to me before Easter is a prime example. Though I understand that there are a number of Civ Eng staff who were genuinely upset, I also know some students from that department who thought that it was fair comment. The College's recruitment publications are another issue. The Imperial College prospectus, like most university prospectuses for that matter, paints so rosy a picture that it is hard to reconcile with the grim reality. I would not expect the College to produce anything else, but for the administration to be upset that the Union media are giving a fairer picture is absurd. It appears that a proportion of all the Governing Body gave the letter from our group of postgraduates no credence at all. This is a pity, because letters of that sort are going to become more frequent rather than less.

Though eyes are constantly being opened to the teaching standards problem, it is difficult to see how any major advances can be achieved in the current climate. There are few people in this College who seem to be full of hope for the future, and when the College as a whole is feeling the pinch (or, as the Rector would put it, "we're broke") there's not much chance for immediate progress. Yesterday's meeting of ICU Council noted that student representation on College committees was becoming less and less effective, as decision making was in reality, being moved away from the committee level and entrusted more and more to central College administration. Imperial is concentrating on survival, and the needs of "Joe Student" are an insignificant consideration.

Ring in the new

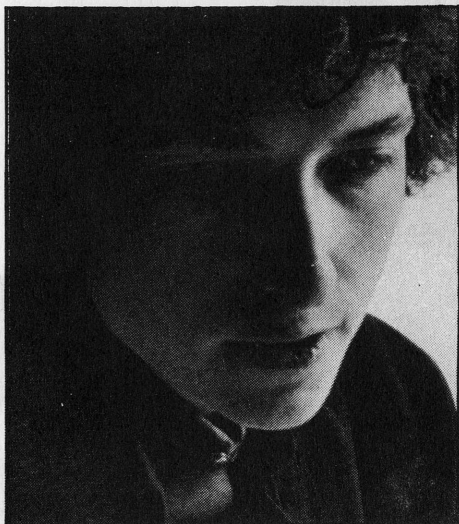
History would seem to suggest that FELIX has its most memorable years when the Union is weakest, or at least when the sabbaticals are a bad crop. Put another way, a decent set of sabbaticals is a curse upon the FELIX Editor. Though I have probably missed opportunities to criticise the running of the Union this year, it is certainly true that the Union leadership has been as successful as any other in recent years. The Union sabbaticals still seem rather remote to most students, however, and I do not believe that this has changed much this year. There *have* been several new initiatives which have deserved wider support, and we seem to be facing up to the usual financial constraints with a little more calm than has been usual. In a sense it is an indication of failure for the Union President to report that "the relationship between FELIX and the Union central has been excellent this year", and I would not ideally have chosen to adopt such a united front with the Union Office. On the major issues however, the Exec have had my vehement support, and if FELIX has lacked an anti-establishment approach, then it is too bad. I would have much preferred to have been either last year's or next year's Editor.

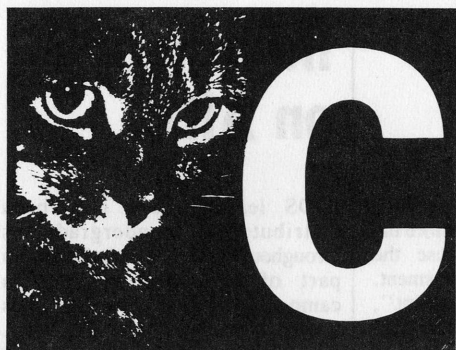
On the more general question of the role of FELIX, I am beginning to change my view quite radically. I have tried to make FELIX as much of a "normal" newspaper as possible; if I was to go back to the start of last July I would put much more effort into providing an entertaining FELIX. That said, I am really rather proud of this issue. 40 pages is probably a contender for the biggest FELIX ever—I hope it makes up for all the thin ones we have been producing recently.

One more cup of coffee...

The annual lament of the outgoing FELIX Editor is that he/she feels they have hardly started, and have just about managed to get to grips with the job. The turmoil which the office was in at the start of the year has made me regret the rapid passing of twelve months even more than usual. I still have a folder full of good ideas; projects which were forever being put off 'till the weekend. For all that it has been tremendously enjoyable to bring out FELIX, and, for all the disappointment, I am sure I would choose to do it again.

David Jones





Credits

A couple of years ago there was a popular theory that the FELIX Editor could produce the newspaper single-handed if necessary, and still do a reasonable job. If FELIX was left to me and me alone I would struggle to produce four pages per week. For whatever reason, I seem to have been blessed with a tireless staff who will work well into the night regularly to help bring FELIX out. To these very special people I owe a million thanks, and an apology if at any time I have seemed unappreciative of your efforts.

Firstly my thanks must go to Rose Atkins and Steve Shackell, who between them managed to keep the office running at times when I must have seemed close to insanity. Special mention must

be made also of Chris Martin, Pippa Salmon, Kamala Sen, Judith Hackney, David Burns and Chris Edwards, who all put in an extraordinary amount of time on FELIX this year. Very sincere thanks also to David Rowe, Mark Cottle, Liz Holford, Rosemary Hosking, Bill Goodwin, Peter Higgs, Nigel Whitfield, Jane Spiegel, Aaron Kotcheff, Sunny Bains, David Williams, Jim Clayden, Neil Motteram, Rachel Black, Sundiatu Dixon-Fyle, Andy Bannister, Francis Miers, Chas Jackson, Reg West, Muffin, Nigel Atkinson, Sarah Kirk, Nick Shackley, Hugh Southey, Hugh Stiles, Pallab Ghosh, Terry Sweeney, Christine Taig, Jackie Peirce, Kathy Tait, Olu Adelu, Grenville Manuel, Colin

Palmer, David Downs, Peter Hands, Dave Clements, Alex McNeil, Chris Perry, Jane Bowie, Prof Eric Ash, Mrs Clare Ash, Steve Nuttall, Laura Dain, Tony Spencer, Roger Wilson, Man Tai Tseung, Ian Thomas, Gail Turner, David Wooding, Jane Griffiths, Richard Bleasdale, Richard Fincher, Norman, Mark Hunter, Fourth Avenue, Jen, Steve Cook, David Bottomley, Steve Gutteridge, Adrian Johnson, Simon Bradshaw, Douglas Earle, Dave Parry, Pete Stanley, John Fecamp, Helena Russell, Aidan Kershaw, Simon Singh, Steve Kilmurray, Stuart MacFarlane, Sean MacRae, Al Birch, Michael Newman, Charles Robin, Robert Daniel, Alastair Seymour.



From left to right;

Back row; Chris Edwards, Sean MacRae, Francis Miers, Kamala Sen, Neil Motteram, Sundiatu Dixon-Fyle, Steve Kilmurray, Rose Atkins, Dave Williams, Steve Gutteridge, Pippa Salmon, Mark Cottle, Steve Shackell.

Front row; Dave Burns, Sunny Bains, Jane Spiegel, Judith Hackney, Michael Arthur, Andrew Bannister, Grenville Manuel, Nigel Whitfield, Chris Martin, Liz Holford.



Only on Sunday

The first "Imperial College Family Affair" drew hundreds of visitors to the Queen's Lawn on Sunday afternoon. The event was organised by Mrs Clare Ash, who is the Rector's wife, in order to bring together families of staff and students and to raise money for IC's Day Nursery.

As well as various stalls, races and games, visitors were able to visit the Science Museum's "Lift Off" exhibition, which was open specially for the event. Other attractions included violin playing by the Rector for a game of musical bumps, an auction run by John Smith in fancy dress, free tours of the Queen's Tower by Michael Arthur, and others and beefburgers barbequed personally by Rob Northey.

The weather remained fine all afternoon and the event was generally felt to be a great success. It is not yet known how much money has been raised.

IC Profs win awards

The recent Birthday Honours list contained awards for two professors of Imperial College. Prof Aubrey Silberston, head of the Department of Social and Economic Studies and Prof Cedric Turner of Mechanical Engineering were both made Commanders of the British Empire in the awards announced on June 13th.

Prof Silberston has been advising the Government Department of Trade and Industry since he was commissioned to write a report on the "Multifibre Arrangement" in 1983. His report recommended the abolition of the Agreement, which would end restrictions on the import of textiles from developing countries. Some steps have been taken by the EEC to

this effect.

No specific reason was given for Prof Turner's award although it seems likely to be in recognition of his work for the Sizewell Inquiry. Prof Turner chaired a committee which advised the Nuclear Safety Inspectorate about pressure vessels in pressurised water reactors. He was previously involved in the repair of Big Ben whose speed governor shaft sheered in 1986 causing a dangerous increase in the speed of the mechanism.

The professors had no hesitations in accepting their awards, and they will both be presented to the Queen in the near future.

Boaties to go to games

Five members of IC Boat Club; C Behrens, J Waller, G Pooley, J Walker and I Scutts (cox) have been selected to compete in the World Student Games in Yugoslavia this year.

The crew are to compete in the coxed fours and, not content with this being the best achievement in the history of IC Boat Club, they are also likely to be representing Great Britain in the U23 World Championships

later this year. The performance is particularly impressive given that two of the crew were complete novices when they joined Boat Club three years ago.

There is also hope that a lightweight, coxless four will be joining the coxed four at the World Student Games since they have beaten their main rivals, the University of London, in two out of three races.

Blueprint in the red

The publication of a propaganda booklet by IC Consoc, just before the General Election, may cause the society some financial embarrassment. The booklet, entitled "Blueprint", was printed in the Union Print Unit (FELIX office). IC Union is a registered charity and so is forbidden by law from spending money to promote any political party. This prevents Consoc from using their subvention to pay for the booklet.

Since there was not enough advertising to cover the production costs, the only apparent solution is to raise money from Consoc members. However, this possibility has been rejected by Consoc Chairperson Dave Burbage, who had previously checked with Richard Eccleston (SCC Chairperson) whether Union funds could be used. However, it is believed that Mr Eccleston was not informed that the booklet would essentially be a Conservative Party election document.

Although the Ultra Vires laws which apply in these instances are very vague, the Attorney General's guidelines suggest that Union funds can only be used where a political matter directly affects students. They also state that Union Officers "might be at personal risk" for being "party" to misuse of funds.

Union Deputy President Jackie Peirce said yesterday that she thought that the editor of the booklet and the Consoc Chairperson would be personally responsible for the payment if the account were not settled. They would then become "debtors to the Union", which could lead to legal action.

RCS keep old recipe

RCSU voted to stay with tradition once again at the Gen Com on Monday night, when a motion proposed by Fiona Nicholas on the subject of the 'mix' used in the Exec initiatives, was defeated. Ms Nicholas proposed that the mix should not contain any animal, human or dairy products, except for fresh milk, due to the potential health risk involved, but the committee rejected this.

Another motion, which prohibited the practice of throwing RCS wrongdoers into the Round Pond in Hyde Park was passed. RCS Vice President Judith Hackney, who proposed the motion told FELIX that the Round Pond is quite shallow, and it is not unknown for there to be broken glass on the bottom.

Information on AIDS

AIDS leaflets have now been distributed to undergraduates throughout College. The leaflets form part of an AIDS information campaign, which also includes postgraduate students and all staff. ICU President Christine Taig, who is organising the campaign, called for help 'stuffing envelopes' so that postgraduates could receive the information this week.

Undergraduates had been a priority since most will be leaving at the end of term, she explained.

Chris Martin, a concerned student, commented yesterday: "I think it's a jolly good idea."

SDI film at IC

Imperial College has provided the location for an "Open Space" programme on the star wars initiative. The programme features interviews with a number of academics, including the Rector, Professor Eric Ash, and suggests that technology should be used for more peaceful purposes.

In the film, which will launch a new series of Open Space on July 14th, the Rector gave assurances that Imperial would only accept SDI funding provided there were no classification clauses and no discrimination against Russian, Chinese or other foreign researchers in the contracts. He expressed his unhappiness with the SDI programme in general and his concern that it would draw resources from civil projects. The film also features interviews with Professor Manny Lehman of Computing who explained his reasons for accepting an SDI contract, Dr Jerry Leggett of Geology and VERTISC (Verification Technology Information Centre) who condemned the use of "rigged experiments" in the American demonstration videos, and Mr Harry Fairbrother of the Maths Department, who carried out research into the first atomic bomb.

ASTMS leader John Fecamp, who compiled the programme, told FELIX that he was unable to find anyone at Imperial publicly in favour of SDI, and said that he hoped the film would widen the issues to industry and the rest of society.

Four universities are currently engaged in SDI research: Herriot Watt is working on optical computers, and Aston, Newcastle, and RHBNC are working on electrical insulators. No contracts have yet been awarded to Imperial, though several academics are understood to have applied for research.

Council Yawn

This year's Joint Union Council Meeting, held on Monday, lasted for 4¼ hours. Amongst the business was the award of Union pots and Honorary Life Memberships for contributions to the running of the Union. In addition several elections were held for non-officer posts in the Union for next session.

Possibly the most important discussion was about the Student Residence Committee (SRC). Ian Howgate presented a graphic and rather worrying account of some of the recent SRC meetings. College Assistant Secretary Michael Arthur, he reported, has overruled several SRC decisions, and has been known to alter minutes to suit his purposes. As a result of this it was felt that SRC had become totally ineffective. It was therefore decided that Union reps on this committee should observe at the meetings but refuse to use their votes in protest at Michael Arthur's and College's conduct.

Also discussed at the meeting was the use of the gravel money from Harlington. Several members thought that the money could be used better

if invested so as to use the interest (which could be quite substantial). However, it is uncertain how much money will be available due to fluctuating gravel prices. The money will be held in trust by College, who are unlikely to release it in the near future. It was suggested that they might even use it in the short term to boost their own cash flow.

At the meeting it was also decided to combine the posts of UGM and Council Chairpersons, and to make this new officer responsible for Union policy. Although this new post will come into being at the end of next year, incoming UGM Chairman Alastair Seymour was also elected Council Chairman and agreed to lay the groundwork before the two posts officially become one.

Amongst the Honorary Life Memberships awarded were two for Kevin Buckley (Bar Manager) and Pete Hartley (Snack Bar worker), who have both contributed beyond the call of duty towards the smooth running of the Union Trading Services.

Norburn keeps quiet

Professor David Norburn, currently Professor of Strategic Planning at Cranfield, is to become Director of the Imperial College School of Management. The School of Management is to be formed by the merger of the Departments of Management Science and Social and Economic Science.

Prof Norburn refused to talk to FELIX on Tuesday.



Crofton clanger

There were red faces all round in the Mechanical Engineering Department when one of this year's examination papers was made available for sale to students in advance. Because of an "administration error" the 1987 Materials multiple choice paper was included amongst past papers on sale in the undergraduate office. Although a replacement paper was written at short notice, many candidates were struck by the similarity between the replacement and the original paper.

Dr Seamus Crofton, who was responsible for writing both papers, said that the mistake would not give any candidates an unfair advantage because the answers were not included with the paper on sale. He added, the materials exams were similar every year.

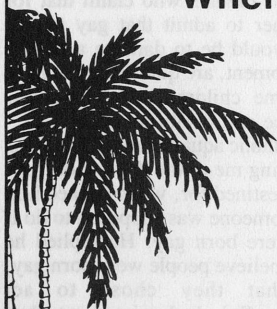
Tower tours

The Queen's Tower will be opening to the public again this summer despite mixed success last year. College Assistant Secretary Michael Arthur told FELIX that a larger advertising campaign, including posters on the Tube and reduction in Tower staff (from 7 to 2) would make this year's scheme more profitable.

The Tower is expected to attract 5,000 visitors, who will pay 60p for viewing the Tower and an exhibition on the Imperial Institute.

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Israel: Operation for Peace

Dear Dave,

I feel it is most important to correct the inaccurate and misleading remarks of last week's 'Opinion'. The author of the article began with the premise that the State of Israel has no right to exist, and developed from that position a twisted and distorted argument.

Let me first consider the necessity for Operation Peace for Galilee. This was a response to fourteen years of PLO terrorist warfare launched against the northern settlements in Israel such as Kiryat Shmoneh. The 7,000 PLO terrorists were well trained and highly armed with powerful weaponry from all over the world, including BM21 rocket launchers capable of firing 40 rockets simultaneously with a range of 22km.

On July 15th 1981 a systematic rocket and artillery barrage of northern Galilee began. In order to protect its citizens, Israel mounted Operation Peace for Galilee on June 6th 1982. No country except Israel has ever taken so many precautions to avoid civilian casualties. Israel provided medical aid to Lebanese civilians which cost \$40,000 per day and included flying patients with kidney disease to the Haifa Carmel Hospital. Indeed the figure quoted in

the article of 50,000 casualties in 1982 is totally meaningless. Since the number of Lebanese civilian casualties was of the order of 1,000, I presume the 50,000 is a very conservative estimate for the number killed in the Lebanese civil war from 1975 onwards.

Now I should like to describe the actual situation in Judea and Samaria, which has recently been coined the West Bank. In discussing Bir Zeit and other universities, the author has conveniently forgotten that until 1967 Jordan had forbidden the establishment of any universities. The Israeli Government, however, has permitted not only Bir Zeit and Beith Lahem, but three others to be built. Far from restraining civil liberties the civilian administration has been developed. It now numbers 17,000 of whom 98% are Arab residents. Israel has invested heavily in water resources, living conditions, and health facilities. The life expectancy has risen from 48 to 62 years, infant mortality is now one quarter of the 1967 level. The Jewish settlement in Judea and Samaria is only an issue because the State of Israel is at issue. The Jewish population is less than 4% of the total and owns just 60,000 out

of 1.5 million acres. Arab settlers have successfully won land disputes in the Israel Supreme Court.

The figure of 4 million refugees is again an exaggeration. There are 1,800,000 Palestinians registered as refugees, of whom only about 625,000 live in camps. Yet even those in camps, according to UNRWA doctors, have low levels of malnutrition and high levels of literacy. These Arabs share a common language and culture with the citizens of the Arab states. However, their refugee status has been calculatedly maintained to serve these countries' political aims. The Jordanian daily newspaper *Falastin* stated, in 1949, that "The Arab states which had encouraged the Palestine Arabs to leave their homes temporarily, in order to be out of the way of the Arab invasion armies, have failed to keep their promise to help these refugees."

Israel is a peace-loving democratic country; helping the Arab refugees more than their own countries have, she demands no more than the right to exist. *This is the truth.*

Yours sincerely,
Neville Nelkon, *Computing I*

Say no to conformists

Dear Dave,

I'm always very suspicious when people use phrases like "It's not natural". What are they saying? A friend of mine once complained about a German girl having hair under her arms because "It's not natural", which of course it is. However, this shows what people really mean when they say that homosexuality isn't natural. They mean they don't approve of it. In the same way that some religious people can't rest until everyone loves the same god as they do, these people want to stamp everyone *conformist*.

In some ways, the labels 'gay' and 'straight' aren't helpful, as they imply that everyone is one or the other, which isn't the case. 'Straight' is especially unhelpful, as it is the opposite of 'bent', and therefore leads heterosexuals to think of themselves as 'untainted'. Why not just aim for a society in which adults can do what they like with a consenting adult partner?

I think IC's gays are likely to have very limited success at changing people's attitudes here, as most people's prejudices are well dug-in by now. Not until homosexuality is taught as a part of sex education in schools will many adults refrain from talking about gays in the same way as they did in the school playground, where they first learnt about them. After all, sex education that only mentions heterosexuality is like religious education that only mentions Christianity. The implication is 'This is what we do and everyone else is wrong'. Parents who claim that for a teacher to admit that gay people exist would be to damage a child's development, are quite happy to have the same children watch mindless violence and death on video.

A catholic acquaintance of mine was informing me of the damnation gays were destined for, when I asked him what someone was supposed to do if they were born gay. He replied he didn't believe people were born gay, but that they chose to act 'unnaturally'. As I pointed out, they would be choosing intense persecution, and why would they do this? His reply was 'Because it's trendy'. Make of that what you will. When I see two gays holding hands in the street, I can feel happy for them in a way that is difficult when I see a man and woman together, as this just reminds me that it's ages since I had a really close female friend myself. My own fault for coming to Imperial perhaps, or maybe most women would prefer people such as 'Mr Dork'.

Yours,
Richard G Fincher

The President talks bollocks

Dear Dave,

I have just returned from abroad, to receive a copy of FELIX and read the opinion article by Al Roberts (Doc 1).

Al seems to have some strange idea that I was trying to insult him in my last letter, when I referred to AIDS in the same sentence as homosexuality.

I must agree whole heartedly with many of the statements in his article as they are identical to those mentioned in my previous letter. At the same time I must point out that, being homosexual, he must come to terms with the fact that AIDS will have a large effect on his life.

He claims that promiscuity is a problem of heterosexuality; this I must disagree with. He goes further, to suggest that I am promiscuous and sex-starved. Well, I have to say that I am neither, and how he might know any different I would be interested to hear.

In his article he states that 60% of gay men have sex with 0 or 1 person a month and that only 2% "make it" with between 11 and 20 people a month. This presumably leaves 38% who "make it" with 2 to 10 people. Some of these people are sleeping with more people in a month than I

have in my entire life. I fail to see how this cannot be promiscuous.

I estimate from his figures that 30% of gay men have sex with 1 person a month and note that 40% of all gay men are promiscuous (ie have sex with 2 or more people a month; my personal definition). From these facts it can be estimated that around 10% of gay men are having sex once a month with a promiscuous person. As a result it will take less than 12 months for nearly every gay person to have had sex with a promiscuous person. Taking this into account any gay person, who is not celibate or devoted to an AIDS free partner who is devoted to him, must take AIDS as a serious threat.

Whether Mr Roberts believes it or not, I take AIDS very seriously. My second-to-last relationship was last summer in Africa, this put me in a very low risk group, but none-the-less a risk group. As a result I have had an AIDS test this year. I feel that everyone is obliged to go and request an AIDS test, it's not a lot of fun sitting and waiting for your results, not knowing if you are going to live or die; but at the end of it you know that you are not going to kill the next person you make love to.

If members of Gay Soc are not willing to take the threat of AIDS seriously then the society itself becomes a health hazard to its members and its existence needs careful examination.

Mr Roberts' article has made me reconsider my viewpoint on the Gay Soc. I shall without a doubt be having further in depth conversations with Andy Bannister about the matter, maybe so should you, Mr Roberts.

Yours,
Ian Howgate.

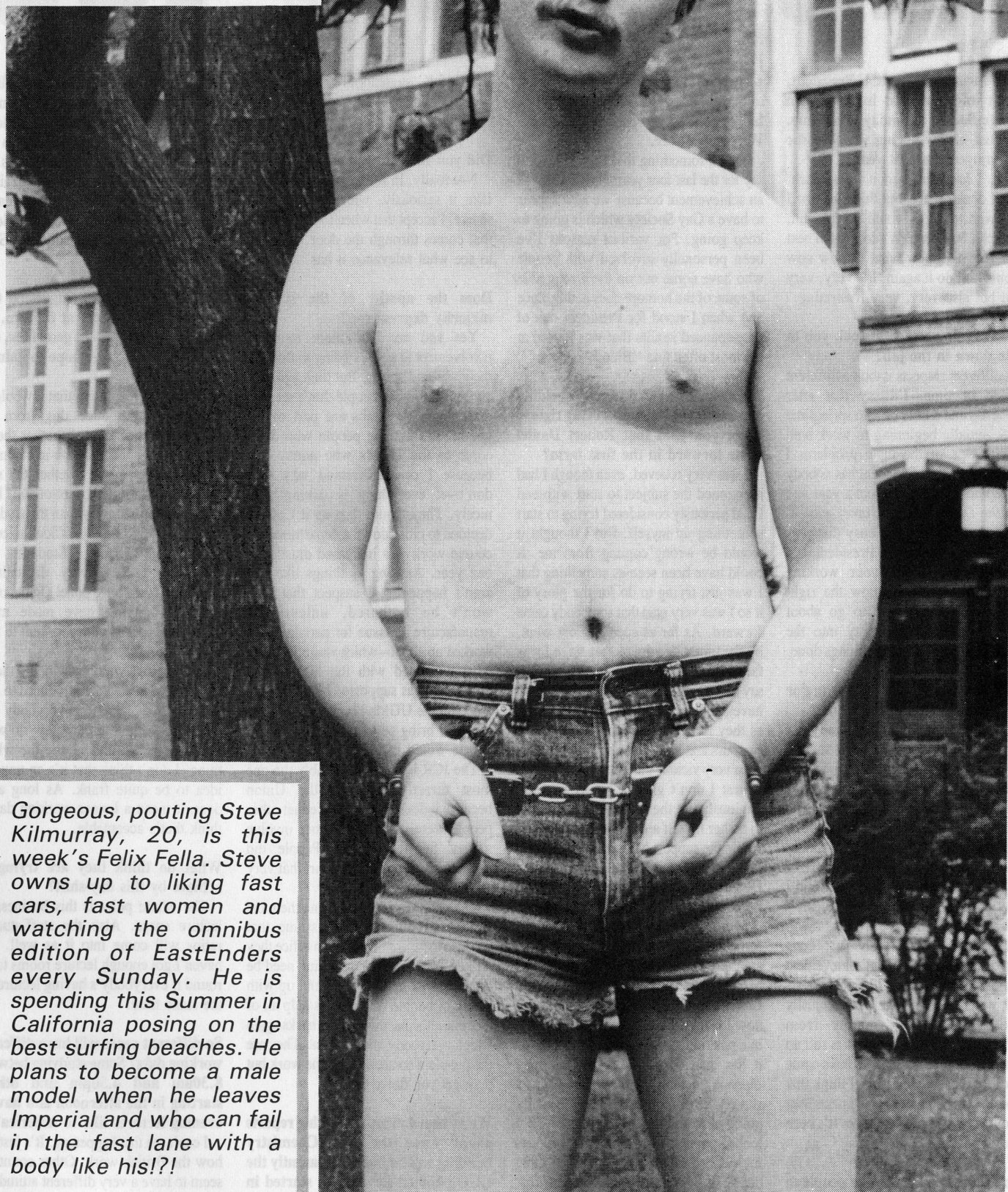
N.B. For information on the sexual activity, or lack of it, of IC students, I suggest we all watch these pages for the imminent Welfare Questionnaire results.

Dear Dave,

Although Ian's interpretation of the figures given by Al Roberts could be justified, bear in mind that such surveys by low-circulation papers such as Capital Gay are actually very unrepresentative: I too would be astonished if 35% of the Gay population had 2 to 10 partners per month!

Andrew Bannister.

FELIX Fella



Gorgeous, pouting Steve Kilmurray, 20, is this week's Felix Fella. Steve owns up to liking fast cars, fast women and watching the omnibus edition of *EastEnders* every Sunday. He is spending this Summer in California posing on the best surfing beaches. He plans to become a male model when he leaves *Imperial* and who can fail in the fast lane with a body like his!?!

The Taig Interview:

Life at the top

I met Christine Taig, ICU President, for an informal chat in the Union Lounge Bar on a Sunday lunchtime. I started off by asking whether she had enjoyed the past year?

Yes, I have enjoyed it very much. Which doesn't stop me thinking that I can't wait to go. I would do it again, definitely, but I wouldn't do it again next year. But if I knew what I know now I would still do it again. It's very, very good but also very, very frustrating.

How long do you feel it took you to settle down in the job?

In different respects it took a different amount of time. I'd say that after Christmas and a little bit into springtime I was actually beginning to work well myself. One of the main problems I found was that the President has nobody to keep her going. I suspect a year ago Jen (*the Union Administrator*) used to do it but she's been too busy this year to be keeping tabs on the President. It's very difficult to get your working patterns right, get to know the right people, and know how to go about things. But about half way into the Spring Term I began to get things done.

What would you class as your major achievement of this year then?

Everybody asks that! I'm really not at all sure. There have been several things which have been fairly major. At the start of the year 'Norman's' was done up, and it is now open in the evenings. The trade's not been absolutely amazing but it is certainly building up, and it's becoming more of a regular meeting place. All that said I hope that it will carry on next year.

There are various projects with College which have only just been started, so there's no actual achievement to show for it: things like the Sports Hall, which hopefully we will eventually have, funded with money from Harlington. The JCR business is still up in the air, but I think that we have come out of that reasonably well. I think that these are fairly major achievements, but of course they're not just mine. It's been done very much as a team.

You've also been one of the people to

draw attention to gays at Imperial, and you supported Robert Daniel in his appointed as Gay and Lesbian Welfare Officer.

That's something that I've wanted to say for the last four years. I do feel that's an achievement because we now appear to have a Gay Society which is going to keep going. For various reasons I've been personally involved with people who have come out on the wrong side of some of the homophobes at this place and when I stood for President one of the supposed insults that was hurled at me most often was "Bloody Lesbian".

Did you find it difficult deciding whether to openly support Gay rights? Were you glad that Robert Daniel came forward in the first term?

I was very relieved, even though I had mentioned the subject to start with and I had seriously considered trying to start something up myself. But I thought it would be wrong coming from me. It could have been seen as something that I was just trying to do for the glory of it so I was very glad that somebody came forward. As far as speaking out went, by the time I had got to that stage I was far more confident and was prepared to say something. I know that people would have spoken about me behind my back as they have done before; some of the rumours that have come back to me have been very vicious indeed. But to be quite honest I don't give a shit as they are obviously not the sort of people I want to bother myself about too much. On the whole the support has been tremendous.

Do you know any of the results of the recent Welfare Survey?

Mmmm.... That was started by somebody who, for one reason or another, can't really finish it. It was handed over to Lesley (*Gillingham, ex-College Welfare Advisor*) to tidy up. But now Lesley's job has changed noone is in a position to do it and enthusiasm for it has died down. I know that Pippa (*Salmon, incoming ICU Welfare Officer*) is very keen to find out what's really going on with it over the Summer. I've looked through an awful lot of the replies myself and found many of them quite depressing because they do indicate that

a lot of IC students are the type you would expect—very moral, hard-working and hard-drinking.

Did you find any surprises?

Not really. In some cases they didn't take it seriously, which I think is a shame. I accept that when something like that comes through the door, it's hard to see what relevance it has.

Does the apathy of the student majority depress you?

Yes and no. The main route of involvement is always going to through the clubs and sports. But then again an awful lot of those people don't seem to realise that the clubs are part of the Union. It's not the people who don't come to the UGMs who annoy me, because I can understand why they don't—if everything is ticking over nicely. They would turn up if College decided to close down a department, or course work was increased drastically one year. As long as things like that aren't happening I suspect that they won't be bothered, unless you manufacture an issue for people to get worked up about—which was effectively what happened with the 'Tie Clubs' motion. It was supported by the people who run the UGMs because they knew it would bring people in and a serious debate would happen.

The JCR issue was probably the one most directly affecting the Union because it does involve space that other people were using and it does involve money for the Union. People did actually come out and support that very strongly.

The people who depress me the most are those who seem to assume that because there are people in an office they will do everything and nothing need be done by anyone else. You end up with a core of people who always help all of the time. It's that thing about hacks again which everybody knows about. They are the people who actually do the work but they get run down for it.

We've heard many conflicting reports about when the new Chemistry building will be built. Apparently the UGC planned for it to be started in

either 1988 or 1989 but the College just don't seem to have the money.

I will be amazed when that building goes up to be quite honest. Eric Ash (*the Rector*) has said to me several times that the biggest problem is going to be raising that money. Of course it's much easier to find money for an academic building than it is for halls of residence. So, I don't know.

Recently it has been suggested that lectures should start at 8.30am. Do you think that this is a good idea, and what do the College hope to gain by this?

I would have thought that it would be feasible to introduce this from the student point of view. Whether they'll like it or not I'll come onto in a minute. What worries me is whether the staff have been consulted; a lot of staff here live even further away than the students do and will find it very difficult to come in in the morning. Students will obviously find it very difficult: I certainly would have done! On the other hand it wouldn't have made much difference because I never went to first lectures anyway.

I think if it was brought in, that it would have to be only introduced to first years as they came in. Everybody else would just rule it out and say 'no way' and stay in bed and ignore the whole thing. I don't think that it's an unusual idea to be quite frank. As long as it doesn't mean a longer working day, I think that's acceptable.

What do think they are trying to achieve by this day-shift?

The whole point is this business of lecture space. Also the staff-student ratios will come into it as well. We haven't got enough lecture rooms to go round if everybody's having lectures at the same time.

So different years will have different working days? Some studying between 8.30am and 4.30pm and others starting in the afternoon and having evening lectures like in America?

I can't see that happening. It's just not how the British work. Other countries seem to have a very different attitude to

the working day. I think it would be a disaster as there is a very obvious limit to how useful you can be in a day.

I think the idea of lack of lecture space is somewhat exaggerated. The UGC (*University Grants Committee*) say we have too much of it! We have to start looking at ways of utilising it more efficiently. I think it could be less of an issue than people think.

Eric Ash doesn't think very much of anonymous letters in FELIX, like the Civil Engineers' letter. He called them 'diabolical'. Do you share his view?

I think that's total crap and I think that FELIX should go on printing anonymous letters when it's necessary. It's very easy for someone in Eric Ash's position, or even my position, to say anonymous letters are a bad thing because we've got nothing to lose. But for somebody who is already feeling that they are having a hard time in their department, there's no way that they are going to write to FELIX saying 'my supervisor is a heap of...whatever' and then stick their name at the end of it. I think it's quite right that people should be able to put their views out publicly but remain anonymous.

It did seem to cause an awful lot of embarrassment to the Civil Engineering Department.

It did, and I'd like to think that we were instrumental in that. The day it came out there was a meeting of the Governing Body (*the House of Lords of Imperial College*) Dave Colley (*ICU Hon Sec*) and I had been reading this letter and decided that maybe we ought to bring it to everybody's attention. Dave went out and brought back about 40 copies and told them to read the letter. This caused absolute uproar but I'm glad we did it. Certainly, some of the people who read it were absolutely horrified. Quite a few dismissed it out of hand but some of the ones who didn't were quite important people. For instance, the Government's Education Department Representative was horrified by it and took people to task about it.

One of the complaints many people have voiced about the Union recently has been that there was no Union fight over the massive rent increases facing students living in College accommodation next year due to the purchase of the new houses in Evelyn Gardens.

I realise that people think we've done them badly wrong. It's a very difficult question and it's one that I tried to bring to light several times. No doubt I didn't try hard enough to get a proper reaction about it but there isn't an awful lot else we can do about it. I think that the College will probably be forced to find the money from somewhere else. But if

the money couldn't have been found we would have come to a situation next year where the College couldn't have housed all the people it promised to. A property came onto the market which was really a once in a lifetime opportunity. Most people agreed they were houses that had to be bought. The money had to be found from somewhere. I must add that I am not happy about the rent increases, but we have to be realistic to a certain extent. I know that I probably sound like the opposition speaking. Property prices in London are such that to retain a differential that large between what the College provides and what the private sector provides is just not feasible. That's something which is going to become more apparent as student-type



accommodation in London becomes more and more difficult to find. The increases are very unfortunate for those who have to live in College accommodation next year, but looking five years hence there was absolutely nothing else that could be done. But I do feel that there are enough strong-minded, strong-willed people to ensure that if money does become available from any other source it will be used to pay off that loan and decrease the burden on students.

You mentioned the difficulties of raising money. I gather that the College is doing this by increasing the number of overseas students in every department. The Overseas Students

Committee Chairman expressed concern that overseas students seemed primarily to be viewed as just a source of income.

This is a huge problem, and a lot of people within College do see overseas students in that light. I think that's one of the points that the Union is going to have to work very hard on in the future to make sure that anything that can be done to lessen that effect and to make life better for overseas students is done.

There's also the prospect of student loans.

Under the present system most people operate their own student loan anyway! I think if it can be done formally with

willing to put forward to have a stall here in the hopes of catching a few students and getting their grant in their account.

Who has been the least helpful College official that you have encountered this year?

That is a very difficult one to answer. The most obvious one to say is Michael Arthur, isn't it. Everybody wants me to say Michael Arthur and to be quite honest he has wound me up more often than any other College official. Sometimes he's been quite reasonable and quite helpful, though, which is why I can't actually say that it was Michael! I honestly don't think he is quite a bad as he is made out to be. But I've certainly sworn more at him than an other College official.

To a certain extent you have to play the game a bit and you have to be prepared to...well if other people are going to be a bit devious, you have to be a bit devious with them. You can't afford to be too upset about that. I find it quite possible to work with most people in College, although there have been times—the JCR thing was a classic example. All the people involved just seemed selectively deaf to everything we were saying and attempted to confuse the issues everytime we tried to put them forward. It's not just one person, more the way the administration is set up which is frustrating and the number of different committees; anyone you try to pin down can pass the buck. If someone doesn't like what you're trying to talk about, they can quite easily refer it to another body or another person and just keep you running about in small circles for a long time. I think that's something that the College itself suffers from. It's very inefficient and very slow. My advice to anybody who's in this place is to go straight for the person most likely to be in charge of the subject and try and bypass as many other committees as possible.

So do you have any advice for next year's President, Ian Howgate?

Keep calm! Try and get lots of sleep. Don't fly off the handle when you think something's going wrong because, unfortunate as it seems, if you give yourself a reputation as somebody who's slightly hysterical people will never take you seriously.

Do you have any political ambitions?

Of course I do! But you don't just go launching into something like that next year. I've got very strong political ambitions. Eventually I want to go into teaching at secondary school level. Everything in the education system is very, very depressing. From my point of view anyway. You need teachers who can inspire and you need teachers who can really put something across and that's what I want to do eventually.

Just JONES

Just who is this David Jones chap? Known by millions as the man who brought homosexuality out of the Imperial College closet and into our lecture theatres. Mild-mannered or arrogant? Soft or stubborn? He is all things to all people. Read on....

Jones came to Imperial four years ago to become a Mechanical Engineer. After his first year it was quite apparent that this was something he would never be able to achieve so he decided to opt for a career in journalism instead.

The highlights of Jones' early life were attending a wedding in Orpington at the age of 8 and scoring a goal direct from a corner at the age of 11. At secondary level he made little mark and left with 12 O'Levels and 4 A'Levels (but one of those was General Studies, so it doesn't count). Jones was glad to see the back of Crewe as it contained memories of several disastrous teenage love affairs.

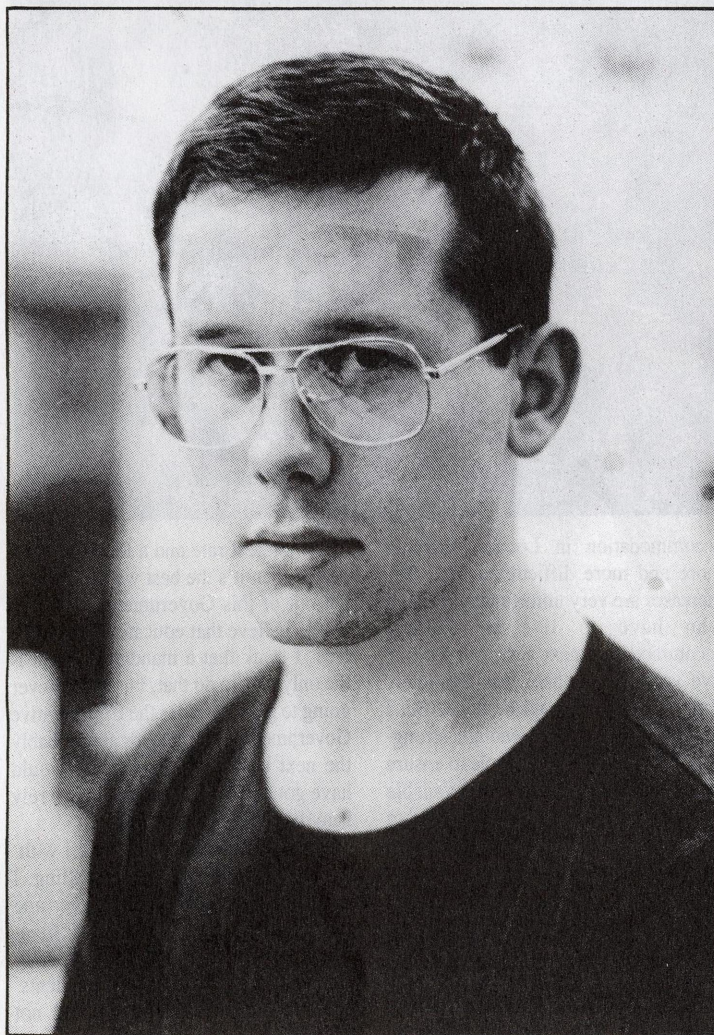
Jones spent his first year in Evelyn Gardens, gaining a reputation as a rebellious Socialist and as a drunkard. He was only to finally settle down in his second year, taking an active interest in the College Dramatic Society as actor extraordinaire and holding the terribly important position of Fixtures Secretary for the ICU Cricket Club. All his dramatic parts were those of old men, due to his rugged features, deep, resonant voice and his receding hairline. A sort of cross between John Noakes of Blue Peter and Prince Charles.

Jones had been involved in FELIX as an occasional news reporter and general dogs-body under Pallab Ghosh and slightly more than that in David Rowe's year. The next Editor, Hugh Southey, was to offer him the job of Sports Editor (the naffest job in FELIX) but Jones sniffed at this and offered himself as News Editor. Hugh, who had already been turned down by better men, could do nothing but accept.

That year he gained the reputation

for being the miserable one who sat in the corner of the Office and told people who wanted to use the photocopier to 'piss off'. He also decided to run for Editor despite the staff backing of the ever-popular Nigel Atkinson. It was during this third year at IC that he disappeared

from the Mechanical Engineering Department between Tuesdays and Fridays to concentrate on news investigation and production. He was now gaining mounting support from the newer members of staff for his election campaign due to his hard work, easy manner and belief in



FELIX and its ideals.

Whilst Jones prepared to fight a bitter battle with ever-popular Nigel over the post of Editor, he was unaware that Nigel was to retire from the race following 'a message from God'. This left Jones fighting for an uncontested post, much to his annoyance as he was confident he would have won the battle and felt cheated by Nigel's withdrawal.

It was around this time that College was making overtures about taking over the old FELIX Office for Biology. Jones was vehemently opposed to the plans, which proposed that the Office be moved to the opposite corner of Beit Quadrangle. However, College's carrot of £35,000 for the purchase of a new litho and typesetter was too much for the rest of the staff to resist and Hugh Southey finally agreed to the move. This left Jones with the unenviable task of moving during the first few months of his term as Editor. As well as this both the permanent staff decided to leave.

By some miracle Jones managed to obtain a pass degree that Summer, and sulked because he wanted a third. The rest of the staff, however, secretly breathed a sigh of relief as they all thought he was going to fail and had formulated 'Plan B' to cover such an eventuality.

It was during his first few weeks that the staff realised just what sort of Editor Jones was to be. Miserable and mixed up. It took him four weeks to bring out an 8 page FELIX, and they still had to collate at six on the Friday morning. He was soon to exhibit his infamous talent for creating four page lists of work to be done and adding more to them than he took off. The staff were also aware of his staggering body odour problems, brought on by his reluctance to stop wearing the same clothes day after day after day after week. The problem became so bad that a motion was passed at a Publications Board meeting that any old clothes that members had should be donated to a special David Jones Fund.

During the Autumn Term chaos reigned as new staff were found and trained. Also, the new Office took much longer to finish than anticipated. No edition of FELIX was finished before Bar closing time and Jones spent many nights catching two hours sleep in the Editor's Office. Jones showed us all his famous stamina when producing the Christmas Issue. He spent over 50 hours without sleep, only to collapse into an exhausted heap on the Print Room floor when the printing had been finished. This was not well-received by the collaters as it was 5

o'clock in the morning and they still had 4000 copies to put together and 4000 herbal teabags to staple in. This had been Jones' idea, of course.

It was about this time that he finally gave in to the advances of the voluptuous Miss Judith Hackney, one-time Handbook Editor and RCSU Vice President, who had been

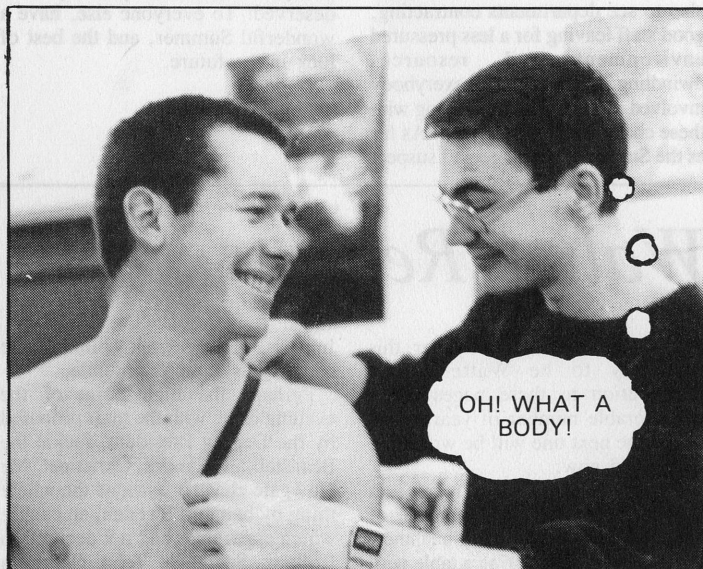
with severe wax clogs in his ears and an ingrowing toe-nail for over six months. During the Spring he braved surgery on his foot only to pour a kettle of boiling hot water on it that night. For the first time Jones was unable to come into work the following day and he's never been the same since.



persuading him since the Summer. A remarkable coincidence, considering last year's RCSU VP and FELIX Editor had just become engaged. Miss Hackney was soon to make her mark, both metaphorically and literally—Jones' skin was frequently to be marked by bruises and handcuff burns.

It was because of this event that everybody, including Miss Hackney,

Jones will be remembered fondly by the staff as the one who never quite managed to get his act together. The Editor who could never bring himself to get out of bed once he was in it but was always reluctant to go back to it at night. The Editor with a kind heart and an open wallet. The one with a different set of priorities from the rest of humanity—putting Office tidying before news writing on Thursdays.



was shocked to read the legendary 'homosexual' editorial. This led to a considerable amount of correspondence in the letters' page and the dedication of Tom Robinson's 'Glad to be Gay' song on IC Radio.

Jones' hate of doctors' surgeries also left him deaf for several weeks

The staff would like to say thank-you to Jones for being one of the most likeable and easy going Editors for a long time and to raise our cans of grapefruit Tango in a toast wishing him good luck for the future in the real world of journalism.



By popular demand, it's...

Harold Larwood (later of the infamous 'Bodyline' series) was driving through Staffordshire with another member of the 1932 Nottinghamshire side. It was a Sunday afternoon, so neither of them were too surprised when they happened upon a village cricket match and, being true Englishmen and true cricketers, they decided to stop for half an hour to watch the game. The home team, they gathered from an aged spectator, had won the toss and were about to start their innings. As the other side took the field, the opposing captain noticed the two figures watching from the boundary and hurried over to them. He explained that his team were one man short and, not having recognised either Larwood or his colleague (this was 1932, remember) asked if either of them would like a game of cricket. After some hesitation, Larwood admitted to having "played a little" and volunteered to make up the numbers for the away team. He was given some third hand whites from the pavillion and despatched to long leg to field.

The home side's opening batsmen were in good form, and after an hour and a half they had put on 135 without even offering chance. The captain of the fielding side had tried all his bowlers, but none of them had caused the batsmen any trouble. In desperation the captain approached Larwood, thinking that some fourth rate bowling might tempt the batsmen into giving a chance, and asked if he would like to try an over. Larwood rather sheepishly agreed, took the ball, and, set the field for an offspin attack. From a three pace run up he moved gracefully towards the popping crease and delivered a perfect off-break: the ball pitched on a length, just outside the off stump, and cut back in, trapping the batsmen lbw right in front of the stumps.

Larwood, forgetting briefly that he was not playing in a first class match, turned back to the umpire and yelled "Owzat!?" at the top of his voice. The umpire, not falling into the trap of being impartial (he was also the groundsman) kept his hands in his pockets and remained silent. With a little more malice in his stride, Larwood went back to his mark, and from another three paces bowled a beautiful leg-break: the ball pitched in front of the stumps, drew the batsman forward, took the outside edge and went straight into the keeper's gloves. "Owzat?", demanded Larwood and the rest of the fielders. "Not out" replied the umpire. Larwood, after a venomous look at the umpire, calmly paced out his full run up of 35 yards, which took him to the steps of the pavillion. The fielders scattered as Larwood thundered in towards the wicket and delivered a full length ball at his normal pace (about 94mph). The batsmen never saw Larwood's arm, yet alone the ball, which took all three stumps out of the ground and knocked one of the bails over the boundary.

Larwood admired his work for a few moments, turned coolly to the umpire, and remarked: "Aye well, we bloody nearly had him that time, didn't we?"

Highway 61 Revisited

Last week I was interviewed by one of the compilers of the Sunday Times "Good University Guide". It was an informal interview, during which we talked about many aspects of life at Imperial. After a while my interviewer turned to me and said, "Now can you think of anything positive to say about Imperial College?" Up until then I had thought I was being quite even-handed in presenting both sides of the argument—something I always try to do when I'm asked about Imperial. Maybe it's just that, after four years here, and like most people who are about to leave the place, I'm feeling a little jaded. On the other hand many people are genuinely surprised to hear an "insider's" view of a place with such a high academic reputation.

One thing this year has done for me is to give me a broad view of life at Imperial, and to compare it to other London Colleges and to a lesser extent universities nationwide. I have found that a view which was certainly present in my own department is very widespread—that is, that this College produces graduates by a sort of extrusion process; hard work and slog. Learning of reams of facts is the key; the emphasis is not on original thought, creativity or intellectual stimulation. This is not only a great disappointment to those who come here filled with enthusiasm for their subject (and perhaps having rejected options like medicine as being learning—based rather than thought-based) but also seems to contradict the very essence of a good scientist or engineer; that is, someone with a lively mind, ideas and commonsense.

Is this really what a good education is about? I very much doubt it. Imperial's high reputation—which is well-founded on its excellent research

record—continues to attract employers and, to a certain extent, potential students. But how many students derive a great deal of pleasure from their degree course, or feel that they are left with much of interest and relevance at the end of it? It is immensely sad that so many end up studying only for the sake of achieving the final qualification and then head off as fast as possible into fields far removed from their degree subject.

Everybody knows about the social imbalances of Imperial College; the lack of women, the disproportionate number of public school students. This creates problems which we all know about and which affect everyone. However, I often feel that the social atmosphere here is not as desperate as it's made out to be. There are still friends to be made, there are huge numbers of sporting, recreational and cultural clubs and facilities available; the whole of London is there to be sampled. It's not really all that bad. What really distresses me about this place is that Imperial, for all its "academic excellence" and wonderful opportunities for postgraduate research, continually fails to inspire its students; in fact in many cases it manages to rid them of any enthusiasm they once had for their subject. I for one do not call that education.

So, will things improve? Who knows? It does seem that departments will have to broaden their courses, make them more flexible and accessible to students from a wide range of academic backgrounds purely to fill places. Entrance standards will have to become wider, if not lower. These facts have good implications for the social life and

promise to make courses more enjoyable—who knows, perhaps even more relevant and inspiring. However, even as departments realise that this direction is necessary for their survival, they will find it difficult to implement the changes. At a time when the Government judges the education system largely by the cost involved in churning out one student; at a time when competing for research contracts becomes more and more important; at a time when departments are having to cut their academic staff numbers, it is difficult to see how they can possibly find the staff and resources to make courses more flexible and interesting.

To me, one of the most depressing things about this election is its probable effect on education. True, education *does* cost money and it is an investment which does not show financial returns overnight. However without that investment a generation, indeed the country as a whole, has a very gloomy future. In fact education as such appears to be going out of fashion. Narrow, rapid, low-cost churning out of fodder for industry and commerce is the current aim. Whose interests can this possibly serve?

I am sorry to end the year on such a bleak note. However I am only too well aware of the changes those currently in the education system will experience during Thatcher's third term. Changes in the grants system and loss of state benefits will be the obvious, immediate effects. Expect also to see departments contracting, good staff leaving for a less pressured environment and resources dwindling. I can only wish everybody involved in managing and coping with these changes the best of luck. As far as the Student's Union goes, I suspect

the time has come to take the blinkers from our eyes and to start looking outwards. There is more to student issues than the price of beer. How can we remain apolitical in days like these? As for me, for the first time in my life I am prepared to join the Labour Party for *all* its faults and to do anything I can towards changing the course of the next government. If nothing else, I would like to think that if I do ever have children there will be an education for them worthy of the name.

The Final Bit

This year has been both good and bad in parts. There's not much more to say that I haven't already said in my Annual Report; I'm looking forward to leaving, but not without twinges of regret and nostalgia. It only remains to say thank you once more to Jackie and Gutman for being excellent colleagues and wonderful friends; to Jen, Pat and Kathy for making the Union Office both successful and hugely enjoyable; to anyone in College or the Union who has helped, advised, or just been kind; to all our staff and Union officers; to Dave Jones for getting FELIX out every time, for printing all my drivel unedited and for consistently putting his neck on the line in support of worthy causes; to Chris Martin for an incredible amount of help when and wherever necessary, not to mention friendship; and finally to Alan Clarke for giving me more love and support this year than I can possibly have deserved! To everyone else, have a wonderful Summer, and the best of luck in the future.

Goodbye,
Love, Christine

TRAINEE ACCOUNTANTS

Initially £8,500 rising to £10,350

on completion of level 2 professional examinations

The College wishes to recruit a number of graduates as trainee accountants, working in the central administration.

The trainees will be expected to undertake a wide range of accounting duties, aimed at giving them the fullest practical experience in all aspects of financial management. They will be given progressively increasing responsibility within the College as a preparation for eventual management roles. The experience gained will fit the trainees for accountancy posts at a responsible level within the public sector or in industry.

The trainees will be expected to pursue courses leading to membership of the Chartered Association of Certified Accountants, normally obtainable within 3 or 4 years. Day release (one day a week during term-time) and financial assistance with tuition/examination fees, text books etc will be given.

Further particulars from Jason Gold (01-589 5111 ext 3108) or Malcom Aldridge (ext 3135), or call in at Level 4, Sherfield Building

Walter Returns

For reasons to be explained later, this is likely to be Walter's last contribution to these pages for a considerable number of years. One hopes the next one will be worth the wait. And now:

Walter was delighted to receive an invitation to that most august of annual events, the President's Dinner. He found himself sharing a table with Hurricane Christine, past President Mary Attenborough, and some chappie called Eric Ash, and the conversation flowed as freely as the Roija until well past midnight. By the time the port had been passed round for the third time, Walter was well impressed with the Ash fellow, and he suggests that the governors of

Imperial College employ him in some capacity as soon as possible.

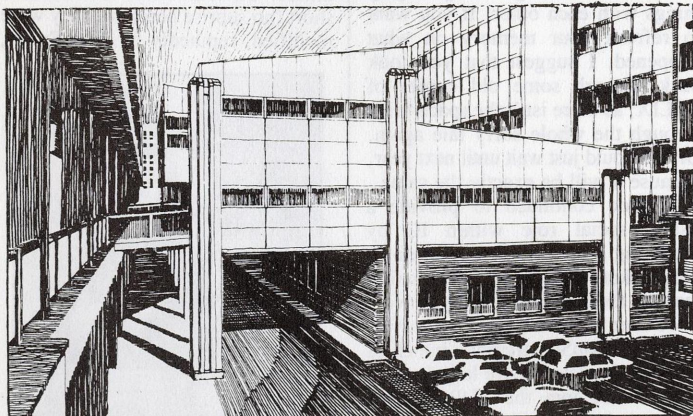
Perhaps the high point of the evening came with the toast proposed by the Deputy President, Jackie the Beanstalk: 'Up yours, Christine!' Mr Howgate cleverly avoided the whole thing by being in Sweden, an excuse which apparently had not occurred to College Secretary John Smith—a worrying lack of imagination in one who holds such a position of power.

Finally, Walter regrets that, owing to the over-zealous activities of the Inland Revenue, he expects to spend the next fifteen years in a large house in the Wormwood district, with no time off for good behaviour.

Banished from the Guildsheet office by Tyler the evil gnome, FELIX supremo Grenville Manuel comes out of retirement to look back at the past year



Walking out: The emergency Union meeting voted to boycott the QT snack bar



Going up: The Penney Laboratory for the Department of Computing



Falling down: Weeks Hall

NEWS

Rewind

Despite the fact that the world is inherently unpredictable, there are always some things you can rely on: the student grant will always be inadequate; the Conservatives will always win the General Election; and the accommodation situation at Imperial College will always be in crisis...

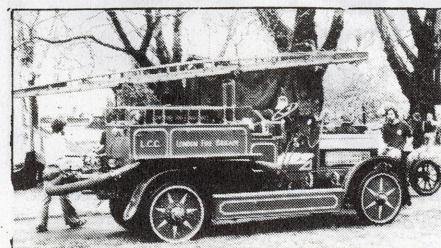
The year started badly and got steadily worse, with the news announced in the first FELIX of the autumn term that home PGs were no longer being allocated places in halls of residence. This showed how desperate the accommodation crisis at IC really was: there was a grand total of three home PGs in Hall last year. As usual, the solution to the whole accommodation problem appeared to be the building of a new Hall of Residence above the swimming pool in Northside. However, the massive cost of this scheme has always made this something of a impossible dream. Even if the money could be found to build it, there is no doubt that the non-student inhabitants of the area would object to its construction, fearful of a further invasive wave of acne-covered students, vomiting on the pavements and wandering around with no trousers at 3-o'clock in the morning. With this in mind, the Rector took the opportunity to ask all the new students to turn down their hi-fis and not to indulge in late-night drunken orgies (unless he was invited).

There were problems even with the accommodation that the College *had* got, most notably security. College

officials spend so much time congratulating themselves for providing students with a roof over their heads that they forget that they ought to provide doors as well. IC Halls of Residence have always been insecure, and everyone who has ever lived in them is aware of this. However, when a woman was tragically raped on College premises in Hamlet Gardens in October some College officials seemed genuinely surprised that such a thing could occur. Perhaps one way of waking up the Imperial Bureaucracy to the problems would be to set aside a room in one of the Halls of Residence, and invite every official who has to take decisions about security to leave some valuable item of theirs (camera, compact disc player etc) locked in it for a term. After a term the room would be unlocked, and lo! all their stuff would have been nicked — then perhaps something might be done.

The College did respond to the rape, albeit in a bumbling way, getting the locks in Hamlet Gardens changed. Unfortunately they did not give new keys to the residents or the warden, who arrived back after a day in College to find themselves locked out. The warden ended up doing an SAS act and climbed in through the window, while the students, lacking finesse, smashed the doors in.

Still the charade continued, with £2000 worth of personal stereos, etc going missing from Linstead at the end of November, and another £1000 worth two weeks later. The equipment was taken from locked



Running along: Bo and Jez made the trip to Brighton in November. Meanwhile, Clem languished in Dave Colley's Dad's garage

NEWS

Rewind

rooms, and the thieves almost certainly made their entrance using master keys which were stolen during the summer of 1985. Finally, in January of this year, the Student Residence committee announced that it was going to replace the locks, *over a year and a half* after the master key was went missing.

Personal possessions weren't the only things to go missing from Halls of Residence. In Weeks Hall the water supply went missing in January, with residents having to flush toilets using fire hoses. The residents decided to take direct action, and voted unanimously for a rent strike. Student Accommodation Officer Lesley Gillingham said this move was unconstructive, although one week later they were all told that all their demands had been met, with repairs being done and £8 rebates given as compensation for inconvenience.

Meanwhile FELIX was receiving whispers about a College bid to get an extra 200 places in Evelyn Gardens (whispers which would have gone unheard in Beit Hall as the builders prepared to do lots of noisy things with hammers during the exam revision period). This was undoubtedly A Good Thing, providing basic accommodation of the type the many students need. Unfortunately the property was not cheap, and to fund it rents would have to hit the roof. Also hitting the roof was the carpet (in Southwell and Holbein House). This is an oblique reference to the two occasions this academic year when large lumps of

plaster have dropped from the ceiling in College accommodation. Water loosened a ceiling in Holbein in the Autumn, and in May a 3' by 2' lump of plaster fell to earth for no apparent reason at all, landing on someone's bed. Miraculously the bed was not occupied, despite the fact that the student was timetabled to have lecturers at the time.



Messing around: Flan fun at the Freshers' Reception

Academics had accommodation problems too. Members of staff in the Department of Computing had offices which were so cramped that they were being adopted as prisoners of conscience by Amnesty International. A new building was needed, and work started in the Autumn term, with a planned construction time of just 12 months. Speculation about the name was rife: the Department of Computing bookie was giving 3:1 on 'The Sayers Building', after the current head of the Computing



Striking ahead: Robin Andrew, Alistair Seymour, Murray Williamson and Stuart Brooks raised £500 for Rag in a sponsored streak in November



Standing out: Deputy President Jackie Peirce shows her originality

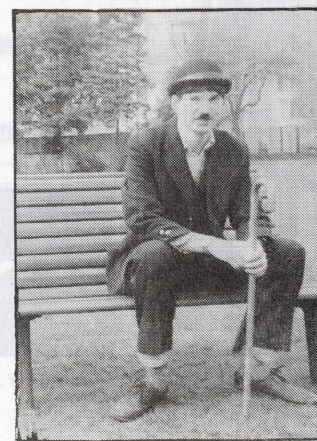
Department, Prof Sayers. 'The Nelson Mandela Building' was quoted at 100:1. In fact, it is to be called 'The Penney Laboratory' after Lord Penney, the Rector of IC during the hippy days of the late 1960s and early 1970s.

Talking of new erections, the scramble to be a sabbatical started early in the academic year. As usual chaos reigned, with the ballot for President being re-run after the candidates were caught doing naughty things with each other. If you want to refresh your memory on what happened, I suggest that you look back through some old copies of FELIX, as there isn't the space to go through the whole sorry tale again. Or you could just wait until next year, because it will be exactly the same.

ConSoc continued to provide a useful social role within IC by attracting a very high proportion of the plonkers in College, and therefore leaving the rest of us free to have a good time without them. Contrary to myth, IC ConSoc are not a bunch of frothing fascists but are largely wets who would join the SDP but are frightened of being laughed at. This year their moment of glory came when they invited a speaker from the South African embassy. However, apparently fearing the appearance of rent-a-mob, they kept the whole meeting utterly, utterly top secret and all crossed their hearts and hoped to die if they told anyone. Unfortunately the word did get out, and it became obvious that a big demo would occur. The speaker contracted a mysterious and highly convenient illness which prevented him coming, and the meeting was postponed for a fortnight. It was rumoured that the speaker desperately tried to give ConSoc some hints on how to prevent a demo taking place, which included shutting FELIX and invading France. When the speaker finally did turn up the 'rent-a-mob' reception turned out to resemble 'rent-a-terribly-concerned person', and apart from a few chants nothing very much happened.

If the protestors really wanted to

mount a demo they should have provided free food (presumably vegetarian wholefood with no additives), because this year has proved that IC students have their brains in their stomachs, not their heads. In 1983 plans were unveiled for a complete re-vamp of the catering facilities in the Sherfield Building, with the JCR, SCR and the kitchens all being shuffled round to create a dietary Disneyland of grills, bars and diners. Unfortunately, cash became short (no surprise here) and they were modified, reputedly by John Smith,



Messing around: Bill Goodwin (above) and Ian Howgate (below)



the College Secretary, to the detriment of almost everyone in College: the Union lost money and space, and the staff lost the only place in College where they could get away from all the students for an hour. On the last Tuesday of the Autumn term the Rector, and John Smith, called a meeting which was packed out with hostile academics, where Mr Smith gave a long presentation showing how the refectory system had developed and how it stood today; facts which could be found out by the simple process of having lunch. (Is this the first FELIX news round-up that doesn't mention Victor Mooney?) The audience was so hostile that at one stage it looked as though Mr Smith himself might end up on the menu of an impromptu staff barbeque.

An emergency UGM voted by an easy majority to boycott the QT snack bar, until College started to admit that the Union was being diddled out of cash and space. Surprisingly the boycott worked, despite the carnivorous cravings of many students who were forced to forgo their daily dose of animal flesh by eating 'tofu' (which is made from old copies of the Guardian, incidentally) etc, at the ideologically sound Union Snack Bar instead of revelling in the taste of animal flesh at QT. Only a few people crossed the picket lines, and the snack bar was shut in two days. Negotiations started in earnest, and the boycott was called off: a complete success. Meanwhile, the Rector started to investigate plans for setting up a field station in Siberia (Deputy Head of Cleaning Services: Mr J Smith).

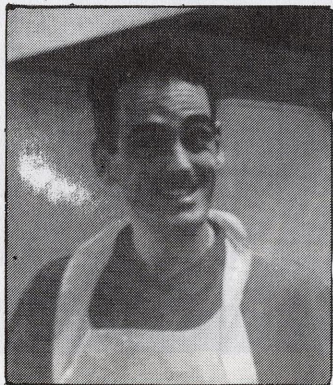
The University of London Union was also having its problems. They were threatened with a massive cut in funding by the UGC, which would basically force it to shut, despite the fact that it provides a very useful facility for somewhere in the region of 40,000 students. They too started a campaign, but as there was no food involved the response from IC was less impressive. A few crackpots held a 'pram race', although the 'prams' turned out to come from those well-known Mothercare rivals, Waitrose, Sainsburys and Safeways. Whether the IC contribution helped the campaign or not we shall never know, but thankfully the UGC relented and the cuts never took place.

The year's successes include Rag, with Tiddleywinks raising over £3000 and Monopoly raising £2400, and for this the Rag Chairman, Man Tai, must receive some congratulation. *The Phoenix*, the IC literary magazine, managed to reach its centenary, despite the many prophecies of its demise, and there was a week of events to celebrate this. The Boat club also had success. With Boat Club around, IC Union will never be taken over by red activists, because within two months it will bleed the Union white again.

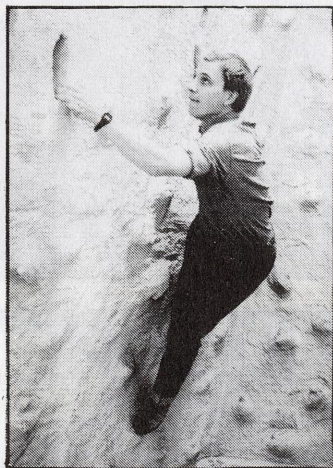
Failures include the morons who poured scorn on the concept of lesbian

and gay rights, and the Labour Party.

It is the end of term. In a few days the undergraduates will start leaving College. The staff and PGs can get back to doing some work, while the undergraduates move away: some leaving for three months, some for a lifetime. The dream is over, and reality beckons. Some things will be the same next year and every year. Next year's grant will be 3.75% higher, so once again it will be inadequate. There will be no General Election, but if there were the Conservatives would win it. And next year, as is the case every year, College accommodation will be in crisis.



Brewing up: Snack Bar manager Norman Jardine achieved his fame with his aphrodisiac tea (a gift in the *FELIX* Christmas issue)



Going up (2): The new climbing wall beside the TV studio



Opening up: Film Soc returned after four years

And the winner is...

The *FELIX* letters page is a great way for any of the many boring people at IC to become famous, and this year (more than any other) they have been taking hold of the opportunities it provides. The *FELIX* Office Amstrad has been hard at work analysing the last 31 issues of *FELIX* to find out who takes the much-coveted BAFTA awards this year (Boring, Annoying, And Far Too Arrogant) for their contribution to intellectual debate at IC. These awards have been made on the basis of numbers of appearances, and are being announced in reverse order.

There was a crop of good contenders who managed three appearances: Alastair Seymour, Andrew Bannister (who was looking very good until he started producing a proper column every issue, after which his form deserted him), Hugh Mackenzie, and Christine Taig all did well. Certainly Alastair Seymour looks good for next year, and this year's experience should stand him in good stead.

However the Bronze medal goes to Hugh Southey, who had three solo appearances but also wrote a joint letter with Duncan Royle and he therefore wins on away goals. Sadly this will be Hugh's last year with the *FELIX* letters page, but it is a good performance from an old campaigner who is popular with the crowds.

However, even Hugh hasn't been around as long as our Silver medallist. Step forward Mark Cottle, with four appearances plus a number of extra contributions under assumed names. Last year he was considered by the pundits to be past his best, but he has turned in an excellent performance. Sadly Mark will not be in the competition next year either, but the Silver medal is a fitting reward for the man they dubbed 'Mr Letters Page' for so long: a great entertainer, and another favourite of the crowd.

However, even Mark couldn't

match the sheer competitiveness of this year's winner. Last year he wasn't even in the top ten, and yet this year he was unstoppable. This man could dominate the *FELIX* letters page for years, and break every record in the book. Who can forget his fabulous achievement in November, with two letters on the same page in issue 753, followed up by another in issue 754. He managed a grand total of six letters, and if every student at IC could manage to perform this well it would mean that *FELIX* would have over 200 pages every week!!! Yes, you've guessed it: with a year total of six letters, this year's BAFTA Gold Award goes to Ian Howgate!!!!

Applause. Ian Howgate takes the platform, with the award being presented by Dave Jones, the outgoing *FELIX* editor. Ian Howgate is overcome with emotion, but manages to compose himself enough to make an acceptance speech:

—Well, thanks very much, I am greatly honoured. This award does not go just to me, though. I would like to thank all the people who have made this year possible...

continued next year.

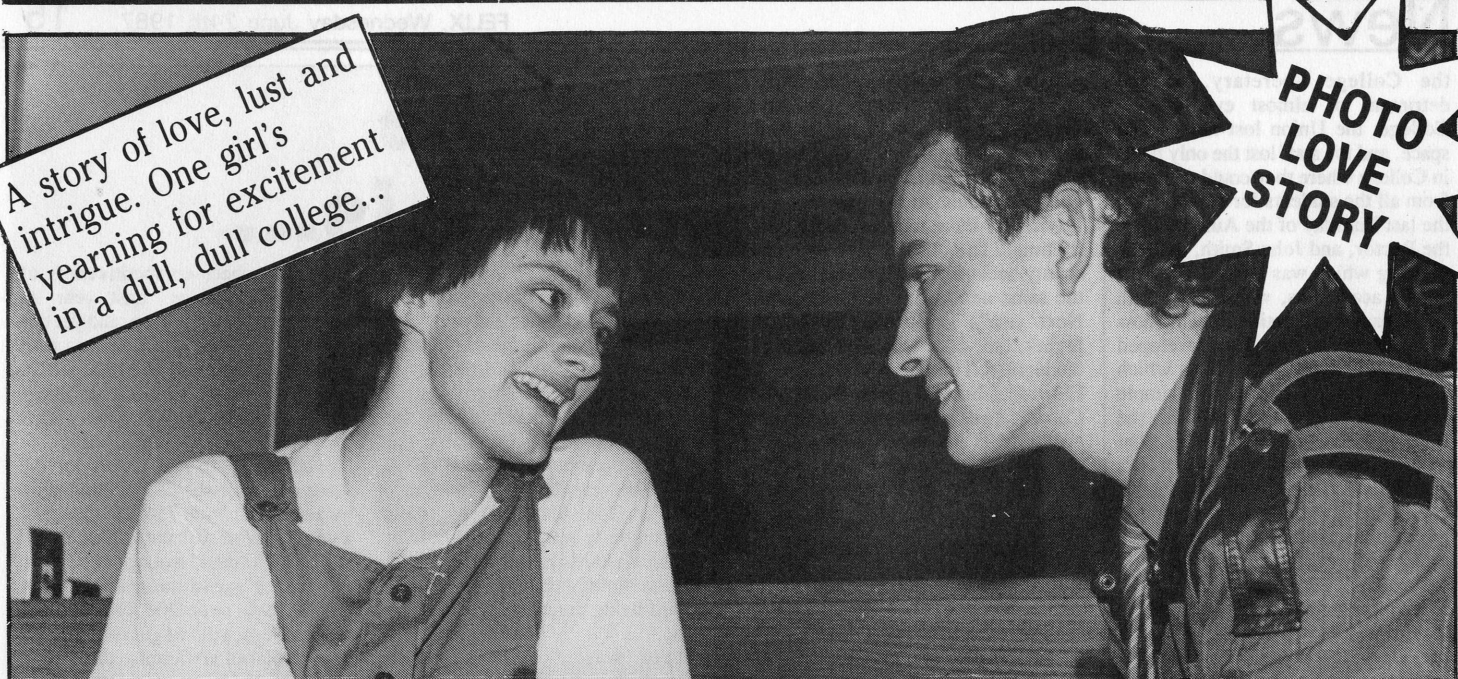


NEWS

Rewind

A story of love, lust and intrigue. One girl's yearning for excitement in a dull, dull college...

PHOTO LOVE STORY



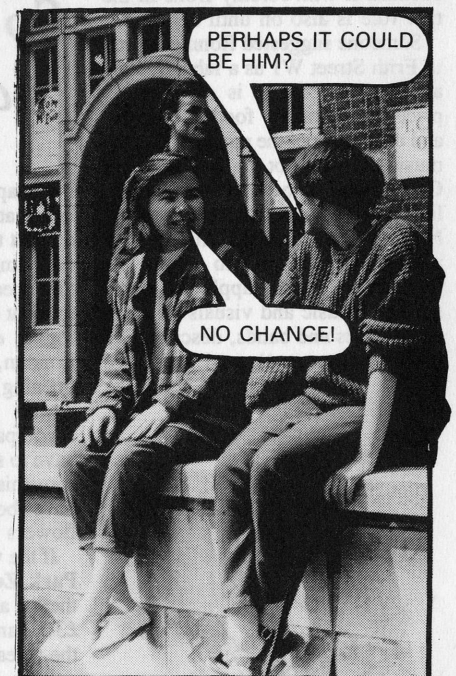
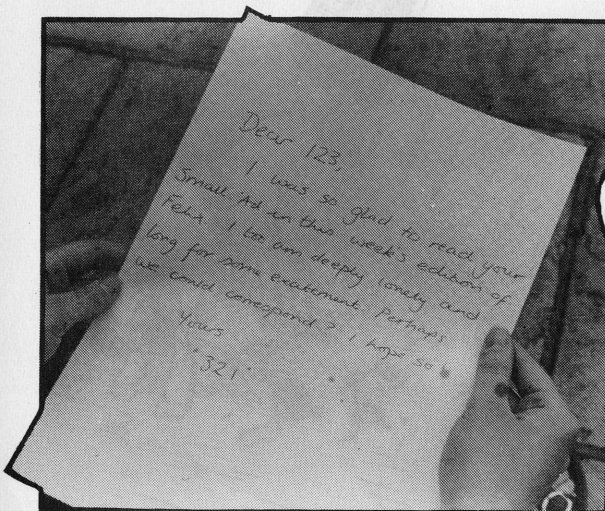
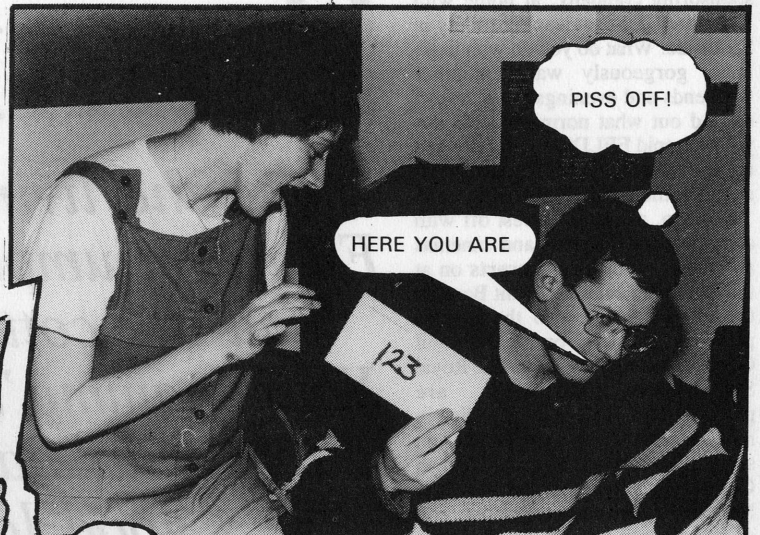
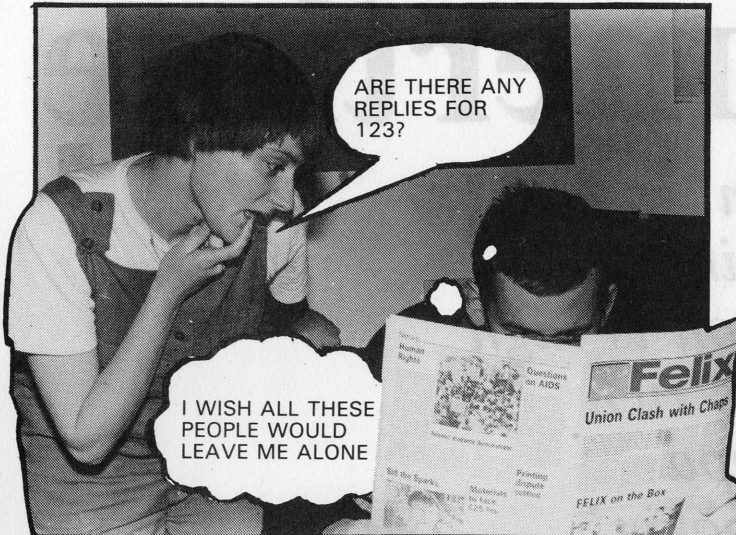
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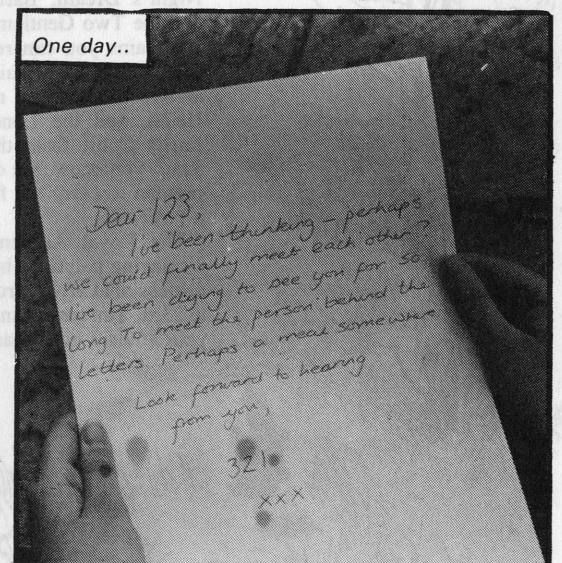
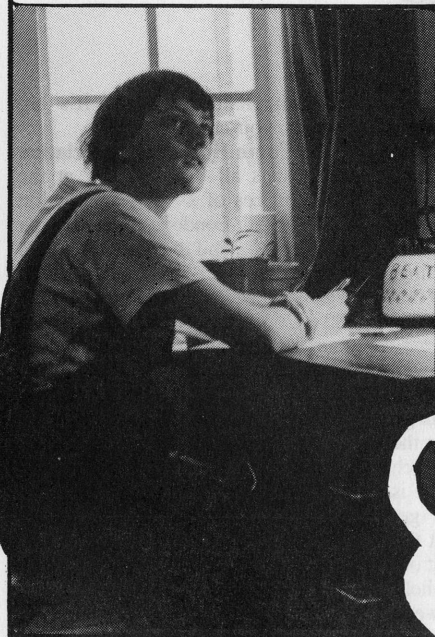
Sarah places an ad in the College newspaper...

● **WANTED** —
Caring male for intimate letter-writing relationship. Perhaps more?
Reply Box 123, FELIX Office.





Sarah now found new excitement in her boring life and looked forward to receiving the anonymous letters every week...



To find out just what's going to happen to Sarah turn to page 24 ➡

So you're working for your sponsoring company, at home with Mum and Dad or cleaning toilets in Southside. What do you do with those lazy, gorgeously warm summer weekends and evenings? In an effort to find out what normal people do, your intrepid FELIX reporter dressed up as Norman Bates' mother and supplies the following suggestions.

London, as usual, is best off with activities and theatres and cinemas and parks, with **jazz concerts** on at the **Barbican** such as Count Base on the 9th July, and also the Beatles played by the LSO on the 18th and Gershwin on the 19th July. The Royal Shakespeare Company are performing a **Romeo and Juliet** in modern dress where Tybalt comes on stage in a red sports car, and Niamah Cusack plays Juliet, to rave reviews. Macbeth is less enthused about, and only lasts until July 4th anyway, and Richard II with Jeremy Irons in the title role is also on until July 8th.

Someone suggested Ronnie Scott's in Frith Street W1 as a fab place for a night out, but it is exorbitantly priced in entrance, food and drinks and the chatter of the punters ruins the music, so why not go to Tottenham Court Road Tube for a cool night listening to jazz. Alternatively the **Notting Hill Carnival**, August 30th and 31st, 11am to 9pm or thereabouts, will supply anyone's needs in music and visuals with the usual floats and bands, described by its organisers as "grand and large scale". It starts from Ladbroke Grove.

Summertime

*and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin'
and the cotton is high
Your mamma's rich
and your papa
he's good lookin'
So hush lil' baby
do-ow-own't you cry*

Cheapo classical music can be heard at the **Proms**, held right next door at the Royal Albert Hall during the summer months, with tickets at dirt cheap prices for those prepared to squat on the floor and maybe queue for a couple of hours. Also in London, in June, the V&A are opening the new **Pirelli Garden** which rumour has it will be accompanied by music (well they have to spend the entrance money on something, though at least they could have bought flower pots for the flowers instead of old tyres).

If the weather is fine then **Regent's Park Zoo** and the nearby open air theatre are interesting—the Zoo costs £3.50 and is well worth it for a day, the theatre costs £5.50, £4 or more and is performing **A Midsummer Night's Dream**, **Bartholomew Fair** and the **Two Gentlemen of Verona**. If it rains you can re-book tickets. There are also open air concerts held at Kenwood House near Hamstead Heath, and the London Tattoo at Earl's Court from the July 8th to 31st—you know, the one where they pretend to carry the field guns over a river.

The Royal Academy of Arts is displaying paintings by amateur and professional artists from August 6th to 23rd. You can get in for £1.70 with your student union card and try and

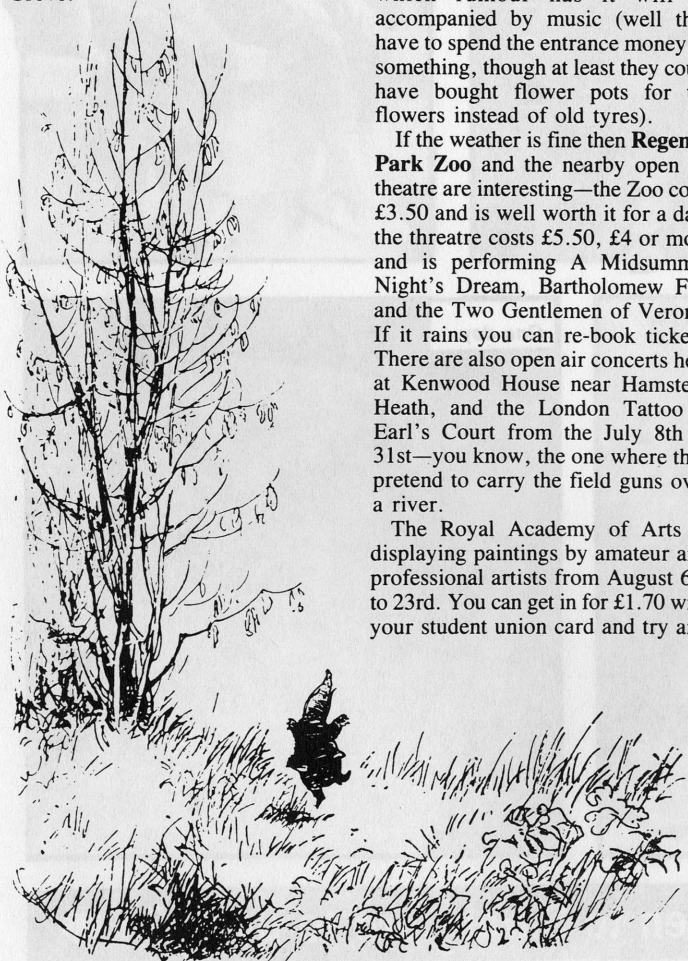
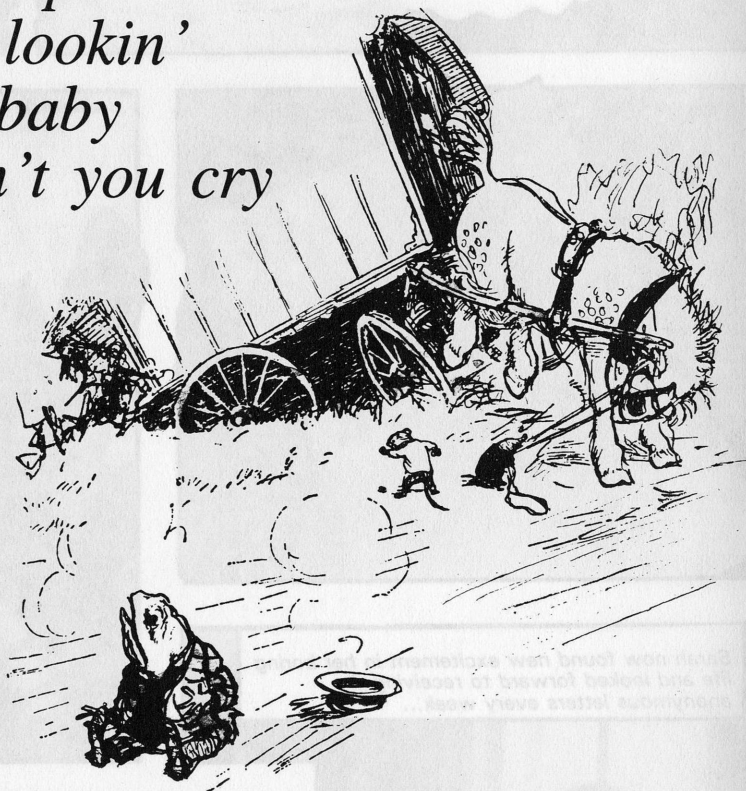
spot the ones by Prince Charles. There is all sorts of artistry; sculpture, oils, watercolours. From July 10th there is an exhibition of old masters, and on 20th September there is the Burlington House **Antiques Fair** (two-fifty to anyone else, but to you, guv, one seventy) where old things are auctioned and I was assured that much of it will go for less than £50 a throw.

For the rest of the Isles—well starting at the top and working down, there is of course the **Edinburgh Festival and Fringe**, graced by the presence of Theatre West End, which lasts from August 9th to 30th. It is difficult, nay impossible, to get accommodation in Edinburgh at the time, so it would be wise to sort it out now. The Edinburgh Tattoo is held beneath the castle in the second week of August.

Glasgow boasts a new art gallery, the Burrell Collection, which people come from as far afield as Germany to see, and if you're still bored, why

not visit Hadrian's Wall? It's big enough, you can't miss it.

The **Youth Hostelling Association** has hostels all over the UK at the lovely prices of £4 outside London and £7 in London, plus £6 pa membership, and the **Ramblers** also operate all over the country with organised walks and advice. Phone 582 6826/6878 to be put in touch with your local group—the London ones do Sunday Rambles out of town,



Saturday strolls in town, and canalside walks in the evenings. At Headingley in Yorkshire England and Pakistan are playing **cricket** from July 2nd to 7th, starting at 11am, with other matches at Edgebaston in Birmingham from July 23rd to 28th and in London at either Lords or The



Oval from August 6th to 11th. Also in northern lands there's a race meeting at York from August 18th to 20th, and from September 9th to 12th there is the St Leger at Doncaster.

Places to see include the Island of Lindisfarne, off the coast of Northumberland, which can be reached by bus when the tide is out and the ruins of **Fountains Abbey** which stand in a beautifully landscaped garden with lake, watergarden and deer park and can be reached from Ripon by bus or foot. In Cleveland (North Yorkshire), the former Spanish-Armada-beacon site of Roseberry Topping rises a fifth of a mile high. Across the Pennines in Cumbria there is so much to see and walk on that my puny pen feels embarrassed to write about it, but of particular interest is the steam launch **Gondola** which sails five times a day on Coniston Water to show off the sights in a 55 minute round trip, costing £3. Further South, in Cheshire and Merseyside are two picturesque half timbered houses, Little Moreton Hall and Speke Hall, each with a garden and the latter with a park, and in Derbyshire between Mansfield and Chesterfield stands **Hardwick Hall**, built for a contemporary of Elizabeth I, Bess of Hardwick, who married five husbands each of whom was successively richer. There is also a park and a walled garden with a scented herb and flower garden recommended for visually handicapped visitors.

There is quite a lot going on in the Midlands. From July 6th to 9th the Royal Agricultural Society are having a fair at Stoneleigh in Warks, just off the A444, near Coventry. The site is



so large they need barrage balloons to show people the way back to the car parks. There's a *metée* of events; show jumping prize cattle and vegetables, children's farm of young animals, stands for different countries where you get **free food samples** as well as being able to buy you bierwürst and croissants (this year New Zealand, France and Germany are participating amongst others), and last time I was there, a whole marquee devoted to new strains of strawberry, with plates strategically positioned for testing. It's a lovely day out, not just for ye varmers, the only drawback being that it costs £7; £3.50 for under 16s, and after 1pm (it opens at 10am) it is £3.50 and £2 respectively. The same people are organising a Town and Country Festival from August 29th to 31st.

A Grand Prix is taking place at **Silverstone** near Northampton on July 12th—formula one no less, but unless you're an aficionado these events seem very expensive. Birmingham is having its very own race-round-the-towerblocks Grand Prix on the August Bank Holiday; lets hope the weather is kinder to them this year. Also on August 28th to 31st is the mega Christian Arts Festival, **Greenbelt**, at Canons Ashby Park in Northamptonshire, with bands, mime, dance, seminars fine art etc, bring your own camping gear.

Baddesley Clinton is a particularly beautiful manor house built from 1300—1634 and run by the National Trust, set in a small park with fishponds and woods—quaint and relatively undiscovered by the tourist trade. It costs £1.80 and is open Wednesday to Sunday and Bank Holiday Mondays, from 2pm until 6pm, and can be found just off the A41 between Birmingham and Warwick. The National Trust also own part of the Long Mynd in Shropshire, and if you want to prove how tough you are, climb it!

East Anglia is almost synonymous with the Norfolk broads, but if you want to get away from the grockles then there's the **marshes and saltings** at Brancaster, or Morston Marshes or Stiffkey Salt Marshes, in Norfolk or the cliffs and heaths of Dunwich in Suffolk, or you can watch the fallow deer from a hide in Hatfield forest on the Hertfordshire/Essex border. Norfolk also has a moated medieval manor house owned by the National Trust; Oxburgh Hall near Kings Lynn, which is £2 a throw for house, garden and park but probably gets rather crowded. In Kent is the Romantic Scotney Castle Garden, where the castle ruins surrounded by a moat, can be seen from Wednesday to Sunday for the paltry sum of £1.90, which includes a herb garden for those with dim vision. Over in the Cotwolds is the fantastic Westonburt Arboretum with its thousands of acres of trees...and more trees.

Wales is full of lovely countryside, as well as large stone castles built by the nasty English when they were still only experimenting with Imperialism;



Conway, Harlech, Caernavon. There's a military tattoo being held in or near Cardiff Castle from August 5th to 15th, and appropriately enough it is largely musical.

Despite a long run of bad summers the West Country gets infested by tourists every year, and it is possibly to impress these that the locals put on **Regattas**, where they dress up in funny costumes, have raft races, boat races, pelt each other with flour, do the Cornish floral dance, and in the town of Fowey, cook and eat a 10ft long pasty. Good clean family entertainment, and while you're there why not see St Michael's Mount which can be reached by ferry or foot at low tide, or **Cotehele**, an unspoilt medieval manor with dovecote, working cider press, quay on the river Tamar and its own sailing barge. There is a great deal of coast under preservation orders or owned by the National Trust, and it is possible to walk round the whole SW peninsular.

There are tons, or even tonnes, of things to do—you could walk the **Ridgeway**, the South Downs Way, The Pennine Way, the Wealdway, the Offa's Dyke Path, Cotswold Way, Ickneild Way or go **Ascot** on July 25th or Glorious Goodwood from July 28th to August 1st. If you get bored with the UK slip over to Calais or Holland. So what do *you* think normal people do in the Summer?





Summer holiday calendar 1987

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
22 June	23	24	25	26 End of term	27	28
29	30 Handover party in the FELIX office	1 July New sabbatical officers take over	2 England play Pakistan at cricket in Headingley (Yorkshire) until July 7th	3	4	5
6 Royal Agricultural Society Fair at Stoneleigh (until 9th July)	7 Alumnus Day	8	9 Count Basie Jazz Concert at the Barbican	10 Exhibition of Old Masters at Royal Academy of Arts	11	12 Silverstone Grand Prix
13	14	15	16	17	18 London Tattoo at Earl's Court starts today (until 31st July) LSO play the Beatles at the Barbican	19 London Symphony Orchestra play Gershwin at the Barbican
20	21	22	23 Prince Andrew and Fergie's 1st wedding anniversary England v Pakistan in Birmingham	24 Steve Gutteridge's 20th Birthday (who?)	25 Ascot Race meeting	26
27	28 Goodwood Race meeting (until 1st August)	29	30	31	1 August 124 shopping days until Christmas	2
3	4	5 Military Tattoo at Cardiff Castle (until 15th August)	6 Royal Academy of Arts exhibition (until 23rd August) England v Pakistan at the Oval (until 11th August)	7	8	9 Edinburgh Festival and Fringe starts (until 30th August)
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18 Race meeting in York (until 20th August)	19	20 MCC Bicentenary Test at Lords	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28 Christian Arts Festival at Canons Ashby Park, Northamptonshire (until 31st August)	29 Town and Country Festival (until 31st)	30 Notting Hill Carnival
31 Bank Holiday Birmingham Grand Prix	1 September	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9 St Leger at Doncaster (until 12th September)	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18 Judith Hookway's birthday	19	20 Antiques Fair at Burlington House
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1 October	2	3	4

The United Nations:

Two years ago on October 24th, the United Nations celebrated its fortieth anniversary. Created after the Second World War "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war...", it has since expanded its base and now countenances 40 years of the most turbulent change in history. The challenge for the UN now seems to be to justify to the developed world the very need for its existence.

The general attitude towards the UN among western student populations is, I have found, one of indifferent ignorance. Enquiries generally produce vague descriptions of "something to do with human rights". Where people are slightly more informed, the picture is of "a group of overpaid individuals who make up the greatest and most powerless bureaucracy ever; an organisation which squanders governments' money on endless conferences and adopts innumerable, largely-ignored resolutions in political matters over which it has no control".

The disparity between the public opinion of the United Nations and the facts is alarming, and seems to be at the root of recent criticism directed at the organisation.

The Facts

The United Nations system is a non-governmental organisation, regrouping 159 member countries. It consists of the United Nations Organisation (UNO) and its specialised programmes, and of 18 specialised agencies and autonomous international organisations. The UNO

consists of the General Assembly, the Secretariat, the Trusteeship Council (concerned with decolonisation matters), the International Court of Justice, the Security Council and the Economic and Social Council, (ECOSOC). The latter controls the UNO's 14 specialised programmes and funds, such as UNICEF (the United Nations Children's Fund) UNDP (the United Nations Development Fund) and UNHCR (the High Commissioner for Refugees). ECOSOC also deals with the specialised agencies such as the World Health Organisation (WHO) the Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation (UNESCO), the Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO) and the International Labour Office (ILO). Less prominent agencies include the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA), the World Meteorological Organisation (WMO), the Universal Postal Union (UPU) or the World Intellectual Property Organisation (WIPO).

As it appears from this brief sketch, the United Nations is involved in every possible aspect of society, and the bulk of the UN has nothing to do with politics. Over 80% of the organisation's time and energy is devoted to economic, social and humanitarian issues, which tend to go largely unnoticed in our society because they lack the media appeal of, for example, Live Aid. The UN is associated with political conflicts, human rights, the global economic situation or the eradication of smallpox, yet there are few who would link it with the preservation of



relics, the control of illegal drugs, the allocation of radio frequencies or the protection of patents on records; all these come within the scope of UN activities.

It seems the sheer size and scope of the UN have engendered feelings of distrust or hostility within the Western public, feelings which are nurtured by various clichés and misconceptions concerning the organisation.

"The United Nations is an independent arbitrary body"

It is not. As its name implies, the United Nations is its member states; 159 governments which together make decisions on important issues, each nation being expected to fulfill the commitment it made to complying with the UN charter.

"The UN is a bureaucracy"

The United Nations Organisation uses 2,205 tons of paper every year (less than The New York Times uses in a single Sunday Edition). This amount of paper may sound phenomenal, but large organisations or governments need to keep accurate records and reports; in the UN many of these have to be kept in the General Assembly's six official languages; Arabic, Chinese, English, French, Russian and Spanish. Nevertheless, intense efforts are being made to restrict the size of documents.

"The UN places unfair financial burdens on governments, and the money is inefficiently spent"

In 1985 the United Nations and its related agencies spent \$5.4 billion. Of this, \$2.1 billion (39%) was spent on relief activities, \$1.8 billion (33%) on health and \$1.4 billion (26%) on agriculture, forestry and fisheries. The expenditure of the UN is often branded as unjustified, an incredible attitude given that, for the same period, the world spent over \$1000 billion on armament alone.

The UNO regular budget is of \$840 billion pa and is paid by member states. It constitutes one third of the system's income, the other two thirds coming from voluntary contributions by governments, non-governmental organisations and individuals.

Three countries, (the United States, Japan and West Germany), contribute 29% of the UN budget. This may sound unfair, but although these three nations make the largest cash contributions, a different picture emerges when contribution as a percentage of national income is considered; the three top donors are now Gambia (0.6%), Equatorial Guinea (0.44%) and Comoros (0.31%), with the States, Japan and West Germany not even appearing in the top 20s list. The principle is simple; the richer nations have more, and therefore give more.

Image vs Reality

Agricultural development: A major step towards iradicating hunger and malnutrition.

"The UN is virtually powerless"

The role of the UN in international relations has been the main target of anti-UN criticism for years. The fact that warfare, injustice and blatant denial of human rights still persist in the world is equated with the failure of the United Nations to fulfill its charter. This attitude is based on the assumption that the UN is a world government, endowed with sovereign power to enforce actions, which it certainly is not. Its member states committed themselves to the charter on joining the UN, and its respect is their duty; whether they chose to fulfill their duties is beyond UN control. In this context the main role of the UN is as a forum where negotiations between countries—even those engaged in warfare—can be pursued and peaceful solutions to conflicts found. On a multitude of occasions, such as the Berlin crisis in 1948-49, the Cuban missile crisis in 1962, or the Middle-East crisis in 1973, the organisation has successfully intervened in potentially explosive conflicts; it seems the UN will again have a role to play in the resolution of the latest Gulf crisis between the USA and Iran.

It can never be overemphasised that the United Nations is a human organisation and is no less prone to human error than any other institution.

Despite this, the UN works, and its work is invaluable. Where it seems to have failed miserably is in communicating its achievements to the general Western public, which, as a result, is mis-informed and indifferent. Several reasons have been put forward to explain this information gap; firstly UN activities in the developed world are not as fundamental as in the Third World, and hence are less visible; examples being the standardisation of agricultural produce quality or the cleaning up of the Mediterranean.

Furthermore, UN activities tend to be long-term projects and hence lack mass-media appeal.

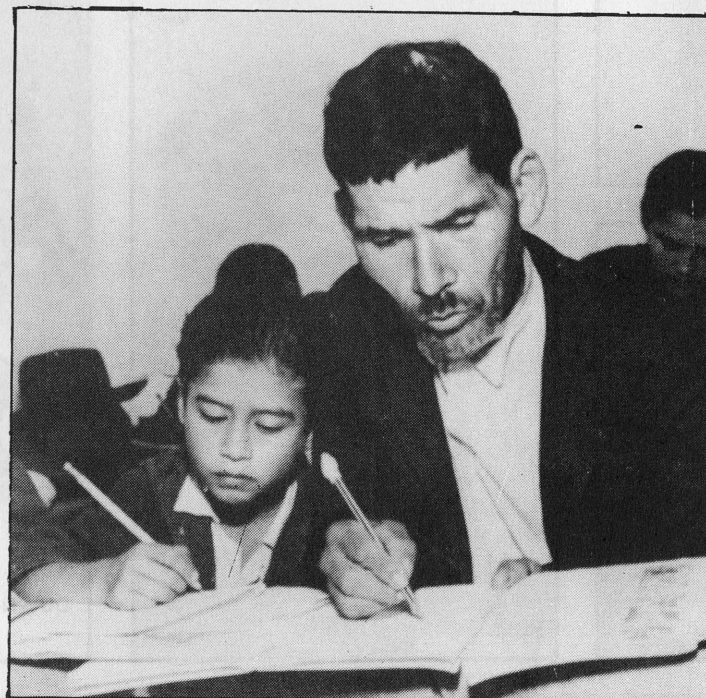
The problems the world faces today extend beyond national scope to encompass humanity as a whole. It is more vital now than ever that a collective conscience is raised and countries collaborate closely to counteract the present frightening trends in the world today. The United Nations was created to fulfill this role and it is equipped to do so, but above all it needs the support of all its people. In the words of former Secretary, General Kurt Waldheim: "...the public image of the United Nations and the way it is viewed in the world at large is important, for without popular understanding and support it will be difficult, if not impossible, for governments to make the United Nations work."

"The UN is dominated by Third World Nations which try to use it against the industrialised world"

In reality, developing countries are inadequately represented in the Secretariat, as they occupy 42% of professional posts. The aforementioned misconception seems to stem from two main factors: Firstly, the one country, one vote system in the General Assembly actually allows the position of developing countries to be represented even if, due to many of these countries being non-aligned, the overall vote of the General Assembly does not necessarily support Western views on political issues. (Note that a different voting system operates in the Security Council, with China, France, the USSR, the UK and the USA having veto power). Secondly, poorer countries have since 1974 been calling for the establishment of a New International Economic Order; this would change present unfair patterns of world trade, which consistently benefit richer nations at the expense of the poorer ones, and thus aid their development efforts.

"UN staff members are overpaid and overprivileged"

The United Nations system employs 50,000 people worldwide. The professional category, excluding delegates from member countries, are

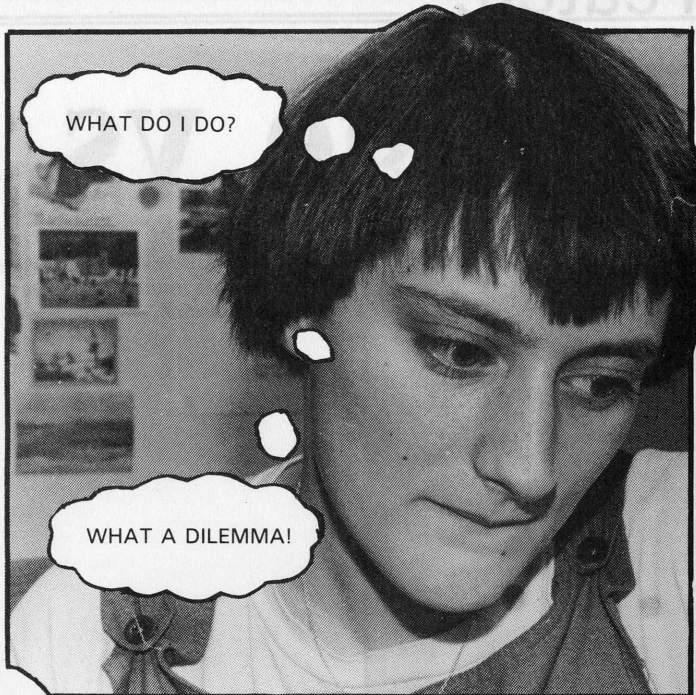
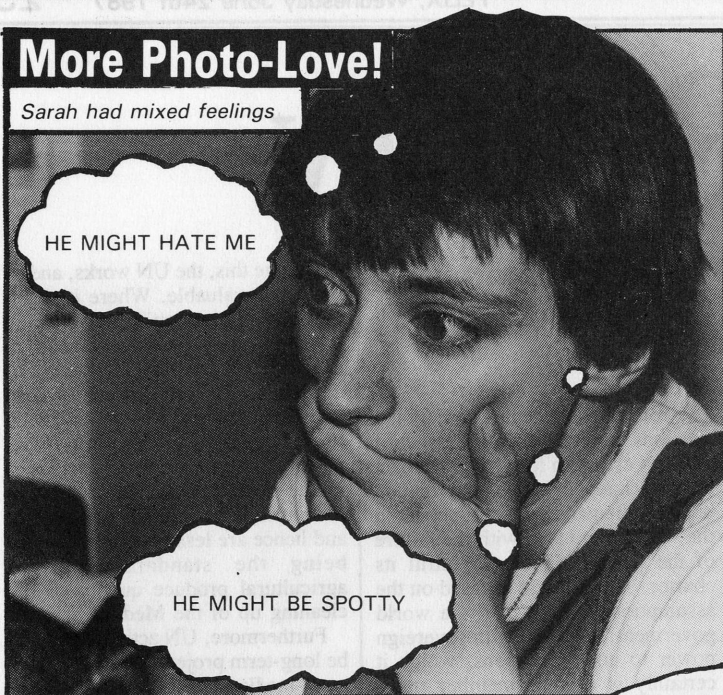


Reducing adult illiteracy in Columbia.

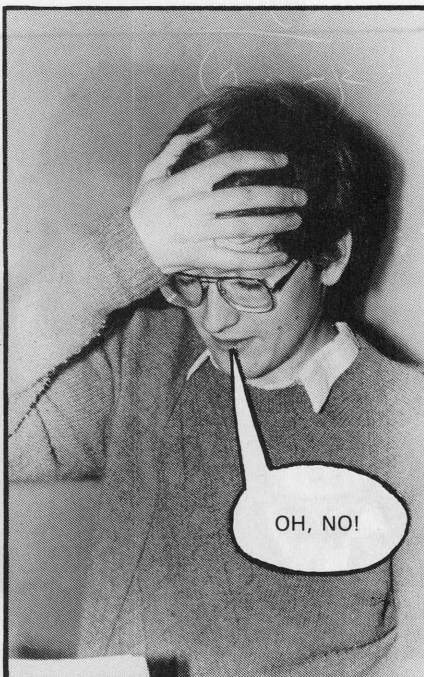
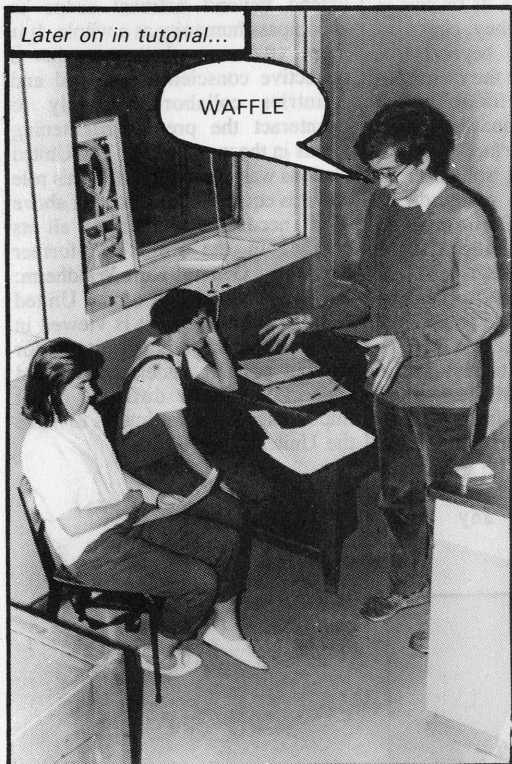
Scandanavian countries train troops specially for UN service.

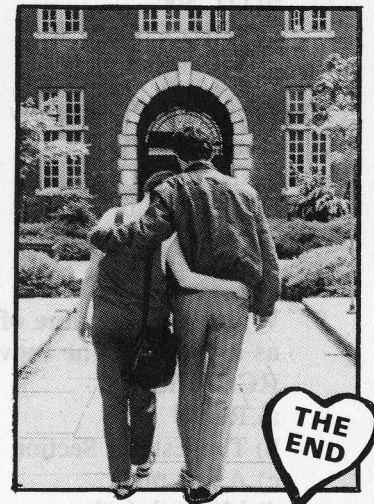
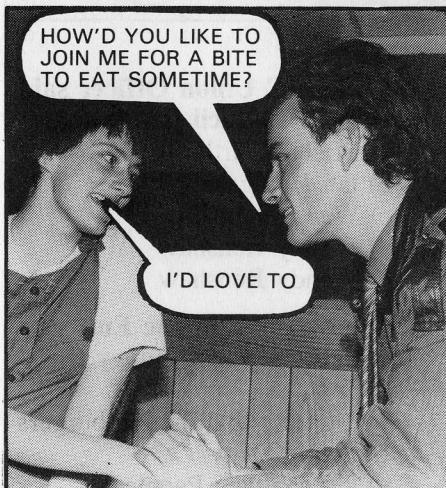
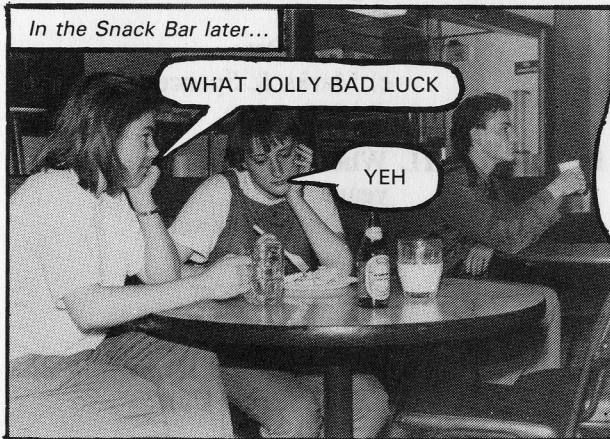
More Photo-Love!

Sarah had mixed feelings



Later on in tutorial...



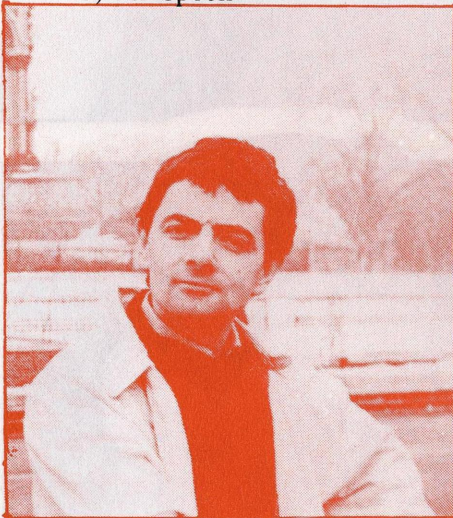


FELIX

NEWS

1. Who said "I can see no objection to an astrodome over Beit Quad"?

a) Dr John Finley
b) Dave Colley
c) Michael Arthur
d) Mr Spock



2. What is Rowan Atkinson sitting on in this picture?

a) Michael Arthur
b) Pamela Stevenson
c) A Rolls-Royce
d) A tandem

3. Who were made to pay for slinging the shit?

a) The Estates section
b) QT Soc
c) Kings College Rag
d) Michael Arthur

4. Who said "I actually enjoy committees"?

a) Ian Howgate
b) John Smith
c) Michael Arthur
d) Pete Hands

5. Who or what came off worst as a result of the move of the RCS office?

a) RCSU
b) The Estates Section
c) A red mini
d) Michael Arthur

6. Who said "Mr Northey has agreed to give away free chips in the JCR"?

a) Michael Arthur
b) Christine Taig
c) Ian Howgate
d) Ronald MacDonald

7. Who or what was 75 in November?

a) Lord Flowers
b) Michael Arthur
c) IC Union
d) Imperial College
e) Prof Swanson
f) Sir Hugh Ford
g) The Government's education policy

8. What four-wheeled vehicles were banned from Imperial College from the beginning of January?

a) Students cars
b) London Buses
c) Shopping trolleys
d) Michael Arthur's roller skates

9. Who was the biggest pain in the arse for FELIX this year?

a) Rod Bates
b) Mike Jones
c) Michael Arthur
d) John Smith



10. Where does the College Assistant Secretary reputedly buy his clothes?

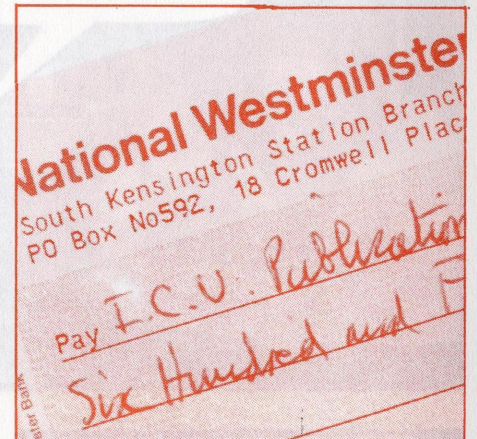
a) Oxfam
b) Moss Bros
c) Marks & Spencer
d) Mothercare

11. Who edited Broadsheet this year?

a) Robert Maxwell
b) Dave Smedley
c) Tony Spencer
e) Simon Banton

12. How much do RCSU owe the FELIX Print Unit?

a) £200
b) £300
c) £400
d) £644.08
e) Michael Arthur



13. Which IC Union Officer said least at Council this year?

a) Michael Arthur
b) Ian Howgate
c) Wendy Renshaw
d) Wendy Renshaw
e) Wendy Renshaw

14. Who starred at the Ents gig which lost most money this year?

a) Norman and the Nutburgers
b) Sandy Shaw
c) The Village People
d) Michael Arthur

QUIZ 1987

15. Who runs the Union Office?

- a) Jen Hardy-Smith
- b) Jen Hardy-Smith
- c) Jen Hardy-Smith
- d) Lesley Gillingham



16. Which IC sports team nearly lost their bottle after losing the bottle?

- a) IC Boat Club
- b) RSM Rugby
- c) 10-pin Bowling
- d) IC dominoes team

17. What caused problems for IC Radio's transmitter?

- a) The Estates Section
- b) The weather
- c) Sewage
- d) Michael Arthur

18. The 'FELIX Fella' this week is

- a) Dubious
- b) An imposter
- c) Steve Kilmurray
- d) Michael Arthur

19. When Michael Arthur urinated on Mrs Pingree's plants he was

- a) Plastered
- b) Pie-eyed
- c) Smashed
- d) Stoned to the wide
- e) Very drunk

20. Next year's FELIX Editor is

- a) Big Judith
- b) Judith Hackney
- c) Judith Largeamounts
- d) Derek Jameson



21. RCSU Motor Club's 'Jez' driver this year is

- a) Gareth Hunt
- b) Gareth Fish
- c) Michael Fish
- d) Michael Arthur
- e) Arthur Daley



22. Publications Board Chair this year is

- a) Chris Martin
- b) Parker Knoll
- c) Lord Snowdon
- d) Lord Lucan
- e) Michael Arthur

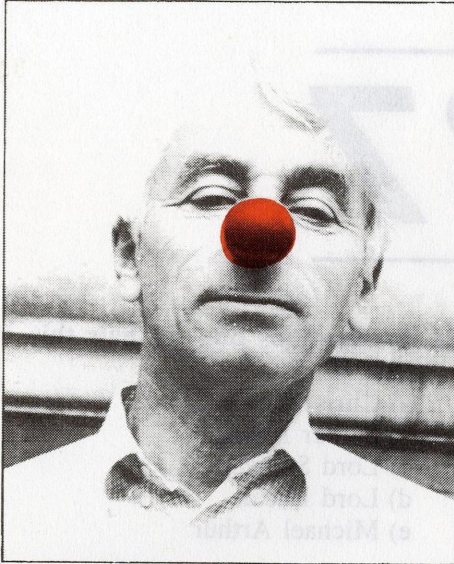
23. Thanks to Michael Arthur, next year's intake will be living in

- a) Evelyn Gardens
- b) Evelyn Waugh
- c) Regents Park
- d) A rowing boat

24. Next year, IC plans to merge with

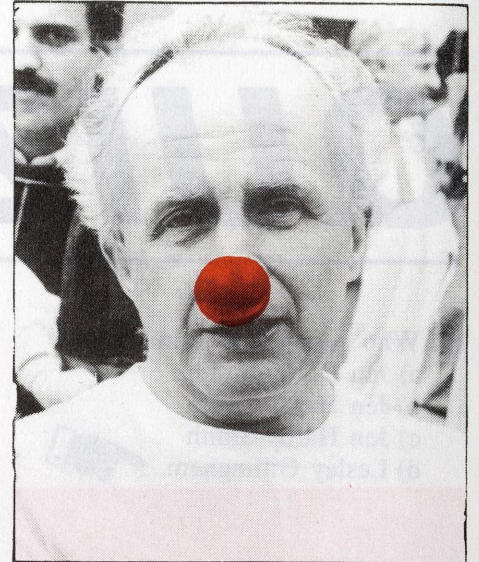
- a) Battersea Poly
- b) St Mary's Medical College
- c) British Telecom
- d) Radio One

**All answers on
page 39 of this
FELIX**

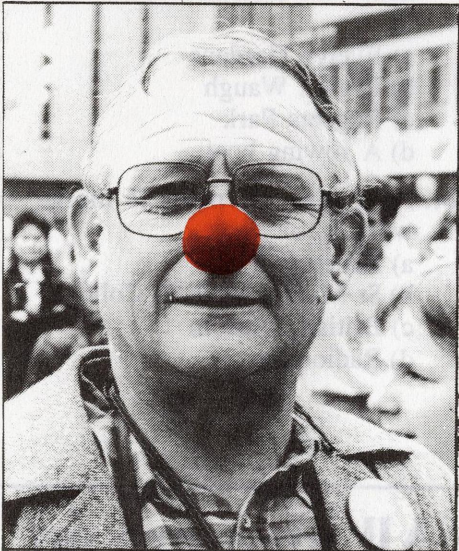


Snow White

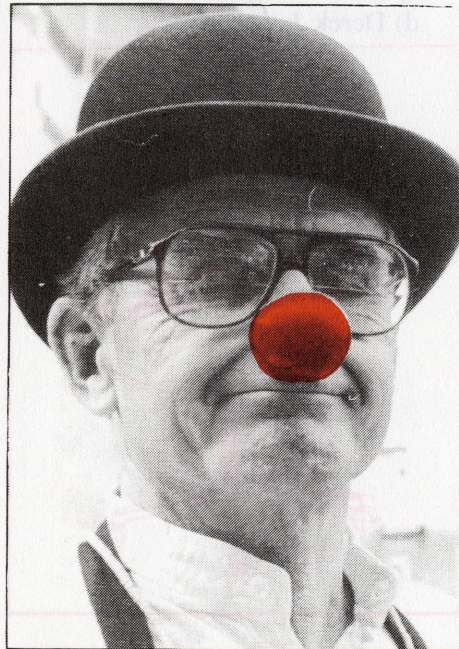
Putting on the style at the first family fair, here are some of Imperial's favourite personalities. In no particular order: College Secretary John Smith, Deputy Secretary Brian Lloyd Davies, Weeks Warden Keith Burnett, Refectory Manager Rob Northey, Prof Frank Leppington (Maths), Dr Gareth Jones (Physics), College nutter Dave Parry, College boss Eric Ash.



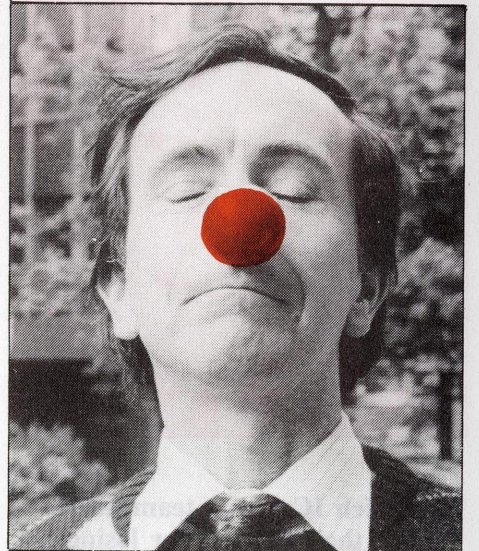
Bashful



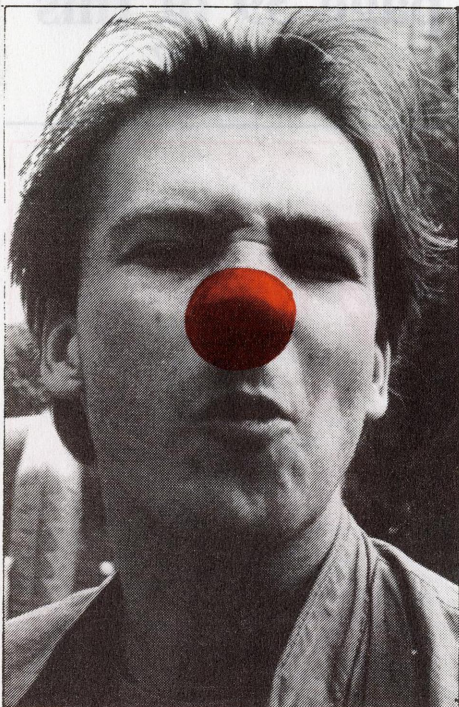
Sleepy



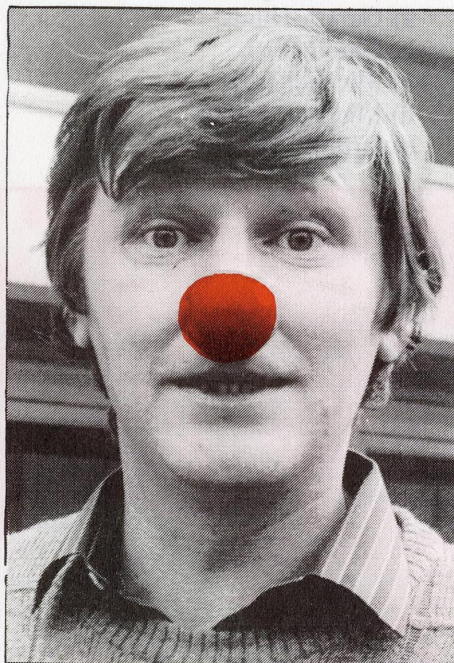
Grumpy



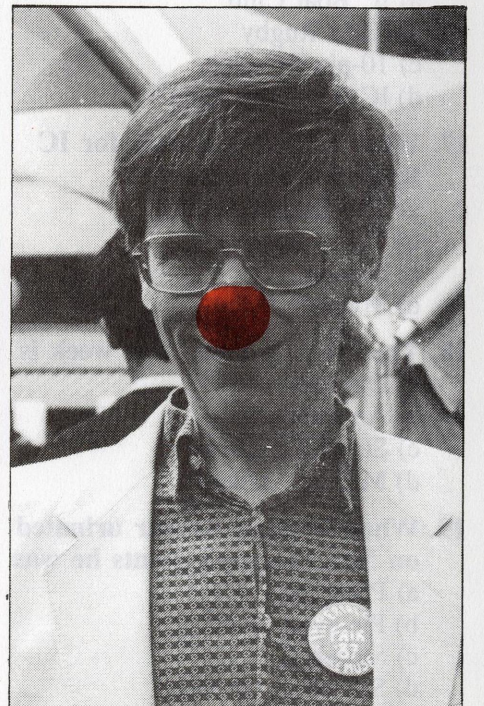
Doc



Sneezy



Dopey



Happy

From the pen of a man barely alive, scribbling furiously in a remote corner of the FELIX office, it's...

THE BARON



"I think I'll do this tomorrow", said Rabid Bones, the FELIX Editor, as he sat in his office watching his staff slaving away over paste-up boards. It was 3.30 in the morning, there were only two days to go before the publication of the last FELIX of the year, and Rabid had spent the last four days trying to think of the first line of his editorial. Rabid always liked to write something that he thought was deep and meaningful in his editorials because it proved to him how clever he was. This was quite important for Rabid, who had nearly got thrown out of Cheap skate school and had only been awarded an "also ran" certificate when he left. In fact Rabid never wrote anything deep or meaningful in his editorials; instead he would write out a hundred lines of "I don't like Arthur Michael". Most of the citizens of Cheap skate were not at all interested in who Arthur Michael was or what he did all day, but this did not stop Rabid writing about him at every opportunity. The only thing which Rabid thought was more interesting than Arthur Michael was the fact that he was a homosexual. Nearly every editorial Rabid had written contained at least half a column on why it was a good thing to be a homosexual.

Rabid did not want to have to write his editorial in a hurry this time. He thought that if he spent a long time thinking about it he would be able to write lots and lots of deep meaningful things about how Cheap skate was not a nice place, and how all the teachers at Cheap skate school did not know how to teach. Funnily enough, the rest of the citizens

were not interested in the teachers at Cheap skate school. They all knew that none of the teachers could teach, but they decided not to worry about this too much.

Now Rabid had decided to put off writing his editorial for another day. The rest of the staff thought that this was very silly, and that it would be very nice if Rabid got everything done in time for a change, so that they would all be able to go to bed before midnight.

Rabid sighed and thought back at what had happened that day. Earlier he had been to the Cheap skate "Happy Families" party, which Derek Dash and Mad Dash had held in their back garden. Mad Dash had ordered all the Baron's men from the Surefield fortress to dress up in silly clothes and smile a lot at all the small citizens. John Secretary was particularly upset about this. He had had to put all his belongings in a wheelbarrow and sell them to the crowd, one by one. John Secretary thought that this was a very bad thing, but it would have been alright if he had not had to chase away a lot of FELIX photographers who kept wanting to put red ping pong balls on his nose. He was also very cross because Derek Dash was not wearing a silly outfit, and so Derek did not have to put up with all the very small citizens pointing at him and laughing. John Secretary had been laughed at for at least two hours now, and was cheering himself up by thinking of all the Surefield minions whose lives he was going to make a misery. At the end of the afternoon he had begun to feel much better, however. Mad Dash had persuaded Derek to play his violin as music for a small citizen's party game. Derek had played the violin so badly, though, that all the small citizens had been too busy laughing at him to play the game properly.

The "Happy Families" party had been a great success. All the important citizens had been there as they were all too scared of Mad Dash to say no when she asked them if they would be able to help. The citizens' bouncer, Gutters, had been there all afternoon, though he had spent most of that time frightening all the very small citizens with his beard. Cheap skate's chief cook McNorthy had been there as well, selling more of his burgers to everyone, and trying not to swear at any of the citizens so that everyone would think that he was a nice person really.

Rabid leant back in his chair and tried to think of something nasty to write about all the people who lived upstairs in the citizen's office. Rabid had wanted to write something nasty about Ms Plague and Mummylonglegs all year, but was too stupid to think of anything. After another two hours he finally began to put pen to paper. This is what he wrote...

"Dearie me", thought Mrs Jolly Hockey-Sticks to herself as she looked around the citizens' office and downed her sixth glass of sherry. "I hope Whygate isn't going to be in there much longer. He's been

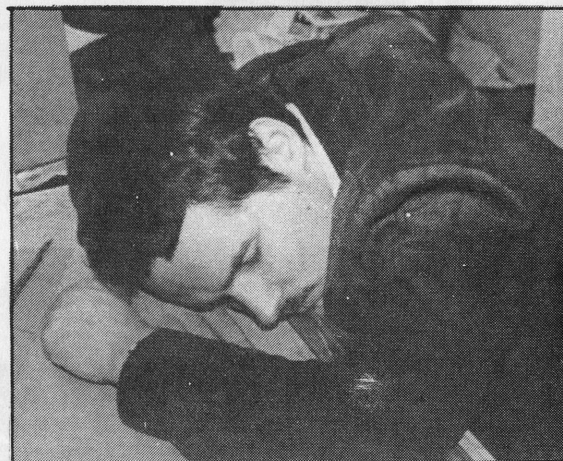
speaking to Ms Plague for three hours, and I haven't had a chance to tell him how I want him to do his job next year yet".

Mrs Jolly Hockey-Sticks was worried. She was the citizens' manager, and had been doing that job longer than anyone in Cheap skate could remember. Every year she had to teach a new set of head citizens what they were supposed to do, and every now and then there would be a head citizen who wanted to try some new ideas. Normally Mrs Jolly Hockey-Sticks would let them try a new idea, as long as they came to ask her if it was okay first.

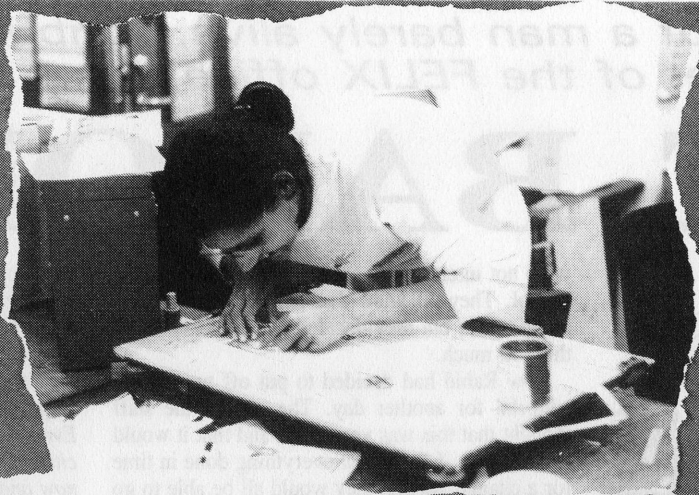
None of this year's new group of head citizens had come to ask her to tell them what their jobs were, however, and Whygate, the new head citizen, just spent all his time looking through the citizens' old scrap books trying to memorise each page. At the moment Whygate was in Ms Plague's office, talking to her about how good he was in bed. Suddenly the telephone rang; it was L Capone, the Cheap skate Rent Collector. L Capone was always calling Ms Plague because she knew that she would always take her side in arguments with Arthur Michael. Ms Plague told Whygate to go and practice his joined up writing, and settled down to a nice long chat with L Capone.

The Cheap skate Rent Collector was a devious character. She had tried to persuade all the citizens to vote for Simon Willy, one of her favourites, in the election for head citizen. When one of the citizens pointed out that the election was nothing to do with her, since she worked for the Baron, L Capone had threatened to scream and scream until she was sick unless the naughty citizen apologised. Nevertheless, she always managed to get Ms Plague to do what she wanted and spent most of her time telling Ms Plague and all the other citizens what a hard job she had, and how much work she had to do. Ever since she took over as Rent Collector she had been recruiting a select band of citizens to help to "clean up Cheap skate"...

Rabid read what he had written. As usual, it was a load of rubbish. He picked up his red pen and, for the last time, crossed everything out.



Where does FELIX come from?



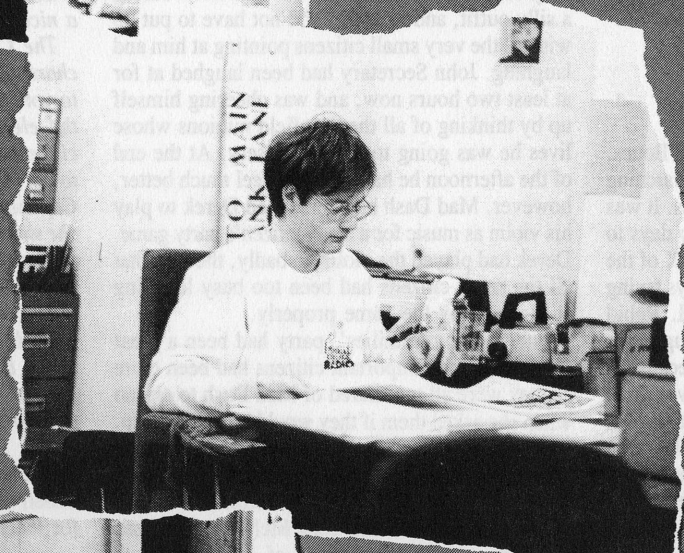
Preliminary work for each week's issue is done over the weekend, when the Editor draws up a page plan and a tentative printing schedule. By Monday lunchtime the plan is almost always out of date; the final format is not always fixed until Wednesday.

Copy is keyed into the phototypesetter terminal as it arrives in the Office. The bulk of this is done by Rose Atkins, the Typesetter Operator. Pasting-up, the arrangement of typeset galleys and

illustrations into pages, normally starts on Monday evening. This is the bread and butter stage of production, and involves, on average, about twelve students who work on FELIX as volunteer staff.

During the week strenuous efforts are made to collect information for the news pages, the most troublesome section. This is always the last of the copy to come in and the front page is not printed until Thursday evening.

All the printing is done by the Print Unit's second member of permanent staff, Steve Shackell. Though his job



is over when the front page has rolled off the presses, FELIX is not finished until it has been collated. This means putting all the pages inside each other, and usually takes two to three hours, depending on how many people can be lured into the Office.

On Friday morning the paper has to be distributed before lectures begin. If ever you have cause to be up and around College at 7.30am, look for a dishevelled figure pushing a shopping trolley from department to department: this is your FELIX Editor.



It has always been noticeable that those who regularly pour scorn on FELIX have little idea of how much work is involved in its production. A brief analysis of how much time is put into the paper may be an eye-opener for one or two of our readers.

To deal first with the professionals: the Print Unit has two permanent members of staff, a typesetter operator and a printer. Each of them work 35 hours per week. The sabbatical Editor nominally works a 35 hour week as well; the reality is something more like 75 hours.

145 hours so far. Of the student staff, there is a nucleus of about six who regularly put in 20-25 hours each week; 135 altogether, say. The remainder of the regular staff (another six people or so) probably notch up about 10 hours per week; in addition there are many more occasional contributors and production consultants (collators) who give up 2-3 hours each week; 30 hours total is a reasonable average.

This makes a total of 370 hours. Given that the FELIX print run averages slightly less than 4000, this means that for every man hour that goes into the production of FELIX, ten copies are printed. If this seems rather labour-intensive, then at least try reading FELIX for more than the six minutes it took to produce your copy before you throw it away!

The cost of each copy of FELIX is always a favourite topic of discussion.

There are usually 32 issues of FELIX each year; the average circulation is slightly under 4,000. Let's take 4,000 copies of 30 issues—a total of 120,000 FELICES.

FELIX receives a grant of £10,777 from the Union's central subvention. In addition there are the salaries for the two permanent members of staff and the sabbatical Editor (slightly less than £20,000), making a total cost of around £30,000. Hence this familiar calculation ($£30,000 \div 120,000$) gives you a cost per copy of 25p. Expensive, perhaps. However, this ignores the work that FELIX does as the Union Print Unit—producing publicity material for many of the Union clubs and societies. This year we have brought in about £10,000 of income for printing work within the Union, at our cut-price rates. To have this volume of work done at a professional London printer would probably cost about four times as much. A saving of £30,000 meaning each copy of FELIX is effectively free. If this seems like a rather inflated claim, it might be interesting to note, for example, that at a recent printing show a "budget" print shop quoted typesetting at £2.80 per foot. The FELIX charge is 40p per foot. Enjoy the holiday!



All next year

Felix

FREE!

INSIDE

News

Comment

Features

Investigation

Union

Sport

Fashion

Gossip

Health

Clubs

What's On

TV & Radio

Reviews

and a whole lot more!

This is the shape of things to come

Perhaps this page will give you an idea of what you can expect in FELIX next year: the usual accurate news reporting and quality features but with a little extra. There will be an attempt to put the fun back into FELIX—an irreverent look at the College and the Union: next year's FELIX aims to be light-hearted without distorting the facts.

One of the major improvements will be in sports coverage. We hope to have more third-party reporting and relevant photos rather than the sports club articles printed this year. We also want to include a weekly fixtures list in order to preview as well as review matches played. We need writers and sports photographers for this in particular. If you have ever fancied a job as a sports reporter then this could be the experience you need!

We already have several features lined up for the Autumn: Catholic students and the dilemma of contraception; London's hidden

nightlife; life after College (to coincide with our Careers Issue); and Sex Special 2—a follow up to a survey carried out two years ago to see just if students are really changing their views and habits in the light of the new IC GaySoc and the threat of AIDS. We also welcome any ideas you may have for features FELIX could carry.

FELIX welcomes all new staff but especially needs competent writers. You can specialise in news, sport or features, or all three if you prefer. Join our team even if you feel you can not write well, as there are always experienced sub-editors who can offer guidance and correct your style. We also need people to collate (the act of putting folded sheets together in order to create finished copies of FELIX) regularly on Thursday evenings in return for lively company, a preview of the paper before the rest of College sees it, and a drink in the Bar afterwards! (We are especially keen

to find early risers who would like to help with the distribution on Friday mornings!). If you'd like to give a hand with these menial, but essential, tasks then please identify yourself at our Beit Quad stall at Freshers Fair next term or, if you're around over the Summer, pop in to the Office some time and we'll treat you to a coffee and a look around the Office.

Above all, we hope to make next year's FELIX an enjoyable read and one which you will want to keep rather than consign to the dustbin.

There will be only one postgraduate FELIX out over the Summer due to the closure of the Print Unit. This will be out on Friday 14th August. The copy deadline for this issue is Friday 7th August. The first FELIX next term will be out on Monday 5th October and the copy deadline for clubs articles, small ads, letters and features is Monday 28th September.

PRINT UNIT

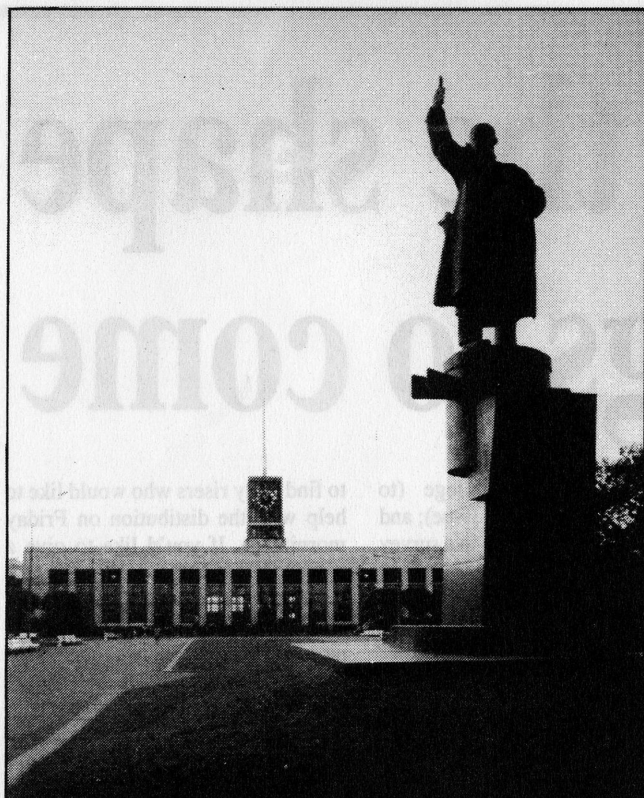
Due to staff holidays the Print Unit will be closed from 10th August to 5th September and no printing will be done between 15th July and 15th September. All Freshers publicity should be arranged with Judith Hackney by 1st July otherwise there will be no guarantee that work will be printed before Freshers Fair. Consider yourself warned!

Portrait

Images of Red



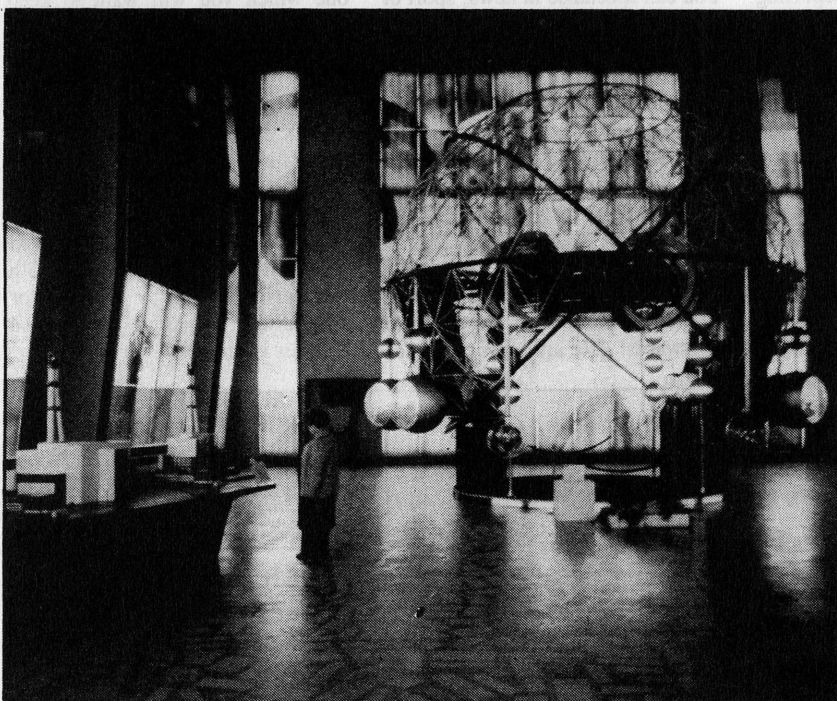
1.



2.



3.



4.



5.

These photographs were taken while in the Soviet Union and in Poland last summer. The cities visited — Moscow, Leningrad and Warsaw — and the concentration camps were fascinating places which could not be summarised in a thousand pictures or a million words. One can only hope to impart a flavour of the trip and to give the historical background of the images.

1. These portraits were taken of women prisoners in Auschwitz, near Krakow, at the beginning of the war. Each photograph is captioned by the name, occupation, date of entrance to the camp and date of death. Those who looked most defiant in the pictures tended to have the shortest camp lifespans. Later in the war, the Nazis were unable to keep such records as too many people were being killed too quickly.

2. In 1917 Lenin returned from exile to lead the revolution in Russia. He arrived at Finland Station in the capital, St Petersburg (Petrograd, now Leningrad), where he made his famous 'Peace, Land, Bread' speech. The statue which now stands in front of the station commemorates this event.

3. These murals are typical of those which can be found in many places in Moscow and Leningrad. Painted in striking colours they promote the slogan of the day while brightening dreary walls.

4. The Exhibition of Economic Achievement in Moscow has many buildings devoted to different areas of industry, technology and agriculture. This picture shows the exhibition on Atomic energy with a model of a Light Water Cooled, Graphite Moderated Reactor to the left. Two months after 'Chernobyl', however, there was little reference to the disaster.

5. This poster was an exhibit at the Museum of the October Revolution in Moscow which covers political and economic events from the revolution in 1917 to the present day. Printed during the war, the poster is a reminder that the 'Western' and 'Eastern' blocks have not always existed — we were all on the same side once.

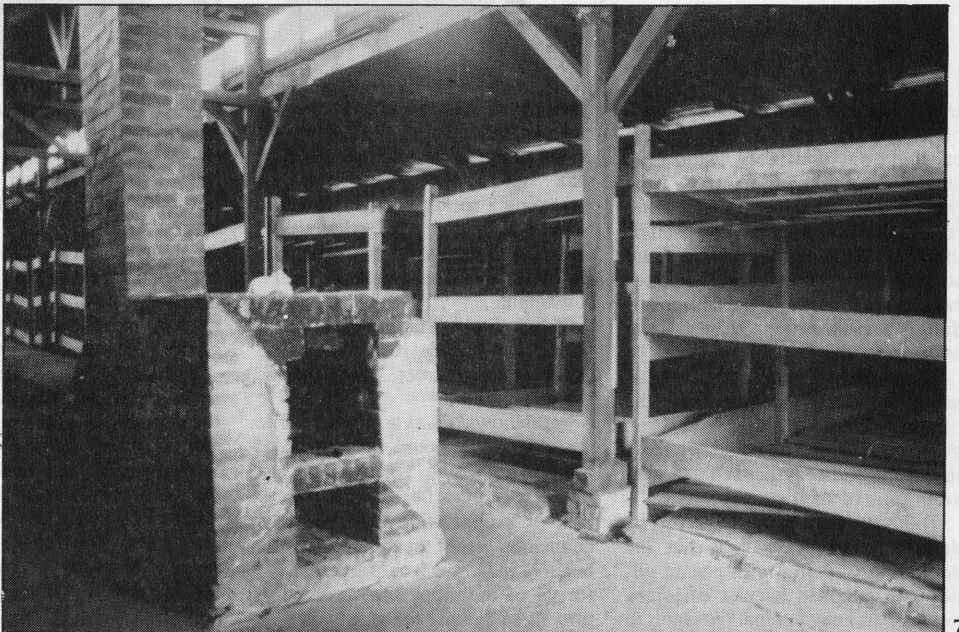
6. While we were in Warsaw, Comrade Gorbachev was also there for the Party Congress. The 'People's Palace' in which it took place had been given to Warsaw by Stalin who had had seven similar buildings constructed in Moscow.

7. This is a photograph of a hut at Birkenau, a Nazi concentration camp just along the road from Auschwitz. When the Nazis realised that defeat was inevitable, they murdered as many Jews and Poles as they could and then burnt Birkenau to the ground to destroy the evidence. Of the scores of huts which had existed, only the brick chimneys now remain. This hut was reconstructed after the war.

8. Warsaw was completely destroyed during the war but was subsequently rebuilt so that one can still walk through the 'old' parts of town. There were many open fruit and vegetable stands in Warsaw, like the one on the left, which sold goods which were probably slightly radioactive. There were no such stalls in Moscow or Leningrad. The strawberries were delicious.



6.



7.



8.

THE CATCH IN THE RYE- BREAD



In a century which has seen the fall of Slater-Walker, insider trading carried on routinely, and the laundering of millions of pounds from the Brinks-Mat robbery, one remarkable con trick has made all of these pale into insignificance. A fraud so audacious that it could only have been carried out with the billions of dollars available to the largest of the multinationals.

The number of people to have been taken in must now run into the billions. Whole nations have been possessed by the promises of these tricksters, and convinced to part with vast sums of their money.

There can only be one thing that be described this way; it is not the adulteration of petrol with peanut oil, nor the imagined harvest of jojoba nuts in Paraguay but that "passport to a better life", the health food boom.

Even the most elaborate con tricks of the past have never involved the complicity of so many of the medical and nutritional fraternity. Each had to be expensively bought off and extensively briefed by a team dedicated to carrying off their fraud and the money that came with it.

It was in 1973, with the beginnings of the oil crisis that the thoughts of two of the largest fast food manufacturers turned to increased profits. In America the huge consortia of Global Foods Inc and International Catering, responsible for 90% of the Western fast food network, became increasingly concerned with the saturation of the hamburger market. They were making new inroads into Europe as they set about replacing fish and chip shops and cafes, but it was readily apparent that once those markets were taken up, no amount of cheap Coke would help them.

With this in mind they recruited Steve Chlebowski, leading business consultant and pioneer of computer

fraud. Born Steven Martin Bowie, he changed his surname to Chlebowski on the advice of his manager when he was harbouring ambitions of becoming a rock guitarist. However he soon found that his destiny was as one of the kingpins of the American Business System—a covert action consultant.

George Sand, who has spent much of the last decade researching into Chlebowski's career, takes up the story:

"Chlebowski was a master; while the companies could only think of expanding fast food into the Communist bloc, he came up with the idea of a competing principle—the companies would set about marketing health foods. He would harness the forces of the hippy era, pretend to turn them against the giants, and in turn make them vast profits from the sale of aduki beans and lentils.

"It was simple, while the hippies and natural food freaks suffered from diarrhoea and digestive problems, vast amounts of money would be spent convincing doctors and scientists that junk food would kill and health foods would save them.

"OK, youm might think that if you got chronic diarrhoea and all you were eating was vegetables, you'd put two and two together and figure that this health food stuff wasn't so wonderful. Then words like "cholesterol" and "hardened arteries" came along as if by magic, or in Chlebowski's case, as if by bribery. Suddenly meat, not to mention hamburgers and deep fried chicken, was a passport to the mortuary. All they had to do was convince the public at large that eating junk was naughty and that bran enriched lentils were where it was at.

"It was making junk food taboo that proved to be Chlebowski's masterstroke. It's like sex, once you

tell people that they shouldn't do it, and should beat themselves with birch twigs instead, you get a couple of mugs who get into self-flagellation, but the rest think that it must be something really good and will do anything to get it. Likewise, when everyone started to hear that junk was going to kill you, they figured that it must be like snorting coke, and they all went out and got into burgers.

"What the companies had to do was to make sure that they controlled the supplies of all the health foods as well. It actually turned out to be quite a simple operation. In the early days the only people who actually grew things like aduki beans, lentils and soya beans were those hippies that hadn't become accountants and stockbrokers. Buying them out

"They figured that it must be like snorting coke, and they all went out and got into burgers."

proved to be no problem, all Chlebowski had to do was tell them how the CIA had planned to assassinate the Grateful Dead and they gave them the lot. Of course they got the hippies to farm the plantations. They also got a couple of lucrative dope farms while they were at it, which brought in a few extra dollars."

It was after this that Chlebowski was deemed to be too dangerous to

the companies, and had to be taken out. However, he guessed that the atmosphere was turning against him and he disappeared. George found him again two years ago:

"Yeah, he was making a living from selling ground up OXO cubes to high school kids at ten dollars an ounce. But he got found out when one of the teachers took a drag. He was talking about going into politics. I think he's running a chain of singles laundrettes for American troops in Lebanon, now."

It was towards the end of the seventies that they discovered an increasing trend among health freaks to eat a diet of all-bran and soya beans, and then every month they would binge on quarterpounders, fries and hot apple pies. Not only were the companies making vast profits from junk, and selling caraway seeds at vastly inflated prices, but people were now swallowing both.

"They would eat only health foods for ages and then once they thought that they were healthy enough they would pig out on junk food," claimed food-market analyst John Stuckley. He has been studying the health food boom since he discovered the strange correlation between the expansion of fast food chains and the growth of the health food industry. Thinking that there seemed to be no obvious way that the two could go hand-in-hand he decided to investigate further.

He found that nutritionists all over the world had either been selectively hoodwinked or bribed by middlemen acting for the companies:

"A whole new corporation was formed to deal with the problem of 'convincing' that many people that health foods were not a giant con trick. However, if the fag companies can manage to get their tar tables widely accepted I suppose health foods can't be too difficult. I mean there is a certain grain of truth in the health foods idea, the sort of natural, no additives thing is quite attractive.

"In fact the whole story has been made so plausible that it is probably difficult to stop now. How do you set about discrediting that many medical minds? If people start to scream conspiracy now they're liable to end up in a padded cell, all financed by giant food multinationals.

"Rumour has it that the new boss of Global Foods has recently gone over to a soya/bran only diet—he won't touch junk. The files from the seventies seem to have disappeared somewhere, and the old bosses aren't saying anything. It has reached such proportions that junk joints are offering burgers in brown bread with free nutritional information. It's all gone mad."

George Sand had one final thing to say when we last contacted him:

"Apparently all the old directors of Global Foods and International Catering have left or retired. I rang one of them up, Geoff Schmidt, and he just muttered something about overseas singles laundrettes being the thing to get into. Food seems to be going out of fashion."

Soup opera

Most people should by now have heard of the Soup Run. The actual experience, though, is more than the simple dishing-out of soup that it sounds like. Kamala Sen reports.

The evening starts innocuously enough, at 9.15 in the Weeks Hall Basement, with a handful of people loading the van with the urns of soup and sweet milky tea, loaves of bread—both white and brown—and digestive biscuits. Even the slightly manic drive through London is normal by College standards. The first note of strangeness appears when the regular "Soup Runners" give beginners the introductory speech. Most of this is straightforward. Unlike the food and tea, which is freely distributed, the few blankets are given only to those who specifically ask for one. You're warned not to wander off on your own, or to tell anyone your name and address—Soup Runners have had trouble with people camping on their doorsteps. And the final word of advice—if a fight starts, stay clear and get in the van; the Soup Runners aren't going to stay around. This speech gives one something to think about until at last the van grinds to a halt at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and dumps everyone into a completely different world—that of London's down-and-outs.

After the brightness of the streets, the pitch blackness here is an unpleasant surprise. Even when your eyes adjust, there's nothing to see but dark blurs against a dark background. As soon as the van stops, shadows swarm around it—the Soup Run is expected. There are about 30 people here, many of whom are regulars; some claim to have lived here for as long as seven to nine years. Most of the Soup Runners and down-and-outs recognise each other—and their

foibles. For example there's the man with a craving for biscuits, stalking anyone with a pack. In another corner there's an informed discussion on early British cars and motorcycles going on. The whole affair seems slightly unreal, like hosting a very polite tea party in a parking lot, except for the occasional bout of coughing breaking into the conversation. But the illusion is well and truly shattered when one takes cups of tea into the shelter. The floor is packed with people sleeping in elaborate arrangements of cardboard boxes. The more experienced Soup Runners assure me that these are sophisticated structures, with flaps cut to form complex ventilation systems. Still, the sight suddenly brings home to me how little these people have.

The next stop is a completely different place: Embankment. Relatively brightly lit, and infinitely more noisy, with the trains running overhead every few minutes, this is a favourite stop for numerous charities. Indeed, the down-and-outs who sleep under the bridge here are said to receive several meals a day from various sources. The atmosphere is somehow rougher; the range of people seems wider. There are the quiet ones, like a former electrical engineer who sat working his way through a stack of paperback westerns—his family had been killed in an accident and he didn't see the point of struggling on in "respectability" on his pension. The cardboard boxes are as much in evidence here, but the structures are simpler. Some people have sleeping bags—American Army ones are said

to be barely adequate!

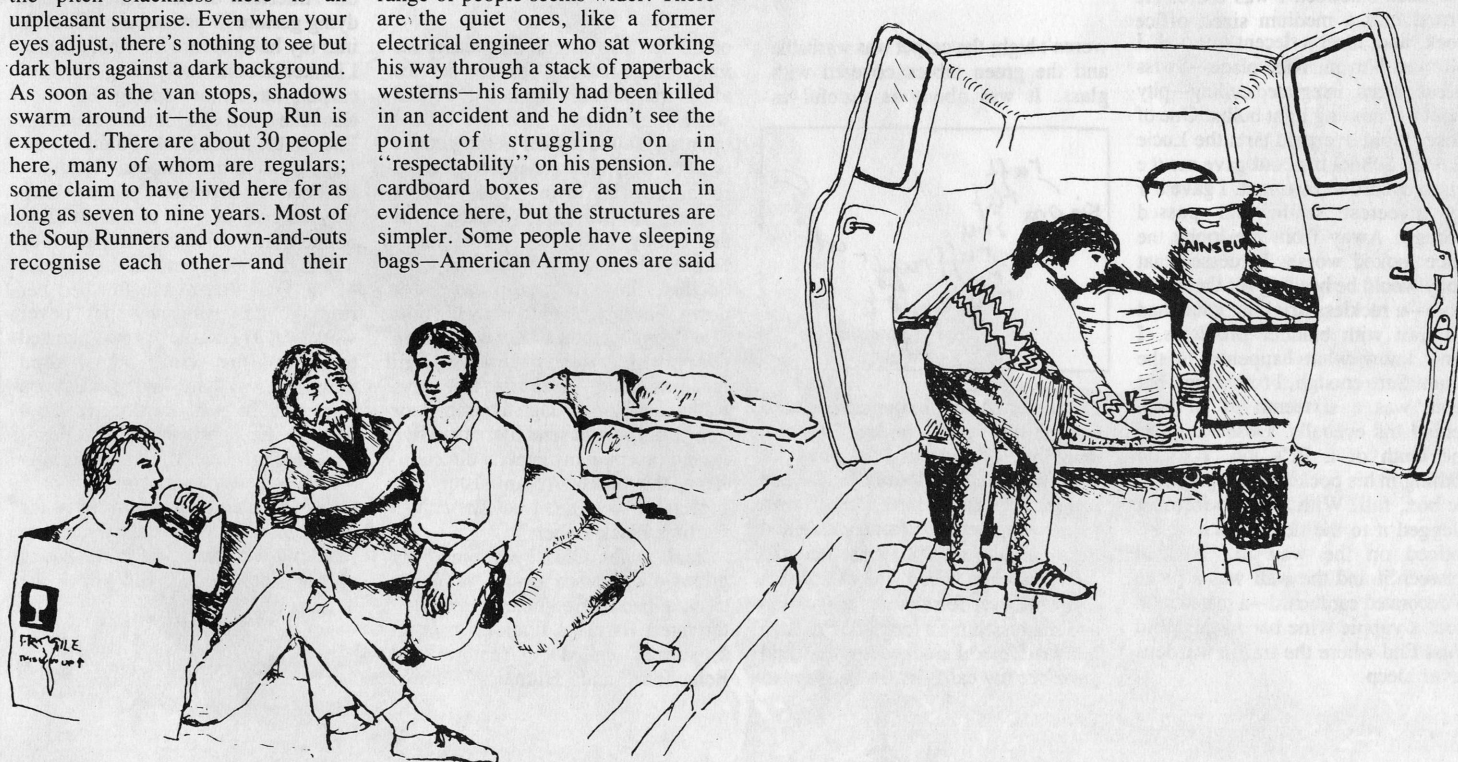
There are some startling views to be heard. One man perked up when he heard I am German. Hitler, he said, was one of the greatest heroes of his time. After all, didn't he create jobs for thousands? Certainly he did more good than harm. And, cheered up by this little argument, he gave me one of his "heat packs"—a device which when rubbed gives off a mild heat for several hours (though not as long as claimed by the manufacturers). Others recognised the pack and greeted it with enthusiasm when the blankets ran out. Not surprisingly, Mrs Thatcher is not a popular figure in these circles. "What she wants is to put us all into forced labour camps", said one man.

Equally startling statements appear in general conversation. The "professor" held us spellbound while he explained how plutonium is formed by the fermentation of oil, which in turn develops, via the fermentation of coal, from dead trees. Somewhat rotund, he waved away offers of biscuits, indicating he was watching his figure. But he was more than happy to carry on talking about anything, including his views on marriage. These were rather old-fashioned—that the man should work and the woman should look after him—but that didn't stop him proposing to all us prospective professionals on the Soup Run.

The reasons people wind up sleeping at Embankment are as varied as their characters. One was a psychiatric nurse who lost his job in Ireland due to alcoholism, but says he is now cured and hopes to get his job back. Then there was the woman who had been raped, and never recovered from the experience. The smell of alcohol hanging in the air over some

areas suggested a reason for those people's presence. Several people limped heavily; sickness is, not unexpectedly, common. Coughs are heard all over; on one occasion we arrived to find a couple of police officers hovering anxiously over a huddled figure. Then there was a worrying case of the young man who was confused and dizzy, but refused medical help. Incidents like this make for an anxious evening, as do those occasions when someone becomes unpleasantly aggressive. The Soup Run isn't all sweetness and light and grateful recipients of our "goodies"—there are those who are obviously hostile or merely silent and unresponsive; perhaps they've had an overdose of charity, an understandable point of view. But what makes it worth trying is talking to people who seem to enjoy the conversation and attention, and supplying some comfort to those who come back again and again for the soup and biscuits.

At about eleven o'clock we were on our way back. Besides mulling over the events of the evening, I spent the time asking my companions how and why they'd joined the "Soup Run". Most had heard about it from friends, many of them in the Christian Union. This probably accounts for the image of IC Community Action Group as a Christian organisation, but religion doesn't come into the discussion at all, so don't let that put you off. If the Soup Run doesn't appeal, ICCAG organises other activities such as doing odd jobs or visiting the elderly. Its main problem seems to be a lack of active members—last year it had a mailing list of about a hundred, of which only a dozen or so people regularly helped.



It was a hot, steamy morning—an evil start in an evil city. I can't think of any dialogue so there's 300 words of boring description to think of. Never mind, there's a body involved. The clock struck twelve. Midnight is an evil hour. The streets are littered with broken bottles, broken promises and broken houses. It's half past noon and I've just got out of bed.

I separated the slats of the blind and squeezed a look out. Batman and Robin weaved thro' the lunchtime traffic in their Metro on the way to City Hall. After the 6th cup of coffee (is your house a Maxwell house?) the little green men underneath the wainscot had started to wake up. I hit the office about one, blew the dust off the empty filing cabinets and sorted the mail. Wouldn't a letter say it better? The Mormons certainly thought so, and there was one from my ex-personal tutor, saying please bring the books back. One of those crazy days. I settled down and let the chair get nicely adjusted to my spine.

I usually went for lunch at one of those neighbourhood Jewish bakeries that still uses an adding machine. Then sell rock-hard pretzels, pear shaped truffles, cheese and almond croissants, but you can't get a ham roll for love or money. It was sweaty like you knew that the weathermen had got it wrong, and the office girls were parading their thin blouses and eating truly adult icecream. Just as I was about to duck into Jerry's, I saw a brown check suit making up the opposite sidewalk. You can't follow a man's back for ten years without knowing it; a face can be disguised. I figured that anything that was Glitery Doberman's business was my business too, so I stuck to him all the way up Earl's Court Road like one of those crows in the Kia-Ora ad. Ah'll be yaw dawg.

Lunchtime was nearly over and he still hadn't noticed I was there. He turned into a medium sized office block, and, after a decent interval, I followed him in. Nice place—Swiss cheese plants, integrated ceiling—pity about the missing light bulbs. One of those stupid overpaid tarts the Lucie Clayton School turn out gave me the raised eyebrow treatment. I gave her my sweetest smile and passed through. Away from the lobby the place looked worse. I guessed that Doby would be heading for the men's room—a reckless drinking youth had left him with bladder problems. I don't know what happened to the youth. Sure enough, I found him, but death was a sixteenth of an inch behind his eyeballs. Observation is one tenth of a PI's job. I found nothing in his pockets but a green tic tac box, full. With a hunch forming I legged it to the tic tac machine I'd noticed on the way in. Wedged between it and the wall was a piece of decorated cardboard—a matchbook from a yuppie wine bar in the Wild West End where the traffic wardens never sleep.

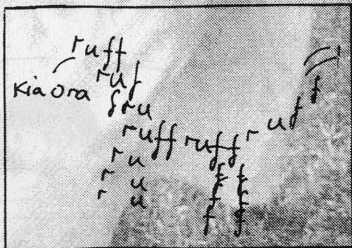
The place had a pokey little front but they'd made up for it by digging out a basement. Dark green blinds, green hardback chairs, more pot plants with the odd fag end poking out, and those whirly bird fans to give it the Casablanca touch. In a wine bar the furniture shows the manners the customers have got, and expectations

be polite with dames. She leant back on her wheel-clamped Renault 5, wondering if I was taking the Michael, and spun me a yarn about getting a traffic warden and a kissogram confused. That was fine, but I didn't like the look of the handcuffs and hypodermic on the passenger seat, so I ducked out of that

Processes'' and a toothpick...made out of a matchstick. Only half the word on it was left, but that was all I needed. In quarter of an hour I was at Warney's advertising agency. For some reason they'd never been major clients of mine. It was time to change all that.

The city streets were dark and watchful, like a ribbon of oil with Cerberus chained at one end. Down in a corner of the square, by the park a huddle of modern day valkeries slouched over their bikes, waiting for the battle call on their two way radios that would send them breaking the speed limits all over London—a fast, reliable courier service. The Warney building was blacked out, but the caretaker was drunk out and the security system was almost as bad as Imperial College's. I prowled the corridors, waiting for something to happen. It usually did, and this time was no exception. The third body of the day lay in a pool of blood in a copywriter's room. Only this one wasn't quite dead. As I knelt down beside him a hand clutched at my blouse and he gasped the secrets of his lifetime's work—how Mars Bars change in size, the Great Washing Machine Liquid Swindle, How the Tories Won their Third Election and all about the additives that were added to Coca-Cola at the express wish of the American dental agencies. As a dying gesture he pressed a matchbook into my hand before his final gurgle. I looked around sadly. English wool carpets have more spring, but they also take a hell of a lot more cleaning. Back to the matchbook. I didn't know Jerry's ran to matchbooks. Suddenly it all became depressingly clear. Jerry was the boss of a set of multimillion pound gold bullion robbers, and they had to stash their stuff in the engines of the QE2 before she finished her refit (so that was why they never worked!). The whole day was planned to keep me clear. I dashed downstairs—I hate high heels, you can't walk in them, let alone run. But by the time I got back to the Olds it was daylight again. I was in my office, and Jerry was ringing me to ask if I was coming round today for my customary prawn and mayonnaise salad roll with chocolate truffle pastry on the side. I never did get to the bottom of it.

weren't high; the carpet was washable and the green tables covered with glass. It was about as tasteful as



Pizzaland. A guy in the corner with a face like a soft boiled egg was drinking Bacardi and a slice of imagination. He looked as if he needed it. I didn't have long to wait for developments. A fast clicking and a tall blonde on stilts bust into the street opposite with a wall of despair. I mosed over for a closer inspection and she tossed me a look like I'd eaten her last rolo. I nudged my hat and gave her my card—it always pays to

one. I don't do sisters. She chased me into a mean looking covered service alley that blindly trundled behind some chop houses. I pushed a door open and found myself in the kitchen of Pon-kei, the cheapest Chinese restaurant in town. The waiters weren't expecting me. Neither was the flabby stuff they were busily employed in cutting up on the slab. So that's how they keep the prices down. Perhaps he didn't pay his bill. The stooge's clothes were bundled on the floor. I let them have a few from the browning, grabbed the guys wallet, and fled through the front door before they could send more than five meat cleavers in my general direction. Even the butch Aryan sister was preferable to these. I bet she drinks Carling Black Label.

Back in the Olds I examined my prize—a well worn leather wallet, no cash, a load of credit cards including the latest Barclays fiddle, a page of a journal called 'Organisational Behaviour and Human Decision

Wine

A wine bar whine

Kensington has more than its fair share of wine bars—though the quality of many of them leaves a lot to be desired.

They tend to be dark, dingy pub conversions that retain the distinctive smell of stale beer.

You pay £2 for a small glass of warm German piss that gives you a headache. The Ploughman's lunch is usually a mouse-trap sized piece of mild cheddar with a wilted lettuce leaf and a large dollop of Branston pickle. (Perhaps it is just me, but the pickle always seems to end up on the handle of the plastic knife.)

By contrast, the **Church Street Wine Bar**, which opened last week, is light and airy and serves fine wines and good food. The decor is simple but stylish: plain walls and tubular stool.

The wine list is much better than usual for wine bars. There are ten different champagnes, ranging from *Krug Grand Cuvée* at £35 a bottle to the house champagne at £2.85 a glass.

The list of around 70 wines covers France, Spain, Portugal, Italy,

Australia, New Zealand, California and Germany.

Vivacious managing director Janie Greenall hadn't wanted to include Germany but she was persuaded to include a *Niersteiner Gutes Domtal*. At £5.95 a bottle, I guess not many people will be foolish enough to buy it.

Better value for summer drinking is the *Pinot Blanc* from Alsace, from the excellent house of Gisselbrecht, at £1.65 a glass. Alternatively, try a *Muscadet de Sèvre et Maine sur lie* (two steps up from ordinary *Muscadet*) at £1.60 a glass.

The house claret is probably worth a miss. It is made by Borie Manoux—who also makes the notorious *Imperial College Common Room Cuvée*. It's probably the same wine with a different label. If you must drink it then buy it from the College cellar for roughly half the price.

At the wine bar, try the *House Red, Cuvée Jacques Mathiot* at £1.25 a glass, or the *Teobaldi I 1983* from Spain at £1.35.

If you really want to splash out you

can often get best value for your money from the New World. Among the whites, the Australian *Hunter Valley Sémillon Chardonnay* from Penfolds is £8.15 a bottle and well worth a try. Also from Aus is the red *Koonunga Hill 1985* at £8.95.

The food at the launch party last week was excellent, as you'd expect. It remains to be seen how the quality keeps up. The sample menus look exciting, though. Apple and stilton soup; sautéed duck's livers, chicken and artichoke pie; fresh pasta with basil, bacon and cream; blackcurrant and mint pie.

A long way from the Ploughman's lunch. But, of course, it's a bit more pricey, too. You don't have to have a three-course meal, so if you just want a starter and a glass of wine, allow a minimum of £5 a head.

For a three course meal with wine, allow at least £15.

There are few more pleasant ways of sliding inexorably further into debt than in the consumption of fine wines and good food in pleasant surroundings.

Books

The silent twins

In the spring of 1982, two girls were sentenced to an indefinite period of detention at Broadmoor. Their names were Jennifer and June Gibbons, nineteen-year-old twins. The incredible story of their lives and the events leading up to their trial and incarceration is told in a new book by award winning campaign journalist of the Times and Sunday Times, Marjorie Wallace.

The story is one of the ultimate love-hate relationship between identical twins, the struggle for individuality and recognition in an uncaring world, and their final cry for help and downfall.

The twins were born daughters of a Service family in Aden, and their early lives were characterised by the endless moving associated with Forces life. However, it soon became clear that they were not destined to be normal happy children. They were slow to start speaking, and as soon as their schooling began, their speech development ground to a halt. They became shy, introverted, speaking only to one another, in private, while presenting a wall of silence to the outside world. Incredibly, this went unchecked, and by the time they reached teenage life, they were apparently totally uneducated. In private they had lived on a diet of pulp fiction and television, developing a love of writing tainted by all that is worst in the distorted view of life presented by romantic novels and American television. Locked away in their room at home they took correspondence courses in writing, spent what little money they had on attempting to get their work published, and wrote endless diaries. Tragically, they developed a deadly love-hate relationship, competing to be best in whatever they did. This ballooned in their liaisons with US Air Force servicemen at the base where they lived. Jealousy between the two led to fights and even attempts on one another's lives. Realising that they were paradoxically inseparable, but unable to exist together, the twins set out on a course of destruction and crime as a cry for help.

The tale is riveting, but the style of writing can be annoying. In an attempt to prevent the story being recounted as a medical case history it hops between excerpts from the twins' diaries, interviews with concerned parties, and a presentation of the story in novel form. Despite these distractions, the book is compulsive reading, and a fascinating insight into the psychology of twins, with an ultimately tragic ending.

David Burns

Food

Ice cream Civ Eng

An icecream freak's paradise, and a mere mortal's journey into the unknown, can be found at the Underground Food Factory, at 13 Wardour Street. For £1.35 you are allowed to make your own icecream, using strawberry and vanilla flavours, and a vast multitude of sauces and toppings. There is no limit to the amount that you put into the sundae dish, so provided you use the wafers dexterously, you can build the icecream equivalent of the Empire State Building. The only problem is eating it—a bib is recommended!

They also do pizzas, ribs, etc, and as a final incentive, they give all ladies a balloon to take home! If you are in a rush, or can't make it to Leicester Square before the cravings start, there is always Grangelatto's in Montpelier Street, near Harrods. They make the best homemade icecream in London, you can go through orgies of self-indulgence sampling the thirty or so flavours!

By the way, a sure way to overcome the cravings is to read the dictionary definition of icecream—yuk!

Rachel

Rock

Rock, Riff and a random

In the world of rock 'n' roll there are a million musicians in the 'could have been stars club'. All they needed was the 'big break' the chance to play alongside Ian Gillan, say, or take over from Randy Rhodes with Ozzy Osborne; just like Bernie Tormé.

However, neither of these were to work out for Bernie, and it was back to his long standing personal projects. The past couple of years have seen the rise of *Tormé*, the band; there was even keen record company interest, which sadly came to nothing. The biggest blow came a few months ago when ex-*Girl* vocalist, Phil Lewis, deserted to America and the *LA Guns*.

The new band has emerged under the guise of the *Gypsy Cowboys*. The line up features Chris Heilman (bass), Steve Dior (vocals) and A Random (drums), but I have been told Steve is only temporarily up front.

All of the old faces were in the crowd, ready for the return of their hero, who arrived casually onto the Marquee stage and not surprisingly used *Wild West* as an opener. In fact the show was to see only three songs from the *Tormé* era, the most notable of these being *Star*, a perfect mixture of hard rock guitar riffs and pop melody.

Bernie's work tonight seemed more relaxed and flowing than of late. He threw solos and riffs at the audience in a manner which showed he was in control and was not holding anything back to soothe a Phil Lewis ego, indeed the vocalist Steve Dior didn't seem to have a personality, never mind an ego!

Mr Dior was the one disappointment of the show. He was totally lost in the sound mix and what was audible was little more than average. Add to this his lack of stage presence and it all comes to a dead end career-wise.

The rhythm section of the band could not be faulted, in fact the drummer was a good deal better than Bernie's old drummer, Ian Whitewood. As ever, Chris Heilman provided a good solid and relevant bass line.

In its present form, ie with that vocalist, the band is not as strong as they were with Phil Lewis. However, the band is more comfortable without him and, given a vocalist with personality but no ego, this could well be the line up that gives Bernie his chance, perhaps his last chance.

David Williams



If you feel lost without Fido or Tibbles, why not get a plant? Plants have many advantages over animals as pets—they don't for example wake you up in the middle of the night, rip your wallpaper or need cleaning out. If you get bored with your plant you could even eat it (providing it is not poisonous).

Having decided to keep a plant, the first thing to do is to choose what it is you wish to grow. If you want to be able to eat it eventually, it is usually best to choose an edible variety. Since apple trees tend to take up a lot of room, many people decide to grow mustard and cress. This can of course be grown in a wide range of amusing places, like used eggshells, lecture notes and other people's carpets. More adventurous plant lovers could try sewing a row of lettuce along their windowsills or attaching runner bean strings to their wardrobes but permanent damage to furniture should be avoided if at all possible (even if it is in the name of horticulture).

As many students have discovered, there are many interesting plants which one can grow without a large initial capital outlay. One of the more successful of these which I have tried is the orange plant. For best results, the pips should be soaked in water for a week and put in the fridge for a similar length of time. They should then be transferred to a pot of soil, kept in an airtight plastic bag in a warm dark airing cupboard and left until the shoots are about a centimetre long. At this stage they can be put in a light airy position.

Other 'plants for free' include acorns, carrot-top ferns and potatoes. It may be necessary to obtain soil and a suitable container, but the cost of this is usually within the budget of most people. Another possibility is the growing of 'cultures' of fungus or mould, for example in old, unwashed

coffee cups. The method may be learned from any 'genuine' student. The eventual washing up of such cups is thought to be the origin of the phrase 'culture shock'.

Of course, a serious plantsperson will be inclined towards more extravagant undertakings. The choice is very wide. A trip to any nursery (and there is a very good one on the Earl's Court Road) will reveal a wealth of attractive pot plants and seeds. There are annuals, perennials, flowering plants, foliage plants and so on, to choose from. Anything from a poinsettia to a pansy will make an excellent pet plant. If you are feeling rich, spider orchids can be grown with surprising ease in normal room conditions. If you wish to grow such unusual plants, however, I would definitely recommend that you invest in a good plant book, as it is important to get the soil and other conditions right.

Another interesting development in plant-growing is to find unusual containers. It is now somewhat old hat to put a herb garden in an old Victorian sink, but why stop at such tame receptacles? Metal should be treated with caution as it tends to rust, and don't forget to ensure your plant has adequate drainage (this is helped by lining the bottom of the container with broken plant pots, for instance). Cardboard boxes have obvious disadvantages, but anything plastic is worth considering. There was once a craze for melting old records and bending them to form plant pots, but

The Day of the Triffids

Pippa Trout

don't play them any faster than 33½ rpm once the plant is in the pot. One suggestion I have is to line a drawer or even a used grapefruit tango can with a plastic bag. Alternatively, you could try decorating a standard plant pot with paint or anything else that takes your fancy.

Once one has a plant well established in a satisfactory container, one should turn one's attention to maintenance and long-term plant care. The most important thing to remember is to water the soil. Exact watering requirements vary from plant to plant, but as a general rule, the plant will appreciate room-temperature water whenever the soil stops feeling moist. Many plants require less water in the winter months. The plant will also benefit from being transferred to a larger container (with enough soil to fill up the gaps round the edge) when its roots just show through the drainage holes in the bottom of the container. Whether to use fertiliser or insecticide is a rather contentious issue: personally I prefer the 'organic' approach, which has the added attraction that, in general, you simply ignore such complications. Occasionally I like to pour weak tea over the soil instead of water, especially in the case of ferns, but the use of herbicide is to be discouraged.

Finally, to one of the most widely debated aspects of plant growing, one which causes emotional reactions in many people. This is, of course, whether one should talk to plants or not. It seems that the plant will benefit from this treatment, because when you are talking to it you come close enough to see whether it needs watering or is being eaten by various nasties for example. I definitely advocate giving pot plants names as I feel it strengthens the emotional ties and bonding between plant and grower. The disadvantage is that one tends to be rather more upset by the plant's ill health or death. However, rather than pontificate any more I will leave you with a final thought from one of the great philosophers of our time: Whether or not you talk to your plant, the important thing is to listen.

Alumnus Day

A lot of people have passed through this place—some 60,000 of them are currently believed to be amongst the quick. It is strange—but the College knows of the whereabouts of fewer than half our alumni—perhaps fewer than a quarter. We would like to know where they all reside...

The Alumnus Office has been trying to remedy this state of affairs, armed with a few PCs, a large hard disk, willing hands and much enthusiasm. It is up-hill work—but we are getting there. We want to know the Imperial College alumni—be they the class of 1986 or 1926, their advice to us can be invaluable. Besides which they all gave three years of a critical part of their lives to study here; many have a natural curiosity to see what has happened to the place these 12 months, these sixty years.

Alumnus day is our first coherent attempt at meeting Imperial College alumni en masse. At this, our first attempt, the mass may not be that large—but will probably approach 1000 people. I believe that their primary interest will be to visit their own Departments—all of which will be "open" from 2pm to 7pm. There will be tea on the Queen's Lawn, (it never rains on 7 July) music from string quartets, a talk by the Rector in the Great Hall at 5.30, for all of those who have done too much standing, supper in the Beit Quad (it never...), and much else.

Postgraduate students will be much involved in demonstrating in their own Departments and with the other activities. All Imperial College students who happen to be around are welcome to participate—to visit Departments—including some that they may never before have penetrated. I hope that you will be kind to the visitors—remember that one day you will (I hope) be one of them...

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Debagged

'When did you last see your trousers?' is a brilliant farce. Currently playing in the West End, it stars William Gaunt, Susie Blake and Michael Sharvell-Martin amongst others.

William Gaunt, who played Arthur Crabtree in the magnificent BBC television series *No Place Like Home*, is cast as Howard, an unfaithful husband whose mistress, Penny, owns a flat in Knightsbridge.

The fun begins when Howard and Penny (played by Susie Blake) wake up together in Penny's flat to find that they have been burgled and as well as several items of jewellery, the inconsiderate burglar has also stolen Howard's trousers.

This leaves Howard with the problem of how to get home and how to explain to his wife why he is only wearing his underwear.

The action really hots up when Howard steals a pair of trousers from Penny's neighbour (played by Michael Sharvell-Martin) only to throw them away again later after eating a mince pie spiked with hash.

William Gaunt and Michael Sharvell-Martin, who also appeared in *No Place Like Home* as Arthur Crabtree's neighbour, Trevor, make an excellent team and make this farce one of the best I have ever seen.

When did you last see your trousers? is currently showing at the Garrick Theatre on Charing Cross Road (100 yards South of Leicester Square tube station) Monday to Saturday at 8pm, with matinées at 3pm on Tuesday and 5pm on Saturday.

Prices of seats range from £7.50 to £13.50 but if you go on any Monday to Thursday evening a student standby ticket will get you the best available seat in the house for only £5 (available from half an hour before the performance) but remember to take your ULU card with you.

Overall, *When did you last see your trousers?* provides an excellent evening's entertainment. A good time guaranteed for all.

Steve Gutteridge

Answers to news quiz

1. C, 2. D, 3. C, 4. A, 5. C, 6. C, 7. C, 8. C, 9. A, 10. C, 11. None of these, trick question, 12. D, 13. C/D/E, 14. B, 15. We daren't say, 16. B, 17. C, 18. A/C, 19. A/B/C/D/E, 20. B, 21. B, 22. A, 23. A, 24. B.

A night on the town



Everyone's idea of a good night on the tiles varies a great deal. So I'm sure it is taken for granted that it's up to you to enjoy yourself, whatever the cost—and London can be an expensive place when having fun.

Club bar prices are usually over the top (you can forget Union bar prices) so get a few in at a pub beforehand—but remember if you wait until chucking-out time you could have trouble on the door at a lot of places, especially on Fridays and Saturdays, and unless you want to queue (or know the doormen) go early-ish (before about 10.30) you won't get many problems at this time of night and you might even find it's slightly cheaper before 11.00.

Some of the places listed below are more music venues than night clubs so check in *Time Out* or *City Limits* to see who's playing.

100 Club, Oxford Street—Great place to see a lively band (*Boogie Brothers*, *Rent Party* anything African). Audience can be quite wild so go well prepared!

Fridge, Brixton—Converted cinema is very big. Excellent party nights, very ordinary crowd having a good time, be prepared to get searched on the way in watch out for the TV walls.

Academy, Brixton—Another converted cinema, pretty basic. Very ordinary place to see a band.

Bass Clef, Hoxton—Small, hot, incredibly lively and energy-draining—you can't go wrong if you like African or Latin music. Stick around for the Reggae afterwards as well.

Clarendon, Hammersmith—A dump with no style, shoot upstairs and stay all night.

Broadway Boulevard, Ealing—It's worth hitting this very smart disco

where there's a good friendly atmosphere and a surprising shortage of posers. Smart lights and smart crowd!

Dingwalls, Camden Lock—Sweat it out to one of your favourite pub bands.

Camden Palace, Camden—"Sixties night" is a very friendly night at this old Boy George hang out, be prepared to dance with anyone and everyone.

Le Beat Route, Gerard Street—A bit of a tourist trap, worth going to see those groovy Italian posers.

Xenon, Picadilly—Lots to see and do—I've seen fire eaters and jugglers here—don't bother with the sick-making cocktails though.

Palookaville, Covent Garden—Nice relaxed jazz bar.

Wag Club, Wardour Street—The crowd aren't as outrageous as they used to be. Good jazz band on Monday—swing those hipster jeans!

Zeeta's, Putney—A good party atmosphere with the right kind of people.

Empire, Leicester Square—Very young crowd from the suburbs—don't forget your puffed skirt!

The Park, Kensington—Smart disco atmosphere. Choose the right night and save a bit of cash, Tuesdays I think if you can bear to mix with more bloody students.

Shaftesbury's, Shaftesbury Ave—Very ordinary disco. You can borrow this place for a private party if you're rich.

Heaven, Waterloo—Quite an eye-opener even on "straight" nights.

Maximus, Leicester Square—Don't like discos? Don't go here.

There are hundreds of clubs in London and they change hands regularly so you're bound to find something that suits your style.

Rose Atkins

Small Ads

ANNOUNCEMENTS

● **Riding Club hats**—Please bring all hats to the last meeting, or return them to the Life Sci Office before the end of term with your name.

● **Canoeing**—anyone interested in 2 weeks cheap canoeing in Austria this Sept/Oct contact N Pickering c/o Geology.

● **To this year's** and next year's ICSO committee members—thanks for all your hard work this term—hope to see you in October. With love from Tim and Rachel.

● **Teacher of Physics for CE and GCSE** An enthusiastic Physics teacher is required for Thomas's Senior School for September 1987. Full or part time considered: Ability to teach Maths an advantage. Salary according to new Government scales. Please send CV to the Principals, 15—17 Cadogan Gardens, London SW3 2RL or telephone Miss Emma Hardy on 01-730 0366 for further details (24 hour answerphone).

● **Wildlife Soc**—(very) early morning rambles. See R J Saacs or F Marsh (Life Sci I) for details.

FOR SALE

● **1 computer** and 1 finance software package. Hardly used (properly anyway). Serious offers only ring The Battersea Barrow Boy (int 3101).

● **Yamaha RX15** Digital Drum Machine with sampled sounds, excellent condition £250. Phone Andy on 01-748 6744.

● **Genesis** ticket for sale for 4th July 1987. Cost me £15—offers to Birgit 998 6208.

ACCOMMODATION

● **3 bed**, sitting room, kitchen, bathroom. 6 people, £180 per person per month (includes central heating and hot water). Phone 486 0089.

● **1, 2 and 3 bed** flats available for summer from 1st July until 25th September. £180 per person per month. Phone 486 0089 or 486 9202.

PERSONAL

● **Riding Club** quote of the week: G B on L R: One of these days I'll have to bring out my bullwhip—it's the only thing that'll shut her up.

