



Felix

THE NEWSLETTER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION



Loans Demo Bad Publicity

Dear Editor,

I feel I must write in response to a letter which appeared in issue 820 on December 2. It is the one concerned with the perception of the apparent apathy of IC students in general towards Student Loans.

I, for one, am certainly not in favour of them. Neither do I feel total indifference towards the subject. I believe that going on a demonstration is everyone's right as we are living in a democracy. I grant you that the demonstration received widespread publicity, but so too did the negative aspects of its latter stages. This will only serve to fuel criticism and unsubstantiated beliefs that university students are hotheads and only looking for trouble. I am sure that all those who signed the letter wholeheartedly disapproved of the events with the Police at the time of the march. I would be much happier, however, if I saw their signatures at the bottom of letters to their local MP, voicing their objections about Student Loans, rather than seeing them in a letter to FELIX, which labels all IC students as apathetic. Such a letter might not seem a very strong action or appear to have much impact, but if the 'thousands' who took part in the march 'from as far afield as Dundee' did so then perhaps Kenneth Baker and his Parliamentary colleagues would pay more attention to the students' plight.

After all, we live in a system where the MPs are meant to act as our representatives when decisions concerning policies and laws are made. It may not be 100% efficient but let us make the most of it and carry out some positive and decisive action.

Yours,

L Abati, *Life Sci 2*.

An Open Mind?

Dear Editor,

Some of the issues facing us today are important for us to consider, however, I must say that the 'Questions 88' discussion missed the mark by a mile. 'Questions 88' was an event organised by the IC Islamic Society two weeks ago, in which they said they sought to compare the three ideologies, Islam, Democracy and Socialism. The Muslim speaker, understandably heavily biased towards Islam, started his comparison by equating socialism with communism and democracy with capitalism. If this were really the case, then why have two distinctly different words in the English language to describe them? As most informed historians would agree, the first signs of socialism are seen in early Jewish history, long before either Islam or communism were thought up. So it was put to the speaker that perhaps a comparison of Islam and Judaism would be more appropriate here? The speaker replied that Judaism was not 'a way of life' and wasn't worth talking about, he wanted to talk about communism. So let us resign and allow him to have his way.

From this position he proceeded to expound how, in its origins (ie not taking contemporary extensions into account) communism believed in the non-existence of God, and capitalism didn't care about God. However, as any visitor to America would be able to verify, passed down from the American Constitutions (or 'creed' as the speaker put it) all of the US money has printed on it 'in God we trust'. It seems so pointless to have a debate of this nature at Imperial just so that a speaker can share his ignorance with us.

A 'Questions 88' leaflet asked 'Do You Have An Open Mind?'. Perhaps it would have been better phrased, do you have an open mouth? As the speaker treated the debate in the way a mother would, force feeding her baby, waving off the pesky flies of communism and capitalism. But then again can a Muslim have an open mind, as like the speaker said, their freedom lies in that if they disagree with something in Islam, they get three days to argue about it, before they are put to death. In future, however, the Imperial College Islamic Society could perhaps invite a more informed speaker, if they intend to compare Islam with other ideologies.

Yours sincerely,

Keith T Adeney, *Elec Eng 3*.

Wendy's Letter

Dear Bill,

It seems that I can no longer appear to be sitting smugly in my Ivory Union Tower doing absolutely nothing about students loans.

I must confess that when first approached about the mass lobby on Thursday 24 it was by individuals associated with IC Socialist Worker Society who in my view merely act as a front for the SWP in a not always amenable manner. For that reason, I was hesitant to attend the march.

Since then I have spent a considerable amount of time digesting the White Paper, not just reading it, but making notes and considering the implications of the finer details.

There are two stages of opposition to the scheme which can be taken; that of opposing the principle or opposing the practicalities of the system.

I do not suggest for one moment that the principle be accepted but that if all our eggs are in one basket, then a loans system may be implemented which apart from anything else, takes very little account of the cost of living in London.

It is therefore my intention to produce a paper for submission to the Governing Bodies of both Imperial and other London colleges highlighting the effect the system will have on the quality of student life and ultimately the intake levels upon which they so heavily rely.

The main problem with London is that the 'extra' loan facility on top of the 'full' value of the grant will barely cover the loss of housing benefit and that consequently students will still be graduating with heavy bank overdrafts over and above their student loan. The Government's proposals for repayment of the loan will become somewhat irrelevant when a student has a bank breathing down his neck, for quick repayment of an overdraft, perhaps in excess of the loan.

If London colleges and their students are not to be discriminated against, an index-linked 'free' loan must be provided as well as the top-up loan to take account of inflated rents, travel, food, costs, etc, otherwise the only students who will be able to study in London will be those undertaking course that are guaranteed to provide healthy salaries and give a high chance of obtaining sponsorships; the Royal College of Science will be worse hit by this.

So, perhaps in the future, those who think I couldn't be bothered to attend the march should perhaps come and speak to me so that our ignorance of each other's activities and aims can be remedied.

Yours,

Ian Morris, *ICU Hon Sec*.

On your bike Harry

Dear Bill,

Thank you for the feature about me in FELIX recently. As a 'Character' at IC I believe I have widened the concept of what is a Professional Mathematician!!

FELIX readers may be interested to know that I used my techniques to obtain all the numbers up to 200 digits asked for by Keith Devlin in the Guardian Micro-Maths (17th Nov). His problem was stated as: 527 degreesF is such that it becomes 275 degreesC: so what is the next number with this property that the 5 moves from the front to the back when you change from F to C.

The next number with this property is 5294, 111764, 70588 F = 2941, 17647, 05882, 35275 C.

To determine all such numbers up to 200 digits took .081 sec execution time and I'll send you the program (all 21 lines of it) and output.

However the reason for this letter is that I have been approached to take part in a Project that might interest some IC students.

Bill Morgan is a stuntman who has featured in James Bond films as well as others. He wants to make the longest motorcycle jump and land in water in London Docks and so get into the Guinness Book of Records. (His target is around 225 feet.) He has sponsorship from a French Circus which puts on dare-devil feats and Channel 4 TV is interested. He is not worried about landing in the water at around 60 mph... 'I can have speed boats churning up the water so that I land in foam...' What he wants to know about is the dynamics involved.

Treating the bike and Bill as a 'particle' (typical mathematical approximation!) he should lift off at 45 degrees (it will be from a ramp on a dockside), travelling at about 60 mph. The particle will then rise to around 110 feet and plunge into lovely Thames Water. This is of course, neglecting..., neglecting...and what about...?

An accurate careful analysis of the whole event, including entry into the water, will not be easy and the 'show' is scheduled for later summer 1989. What is being initially aimed for, if we can formulate the equations correctly, is a realistic graphic visual computer simulation so that we can see how Bill and his bike will fare as they fly through the air and enter the water.

I feel that such a real and human project might attract sufficient interest from some IC students that they might like to participate. (In the design of experiment aspect!! Incidentally Bill Morgan's father was at IC as a student in the Aero Department...so he tells me.) If so then a line to me, via FELIX or MSF Office, Sherfield Building, would be warmly welcomed.

Harry Fairbrother.

Suntan Health Shock

Dear Editor,

I was rather surprised to read of the proposal to include a solarium in the new College 'Health' Club (FELIX 819). I had hoped that the desire of the young and fair-skinned to burn their bodies to a frazzle was on the wane; but it would seem that no 'Health' Club is complete without the sun lamp, which imparts neither health nor vigour, except when used to treat a few medical conditions under qualified supervision. For some unfortunate individuals the consequences of an artificially maintained year-round tan are premature ageing of the skin and/or skin cancer. I think you would be hard-pushed to find a dermatologist who would approve of even the newer so-called safer sun lamps for purely cosmetic purposes.

Sun worshippers may argue that tanning is harmless if practiced in moderation, and indeed not everyone with a fair skin who spends a lifetime in a sunny climate develops skin cancer, just as many people at our chillier latitude do, and sometimes on parts of their bodies usually protected by clothing. There is no way I know of determining a 'safe' level of exposure to natural or artificial sunlight for any individual, but some generalisations may be made.

1. The fairer your skin, the greater the risk.
2. Skin cancers are extremely common forms of cancer in Caucasians in sunny countries such as Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.
3. The most common site affected is the face, as this is usually constantly exposed to sunlight, and the people affected are often those who work or spend their leisure time out of doors.

I would like to stress that I am not suggesting that we should hide from the sun which is necessary to both our physical and emotional well-being. But I do feel we should avoid additional 'out of season' tanning, by natural or artificial means. I also feel we should not seek to perpetuate the myth that unlimited tanning is healthy, as distinct from an exercise in vanity, by filling our Health Gyms with solaria.

Yours faithfully,

Alison Davies, Library Assistant, Geology Library, formerly staff nurse at the Department of Radiotherapy, North Middlesex Hospital.

PS. I like your alcohol special, but I believe that 1/2 a pint of beer contains 1 unit of alcohol, not 1/4 pint as stated in fig. 1.

(Edited viciously due to space)

Industrial Dispute

Dear Bill,

As a member of the Indsoc Committee, I am writing to set the record straight over the 'Careers Fair scandal' reported in last week's issue of FELIX.

The Industrial Society has run the Careers Fair for a number of years. Companies and students always comment on how well it is run and a large profit is made.

In past years this has gone to pay for events, but this year the Union is taking £8,000 of the profit while Indsoc receives £2000.

The Union has not organised the Careers Fair and Indsoc has provided all the manpower.

In your article you stated that £2000 was to be spent on a dinner. This is incorrect, in fact, £400 was spent on a dinner for 15 people at £25 per head. This expenditure was specifically approved by Nigel Baker prior to the fair although he now seems to have changed his mind.

As a Committee we felt that it would be wrong to pay ourselves so we decided instead on a dinner. This was open to anybody who came and put in forty hours work over four days consisting of Monday afternoon and evening as well as twelve hours each day on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Only one non-committee member did so, although it wasn't Chas Brereton, who tried to invite himself along.

To conclude, our dinner was in payment for a minimum of forty hours work, and that doesn't include the previous nine months organisational effort put in by Indsoc and I deeply resent the insinuation that we had a piss-up at ICU's expense.

If we were to be paid properly then we would each receive over £80, but we didn't request this as the whole aim is to raise money for Indsoc members' benefit.

Please get your facts straight before you start making allegations.

Yours,

S J McCall, Elec Eng 2

Milk

Dear Bill,

30/11/88

The RCSU Office is the one place I know, where anomalies appear regularly in the everyday running of life. It is also a place where astounding feats of creativity are instituted. Everyday one or the other of these things is guaranteed to occur.

Today, it is the appearance of around four hundred pints of milk. The milk is stored in 40 pint containers. But, how the milk is contained, and in what manner it arrived, are of little consequence. That is, these questions take no precedence in the minds of the people of the RCS, who now have to figure out what to do with this quantity of milk. It didn't take them long to figure out that they can't drink it all. Not even if they

have no other form of nourishment for the next five days. (Five days is the limit that I put on the milk staying fresh!)

One hack I spoke to had written his name on one of the containers. 'That's mine!' he said. He claimed that he was going to drink it all. I pointed out that he had three days to the sell-by date, and that the container was larger than his torso. 'Well, I'm going to buy lots of breakfast cereal.' Was the convincing reply.

An attempt has been made to sell over the phone a large quantity of milk to the various refectories and food outlets around College, with some success it seems! Although, some form of explanation was found to be necessary before the potential buyers would take the offer seriously.

Does anyone fancy a milk-drinking competition? No one around here seems to like the idea. They've already got it coming out of their ears!

I just hope that there isn't another delivery error tomorrow.

Yours in disbelief,

P Hopkins.

Debate

Dear Bill,

Your correspondent, Alistair Goodall, is very disturbed at the prospect of open debate on South Africa. If he would be so good as to attend one of our meetings he would find that debates are an opportunity to question someone who holds views that are not necessarily the same as one's own: it is by this intelligent, thought-provoking process that other people have the freedom to arrive at opinions entirely as rational as his.

Yours,

Lynda Matthews, Debsoc Chair.

Denial

Dear Bill,

I've got this terrible problem. I was the one who had to set out the letter page and I happily chopped and pasted & horribly mutilated a long letter so it would all fit.

But,

But I made a HEINOUS miscalculation, because I soon found out that there was an ENORMOUS GAP at the end of the page.

I'm sorry Alison Davies! I'm so sorry, I didn't need to do that to your letter. OH! GHASTLY mistake! What to do? I ran around the FELIX office tearing my hair out in a PAROXYSM of terror. What will the EDITOR do when he discovers?

I repent, I repent, I can't stand the tension. I grovel at your feet, denizens of the far corner of Beit.

But this left me with a BIG PROBLEM, because now I had an ENORMOUS GAP to fill. How to do it? I must somehow in a way the editor won't notice. See if you can spot the filling letter.

Name and account number withheld by request.

Norman the ex-Union Rat returns

Dear Bill,

Here's a note for your bumper Christmas edition which you may find time to read, that is if Liz Warren lets you come up for air. It's good to see that at least two students will be warm during these long, dark winter nights. After all, 'tis the season to be jolly, though at IC one has to be very jolly indeed for the whopping 19-day 'holiday.' Christmas might pass by completely unnoticed if the break was any shorter. Several people have thought of an alternative to holidays - sabbatical. This wonderful institution, taking its name from the hebrew word 'shabath', to rest, gives people an opportunity to sharpen pencils (Deputy President Chas Brereton), bonk nurses (Honorary Secretary Wendy Morris), or wear cheap suits and do

nothing (Union President Nigel Baker).

In order to qualify one has to win votes, and here are some tips on how to gain Sab Cred:

1. The Steph Snell Approach: Chain yourself to the microphone at UGM's. This is similar to Suffragette tactics, and every bit as annoying.

2. The Dream Ticket Approach: Team up with some bona fide hacks (The Cosmic Ferret, Dave Williams ... shurley shome mistake - Ed ... etc.) This should have the opposite effect to Dan Quayle.

3. The Literate Approach: Write at least two letters per week to Felix. This is the method preferred by Frank Leppington, head of the Maths Department. Unfortunately Frank does not qualify for a sabbatical, but this does not stop him writing a lot of letters.

One person who has already earned his Sabbatical Holiday Package is now aspiring to greater glory. He means to become ULU president, although his wardrobe is by Marks and Spencer and he doesn't give a toss about anything. Personally I don't think Nigel Baker will make it. His last name is a complete non-starter, and his fear of getting his suit damaged during protests (viz. Westminster Bridge)

seems to throw his manhood into question.

In matters of fashion one has to admire Wendy Morris, my adopted father. His dress sense is impeccable - nowadays that is. On taking a trip through a worm-hole in space-time to Wendy's past I found quite a different state of affairs. He was a sorry sight - greasy hair, flares, Doc Martins and volcanic acne. A nurse wouldn't have looked twice at him. Plus ca change, plus c'est la meme chose...

It is mysterious that £22000 should have gone missing from the refectory. Even more mysterious is the appearance of a red Porsche 924 (with electric sun-roof) in the garage of Mr Northey. These facts may be unrelated, but I suspect that they are not. You see, I recently materialized in Mr Northey's skirting board while he was doing some 'creative accounting.'

'Hmmm...£73,000 profit last year. The Porsche is £30,000, electric sun-roof £5,000, leather upholstery £2000, a garage in Kensington £10000 and ten bottles of Bollinger to celebrate - that's £47000. I'll account for it by a clever mixture of salary rises and rising costs, not that anyone will read it anyway. Except for the committee, and they can

have 4000 each. They'll know nothing, they'll see nothing.'

One of my favourite hangouts is the HUBby office. For a start they leave tasty morsels of cake and ice cream on the floor. Eric's always there.

'Can I have some more cake please?'

'When I say so, Eric. Don't forget who wears the trousers around here.'

'Then can we have another party with lots of ice-cream and cake and a magician who pulls a floppy white bunny out of a hat?'

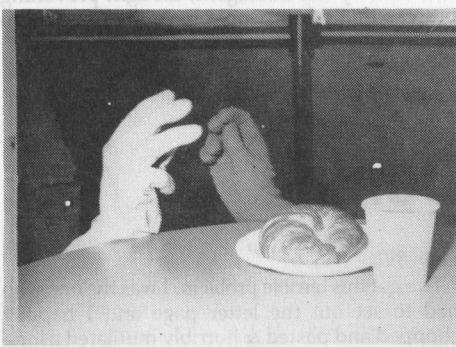
'Shut up,' she said dominantly and stuffed some more cake into Eric's mouth. Then she cracked her whip and sat down to write another tome for Felix about her trousers and her HUBby office.

I see that one of Union President's Nigel Baker's favourite haunts is the Piano Wire in Soho. After a hard day doing nothing, he carefully takes off his Marks and Spencer suit, dons his fish-nets, high heels and lacy panties to swanker over to 'The Club.' He might not be King of ULU, but he makes a nice Queen. By the way, Nigel, Butch sends her love and so do I,

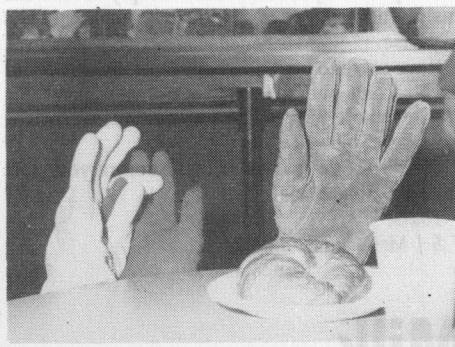
Love,

Norman (The Ex-Union Rat).

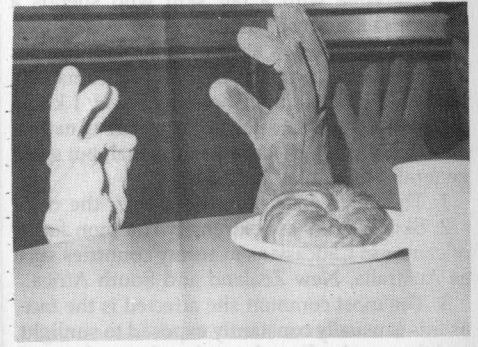
Photo glove story



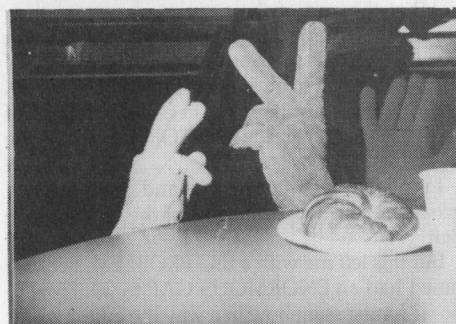
One day Wendy and Nigel were in the snack bar, burbling happily. 'Eeek,' said Wendy.



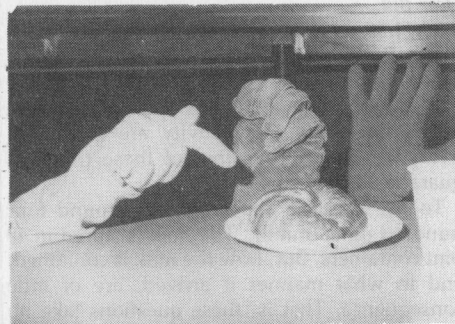
All of a sudden, in walked Chas. Chas was jealous. 'Eeek,' moaned Wendy.



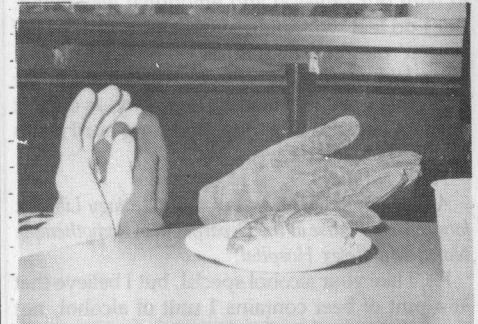
'You bounder,' cried Chas, 'Wendy is mine, keep your hand off her.' 'Eeek,' screamed Wendy.



'I challenge you to a duel,' said Nigel. 'You cad,' said Chas, through pouting lips. 'Eeek,' said Wendy.



And so Nigel challenged Chas to eat a croissant at dawn. 'Eeek' said Wendy.



As luck would have it Chas choked on a caterpillar. Nigel and Wendy, on the other hand, had a lousy weekend in Bognor. 'Eeek,' said the croissant.

Editorial

FELIX Party

FELIX Party. The Felix Christmas party will take place at 2pm this afternoon. If you have been at all involved in FELIX this year, drop in with a bottle for some festive frolicks, and 'Mammopoly.' The party will be followed by a trip to the Texas Lone Star and an all night radio show from 11pm on IC Radio. Bring records, musical instruments and things to say over the air.

FELIX In many ways this term has been a difficult one for FELIX. The politics of the previous year meant that the staff carry-over at the start of the term was very small. Nevertheless the paper has managed to build up a new and enthusiastic team.

During this period, it has been a great source of pleasure to see FELIX improving with every issue and I am confident that it will continue to develop throughout the next term.

The time and effort that many of the staff invest in the paper can be quite astonishing and I find it difficult to adequately express my gratitude.

I would therefore like to thank everyone who has contributed to FELIX this term, in particular:

News Editor David Smedley for amusing the office with his caustic wit and for looking after the news pages with the assistance of Sez Wilkinson, Adam Harrington, and Sophie Wardle.

New Features Editor Robin Davison for in depth research into issues such as Student Loans and for his help with the news pages.

Business Manager Liz Warren for looking after the books, collating, folding, photocopying, and for putting far more into FELIX than the post of Business Manager requires.

Graphics Editor Steve Meyfroidt for vastly improving the layout of FELIX, designing covers, collating every week, pasting up and for spending untold hours designing the 'Mammopoly' game.

Advertising Manager Nik Jones for collating, folding, proof reading and pasting up, in addition to finding advertisers.

Science Editor Andrew Hall for providing a regular stream of popular articles and Darren Austin for helping him.

Travel Editor Paul Barton for telling us about all the places we could visit if only we had the time or the money.

Reviews Editors Andy Clarke and Summit Guha for performing an excellent job, assisted by Book Reviews Editor, Alan Young.

Arts Editor Emile Nizan for bringing culture to Imperial College.

Photographer Doug King for providing excellent photographs for the news and sports page.

Music Editor Mike Dalton for having no taste and Chris Leahy for having some.

Clubs Editor Andy Waller for keeping us informed about all those zany clubs.

Cartoonists Noel Curry, David Griffiths and Wouter van Hulten for providing light relief.

Office Manager David Thomas for his general assistance and for keeping the office in good order.

Features Editor Wendy Kite for taking up this most prestigious of posts.

Motoring Correspondent Adrian Bourne for writing about cars.

Gastronomic Editor Yishu Nanda for amazing us all with his feats of gastronomy.

Typesetter Rose Atkins for faithfully setting every issue of FELIX.

Printer Dean 'it's a laugh' Vaughan for printing FELIX and covering everything in the office with ink.

Oodles of thanks are also due to Sez Wilkinson for her invaluable assistance this term in all aspects of FELIX, Ramin Nakisa for his general help and enigmatic writings, Jason Lander for his sexy beard, Phil Hopkins for the Puzzle page and Kamala Sen for helping him, Dev for drawing the Baron, Ian Lodwick, Andy Bannister for moral support, Neil Motteram for organising Felix Club

events, collating and playing good music, Rupert Clayton and Martin Cole for writing features, Mike Bell, Pam & Chris Edwards, Paul Dhillon, Ina, Cosmic, Susan Appleby, Dominic Strowbridge, and anyone I have forgotten.

Stories Here are three interesting stories:

Story 1 The Union spent £70.99 on a party for selected members of Council during the Summer holidays. The cost of the party was paid for out of the Union 'sundries' account.

Story 2 Later on in the year, the Union spent around £500, according to the Union Finance Officer, on a party designed to allow members of Council to meet College Officials.

Story 3 Last week, IC Union Publications Board (the body which represents FELIX, STOIC and IC Radio) decided to throw a party for Pub Board Senior Treasurer Simon Langham who is about to leave. The party was to be funded via the Pub Board contingency fund to a maximum of seventy pounds.

On Tuesday of that week I received a phone call from Nigel Baker, the Union President who told me how scandalous the idea of a party for the Senior Treasure was and insisted that I should write a news story to that effect.

Suprise Surprise I was interested to read in the minutes of the Union Executive meeting the following statement.

'Naughty Bill Goodwin - Meeting about standard of Felix to be held Friday 2nd December in ICU'

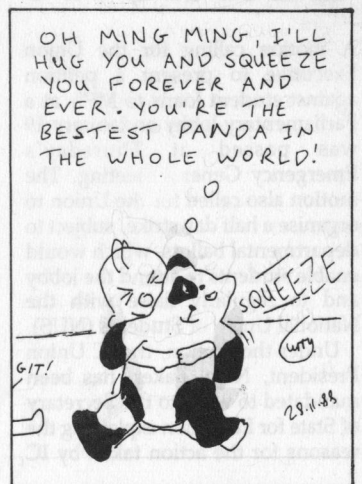
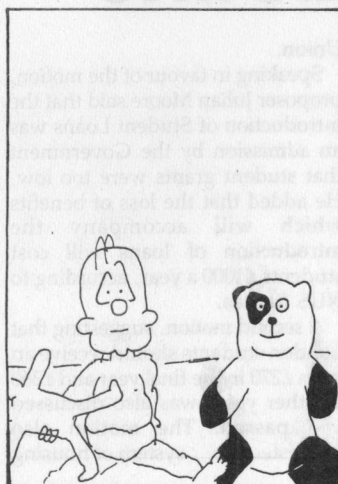
It is encouraging to hear that the Executive are concerned about Felix.

It would have been nice, though, if the Exec had voiced their concerns to the Editor and perhaps, if it was not too much to ask, if they could have invited the Editor along to the meeting.

Hopefully, by the time you read this I will have had the opportunity to find out about the matter at the forthcoming Council.

Happy Christmas

Bill



'They'll have to drag me kicking and screaming from my office'

Tears of frustration as ULU President 'no-con' bid fails

Stuart Jackson, President of the University of London Union (ULU) was almost no-confidenced last week at a highly emotional Union General Meeting which saw many council members in tears. The events of the meeting were described by a spokesman from ULU as 'dramatically disturbing to the general position of the Union'.

An initial motion of censure, which labelled Mr Jackson as 'incompetent', was proposed by Simon Aldis, co-President of the School of Oriental and African Studies Union (SOAS) and was passed convincingly. A subsequent amendment, proposed by Chris Massey, the Senator for Medicine to the GUC, proposed a 'no-confidencing' of Mr Jackson.

Mr Massey, discharged himself from hospital where he was receiving treatment for a painful tendon injury, to be at the meeting. When his motion failed by a margin of 2%, he resigned in tears, believing this to be the honorable line of action.

The motion came after weeks of disquiet among executive committee members, who claimed to be 'totally outraged over Stuart Jackson's lack of action', particularly with respect to the march over student loans, his

disregard for his Vice-President's, and his failure to provide briefings for members of the Executive, Senate and other representatives, on the meetings they were to attend.

Fears about his inadequacy came to a head at the NUS conference, when Mr Jackson arrived four hours later than the other members of the Exec, and proceeded to listen to his personal stereo for the remaining time.

In the 'no-confidence' motion which followed there were 56 votes in favour, 32 against and 1 abstention. In order for a President to be ousted a two-thirds majority in favour of the motion is required. The motion failed by two votes, the required figure being 58.

The narrow margin in the voting has prompted a call for Mr Jackson to resign from a number of colleges, including SOAS, King's, LSE, UCL, The London School of Pharmacy and St George's Medical School.

A number of representatives from Imperial voted against the motion, and Mr Jackson has written to Nigel Baker, ICU President, to thank him for his support.

Mr Jackson told FELIX he thought the motion was a 'personal conspiracy' against him. He said

that the Exec's accusations of inadequacy were 'a smoke screen for political and personal differences'. He said their 'mouthing, banal left-wing statements' would not prevent him from continuing in office as 'one of the few conservatives who has made an effort to work with students who follow robotic, left-wing violence.'

He claimed that although the Students' Union is against him, he has 'a large amount of respect from the University itself'. 'I will not leave,' he concluded, 'they'll have to drag me kicking and screaming out of my office.'

Executive members and representatives of a number of student unions in ULU remain pessimistic about the remainder of his time in office. A spokesman for SOAS told FELIX, 'his disregard for public relations and his ceaseless ability to open his mouth before he thinks, will lead to trouble'. They hope to remove some of Mr Jackson's responsibilities from him and claim that, if no change is seen, they will attempt a no-confidence motion again, possibly in the near future.

Finance forces quick merger decision

The proposed merger of IC with Royal Holloway and Bedford New College (RHBNC) now looks more likely to go ahead, following a review of their Chemistry Department.

The review was carried out in response to a recent report by the University Grants Committee (UGC). It concluded that the Department would in no way satisfy the size criteria recommended in the UGC report even if its staff and student levels were to reach the optimistic targets set by the College.

In order to avoid closure, the Department's only viable line of action lies in a merger with IC, according to the Head of Chemistry at RHBNC. Staff at Royal Holloway claim that such an event would lead to Chemistry students from IC being transferred to RHBNC, thus swelling their department.

RHBNC face increasing problems with their plans to raise the money necessary to implement a merger. If they are able to sell the land they own on the opposite side of the A30 they will no longer have the room necessary to house IC students. As this is the main advantage of a merger to IC, it seems the land will have to be retained.

The RHBNC Council also intended to raise a large sum of money from the sale of their world-famous picture collection, but the handling of discussions about such a sale resulted in a large amount of harmful press exposure. As a result the possible sale of certain pictures has had to be postponed until March next year, at the earliest, to allow public interest to quieten.

The main buildings of RHBNC are presently undergoing a large structural survey, the result of which is likely to demand expensive building. They are also in the process of building a new library to replace the present 'portacabin' housing. This project alone is expected to cost £2.9 million at January 1988 prices. The elusive working party is reported to have already drafted an initial report on the possibility of a merger, but has officially postponed its release date to the end of January. RHBNC Council have, however, announced that a decision whether to merge should definitely be made by the end of the academic year.

ICU vote for action on Student Loans

A motion calling for the Union Executive to present a petition against student loans to MP's at a Parliamentary lobby on January 19 was passed at Thursday's Emergency General Meeting. The motion also called for the Union to organise a half day strike, subject to departmental ballots, which would enable students to attend the lobby and to regularly liaise with the National Union of Students (NUS).

Under the motion, the IC Union President, Nigel Baker, has been mandated to write to the Secretary of State for Education explaining the reasons for the action taken by IC

Union.

Speaking in favour of the motion, proposer Julian Moore said that the introduction of Student Loans was an admission by the Government that student grants were too low. He added that the loss of benefits which will accompany the introduction of loans will cost students £1000 a year, according to NUS figures.

A second motion, suggesting that London students should receive an extra £270 in the final year and £360 in other years was also discussed and passed. The motion also suggested a system of housing

support should be established to compensate for the loss of housing benefit in London, and stated that the Union 'does not, in any way endorse the principle of Student Loans.'

Under the terms of the motion, the President is mandated to discuss these issues at the Governing Body and to ask the Governors for their support.

The Union hope to be able to arrange an open debate between a number of MP's on the Loans Issue at the start of next term.

Gospel is original

Enoch Powell delivered a lecture to the HG Wells Society last week on the topic of 'Textual Criticism' basing his case on the sequence of authorships of the New Testament.

Mr Powell, who is a former Professor of classics, defined textual criticism as 'the science of art of restoring the authors' true intention when it has been lost'. He has examined second century AD Greek documents for contradictions between text and context, and has found the first Gospel of Matthew to be the original.

Mascotry

City & Guilds Union's mascots, Spanner and Bolt were returned to them last Tuesday by the Royal College of Science Union (RCSU). City and Guilds raised £1,100 for Great Ormond Street Hospital's Wishing Well Appeal, in the ransom of their mascots.

RCSU VP, Dave Williams said afterwards, 'Same again next year boys'.

See feature on page 31.

Computer thefts

An IBM computer, worth £3,500, was stolen from the Chemical Engineering building on Monday.

On the subject of police investigations into computer thefts within IC, Head of Security Geoff Reeves said, 'I have to confess we haven't got a great deal'.

Astroturf

IC Union will spend £350,000 on an 'Astroturf' pitch at Harlington the College sports ground.

The pitch will be used for hockey predominantly, but will have facilities for football use. It will be used for tennis during the summer months, said ICU President Nigel Baker.

The tenders for the work have to be presented by the end of term and the work will be finished by October 1989.

Intercollegiate perks go Competition

I.C. students who spend their first year in Inter-Collegiate Halls will no longer be guaranteed a year's residence in I.C. accommodation. The move comes as a result of the increased pressure on the Accommodation Office as the under-graduate fresher and post-graduate overseas intake increases.

IC students were previously encouraged to apply to intercollegiate Halls since the number of applicants accepted was set as a proportion of those applying.

Imperial College now has a guaranteed number of places available to it in intercollegiate halls after changes to intake procedures.

In future students applying for first-year accommodation in College will be asked to choose between IC and intercollegiate accommodation. The Students Residence Committee (SRC) hopes that an increased number of freshers will be housed in Inter-Collegiate Halls, thus providing IC with more space to house its overseas postgraduate

first-year students.

At present all freshers, except those living in the Greater London postal districts, are guaranteed a place in residence. This year, however, the guarantee required all but 20 of the 1,700 places available in IC residence. Although 160 of the places were subsequently released for re-allocation, Dr Levitt of the SRC described the statistics as 'too close for comfort'. He believes the new system will increase the College's capacity to house freshers, re-apps and overseas postgraduate students. He hopes that freshers presently in inter-collegiate accommodation will be unaffected by the change and that the Accommodation Office will be able to honour its original claims and house those who wish to spend a subsequent year in I.C. accommodation.

Union President Nigel Baker expressed doubts about the proposals. 'I can't see people opting to go and live five miles away when they could be in College', he said.

Council sketch

Anyone listening to IC radio's news bulletin would be forgiven for thinking that the Union had agreed to purchase a fish tank for the Union Office. They were close; at Monday night's Council (the decision making body of the Union) a motion calling for a 'think tank' of ex-students to be set up was approved.

The business moved swiftly on to a motion designed to prevent societies such as Industrial Society spending externally generated income on dinners for its members. The motion was put forward by Mr Baker in a remarkable U-turn after initially approving the idea of a dinner for the society. Under the terms of the motion, externally generated income used for 'gratuities' should first be approved by Union Finance Committee (UFC). The motion was passed despite protestations from the FELIX Editor who claimed that it would make utilising the FELIX Staff Fund, recently approved by Publications Board very difficult.

Gavin Spittlehouse presented his report on this years Careers Fair, (Mr Spittlehouse represents the Union as both the Chairperson of the Industrial Relations Subcommittee and the treasurer of Industrial Society). He calculated

that the Fair had generated £10,000 profit, but the bone of contention was should Ind Soc receive payment for the Fair?

Council finally degenerated when an irate FELIX Editor, Bill Goodwin asked the executive to explain the setting up of a committee to look into the standard of FELIX. Mr Goodwin asked the Exec to explain why he had not been informed about the committee, the reasons for it being set up, and why he had not been invited to attend the meeting. Union President Nigel Baker responded that the Exec wished to meet before approaching the Editor so that they could first discuss the perceived problems amongst themselves. City and Guilds president Ralph Greenwell said that the committee had been set up because of complaints that the Guilds cocktail cards printed by the Print Unit had to be reprinted when they were discovered to be covered with inky fingerprints, and because Guilds were unhappy about paying for advertisements in FELIX.

Mr Goodwin retorted that if there had been any complaints then he should have been informed and pointed out that other clubs and CCU's pay for their advertisements.

Honeywell has launched its fifth annual Futurist Competition for students, offering three prizes of £700 to entrants submitting the best 2000 word essays. The competition invites students to speculate on the technological developments of the next 25 years in the fields of aer-space, energy, manufacturing, automation and technology in the home or work environment.

The UK winners will attend a banquet in Madrid with winners from similar competitions from European countries to compete for four one year scholarships at a US university.

For further details contact Mike Kean on 0344 416379.

Wine whipped

Over £150 worth of wine and spirits was stolen from IC Wine Tasting Society's locker in the Union Building over the weekend. The 30 bottles of wine, brandy and port and two cases of beer were stolen after thieves forced the locker open.

The theft came after WineSoc's 'duty-free' trip to France. The drink stolen belonged to the club and members. WineSoc Chairman, Emma Simpson said, 'whoever did it either knew we'd gone (to France) or was just bloody lucky.'

ICU Deputy President said he 'very much doubted' the incident would be insured against.

Winner

G Copland of Mineral Resources Engineering wins the one gallon bottle of whisky in the FELIX 'Alcohol Awareness Week Competition', correctly answering the four difficult questions.

Come and collect the prize from the FELIX Office. FELIX recommends not to drink it all at once!

And finally...

FELIX would like to thank Nick Wright for producing the Christmas cover. Nick worked solidly from 8pm until 2am to produce an excellent design for which we are extremely grateful.

College pays up on Linstead sale

The College is to make £5-7000 worth of 'ex-gratia payments' to students who lost possessions in last year's Linstead Hall basement sale. The offers have come after insurance companies refused to settle claims over the sale. The payments will be met by the College's central account.

The offers have arrived a year after the Linstead Hall basement sale, in which students' possessions stored in the basement of Linstead Hall were sold. The sale was held on December 5 last year, after notices were placed in FELIX telling students to remove any items stored in the basement. College officials at the time claimed that the items sold had been left in the basement for some time and were unlabeled.

College Senior Assistant Finance Officer, Malcolm Aldridge told FELIX that the College would be making offers 'without prejudice' to

the students concerned. The offers, he said, would be 'between a half and a two thirds' of what the claimants originally sought.

College Secretary, John Smith said that if students accept the claims they will absolve the College of 'any supposed liability.' He added that, as 'offers without prejudice' their offers would not affect any court case, should dissatisfied students wish to sue the College. 'We as a College do not admit liability,' he said.

Mr Smith went on to say that the College had 'learnt its lessons'. There are now rules for storage of belongings in Linstead Hall basement. Students are limited to a storage period of 13 weeks, with a maximum of £500 worth of equipment per student. Items must now be clearly labeled with their owners name, address, department and a date of deposit.

PNL picket

Five students at the Polytechnic of North London (PNL) were suspended on Tuesday 6 December. The suspensions were made after a disciplinary hearing for six students who protested against MP, Mr Norman Tebbit's visit to PNL.

Mr Tebbit visited the Polytechnic in November to speak to its Conservative Society. A PNL spokesman told FELIX that Mr Tebbit was shouted down by students during his speech. After the meeting a group of students rushed past security guards and 'attempted to jostle Mr Tebbit'. The students were apprehended and suspended from the College, pending their hearing on December 6.

A small picket was held by students outside the hearing and PNL's Governing Body meeting to protest against the suspensions.

Mr Aldridge condemned the Provincial insurance company for its late reply to the claims. The company, which is responsible for the College's Halls of Residence insurance, did not reply to claims made in January this year until October. Mr Aldridge said he felt it was 'particularly bad' that individual claimants had not been contacted. He added that the policy is due for renewal next August, when he will look at it more carefully than most of those due for renewal.

The claims range from £2500 worth of ski equipment to small claims of £70 or so. Mr Aldridge has spoken to the claimants of the four largest losses from the seven he has officially received. He told FELIX that he hopes to contact all of the claimants in writing before the end of this term.

Merry Christmas Mister Botha

Strong feelings for and against apartheid were brought to the boil last Thursday when Debsoc invited Mr Jan Castelyn from the South African Embassy to speak on behalf of the South African government.

Mr Castelyn, who last week addressed an audience of 800 students in Bristol University, gained an audience of less than 40 at IC. The low attendance was partly attributable to a handout by Imperial College Anti-Apartheid Group urging students not to attend the lecture. 'Listening to Mr Castelyn's speech', they claimed, 'is clearly in contradiction with our belief'.

Mr Castelyn delivered a thirty minute speech on the South African government skirting the issue of apartheid.

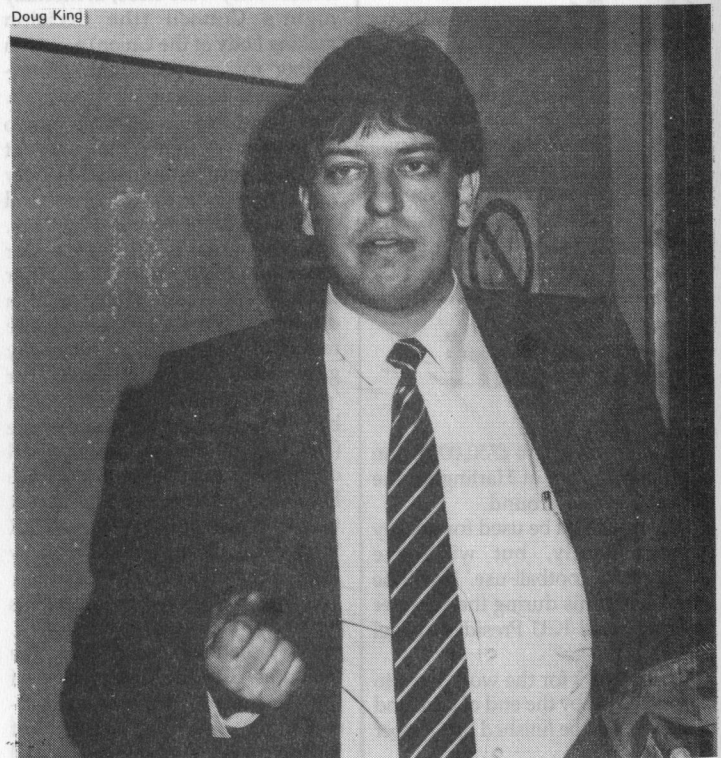
Dr Kevin O'Connor of the Department of Computing, who has lived in South Africa for 25 years was unimpressed by Mr Castelyn's claims that his audience had only heard 'one side of the story'. He described the claim as 'inappropriate, presumptuous, patronising and a waste of time'. He

also said that Mr Castelyn's speech lacked substance on the whole, that it did not address the issues and that he seemed to be 'out of touch with the aspirations of the people.'

Mr Castelyn's defence centred around two themes. He firstly claimed that sanctions were, and would be, of negative help. As companies pull out of South Africa, he said, they lose their influence, and their South African employees lose their jobs. 'Lost jobs don't help people,' he added. He secondly insisted that the problems in South Africa had been exaggerated by the press, which highlighted only the bad incidents, he said 'you can find bombs, street violence and the killing of innocent people here in London'.

He did not address the fundamental issues of state instigated violence, human rights and one-man-one-vote. He frequently insisted that the government was prepared to talk to black leaders, many of whom are imprisoned or in exile.

Doug King



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Come along and meet us!

We will be visiting Imperial College for a Presentation on the evening of the 16th January with interviews being held on the 17th January.

Ask your Careers Adviser for full details.

VIVA ESPAÑA!

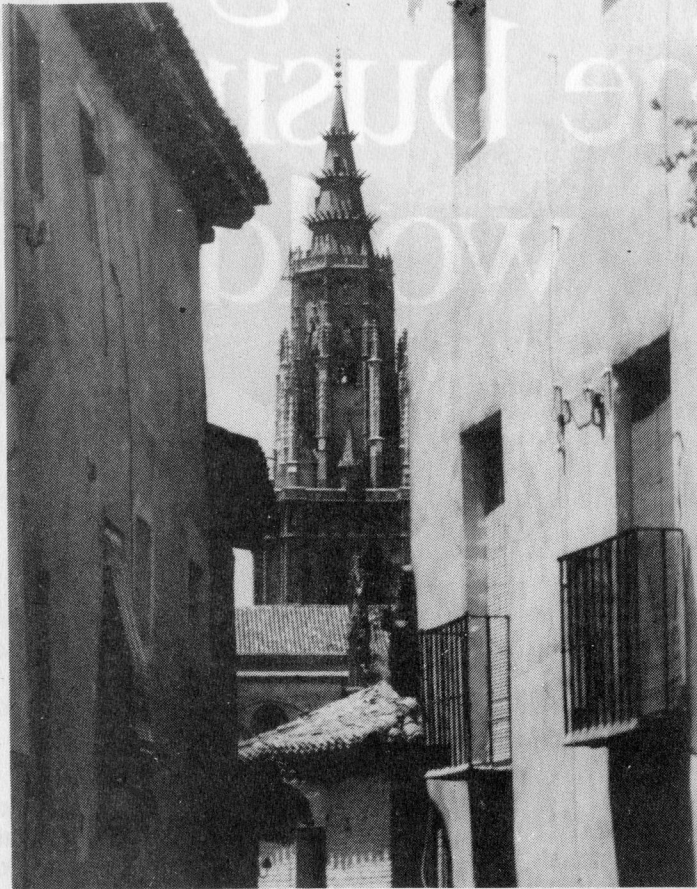
Spain is a huge country of great contrasts. In fact, many would claim that it was in fact four or five separate nations, which have always been hard to unify under one ruler. Wave after wave of invaders have visited this peninsula, the Romans and Visigoths leaving a predominantly Christian heritage until the Moors arrived, with the fire of Islam in their hearts, leaving an influence on the country hard to reconcile in Western Europe. The Moorish influence has left many monuments of great beauty, and a love for water so characteristic of a desert people.

For many people, Spain is two weeks on the beach toasting themselves, getting a few beers down in the process. Unfortunately they miss the heart of this beautiful country, that is still, perhaps, a bit of a mystery to us North Europeans. Here are a few places that catch some of the flavour of the country.

TOLEDO

Toledo is a stunning city, caught in a bend of the raging River Tagus. The medieval city remains intact behind its walls, a blend of Moorish, Christian and Jewish architecture untouched by time. Here Moorish and Christian kings ruled, building magnificent monuments to their Gods, with Christian architects building mosques, and then later, Moorish architects building churches. The Jewish influence is also very strong, the city's two synagogues containing fantastic, intricately carved interiors.

A good time to wander the narrow winding streets is late



Cathedral, Toledo

afternoon, as the sunlight still bathes the golden buildings and people begin to stir from their siesta after the heat of the day. Stroll along the walls, where El Cid once vanquished the Moors, or hide away in a cool, dark bar and sip at a glass of sherry. Or, climb the

narrow streets to the top of the hill where the cathedral stands, one of the most beautiful in Spain, which throngs with people at all times, paying respects to their God.

Probably the most famous resident of Toledo was El Greco, the Greek. This Cretan left his home country, came to Spain, and found in Toledo a new home and inspiration for his most famous paintings. Toledo is where most of his pictures still remain, and it is only here that you can experience the luminous light that is so characteristic of his paintings.

The best place to stay in Toledo, away from the droves of tourists, is the youth hostel, part of a castle facing the city proper, with swimming pool included! And, the night life is not at all bad; once the coach loads of Americans have departed, the locals come out in force and spend the night in numerous bars tucked away in little alleys. I for one stayed in a bar until 6am, and even then there was no

sign of it closing.

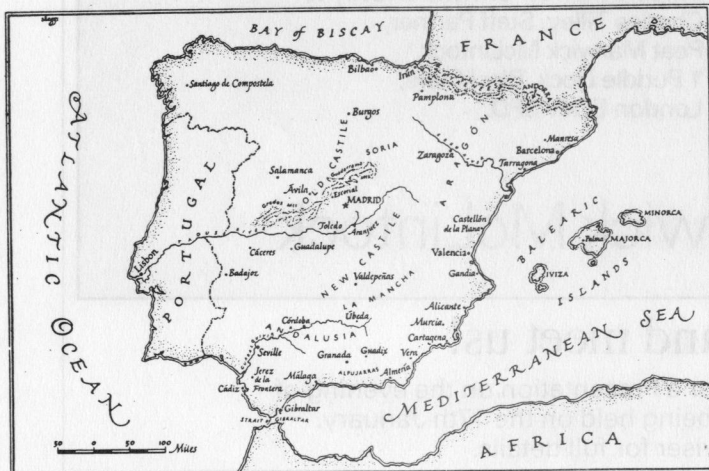
SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

Snuggled in the rich green hills of Galicia is the city of Santiago. The inhabitants of Galicia, the Gallegos, consider themselves to be a separate race, descended from the Celts. In fact Galicia, with its greenness and sea airs is more reminiscent of Brittany and Cornwall than the burning heat of the heart of Spain. Santiago may have been the first tourist destination of all—in the middle ages thousands of pilgrims crossed Europe and Northern Spain to see the bones of St James (Santiago in Spanish), which were miraculously rediscovered as the Reconquista started. The holy relics themselves are housed in the magnificent Baroque cathedral, best seen as the setting sun lights up the golden sandstone. If you are lucky, you may see the enormous incense holder being swung the length of the cathedral—it takes eight priests to manage the thing!

Anyway, for us mere mortals not up to a pilgrimage, a stroll through the porticoed streets, stopping off at a few bars for a glass of Riberio wine straight from the cask should suffice for an afternoon's entertainment. For the more adventurous, try Pulpo Gallego (octopus) or the pimientos fried in butter (only one in ten is hot!).



Santiago





Youth Hostel, Toledo

ASTURIAS

A tiny little mountain kingdom, tucked away on the northern coast. In fact, the only part of Spain that wasn't invaded by the Moors, unspoiled by the Brits as well. You can understand why if you try getting into the kingdom by public transport—the mountains are quite an obstacle. The capital is Oviedo, a rather dull city, nice cathedral. The real reasons to visit Asturias are the mountains and the coast, along which a privately owned railway track runs. The scenery is wonderful, thousands of tiny rocky coves washed by the Atlantic, interspersed with the occasional fishing village, where the locals will greet you with warmth. The wonderful thing about Asturias is that only the Spanish go there on holiday, and there aren't many of them even! (The Atlantic is quite warm here as well.)

Be sure to try Sidra Asturiana while you are visiting, just like scrumpy, except for the customary method of serving it. The barman will remove the cork with his teeth, lift the bottle above his head and then pour the amber nectar into the glass, held at knee level, without spilling a drop. You can also stuff

yourself extremely cheaply in the family-run restaurants, try the local stew or squid straight from the sea.

PAMPLONA

Situated in Navarra, in the foothills of the Pyrennes, this industrial city is famous for the fiesta of San Fermin, the running of the bulls which is held from July 7th to 14th every year. In fact, there's not a lot of reason to visit the city at any other time, but while the fiesta is in full swing, it's the best in Europe. Dump your bags at the municipal bag depot and forget about sleeping, everyone else does.

The day is spent sleeping off the booze ready for another night's festivities. Late in the afternoon you will be passed by locals carrying buckets of Sangria into the bull ring, ready for the main event; the fighting of the bulls that ran in the morning. At about 6pm, the ring explodes with music as innumerable bands with banners, flags and empty Sangria buckets burst from the arena and begin to parade through the city. At this point you can wander outside the city walls to watch tomorrow's bulls being delivered or retire to a bar for some

liquid refreshment before the mighty fire work display. When this is over things really begin to swing—you can spend all night wandering the narrow streets, where nearly every shop has become a temporary bar, dance in the streets or visit the park where bands play all night.

And when dawn breaks, it is time to collect outside the bull ring for the best views of the running—or perhaps time to prepare oneself for the bulls? The bulls thunder past, and another day begins, time for a rest before the next night's festivities!

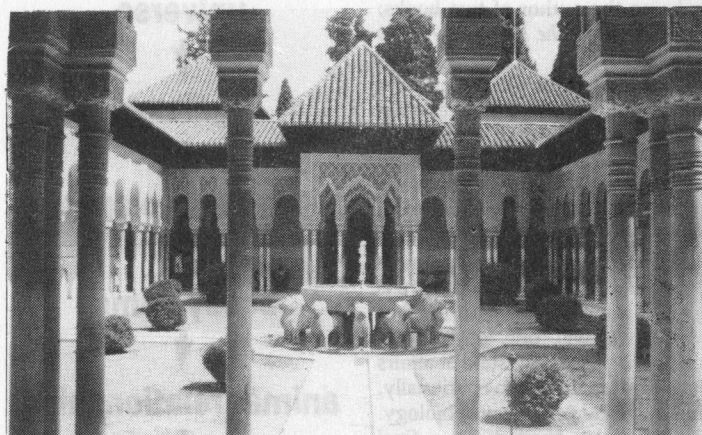
GRANADA

In the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, Granada was the last city to fall to the Christians, in the year that Columbus set sail for the New World. Visit Granada for the Alhambra, the beautiful palace of the Moorish kings that was meant

to imitate heaven on earth. You can certainly believe they succeeded as you wander through the courtyards with fountains playing continuously in the sunlight or stroll the cool paths of the gardens, the Generalife.

Granada is in Andalucia, the hot dusty south of Spain. Down here, red wine is served chilled, a pleasant experience after the burning heat of the day. Also, to cool one off, is Gazpachio, a chilled vegetable soup. The town is full of little streets, lined with narrow doorways giving a tempting glimpse of cool courtyards beyond. On the hill opposite the Alhambra is the old Arab quarter, a hill stacked with little white houses, inhabited by people who remind you more of their Arabic ancestry than European.

By Paul Barton



The Court of Lions, the Alhambra



The running of the bulls

ICU PRESENTS A CHRISTMAS PARTY

in association with the
INSTITUT FRANCAIS
TONIGHT (Wed 14th Dec)
UNION LOUNGE, 8pm—1am
Bar till midnight

The Meaning of Life

By Wendy kite

Is there any scientific alternative to the traditional conflicting ideas of evolution and the futility of life? To what purpose are we evolving? How?

On Sunday December 4 a conference discussing 'Evolution, Science and Spirituality' was held by the Theosophical Society at the Institute of Complementary Medicine.

Rupert Sheldrake, described as 'the most controversial scientist on Earth', has spent the last ten years considering the subject. He has studied natural sciences at Cambridge and philosophy at Harvard, and holds a PhD in biochemistry. He has contributed a regular column to *The Guardian* and written in *The New Scientist*, as well as being the author of two books; *The Presence of the Past* and *A New Science of Life*.

According to Sheldrake eternity and evolution are two theories often thought to be working at cross-purposes. Eternity describes a state whereby the laws of nature never change, as illustrated by physics and chemistry. Hence the term 'discovery' when a new hypothesis is made; it is assumed that there is a set of static laws of nature, all of which we will one day know. Evolution describes a state of affairs such that laws develop continually, illustrated by geology and biology. Everything is headed for a final culmination when the ultimate purpose or 'Omega Point' is reached, the exact dimensions of which have not been formulated.

Dr Sheldrake theorises that the two interplay, and redefines them as 'Habit and Creativity'.

Habit

This proclaims that everything belongs to a level of organisation, the broad categories of which are roughly as fig 2.

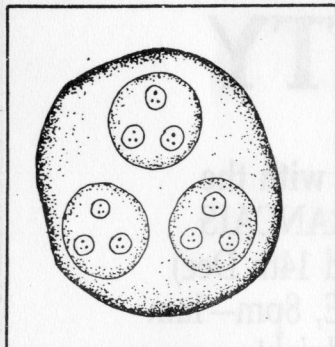


fig 1

It is such that the whole system is more than the sum of the parts. This can be idealised as in Figure 1.

Each system has its own 'morphic field' which perpetuates habits, themselves altered slightly by individuals so that they are externally changing.

The oscillatory rhythms inherent in all of us produce these 'morphic fields', eg sleeping and waking, menstrual cycles, molecular vibrations, heartbeats, etc. Morphic fields in effect link everything about us together and organise the form and shape of each system. These morphic fields are not created by eternal laws; they depend on the forms of previous similar systems.

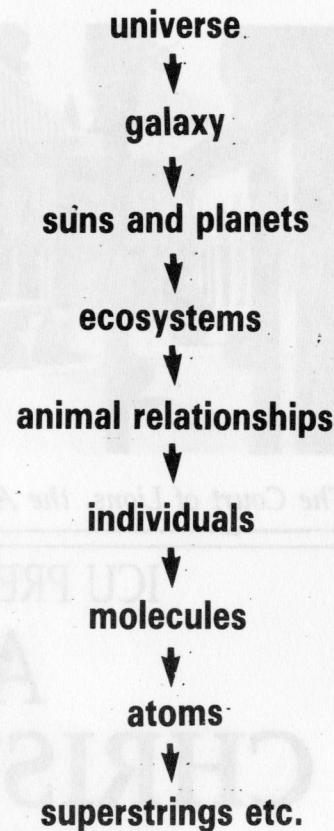


fig 2

Dr Sheldrake explained that the morphic fields contain an inherent memory of all that has happened. When something occurs for the first time (due to creativity), the morphic field causes this to occur with increasing ease in the future, independent of location. As an example, he suggested that once a particular crystal has been formed

somewhere in the world, its subsequent crystallisation anywhere from the same type of components will be easier.

The counter-argument to this has been that fragments of the crystal have somehow been carried from one laboratory to the next, perhaps in scientists' beards!

Dr Sheldrake has been testing his idea in the Open University on the abnormal development of fruit flies. Once abnormal development has occurred, it becomes easier for subsequent fruit flies to develop abnormally although they are not in any way related to the fruit flies previously tested. Experiments have also been carried out in the UK, USA and Australia on the ability of unrelated rats to escape from mazes with the same results.

Memory is not stored in brain cells; they are drawn from a 'cosmic memory bank'

This theory of habit has three major effects on former assumptions.

1. Heredity—habits and characteristics are carried through morphic resonance and not genes.

2. Memory—This is influenced by the similarity of thought pattern occurring in the past. The most similar pattern transmitted is usually one's own in the past; otherwise it could be another's thought pattern. Memories are drawn from a 'cosmic memory bank'. An analogy is that your brain is like a TV set—it tunes into fields but does not record programmes which have passed its screen before. Memory is not stored in brain cells; this is backed up by circumstantial evidence that the part of the brain containing the memory has not been conclusively found—no complete removal of memory due to the destruction of brain cells has yet occurred. Ian Stephenson produced some case studies whereby children 'remembered' things that they could not possibly know. The usual counter-argument to these studies is that it is either not possible as it cannot be explained, or that it proves reincarnation. Morphic resonance provides a better explanation. Telepathy, which Dr Sheldrake claimed has happened to just over fifty per cent of the world, can also be explained by this theory.

However, this brings up a question: since survival of the spirit depends on one's memories, what happens when we die? If the memory is not stored in the brain, spiritually we must survive.

3. Rituals—All societies connect with their ancestors through rituals, eg Thanksgiving, Passover, Eucharist. From the theory of morphic fields, the more similar the ritual is carried out to the way it was originally done, the more you can connect with all the people who have carried it out in the past.

Creativity

The habits theory explains regularity in the universe—but where did this come from? There are three different explanations to this:

1. Throw backs or reversion: something that has happened in the past, stored in the morphic field, happens again.

2. 'Evolutionary plagiarism': something that has happened elsewhere occurs, eg the eyes of vertebrates and octopuses are similar although they have developed from different origins.

3. Influences from 'above' or 'below': from 'below' we are considered to operate entirely due to chance, ie we can't predict or understand anything in the universe, a 'materialistic' viewpoint. From 'above' we are governed by the Platonic Theory of Creativity, an eternal stand consisting of latent archetypes produced by a supreme being.

According to Dr Sheldrake, then, creativity is thus two-fold, as explained in religion, eg Shiva and Shakti (where Shiva is formative but lacking energy; Shakti, blind undirected energy; together they are creative), Yin and Yang, Spirit and Logos, or, indeed, man and woman. The two interact at all levels and sustain one another.

The Theosophical Society—

Theosophy is defined as 'Divine Wisdom' and represents the 'knowledge of truth'. Its fundamental principles are the unity of all, the universality of law and evolution. The address of the Society is:

Dept ESS,
The Theosophical Society,
50 Gloucester Place,
London W1H 3HJ.

Life: a meaning

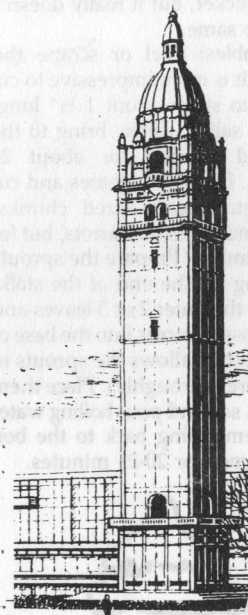
By Dave Thomas

Sheldrake is one of several to mix biology with philosophy/religion others being the Gaia Hypothesis and Creationism.

The crux of this argument is in his ideas on creativity where he talks of things from below and above and introduces oriental mystical ideas. Like Creationists before him he has a set of spiritual beliefs that he is trying to substantiate in scientific terms and is trying to prove a 'God' in scientific theories. Such science is often of a low quality, being based on poor methodology, equivocal evidence and tenuous interpretation of data, eg the decay of the speed of light curve wildly exaggerated by Creationists and used with doubts over carbon dating to show how the geological time scale can be 'fitted' to the Biblical one.

Must science and religion be concurrent, non-overlapping facets of life leaving those with views on

both in an almost intellectually 'schizophrenic' state? It is obvious that Sheldrake has based his thinking on observed biological phenomenon with, as yet, no unequivocal explanation and has used his theosophical ideas based around mysticism to explain these phenomena in a supposedly scientific manner. There are current moves in Islamic circles to put forward Islamic interpretations of science and conversely Christian Scientists and Scientologists have tried to view God in scientific terms. However, in all honesty if the role of science is to provide an objective analysis of the natural world by an experimental hypothesis method then it is not possible to view it in a religious dimension as such a dimension cannot be objectively assessed. This is not, however, to say that the spiritual dimension is worthless, rather the areas should



be viewed in their own right and any overlap or interplay between them should be restricted to the philosophical and not the scientific realm. Indeed, instead of seeing science and religion as being contradictory as is often the case, they may instead be seen as complementary facets of life.

One can in some ways sympathise with Sheldrake for challenging current biological thinking. That often mentioned concept of scientific inertia does in many ways plague biology. Evolution is often taught as fact and not theory and progress is often hindered by outdated classifications and schools of thought.

Science, instead, must be seen in a more dynamic and equivocal manner with a greater exchange of ideas and more critical examination of ideas and facts.

Christmas Shopping

This once a year pastime need no longer be a boring drag, as with the aid of your FELIX guide we hope to bring some fun into this event.

A mere ten minute walk from College is that rather famous place 'Harold' where the OK Ya! from 'Clarm' go shopping. However, it is not as an expensive rip-off as many believe and is definitely worth a visit. First head for the food hall and get a little Christmas spirit with Harrods own 15 year-old malt whisky at a mere £15.20. In the confectionary section a marzipan Father Christmas can be found for a fiver and a large hand-made sweet selection in a basket for £40. On passing through to the Edwardian Christmas section don't miss the three foot high 'Hansel & Gretel' house made of gingerbread and marzipan and the Edwardian exhibition itself is quaintly pleasant and interesting. Finally for Harry it's up to the top floor for the toy section passing the half hour queue for the Edwardian circus en route. Here you'll find every Motor Club member's dream: a Ferrari Testarosa scaled down to a kiddies version, fully working with petrol engine—a snip at £12,500.

Now fight your way down to Knightsbridge tube as the next stop is Piccadilly Circus and Tower Records where some off beat stuff was discovered. Take Bing Crosby and White Christmas for £2.49 (give it to Grandma) give all science fiction bugs the Dr Who theme music for £5.29, for Monty Python fans 'The Life of Brian' soundtrack at £6.99 and for the more nostalgic, 'Sgt Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band' is £6.99.

Next head up Regent Street and you'll pass Dunn and Co where you scottish beret for a Hogmany Party is £7 and if you're fed up of your father's seventies kipper ties buy him a 'Christmas wrapping paper' silk one from the Tie Rack (£12.99).

Of course, Hamley's had to be visited—everyone is a kid at heart. For those keen academics, a chemistry set is approximately £20, and electronics set (level 3)—£69 and a Merit microscope and slide set for £39. For the stupid hacks in the Union, who can't walk home straight after a party without falling over a baby walker at £25 might be useful.

A right hand diversion into Carnaby Street is worth it for those

into their fashions but it is not cheap and it's Christmas decorations are awful. However, nip up to Great Marlborough Street and the Poster Shop and for the richer among you Andy Warhol's 'Cars' posters in colour (A2 size) at £27 are recommended. Just down the road from here is Liberty's with a distinct medieval Christmas flavour and some good pressies for the ladies.

On approaching Oxford Street beware of the monster raving loony traffic wardens with megaphones acting as an advanced form of lollipop person! Oxford Street is long and bland consisting of mainly clothes shops but there are a few gems. For U2 addicts still minus a rattling hum, £6.99 at Virgin is the cheapest. While in the maiden shop, if you have any well cool friends, get them Acid Beats 2 at £6.40 for the latest in LSD bops. Selfridges' book section has 'The Snowman' by Raymond Briggs (£6.95) and a good after dinner read especially for Indsoc members) is Norman Tebbit's 'Upwardly Mobile'. While you're there go and see Father Christmas as well. Athena has 'Beach Party—the last resort' at £4 with plenty of useful ideas as to

being a Costa del Thug.

At last Athena has two presents for our beloved President Nigel Baker: 'The Noddy Treasury' (£8) and the 89 'Bros' annual (£5) which combined with the 'Bros Christmas Gift Box' from Tower Records at £9.99 should make Nige's Christmas one of ecstasy.

However, if the real life spoofs called Nige, Chas and Wendy aren't good enough then play the 'Spitting Image Game' from Virgin (£12.99). A quick perambulation down Charing Cross Road and Long Acre and you hit Covent Garden. Excellent for Christmas coffee on the plaza it has an authentic festive spirit complemented with fairground rides. If the shopping's hitting a rut, head for the General Store where something for everyone should be found for a few quid.

Dave Thomas

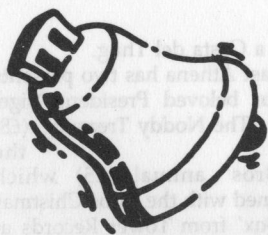
Christmas Gourmet Diet

Why not amaze or enchant your friends by cooking a communal Christmas dinner for your flat or hall landing?

Roast turkey with sausages, bread sauce, stuffing and gravy, roast potatoes, boiled potatoes, brussel sprouts and carrots; Christmas pudding and brandy butter.

It is probably easiest to buy an oven-ready frozen turkey. Allow about ¾lb per person e.g. a 6lb turkey for 8 people. Thaw the turkey for about 24 hours. Place the stuffing (packet stuffing is easiest) into the neck end of the body cavity. Rub a little salt and pepper into the skin to season it. Place the turkey in a roasting tin, resting on small dabs of butter, and cover with rashers of bacon (this gives a tasty tang to the turkey skin). Cook at 230 C/450 F or gas mark 8, allowing about 15 minutes for every pound, plus 45 minutes.

To make the roast potatoes, peel one or two potatoes per person and place around the turkey about 1 ½ hours before the end of cooking. Spoon a little of the fat over the potatoes. Turn over halfway through cooking.



Approximately ¾ hour before the end of cooking place the small sausages around the turkey. Spoon fat over them and turn once during cooking.

To make the bread sauce, put ½ pint of milk into a pan and season with salt and pepper. Add two or three slices of bread crumbled into breadcrumbs (stale bread works better!) and warm gently for 15 minutes. Heat the sauce rapidly just before serving.

Make the gravy when the turkey has finished cooking. Remove it, the potatoes and the sausages from the roasting tin (place them on a plate and keep them warm in the cooling oven). Pour away most of the fat (but not directly down the sink) and put the roasting tin on a hot ring. Add a little flour to the fat and let it cook and thicken, then dilute the gravy with water (using water from

the vegetables improves the flavour) until you get the thickness you like. Alternatively you can make gravy from a packet, but it really doesn't taste the same.

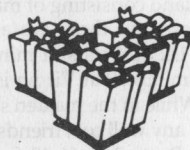
Vegetables: peel or scrape the carrots. It is more impressive to cut them into strips about 1 ½" long. Place in salted water, bring to the boil and simmer for about 20 minutes. Peel the potatoes and cut them into evenly sized chunks. Cook similarly to the carrots, but for 30-35 minutes. Prepare the sprouts by slicing off the end of the stalk. Remove the outer 2 or 3 leaves and make crosswise cuts into the base of the stalk (this allows the sprouts to cook more thoroughly). Place them in a pan, salt and pour boiling water over them. Bring back to the boil and simmer for 20-25 minutes.



Christmas pudding and Brandy butter

Buy your Christmas pudding: it is far too late to make one as it requires about eight hours cooking and several months for the flavour to mature!

To make the Brandy butter, cream (i.e. put the butter in a bowl and soften using the back of a wooden spoon to press the butter against the side of the bowl) 3oz butter until pale and soft. Beat in 3oz of caster sugar gradually and then add 2-3 tablespoons of Brandy slowly (taking care not to let the mixture curdle). Leave the butter to harden before serving.



Vegetarian Menu.

Vegetarians do not eat nut roasts for Christmas dinner. What they do eat is Mushroom Timbale. The recipe is as follows (quoted from Not Just A Load Of Old Lentils by Rose Elliot, Fontana 1972):

Ingredients

1 large onion 8 flat mushrooms 2 tomatoes, skinned 2 oz butter 1 tbs flour ½ pint water 1 tsp yeast extract 1 heaped tsp mixed herbs 8 oz finely grated cashewnuts 8 oz soft breadcrumbs 2 eggs salt and pepper to garnish:
1 tomato, sliced
1 lemon, sliced
a few sprigs of parsley

Method

Peel the onion and chop finely; wash and finely chop 4 of the mushrooms and slice the tomatoes; saute together gently in the butter for 10 minutes, then add the flour. Stir for a minute, then add the water, yeast extract and herbs. Stir until thickened, then add the rest of the ingredients. Line a 2lb loaf tin with foil then brush thoroughly with melted butter. Place the remaining 4 mushrooms, black side down in the bottom of the tin, spoon the mixture on top, smooth over and cover with more buttered foil, tying securely with string. Steam for two hours. Cool for 2 minutes, then turn out of the tin onto a large warm serving dish and remove the foil. Surround with roast potatoes. Garnish top with a row of alternate slices of tomato and lemon, and some sprigs of parsley.
Serves 4 to 5 people Serve with

Sauce Espagnole

1 tbs oil 1 onion, peeled 1 clove garlic, peeled 2 tbs. flour ½ pints water 1 bayleaf 1 tsp yeast extract 2 tbs tomato puree salt and pepper 1 tbs sherry

Heat oil and fry chopped onion and garlic until lightly browned. Add flour and stir until browned, then add water, bayleaf and yeast extract, and simmer for ten to fifteen minutes. Strain; add tomato puree and sherry, if using, and salt and pepper to taste.



The Felix Christmas diet was developed on our behalf by Refectory Manager, Robert Northey. It is guaranteed that anyone who follows this diet, providing that they eat no food other than that prescribed will lose weight.

The full diet can be obtained by sending a cheque for £287 to Mr Northey. Alternatively meals especially selected from the diet are available everyday from the Sheffield refectory. As a taster, the programme for day one is given below.

Breakfast: one bowl of co-co pops with tomato soup and a glass of pure lemon juice.

Mid morning snack: One lard sandwich.

Main meal of the day (a four course dinner)

Starter: Lentil and Peach soup (best served cold)

Main Course: Roast Turkey with Mackerel stuffing served with potato and rhubarb. Marinate with rich golden syrup and season to taste.

Dessert. 'Trifle Gargantua'. Pour some trifle sponges into a bowl and add strawberry jelly. Allow the jelly to set. Add one large tin of baked beans and dust the top with garlic powder. Bake for an hour at gas mark 5 and serve with potato salad.

Evening Meal: Boil a pork chop in stewed tea for 15 minutes. Serve with chips, Yorkshire Pudding and raw carrot. Garnish with three large oysters and worcester sauce.

Dessert. 'Banana surprise' Peel a banana and split lengthwise. Garnish with mushy peas and wrap the banana in spaghetti. Leave the banana in the garden for three days to allow fermentation to begin. Serve with gooseberries and cream cheese.

RESIDENT ASSISTANTS REQUIRED

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A Christmas Baron

Not by
Charles Dickens

Arthur Michael was dead. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Derek signed it. And Derek's name was good upon anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Arthur Michael was dead as a door-nail.

Did Derek know he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Derek and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Derek was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole friend, and sole mourner.

Derek never painted out old Michael's name. There it stood, years after, above the fortress door: Dash and Michael. The firm was known as Dash and Michael. Sometimes citizens new to Cheapskate called Dash Dash, sometimes Michael, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Once upon a time—all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—Derek sat busy in the Surefield fortress. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy as well: and he could hear the citizens outside, wheezing up and down, beating their hands against their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the walkway to warm them. The Cheapskate clocks had only just gone three—or were just about to, depending on which clock you were looking at—but it was already dark. Lights were burning in the neighbouring offices, as computers sat idly around like cherries for the picking.

The door of Derek's office was open that he might keep his eye upon his secretary, John Cratchit, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, was copying letters. Derek had a small fire, but the secretary's was so very much smaller that it looked like a single lump of coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Derek kept the coal in his own office, and so surely as the secretary came in and tried to warm himself on the computer, but it was gone.

'A merry Christmas!' cried a cheerful voice. It was Derek's wife Mad Dash, who had come upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation of her approach.

'Bah!', said Derek. 'Humbug!' Mad had so heated herself at the

Christmas Caper that she was all in a glow.

'Christmas a humbug, dear, you don't mean that I'm sure.'

'I do. Out with merry Christmas! What's Christmas but a time for paying bills without money, a time for finding yourself a year older but not an hour richer. If I had my way, every idiot who goes round with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips would be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart.'

'Derek!' pleaded Mad.

'Mad' returned Derek sternly, 'keep Christmas in your way and let me keep it in mine.'

Derek took his dinner in McNorthey's tavern, and having read all the quality papers went home to 170.

Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing exceptional about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. As Derek inserted his key in the lock of the door, he saw in the knocker Arthur Michael's piggy little face. To say that he was not startled would be untrue. He paused as he opened the door, half expecting to see Arthur's pigtail sticking out from the other side of the door into the hall. But there was nothing, and Derek closed it with a bang that resounded around the house like thunder. He went upstairs to his room, put on his dressing gown, slippers and nightcap. Then he heard a sound. A clanking noise, as if someone were dragging a chain over casks in the wine cellar. Then he heard the noise on the floors below, then coming up the stairs. 'It's humbug still, and I won't believe it,' said Derek, remembering how ghosts were described as dragging chains. His colour changed when it walked through the door and stood in front of him. 'I know him, it's Arthur Michael!'

'Can you sit down?' Derek asked, looking doubtfully at him.

The ghost sat down, giving his chains a frightful rattle.

'Why do you trouble me Arthur?'

'I wear a chain I forged in life. I have come to warn you that you bear a chain heavier and longer than this. I am here to warn you that you yet have a chance of escaping my fate. You will be visited by three clowns. You cannot hope to shun

the path I tread unless you meet them. Expect the first tomorrow at one.' With this the ghost left, and Derek instantly fell asleep.

Derek awoke. Michael's ghost had bothered him exceedingly. Was it a dream? It was almost the hour for the first clown to visit. At the appointed time the curtains were drawn aside and a short little man appeared. 'I am the clown of Christmas Past' said the spirit. It put out its hand, clasped Derek by the arm and led him from the house.

Derek recognised the place they went to. It was still Cheapskate, but it was strangely different. There were lots of computers for a start. The spirit led Derek to a room occupied by a solitary citizen, reading a book. Derek recognised himself as the citizen. Then some more citizens came by, and invited Derek to a great party, with food and drink aplenty. Derek watched as his former self entered into the party spirit with the rest of the citizens. Then the spirit led him away to watch several more festive gatherings in Derek's past, before he pleaded with the spirit to be taken home.

Awaking again, Derek had no need to be told that the hour was once again upon him. He saw a strange light in the next room, and ventured to investigate. It was his own room. In it stood a tall, ugly, rugby player. 'I am the clown of Christmas Present' he said.

'I went forth last night on compulsion' said Derek. 'Tonight, if you have anything to teach me then let me profit by it.'

The clown took his arm and led him downstairs. There were people talking, laughing and having a good time. Derek recognised them as citizens at the Lumpsofmetalwors-hippers Cocktail Party. 'Why are they so happy?' asked Derek. 'They're so poor.'

'Well, you see' the clown replied, 'They may be poor, overdrawn and living in run down, grotty flats, paying extortionate rents, but they still accept any excuse to dress up and have a good time.'

Then the clown grasped his arm and moved him on. He took him to the house of Cratchits. Wendy Cratchit was cooking the Christmas dinner. Her two sons, Chas and Bill were laying the table. At that

moment in came their father, John Cratchit, with Tiny Nigel on his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Nigel, he had his limbs supported by an iron frame and bore a tiny crutch. They were a happy family, a Derek kept his eye on Tiny Nigel until the clown beckoned him to leave. Derek returned to his room and as the clock struck twelve the clown disappeared, to be replaced by an even more fearsome sight. A massive woman stood before him. 'I am the clown of Christmas yet to come!' she bellowed, putting more dread into Derek than even he thought possible. she led him away to the Cratchits' house. It was quiet, very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in the corner. In the other corner lay a tiny crutch, no unused. 'Oh down' begged Derek, 'tell me it isn't so, where is Tiny Nigel?' The spirit beckoned Derek to the dresser, to an opened drawer. In it there lay a bank statement. Derek read it. 'Spirit, is this how it will be? Tiny Nigel will be forced to drop out because he can't afford to study at Cheapskate?' The spirit said nothing, but took Derek back to his room, and left him to sleep.

Derek scrambled out of bed. He was so fluttered and glowing that he ran out into the street and stopped the first citizen he met. 'What's today?' asked Derek. 'Why, Christmas Day' replied the citizen.

'I haven't missed it' thought Derek, 'the clowns have done their work in one night. I will live in the past, the present and the future!'

Will Arthur Michael return from the dead?

Will Stephalump Smell ever find a way into the Baron?

Will Phallix bizzy body Dizzy Lizzy stop nagging Willhebegoodforacolumninch?

Find out in the next few years.

The Baron of Cheapskate is a fictional story and any similarity between the characters contained herein and Michael Arthur, Eric Ash, Clare Ash, Ian Morris, Chas Brereton, Bill Goodwin, Liz Warren and Nigel Baker are purely fictional

The Rules

BRIEF IDEA OF THE GAME

The idea of the game is to buy and rent properties so inefficiently and unprofitably that players lose any wealth they may start the game with. The first player to lose all his money becomes *The Biggest Tit In College*. When a player's token lands on some exorbitantly overpriced and badly situated property, he must purchase it from the College Loan Account, hereafter referred to as 'The Bank'. The object of purchasing property is to collect rents and lose money. **Under no circumstances should any player attempt to reduce the rents on their properties to a reasonable level; this is cheating.** Players are advised that inefficiency wins in this game.

Rentals are greatly increased by building houses and hotels on the sites. This is an obligatory requirement.

Players may note that 'Fisher Hall' is not present on the board. Fisher Hall is the only site on which a player may theoretically purchase the site and then not build a house, or charge rent, for several game turns.

Players may not mortgage their sites unless they have less than £100. At this point they may take a ridiculously high loan from *The Bank* when mortgaging their sites.

College Cock-ups and Union Upsets give instructions that must be followed.

Sometimes players land in a tutorial.

The game is one of shrewd and amusing titillation suitable for those of an unstable disposition.

EQUIPMENT

Players may have noticed a surprising similarity between the game of 'Monopoly' by John Waddington Ltd and the infinitely superior game of 'Mammopoly'. This mere coincidence allows players to utilise the money, houses, hotels, dice and tokens available in the aforementioned 'Monopoly' game. Players may like to steal the communal Hall copy of 'Monopoly', ransacking it for the relevant pieces. It has been calculated that the ensuing drop in weight of the 'Monopoly' box should correspond to the contents of approximately two Southside Bar ashtrays. Using this ingenious decoy device, players should be able to return the vandalised 'Monopoly' game to their Hall Porter without fear of reprisal*.

Players are provided with a game board which bears a cunning similarity to the College Halls of Residence system. Again this is a mere coincidence and is completely unintentional.

Players are also provided with two sheets of Title Deeds which should be cut out with parental assistance.

* FELIX accepts no responsibility for any action taken with regard to the Mammopoly game, or the rules contained therein.

PREPARATION

Place the board on a good-sized table, as are found in the Union Bar or Southside Bar. Each player is provided with one token to represent him on his travels around the board. Each player is also given the amazing sum of £1,500. All other equipment goes on 'The Bank'. One of the players (the least trustworthy) is elected Banker, while another is elected 'Dork'. The purpose of the 'Dork' is to provide adequate alcoholic beverages to make the game enjoyable.

MONEY

Each player is given £1,500 divided as

follows: two £500—four £100—one £50—one £20—two £10—one £5—five £1's.

All remaining Monopoly money goes to 'The Bank'.

The 'Dork' may require some real money in order to perform his task. As the game progresses, and the beverages flow, the 'Dork' is more likely to accept Monopoly money as payment. This will cause much hilarity when he is told by the bar staff exactly where he should go. (This will not be to 'Tutorial' and in any case he should not pass 'New Term' and will not collect £200 Top-up Loan.)

TO START THE GAME

Starting with the Banker, each player in turn throws the dice. The player with the lowest total starts play. He/she/Jason Lander places his/her/its token on the corner marked 'New Term', throws two dice (and probably his stomach later on in the game) and moves his token clockwise around the board by the number of spaces indicated by the dice. After he has completed his play, the turn of play passes to the left. Note that one or more tokens may rest on the same space at the same time, although the last player to land on the space may be required to take a suitable penalty, such as being the 'Dork'.

According to the space upon which his token reaches, a player may have to buy Building Sites or properties (obligatory if the player has the money available)—or be obliged to pay rent (if another owns the property), pay Poll Tax, play a College Cock-up or Union Upset, 'Go to Tutorial', etc.

If a player throws a double he earns himself another turn. This may be thought of as dealing behind the back of certain College officials while they are out at lunch, on holiday, etc. However, if three such doubles are thrown in a row, the player has been discovered and must pay for his heinous crime by attending a tutorial.

Every time that a player's token either lands on or passes over 'New Term', while going clockwise around the board, the Banker, acting on behalf of our old mate Ken Baker, hands him the generous sum of £200 as a 'Top-up Loan'.

LANDING ON UNOWNED PROPERTY

When a player lands on an unowned property (i.e., on a Building Site for which no other player holds the Title Deed), whether by a throw of the dice or by a move forced by the instruction of a College Cock-up or Union Upset, and he holds enough money to buy the site, that player must purchase it. For this he receives a handsome Title Deed card showing ownership which he places face-up in front of him. Note that all sites bought must be declared in this way, however dodgy or embarrassing the transaction was.

LANDING ON OWNED PROPERTY

When a player lands on owned property, either by a throw of dice, or by a move forced by a College Cock-up or Union Upset, the owner collects rent from him in accordance with the list printed on the Title Deed card applying to it. Note: If the site contains a House or Houses, the rent is exorbitantly higher than it would be for an unimproved Site. If the Site is mortgaged, no rent can be collected. Double rent cannot be collected from a Pattern-Group if one site is mortgaged. Mortgaged property is designated by turning the Title Deed

representing that property upside down.

Note: If the player fails to give his rent before the next throw of the dice, he becomes the new 'Dork'.

ADVANTAGES FOR OWNERS

It is an advantage to hold Title Deeds for all Sites of a complete Pattern-Group (for example Olave House and 170 Queensgate) because the owner may then charge double rent for unimproved Sites of that property. This is yet another ingenious device for screwing rent out of unwilling residents.

Houses can only be built on Sites of a complete Pattern-Group owned (see HOUSES).

LANDING ON 'COLLEGE COCK-UP' OR 'UNION UPSET'

A player throws the two dice twice and sums the total of the four throws. The result is then applied to the table of College Cock-ups or Union Upsets given on the Mammopoly board. The instructions given are then followed. The 'Get out of Tutorial Free' instruction must be remembered until used. After being used it must be promptly forgotten. This memorized instruction may be sold to another player at a price agreeable to both. In this case the memory of the 'Get out of Tutorial Free' instruction must be transferred between players. In light of the above complications, it may be deemed wise to record 'Get Out of Tutorial Free' instructions using a pencil and paper.

LANDING ON 'FREE PARKING'

When a player lands on this space, one of the other players must pretend to be Nigel, our beloved Union President. The lucky player then has to grovel to 'Nigel' in the most appropriate manner until he is given the Free Parking Permit he so desperately requires. If he fails in this task, he will have to park his car round the back of the Old Chemistry Building.

BANKER

Select as Banker a player who is the most untrustworthy, low down piece of cow dung around the table.

THE BANK

The Banker preferably uses for the Bank a pint glass placed at his elbow, but in practice it will be found that the banker becomes quite adept at using his pockets. In this case, he should become the 'Dork'.

If the Bank (College Loan Account) runs out of money, a very sorry state of affairs, the Banker must issue I.O.U.'s for whatever amounts are required.

TUTORIAL

A player lands in Tutorial if his token lands on the space marked 'Go to Tutorial', or if he throws doubles three times in succession. Note: A player will not receive £200 Top-up Loan on his way to a Tutorial for being a Girly Swot.

A player gets out of a Tutorial—(1) By throwing a double on his next turn. If he succeeds, he can throw again and move forward the appropriate (or inappropriate) number of spaces. (2) Using his memory of a previous 'Get Out of Tutorial Free' instruction. (3) By completing Quantum Mechanics Problem Sheet 3 before his next turn.

Skiving a Tutorial: If a player is not 'sent

to Tutorial', but in the ordinary course of play reaches that space, he is 'Just Skiving' and has managed to avoid yet another boring, incomprehensible tutorial. Well done.

HOUSES

Houses can be bought only from the Bank and can only be built on Sites of a complete Pattern-Group which the player owns. If he buys one House, he may place it on any Site within the Pattern-Group. The next house he buys must then be built on a different site: properties must be developed evenly throughout the game. The price paid for houses is given on the Title Deed cards for each Site.

A player must, if his financial standing allows, build at least one house every turn.

HOTELS

A player must have four Houses on each Site of a complete Pattern-Group before building a Hotel. The Hotel is bought from the Bank for the sum shown on the Title Deed plus the four houses already on the Site. Only one hotel may be built on any one site.

SELLING PROPERTY

Undeveloped sites and Refectories/Bars may be sold to any player as a private transaction only when the seller has less than £100. No Site, however, may be sold to another player if buildings are standing on any Sites in that Pattern-Group. Any buildings so situated must be sold back to the Bank before the owner can sell any Site of that Pattern-Group. Mortgaged property cannot be sold to the Bank—only to other players.

Houses and Hotels may be resold to the Bank at any time that the owner has less than £100. In this case the Bank will pay one half of the price paid for them. In the case of Hotels, the Bank will pay half the cash price of the Hotel plus half the price of the four Houses which were given in purchase of the Hotel.

MORTGAGES

Mortgaging properties can be done through the Bank only when the owner has less than £100 ready cash. The mortgage value is printed on each Title Deed. The rate of interest is 10%, payable when the mortgage is lifted. If any property is transferred which is mortgaged, the new owner may lift the mortgage at once if he wishes, but he must pay the 10% interest.

Houses or Hotels cannot be mortgaged. All buildings on a Site must be sold to the Bank before that Site can be mortgaged.

Building cannot proceed on mortgaged property.

BANKRUPTCY

When a player is bankrupt, he must sell any property he owns in an attempt to raise money. If even this attempt fails, he is deemed the winner, and must buy a round of drinks, even if he is not the current 'Dork'.

RULES FOR PLAYING THE SHORT GAME

If time is short and optimum fun is required, the following rule may be applied... Every time a player pays rent, he must down a pint of a suitable beverage.

Puzzles

Xmas word search

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1 ADVENT | 18 MISTLETOE |
| 2 BELLS | 19 MULLED WINE |
| 3 CANDLE | 20 NATIVITY PLAYS |
| 4 CAROLS | 21 NUTS |
| 5 CHRISTMAS | 22 PARTY |
| 6 CRACKERS | 23 PEACE ON EARTH |
| 7 CRESCENT | 24 PIES |
| 8 DECEMBER | 25 PRESENTS |
| 9 FEASTING | 26 REINDEER |
| 10 FRANKINCENSE | 27 REST |
| 11 FROST | 28 SECRETS |
| 12 GIFTWRAPPING | 29 SNOW |
| 13 HERALD ANGEL | 30 STAR |
| 14 HOLLY | 31 SURPRISES |
| 15 INSANITY | 32 TINSEL |
| 16 LIGHT | 33 TREAT |
| 17 MINCE | 34 TURKEY |

P	Y	T	I	D	A	U	T	N	M	B	E
L	N	I	V	C	R	E	S	C	E	R	H
S	A	T	A	E	H	P	T	S	E	L	O
N	Y	S	N	O	M	R	E	I	D	K	L
I	T	E	T	D	P	I	R	N	S	Y	S
S	T	L	A	L	S	N	C	A	R	O	T
I	N	F	R	E	N	T	M	E	Y	L	R
W	M	E	T	O	S	U	R	K	S	W	A
D	A	H	W	N	S	E	C	E	T	N	P
B	E	S	T	I	T	L	A	F	A	E	P
R	U	L	A	N	H	G	I	R	C	N	I
M	A	L	D	V	G	E	L	A	N	K	G

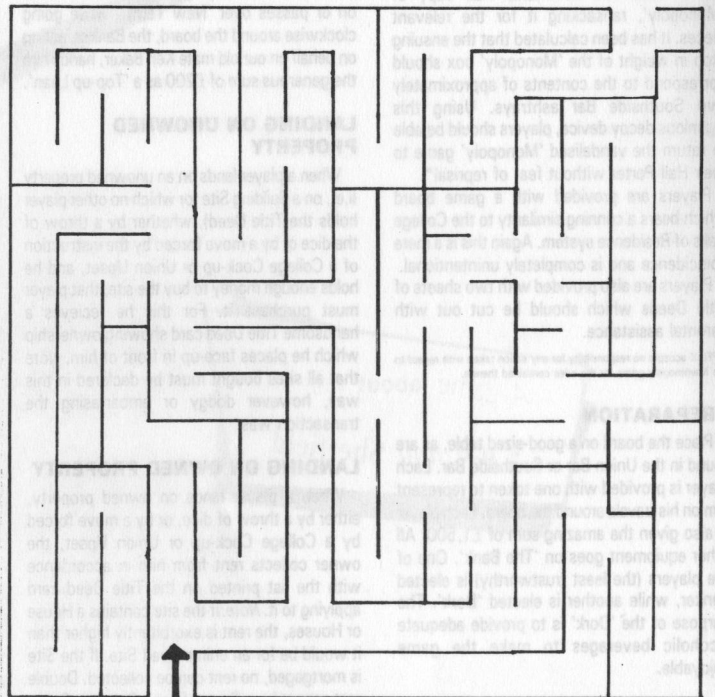
Spot the ball



MOTOR MAZE

Help RCS Motor Club find their way to the bar!

BAR:



JEZ'S GARAGE

Andy Meredith

Return of the goat

It is now Summer, and the farmer who owns the circular field needs to lengthen the rope to which the goat is tied. To recap, the field is twenty metres in radius, the goat is tied to fence surrounding it. The length of the rope was set so that the goat could eat a quarter of the grass in the field. The goat has now eaten all the grass available to it. How much longer should the rope be, so that the goat now has another quarter of the field available to it?

Dear Santa...

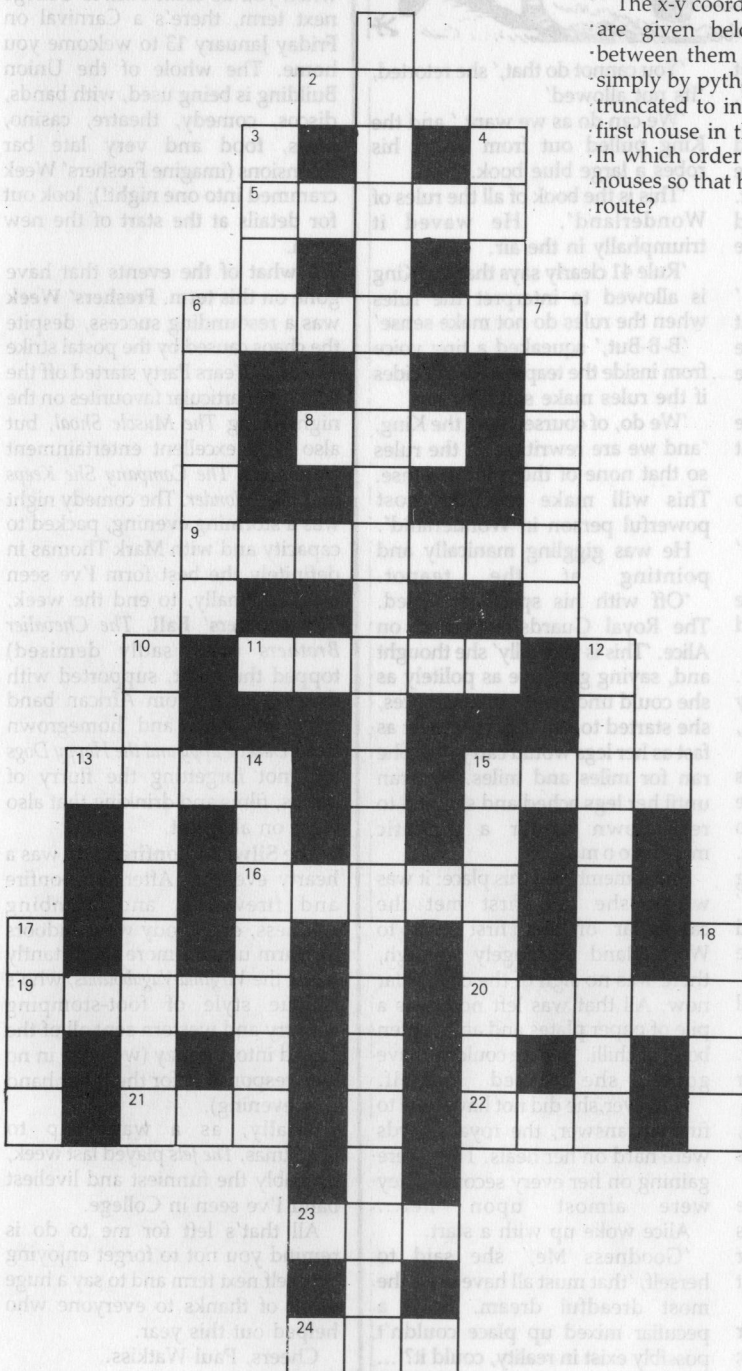
Christmas day is drawing near, and Father Christmas has a problem. He has twenty more presents to deliver, but is running out of time. He needs to know the shortest route to take around all twenty houses, to deliver the presents in the quickest time. He is sure that he can deliver the presents before Christmas day dawns, if only he takes the shortest route.

The x-y coordinates of the houses are given below. The distances between them can be worked out simply by pythagorus, and may be truncated to integers. He is at the first house in the list.
In which order should he visit the houses so that he takes the shortest route?

Camel travel

To set the scene, there is a region of sand, and a region of rock which is to the South. The two regions are divided by a straight East-West line. Now, ten miles to the South of this dividing line lives a young man. This young man wants to visit his girlfriend, who lives ten miles to the North of the dividing line, and twenty miles West of the man's home. The fastest method of travel available is by camel. Now, the camel can travel at 5mph on rock, but only 3mph on sand. How long does it take him to reach his girlfriend?

HOUSE	X	Y	HOUSE	X	Y
1	12	64	11	73	66
2	86	72	12	44	33
3	79	7	13	15	72
4	48	44	14	53	42
5	10	94	15	5	76
6	69	52	16	50	55
7	96	31	17	73	65
8	94	92	18	22	45
9	52	55	19	12	48
10	66	69	20	5	35



Christmas Crossword

Across

- Interrogative reason (3)
- Later than headless roof beam (5)
- Has reed become sticks (7)
- No five have an egg (3)
- Sign of agreement is that North, strange, has in note (7)
- Secretively cunningly lady (5)
- Putting pots back may break them (4)
- Right none of it is covering (4)
- Gambled cubed (5)
- Alistair, the same one excuse (5)
- Smallest field saint (5)
- Note as back will droop (3)
- Weed from topless shoe (3)
- Car devil (3)
- Like knight, request information (3)

Down - These all have a Christmas theme

- Ending with Epiphany and seventy-eight presents (3, 6, 4, 2, 9)
- Joker sends greetings (3)
- Model right at electrical engineering department is fir (4)
- Arrival starts on the first of this month (6)
- Vehicle sounds like killer (7)
- Christmas Eve food - spice mine (5, 4)
- Water crystal which is rarely seen at Christmas (9)
- Set alight, dog is about twice five hundred in making it (7)
- Red nosed (7)
- Post-Christmas happening which is confused by ales (4)
- Famous night object (4)

by Jaka

Curiouser and spuriouser

By Beard

Alice was wandering through the forest when suddenly, she heard a voice behind her:

'Hello. Would you care for a cup of tea?'

She turned round and the most peculiar sight met her eyes. There, in a clearing, stood a long wooden table and around it sat three of the strangest creatures she ever had seen. The voice spoke again.

'I asked if you would like a cup of tea?'

It belonged to a very curious looking man with a long cloak and a very silly hat. Alice remembered her manners

'Thank you very much', she replied courteously.

'Well, you can't, we haven't any! Then why did you ask me if I wanted some?' Alice retorted.

'Well, you see, I am completely mad. Mad as a hatter. Indeed I am a Mad-Hatter: Bill Madhatter at your service'

Another voice rang out from the other side of the table.

'He's not really a hatter', cried a rabbit-like creature with a mass of spiky hair, 'He used to run a newspaper, until he annoyed the King of Heartless.'

'Goodness Gracious! What did the King do?'

'It was terrible. He cut off his Print Unit. Would you like a cup of tea?'

'But you have no tea?'

'Of course not, but its only polite to ask. Anyway, I am also completely mad. I'm Ian, the Mad March Haircut and this is Chas, the Dormouse.'

And with that, he hit the small, furry, snoring creature sitting next to him. It woke up with a start.

'What! Er, yes, er, no, of course I wasn't asleep. I never sleep. Good Heavens! who might you be?'

'I'm Alice,' said Alice.

'I would offer you a cup of tea, but I'm afraid I'm sitting in the teapot' Alice looked, and indeed he was.

'Hello. Let me introduce myself. I am the Dormouse. Being a dormouse is very interesting. Its very interesting being a dormouse. You do all kinds of interesting things and meet all kinds of interesting people. Yes, its very interesting being a dorm.... Zzzzz'

He fell asleep without finishing his sentence which Alice thought was rather rude.

'Oh. Don't worry about him.' The hatter spoke. 'He's bored himself to sleep. He often does this. The truth is he's slightly Muesli'

'Muesli?' inquired Alice.



'Did I say Muesli. I'm most dreadfully sorry, but, as you know, I'm as mad as a hatter.'

At that very moment, they heard a trumpet call. The dormouse woke up with a start and hid in the teapot.

'Quick!' shouted the hatter 'Stand up! Sit down! Kneel! Pray!! It's the King.'

'Curiouser and curiouser,' thought Alice. At that very moment the royal party thundered into the clearing, waving flamingos. The March Haircut bowed low.

'Your Gracious Majesties,' he grovelled, 'May this humble servant introduce you to Alice.'

Alice had always been taught to be polite.

'I'm very pleased to meet you,' she said, and curtsied.

'We should think so too. We are Nigel, the King of Heartless, and this is Fiona, the Queen'

'Money!' the Queen spat out. 'Give me money, money. Money for blind people, ill people, children, animals, RAG!'

She waved a can under Alice's nose. This was rather rude, Alice thought, although she didn't say so out loud. That would be even ruder.

'Later Fiona, Later,' the King interrupted, 'We wish to converse.'

He smiled sincerely, straightened his crown and handed Alice a piece of paper.

'We wish you to fill in the royal questionnaire.'

Alice looked at the piece of paper. It was full of the most peculiar questions.

'Your Majesty!' exclaimed Alice, quite forgetting her manners, 'This is complete and utter nonsense'

Everyone went quiet. The Dormouse shivered inside his teapot. The Mad Hatter hid under his silly cloak. The King went purple.

'Off with her head! Off with her head!' he screamed.

Alice stayed calm.

'You cannot do that,' she retorted, 'Its not allowed'

'We can do as we want.' and the King pulled out from under his robes a large blue book.

'This is the book of all the rules of Wonderland'. He waved it triumphantly in the air.

'Rule 41 clearly says that the King is allowed to interpret the rules when the rules do not make sense'

'B-B-But,' squeaked a tiny voice from inside the teapot, 'who decides if the rules make sense or not'

'We do, of course,' spat the King, 'and we are rewriting all the rules so that none of them make sense. This will make me the most powerful person in Wonderland.'

He was giggling manically and pointing at the teapot.

'Off with his spout!' he cried.

The Royal Guards advanced on Alice. 'This is very silly' she thought and, saying goodbye as politely as she could under the circumstances, she started to run into the forest as fast as her legs would carry her. She ran for miles and miles. She ran until her legs ached and she had to rest down under a gigantic mushroom.

She remembered this place: it was where she had first met the caterpillar on her first visit to Wonderland. Strangely enough, there was no sign of the caterpillar now. All that was left now was a pile of paper plates and an uneaten bowl of chilli. 'Where could he have gone' she asked herself.

However, she did not have time to find an answer, the royal guards were hard on her heels. They were gaining on her every second. They were almost upon her...

Alice woke up with a start.

'Goodness Me,' she said to herself, 'that must all have been the most dreadful dream. Such a peculiar mixed up place couldn't possibly exist in reality, could it?'

Ents

To end off the term, on Wednesday December 14, Ents are putting on a Christmas Party in association with The Institut Francais (the French secretarial school just down by South Ken tube station). It starts at 8pm, featuring a disco, bar extension, the works and perhaps even some mince pies for the first groups of people in. Tickets are available from the Union Office (£1 adv, £1.50 on the door, or free with an Ents card).

Also a quick note to tell you that when you do come back to College next term, there's a Carnival on Friday January 13 to welcome you home. The whole of the Union Building is being used, with bands, discos, comedy, theatre, casino, films, food and very late bar extensions (imagine Freshers' Week crammed into one night!); look out for details at the start of the new term.

But what of the events that have gone on this term. **Freshers' Week** was a resounding success, despite the chaos caused by the postal strike. The New Years Party started off the year, my particular favourites on the night being *The Muscle Shoal*, but also with excellent entertainment from *The Company She Keeps* and *Boys Wonder*. The comedy night was a storming evening, packed to capacity and with Mark Thomas in definitely the best form I've seen him in. Finally, to end the week, **The Freshers' Ball**. *The Chevalier Brothers* (now sadly demised) topped the night, supported with dance sounds from African band *Taxi Pata Pata*, and homegrown band *Dave, Puppy and the Happy Dogs* and not forgetting the flurry of discos, films and drinking that also went on all night.

The **Silwood Bonfire Party** was a hearty evening. After the bonfire and fireworks, and numbing coldness, everybody went indoors to warm up and more importantly to see the *Virginia Vagabounds*, who's unique style of foot-stomping country and western sent all of the crowd into a frenzy (we were in no way responsible for the other band that evening).

Finally, as a warm up to Christmas, *The Jets* played last week, probably the funniest and liveliest band I've seen in College.

All that's left for me to do is remind you not to forget enjoying yourself next term and to say a huge word of thanks to everyone who helped out this year.

Cheers, Paul Watkiss.

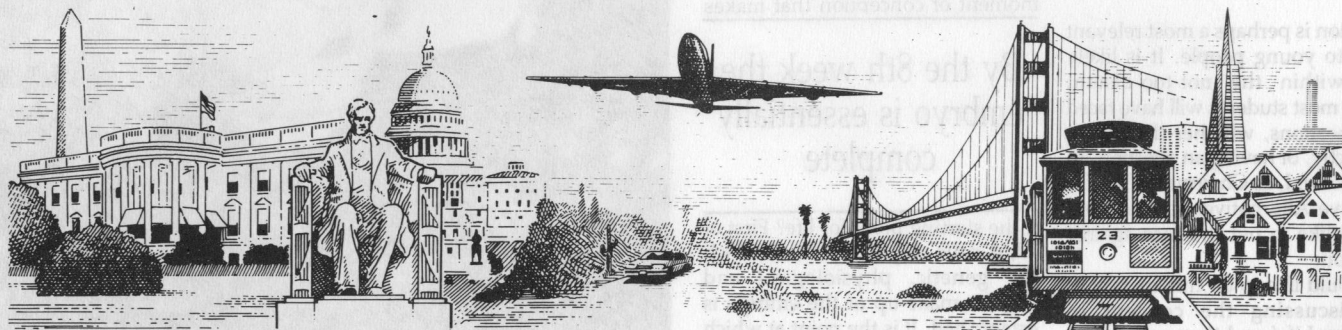
The Daily Telegraph

BRITISH ASSOCIATION

Promoting Science and Technology

Young Science Writer Awards 1989

WIN A WEEK IN THE USA



Are you aged between 16 and 28? Does the world of scientific discovery fascinate you?

Yes? Then how would you like to spend a week in the USA – at the 1990 American Association for the Advancement of Science Annual Meeting in New Orleans.

YOUR WRITING TALENT CAN GET YOU THERE.

We are looking for articles of about 700 words on a scientific discovery or research topic of your choice. It could be anything from astrophysics to animal behaviour or AI to HIV.

You select the field – and then write an article that both informs and entertains specialist and general newspaper readers alike.

THE PRIZES

The competition is divided into two age groups: 16-21 and 22-28, with a total of 12 prizes in each age group:

- The best article will earn its author a trip to the

DR. ROGER HIGHFIELD'S COMPETITION GUIDE

General points:

1. Your article should be about 700 words in length, and not more than 800 words.
2. Your article should be clear and informative and understood by the non-specialist newspaper reader. Scientific jargon should either be explained or avoided.
3. If you feel diagrams or illustrations would be helpful, include them in your entry. It doesn't matter how sketchy they are.
4. 16-21 age group entrants and 22-28 age group entrants not engaged in original research: Write about any scientific discovery, for example, a project being pursued locally or perhaps topics discussed recently in scientific publications. Whatever you choose, you must identify your sources.
5. 22-28 age group entrants engaged in original research: It doesn't matter whether your research is complete or not; citing other work is perfectly acceptable if your own has not yet borne fruit.

For a more detailed guide and copies of last year's winning entries, please write to the competition address.

USA in 1990, as well as the satisfaction of seeing the winning piece published in The Daily Telegraph's Monday Science and Technology page. The winners will also receive a year's subscription to New Scientist and Nature, plus an invitation to attend Science 89, the British Association's Annual Meeting in Sheffield.

- Second prize is a year's subscription to New Scientist and Nature, plus an invitation to Science 89. All runners-up have a chance of seeing their entries published in The Daily Telegraph.

- There are 10 runner-up prizes of a year's subscription to New Scientist and Nature.

- A further 25 entrants whose articles are of particular note, will be awarded The Daily Telegraph-British Association Certificate of Merit.

- In addition – for every school pupil reaching the final round of judging, a prize will be awarded to their school.

THE JUDGES

Sir Sam Edwards: President, British Association for the Advancement of Science. Sir Walter Bodmer: Director of Research, Imperial Cancer Research. Mr. Richard Fifield: Executive Editor, New Scientist Magazine. Dr. Peter Newmark: Nature Magazine. Professor Sir David Phillips: Laboratory of Molecular Biophysics, Oxford University. Professor Heinz Wolff: Institute of Bio Engineering, Brunel University. Dr. Roger Highfield: Technology Editor, The Daily Telegraph. The judges will assess your articles on content, quality of writing, your age, and any graphic illustrations you may propose.

Send your entry to: Ms. Julie Dallison, British Association, Fortress House, 23 Savile Row, London W1X 1AB, to arrive not later than 25 February 1989. Make sure that your entry clearly shows the category you are entering, your full name, date of birth, school/university/place of work, contact address and telephone number.

COMPETITION RULES

1. Entrants must be aged between 16 and 28 (inclusive) at 25.2.89.
2. Entries must be typed or legibly written in ink or ballpoint.
3. Entries over 800 words in length (not including description of any graphic illustration) will be disqualified.
4. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence on the nature of assessment or the results will be entered into.
5. Competition is open to UK residents only. Employees (and their families) of The Daily Telegraph plc, subsidiary or associated companies, advertising and promotion agencies are not eligible.
6. The Daily Telegraph Standard Competition Rules apply. They can be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to Ms. Julie Dallison at the address shown above.



Should we ban babies?

Recent developments in Parliament have suggested that a Private Members Bill similar to David Alton's may be introduced to this Parliamentary year. It seems, therefore, likely that abortion-related issues will be back in the news in 1989.

Abortion is perhaps a most relevant issue to young people. It is likely that within the not-too-distant future most students will have faced the questions, whether directly or indirectly, of having an abortion. In this article, I, as Chairman of PATA (Positive Alternatives to Abortion) would like to put the case against abortion.

I would like to do this by first of all discussing the concept of 'Human Life' and then countering the argument of pro-abortionists. After this I would like to detail the various methods of abortion and finally to conclude by suggesting alternatives and ways in which the demand for abortion can be reduced.

Central to the moral argument against abortion is the belief that from conception the human embryo is a new and distinct 'Human Life'. However, the term 'Human Life' is one of difficulty. Depending upon personal preference it may be defined in many ways; for example spiritually, philosophically, or scientifically. Let us consider these three approaches for a moment.

The spiritual approach usually regards 'Human Life' as beginning at the moment a soul becomes present. This sort of approach is associated with religious groups and although it seems rather vague, it is important to note that all the World's major religions oppose abortion.

The philosophical approach usually bases its arguments around vague and arbitrary concepts such as 'consciousness' and 'degree of culturization'. As these philosophical arguments are highly subjective and very difficult to prove, there is no general consensus from this approach.

From the moment of conception there exists a complete human being

Finally, there is the scientific approach. Unlike the other two, this

approach is neither subjective or non-provable. It is a biological fact that from the moment of human conception there exists a distinct human being who is both alive and of the human species—a 'Human Life'.

What is so significant about the moment of conception that makes

By the 8th week the embryo is essentially complete

it the starting point for life? First of all, it is the very first point at which the genetic, physiological and organic make-up of the embryo is established. It is the point at which life, in the form of the growth and development of the embryo, begins. Secondly, nothing short of death, whether by natural or artificial means, will prevent the embryo from developing into a newly-born baby. This cannot be said about any point before conception.

Let us now consider the development of this human life from conception to birth.

At conception the development of the embryo begins. As soon as the 18th day, the heart has begun to beat. By the 25th day the embryo's eyes, spinal cord, nervous system and major internal organs are beginning to form. From the 6th week onwards, brain waves can be detected, the complete skeleton has been formed in cartilage and pain can be felt.

By the 8th week the embryo is essentially complete. At this time she (assuming a female embryo) can spontaneously move her limbs and responds to touch. Bone is beginning to replace cartilage and from now until birth she is known as a 'foetus'—meaning 'young one'.

In the 3rd month the baby moves more vigorously, inhales and swallows the amniotic fluid, and urinates. Within another month she is about 30cm long and her heart pumps 50 pints of blood per day. She sleeps, wakes, responds to light and sound and may even suck her thumb. From now until birth, further development is largely a matter of growth. Under British law, abortion is still allowed for another 3 months.

The first medical ethicist, Hippocrates, forbade all abortion. Even as late as 1949, the World Medical Federation adopted the Geneva Code of medical ethics



which state that;

'I will maintain the utmost respect for Human Life from the moment of conception'

Why have attitudes changed so much since then? I believe part of the answer lies in the area of financial expediency and ignorance. But more of this later.

Countering the Arguments

A main argument in favour of abortion relates to the physically and mentally disabled. The argument runs; 'If an unborn child is found to be mentally or physically disabled, then it is in the interest of the child and mother that an abortion be carried out'.

This argument is riddled with holes. First of all as an argument in favour of abortion its applicability is very limited. Of the three million or so abortions carried out in England and Wales since 1967, less than 3% were on the grounds of physical or mental handicap.

Secondly, it arrogantly assumes that a handicapped person would rather be dead than alive. Just because a handicapped person would rather not be handicapped, it does not follow that they would rather be dead.

It is also very unclear about what

actually constitutes a physical or mental handicap. Surely blindness and deafness are physical handicaps! What about a club foot! Even if the argument dealt only with the 'severely physically and mentally disabled', it would still be equally difficult to define which disabilities are severe and which are not. And what gives us the right to make these kinds of decisions anyway?

In many ways this argument is really one of financial expedience. It is much cheaper to have an abortion than to look after a handicapped child. This is a factor of which governments are very much aware, but rarely admit. However, the DHSS did come close to admitting just this in a report called 'Prevention and Health: Everybody's Business (HMSO 1976)', when in reference to the demands made on the health and social services by mongol and spina bifida children, they stated;

'...it seems likely that, in general, the cost of these demands will exceed the cost of a program to detect the condition.'

No civilised society can justify abortion on the grounds that it is cheaper to abort than to care.

It is often argued that abortion is

good for society because it helps to eliminate disability. But can eliminating disability at the expense of eliminating the disabled really be called a good thing? Scientific research and the development of new surgical techniques provide far more effective means of doing this.

Rape is another situation often cited as a justifications for abortion. Although it is a terrible crime deserving of severe punishment, is it right to kill the innocent unborn child who may be conceived?

An important point is made in the book 'New Perspectives on Human Abortion', in which psychologists Mahkorn and Dolan state that in the

If you are at all squirmish skip the next six paragraphs

case of rape victims who become pregnant, '...the pregnant victim's problems stem more from the trauma of the rape than from the pregnancy itself.'

In the long run it is often found that the abortion is self-defeating in the sense that it may give the mother more emotional problems than if she'd gone the full term and had the baby adopted. In actual fact there is now a recognised condition called Post-Abortion Syndrome. It is akin to the disorder shown by Vietnam veterans who repressed their experiences then, years later showed emotional problems. Symptoms include recurrent dreams of the abortion or unborn child, reduced capacity for feeling or expressing emotions and guilt.

A very common pro-abortion argument is to simply assert that it is 'a woman's right to choose'. In many issues, this sort of assertion is perfectly justifiable. However, it is not logical to extend this argument to the case of abortion where the 'rights' of the unborn child must also be taken into account.

Genetically, physiologically and organically the foetus is distinct from the mother. Surely the unborn child's 'right to life' exceeds the mother's 'right to choose'.

It is also true to say that whilst the mother and father had the 'right to choose' to prevent the mother from becoming pregnant, they didn't exercise their right. After conception, the 'right to choose' no longer exists.

The Methods

There are three main methods of carrying out an abortion. The first invades the uterus from below; the second involves the use of drugs which poison the unborn child and

then empty the uterus through subsequent labour and delivery. The third invades the uterus from above.

All three methods are quite nauseating and if you are at all squeamish, I would suggest that you skip the next six paragraphs. However do note that these methods are used to carry out over 170,000 abortions every year in England and Wales, and their barbarity does in itself constitute an argument against abortion.

In the first category falls the Suction-Aspiration method. This is the most commonly used technique. It involves the insertion of a hollow plastic tube—which has a knifelike edge around the top—into the uterus. The suction from this tube is about 30 times as powerful as a home vacuum cleaner and so tears the baby's body to pieces. The placenta is cut from the inner wall of the uterus and the scraps sucked out into a bottle.

The Dilatation and Curettage method. This method is similar to the suction method except that the abortionist inserts a curette, a loop-shaped steel knife, into the uterus. With this the placenta and foetus are cut into pieces and scraped out into a basin. Bleeding is usually profuse.

The third 'blow uterus' method is called Dilatation and Evacuation. As this method is used in later months, a pliers-like instrument is needed because the baby's bones and skull have calcified. There is no anaesthetic for the baby. The Doctor inserts the instrument up into the uterus, seizes a leg or other part of the body and, with a twisting motion, tears it from the baby's body. This is repeated again and again. The spine must be snapped and the skull crushed in order to remove them. The nurse's job is to reassemble the body parts to be sure that all have been removed.

In the second category is the Prostaglandin abortion. This involves the injection of the human

No civilised society can justify abortion on the grounds that it is cheaper to abort than to care

hormone Prostin E2 which results in violent labour and the delivery of whatever size baby the mother is carrying. The baby is usually too small to survive the traumatic labour.

The most common third category abortion is the Hysterectomy. This is similar to an early Caesarean section. The mother's abdomen is surgically opened, as is her uterus. The baby is then lifted out with the

placenta discarded. This method is used particularly in the case of late pregnancies.

Alternatives

Once again we ask ourselves why attitudes have changed so much since the statement by the World Medical Federation in 1949 which quoted earlier. Forty years ago, abortion was not acceptable to most people. Now it has become almost commonplace. I don't say this lightly. In 1987, 174,246 abortions were carried out in England and Wales and the number is rising every year.

One main reason for the widespread acceptability of abortion is its legality. The Abortion Act was passed in 1967 and allows abortions to be carried out on both 'medical' and 'social' grounds. Reading the transcripts of the debates which took place in Parliament at the time, it is hard not to notice the stress placed upon the point that this bill was only intended for so-called 'hard cases' eg severely disabled foetuses, victims of rape. There was no intention to introduce Abortion on Demand. However the legal interpretation of the act has produced just this. A survey of Gynaecologists in 1988 GALLUP showed that 72% had found that 'abortion on demand' existed in some of the NHS hospitals in which they had worked. 83% considered it to be available in the private (free-charging) sector.

There is additionally a belief that legality implies moral correctness. Would we accept this argument as a justification of apartheid in South Africa?

Another reason for its acceptability is the prevalent ignorance of the issues involved. Most students are much better informed about nuclear disarmament, apartheid and ecological matters. What you don't know about you can't take issue with.

At Imperial College it is the society

called PATA which campaigns on these on these pro-life issues. The initials PATA stand for Positive Alternatives To Abortion. As the name suggests, we are not solely negative in our approach to abortion. We also wish to stress that there are alternatives to abortion and that there are things which can be done to lessen the need for abortion.

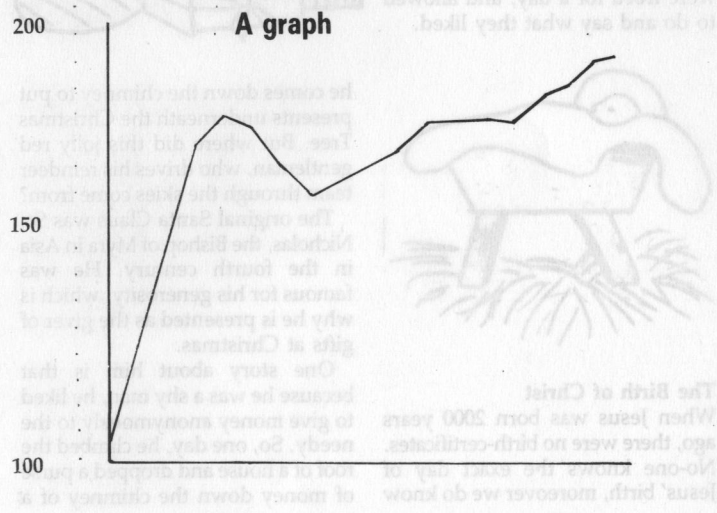
The main alternative to abortion is adoption. For many years the demand to adopt has been very great. According to the British Adoption and Fostering agency, there are at least 100 applications per baby available for adoption. It is perversely ironic that while such a demand to have a child to love and care for exists, over 170,000 unborn children are being aborted annually.

Although the use of contraception may help to prevent parents from resorting to abortion, the fact that no contraceptive is 100% effective must also be taken into account. Even if a human life has been created unintentionally then the only moral choice is to proceed with the pregnancy. It should also be noted that some contraceptives are actually abortion devices as they artificially prevent the fertilised embryo from lodging in the womb.

The best way to reduce the demand for abortion is to find the reasons and then to address them. One main reason is the financial burden of bringing up children. This factor is particularly relevant in the case of the disabled.

A solution to this problem is for society to put a greater emphasis on helping to share this burden. Pragmatically, this means that public opinion should encourage government to give greater support to those with children. Facilities for the disabled should also be better funded.

Even if the result of this may be slightly higher taxes, surely this would be a small price to pay for a more caring and civilised society.



What's the point of Christmas?

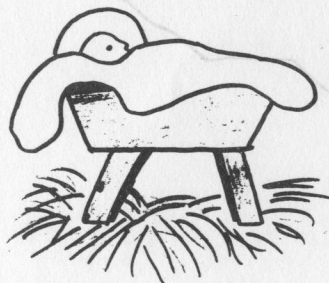
By Keith Adeney

Christmas has many faces, from mince pies to sliced turkey; Santa to the baby Jesus. Christmas trees, carol singing, and sending Christmas cards, all are images of Christmas. But have you ever stopped and wondered where Christmas gets all its 'added baggage' from? After all it is the celebration of Jesus' birthday; or is it?

The Winter Solstice

Long before the birth of Jesus, people had held special celebrations at the time of the winter solstice, the shortest day in the year. In the northern hemisphere the winter solstice ('solstice' literally means 'the sun standing still') falls on December 22nd.

When people saw the days getting shorter, they thought that the sun was dying, so they performed rituals to make sure of its return. Worshippers of the sun celebrated the 25th of December as the sun's birthday. They built bonfires on this day to mark the fact that the amount of sunlight was to now increase day by day. Druids would make human sacrifice to their woodland spirits to appease them and persuade them to cause growth in the following spring. Later the ancient Romans spread a festival called saturnalia through their empire. It was held in the latter part of December and went on for a week. It was given in honour of Saturn, the god of everything that grew. During this public holiday, people exchanged gifts, especially candles, and slaves were freed for a day, and allowed to do and say what they liked.



The Birth of Christ

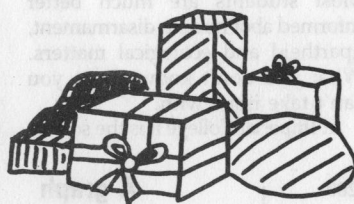
When Jesus was born 2000 years ago, there were no birth-certificates. No-one knows the exact day of Jesus' birth, moreover we do know

it was not in December, as the shepherd and the sheep they were watching would have frozen in the Palestinian winter. In the early days of Christianity it was decided to celebrate Jesus' birthday in midwinter. This was because it was already an important occasion. The festivities that were in existence were changed from celebrating the sun's birthday, to celebrating the birthday of Jesus Christ, God's own Son.

So celebrating at the end of December goes back much further than Christianity, but where did all the spin-offs we know so well today come from?

The First Santa

Children are told to hang their stockings up by the fireplace on Christmas Eve. Santa then dutifully fills them with toys and candy when



he comes down the chimney to put presents underneath the Christmas Tree. But where did this jolly red gentleman, who drives his reindeer team through the skies come from?

The original Santa Claus was St. Nicholas, the Bishop of Myra in Asia in the fourth century. He was famous for his generosity, which is why he is presented as the giver of gifts at Christmas.

One story about him is that because he was a shy man, he liked to give money anonymously to the needy. So, one day, he climbed the roof of a house and dropped a purse of money down the chimney of a

family of needy girls. The purse landed in the stockings which the girls had hung up by the fire to dry. Now children expect a similar 'purse' to drop into their own stockings. These days however the stockings are generally not so optimally located, so Santa has to slide down the chimney in his soot-proof coat to fill them.

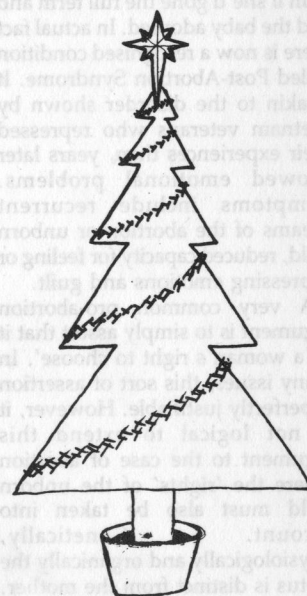


The first European St Nick was Dutch. He was a bearded man on a white horse, bringing presents for good children and a bundle of birch rods for naughty boys and girls. When the tradition spread to America, children thought that he came from the North Pole, so he needed a sledge and reindeer. This is the Santa who also visits Britain.



The Christmas Tree

The Christmas Tree goes back to the eighth century, to a missionary from Devon called St. Boniface. He went to Germany to teach people about Christ. There, one December, he encountered a group of people standing beneath an oak tree ready to sacrifice a child to please their god. Boniface rescued the child and had the oak tree chopped down. At its foot was a small fir tree. Boniface gave this to the people as a symbol of life. He called it the tree of the Christ-child.



The story continues many centuries later in the December of 1540, when Martin Luther, the famous German church leader, cut down a fir tree and took it home with him. The evergreen tree reminded him that life continued through the winter, when most of nature appeared to have died. He attached a number of candles to illuminate the tree and to express that Christ was welcome in his home.

But it was not until the middle of the nineteenth century, that the

Christmas tree appeared in Britain. It was introduced by Queen Victoria's husband, the German-born Prince Albert. Its popularity increased from then on as it became a part of the celebration of Christmas. Decorations were also added to the tree. Each with its own story.

Decorating the Tree The Star

The practice of decorating the Christmas Tree with a star is a reminder of the star which led the three wise men to the birth place of Jesus. Sometimes a doll is placed at the top of the tree. Originally this was supposed to represent the baby Jesus or the Angel Gabriel, but nowadays the doll often is dressed as a fairy or a princess!

Tinsel

A legend is told to explain the

origins of tinsel: Once there was a poor woman, working hard to provide for her family. One night some spiders spun their web on the family's Christmas Tree and in acknowledgement of the woman's goodness, the Christ child turned the webs to silver.

Christmas Cards

The first Christmas Card was made in 1843 by Sir Henry Cole, founder of the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. The card was sent to Mr. John Horsley and was titled 'Brimming Cheer'. It pictured a family celebrating Christmas and giving gifts of clothing and food to the poor. It is on display in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Christmas Plays

In times before most people could read, Bible stories were presented to the general public in the form of

plays. Christmas plays, or Nativity plays as they are often called, which depict the story of the birth of Christ, are often performed in schools at Christmas, and continue this tradition.

The Christmas Gift Of Peace

On Christmas Eve 1914 it was cold and frosty on the battle field. German and British forces, in the midst of World War I, stood facing each other, separated by a strip of no-man's land intersected with barbed wire.

Suddenly, amazed British soldiers saw lights come on along the line of enemy trenches. Then came the unbelievable sound of singing - German soldiers singing 'Silent Night, Holy Night'. When the sound died away the British soldiers replied with 'The First Noel'.

The singing by both sides went on for an hour and was followed by

invitations to cross over to enemy lines. One German with great courage began to walk across to the British trenches, followed by other Germans, hands in pockets, to show that they had no weapons. Men who had spent weeks trying to kill each other now embraced, sang and exchanged souvenirs and chocolate. Even a football match was organized...

When Christmas Day dawned bright and cold, there was no sound of rifles or gunfire. The men had agreed among themselves to cease fire. And for that one brief day peace reigned on the battle front.

It has been almost 2,000 years since the angels declared the Good News of Jesus' birth to the shepherds. 'Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth peace, good will toward men'. Sadly, much of our world still knows very little of that peace.



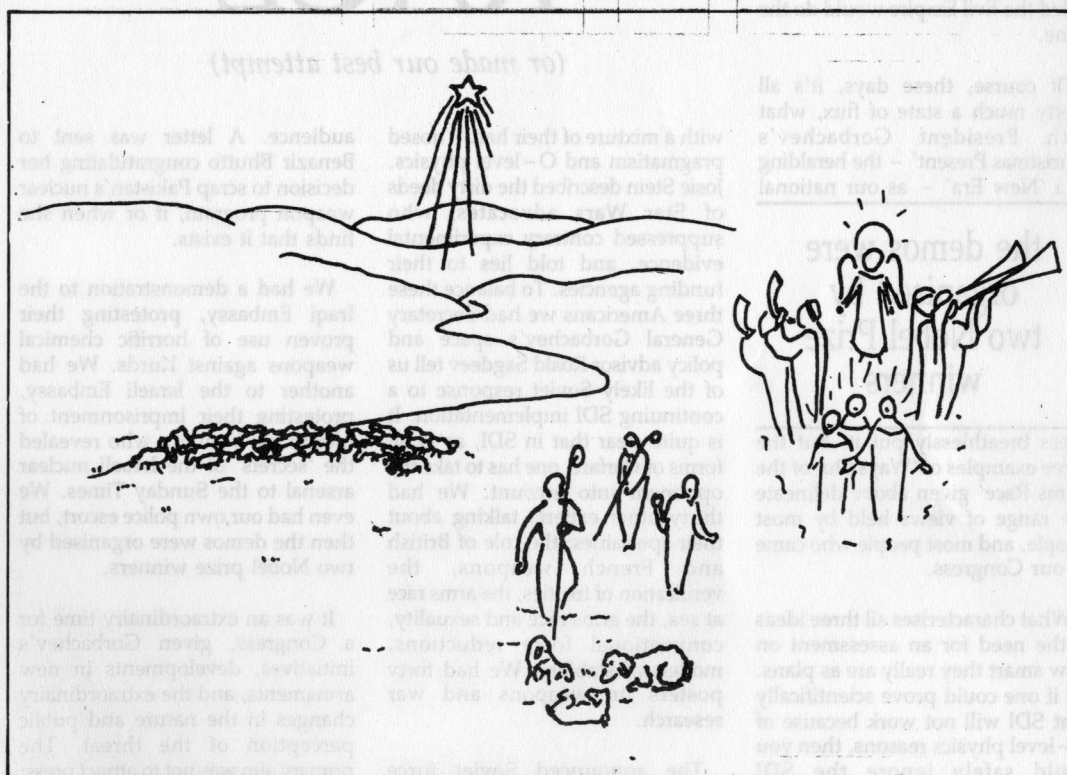
The story of Christmas

In those days Caesar Augustus issued a decree that a census should be taken of the entire Roman world. (This was the first census that took place while Quirinius was governor of Syria.) And everyone went to his own town to register.

So Joseph also went up from the town of Nazareth in Galilee to Judea, to Bethlehem the town of David, because he belonged to the house and line of David. He went there to register with Mary, who was pledged to be married to him and was expecting a child. While they were there, the time came for the baby to be born, and she gave birth to her firstborn, a son. She wrapped him in cloths and placed him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were shepherds living out in the fields nearby, keeping watch over their flocks at night. An angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were terrified. But the angel said to them, "Do not be afraid. I bring you good news of great joy that will be for all the people. Today in the town of David a Saviour has been born to you; he is Christ the Lord. This will be a sign to you: You will find a baby wrapped in cloths and lying in a manger."

Suddenly a great company of the heavenly host appeared with the angel, praising God and saying,



"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men on whom his favour rests."

When the angels had left them and gone into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, "Let's go to Bethlehem and see this thing that has happened, which the

Lord has told us about."

So they hurried off and found Mary and Joseph, and the baby, who was lying in the manger. When they had seen him, they spread the word concerning what had been told them about this child, and all who heard it were amazed at what

the shepherds said to them. But Mary treasured up all these things and pondered them in her heart. The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen, which were just as they had been told. (Luke.2.1-20)

Ways Out of the Arms Race: Solutions to a Problem

'Ways out of the arms race?'

The man stared nervously at the unblinking video camera.

'I've really no idea.' He recently won a Nobel prize, and was still not used to persistent reporters. 'That's why I'm here as a matter of fact.'

This answer was typical of about half the people asked at our recent International Scientists' Congress held here at Imperial College. The other half were people from weapons labs, from universities, defence organisations, from think tanks, peace groups and Research Institutes who are often specialised in explaining why their own specialty is the Way Out. So Strategic Defence Initiative (SDI) advocates (admittedly thin on the ground these days) would claim that the way forward is to build 100% effective defenses, then with missiles obsolete and impotent, get rid of them. Arms control experts would claim that you need treaties, you can verify them, and build in stability in arms reductions. Some peace groups would unilaterally renounce the need for nuclear arms, and then hope that what used to be called the Evil Empire would do the same.

Of course, these days, it's all pretty much a state of flux, what with President Gorbachev's 'Christmas Present' - the heralding of a 'New Era' - as our national

the demos were organised by two Nobel Prize winners

press breathlessly put it. But the three examples of 'Ways Out of the Arms Race' given above delineate the range of views held by most people, and most people who came to our Congress.

What characterises all three ideas is the need for an assessment on how smart they really are as plans. So if one could prove scientifically that SDI will not work because of O-level physics reasons, then you could safely ignore the SDI advocates (maybe looking for their vested interests in being advocates) and seek your solution to the arms race elsewhere. If one could prove that verification of a Comprehensive Test Ban would not be possible, perhaps for geophysical reasons, then one could discount the second

option. The third option is rather more difficult, since one is dealing with people rather than physics. However it is worth exploring, and it is here that scientists have a major role to play.

In our conference we had Robert McNamara and Richard Garwin debunking the Star Wars mythology

developed countries, in seeking to limit developing countries from acquiring the bomb, were being more than slightly hypocritical if also continuing to proliferate new technologies. Our talks did not avoid controversy: Subramanyam had to justify his government's nuclear position to understandably concerned Pakistanis in the

HOW WE GOT OUT OF THE ARMS RACE

(or made our best attempt)

with a mixture of their hard-nosed pragmatism and O-level physics. Josie Stein described the dirty deeds of Star Wars advocates, who suppressed contrary experimental evidence, and told lies to their funding agencies. To balance these three Americans we had Secretary General Gorbachev's space and policy advisor Roald Sagdeev tell us of the likely Soviet response to a continuing SDI implementation. It is quite clear that in SDI, as in all forms of warfare, one has to take the opponent into account. We had thirty other experts talking about their specialties: the role of British and French weapons, the verification of treaties, the arms race at sea, the arms race and sexuality, conventional force reductions, models of stability. We had forty posters on weapons and war research.

The announced Soviet force reductions were hinted at by many of our speakers from the Eastern bloc, who also predicted progress in chemical weapon treaty-making soon. We had speakers discuss other technological developments which should interest us all: K. Subramanyam argued his case that

audience. A letter was sent to Benazir Bhutto congratulating her decision to scrap Pakistan's nuclear weapon program, if or when she finds that it exists.

We had a demonstration to the Iraqi Embassy, protesting their proven use of horrific chemical weapons against Kurds. We had another to the Israeli Embassy, protesting their imprisonment of Mordechai Vanunu, who revealed the 'secrets' of the Israeli nuclear arsenal to the Sunday Times. We even had our own police escort, but then the demos were organised by two Nobel prize winners.

It was an extraordinary time for a Congress, given Gorbachev's initiatives, developments in new armaments, and the extraordinary changes in the nature and public perception of the threat. The primary aim was not to attract press: let's be honest, 550 scientists sitting around talking is not intrinsically news-worthy. However, we had about 100 press organisations and individuals come. We had ten television companies taking film. More important is the mood of those participants. Whether they work in

the field of arms control, or were just interested bystanders, they went away from Imperial College feeling refreshed, revitalised having learnt new things and made many contacts. They had had their ideas challenged, and maybe even had new ones. Congress telephones have not stopped ringing: the MOD asking how many of 'their people' went: Novosti, AP, TASS and UPI wanting a speech from somebody who built bombs.

Many people helped this Congress, and they deserve our thanks. Bill Goodwin crawled out of bed at the ghastly hour of 10 am to help us copy speeches for a clamouring world press. Ian Morris and Nigel Baker helped us to set up our exhibition of arms control posters in the JCR. We had enthusiastic and vital help from Tariq Ali, Michelle Clarke, Sarah Conyers, Ian Cormack, Rebecca Cowley, Clare Davis, Rachel Dowling, James Durrant, Gordon Edge, Ina El-Kadhi, Frank Federman, Natalia Karapanagioti, Martin Kinsey, Sam Lee, Zahid Malik, Thomas Manzocchi, Gregory Markonizos, David Marshall, George Mitsioulis, Christine Mollet, Joachim Muller, Rakes Muthoo, Vicky Phillips, Mike Plummer, Farzana Saeed, Gunter Siddiqi, Naeem Siddiqi, Peter Sidley, Lara Sherwin, Chris Veal, Hans Viehmann and Angeles Vorvolakos.

One important thing seems to be that East and West are talking to each other increasingly and over an ever-widening range of issues. Perhaps a more important thing is that North and South are beginning to do the same: the tensions caused by the inequalities in the Developed and Developing Worlds are more and more being seen as the primary causes of the many wars since the Second World War, since nuclear weapons began keeping the peace. The aims of the Congress continue, and indeed are sharpened by the

the MoD asking how many of 'their people' went

developments of this week. The Third International Congress is already germinating.

Ways Out of the Arms Race? At our Congress, we did not necessarily provide any single solution, but we hope that maybe it was part of a solution.

Why Indsoc Must Go

Ex-FELIX Editor Steve Marshall expresses his opinion on the Industrial Society in a feature ripped out of a 1985 FELIX

Have you noticed there is a new and ever more complacent type of student at IC? Collectively they are known as the Industrial Society. But what is it and what are its aims? It postures and camouflages itself as a Union club but it comes from outside and is ultimately controlled by those who would seek to bulldoze students into a career in industry before they have had the chance to freely reflect and form opinions of their own about the desirability of such a career. And it does this by clandestinely getting its finger in the pie three years before there's anything like a reason to justify it. I would like to take the opportunity of presenting here a few personal opinions of such a trend, which I see as yet another nail in the coffin of Imperial College and a gradual whittling away of a free and unprejudiced student area in which to learn, have fun and mould opinions and ideas as the bedrock of any future thought about anything and everything.

In my time I have digested much of the ambience of Imperial College and hence formulated more than a few views about it, and, in particular, I have probed its dullness to the hilt, and its appalling sparsity of insight. About its root cause? A complete lack of any kind of creatively rebellious element on campus. But, I feel, as ever, that things can always be changed and so here are some views I should like to disseminate amongst you.

For a start, let's face it that the students who run Industrial Society are a rare breed indeed, though, unfortunately, far from extinct. They are people who spontaneously ejaculate with emotion at the prospect of a new

foreclosure and being 'in the know' about an exciting new merger. But we all know that industry is a grind for all those but the privileged few who reach the top by treading on others.

To attempt to present such a deathly dull boredom as 'More interesting than I could have imagined' and to glamorise it as 'a good laugh' and to speak of 'free drinks on the firm' which are provided by the theft of decent wages for those who work at the sharper end of industry is both shabbily dishonest and a blatant shitting on the heads of those who do the real work in industry—the oppressed majority.

And those students who have recently joined, no doubt as a result of a certain freshers gullibility that is only to be expected, should be aware that they are merely tokens in the fraudulent power games taking place now in universities throughout the country. That their token support is what will make it increasingly difficult for the Industrial Society to be seen as an undesirable intruder in an academic environment is quite plain. Ironically, any attempt to remove them will be hailed by them as a suppression of freedom, but, at the end of the day, Carl Burgess, ICU President, must have the courage of his convictions and boot the whole travelling circus off campus. And there is no need at all for him to expend effort trying to justify his actions fearing crucifixion at Council and the UGM because it is clear that the Industrial Society is nothing more than an immense and deviously clever PR exercise as unwelcome and retrospectively obvious as a smear of shit on a toilet

door. But it stinks far worse because it is underhand and has been slipped in before anyone noticed what they were up to. Its a con-trick because you don't realise and register consciously what such an influence is doing to you, especially when you're new to student life and frankly lack the nous to see what's happening here.

Let me list what's wrong with it and why it has to go. It is a restricting of ideas. It is a cramping of university life by its continual reference to what happens at the end of it as if College itself were merely a stepping stone — this is a contemptible idea and tends to obscure the value of a university education and steals from those who may choose other more aesthetic things in life and who turn their back on power struggles and seriously believe the planet is in danger of being reduced to a cold and ruthless rubble of dwindling significance precisely because of such shallow attitudes to life in general, foisted upon impressionable students who thought they could be free of such influences in what is supposed to be a society of diverse and fascinating people. But they're all the same and they want everyone else to join in and become faceless boring, uninspiring automatons in a big machine they think they grasp the consequences of, whereas really they have been pressurised by hard-sell and the threat of not getting a job in a cult fervour which demands of its devotees an astounding and no doubt lucrative reverence for the great god Industry. In return they are promised a job which they could have got anyway. And so they miss out on university and all it has to

offer in a blinding allegiance to complacency and all the canker such an attitude shovels out into society.

But much much worse than all of this is the fact that it is a sprawling and pervading debasement of one's leisure time to feel obliged to look to one's masters in industry at the end of three years. And so — called recreation obtained through such a 'social' society can never be divorced from the reason behind, why you are there kicking back the gratis drinks — the premature ingratiating of yourself with those who will rule your lives at the end of it just because you have let them. It truly is a horrible thing to have turned up to tinker with your enjoyment of life here at Imperial. To arrive at college to find you are already being manipulated by people who have no right to be granted such influence over you is a shame-faced incongruity and its effluvia spreads everywhere its Thatcherite ideology. To feel obliged to make ugly decisions about whether membership of such a society will improve your chances of a job is not what the Union is all about and such a society should not be granted Union status. It is an interloper.

Such a discouragement of free and critical thought by a foisting of early commitment and this whole phenomenon of self-seeking student barons of industry with their rapidly maturing obscene wallowing greed and slimy presumptions in disguise as ordinary students with genuinely sincere and altruistic interest in the subject of industry is the saddest thing that has ever crawled out of a shit-heap and into a student environment.



Steve Marshall

THE SPORTS PAGE

JUDO

Champions Again!

Last weekend were the two most important days in the diaries of Judo players in universities, colleges and polytechnics all over Great Britain—the 1988-89 British Students Judo Championships, incorporating the British Universities Championships and the British Colleges and Polytechnics Championships.

186 of the best Judo players from 49 universities, colleges and polytechnics gathered to Crystal Palace National Sports Centre on December 3 and 4 amongst these, representing University of London, were four Imperial College players; Pete Swettenham, Dave Butties, Jonathan Lean and Yoke-Foong Tan.

The first day was an individuals event, each player competing within their own weight. Our two black belts, Pete and Dave did very well and Dave won two bronze medals in the under 86kgs category—on in the Universities Competition and one in the Unis, Colleges and Polys combined events. Pete started his day by throwing his first opponent in five seconds and then proceeded to win every one of his fights until drawing in the semi-finals. Unfortunately, he lost this last draw on a decision—and so took the bronze in the under 71kg category. He got his revenge by very convincingly beating this same final opponent in another fight the following day...!

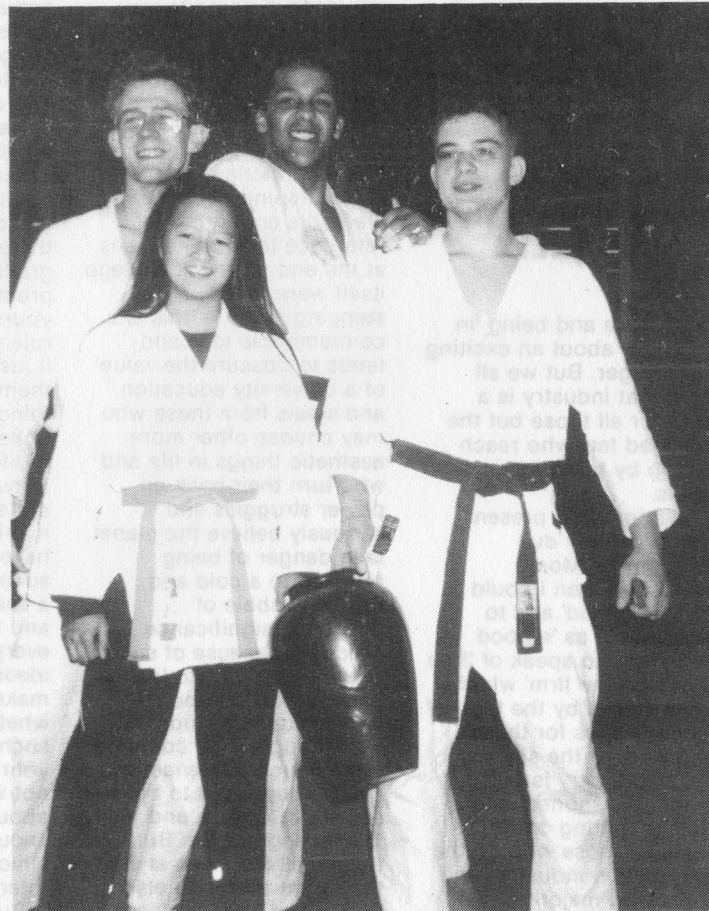
Jon won his first fight in his first round, but lost to an eventual finalist, so finishing unplaced in the under 78kgs.

Yoke-Foong was left as the only competitor in the women's under 48kgs category after one woman was moved up one, and the others pulled out due to injuries, and so no competition here was held. She opted to fight in the higher weight category rather than pull out without fighting, but finished unplaced in the under 25kgs group.

The total medal count for London after eleven gruelling hours was 2 golds, 1 silver and 7 bronzes.

...Then they all had to get up again on Sunday morning for the 8.45am start of the teams events. This was a more exciting day, with mainly the London Uni and Glasgow Uni crowds trying to shout each other down.

In the five-man team event, London University went on to beat arch rivals Cambridge in the finals. The two IC men Pete and Dave did not concede a fight.



IC's four judo representatives Jon, Dave, Pete and Yoke-Foong.

In the ten-men area competition, London lost in the semi-finals in a very close contest against Scotland, the eventual winners. Hero of this event was Dave Butties, with the score standing at two wins a-piece and five draws, everything rested with the last fight—Dave's. Unfortunately, he took a very bad fall and dislocated his right shoulder. Despite pleas from his team, coaches and supporting crowd not to fight on, he did, after the first aid crew put his shoulder back in. But after getting out of a hold down and then being charged into the mat on that same shoulder, he was forced to concede the match with 45 seconds to go.

In the Women's Teams events, London could only field a team of four women and lost their matches. Yoke-Foong was unfortunate enough to be drawn against a gold medallist in the under 72kgs in her first fight and in her second the under 61kgs gold medallist, who is also one of the National Student's squad going to the USSR this month.

MEN'S HOCKEY

League Hiccup

The 2nds remarkable record of fourteen games unbeaten was stopped on Saturday on a pitch at Milton Keynes which resembled a football field. The season began with triumph in the UAU, defeating all opposition with a team that other universities would be proud to call 1sts. 21 goals for and 1 against ensure a strong position going into the Challenge Round.

In the Saturday Club league, IC's strong position in second place has been under threat as injuries in both the 1sts and 2nds has weakened the team considerably. Improvement by players such as Manog Tseung and Jason Currey, the solid dependability in defence of John Blanshard and Paul Turner, and flair up front from Mark London supporting centre forward Max Michaelis have eased the burden, but the straw that broke the 2nds backs was added by Milton Keynes in a hard, determined battle with close chances at both ends. IC still remain in touch with the league leaders and with the return from injury of several players over the coming weeks.

BADMINTON

UAU Misfortune

In November an IC team took part in the UAU individual championships at Nottingham. In the men's singles Tim Bartle lost in the first round and Trevor Kernick in the second. Both played well against players of a high standard. Hans Mullanna did extremely well. He reached the quarter finals with great ease where he unfortunately met the number 41 in the world and it is no disgrace to lose to people of this standard. In the mixed doubles Richard Etheridge and Sue Wain, Steve Madden and Tam were unfortunately knocked out in the first round but Simon Hughes and Jo rached the last 16 to lose closely to a Loughborough pair. In the men's doubles Trevor and Richard had the misfortune of meeting the men's doubles champions in the first round and Hans and Steve lost closely to a Lancaster pair. Simon and Tim though did well to reach the last 16 eventually losing to an extremely strong Liverpool pair. A great weekend was had by all and thanks are due to Steve's parents for putting and feeding us up.

HOCKEY

Fine Performance

IC III—2 Thames Poly II—0

After a good term, IC IIIs wanted to finish on a high note. Going into the game with Andy Lewis, a reprobate from the first eleven, hopes were high. After a period of heavy pressure, including some fine saves from debutant keeper Jasbir Lota, IC broke into the oppositions D for Keven Hill to finish superbly for his first IC goal.

In the second half the pressure was on the IC goal and only excellent defending prevented the score being levelled. After one or two missed opportunities, a rare break out of defence gave Steve Burton a chance to redeem himself and put the result beyond doubt, which he did by slotting the ball just inside the right hand post.

SAILING

Liam's Luck

Last weekend saw the Sailing Club travelling to Exeter for the last away match of the term. After an early start, Henry was seen discussing race tactics with the great white telephone and the Tufty Club were showing a distinct lack of speed, probably due to a high facial friction coefficient. In the first race IC had an excellent start but Liam, showing his natural flair, decided to give his boat a bouyancy test and soon moved back into last position. This incident resulted in much mirth from everyone except the captain, Bill, who realised we were losing, but by some brilliant tactical racing from the remaining IC boats, IC gained first and second places to win the race. Liam stood out again in the second race due to the fact that he had been replaced by Richard, despite this, IC went on to win first, second and third places. By now the wind was building steadily and the conditions suited some of the heavier members of the IC team. For the afternoon session it was decided that to make closer racing the IC and Exeter teams should be mixed. In the third race Richard lead from the start to take first place and led his team to a close victory. Charles had a near perfect start in the fourth race by crossing the startline second himself, and forcing two boats to start badly, unfortunately, because of the confusion of the rearranged teams the boats that had been forced to start late were on Charles' team. Despite this Charles went on to lead his team to a convincing win, even though Richard took line honours

again. After another display of front crawl from Liam, the wind had become very gusty with the forecast for a force 7, so racing was abandoned for the team to lark around in Exeter's new boats.

FOOTBALL

Battling Draw

Having gone out of the cup by the odd goal in nine on Saturday, IC's sights turned towards the league. Unbeaten so far, the question on everyone's lips was 'can they keep going 'till xmas?'. A poor start, and a dodgy back pass resulted in a goal against IC. Another was conceded later, as some heads began to drop. However, after the turnaround, IC looked a different team. Mike Connor, playing his last game before returning to the States had a stormer; Julian Fordham danced his way around the pitch and Neil Leonard's tireless running created space up front. It wasn't long before IC's start, Guy Phiri found the net with a shot from the edge of the box. Then tragedy! Kev Graves, who was growing in confidence all the time, went in for a tackle. Badly mistimed, it resulted in a very bad break of his leg. Like a true tour vet, he gritted his teeth and waited to be taken to hospital. The gallant captain Jezz Holland kept him company, and IC brought on Cameron Gilmour as super-sub. Down to ten men IC surged forward, and it wasn't long before they gained a penalty after Guy Phiri was fouled. Ed Coates slotted it home very nicely and IC got the draw they so richly deserved.

Its the hacky racers!

Neil McCluskey

Neil has adopted the quite mundane tactic of being seen regularly in the Union Office. As to what he does I am not quite sure. He doesn't sharpen pencils, staple bits of paper together or do nothing like the current Union President.

The fact that Neil is a capable person (though at what I am not quite sure) puts him at an immediate disadvantage in his quest for the post of Union President.

His campaign has been very low key to date, consisting almost entirely of articles on the Union page of FELIX about nothing in particular. In fact no one seems to know who he is. So here is a brief rundown:

He was born and laid in a manger in Clapham. This wasn't because there was no room at the Red Lion inn, but because the bailiffs had taken the furniture. He was slung into the mines at the age of 2 where he was used to mop sweat of the brows of miners.

By a stroke of luck, at 15 years of age he found the Hope Diamond on the floor of the pit and sold it at immense profit. He then founded his multinational corporation 'ICI', moved in with a girl called Tara, became pregnant, got into drugs, caught and was cured of the pox, and finally joined the moonies.

He could chant louder and more clearly than anyone else, but was ousted because he caught verrucas and joined the Foreign Legion. There he was used and abused by many of the Officers, especially Field Marshal Tufty Fluffball who loved the way he sat. They would often walk out into the moonlit dunes together and describe their stamp collections beneath star-studded skies. One night a meteor blazed from the sky and happened to caontain some very frustrated aliens. On eyeing nubile Neil ambling through the sand they couldn't resist beaming him up. They used him and abused him in the most horrible ways. Suffice it to say he walked bow legged for several weeks afterwards. Bored, the aliens deposited him in a dreary Quad in South Kensington. There he made his way, still bow legged, up a set of stairs to the office where he has remained ever since.

Liz Warren

Field Marshal Tufty Fluffball has since had a sex change operation, changed his name to Liz Warren and is now responsible for cooking the books etc in the FELIX office. Liz, not content with this numerical gastronomy has set her heart on becoming editor of the publication.

Towards this end Liz has set about learning the intricacies of the printing machine, typesetting and tea making, and eating muesli. Unfortunately, she is taking the idea that knowledge can 'rub off' too seriously and is trying her best to seduce the current editor.

If she succeeded in her quest, say sources within the FELIX office, her staff would be reduced, through constant nagging, to quivering jellies within a week.

Robin Davison

Robin Davison used to be the archetypal nerd, a member of the Science Fiction society, and a train spotter until he decided he would like to stand as FELIX Editor. Overnight his image completely changed; the flares went in the bin and he went into Next to emerge cravatted and well heeled.

Rob has taken to writing articles in the Telegraph and shows an overwhelming interest in learning how to use every piece of machinery within the FELIX office. Unfortunately Rob is taking the idea that knowledge can 'rub off' too seriously and Bill often has to swat him off his shoulder. Good luck Rob, you will need it.

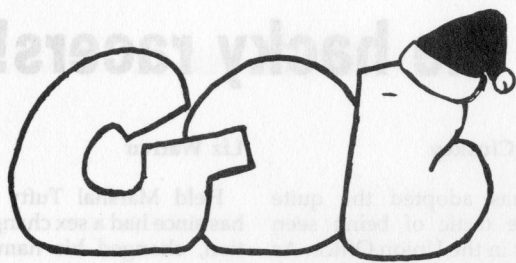
David Williams

Dave Williams is a man with long hair and looks like a girlie. David, will therefore be ideally suited to take over the post of Hon Sec of Entertainments, from Wendy Morris. Dave will be standing on the ever succesful Bums and Tits platform, and in fact has already commissioned FELIX to typesette his posters which proclaim 'vote for me I'm a girlie (honest)'.

David's only qualification for the job is achieving the post of duplicating officer of RCS Union. Nevertheless he has already begun his election campaign in earnest and at every available opportunity wanders around the Snackbar and says hello to people he has never met before.



Sydney Harbour-Bridge showing his keen sense of direction.



On Christmas

Christmas, a time for kindness, goodwill and peaceful contemplation of religious matters, when people renew acquaintances and celebrate the birth of our Lord. Crap! Christmas is the season when western society nose dives into a pit of opportunist commercialism. It is an economic anomaly where everyone goes apeshit about shopping ('Nightmare on Oxford Street'), when big business pushes

Outside the fantasy world of K-Tel the usual music monster mutates itself in an attempt to emulate K-Tel. Slade return **again**, on crutches, to once **again** sing 'Merry Christmas' **again** and wave their scarves **again** what do they gain? Is this their only function on this planet? Yes. What is the forum for Slade, what is the medium by which they can bid us good tidings so frequently? 'Top of the bloody merry Yuletide Pops that is the twisted creature that is to blame. Throughout the year it is a bad programme, filled with nauseating rent-a-smiles and inane pseudo-celebrities watching the latest puppets mime to a pre-produced lump of sonic Mills and Boon dolly mixture, but it is not disturbing, so it does not bother you because you can switch it off (though now you must not listen to the radio either). However, at Christmas Top of the Pops pervades all space, it becomes a grotesque parody of itself and you cannot escape from it, it appears to be on all channels at all times. When you turn the telly on to watch Blue Peter's Chrissy party, where they show you how to build an authentic-looking advent utensil using a Mini Metro and non-flammable tinsel, you find yourself seeing Jimmy Saville's tobacco-

'Streetcred' Springsteins rendition of 'Santa Claus is Coming to Town'. Commercialism in music? No, these serious artists are singing about what they believe in. Festive TOTP also includes the statutory 'White Christmas' by Bing (is he Val Doonican's dad? they have the same log fire) Crosby, the annual David Essex emetic dirge and the random 'nice' song that gets to the top of the tinsel-covered charts.

Perhaps the only thing on TV more obtrusive than Top of the Pops at Christmas are the ghosts of Christmas past; that is, the four films which always push their way onto the viewing lists in late December, 'The King and I' with Duncan Goodhew in glorious technicolour, 'The Wizard of Oz' starring Toto in even more glorious technicolour, a hairy-chested Bond film and some weak adaptation of Charles Dickhead's 'A Christmas Carol'.

singing the original tune. Songs mutate with each successive Christmas. The chief collaborators of carol singers are the brass bands who busk in awkward places and 'parp' their way through your least favourite songs (which you have on



An elf.

the K-Tel Val Doonican log fire ensemble from last year anyway). This season has a strange mass-brainwashing effect, people actually start to like pantomime. The most repulsive of all Victorian products. How can someone tell themselves that the chirpy cockney Jim Davidson's transvestite panto is entertaining? Good old right wing, racist, rich Jim Davidson makes a few bob and a tanner for Christmas by dressing up in garish bloomers and making people vomit—what an entrepreneur. Big brothers must be lacing the syrupy sherry and mince pies with some standard-destroying drug.

Of course some people enjoy the Christmas period. Chaps can get together, get drunk and shout their own version of those festive greats. It is simple to substitute rude words for the religious ones and end up with a liver-splittingly funny song to spill your drink to.

It is impossible to escape from Christmas music because all the audible media feel it obligatory to play as much as possible—even the mighty John Peel succumbs to compiling a festive fifty, and all other Radio One DJ's become Christmas machines.

No one ever says anything against this time of year, it is above criticism because it is Christmas. Still people buy stylophones and socks for people who don't want them and who buy them a decrucifier and Buckeroo in return. Still shops put out hideous ribbon-dominated displays in their windows which are cornered with spray-on fake snow (caustic over-cleaner) and every year it gets worse.

An outsider might see it as punishing ourselves around the time of the great annual turkey-cull. Jesus and St Nicholas have a lot to answer for.



Speaking of Christmas carols, don't. They are the epitome of all that is bad about Christmas, and so they should be since they broadcast the whole sordid affair. Everyone pretends to enjoy them and pretends not to loathe carol singers who come around during the 'Morcombe and Wise Yuletide fun jape programme', all singing the poplar harmonies and none



Elvis, Santa's Nephew.

products on consumers when their defences are down. This is the time when our seasonal companies emerge, like Brig-o-Doon they appear magically once a year. For instance, have you ever seen a Ronco advert between January 5th and December 1st? Ronco only exist for one month a year, in which time they sell all their 'useful' items such as 'Map-o-Meter' or 'Handy Finger Nail Counter', next year I am reliably infomed they are bringing out a Christ decrucifier. MB games are another yuletide manufacturer, producing 'Buckaroo' or 'Twizzler', games which remain in the shops until the next Christmas. And then we come to the seasonal music scene and that great British institution K-Tel records. Why not buy your loved one a boxed set of slushy songs done by relatives of the original artist's neighbour? Who listens to 'Christmas Songs' by Val Doonican aside from Doonican himself (how many log fires has that man got?)?



John Belushi gets into the festive spirit.

What's On

A guide to events in and around IC.

THURSDAY

W.I.S.T. Meeting.....12.30pm
Brown Committee Room. Come and celebrate the end of term with Women In Science and Technology.

Fencing Club.....12.30pm
Union Gym. Meeting also at 6 o'clock

ICYHA Meeting.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge. Everyone welcome.

Audiosoc Meeting.....12.30pm
Union SCR. Cheap records, tapes etc.

Ski Club.....12.45pm
Southside Lounge.

Debating Society.....1.00pm
Room 341 Maths (Huxley).

Lunchtime Concert.....1.30pm
Read Theatre, Sherfield. Louis Demetrius Alvanis (piano recital).

Arabic Lessons.....1.30pm
9 Prince's Gardens. See Islamic Soc.

Prayer Meeting.....5.30pm
Chaplain's Office, 10 Prince's Gardens. All Christians in College are welcome to come and pray for the work of Christians in College.

Judo.....6.30pm
Union Gym. No more beginners.

Soup Run.....9.15pm
Meet Week's Hall Basement (back by 11pm).

FRIDAY

Consoc Meeting.....12.30pm
ME569.

Friday Jamaa Prayer.....1.00pm
Southside Gym.

Christian Union Meeting.....5.30pm
308 Huxley. Time for prayer, worship and discussion.

Poetry Readings.....6.30pm
University of London School of Oriental and African Studies Room G57.

Yalda Night Party.....7.30pm
Union Concert Hall. See Iranian Society.

Fencing Club.....12.30pm
Union Gym. Meeting also at 6 o'clock.

Godspell.....evening
38-76 Sussex Gardens. See St Mary's Med School for details, tickets available at lunchtimes.



Spanner & Bolt Saga

by Dave Williams

On Tuesday the sixth of December at 3.38pm at the Tower of London Pier, the mascots of City & Guilds College Union, Spanner and Bolt, were exchanged with the Royal College of Science Union for a cheque for £1,100.

The Vice Presidents of the respective unions shook hands and the deal was done, C&GU had regained possession of their long lost mascots.

This is the true, public image of mascotry, the story that should be hitting the headlines. Mascotry is solely concerned with raising money for charity and maintaining the pride of one's own college by preventing the loss of one's own mascot. This often results in some hair-raising moments and massive adrenalin surges, but in the end it's all good honest, clean fun as any mascoteer will tell you.

The current tale of Spanner and Bolt all started back on the 22nd of March last year, C&GU had just finished holding their elections UGM. Naturally the mascots had been in attendance as had a rival mascotry team from the Royal College of Science. Plans were afoot and two taxis containing RCS men attempted to follow the car in which Spanner and Bolt were leaving College. The first taxi was soon spotted and lost quickly by the Guild's car. Not thinking anything was amiss, the C&G UGM departed quickly to the Queen's Arms to celebrate the successes of the elections.

However, doom lay on the horizon, for, in the car with Spanner and Bolt, was an RCS man closely covered by another RCS man in the second taxi.

After following a random route around the backstreets of London, the car returned to the College area, dropping its occupants at the Queen's Arms. The car and mascots then went for another little wander before being parked behind Linstead. Due to skillful driving by the second taxi driver, the RCS man was still behind the Guild's car, watching all that went on. With this information of the location of the mascots, the RCS soon gained access to the car boot.

A sense of excitement swept around those present, somewhat akin to the thrill of finding the Holy

Grail. The RCS wasted no time in speeding off into the distance and safety, later returning to the bar to celebrate.

Because of impending exams in the following term both sides decided that the recovery tasks were best left until the new year. This term has thus seen extensive operations by C&GU in carrying out a number of tasks set by RCS.

The term started with the C&G executive officers offering to show their knees for 50p. This was very successful and resulted in a very strange response from the Rector.

The Guild's scarf was also strung across Beit Quad welcoming the freshers to IC. Later that week Guilds collected on their freshers' pub crawl, whilst the C&G exec, tastefully dressed themselves as the RCSU mascot, Theta.

Dressed in drag at RCS Freshers' Bar Night, Guilds were told that the following week they were expected to 'busk' outside Mech Eng. Here we discovered not only could Guilds juggle the books, but they could juggle tennis balls as well.

The human coffee machine in the JCR is best left unmentioned, but is included for completeness as people liked and trusted the automatic machines far more.

We were soon to see several members of Guild's Motor Club quickly moving, repairing and locking cars, as C&G were told to organise a scrap metal collection around College.

It was now getting close to Christmas so it was decided to send C&GU off to Leicester Square, carol singing. Unfortunately, the noise was so bad that they were moved on by the police. Later Guilds were sent into the College car park, first washing cars and then charging staff a nominal fee for entry in the morning. We must not forget that everyone who bought a pizza at the Beer Festival was helping to raise money for the recovery fund.

All this brings us to Tuesday, December 6th. After being told to make themselves available, the Guild's Office received a telephone call at 11.50am telling them to go to a telephone box for further instructions, then another box, and then another...finally, after spelling RCS across a map of London, they arrived at the Tower of London

where the mascots were finally returned.

There used to be a time when each College withir. the University of London partook in the thrills of mascotry. It now is left as almost the sole duty of the colleges of IC and the medical schools.

A number of London colleges still keep mascots; these include Queen Mary College (a large plaster leopard), Kings College (a 600lb concrete and brass lion), St Bartholemew Hospital (a very large penguin made from beer barrels), City University (a concrete carrot).

Though they are mascots and all violate (ie they don't mind being stolen) the colleges themselves don't have active teams who are out to steal other mascots. Even Imperial College has a mascot, Mike the Micrometer, which is occasionally seen at UGM's, if the Deputy President can be bothered to bring it out. It is a fully working micrometer and until it was dropped by a team from QMC, was accurate to 10,000th of an inch. This mascot was built in 1966 to replace the previous violate mascot of ICU, Herbert the Phoenix (hence the phoenix on your Union card). Herbert was named after IC's most famous alumni, HG Wells. He was lost in 1964 to persons unknown, and nothing has been seen of him ever since. Mike was constructed jointly by the CCU's, being cast in the Mines, machined in Guilds and calibrated by the RCS.

There is a strong 'spirit' within mascotry, as it is very much a team game. There are rules which are meant to ensure people don't just beat up each other to gain possession of a mascot. All the best and most successful raids have employed cunning or just plain opportunism at the ineptitude of the opposition.

Mascotry at IC has come under criticism over recent years, many seeing it as trivial and an excuse for a bunch of hacks to be even more important. Hopefully the £1,100 raised for Great Ormond Street Hospital by the theft of Spanner and Bolt will raise interest and action into an activity which receives no financial support from the unions, and yet is fun, exciting and very worthwhile.

Dave Williams,
RCS Vice President.

Underpants in the bath

Phillipe always jotted down his thoughts while sitting on a table in his favourite jazz club, before the throngs started arriving. Like always, he raced down the road in his immaculately kept dark green Bugatti Coupe 50, past the cinema outside which people waited for the next show to start. A poster showed James Dean in a clip from 'East of Eden'. Phillipe turned round a corner and parked his car outside a dark alley. He walked the rest of the distance, lighting up a Gauloises on his way and went through a door into the basement where black musicians from Harlem played every Saturday. This is what he wrote.

Christmas is an occasion celebrated around the world by devout Christians and others (Protestants, Evangelists etc.) in a fashion which suits the culture of the country. In East Beirut shots are fired at anything that moves. In South Africa, Santa Claus races around Johannesburg in an armoured Mercedes 500SL giving Afrikaaner children water cannons and toy guns to protect themselves from black violence. At home we have to repeat the same routine again. Meet all those relatives who we despise, get run over and mowed down by little cousins who want to play Monopoly, buy a hundred million presents, commit the sin of gluttony by eating numerous dinners, overdoses of mince pies and burnt Christmas puddings soaked in Cointreau, indulge in excessive amounts of champagne, port and lager. And then make the New Year's resolutions and jot them down on a Filo-Fax. But there are also the bright side of things. You can go to a party and stand under the mistletoe reeking of mouthwash. If you happen to meet your dream person, try to strike up a conversation (assuming you are not suffering from braindeath due to the lectures you had so far). Remember the times when Christmas used to be fun? When you were very little, standing in a cot, a nappy tied round your bum, covered with Boots talcum powder and had your cheeks pinched by stupid adults who made silly cooing sounds and showered you with an avalanche of coloured blocks, balloons, pink rubber nipples and toys which made a rattling sound when you shook them, making you wonder if they were broken even before you had a chance to throw them around. It is also a nice occasion when you are old and senile and your bones rattle, so you end up listening or talking to yourself when nobody else is interested in what you have to say. On Christmas day you sit where the in-laws put you (most likely very close to the fire-side) and watch Roger Moore in a James Bond yarn the umpteenth time.

So what happened in 1988? A few months ago, the smooth talking Margaret made the statement that there could be no united states of Europe. I do not understand her vague political and economical reasoning but let us examine the more obvious side of things. The matter of fact is that the British cannot accept to be called Europeans, because this reduces them to mere faces in the herd and puts their culture, eccentricity and individuality at jeopardy. How can the stiff upper-lipped Englishman from Eton who drives a smooth cruising Jaguar, lives in Tunbridge Wells and converses with old clubby gentlemen about Spitfires and the Empire, associate himself with plump Germans eating Sauerkraut and drinking Beer in big electrical corporations, saying: 'Und zat ist all in the past now, ya!', or with the average Baguette carrying, beret wearing Frenchmen? Nor do I see the Neighbours and Marks & Spencer mentality Englishwomen getting to terms with their rather cool 'Marie-Claire' counterparts. There exists a Dutch sailors' poem written a century ago which sings the praises of French women in bed and English women in the kitchen. Anybody who can confirm the truth in this statement, please do drop into the Felix Headquarters for a drink and a chat. So if we cannot stand the idiosyncracies of our Euro-peans cousins, what charm do we find in the 'merchant-minded', loud mouthed Yanks? What makes us watch their shallow, nihilistic films, eat their 'plastic' processed food and copy their style in money and finance? Does Maggie feel that if we criticize their gun-boat diplomacy they would impose a trade embargo on 501s? Well, yet another clown got elected in the washing-powder style American presidential campaign and off went the Iron lady attired in her Christian Dior dress

(bought with money taken out from university grants) to play with him whatever games politicians play. George Bush has been a member of the elite Harvard University Skulls & Bones club (males only). In the initiation ceremony, a recruit is asked to tell everything about himself. Bush disclosed that he wore underpants in the bath. When asked why, he confessed that he did not want to look down on the unemployed. However that was back in the Forties and things have changed. Ms. Bhutto has become the Premier of Pakistan, the most boring country after Saudi Arabia, and if all seats for Siberia are booked then this is the place where you can send your mother-in-law on a one way ticket. But the change is nevertheless welcome. New theories are being suggested for the Kennedy assassination. Here is our analysis: J. Edgar Hoover never developed a liking for J.F.K because of the latter's womanizing and other colourful pastimes. He may have conspired with the Mafia to have Johny killed. Shopping could be the most harrowing part of the story. Buying a present for your girlfriend or boyfriend (depending what your preferences and inclinations may be) is bad news. Where would you go? Go to Harrods and get lost in its opulent and pretentious interiors. And as you try to find your way to the Perfume department to douse yourself in half a bottle of Davidoff, you see hordes of overdressed rich aliens out to buy English goods so that when they go back to whichever philistine land they come from and brag about having seen all the sights in London, which in their opinion is a way to become civilized. But as any self respecting connoisseur would tell you, it really boils down to the rules of Cricket, either you know them or you do not. The English people, however cannot be pardoned either. They believe that if they know a thing or two about wines, can order pastry in a French brasserie and have a Constable or a relic of the Raj in their living rooms then they are made of finer clay than the rest. What nonsense! Go to Oxford circus or Regent street avoiding the Hispanic women who stand outside tube stations handing out pamphlets for English language schools, mad cab drivers giving their frightened American passengers five hundred horsepower rides down the road, and the clumsy shoppers who cannot walk straight, to finally discover, upon entering a rather tacky shop that you have not brought your wallet.

The 'on the tube' shopping guide: -Buy a bottle of Beaujolais Nouveau for people who consider themselves slightly sophisticated, but tell them that it should be drunk before New Year. -Perfumes and toiletries from House of Fraser Armani, Dunhill, Trussardi, Grey Flannel (for men) Chanel, Poison, Clinique (for women) Ladies leather purses in Next, High street Kensington Unisex hats, berets and other paraphernalia in Amazon, Church street Kensington. Jumpers for boys and girls in Jumpers, High street Kensington Men's accessories in Blazer, King's Road and High street Kensington Waistcoats in Kensington Market, designer waistcoats from Tom Gilby's waistcoat gallery, 2 New Burlington Place. American Classics near Covent Garden tube station sell good second hand clothes Ladies items in Hermes, New Bond street and Browns in South Molton street. Toiletries, greasy facial creams, fuming bath salts and mediocre perfumes from Body Shop. Probably the best bet is to buy watches, bangles, braces and silver condom carrying cases etc. (available from a certain shop near Habitat on King's Road) from Kensington Market, Camden Town Market and resort to giving away scarfs, gloves, handkerchiefs, boxer shorts and braces bought from Tie Rack and Sock shop. Finally a few words of wisdom for the new year:

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press, End in what All begins and ends in-Yes; Think then you are TO-DAY what YESTERDAY You were -TOMORROW you shall not be less.

Omar Khayyam
Emile Nizan
December 1988
London

COMING SOON!

Red Heat

The Russians, for the first time, allowed filming in the Red Square for an American feature film. It must be a good film, you may think. After all, when the Chinese allowed filming in the Forbidden City, we got *The Last Emperor*. So is this a sweeping epic about Russian history? No, it's *Red Heat*, buddy cop movie. Why did the Russians allow filming? The official reason is that it's in the spirit of Glasnost. The real reason is that they were excited at seeing Arnold Schwarzenegger play a Russian.

He plays a policeman teaming up with a Chicago cop (James Belushi) to solve a case.

If you think this is an unlikely combo, wait for *Twins* next year, in which Schwarzenegger plays twin brother to Danny De Vito!

(13th Jan)

Just Ask For Diamonds

Based on the fast moving comedy thriller *The Falcon's Malteser*, this British film pays tongue-in-cheek homage to the 'film noir' genre, but introduces a difference—a thirteen year old kid is the one who figures out all the clues. On his way to tracking down a box of maltesers, the key to a fortune in diamonds, he encounters a South American dwarf, The Fat Man, German assassins, a crooked professor and a faded night club singer, Lauren Bacardi.

The film is described as a mixture of Chandler and Spielberg (which sounds like *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* without animation). Trying to live up to that expectation, though, is something else.

(16th Dec)



'I want Moore'

Like Father Like Son

Dudley Moore has made a career out of acting like a kid (remember *Santa Claus the Movie*), but now he really does have to act as a kid, in yet another of those role reversal films, that Hollywood seems obsessed with. Here Dud swaps minds with

his son, played by American teenage heartthrob Kirk Cameron. How does he do this! It's obvious, he unknowingly sprinkles into his drink a supernatural mind-switching potion created by an Indian medicine man!

Although a minor success in the States, this film was nowhere near as popular as the excellent *Big*.

(16th Dec)

Sunset

After not learning his lesson in *Blind Date*, Bruce Willis returns in another Blake Edwards comedy, starring as Tom Mix, Hollywood's hottest silent screen Western star. He meets up with the legendary Wyatt Earp (James Garner), on the set of a film,

and together they go off to solve a Hollywood murder.

Well, I guess it's the best stuff Willis could find for himself, but if you think he can only make bad films, watch out for *Die Hard* coming out in February, and you'll think again.

(16th Dec)

Moonwalker

Publicity: 'Michael Jackson's *Moonwalker* is a story of the classic struggle between good and evil—set against stunning special effects and spectacular song and dance numbers.'

Hmmm, sounds good, but what is it about? Well, it seems to be a collage of videos stuck together, typical set pieces with Jackson strutting his stuff. But in all this there is a retrospective of Jackson's career, a chase scene involving a motorcycle and a rabbit, a voyage through the public's perception of Jackson, a struggle with a villainous drugs pusher, sci-fi special effects and clay animation. In other words, I don't have a clue what it's about, but it looks like it's worth finding out.

(26th Dec)



Michael's impression of his pet monkey



Share and share alike

Dead Ringers

Shock-king David Cronenberg (*Scanners*, *The Fly*) is back to direct, of all people, Jeremy Irons. Irons plays twin gynaecologists who share the same house, career and girlfriend, and also share their

Don't expect gore and grizzly bits that have become Cronenberg's trademark. Instead he opts for the chilling psychology which is more akin to another of his works; *The Dead Zone*.

Irons is said to be extremely good in his dual part, so go along and try to spot the seems.

(6th Jan)

The Presidio

It's always good to see Sean Connery in the movies, and after the memorable *Untouchables* he seems to be in heavy demand. Late next year you'll see him in *Indiana Jones III* and *Family Business* playing the fathers of Harrison Ford and Dustin Hoffman respectively.

Presidio is a murder, mystery, action, adventure thriller set in San

Francisco, in which Connery plays a stiff military man, teaming up with a young local cop (Mark Harmon), to solve a murder. As an antidote to the buddy-movie syndrome, these two characters hate each other, which I hope brings new spice to a tired plot.

(13 ' Jan)

Sumit Guha

FILM

Willow

Empire, Leicester Square

Enter the world of Willow. A world of hopes and dreams, myth and magic, good and evil. Forget all you know or think you know.

George Lucas, master storyteller and *Star Wars* creator presents us with a daring tale of exciting adventure, conflict between right and wrong, and ultimately the victory of compassion, virtue and friendship.

The tale follows a path across a war-torn land of sorcerors, rebels, trolls and all manner of evil. A mishmash of every previous adventure you care to recall is the result, and consequently it is lacking only in originality.

In turn we see elements of *The Hobbit*, *The Story of Moses*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Raiders of the Lost Arc*, *Sinbad* and even *The Perils of Penelope Pitstop*. Mostly it is a reworking of the *Star Wars* trilogy, in story, content and characterisation.

Willow is a dwarf-like creature, member of the Nelwyn race, and budding but unconfident sorceror. His people are primarily farmers and mines, and while that may suggest his being Welsh, it reminds me of Luke Skywalker.

He is aided considerably by Madmartigan, an outcast Daikini warrior played by Val Kilmer (*Top Gun*). He may look like Mel Gibson and act like Kurt Russell, but this character is pure Harrison Ford material. Han Solo, come on down!

Romantic interest rears its soppy head in the shape of Sorsha, daughter of evil Queen Bavmorda.



'Well it looks like a Death Star'

She's an evil bitch who gradually becomes entangled with enemy Madmartigan as he crusades around, ever the dashing companion, and classic hapless rogue.

Elsewhere we see the Emperor, Darth Vader, Obi Wan Kenobi and Lando Calrissian, loosely disguised, and supporting a plot we all know backwards. Even R2-D2 and C-3PO are present, as two argumentative nine inch fairies, Rool and Frangean. Their timing is superb, their wit is not. They add little,

detract much and prove to be quite irritating.

Willow is a film with high points and low points. Val Kilmer is undoubtedly the pinnacle and steals the show. The special effects are quite convincing (though the same team have done better), and the sets, costume and photography combine to provide a feast for the eyes.

The lowpoints are more difficult to single out. The script is weak in places and some of the acting poor (notably Warwick Davies as

Willow). There is a general feeling of incompleteness, and the movie remains shallow. It needs more novelty to offer any challenge to *Star Wars*, and to be frank it could never parallel the true masterpiece.

Willow is the perfect film for taking young relatives to see this Christmas. It's a mixture of fun, excitement and fantasy. But then so is *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, and that is quite simply more entertaining.

Andrew Clarke.

FILM

Sacrificed Youth

Cert PG, ICA from December 9

Li, seventeen, a young Chinese girl from an unspecified 'city', is plunged into a completely different country culture, in the Dai minority in China. Arriving in her regulation jeans and loose grey shirt, she is the 'educated' girl who doesn't know how to flirt amongst the Dai girls who swim naked in the river, and pay ten cents a time to look in a full length mirror for twenty seconds.

'We were taught that beauty lies in simplicity' say Li. So, perhaps it

does, but she is inhibited by this doctrine, and it is only when she adopts the long skirt and bright colours of the Dai girls that she can come to terms with her own sensuality.

Sacrificed Youth watches this development, and it is also a tribute to the Dai people for whom beauty is a way of life.

The film is very pretty to look at, however, it is saved from shallow sentiment, and seems not to notice the easy path (trodden by many previous, western film makers) of patronising women, seeing them as beauty only. I defy any woman not to identify with Li, who buys medical books eagerly at the secondhand stall in the village, and has the authority to walk in and save a boy's life when he is poisoned, is surrounded by supersitious chantings and exorcisms. The dual qualities of

sensuality and intelligence, go hand in hand. 'At last, at last, at last' I think it is wonderful to watch.

It is easy to identify with Li. Arriving in her blue jeans and flat black pumps, she could be any European kid, suddenly swept into an alien culture. This helps make *Sacrificed Youth* very accessible to western eyes. As close to Li's almost complete conversion to the Dai way, we have Ren Jia, a young man in the same situation as Li, but who will not accept his new lifestyle. It is he who points out that the Dai girls have their 'fun' for only a few years, and then they are married and then black-toothed grannies...but it is he, also, who laments the upbringing that had made him unable to express his feelings directly. They have been raised in a 'sophisticated' fashion, and have lost the spontaneity and instinctiveness of youth.

The conflicts between these two cultures are not laboured, and the storyline is quite absorbing. It is easy to draw parallels between what is on screen and one's own life, helping us to examine our own attitudes and consider our own personalities. This is the most important contribution that cinema has to make to the consumer, aside from sheer entertainment.

Beauty in *Sacrificed Youth* is an inherent quality. Because of this, every character has their own dignity. The acting is well-mannered and natural, the photography pleasing and the film, as a whole, well put together, flowing with warmth and implicit humour. This has to be worth 96 minutes of anybody's precious time.

Susan Appleby.

(*Sacrificed Youth* is in Chinese with English subtitles.)



Look Back In Anger

By John Osborne at the Theatre Museum Covent Garden

'Why is Jimmy Porter angry?', asked puzzled critics of John Osborne's bitter anti-hero as he exploded onto the Royal Court's stage in 1956, depriving them of an evening of comfortable mush and breaching the walls of post-war theatre's sanctuary for imperial nostalgia.

As Jimmy's wife Alison explains to her 'Edwardian plant' of a father, 'You're hurt because everything is changed, Jimmy's hurt because everything is the same.' Educated, passionate, and hungry for change Jimmy's is the voice of post-war youth. Sceptical of the 'new deal' promised in the new world of Labour's Britain, they are bitter at the reality that the class structure dinosaur is still casting bleak shadows on their lives and futures.

Jimmy's response is to go into battle in his own inimitable way. Rising to the bait of her parent's excessive disapproval and their eccentric schemes to dissuade him he is driven in his pursuit of English rose Alison, even to the final desecration of marrying her. With his enemy hostage intact he daily wins the petty victories of persecution with his constant taunting. His attacks are dampened only by the presence of Cliff a mutual friend and 'no-man's land' between the unhappy couple. So we discover Alison at the start of the play; under siege, heading for exhaustion, and weighed down by some unwelcome news which she must find a way to break to her self-absorbed tormentor.

The living room intimacy of the Theatre Museum's tiny low level stage is the perfect setting in which to subject the audience to the claustrophobia and ineluctability of the scenes to come.

In Jim Dunk's new production Robert Daws has amplified Porter's obnoxiousness out of the realm accessible to human sympathy and into a region where hate and pity must be our main feelings towards him. Jimmy's overheated tirades in the first act may leave you with cloth ears, off of which the most profound elements of his rantings may simply bounce for the rest of the play. In this he lacks the sugar coated sarcasm and understated venom that Richard Burton brought to the screen adaptation, with a character whom one felt paid doubly with the

slowburn of self-consuming bitterness for every insult he threw at those around him. The frantic agitation of Daw's Porter, especially during the first act, hardly cuts as noble a figure. To interpret this Molotov cocktail of a man as something of a psychiatrist's nightmare can hardly be said, however, to depart too far from Osborne's flaming text.

Dunk's approach to the end of the play is a refusal to cloak Alison's previous suffering with a neat and sentimental reconciliation scene; her pathetically limp figure leaves one in no doubt as to who is the victim and who the aggressor in the supposedly mutual battle. This

floats the issue of the couple's future as an unresolved question and prevents an obscuring of the play's complexities by a 'happily ever after' ending and as such it is a welcome interpretation of a much criticised ending.

In 1956 Jimmy Porter was the angry young spokesman for an angry new generation. Today's generation's are sure to thank Osborne for the theatrical revolution of his first play and its legacy of realism in the theatre, but what do they make of the bitterness and anger without their own sense of struggle? What kind of figure does Porter cut in the eighties of the instant coffee hero? The play may be

dated but whether or not it is irrelevant to the audiences of today remains for them to judge.

Why is Jimmy Porter angry? If you want to find out you're guaranteed an evening of provocative theatre that will keep you buzzing into the wee small hours. You'll leave with a thirst for more drama with even half this energy and guts, and with a tendency towards itchy feet the next time you're served up a slice of safe trivial theatre. If, however, you don't much care, well, they say that ignorance is bliss.

(*Look Back in Anger* continues at the Theatre Museum Covent Garden until December 17.)

MAC.



I cut myself shaving



Haunted

James Herbert

David Ash is a typical Herbert lead character. *Haunted* is a typical Herbert horror story. That in itself is not too bad a thing, but it does give his new book a feeling of repetition with respect to its recent predecessors.

Ash is a psychic investigator. He makes his living exposing fake mediums and providing rational explanations for alleged spooky goings on.

He doesn't believe in ghosts. The Mariel family hire him to inquire into the strange experiences they have undergone in their big old house, Edbrook.

Ash is hindered by his rationality, scepticism, and the hosts who are just bloody odd.

As the story unfolds it becomes quite clear what is going to happen at the end, to us if not Ash. He just gets more confused and jumpy. 'It's okay David, it's just skeletons



Cameron's Closet

Cert 18

What can I say? This is pretty much your average, off the shelf demonic, blood and gore type horror movie. Here's how it goes, you remember, when you were five or six year's old, when you went to bed and you kept thinking there was something under the bed or in the wardrobe. Well in Cameron's case, there is. Well you can guess the rest, the plot trundles along at a steady pace

taking the usual trail of corpses towards the inevitable final confrontation where the foul fiend is sent back to the deepest pits of hell from whence it came.

The acting is average, and the director, Armand Mastroianni, has done his best with the script and an obviously limited budget. The real start should have been Carlo Rambaldi, who did the special effects and who was responsible for *ET*, *Close Encounters* and snuff movie effects in *Alien*. However, even his is not up to form and the limited budget is painfully obvious.

Anyway, give this a miss if you're into sick-bag movies, I recommend watching Freddie Kruger on tape for the 200th time.

Mike Morton.



tapping in the closet. Go on let them out.'

Where this story fails in tension and surprise. In plot it is too similar to James Herbert's *The Jonah* and *The Survivor*.

Only the lead role is of importance. The additional characters provide a means of revealing traumatic events of the past and the discoveries reflect a naivety and self-deceit which is slowly uncovered. But they serve little other purpose.

The predictable clichéd remnants are of course well written and it's nice to see Herbert return to a more classical horror theme, absent in recent books.

However, at £11 for just 224 pages I can't recommend this to anybody other than existing converts.

Wait until it's available in paperback, and buy the James Herbert compilation in the meantime.

Andrew Clarke.

News Review... News Review... News Review...

If one is to use the benefit of hindsight to review the news from the last ten issues of FELIX, what becomes apparent from the eighty or so items is that accommodation and top-up loans occur most frequently. The same would be true for any college this term and will surprise few people, however FELIX continued to report other relevant issues such as collapsing ceilings, computer thefts, merger negotiations and the demise of Norman the Rat. Does anything ever change at Imperial?

The most important story of the term started, when Kenneth Baker visited the College in late October for informal discussions with the Rector, Professor Ash and with a 'chosen few' students. The visit was not publicised and remained a low-key affair, but Mr Baker revealed his intentions to introduce top-up loans

Kenneth Baker's loans

in a White Paper. He was questioned on the plans for Community Charge and replied that students would receive an 80% rebate against the actual charge that is paid when the system is introduced in 1990. He also admitted it would also lead to a 'disentitlement to benefit' but added that the generous terms of the loans would compensate for the loss.

The 'education debate' as it became known in the media, was working up to fever pitch, with controversial statements by Lord Chilver adding fuel to the fire. Lord Chilver became chairman of the Universities Funding Council (UFC), the body which replaced the UGC, and is vice-chancellor of Cranfield Institute of Technology. An interview with *The Times Higher Education Supplement* reported that he believed the principle on which eligibility to enter higher education is governed should be 'the student's willingness to commit his or her own resources to gaining that education'.

The second week of November saw the publication of the now infamous White Paper on 'Top Up Loans.' The full story was reported in FELIX within one day of its publication.

The report bases a student's requirements on a national income survey and allocates £1179 for rent in London—equivalent to £30 in 39 weeks. Imperial students in 1990

will borrow £460 per year (£340 in their final year) and will no longer be entitled to housing benefit.

This daunting prospect caused fifteen thousand students (including nearly 30 from IC) to assemble on Westminster Bridge to demonstrate. Violent scenes were widely reported as the demonstration deteriorated into a pitched battle. Students' Unions blamed confrontational tactics of the Socialist Workers Party students and heavy-handed policing.

The student loans debate continues at IC—an extraordinary meeting of the Union last Thursday agreed to protest with a College-wide ballot and petition.

Students may well be short of money after 1990 but will feel lucky if they have a roof over their heads. Accommodation problems have been reported almost every week in FELIX.

The Freshers' issue recorded the merger of Mining and Southwell Houses in Evelyn Gardens, the new hall is still named Southwell as plans to call it 'Monk Hall' were dropped. The College gambled £1.6 million buying 'Olave House' from the Girl Guide Association. Most of the money for this purchase comes from a loan, the repayments for which would require rents of £100 per week for each room. The College can only charge, a more realistic, £55 per week and Mr John Smith is hoping mortgage interest rates decrease soon. Hamlet

£1.6 million speculation

Gardens was damaged by squatters again last summer, this time causing several thousand pounds worth of damage. The infamous Bernard Sunley House received a £530,000 upgrade of three of the five houses bringing it in line with local authority requirements.

The College reconsidered damage charges made against former occupants of Lexham Gardens. The Head Tenancies were returned to their landlord with £8,362 in damage charges.

A rent strike was looming in mid-October after Fisher Hall residents claimed they had been misled over the rents, followed by Beit Hall residents also angry at the College's decision to charge a week's rent for the Christmas vacation. Union Honorary Secretary, Ian Morris, proposed a motion in late October

to the College Governing Body that rents should be subsidised from funds from overseas students.

This proposal was later echoed by College Secretary John Smith, arguing for a transfer of funds from academic to the residence accounts. He produced a paper suggesting that money from overseas students' fees could be used but realised it may meet opposition since they are not always guaranteed a place in Hall.

Ceilings have collapsed twice in Evelyn Gardens this term, fortunately not injuring any of the room's inhabitants. Managing Surveyor of Residences, Peter Hallworth, claimed it was the result of dampness caused by students filling baths to the rim before getting in. He also stated that students were in no danger despite the three collapses in the last two years.

Montpelier Hall and 170 Queensgate were up for sale this term, the latter, however, the result of a QT Society spoof

Collapsing ceilings

advertisement. Montpelier, which requires a £230,000 upgrade, failed to receive any bids in the £5 million region, which could enable the College to purchase a suitable alternative hall and sale plans were scrapped.

On October 19th College officially merged with St Mary's Hospital Medical School at a ceremony attended by HRH the Princess Royal. In the same week it was announced talks had begun on a merger with the Royal Holloway and Bedford New College. Plans for the merger suggest the accommodation problems could be solved since undergraduates would live at the RHBNC site of Egham in Surrey. Professor Ash is also known to be keen on a strong arts and humanities department for IC. The Universities Funding Council agreed to fund such a merger between RHBNC and IC fueling speculation that it is likely to go ahead. Royal Holloway and Bedford New College have received publicity after their Governing Council proposed to sell their Holloway picture collection. The College faces insolvency in 1990.

It's not all doom and gloom for students though. Rag Week has raised over £7,500 but without Chas Brereton's piano marathon during

which £1,500 was collected for charity last year the figure is less than before. Tiddy Winks down Oxford Street in Freshers' Week raised £2698. The Rag Mag has finally been produced under the editorship of David Williams though not without problems from the Censorship Committee who found some of the jokes distasteful.

Rag Mag tasteful jokes

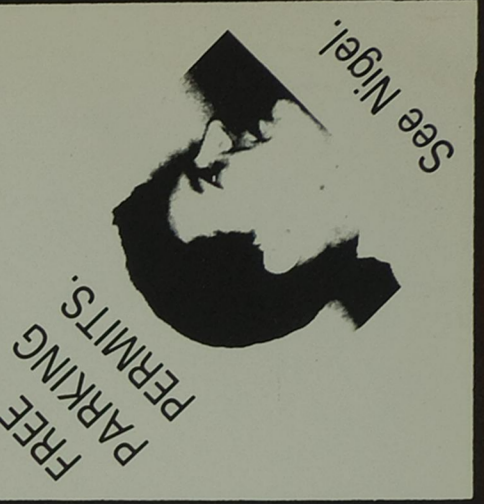
The College continued suffering from a spate of computer thefts which are believed to have cost insurers about £150,000. The Rector's computer, worth £6,000 was stolen from his Electrical Engineering office over the summer and since then thefts have occurred in Mechanical Engineering and the School of Management. College Security believe the thieves have access to pass keys and may include a member of staff.

The Main Dining Hall received a refurbishment costing £300,000 and made a loss of £22,000 in the last financial year. In the year 1986-87 a gross trading profit of £73000 was made. FELIX reported that changes made to the lighting plans by the Rector's wife pushed the cost up by £30,000. Mr Rob Northey's empire was also featured in the news pages when it transpired that sales of salads by weight, in The Gardens, was illegal. The Union Snack Bar, also famous for its loss making activities, received a refit costing £40000 and the attention of management consultants.

The Debating Society held the most contentious meetings this term with speakers on the subject of 'A Future for South Africa'.

Enoch Powell, the former MP spoke to the H G Wells Society on the subject of 'Textual Criticism of the Old Testament'. Mr Powell is also famous for his political views.

Finally, there were red faces all round in Mechanical Engineering where a giant candle is being built for charity. Firstly the wick was dropped to the bottom of the 10m mould, and now it appears an error must have been made in the heat transfer calculations, as the candle may not solidify in time for the lighting ceremony in Hyde Park! FELIX staff would like to wish you all a Happy Christmas.



022£ HOSTEL BEIT OLD

022£ TELSOH BEIT NEW

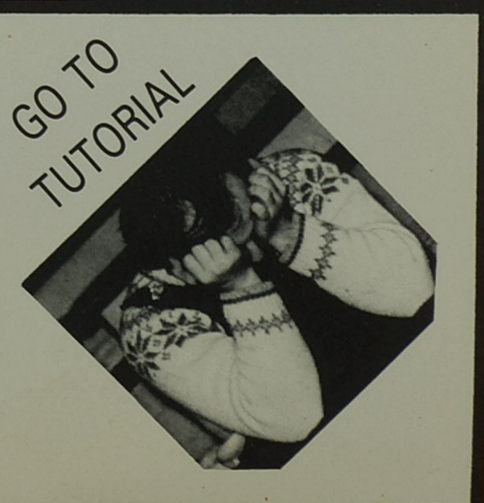
042£ TOWER S'NEENO

002£ BAR OT BURGER

092£ TIZARD TAZILI

092£ HALL SELKIRK

GO TO TUTORIAL



£200 WILSON HOUSE

£180 MONTPELLIER HALL

COLLEGE COCK-UP GARDEN HALL

£180 GARDEN HALL

£200 BELUSHI'S

£160 HOLBEIN HOUSE

£140 WILLIS-JACKSON HOUSE

£140 SOUTHWELL HALL

£150 SNACK BAR

£120 BERNARD HOUSE

£100 ROBERT PRIOR HOUSE

JUST ASLEEP IN TUTORIAL SKIVING

Union Upsets

15. The cleaner bursts into your room, catching you in a compromising situation. Give her £200 haste money.
16. Go back to Union Crashpad.
17. You eat in the Union Snack Bar. You are awarded £10 for bravery.
18. You get drinks in the Union Bar and spend £20.
19. RCSU hacks guesswork your party. Tell them to beg off and receive £100 sympathy money.
20. Elect new Union President. Throw away £1000 worth of furniture.
21. Get out of Tutorial free.
22. Reg has friends to know you in the Serpentine. Pay £10 to be left alone.
23. Wendy Morris organises Fear! Strike. Collect £200 unpaid rent.
24. You stand for CCL President. Pay £50 for your publicity.
4. Go to Tutorial. Do not pass New Term. Do not collect £200.
5. Start a New Term. (Advance to start).
6. Your parents give you £100 because you have not told them about your overdraft.
7. You have won 1st prize in FELIX competition. Collect yet another morning prize worth £10.
8. From sale of sport's shop stock you get £300.
9. Get out of Tutorial free.
10. It is your birthday. Collect a drink from everyone in the Union Bar except Dave Clements who's too tight. Throw up and be fined £10.
11. Bate examiner for £100.
12. You receive your share in Harrington Canal. Collect £200.
13. You join an NUS march. The Union President fines you £50.
14. You abstain from alcohol during alcohol awareness week. Sure collect £200.

MAMMOPOLY

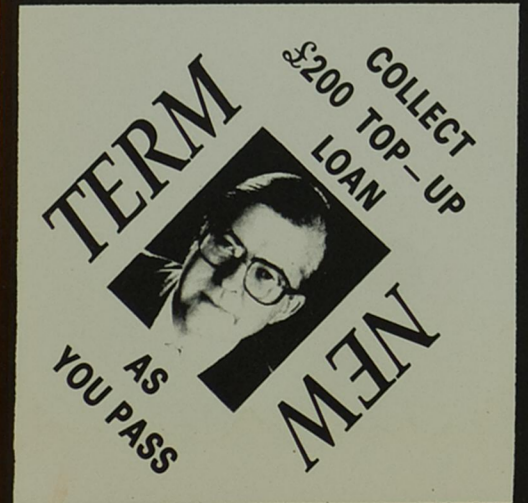
FROM THE TEAM that gave YOU FELIX COMES

A game about the fits in ICU and Sheffield

College Cock-ups

4. Advance to Queen's Tower. If you start a New Term, collect £200.
5. You are assessed for room damage. Pay £40 per room and \$15 per house.
6. Go to a party in Southwell Hall.
7. You are invited to the FELIX dinner. Advance to 170 Queensgate but avoid the Rector's wife. Eat a pizza but avoid the Rector's wife.
9. A finance officer gives you £50 to keep quiet about his suspension. Pay £30,000 or take a College Cock-up.
11. You need a new secretary for the Hub Office. You go on holiday and forget your visa. Bribe passport official \$30.
13. The mortgage value of your properties drops by 20%.
14. You merge with Royal Holloway and Bedford New College. Take it the property of the player on your right. Collect £50.
15. You walk out of RSM with a computer. Your department have you off the course. Receive \$150 sponsorship. Pay builds \$100 to enter students.
18. You hold a conference centre at Stowood Park. Receive \$150 from the UCC.
20. If you are the owner of Southwell Hall, pay £500 to repair the ceiling. The other £300 is retained by College on a spurious pretext.
22. Buy a cycle lock from Security Chief. Pay £50.
24. You are caught in the hands by a Security Guard and are expelled from College. Leave the game or pick up a Union Upset.

COLLECT TOP-UP TERM AS YOU PASS NEW



£280 FALMOUTH-KEOGH HALL

£150 UNION BAR

£300 WEEKS HALL

£300 Linstead EXTENSION

COLLEGE COCK-UP

£320 Linstead HALL

£200 MUSTAPHA'S KEBAB BAR

UNION UPSET

£350 OLAVE HOUSE

£400 170 QUEENSGATE

£100 POLL TAX PAY

£60 UNION CRASHPAD

£60 HAMLET GARDENS

£200 HALL AMENITIES CHARGE PAY

£200 MAIN DINING HALL

£100 MINING HOUSE

UNION UPSET

The distinctive transcendental gravimetrics of the game playing surface and topographical space-time indicators as well as the epigram 'MAMMOPOLY' are associated with FELIX for its surreal accommodation swapping amusement equipment. Game concept Copyright © 1988 FELIX. Game design Copyright © 1988 Steve Meyfroidt.

BERNARD SUNLEY HOUSE

RENT — site only	£8
with 1 house	£40
2 houses	£100
3 houses	£300
4 houses	£450
HOTEL	£600

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses —	£50 each
hotels —	£50 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £60

ROBERT PRIOR HOUSE

RENT — site only	£6
with 1 house	£30
2 houses	£90
3 houses	£270
4 houses	£400
HOTEL	£550

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses —	£50 each
hotels —	£50 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £50

MINING HOUSE

RENT — site only	£6
with 1 house	£30
2 houses	£90
3 houses	£270
4 houses	£400
HOTEL	£550

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses —	£50 each
hotels —	£50 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £50

HAMLET GARDENS

RENT — site only	£4
with 1 house	£20
2 houses	£60
3 houses	£180
4 houses	£320
HOTEL	£450

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses —	£50 each
hotels —	£50 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £30

UNION CRASHPAD

RENT — site only	£2
with 1 house	£10
2 houses	£30
3 houses	£90
4 houses	£160
HOTEL	£250

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses —	£50 each
hotels —	£50 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £30

MONTPELIER HALL

RENT — site only	£14
with 1 house	£70
2 houses	£200
3 houses	£550
4 houses	£750
HOTEL	£950

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses —	£100 each
hotels —	£100 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £90

GARDEN HALL

RENT — site only	£14
with 1 house	£70
2 houses	£200
3 houses	£550
4 houses	£750
HOTEL	£950

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses —	£100 each
hotels —	£100 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £90

HOLBEIN HOUSE

RENT — site only	£12
with 1 house	£60
2 houses	£180
3 houses	£500
4 houses	£700
HOTEL	£900

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses —	£100 each
hotels —	£100 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £80

WILLIS JACKSON HOUSE

RENT — site only	£10
with 1 house	£50
2 houses	£150
3 houses	£420
4 houses	£625
HOTEL	£750

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses —	£100 each
hotels —	£100 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £70

SOUTHWELL HALL

RENT — site only	£10
with 1 house	£50
2 houses	£150
3 houses	£420
4 houses	£625
HOTEL	£750

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses —	£100 each
hotels —	£100 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £70

QUEEN'S TOWER

RENT — site only	£20
with 1 house	£100
2 houses	£300
3 houses	£750
4 houses	£925
HOTEL	£1100

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses —	£150 each
hotels —	£150 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £120

BEIT NEW HOSTEL

RENT — site only	£18
with 1 house	£90
2 houses	£250
3 houses	£700
4 houses	£875
HOTEL	£1050

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses —	£150 each
hotels —	£150 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £110

BEIT OLD HOSTEL

RENT — site only	£18
with 1 house	£90
2 houses	£250
3 houses	£700
4 houses	£875
HOTEL	£1050

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses —	£150 each
hotels —	£150 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £110

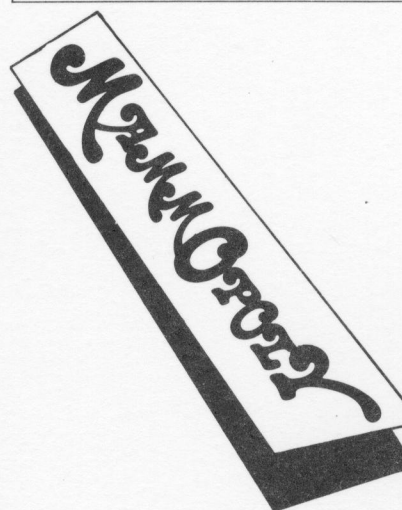
WILSON HOUSE

RENT — site only	£16
with 1 house	£80
2 houses	£220
3 houses	£600
4 houses	£800
HOTEL	£1000

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses —	£100 each
hotels —	£100 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £100



WEEKS HALL

RENT — site only	£26
with 1 house	£130
2 houses	£390
3 houses	£900
4 houses	£1100
HOTEL	£1275

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses—	£200 each
hotels —	£200 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £150

FALMOUTH—KEOGH HALL

RENT — site only	£22
with 1 house	£120
2 houses	£360
3 houses	£850
4 houses	£1025
HOTEL	£1200

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses—	£150 each
hotels —	£150 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £140



SELKIRK HALL

RENT — site only	£22
with 1 house	£110
2 houses	£330
3 houses	£800
4 houses	£975
HOTEL	£1150

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses—	£150 each
hotels —	£150 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £130

TIZARD HALL

RENT — site only	£22
with 1 house	£110
2 houses	£330
3 houses	£800
4 houses	£975
HOTEL	£1150

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses—	£150 each
hotels —	£150 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £130

QT BURGER BAR

BARS AND REFECTORIES

RENT	£25
If 2 refectories are owned	£50
If 3 refectories are owned	£100
If 4 refectories are owned	£200
If 5 refectories are owned	£400
If 6 refectories are owned	£800

MORTGAGE value — £100

170 QUEENSGATE

RENT — site only	£50
with 1 house	£200
2 houses	£600
3 houses	£1400
4 houses	£1700
HOTEL	£2000

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses—	£200 each
hotels —	£200 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £200

OLAVE HOUSE

RENT — site only	£35
with 1 house	£175
2 houses	£500
3 houses	£1100
4 houses	£1300
HOTEL	£1500

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses—	£200 each
hotels —	£200 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £175

INSTEAD HALL

RENT — site only	£28
with 1 house	£150
2 houses	£450
3 houses	£1000
4 houses	£1200
HOTEL	£1400

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses—	£200 each
hotels —	£200 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £160

INSTEAD EXTENSION

RENT — site only	£26
with 1 house	£130
2 houses	£390
3 houses	£900
4 houses	£1100
HOTEL	£1275

If a player owns *all* the sites of any Pattern—Group, the rent is *doubled* on *unimproved* sites in that group.

COST of houses—	£200 each
hotels —	£200 plus
	4 houses

MORTGAGE value of site £150

SNACK BAR

BARS AND REFECTORIES

RENT	£25
If 2 refectories are owned	£50
If 3 refectories are owned	£100
If 4 refectories are owned	£200
If 5 refectories are owned	£400
If 6 refectories are owned	£800

MORTGAGE value — £100

BELUSHI'S

BARS AND REFECTORIES

RENT	£25
If 2 refectories are owned	£50
If 3 refectories are owned	£100
If 4 refectories are owned	£200
If 5 refectories are owned	£400
If 6 refectories are owned	£800

MORTGAGE value — £100

MAIN DINING HALL

BARS AND REFECTORIES

RENT	£25
If 2 refectories are owned	£50
If 3 refectories are owned	£100
If 4 refectories are owned	£200
If 5 refectories are owned	£400
If 6 refectories are owned	£800

MORTGAGE value — £100

UNION BAR

BARS AND REFECTORIES

RENT	£25
If 2 refectories are owned	£50
If 3 refectories are owned	£100
If 4 refectories are owned	£200
If 5 refectories are owned	£400
If 6 refectories are owned	£800

MORTGAGE value — £100

KEBAB BAR

BARS AND REFECTORIES

RENT	£25
If 2 refectories are owned	£50
If 3 refectories are owned	£100
If 4 refectories are owned	£200
If 5 refectories are owned	£400
If 6 refectories are owned	£800

MORTGAGE value — £100