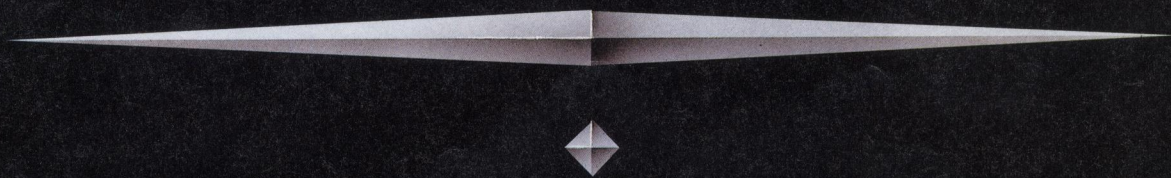


Felix



The Editorial

A very secret society

Freedom of information and 'the right to know' is a subject which is close to the heart of every journalist. It is particularly close to the heart of British journalists because Britain is becoming too secretive for its own good.

In the true spirit of *pravda*, the proposed changes to section two of the Official Secrets Act will restrict individuals 'right to know' whilst proclaiming perestroika.

Less widely proclaimed is the fact that the act will remove an individuals right to claim to be acting in the interests of the public when accused of leaking 'sensitive' information. And, in what must be the ultimate absurdity, it will become illegal to repeat 'sensitive' information even if it has been published elsewhere and is common knowledge.

The Data Protection Act is another case in point. Ostensibly the act is designed to allow individuals to access files of personal information stored about them on computer. In practice, the act contains so many loop holes and the Data Protection Registry is so short of power and resources that the act has become almost ineffectual. The Government computers are of course exempt from the act.

Every one remembers Peter Wrights problems with *Spycatcher*. But the affair is only one of a series of media clampdowns which began with Duncan Campbells 'Zircon satellite' programme banned from the BBC despite the fact that it was based on information which had already been published.

The country's growing paranoia and obsession with secrecy is as unnecessary as it is unhealthy. I would not argue with the claim that matters which are important to national security should not be broadcast to potential foreign enemies, but as investigative journalist Steve Connor has pointed out in an interview elsewhere in this issue, there is a need for 'national security' to be properly defined; too often it is used as a blanket term to hide political embarrassment.

Perhaps Britain ought to take a lesson from the United States whose 'Freedom of Information act' has proved that Governments do not

collapse when a country's citizens know what the Government is up to.

A very secret Union

Imperial College's own student Union would also do well to sit up and take note of the 'Freedom of Information act.'

Over the past two years it has embarked on its own dangerous course of secrecy and press paranoia. And it has divorced itself further and further from the students it represents.

The relationship between FELIX and the Union has been tenuous in the past, but the iron curtain which separated FELIX and the Union Office in the heat of last year now separates the Union from the students.

The Union is becoming less of a student organisation and more of a business. It is becoming obsessed with money whilst forgetting that it should be a service to the students.

On a political level, the Union seems to be drifting away from its roots. Union General Meetings have been very badly advertised this year and consequently very badly attended. Instead UGMs are rushed through as quickly as possible and important issues are decided upon by only a handful of hacks.

The Union's attitude was summed up by their failed attempt to abolish Union General Meetings altogether. Had this gone ahead, power would have been centralised with the 30 people who regularly turn up to Union Councils, and not with the student body.

The irony is that people will attend UGMs if they are told about them. FELIX and IC Radio proved the point with a College-wide 'say no to no say' poster campaign. The campaign resulted in the most well attended UGM for several years, with over 400 IC and 250 St Mary's students turning up.

I am often accused of having produced a 'biased' edition of FELIX and unfairly influencing the outcome of the UGM by printing opinion articles which were anti-abolition. In return I could accuse the Union of unfairly biasing the outcome of the UGM by having 250 students from St Mary's to turn up to vote for abolition.

The Union Council too, is becoming more of a closet organisation. Earlier in the year a motion was submitted by next year's president to the effect that the minutes of Council's sub committees should not be circulated to members of Council. The motion was ostensibly tabled on the grounds that this would reduce the length of Council meetings and tempered with the claim that minutes would be available for reference in the Union Office.

In practice the changes have made no difference to the length of Council. What they have done is give next year's Executive *carte blanche* to push through any policy they see fit without the rest of the Union being any the wiser.

It would be naive of us not to expect them to exploit it.

A very dangerous press

A free media is very dangerous to a Union which would rather make its decisions behind closed doors. So it will come as no surprise to learn that FELIX has been singled out from the Colleges other publications with behind the scenes threats from the Union Office to attack the papers editorial freedom.

But as students are well aware, and as President Nigel Baker demonstrated with FIDO, a paper which is not editorially free is not worth reading.

And so the Union have played on the FELIX Editors other role as Print Unit Manager.

At Monday's Council, a seemingly innocuous policy was passed which again singled out FELIX from the other publications by insisting that the FELIX Editor present reports to Council on the Print Unit.

It is innocuous aside from the Union's declared intention that the opportunity should be used to force FELIX to take on more 'external' printing jobs.

They forget that FELIX Editor already works a seventy hour week. They overlook the fact that the print units primary role is the production of FELIX and publicity for clubs and they ignore the fact that if we took on more outside work it would be at the expense of the clubs and FELIX. Its a case once again of

profits being put above students.

A very last word

Enough of this. I'm off into the big wide world and I must leave the future of FELIX and the Union in the capable hands of my successor, Dave Smedley.



This is what I look like on a good day.

There have been few editions of FELIX I have liked entirely, but this one comes close. It was originally going to have had colour inside pages, but due to litho failure this issue had to be entirely printed outside and the colour had to be dropped.

It's bloody typical.

Bill x x x



Dynamic Duo

Dear Bill,

We are writing to thank you for printing all our letters and articles, and for your very favourable references to us. We hope Dave Smedley will prove as generous and considerate next year.

We have each been (separately) derided as isolated loonies without the backing of the people for our cause. But we each express total approval for all that either of us has said, so neither of us is a minority of one. (And as one of us is Dylan that makes three of us.)

Yours,

Dylan James, Maths 1,
Saradakis Emmanuel, Physics 1.

Not a spastic

Dear Bill,

I would like to comment briefly as one of the implied 'social spastics' at the Physics leaving party mentioned in Dave Burns' article.

1. I object to the derogatory use of the word 'spastic'.

2. There are plenty of 'sportsmen, socialisers and doers' at Imperial and many are Physics undergraduates.

Happily I share Dave's view of a worthwhile time at Imperial, having experienced both the 'warts' and advantages of my decision to come to a non-campus London college with a reputation for hard courses. It happens that my studying and chosen activities left me time for RCS Rag or spending evenings in the Union Snack Bar.

Finally, thanks to Paul, Paul and Margaret for making the Physics party such a good evening.

Yours sincerely,

Alice Jacques, Physics 3.

Nail in my foot

Dear Bill

Another Friday, another article in FELIX knocking Imperial College. As an MSc student coming to London after a first degree at a provincial university I confess to finding the whole debate somewhat painful. Perhaps the worst aspects are the assumptions made by some authors about life at other universities. If Imperial is guilty of anything, it is of engendering severe attacks of 'grass-is-greeneritis' in some of its undergraduate population. Perhaps a few myths need to be destroyed.

Myth 1) Imperial turns people off science and engineering, so they all run off and become accountants.

Yes, a high proportion of Imperial students do leave science. In fact, a large proportion of all science graduates leave science. In Cambridge, over 50% of engineering graduates go into other occupations. This reflects more upon the status of such jobs in our society than where the student

studies, as a cursory glance at the letters page of most institute journals would reveal. Realistically, capable people will go where they get the best deal. Blaming dull lecturers, by no means an IC monopoly, is tempting but inaccurate.

Myth 2) You have to work harder for an Imperial degree, and yet people don't think of it as special.

Makes your heart bleed, doesn't it? I thought I worked hard for my first degree, but Imperial engineering courses do seem frightening. This is hardly a secret; in fact it is one of the reasons why Imperial did not appear on my UCCA form. However, they are well regarded. My sponsors were eager to get people to come here, and several recruitment agencies note the regard with which Imperial degrees are held. Don't expect an easy ride anywhere though. In my own course, students were supposed to read beyond set coursework, and discuss such extra work in tutorials. Technical subjects always have a reputation for being difficult; people who want three years of work, and a good degree at the end of it are in the wrong field, rather than at the wrong place.

Myth 3) IC students are more apathetic/immature/self-serving than elsewhere.

Of course there are representatives of these sections at Imperial; there are anywhere you go. Trying to inspire students to chip in and help out is always a problem. Let me assure Dave Burns that 'social spastics' are a feature of all universities, as well as life in general, and not confined to Imperial College. Some would claim the entrance requirements keep out the sportsmen, socialisers and doers. Sadly the entrance procedure at Imperial is little different from elsewhere, although the required 'A' level grades may be higher. In my own case, after taking an exam I was offered two E's, with no interview. Was this an elitist attitude towards me?

Student politics seem to have occupied large amounts of FELIX, yet little of the conversation of students. This too is mirrored at other universities. Student politics is seen as largely unimportant by most students; I make no comment on this, I only note that it is no different from any other university. The low turnout of voters at every student election during my own first degree, as well as at the initial election of the LSE President provides suitable evidence.

Myth 4) There are no women at Imperial.

There is obviously an imbalance. What strikes me more are the somewhat selfish reasons put forward for change by the male population of College. At least Imperial avoids the all-male heartiness of the older Oxbridge colleges, where knocking nails through feet was seen as an acceptable punishment for losing a round of 'University Challenge', and rugby or rowing were (and possibly still are) the only routes to acceptance. Noticeable is the disproportionate amount of input women give to Imperial; a look at the number holding office in clubs and societies shows that many do not feel intimidated by the situation. The fact is that sciences are still seen as a male domain; as long as this situation exists, and Imperial remains a science college, there will be more men than women. The women have my sympathy. The male undergraduates who expected university to resemble an enormous knocking-shop should have read the prospectus more carefully.

In Conclusion, of course there are things wrong with Imperial, and these should be changed, but to imagine that Imperial College is far worse than anywhere else is foolish. I enjoyed my first degree, and am glad that I did not do it at Imperial, but I am sure that if I had, I would be glad I had not done it anywhere else.

Yours,

S J Kukula, MSc Composite Materials.

The staff agree with you entirely

Dear Bill,

I had intended to write a vicious letter slugging off the lack of humour in your prodigious organ (Fnarr, Fnarr, etc), I was also going to fill it with nasty, bitchy comments like: 'Perhaps you should call FELIX 'The Snoozepaper of Imperial College Union''. But I won't.

Why? The reason is that on careful examination of this year's FELICES I have been converted (but not by Pat Baker) and seen the light: Bill, you are without a doubt the greatest humourist and satirist alive today!

Whilst other, lesser publications like *Punch* and *Private Eye* insist on being so unoriginal as to print humour on the humour pages and the boring stuff on the letters pages, you have shown your true genius, Bill, by being completely avant garde and printing tasteless drivel, such as 'Dear Marge', that would not raise even a giggle from a Hyena, on you 'Humour' pages; and yet, you paint verbal sketches of ludicrous, surreally unreal characters with satirical genius on your letters page.

You started off the year with minor political satire—an hilarious spoof on the far left entitled 'IC Class War Group and the PC Blakelock scandal', a theme you have recently returned to with your side-splitting character, the absolute tosser James 'I think LSE were right' Nathan. It was at Christmas that you really moved into the big boys' league; religious satire. With your 'Bottle of Whisky and the Koran Farce' you produced a biting satire on Islamic fundamentalism that left Rushdie's standing and more than likely hastened the Ayatollah's recent demise.

Recently, you have shown your originality yet again by combining political and religious satire to form right-wing 'Chistian' (I use the term loosely) Dylan James. His arguments that God really does give a damn about what colour of rosette you wear on your lapel made me laugh so much that I needed emergency treatment on my ribs at St Mary's (remember the side-splitting 'Mary's don't like UGMs?').

However, Bill, I feel that you may have gone too far and could be accused of racism for your character 'Emmanuel Saradakis'. By making a complete dickhead like that Greek I fear that you may have deeply insulted the entire Greek nation.

Yours in worshipful awe,

Rick Hardiman, ME1.

Silwood rents controlled

The College's Governors are to consider a proposal on Friday to control rent increases at Silwood Park. If the proposals go ahead, rent increases in South Kensington may be smaller in the future, according to College Secretary, John Smith.

Mr Smith's proposals were announced to students at Silwood Park on last Monday. He recommends that the cost of a new hall of residence at Silwood Park be met by a £500,000 College loan over 25 years at a fixed rate of 9% interest per annum. The idea has the approval of students at Silwood Park who objected to the College's original proposal of a loan over 20 years at 12.5% per annum.

Silwood Park student Chairman, Ian Lowles told FELIX that the original plans would have meant 'quite a substantial rent increase.' The new proposals, he says, will allow for increases in line with surrounding Colleges. The plans, he added, will mean that the College is effectively subsidising the new hall.

Mr Smith pointed out that the Law prevents the College from directly funding residences. He added that his proposals could mean that students would lose out if interest rates were to fall in the future, although they presently stood to gain.

The new hall will allow the College to house undergraduate students on short courses separately



to permanent postgraduate residents. It is hoped that the new arrangement will prevent disturbances between the two groups which have arisen in the past.

Mr Smith's proposals include the development of a Conference Centre at Silwood Park. His original proposals were rejected by the Governors at a College Finance and Executive meeting in May due to pressure from students over the residence arrangements and fears that the plans for the Conference Centre could be financially unstable.

Mr Smith now hopes that the Silwood Science Park Company, 'Impact', will run the Conference Centre.

'Impact' raises £200,000 per year for the College. The new plans recommend that this money be used as a basis upon which to develop the Conference Centre.

Although Mr Smith feels that the College may 'lose out a bit' initially, he told FELIX that the Centre is 'An absolute winner.' He hopes to see clubs, societies and departments using the Centre at weekends as its catering facilities improve.

On your bike!

The University of London Careers Advisory Service is holding a 'London Recruitment Fair' on 5th and 6th July at the Business Design Centre in Islington. There will be over 200 employers at the fair. Details of employers and their vacancies are available from the University of London Careers Advisory Service and at the fair, priced 50p.

Imperial College's Careers Office offers a range of literature on employers as well as a Careers Adviser and other services.

The Careers Office has received a cut of £3000 to its budget for next year as well as a £10000 cut this year.

Another Bloody Sabbatical

Union President Nigel Baker outlined his ideas for a fourth executive sabbatical at Monday's Joint Union Council. As a second Deputy President the new post would be responsible for all aspects of student welfare. Members of the meeting are to submit suggestions as to what Mr Baker should do with his ideas by July 15.

Accommodation office gets new dictionary

The College's Accommodation Office has 'no sense of the word urgency' when allocating students for rooms over the Summer according to Lesley Rose in the College's Cash Office. Mrs Rose is in charge of the billing of students, who must pay for Summer accommodation by the end of term.

Students are expected to receive bills, notifying them of their place this Summer by today. Mrs Rose told FELIX that many of the students involved are postgraduates who are required to give notice of their departure from term time

accommodation. She is concerned that many students will receive notification of their place in hall with too little notice.

College Accommodation Officer, Loretto O'Callaghan told FELIX that the staff in the office had been working hard for three weeks on the allocations. The last batch was sent to the Cash Office on Monday.

Ms O'Callaghan is hoping that a new computer based system will be in place for next term's allocations, which are presently done manually with computer assistance.

BOUND EDITIONS

(APPROX. £30)

*Yes Bill I enjoyed FELIX so much this year I'd like you to wrap it in slinky leather for me to keep as a memento and I enclose a £10 deposit.

*No Bill I hated it.

(*Delete as applicable)

Name

Dept./Address

.....

KEEP IN TOUCH with a FELIX subscription

*Yes I would still like to keep in touch with FELIX despite this year's attempts, in the knowledge that it can't get much worse and I enclose a cheque for £10 (to cover postage).

*No I'd rather forget all about this godforsaken hole and spend the tenner on beer.

Name

Dept./Address

.....

Enlightened Summer Fair fairs well

MP Peter Brooke presided at the official opening of the lights on the Queens Tower yesterday. Pushing the switch, Mr Brooke said that he hoped the lights would be a beacon to guide the College into new scientific enlightenment.

The Queens Tower has been lit for several months now, but this is the first time it has been lit officially, said a spokesman.

Top Cat

After a novel twist in Monday's Joint Union Council meeting, next year's FELIX editor is to receive full voting rights on Council as well as permanent observer status on the Union's Executive, subject to ratification at two consecutive UGMs.

FELIX editor Bill Goodwin said afterwards, 'I have always suspected that the FELIX Editor is the most powerful sabbatical, but these policy changes have confirmed it. It's about time the Exec became accountable to FELIX.'



This year's Summer Fair saw an overwhelming attendance with stalls from many Union clubs and societies as well as exhibitions by many of the College's departments. Food from around the world was provided by some of the Overseas societies, whilst people took part in a number of competitions, with prizes ranging from a balloon trip

with champagne on board to a laptop computer.

Amongst the more suspect competition winners was the tutor of next year's President Neil McCluskey, who acted as master of ceremonies with College Secretary, John Smith. There was also an unusually large number of Smiths amongst the day's winners.

Breakdown

The FELIX printing press is currently undergoing massive internal surgery after the machine's kipper springs failed during the printing of the last issue. The failure occurred when the Editor's Bob Dylan tape produced a resonant note which ruptured all fifteen of the machine's sprocket woggles.

FELIX Editor, Bill Goodwin narrowly missed suffering 3rd degree woggle burns as he fought with the machine but his attempts to save the three vital kipper springs at the heart of the press failed. 'I'm gutted,' said Mr Goodwin yesterday, 'but then so's the litho.' Publications Board Chairman John Denham added 'It serves the old b*st*rd right.'

Blatant

'Oh B*ll*cks. Bill, we've got to write another news story.' 'Oh alright Dave, I'll just write a little piddly one.' 'Yes, but don't forget. If it's any longer than 5 lines, I'll have to

FELIX couldn't think of a good headline for this



Do not remove this article

There were read signs all around when wacky QT Society planted a spoof notice in Hyde Park.

A spokesman from the society said that the sign received a mixed

reaction from passers by, ranging from non-comprehension to hysterics.

The sign can be found at the North end of the Serpentine.

Summer Printing

Anybody requiring print work/photocopying ready for next term should come into the FELIX Office before the end of term or between July 1st and August 1st.

Anything submitted after August 1st will **not** be produced on time for Freshers' Week.

The Credits

A predecessor of mine once calculated that each edition of FELIX takes 370 man hours to produce. This figure provides some indication of the time and energy the staff have put into the paper over the past year; the commitment shown by some of the staff has been truly astonishing. My sincere thanks to the FELIX crew: Rose Atkins, Dean Vaughan, Dave Smedley, Steve Meyfroidt, Doug King, Sez Wilkinson, Adam Harrington, Stef Smith, Robin Davison, Nikki Fox, Liz Warren, Noel Curry, Steve Kilmurray, Penny Gamble, Adam Harrington, Andy Clark, MAC, Summit Guha, Neil Motteram, Nik Jones, Paul Barton, Wouter Van Houten, Andy Bannister, Dave Thomas, Wendy Kite, Simon Bradshaw, Mike Morton, Phil Hopkins, Jason Lander, Walter, Andy Waller, Ramin Nakisa, Agamemnon, Marge Maudlin. Thanks also to everyone who has contributed this year, particularly Dave

Griffiths, Mick Godfrey, Mark, Yishu Nanda, Alistair Goodall, Dave Clements, Nigel Baker, Julian Butcher, Kamela Sen, Mike, John Wilkinson, Chris Leahy, Mylan Lester, Chas Brereton, Chris Martin, Andy Thompson, Fiona Nicholas, Chris Edwards, Pete Wilson, Andrea, Yousef Samrout, the Baron writer, Sumit Guha, Martin Cole, Sarah Conyers, Adam Harrington, Ina el-Kahdi, Tara Sears, Paul Dhillon, Sophie Wardle, Sydney Harbour-Bridge, Ian Morris, Jon Sadler, Martin Colege, Rupert Clayton, Matt Rampton, Susan Appleby, Daniel, Adrian Bourne, Dev, Andy Hall, Mike Bell, Andy Mellor, Hal Calamvokis, Brendan O'Brien, John Briggs, Andy Player, Chris Edwards, Caroline Scott, Darren Austin, Roger Walker, Jeremy Biddle, Spenser Lane, John Hassard, Dominic Strowbridge, Emile Nizan, Michael Kirsch, Patrick Smith, Martin Kinsey, Alan Young, Ian

Lodwick, Saya, Roy, Julian Moore, Ralph Greenwell, Andy Garside, Yve Posner, Jen Hardy-Smith, Steve Easterbrook, Anj Ahuja, Anup Karia, Azhar Abid, Paul Stephenson, Ardy Bayat, Andrew Goldman, Jeremy Leggett, Emmanuel Saridakis, Simon Thompson, Dan Homolka, Keith Adeney, Steve Marshall, MB Khan, Carl kent-Smith, Dylan James, Tony Spencer, Gary Hastings, Michael McCarthy, Dr Eric Yeatman, Dave Burns, Dave Williams, Shen Ning, all the reviewers, all the collators, particularly RCS, Ents, Rag, Linstead Hall and Environmental and Appropriate Technology Society. Superduper and wacky and zany thanks to Stef, Rick, Jason and Dave for staying up all Thursday night to photocopy the front cover. I love you all and want to have your babies.



left to right, back row: Stef Smith, Adam Harrington, Jason Lander, Dave Smedley, Andy Waller, Wouter van Houten, Simon Bradshaw, Mike Morton
front row: Rob Davison, Nikki Fox, Wendy Kite, Bill Goodwin, Liz Warren, Sumit Guha, MAC, Sydney Harbour-Bridge

WALTER
WALTER
WALTER
WALTER
WALTER

South African sherry, in readiness for the celebration of the departure of yet another mass of the great unwashed, waving their newly minted degrees, into the brave new world of chartered accountancy.

Walter would naturally be the last person to heap scorn on anyone whose chosen career involved dirtying their hands with the passage of large amounts of someone else's money, but—largely due to the stickiness of his own relations with accountants over the last few decades—he is inclined to view the financial professions with a rather jaundiced eye. In other words, may they rot in Hell. Slowly.

Just to prove that this is the last article this year, there now follow a few lines from a song by the immortal Ralph Vaughn Williams:

Let other men make money faster,
labouring in the dark runed towns.
I don't fear a peevisish master,
though no man may heed my frown.

I be free to go abroad, or take again
my homeward road,
To where for me the apple tree do
lean down low, in Linden Lea.

To those of you who are surprised at someone as embittered as Walter quoting poetry, here's a bigger

surprise: Walter has joined the green revolution.

It's true! Not only has he taken to adding lead-free gin to his cocktails, but he is at this moment wearing an additive-free tie, and this article was typed in its entirety on a recycled word-processor. Until recently he was investigating the possibility of fitting a catalytic converter to his cigarette holder, but he feels that the cost, estimated at £600, is a little excessive. See the above remarks about accountants.

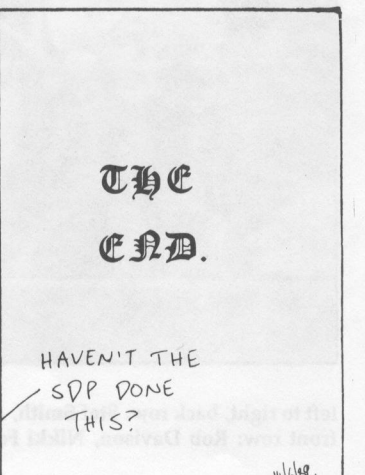
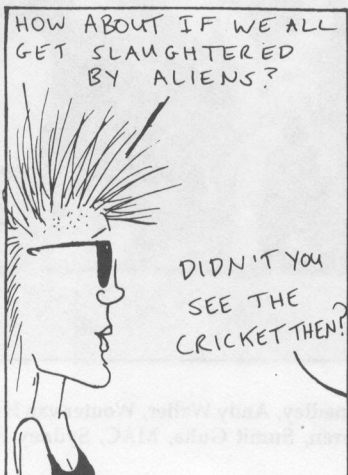
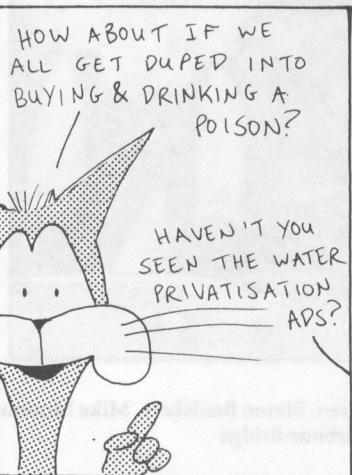
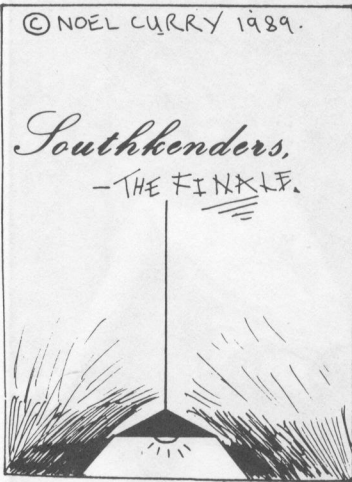
All this atmosphere awareness business has led Walter to wonder whether hot air—of the human derived variety—can be considered a Greenhouse Gas. If so, apart from the obvious contribution made by politicians within College and without, it is clear that people such as Dylan James should stand up and be counted, so to speak, for the damage they are doing to the atmosphere. Since last he appeared in these pages, Walter has actually met Mr James, and was surprised to find that he seemed harmless enough—hardly the frothing Ghengis Kahn type one was led to expect. It only goes to prove, for the hundredth time, that you shouldn't believe all you read, even in this exalted journal.

Who was it who said that happy

men don't write their memoirs? The name of this perceptive individual escapes Walter for the moment, but the truism remains true all the same, and applies most of all to the volumes of hindsight wisdom being penned at this time of year by our esteemed sabbaticals: If the length of the memoir is proportional to the degree of unhappiness, then Nigel Baker (may his tribe increase) must be a miserable man indeed, and who can blame him. Never mind, old son: Nearly over now.

And finally—for there must always be an and finally—Walter would like to thank all those well-wishers who have enquired after him during his recent illness. Actually, illness is hardly the right word. What happened, not for the first time, is that he was obliged to go into hiding to avoid those nice men from the Inland Revenue. He would also like to thank the staff of HM Prison Wormwood Scrubs for allowing him to write these lines from the comfort of his modern, well equipped cell, and for the assurance that he may get off with three years if he keeps his nose clean. Roughly the equivalent of being sentenced to three years at Imperial College, don't you think? All the best!

At this time of year, a strange and now familiar feeling always percolates softly through Walters hardened and drink—sodden soul; a feeling which can best be summed up by the phrase "There we went again"—to be spoken with a sigh, and in a resigned tone of voice. Another year is in the last drawn out stages of grinding to a close, and members of staff are drawing the blinds and dusting off the bottles of



1992

What will the effects be for Imperial College

With the recent increased interest in Europe and the 'breaking down' of barriers scheduled for 1992 FELIX investigated the impact 1992 will have upon Imperial College. One of the most relevant aspects of the unification of the European Community will be the freedom of movement to work in any EC country. Therefore graduates who have a knowledge of an EC language will be at an advantage. Presently students at IC can study foreign languages in evening classes with the Humanities Department and some courses include a foreign language as part of the degree.

Approximately 500 students enrolled for language courses this year and Mr Stables, Head of the Humanities Department, anticipates further increases. This October students will be starting degree courses which will contain a year in Europe (or at least a year in continental Europe) as College realised that Britain is in Europe—part of the mentality the whole nation will have to deal with. The Humanities Department is offering, as a result of these courses, language courses which contain a more technical and scientific vocabulary.

British standards in engineering and science will need to be replaced with European standards. This has already started and Professor Dowling of Imperial College is chairman of the European Committee agreeing uniform codes of practice with steel structures. Students will feel the effects of these changes directly.

The status and, more importantly, the salary of engineers and scientists is generally higher in continental Europe. Many IC graduates may manage to both stay in engineering and get a reward for doing so by joining the army of British workers in other EC countries encouraged by the changes of 1992.

The greater implication of the European Community has led to some major potential merges

between technological companies. For instance there has been mention of a linking of Siemens GEC and Plessey. This will have some impact on a college like Imperial which deserves a substantial income from research contracts. The effect of 1992 will be to offer greater opportunity for contacts from European firms. Currently Brussels awards research grants and the money directed towards it for redistribution will increase. Already Imperial is well placed with about seventeen such pre-competition research grants, out of a total of thirty in the UK.

Environmental controls decided by the European Parliament will be tougher than the current British ones. This will result in more money being available for environmental research, and Imperial has recently set up a centre for environmental technology.

One important feature of the development of undergraduate courses is to include somewhere along the line education about how people in other EC countries think and behave. The Dean of City and Guilds, Professor Pat Holmes, pointed out the example of a West German marketing director who said that he sells his products in English but buys stuff in German. Professor Holmes went on to say that the Board of Studies had spent time discussing what sort of language courses should be taught to include a cultural component. Concern was expressed that some people might not take up the four year courses with a year in continental Europe if student loans are introduced and the London factor causes some worry.

Thus 1992 will effect Imperial College in some direct ways and employment prospects will be improved. Already some companies from other EC nations are joining in the milk round. The numbers of people taking a foreign language component in their course is expected to increase.

FELIX HANDOVER

will be held on the 2nd quarter of the third passing of the Felicitix. Admission to the smearing of the incoming editor with the blood of the virgin cat and the trouser ceremony will be by exclusive invitation only

ALL WELCOME

*free invitations available from the
FELIX Office*

PIMLICO CONNECTION TUTORING SCHEME

(Oct 18th 1989-Feb 14th 1990)

Like a chance to communicate scientific ideas and help teachers of Science and Maths in local ILEA Primary and Secondary schools?

Then join the scheme and the student Pimlico Connection Society...

Details from the Humanities Department:

- Room 313C, Mech Eng
- Room 439/440 Mech Eng and FRESHERS' FAIR

News Quiz

1. Which of Dr Who's enemies invaded the FELIX Office?

- a) Cybermen
- b) The Master
- c) Michael Crossland
- d) Dalek
- e) Yeti

2. What happened to DebSoc's speaker from the South African Embassy this year?

- a) Kidnapped
- b) Expelled by the F.O.
- c) Alive and well and living in Richmond
- d) Became a Tory MP
- e) Received a knighthood

3. What did the Union Snack Bar come to be known as?

- a) Union Snack Bar
- b) Caterpillar Café
- c) Ritz Mark II
- d) Petite Portions Patisserie
- e) Romantic Rendezvous

4. Who was the Union Rat?

- a) Roland
- b) Nigel D
- c) Ken Baker
- d) Stuart
- e) Norman



5. At which airport was the Rector detained when he was unable to produce an entry visa on his tour of the Far East?

- a) Delhi
- b) Rome
- c) Tokyo
- d) Laos
- e) Singapore

6. What is the Rector's real name?

- a) Derek Dash
- b) Emmanuel Saradakis
- c) Claire Ash
- d) George Bush
- e) Eric Ash

7. How many members of Council are there?

- a) 3
- b) 10
- c) 55
- d) 300
- e) it depends on how the chairman wants the vote to go

8. Which electoral system does IC use?

- a) First past the post
- b) Single Transferable Vote
- c) Proportional Representation
- d) Single Transferable Vote apart from St Mary's which are burnt
- e) Magic Circles

9. Which two people switched jobs for a week this year?

- a) Paddy Ashdown and Margaret Thatcher
- b) Jen Hardy-Smith and Rose Atkins
- c) The Rector and Chas Brereton
- d) Kylie Minogue and Bill Goodwin
- e) Nigel Baker and Bill Goodwin



10. Which country did Paul Barton visit?

- a) Turkey
- b) Turkey
- c) Turkey
- d) Turkey
- e) Turkey

11. The merger of IC with which of the below was called off?

- a) St Mary's Hospital Medical School
- b) Kings College
- c) Social Democratic Party
- d) Royal Holloway and Bedford New College
- e) M.I.T.

12. Which College department was downgraded by the Earth Sciences Review?

- a) MRE
- b) Geology
- c) Refectories
- d) Claire Ash
- e) The Union Rat



13. Which notable College object failed to set on time?

- a) Rob Northey's jelly
- b) Chas Brereton's alarm clock
- c) Mech Eng candle
- d) Physics Department's monopole
- e) The College Books (after being cooked)

14. What notable College object lit up this year?

- a) First year Chemistry lab
- b) The Queen's Tower
- c) Roy Francis
- d) Imperial Biotech
- e) Chas Brereton's nose



15. Which sabbatical threw up in the van on the way back from Silwood Council?

- a) Bill Goodwin
- b) N D Baker
- c) Chas Brereton
- d) Wendy Morris
- e) The Union Rat

16. Which former sabbatical and College employee were married this year?

- a) Dave Parry and Judith Hackney
- b) Lesley Gillingham and Alan Rose
- c) Carl Burgess and Claire Ash
- d) Harvey Proctor and Mary Whitehouse
- e) John Smith and Christine Taig

17. Which sabbatical candidate promised there would be no College rent rises next year?

- a) Nostradamus
- b) Malcolm Aldridge
- c) Neil McCluskey
- d) Dave Smedley
- e) Gypsy Rose Lee

18. Which expensive piece of College was dug up a few weeks after it was completed?

- a) Queen's Tower car park
- b) Hub Office
- c) Hamlet Gardens
- d) Nigel D Baker
- e) Caterpillar Café

19. Which group of people supplied a goat to dump for charity this year?

- a) Estates
- b) Links Club
- c) ICU sabbaticals
- d) Refectories
- e) FELIX staff



20. Which Union Officers woke up to find copies of their annual reports pasted over the doors to their rooms?

- a) Chas Brereton
- b) The President
- c) The Deputy President
- d) Nigel Baker
- e) We don't know, because it never happened, honest.

21. Which Union Sabbatical signed blank Central Stores order forms which allowed a member of DramSoc to make explosives in his Beit Hall room?

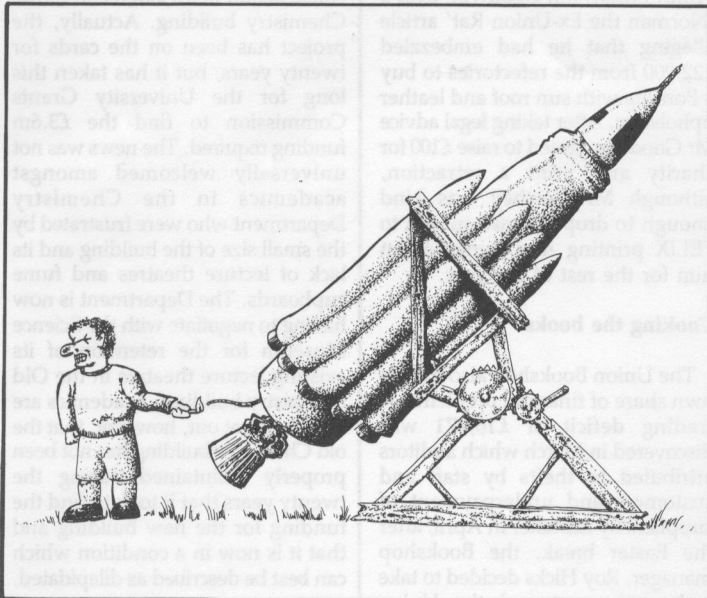
- a) Chas Brereton
- b) Charles Brereton
- c) The Deputy President
- d) C Brereton
- e) Mr Brereton

- 21. All of them.
- 20. All of them.
- 19. Answer b.
- 18. Answer a.
- had no jurisdiction over.
- was a College decision which Neil
- 17. Neil McCluskey, but actually it
- 16. Answer b.
- up in the Queens Tower.
- distinguished himself by throwing
- 15. Chas Brereton, who also
- 14. Answer b.
- transfer miscalculations.
- 13. The candle, thanks to some heat
- 12. Answer b.
- 11. Answer d.
- 10. The correct answer is Turkey.
- 9. Answer e.
- 8. Answer d, of course.
- 7. 55.
- 6. Emmanuel Saradakis.
- 5. Delhi.
- the care of Ian Morris.
- died of malnutrition whilst under
- Norman, a Union Office rat who
- 4. A difficult one. Actually it was
- a student's meal.
- photographed a fried caterpillar in
- 3. The Caterpillar Café after FELIX
- 2. Answer b.
- ads. Honest!
- January and exterminated the small
- 1. Daleks invaded the office in

Answers

The pros and cons of sizzling

Nik Jones on amateur rocketry



Avid readers of 'Hobby and Modelling Mart' may have seen a series of articles on amateur rocketry—what it is and how to do it. It also described the building and flight of the rocket kit 'SIZZLER'.

Quite by chance I have been involved in exactly the same project, my version of which appears below. For more information read on.

Amateur Rocketry (AR to it's friends) was introduced to students at Imperial at last term's 'Picocon' science fiction convention. AR started in America twenty years ago and the business is dominated by the firm 'Estes', whose proud boast of 'over 150 million successful flights' leaves one to ponder on the number of unsuccessful flights. Here, model rocket building has been a hobby for years—although actually launching a rocket was illegal until eight months ago: Customs and Excise having only recently allowed the import of the solid fuel engines from America. As a result, the grounded rockets built by British hobbyists have mutated into minor monstrosities (such as a fin-stabilised Taj Mahal) for which successful flight was a dubious prospect.

Building a rocket is fairly simple. At its most basic, the actual machine consists of a hollow body with fins glued on at the base and a loosely fitted nose-cone held on with an elastic string. A parachute stored inside the main body ensures that the rocket safely returns to earth. The base of the rocket houses the engine. This resembles a banger,

with a solid fuel charge sandwiched between a clay base and a cardboard wadding top.

The launching pad is a flat metal plate and a three foot vertical spike sticking out the middle. The plate stops the exhaust from igniting the grass underneath. A metal tube is glued to the rocket body and threaded onto the spike is used to guide the rocket on the first stage of its journey. The spike can be angled to allow for the wind, although the law does not look kindly on angles of greater than 30° from the vertical. The engines is ignited by an electrical fuse and a simple battery and switch circuit. The circuit burns out the fuse, melting the clay and causing the solid fuel to ignite. This provides the power to launch the rocket.

A short while after the main bulk of fuel is used up, the cardboard wadding ignites, pushing out parachute and allowing the rocket to float gently to earth. Simple! The delay depends on the engine used.

The altitude attained can be anywhere between 400 and 2,800 feet, depending on engine size and rocket type. Obviously, a multi-stage rocket can fly higher than a single-stager.

A starter kit is about £30, excluding engines. Rocket kits can be anywhere between £4 to £35, the most expensive being the 'Astrocon'. This has a 110 camera installed in the nose and, on reaching the apex of its flight, will automatically take a photograph of the ground directly beneath it!

Engines are about £1.25 each. At a minimum of £2.50 a flight multi-stage rockets are not cheap. To save money, rockets can be built from scratch. A friend made one from a toilet roll, a ping-pong ball, balsa wood fins and a parachute cut from a plastic bag. It flew.

On to the test of the 'SIZZLER' rocket kit. This was carried out on a Friday afternoon by Imperial's own MSE1 AR Consortium. Dressed in lab coats we set up the launch pad by Speakers Corner in Hyde Park. Assembly of the rocket had been done over two days to give the resin holding it together long enough to dry. Three launches were carried out and it soon became apparent that the ignition fuses must be inserted very gently as they are very fragile. Carry a few spares. On the second and third flights the elastic string detached itself from the

body and the race was on to catch the nose before it achieved 'splash-down', in the Serpentine. Theoretically, the rocket should have travelled 800 feet up and 400 feet horizontally. Ours went over 1000 feet once and drifted half a mile on the third launch! This was with the spike angled into the wind. Had it been vertical, the Imperial Space Program would have come to a soggy end!

Incidentally, AR is illegal in Hyde Park without permission from the Secretary of State for the Environment. However, the two police vans who had been watching our experiments made no attempt to move us on. Funny old world.

Rumour has it that starter kits are available in Hamleys. Rush down there now and find out what all the excitement is about!

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NEWS

rewind

FELIX takes a look at some of this year's news...

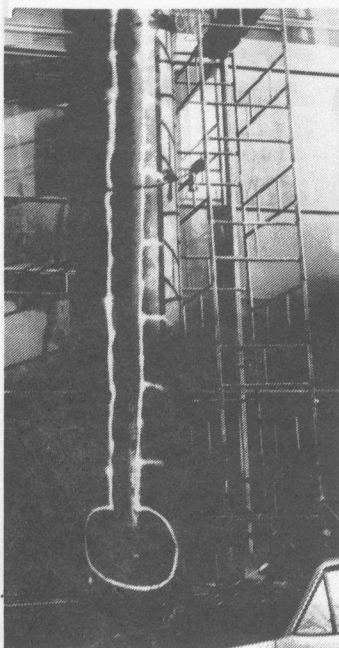
Bricks and mortar

Although many of the stories covered by FELIX this year have had their roots in the financial problems which have beset the College in recent times, there has been no reluctance on behalf of both the College and the Union to spend large quantities of money on refurbishments.

The year began with the College's decision to spend £1.4 million to convert the Main House at Silwood Park into a conference centre complete with accommodation for thirty businessmen, private dining rooms, a swimming pool and a squash court.

Snack Bar shocker

Next on the agenda was a £40,000 refit of the Union Snack Bar which was given the go ahead following losses of £35,000 the year before. The new snack bar featured seating for 100 people, a lowered ceiling and



February: Mechanical Engineering built the world's largest candle for the British Epilepsy Association.

a new lighting system. Vending machines for confectionery and drinks were installed, whilst the existing furnishing (2 years old) was moved into the Union Lounge which was given a lighting tower, a stage and a lick of paint.

Prophetic words were uttered at the time by Deputy President, Chas Brereton who said 'if we don't get them in the first term, we lose them forever.' Despite the expenditure the snack bar did not prove as popular as it had in previous years, with high prices and small portions putting off many students in the first week.

Later in the first term FELIX caused an outrage by photographing a caterpillar found by a student in a Snack Bar meal. Despite accusations from the Union President that the caterpillar had been planted by FELIX, the Union Catering Committee decided to rename the outlet 'Caterpillar Cafe' and purchased a painted sign to announce the fact to the world.

In October, the snack bar was making profits of £1500 a month, but in December this had become a loss of £2171. There was speculation that stock had been stolen from the store cupboard, but the losses were generally attributed to a falling clientele. The Union's response, to reduce portion sizes further, was heavily criticised by FELIX.

Refectory blues

Not to be outdone, the College decided to refurbish its own Sherfield refectory at a cost of £300,000. New serveries were introduced, new tables and chairs were fitted and a pasta bar installed.

The refectories hit the headlines again in December when a £22,000 deficit came to light. Refectory Manager, Rob Northey was unable to explain the loss which occurred in the wake of a gross profit of £73,000 in the previous year. The Catering and Conference Services Management Committee put the losses down to increased salaries, but when asked to comment on the

shortfall Mr Northey's reply was 'I know nothing I see nothing.'

FELIX Editor sued

Mr Northey gained his retribution after the Christmas issue of FELIX when he threatened to sue the FELIX Editor, Bill Goodwin, over a 'Norman the Ex-Union Rat' article alleging that he had embezzled £22,000 from the refectories to buy a Porsche with sun roof and leather upholstery. After taking legal advice Mr Goodwin agreed to raise £100 for charity and print a retraction, although Mr Northey was kind enough to drop his case subject to FELIX printing nice things about him for the rest of the year.

Cooking the books

The Union Bookshop also had its own share of financial problems. A trading deficit of £16,771 was discovered in March which auditors attributed to thefts by staff and customers and underpayment of suppliers by mistake. In April, after the Easter break, the Bookshop manager, Roy Hicks decided to take early retirement and the Union approved a complete refurbishment of the shop. New cashing up procedures were introduced and the go ahead given for an open plan layout, an Electronic Point of Sales system designed to monitor stock levels and a tele-ordering system.

On the horizon...

More building plans lie on the horizon. The College has completed plans for a £500,000 health suite for the basement of Southside Hall of Residence. If the plans are approved by Union and College Committees the health suite will provide a multigym, weights facilities, a solarium and saunas. Meanwhile £40,000 has been earmarked by the Rector to pay for a new public address system for the Great Hall. A new lighting system,

sound proofing and improved acoustics will be installed later, subject to the Rector finding the cash.

New Chemistry

Another project on the cards is the construction of an extension to the Chemistry building. Actually, the project has been on the cards for twenty years, but it has taken this long for the University Grants Commission to find the £3.6m funding required. The news was not universally welcomed amongst academics in the Chemistry Department who were frustrated by the small size of the building and its lack of lecture theatres and fume cupboards. The Department is now having to negotiate with the Science Museum for the retention of its existing lecture theatres in the Old Chemistry building. Academics are keen to point out, however, that the old Chemistry building has not been properly maintained during the twenty years that it took to find the funding for the new building and that it is now in a condition which can best be described as dilapidated.

Squatters trash Hamlet

Accommodation (or the lack of it) has featured prominently in the news pages of FELIX.

Squatters were evicted from student residences in Hamlet Gardens at the start of the year following a court injunction. The squatters had caused several thousand pounds worth of damage and had threatened Hamlet staff with physical violence. The squatters through furniture out of windows, left the flats covered with abusive graffiti and contract cleaners refused to clean one flat where squatters had kept a dog and eleven puppies locked inside. The accommodation office gave students a rent free week in an attempt to ensure that the flats were not left unoccupied after the Summer



May: Security Chief Geoff Reeves saved the day when he successfully defused a hoax bomb.



Kenneth Baker visited IC and announced 'top up loans'.

Letting Scheme.

A squatter of a different sort came to light in November when it emerged that because of an administrative error, a member of staff had been living in student accommodation for three years. The member of staff concerned, Carlos Flores refused to leave the flat when the mistake was discovered, claiming that he had sitting tenant's rights.

An expensive gamble

In September, the College spent £2.9 million on a student residence in Earl's Court to house 40 students. The rental for the residence, Olave House, a former Girl Guides Hostel was set well above the rental in other residences, at £55 per week.

Although this figure was insufficient to pay off the interest on the loan taken out by the College to pay for the residence, the College took the gamble that the loan capital will continue to increase at a lower rate than the rise in value of the property.

'People always accuse me of not taking risks and now I'm taking one' said College Secretary John Smith.

Rent strikes at IC

Early October brought with it the threat of rent strikes from the residents of Fisher Hall in Evelyn Gardens who were complaining that the Student Accommodation Office had deliberately attempted to mislead them over rent levels. A meeting of ninety students voted to pay rent only at the previous years levels on the ground that they had not been told about rent increases before moving in. Accommodation Officer, Loretta O'Callaghan admitted that she had failed to inform students of the new rent levels.

A week later the threatened rent strike was joined by residents of Beit hall who were angry that they had

not been informed of the increased rent levels - 12% greater than the previous year - when they accepted places. They were also unhappy with the College's decision to charge for an extra weeks rent over the Christmas holidays.

Imperial College Union supported the rent strike with a motion calling for the College to use the income generated by taking on more students to subsidise accommodation. The motion was passed by a Union General meeting in an amended form which threatened a College wide rent strike should the governing body refuse to transfer £1000 to the residence account for every additional overseas student taken on.

Lexham ripoff

The power of the press can never be underestimated. In early October, FELIX investigated allegations that the College was unfairly charging students for damage in Lexham Gardens. The unusually high damage charges, which represented the accumulated damage costs since the College started renting the Lexham Gardens houses, had been passed on to students after the College had been forced to hand the property back to its landlord. Halfway through FELIX's investigation, the College decided to reverse its decision to charge students for damage they did not cause saving itself considerable embarrassment in the process.

Ceiling collapse

Many of the residences have been cursed this year with falling ceilings. The first downfall hit Southwell house in October when a three by four foot slab of ¾ inch thick plaster became dislodged. The room was unoccupied at the time. There were at least five more downfalls during the remainder of the year, though not all of the incidents made it to the

news pages of FELIX. Evelyn Gardens Superintendent, Peter Leeson, told FELIX that the College was unable to afford to replace all of the eighty year old lathe and plaster ceilings but said that they were checked every two years.

The College have now adopted a policy of sweeping up fallen ceilings as quickly as possible so that the evidence can be binned before FELIX photographers arrive on the scene.

170 for sale

In November the cost of accommodation was becoming so much of a problem that Imperial's 'QT Soc' decided to re-inflate the residence account by putting the Rector's House up for sale. An advertisement was placed in The Standard and The Times offering the residence for £5 million and 'for sale' signs appeared in front of the property. Deputy President, Chas Brereton, whose phone number was given as the contact number said that he had received some

interesting offers. Unfortunately, the Rector was unavailable for comment.

Top up loans

If there is one thing which has caused students to sit up and take note more than anything else it is the plans to introduce student loans by 1990. The plans were first mooted at by Education Secretary Kenneth Baker during a low key visit early in the year when he took part in an informal discussion with Imperial students. The plans were announced officially in the Commons in November, with a full page of coverage in the next day's FELIX. Under the scheme, grants will be frozen at their current levels and students will be given an interest free loan, but students will not be entitled to claim housing or unemployment benefits.

The proposal allows a student living in London to borrow £460 per year and £340 in the final year.

continued on page 32



May: the new Royal College of Science Union Executive are 'initiated'.

NEWS

rewind

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Satellites on a string

by Mike Morton

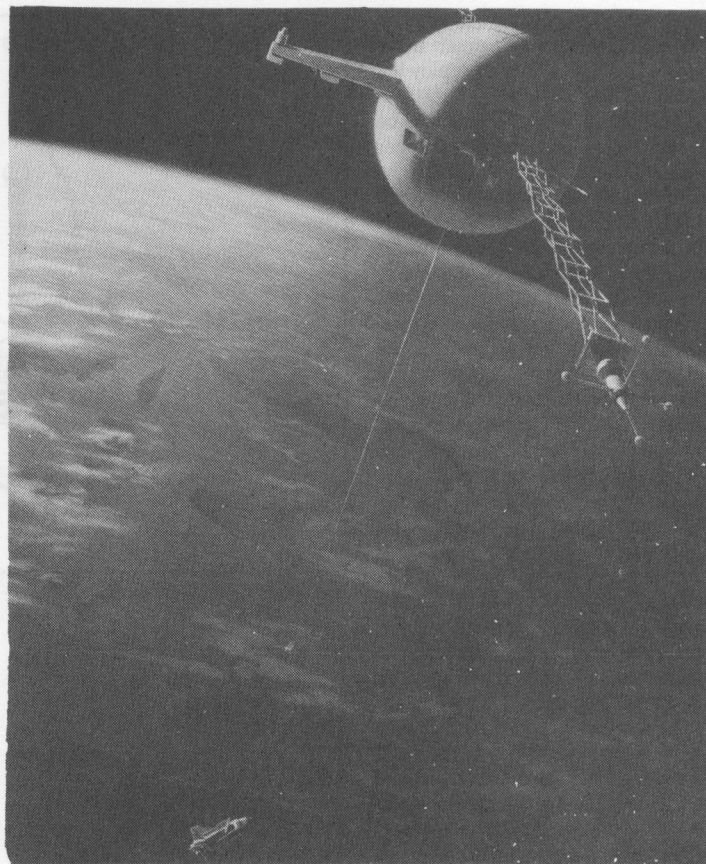
Space tethers have been described as 'the discovery of the wheel in space'. Although the concept is far from new, it is unfamiliar to many, probably because no space mission using it has ever been launched. The basic idea is quite simple (see box): two satellites in different orbits will assume a stable configuration if they are connected by a long cable (of the order of 10's of km), and will orbit together with the cable along the radius of the orbit. This simple trick of orbital mechanics will have a huge impact on almost all aspects of space exploitation, making it both simpler and cheaper.

Late next year, the first of three missions of the joint US-Italian TSS project (tethered satellite systems) will be launched. This will involve

the deployment and subsequent retrieval of an Italian built satellite from a space shuttle orbiter. The reusable, modular satellite has a mass of around 500 kg and is powered by silver-zinc batteries. As the satellite will only be deployed for about 20 hours so solar cells would be unnecessary. The satellite will carry a variety of instruments, mostly concerned with investigating the electric and magnetic fields of this region, however the main objective of the programme is to simply demonstrate the feasibility of tethered satellites in space.

The first and third TSS missions will involve deploying the satellite upwards from the shuttle, initially

Artist's impression of TSS



The Pull of Gravity

Gravity pulls more strongly on objects closer to the earth's surface. Everybody weighs slightly more on the ground than they do at the top of a tall building. This effect is the basis for space tethers.

Imagine two satellites in separate orbits around a planet (A); according to Newtonian mechanics they would much rather be moving in a straight line. To make them move in a circular orbit a force of some kind must act on them. This is provided by the gravity of the planet. As the inner satellite experiences a stronger gravitational force it is able to move with greater velocity on an orbit with a smaller radius; it takes less time to complete one orbit.

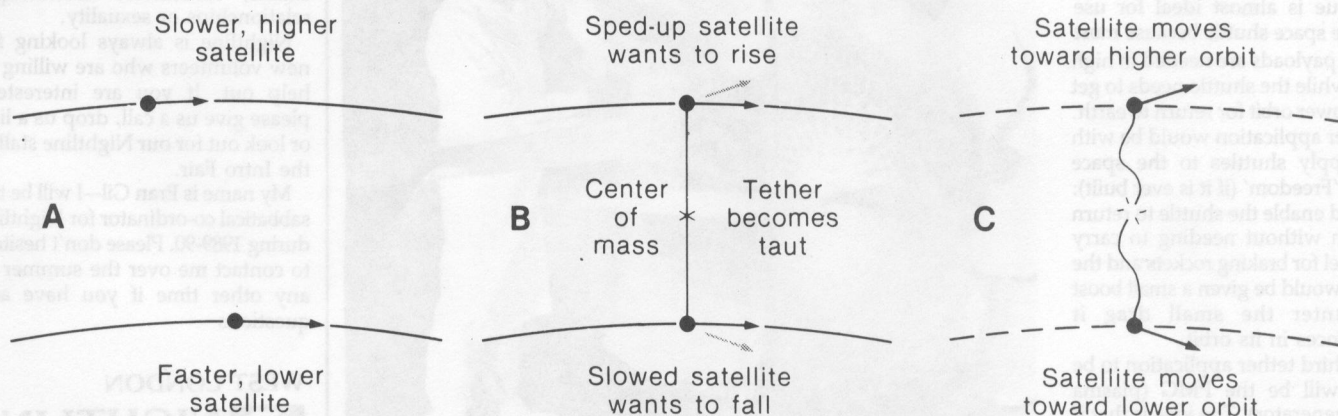
This is summarised by Kepler's third law which states:

$$\frac{T^2}{R^3} = K$$

Where K is a constant, T is the time to complete one orbit and R is the radius of the orbit. Imagine the two satellites are connected by a cable (B). The cable has a tension because the lower satellite is forced to slow down and the upper one is forced to speed up. The upper one will want to rise and the lower one will want to fall but they will exactly balance, producing the tension in the cable and allowing the stability of the system.

The orbital period of the system will depend on the position of the centre of mass, and is the time in which a free flying object will orbit if it were at the position of the centre of mass.

If the cable is suddenly cut, the upper satellite will be boosted into a higher orbit and the lower satellite will drop into a lower orbit (C). This trick is known as momentum scrounging because it is based on the principle of conservation of angular momentum and is one of the possible practical applications of tether systems.

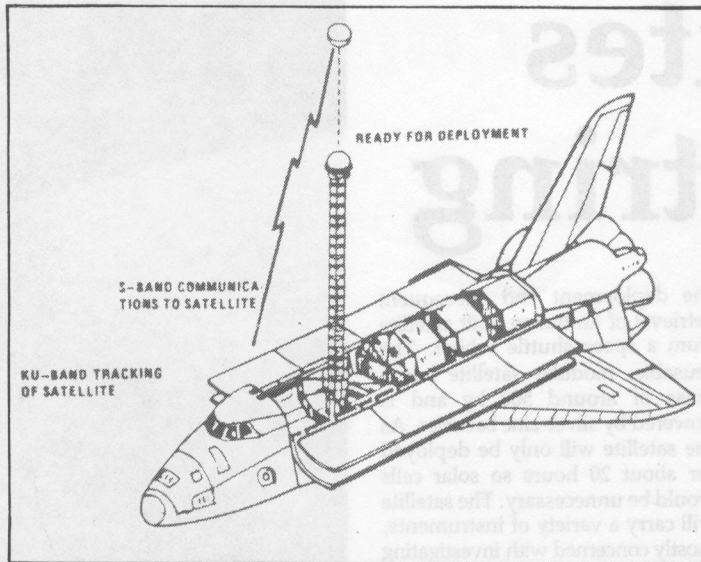


on about 20km of cable but later on 100 km. The second is much more interesting. The plan is to deploy the satellite 100 km below the shuttle to an altitude of 130 km. This will be the first time this region of the upper atmosphere has been subject to extended study; previously it could only be reached by instrument laden sounding rockets for a few minutes at a time. The atmosphere is dense enough at this altitude for the satellite to require stabilising vanes. Already there are plans for an improved upper atmosphere satellite, streamlined and equipped with a cooling system that will enable it to reach much lower altitudes; such a system will be very useful for investigating ozone depletion and the increasing concentrations of greenhouse gasses in the atmosphere. A low flying tethered satellite would also make an almost ideal platform for military surveillance although most official NASA sources are quite reticent about this aspect.

The satellite is deployed as shown in the diagram, from a 12 m boom extending from the orbiter's payload so there will be a small initial tension in the cable to prevent it from becoming tangled. This is not enough to unwind the huge cable drum carried on the orbiter so the satellite must be deployed initially by small rocket thrusters. To retrieve it, it is simply wound in by an electric motor on the cable drum. The cable itself is made of several materials and is very expensive, but a kilometer of it only weighs slightly less than a kilogram, and although it is only 4 mm thick, it can support nearly 30,000 kg.

There are plans to test other aspects of space tethers in the near future. The momentum scrounging technique (see box) is to be tested using the SEDS (small expendable deployment system); the idea is to deploy a 100 kg mass on a 50 km cable which will then be cut, hopefully giving the mass a 200 m/s kick which will carry it into an orbit about 700 km above the shuttle. This technique is almost ideal for use with the space shuttle because most shuttle payloads are needed in high orbits while the shuttle needs to get into a lower orbit for return to earth. Another application would be with the supply shuttles to the space station 'Freedom' (if it is ever built): It would enable the shuttle to return to earth without needing to carry extra fuel for braking rockets and the station would be given a small boost to counter the small drag it experiences in its orbit.

The third tether application to be tested will be the PMG (plasma motor generator). The idea is that if the tether cable is an electrical conductor, then a large voltage

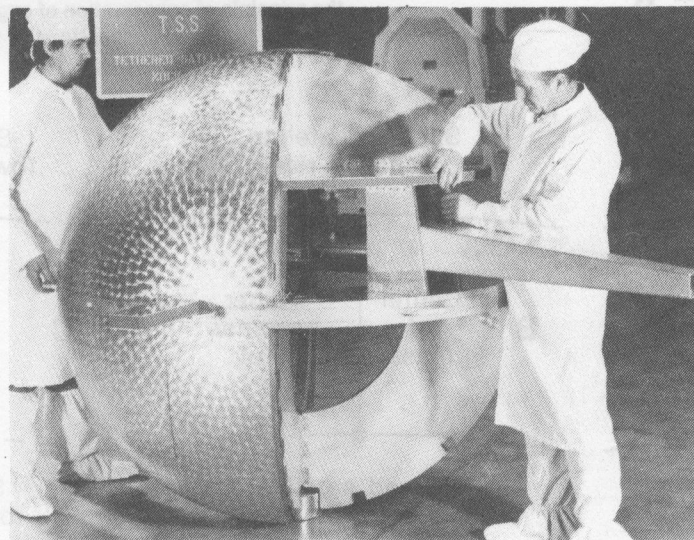


(around 250 volts per kilometer of cable) can be produced. In this case, the difficulty is trying to produce a useful current from this as you can't simply string two cables between the satellites. The ingenious solution is to collect free electrons at the top from the surrounding ionosphere and eject them from the bottom satellite, creating what is called a phantom loop. The initial test system will produce 5 kW of electricity but later versions could be much larger. Of course the energy must come from somewhere; in this case it comes from the energy possessed by the orbiting shuttle which will slowly drop into a lower orbit when the PMG is in use. The change is however quite small and doesn't matter much as the shuttles only stay up for about ten days anyway. The current plan is to fit a full scale PMG to the space station to make use of the energy given to it by departing supply shuttles.

There are many ideas for the use of tether systems in the long term

future; many are, to be honest, cranky. One idea is to connect a space station in geostationary orbit to the earth's surface with a cable, allowing payloads ride into orbit on board glorified cable cars. Apart from the fact you need a cable with a strength to mass ratio about 10,000 times better than the best known today, it's a neat idea. Other proposals include a probe, to the asteroid belt, able to retrieve many surface samples from different asteroids by firing and reeling in a small penetrator probe and very high resolution mapping of the moon and other planets by very low flying tethered satellites (the military implications have already been mentioned).

Tethers basically offer a new way of doing things in space and hence will affect almost every aspect of spaceflight. It is a rapidly developing aspect of technology which is being watched with very keen interest by the space community.



Technicians working on TSS.

Nightline Nightline Nightline

What is Nightline?

Nightline is a confidential telephone service which provides both information and non-directive, non-judgemental counselling. Most universities and polytechnics in the UK have their own Nightline service which runs along similar lines. Nightline is an organisation run by students for students—the coordinator, an experienced Nightline volunteer, holds a sabbatical post with the University of London.

West London Nightline operates from 6pm through to 8am every day during term time. Throughout the evening there is a female and male volunteer ready to answer telephone calls. As an organisation, Nightline offers several services to students:

Entertainments and Information—This includes details on cinema, concerts, theatre, nightclubs and galleries as well as other events in London.

Travel Information—There are up-to-date timetables for the tubes, trains, and minibuses.

Accommodation Service—This service has recently been started. It can be used by students searching for somewhere to live but relies on those offering places to live in flat-shares, shared houses etc.

General Counselling—This is offered to students who may be worried, nervous or anxious about various issues, such as coursework, exams, loneliness, friendships, relationships or sexuality.

Nightline is always looking for new volunteers who are willing to help out. If you are interested, please give us a call, drop us a line or look out for our Nightline stall at the Intro Fair.

My name is Eran Gil—I will be the sabbatical co-ordinator for Nightline during 1989-90. Please don't hesitate to contact me over the summer or any other time if you have any questions

WEST LONDON

NIGHTLINE
01-581 2468

Washing accounts in public

Tom Yates argues for external bank accounts

Those of you who avidly read the UGM reports, or (odder still) read the Union Officers' Reports, may have noticed that the Union has decided it's in favour of external bank accounts for individual societies. This may seem a small thing, but judging by the hassle it created in its passing and the fuss made by the Union throughout, such an impression is mistaken. Here I hope to familiarise people with the existing system, and hence to try to outline the advantages of the proposed system. Getting it passed by the Union was the easiest stage in the birth of such a system. Getting College to agree to it will be very much harder, and I hope to outline what I perceive to be the reasons for this also.

Where do we stand now?

If you've never been closely involved with a club or society then you probably don't realise how much red tape a society has to live with in order to get access to what the Union concedes is 'its money', being the money generated by the society in the pursuit of its activities, through ticket sales, membership, fundraising events and more. Such monies must be banked with the Union, then to draw on them the societies must come once a week to the Union Office where the appropriate Honorary Senior Treasurer will pay out of the respective Union account upon presentation of receipts to his satisfaction. Should the society wish to buy anything, whether big or small, a society member must pay for it from his own pocket, then be refunded at the convenience of the Union. Certainly, it is possible to use a Union Order Form (if you can find an MSC Chairman to sign it), but many firms will not handle pro forma invoicing, especially for the sums involved in the average society transaction.

Where would we stand under the new plan?

At the top of the year, the society committee would meet and specify to the treasurer what the money in the external account could and could not be spent on. Then, as and when the money needed to be spent on such things, the Treasurer and

Chairman would sign a cheque for the amount, either to the creditor direct, or to a society member who would foot the bill but could get repayment then and there. Should money need to be spent on something not already approved by the committee, then they just meet and authorise it, possibly as a class of payment to be generally approved in future.

What's to stop fraud?

Primarily, the Executive of a society are people who work for their society, not for its downfall. Note also that the account is overviewed by the MSC that administers the society, who retain the power to freeze the account should anything untoward occur. Nothing will stop the really determined fraudster, but nothing can stop him now either—nor will any but the most ridiculously rigid system—so there's no increase in risk for a great advance in society freedom.

Sounds Good. What's the problem?

The core problem is it's never been done before—here, and it should come as no surprise to find the powers that be at IC being notoriously conservative. But it works quite happily at many other British universities, who are happy to treat societies as collections of students pursuing a common interest, rather than as a multiplicity of small businesses. College will probably oppose this on exactly the same grounds—that it doesn't fit in with established business practice, not auditing, etc. etc.—but these are falacious grounds. Societies aren't like little versions of NatWest Bank, they're just too small to apply these methods to. Ask an accountant to audit an account with an annual turnover of £400 and he'll laugh at you—all the way to the bank. If other objections exist, then it'll be interesting to hear them. But none have come up in the past eight months (this has been brewing for a while now!) and I suspect none will.

What if College won't play ball?

If the only reasons against this are the not-good-business-practice type, and it's going to founder on that, then it may be worth considering

disobedience. The Union already has the power to grant external bank accounts of any unregulated type if they choose to do so, and are merely advised not to do it without good cause, so there's some precedent for this already. Some have said that in the end, College have the final say. But this is not really true. It seems unlikely that the Union would hit anything bigger than choppy water through pursuing this to the end, and if you, the electorate, find the arguments of College unsatisfactory, the Union can be instructed to proceed with the scheme regardless. This is inflammatory, of course, and a negotiated solution would be highly desirable, but I urge you not to let this action be stopped by irrelevant objections.

Finally

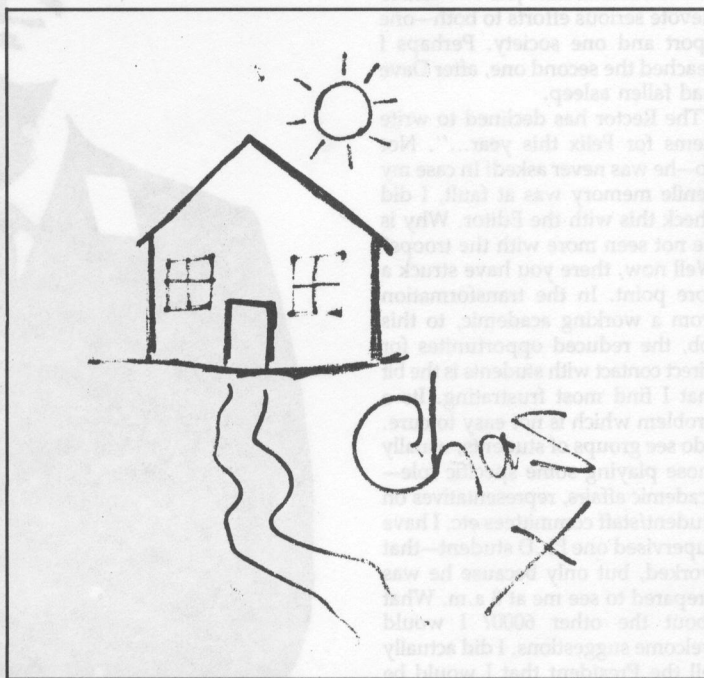
Oh good, the end. I'm not a great one for arguing in public, and this only ever came out because it had to, so I'm not going to waste space and time pursuing any half-baked arguments through the pages of FELIX. There's quite a lot more bump about this than appears here, and if you really want to argue about it, or feel you've a valid point to make, at least come and get the small print from me first, I live in room 6M69 Huxley and am on x6776. Any letters in the weeks to come that aren't written on a full deck are going to be ignored!

Those of you who like the idea, please don't let it die.

Tom Yates

Chas' rebuttal

When we went up to the Union Office to ask Chas where his reply to this article was, he denied all knowledge of it. So, we picked up the nearest thing we could find to fill the space. This may paint a clearer picture of the Deputy President's job function



Come back Dave Burns

.....all is forgiven



Dave Burns' swan song, in the last issue of Felix, was stimulating, written with great verve and conviction—a personal view of the current state of the College. Mine, no doubt equally singular, does not in all respects tally with his, notably with regard to our divergent view on the merits of the Rector. What is rather more surprising is that, on a number of the issues he raises, I would agree, or differ only by a nuance.

But let us start with the Rector—he is so often uppermost in my mind. I am sorry Dave that I bored you on the first of October in 1986. It is, I fear, too late to make amends. As to that infelicitous phrase which, in a moment of exuberance, escaped my lips, I will have to live with the record—as did Queen Elizabeth the First, with respect to the occasion of her celebrated non-verbal utterance, which has reverberated through the centuries, though of course none of her courtiers heard a thing.

I am told that I recommended joining a club (singular). Now what is in my mental ROM is a recommendation to join two and to devote serious efforts to both—one sport and one society. Perhaps I reached the second one, after Dave had fallen asleep.

"The Rector has declined to write items for Felix this year..." Not so—he was never asked! In case my senile memory was at fault, I did check this with the Editor. Why is he not seen more with the troops? Well now, there you have struck a sore point. In the transformation from a working academic, to this job, the reduced opportunities for direct contact with students is the bit that I find most frustrating. Its a problem which is not easy to cure. I do see groups of students, usually those playing some specific role—academic affairs, representatives on student/staff committees etc. I have supervised one Ph.D student—that worked, but only because he was prepared to see me at 8 a.m. What about the other 6000? I would welcome suggestions. I did actually tell the President that I would be

happy to attend a Union Meeting and field questions. I did do just that once, when Taig was Queen. I am game to try it again. But of course, not many students come to Union meetings.....

I should add that the role of chief executive of Imperial College is arduous—much, much more so than running some commercial organisation having a similar turnover. Its not hierarchical—persuasion is all. Moreover the university system is under attack—and has been for the best part of two decades. Paradoxically, it is much harder to defend an elite place such

as ours, where almost every Department is amongst the top three in the country, than a mediocre university. If you cut a little from a run-of-the-mill university, it simply gives its mediocrity a slightly different hue. Cut bits in Imperial College and the damage is immediate and real. The avoidance of lasting damage remains a formidable challenge. I cannot find any evidence to support Dave's analysis of the Union—how, in golden days it had hummed and now was on the slippery slope to doom. He appears to recommend "kicking arse" (k.a.),

as the primary route for effecting changes. It may work in the Navy, but in the real world, it is very rarely a successful strategy, though it can give great satisfaction to the kicker, an outlet for suppressed frustration; it is above all a call for public recognition: "I go, I go, look how I go, Swifter than the arrow from the Tartar's bow".

In the Presidents that Dave compared and contrasted, he believes that "Christine Taig did not set out to change the world, so the world was not changed". Well Dave, the world is a great big place. But let me tell you of one little bit of it that she did change. We had the chance to buy 10 houses in Evelyn Gardens. Then as now, we had no money. We had to borrow the stuff. To service the loan, this required a complex rejigging of student rents, which could not have been done without the support of the Student body. Christine Taig pulled it off. As a result we have Fisher Hall; 200 more students can live within walking distance. Sure the rents are higher than anyone wants—but to my mind getting rooms within walking or cycling distance is the most important single problem the College faces. What good would k.a. have done?

I find myself in agreement with the critique that too many students start narrow and emerge even narrower. But it is not a new problem and I am sure that contrary to Dave Burns' view things are getting better. Here the perspective lent by old age does have advantages. I arrived here in 1945 (No, the Rector did not address us; I do not think I ever clapped eyes on the fellow in my undergraduate days). The social life was very restricted, the Clubs and Societies a minute fraction of the riches now on offer. There was for example no orchestra, no chamber music. The nearest port off call for that was Bloomsbury. Now the orchestra and the choir are magnificent and as near professional as any set of amateurs are likely to get. We have soloists who, should they tire of

Dave Burns—home and dry or out at sea?



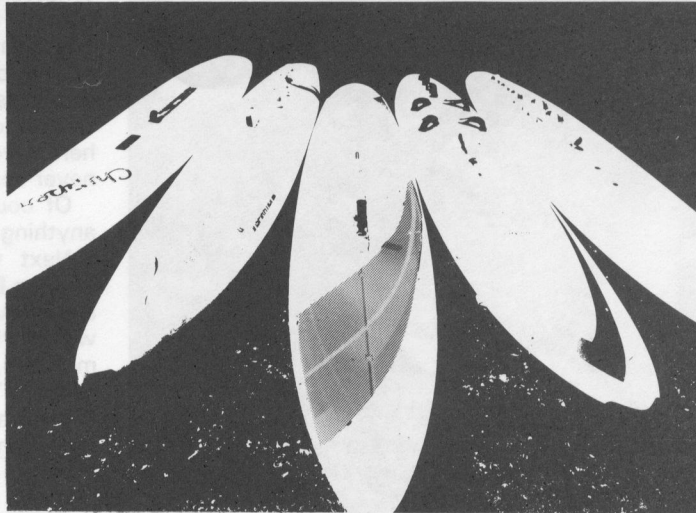
science, could most certainly make the grade as professional musicians. Yet it remains true that there are many who are untouched by the sports, the politics, micro and macro, by the social life of the College. It is true that Imperial College would be a better place if more could be persuaded to participate. The theory that we are exacerbating the problem by our student selection procedures does not bear examination. We are certainly doing much *more* interviewing than we did three years ago. But there would be no point in selecting for social graces at the expense of academic performance. It would be totally irresponsible were we to accept students who would then have difficulty in following our, admittedly exceedingly tough, courses.

Of course it helps if, like St Mary's there are 25 viable applicants for every place. The selectors there (as amply displayed in a series of TV programmes) are able to go for academic excellence—*plus* some additional talent. Their students' success in sports and in the arts is striking. It would help the whole of Imperial College a great deal if we could engender closer contact between the two Unions. The obstacles, as far as I can understand them, appear to be of a somewhat theological nature. Once again k.a. is not going to get us over that hurdle.

I get the impression that Dave Burns divides non-academic pursuits into Good Things and Bad Things. Visiting museums and theatres I read as Bad; rowing is tolerated; but it is "student activity around the College" that seems to earn his accolade. But why choose? *Beer, partners and song* are not alternatives. They can prove mutually supportive even, in moderation of course, supportive of the academic work.

So how can we achieve a greater participation? I would suggest a good start might be for the

It was different in my day



Has the Rector missed the boat?

commanding heights of the student body—the Union and FELIX—to devote themselves more to that cause. I have not found much in FELIX towards this end. Too much of the time one gets the impression of a rather small number of people conversing, all too often ascribing the worst possible motives to each other in the process. Now there are some people in the world who really are b...ds, but, when you examine the situation carefully not really that many. If one starts with the tentative assumption that most people are not b...ds, it can do wonders for getting things done—such as recruiting our students, to our society.

The students could do a lot—but so could we, on the academic staff. Our abortive discussions with RHBNC contained an element of

this thinking. A future with RHBNC would indeed have changed Imperial College—but then change is the only certainty, nostalgia for one's youth the main deterrent. It did not come off, for a number of practical reasons—but I think it was worth probing.

A major departure, which I believe will have beneficial effects on our community, is the incidence of four-year courses, with one year to be spent abroad. My personal guess is that such courses will become available in most departments; that a very significant fraction of the students will opt to join them.

More immediately there is a growing recognition that not only are our courses intellectually very demanding—they should be—but they are also stuffed full of too much material. At base, it is the result of

working in fields in which knowledge and understanding is accumulating with such frightening speed. It would not be a problem in a Department of Greek Philology. The temptation is to respond by putting more into the courses. The problem was highlighted by the Undergraduate Studies Committee. Happily, remedial pruning is progressing rapidly throughout the College. It should yield some more waking hours, which could be devoted to non-academic pursuits....

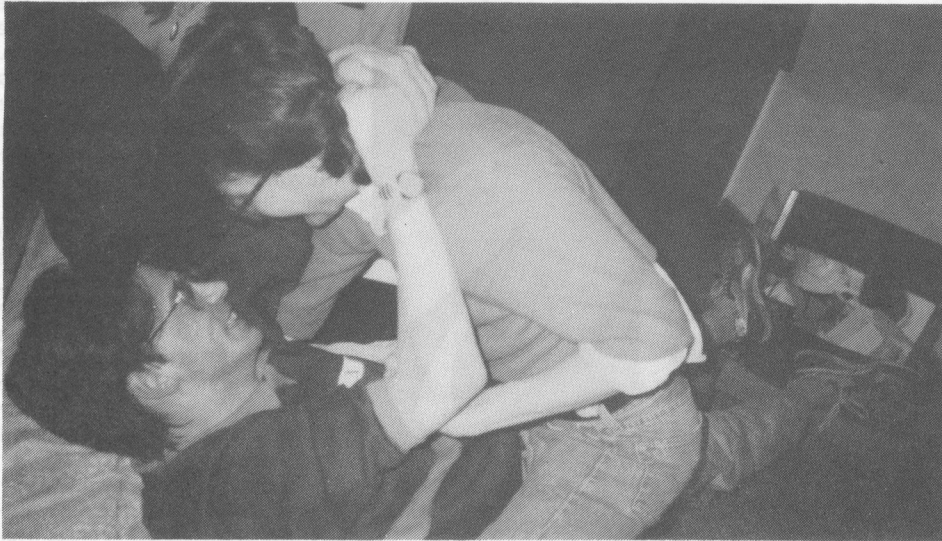
Dave Burns concludes with an inspiring coda. I am glad that he has "fallen in love with the place...", though I would suggest that he might try to be just a shade less critical of anyone else he might fall in love with next. I am glad that he has such a vivid sense for the history of the College; that he retains good memories.

Which takes me to my title. Why leave? True there is that degree to take away; there is the Sponsor who has been patiently awaiting your maturity, for you to take your place in the defence of the nation. But the contribution which you could make to the College now, *as an alumnus*, is enormous. You may, for a while, until that first grey hair appears, have more opportunities to influence Union thinking than you did from the hustings. We desperately need young talent in the Alumnus Association. Yes, we are asking them for money—for the very first time (with student housing one of the main aims...). But we want a lot more from alumni than their financial support. We want their active participation towards retaining and enhancing the academic reputation of the College, towards making it a more exciting place to study, inspiring it towards providing greater opportunities for a fuller existence, for everyone who is of our community.

Eric A Ash June 14, 1989



What a whopper!



Bill rewards this year's top collator, Larry 'Between the sheets' Eduardo.

What relevance does all of this have to next year's FELIX, you may ask? Well none whatsoever. Bill has promised me a page of my own and I intend to be totally irresponsible with it. Little does he know what is to come. Yes ladies and gentlemen, here is your chance to see Billy as you've never seen him before.

Of course, I wouldn't dream of doing anything like this next year... would I?

Next year's FELIX will bring you a **Loadsa Looto Lotto**, with a chance to win a free overdraft at Nat West Bank every week. **PLUS!** Chas Brereton's serialised memoirs, 'Chas Brereton - The Twilight Years.'; **Top Soap exclusives**, including 'How Camay kept my skin soft,' by Ian Morris and 'How FELIX thickened up mine' by Nigel Baker.

That's the Sabbatical slagging off for the year, here are a few more reasons for reading and writing for FELIX next year.

What the cleaner saw—guess the room and win a prize • 'Pull out' London Section • Cosmopolitan—all will be made clear... later • Food and Wine • Features and Reviews • Science in action at IC • Gossip Columns • Cartoons • And Finally...News !

FELIX has a great staff this year but we need more. Whether you write, draw, paste up or just have some good ideas, we want your help. If you are interested in any of the ideas above or have more of your own, pop in. If you want one of the prestigious jobs still available, (including **Business Manager!**) drop in some time and we'll help you get the bug.

Dave



The Baron of Cheapskate

The time of year had come when everybody in Cheapskate was looking back over the past and looking forward to the future. John Secretary smiled as he mused over some of the battles of old between the Citizens of Cheapskate and the Surefield Fortress. Now he was leaving it all seemed so trivial.

It had never been the same since.. since...since Arthur Michael had left. Phallix had a field day but never again would Surefield have such a perfect scape goat. He still remembered the time Arthur Michael had bought a new boat for the boat club, only to find himself promoted to the heights of Chief Landlady instead of Fleet Commander. That was when they'd sent him to the tower as well. Yes, Arthur Michael had spent a joyful Summer, throwing money from the top of the tower whilst telling everybody exactly how many steps they'd have to climb to catch him.

Of course when Michael had left, everybody had been terrified of becoming his replacement in Phallix. The only candidate with the right initials had been Senior Assistant Dogsboddy, Malcolm AldHump, but that had been to●obvious.

John Secretary had an inward snigger as he thought of the Baron's face as he had realised that the new Arthur Michael was none other than the Baron himself.

Derek Dash had proven himself worthy so many times that there had been little choice in the matter. His best entries had always involved him letting Mad Dash loose with the chequebook. Mad would go out shopping and before he knew it she would have bought a crate of fancy lights for the Dining Room; thank goodness she'd managed to offload them all on McNorthey.

McNorthey, now there was a potential source of amusement. Such a pity he had threatened to sue Phallix and forced Editor Willhebegoodforacolumninch to be nice to him all year. There's always next year.. thought John Secretary.

The Citizens' Office was so different now as well. Things had never been the same since Jolly Hockeysticks had privatised the Office two years ago and the Citizens had voted in a group of accountants and management consultants to lead them. John Secretary still remembered the days when the citizens had rebelled and had held a last stand over McNorthey's Burger Bar. What revolutionaries they must have felt as they refused to eat the burgers under the watchful eye of the Chief Citizens. Surefield had shut the burger bar in a panic and had offered the new Chief Citizen, Ian Whygate, a free bag of chips for everybody who wanted to be ripped off by the burger bar in the future. John Secretary sure as hell knew who was boss...

The balance of power amongst the Citizens now lay with the balance of the books. Nobody in the Citizens' Office wanted to know how the Citizens felt about anything any more; their time was spent on far more important things like what colour the new wallpaper in the Citizens' Snack Bar should be and which new space invader machine they should put in the fun room. John Secretary knew that the Surefield Fortress had never changed, the changes in the Citizens' Office just made it seem that way.

BulbQuest

You are sitting in a committee room somewhere in the Union Building when suddenly there is a strange flash and everything goes dark. Have you been transported to the dungeons of the hideous ogre Lord Pendragon in the place where dreams, nightmares and reality are one? Are you about to battle strange creatures, brave terrible dangers and solve difficult riddles in order to rescue beautiful princesses?

To find out, go to **1**.

BulbQuest

1

No, you're still in the Union Building and the light bulb has blown. You are about to embark on an even more difficult, dangerous and exciting adventure: The Quest for the Replacement Bulb. Go to **30**

2

You find yourself in a tutorial. Before you can think of a suitable excuse to leave early, you die of boredom. You have lost the game.

3

You write a letter to the Rector's wife stating that she can go and whistle for the money as you have emigrated to Bolivia. The Careers Service is shut down to pay for the lighting system and you have won the game.

4

You arrive at the FELIX Office with an article complaining about the difficulty of getting a light bulb changed in the Union Building and ask the FELIX Editor to print it in the next issue. He agrees, and asks you to come and help collate. If you want to help, go to **43**, if, like most other people, you can't be bothered, go to **18**

5

The Union President puts a ladder in the committee room, gets the light bulb, climbs to the top of the ladder and inserts it in the socket. The rest of the committee sabbaticals then attempt to screw the light bulb in by turning the ladder round. After three hours of trying, the Union President declares the task impossible and decides to try and change it yourself. Go to **31**

6

You end up in a long corridor with large numbers of featureless locked doors. You can either go left to **12**, or right to **58**.

8

As you are walking up the stairs you tread on a small screw dropped by a careless electrician. You fall to the foot of the stairs, arriving at the bottom at the same time as a workman carrying a saw. You receive a nasty cut to your upper arm, and an ambulance is called to take you to hospital before you bleed to death. The ambulance arrives, you are put inside and driven at high speed towards the hospital. En route to the hospital, a small dog runs out in front of the ambulance which swerves, goes out of control, and crashes into a parked car. Stunned and shaken, but still alive, you crawl out from the broken wreckage. As you stagger away, the petrol tank explodes, showering burning fuel everywhere and badly singeing your eyebrows. This distracts you from looking where you are going, as a result of which you step on a banana skin and fall down an open manhole into a sewer where you are eaten alive by mutant piranha rats. Not only that, you have also lost the game. Looks like this just isn't your lucky day.

9

Three weeks later, the LHSTTFL BRFSSSC informs you that there is insufficient finance to purchase the necessary equipment. Do you go to the bar to drown your sorrows (go to **21**) or try again (go back to **30**).

7

The lady with the sherry takes a sip and asks, 'Which of the sabbaticals do you want to see, dearie? The President (go to **37**), the Deputy President (**53**) or the Honorary Secretary (**46**).

11

Good taste forbids us from describing what you see. Return to **7** in embarrassment and disgust.

10

Well done! By an amazing coincidence everybody who needed to sign the form was in today and you now have a completed R27b. Unfortunately supplies are out of bulbs and will have no more available until 5th August 2056. Go to **30**.

12

You go down the featureless corridor, which zigzags through the Sheffield building past numerous locked doors. Finally you come to a sign which says 'To The HUB Office' You can follow the sign to **6**, or go in the opposite direction, which should bring you to **34**.

13

You leave the lecture several hours later convinced that you are a frog. You hop along the walkway and out onto Exhibition Road where you are run over by a Juggernaut. The game is over.

15

You enter the hallowed portals of the Union Office. A jolly lady holding a glass of sherry comes out to meet you. If you are a member of industrial society, go to **23**. Lower mortals go to **7**.

17

After waiting only three quarters of an hour, you have been handed a magnificent 12" Belushi's Pizza. It is only slightly cold. You try not to think of Listeria as you look at the tuna topping, and you poke a slice of onion to make sure it wasn't wriggling of its own accord. You do wish the tomato sauce had not been quite such a vivid shade of grey.

14

Three hours later you stagger out of the HUB Office, dazed, shaken and unable to remember anything that the Rector's wife has said. You wander home and collapse in bed for a few days to recover. Feeling better now? Good, in that case you can now go to **52**

16

You arrive at the HUB Office, but before you can say a word, the Rector's wife demands £100,000 in payment for the new lighting system. You can either run for it (go to **41**) or try to explain that you only wanted a light bulb changed (go to **56**).

You pluck up your courage and attack the pizza with a plastic knife and fork. Both dissolve. You take a bite and collapse retching to the floor.

'Didn't you enjoy your meal, sir', is the last thing you remember hearing before everything went black. Go to **54**.

18

The Editor deliberately loses your article. Do you complain (go to **50**) or just resubmit it (go to **55**)?

19

Your bank manager will not like this at all and you are left wondering how so few people can drink so much. Anyway, the Committee decides to forward your case to the light bulb sub-committee. Go to **42**.

20

You are in the Sheffield building. There is a sign on the wall saying 'To The HUB Office' You can follow the sign (go to **6**) or go in the opposite direction (go to **34**)

21

You have been traipsing between committee meetings for the best part of the last six months. You are now sitting in the Union Bar with ten empty pint glasses in front of you. You have become a hack. You are a dismal excuse for a human being and no longer worthy of continuing this game. You have definitely lost. End of Game

26

After a brief rush of adrenalin, your panic subsides and you decide to approach the situation like a mature sensible adult. You go to the HUB Office to explain that there has been a mistake and that you only wanted a light bulb changed. Go to 16.

27

The Deputy President suddenly sees the merits of your argument and reverses the 'interesting' decision of House Committee. Go to 42.

30

You are on a long and difficult journey. Do you choose to buy a new bulb from Southside Shop (go to 29), do you ask at the Union Office (go to 15), or do you risk a visit to Sherfield (go to 24)?

32

The Rector's Wife offers a reward of £1 million for the person who can deliver you dead or very dead to her office. Your bodyguards are only too happy to oblige her. You are very very dead, your epitaph reads 'Nobody crosses HUB and lives'. That's all folks.

35

Miracles will never cease. The LHSTTLBRFSSSC has agreed to provide you with a light bulb. Will you ask the Union to replace it (go to 5) or risk doing it yourself (go to 31)?

36

You can go to the Union Office (go to 15) or attend a tutorial (go to 2)

23

'Industrial society!' cries the sherry lover. Suddenly the door to the President's office crashes opens. There's a slithering sound and the President crawls out leaving a trail of slime behind him. He starts to lick your boots. 'Issss there anything we can do for you, oh massster?' he shrums. You explain about the light bulb. 'Oh Goodnesssss, how disssasterous. It will be fixed immediately, with the utmost haste.' The Union Office jumps into action. Two hacks asleep in the corner are kicked awake. The whole office grovels its way up to the committee room and the president personally supervises the replacement. You have won. Go to 5.

28

You arrive in the committee room to find an electrician putting the finishing touches to a gleaming new computer controlled lighting system and a group of painters who are repainting the room a tasteful shade of rose pink. Once you have got over the shock, you can either go to the bar and celebrate (go to 39) or go to the HUB office and complain (go to 16)

31

You have just done a very stupid thing. The light was still on when you tried to replace the bulb. You have electrocuted yourself, blown every fuse in college, and broken the brand new bulb. You are dead. This is a terminal condition. Very few people have recovered from death and you are not going to be one of them. Subsequently, you are elected as chairman of three major sub-committees and go on to become Union President. Your presidency is acclaimed as being the most efficient, successful and enlightened in Union history. Unfortunately, the light bulb still hasn't been fixed. You have, therefore, lost the game.

34

You are now in the college tunnel system. As you are reading the graffiti (some students are so wacky aren't they?) you notice a small dark dank tunnel leading away at floor level. You can continue down the main tunnel (go to 44), or crawl down the dark tunnel to 51.

37

You poke your head around the door of the Presidential Office. He's sitting with his feet up on the desk, reading a copy of the 'Sun' and drinking tea from a musical mug. He turns to you and bawls, 'Get lost! Can't you see I'm in a meeting!'. You leave and return to 7.

24

The Sherfield bureaucrat with special responsibility for light bulbs tells you that replacement bulbs are available if you fill in form R27b. This requires the signatures of the Rector, College Secretary, Accommodation Adviser, Safety Officer, Security Officer, Finance Officer and Lassie, the Sherfield Building official pet cat. Toss a coin seven times. If you get seven heads go to 10, otherwise go to 45.

25

You feel hungry, and decide to get something to eat. Do you go to the Caterpillar Café (go to 40) or to Belushi's (go to 17)

29

You show the bulb to the shop assistant who replies: 'Mi abuelo era un banane'. You take out your phrase book and deduce that she had peculiar parentage. 'I no speako Spanish' you say enunciating very slowly and, grabbing a packet of cornflakes from a nearby shelf, you pretend to be a light bulb. The assistant responds by gesticulating wildly, moaning and contorting her body into various different positions, at least three of which are biologically impossible. However, after two years of studying 'Give Us A Clue,' you are by now an expert at Charades and deduce that Imperial College Union only buys bulbs with left handed screw threads and that, needless to say, Southside shop only stocks bulbs with right-handed threads. You give up and go back to 30.

33

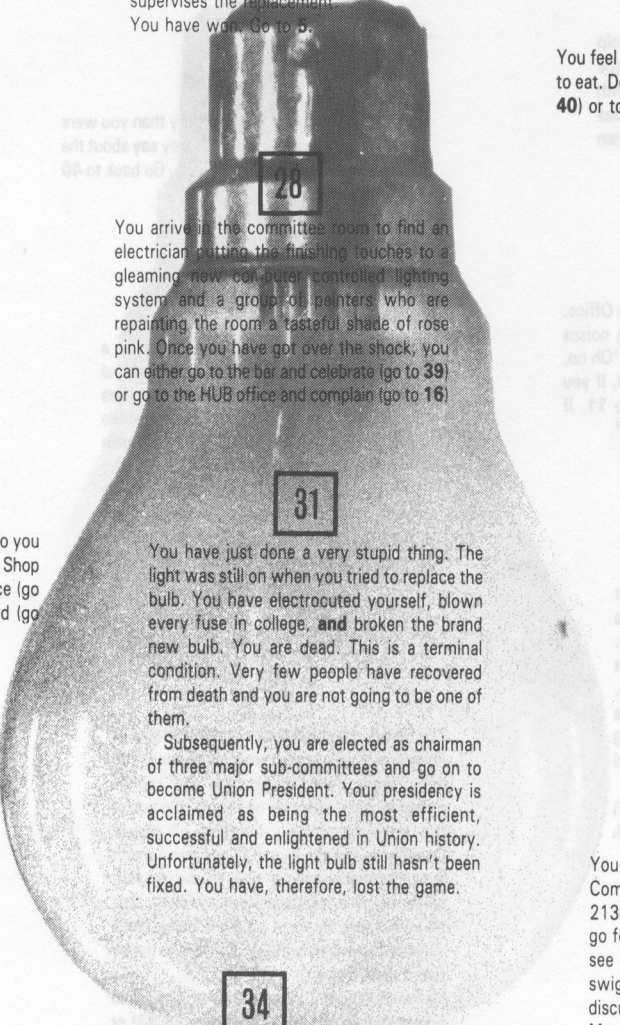
You wait for three months for the next House Committee meeting. Your light bulb is item 213b(ii) on the agenda. Before the meeting you go for a fortifying drink in the Union Bar. You see various members of House Committee swigging spirits from pewter tankards and discussing the previous month's Union General Meeting. Do you buy them drinks (go to 19) or sit in a corner and hope they won't notice you (go to 49)?

38

The Editor accidentally loses your article. Do you complain (go to 50) or just resubmit it (go to 55)?

39

Two hours later you arrive home feeling excessively happy and more than a little drunk: once again there is light in the committee room! On the floor of your room is an envelope addressed to you. Go to 57



BulbQuest

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40

You enter the Caterpillar Café and spend £8.37 on an extra-special super-duper-wondermeal consisting of a curried caterpillar, three lettuce leaves and a piece of garlic bread. After you have eaten this magnificent portion of food, go to 47.

43

Now you know why nobody bothers to help collate. It is incredibly boring and, since the Editor has terminally modified the printer with a misplaced screwdriver, collation continues until 5a.m. Spend a whole day asleep and then go to 38.

46

You stop at the door of the Hon Sec's Office. You can hear grunting and squealing noises coming from inside. Someone shouts 'Oh no, not the cash register'. You hear a bell. If you pluck up the courage to enter, go to 11. If decency overwhelms you, return to 7.

49

You arrive at the committee meeting and sit through ten hours continuous discussion before the committee finally reach your light bulb. Someone raises a point of information à vis that you failed to buy them drinks earlier. Therefore, a motion to propose that a sub committee is set up to investigate the possibility of calling you a 'tight-fisted bastard', is substituted and passed.

Do you go and complain to FELIX (go to 4) or grab a large axe and attempt to 'reason' with the Deputy President (go to 27).

52

You decide to go to Beit Quad. As you arrive you notice a large numbers of builders and electricians standing outside the Union Building. Do you want to go to the Union Office (go to 8) or go to the committee room (go to 28)?

55

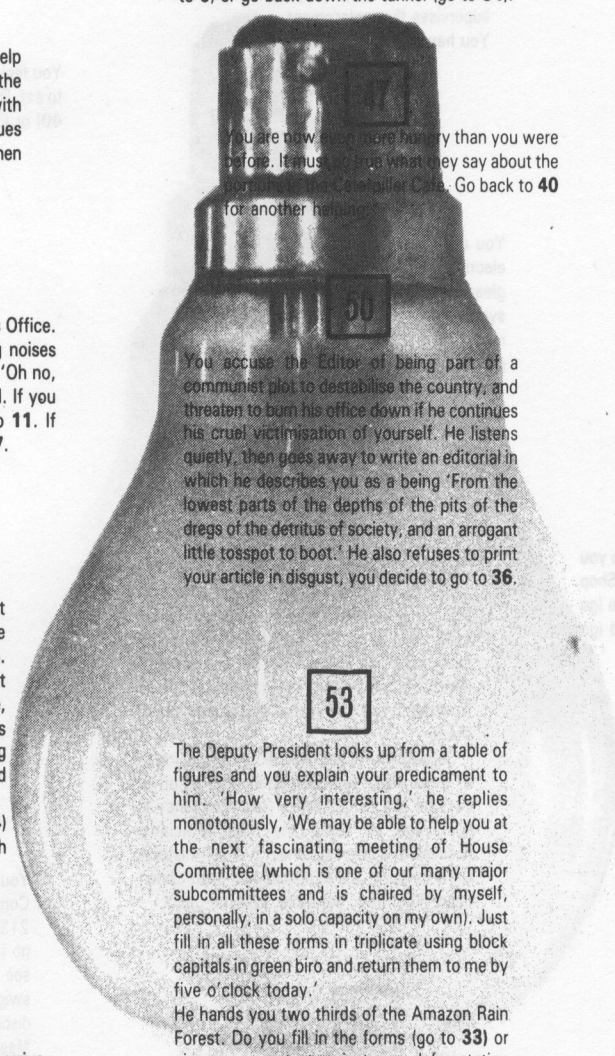
The article appears with the paragraphs in the wrong order under the headline 'Extremely Boring' in the following week's FELIX. Later that day you get a note from the Rector's wife, written in a strong American accent, expressing deep concern over your 'terrible predicament' and suggesting that you pay a visit to the HUB Office immediately. Do you go to the Sheffield building (go to 20) or not (go to 36)?

41

You run panic-stricken down the tunnels. Go to 48.

44

You continue down the brightly lit tunnel past the graffiti until you come to an unlocked high security door. You can go through the door (go to 6) or go back down the tunnel (go to 34).



42

The light bulb sub-committee (a minor sub-committee chaired by the Deputy President) is due to meet late that evening. In the mean time, do you go to see that night's Hypnosis Lecture (go to 13) or would you prefer something to eat (go to 25)?

45

Bad luck. Not everyone on the list is in today. Do you want to try again (go to 24) or give up (go to 30)?

48

The panic subsides eventually but you decide you can't face the Rector's wife again. You can either hire IC Rugby Club as bodyguards (go to 32) or write a letter to the Rector's wife, explaining the situation (go to 3).

51

You find yourself outside the entrance to the HUB Office. You open the door and walk in. The Rector's wife turns to you with a strange fanatical look in her eye. She gestures for you to sit down. 'So you've been having a bit of trouble with room lighting have you?' she asks. Go to 14.

54

You wake up in a hospital bed. Due to hospital overcrowding you are sharing it with three others. At the end of the bed sit the members of the Left Hand Screw Thread Tungsten Filament Light Bulb Replacement Finance Sub-Sub Committee, LHSTTLBRFSSSC for short (a completely superfluous sub-committee of Imperial College Union chaired by the Deputy President). They have decided to hold their meeting in the hospital in deference to your condition.

Toss a coin. If it lands on heads go to 9, otherwise go to 35.

53

The Deputy President looks up from a table of figures and you explain your predicament to him. 'How very interesting,' he replies monotonously, 'We may be able to help you at the next fascinating meeting of House Committee (which is one of our many major subcommittees and is chaired by myself, personally, in a solo capacity on my own). Just fill in all these forms in triplicate using block capitals in green biro and return them to me by five o'clock today.'

He hands you two thirds of the Amazon Rain Forest. Do you fill in the forms (go to 33) or give up as a protest against mass deforestation (go to 30).

56

The Rector's wife kills you and sells your body to Biochemistry for research purposes to help cover her costs.

57

You open the envelope. It contains a bill from the HUB Office demanding £100,000 for the installation of the new lighting system. Do you panic a bit (go to 26) or panic a lot (go to 48)?

58

You go down the featureless corridor, which zigzags through the Sheffield building past numerous locked doors. Finally you come to a sign which says 'To The HUB Office' You can follow the sign to 6 or go in the opposite direction, which should bring you to 34.

'There is nothing sacrosanct'

What is it like to be an journalist investigating news stories like the government's abuse of the Data Protection Act or the race for the discovery of the AIDS virus. Steve Connor is a science reporter on the Daily Telegraph, has worked on Computing Magazine and New Scientist and has written books on both of these subjects. Liz Warren went to the Telegraph building to interview him.

How did you get involved in journalism?

When I left university, I got on to a graduate training scheme run by Haymarket Publishing. This involved both theory and practice working on different magazines. I then worked on the technical press published by Haymarket which was later sold to a Dutch publishing house called VNU. After three years there I joined New Scientist for six years and then moved to the Telegraph.

What was it that attracted you to journalism?

I did a Zoology degree which is an unusual science because it's more literate than mathematical. I've always enjoyed the writing part of science but not the laboratory work. When I left University thinking what the hell to do, I felt that rather than do something boring that makes a lot of money, I'd do something which is a bit more risky and exciting.

What do you think makes a 'good' news story?

That's very difficult. From the cynical viewpoint, a good news story's one that you can sell to your news desk but very often some of the best news stories don't get passed to the news desk.

Where do good stories initially come from?

From absolutely anywhere. There's no set formula. Stories can come from talking to people, from reading scientific literature or other newspapers or press releases. You can't control news. It happens and there are angles to which specialists such as myself can take. If a plane falls out of the sky then the general reporters will be on to it in terms of how many dead, whereas I'll be looking at it from the angle of what went wrong.

How do you actually set about researching a news story once you've got that initial information about it?

By far the best tool every journalist has is a telephone. You call whoever you think has the information which you want. If I had to put a ratio on it I think 80% of my work is on the telephone and 20% is reading.

How do you build up contacts in the areas that you're interested in?

You just do build up contacts. Because you speak to a lot of people you come across people who can give information and are very knowledgeable about their subject. It happens in a natural way. You don't have to ply them with drinks or take them for meals, although sometimes that helps. Sometimes it's difficult to get information but I'm always surprised at how people will help the press.

What would you say is the biggest story you've ever worked on?

The biggest story I first came across would be a story which I wrote with Duncan Campbell about the discovery of the MI5 computer in Mayfair. That was a very big story for me then because it got picked up by all the nationals and on radio. The impact of that was that I suddenly realised that I could affect the news by what I wrote. More recently, the feature for New Scientist about the discovery of the AIDS virus and the row between the French and American scientists over who discovered it and who had proprietary rights.

Have you ever been warned off a story while you've been researching it?

All the time. It varies from people who say, 'don't write anything yet, because it's going to be a much bigger story'. Generally you are talking to people who are naive of the way the news gathering process works. They don't understand that if there's something in the public domain there's nothing to stop people writing about it. But that's very mild, that's just naivety. At times you do get threats of legal action warning you off publication which you should take seriously but

you shouldn't let them unduly influence the way you go about doing things. Every story demands accuracy and that you speak to all sides on controversial issues. I've also had verbal threats, but nothing very serious

So you've never had any physical threats?

Not really, no. There are journalists who can have a gun put to their head or whatever. I've never been in that position, because I've never really covered that sort of story but events in China really do highlight the sort of threats that journalists can come across.

Would you protect the confidentiality of your sources even if it meant breaking the law, for example by holding back documents?

Well as I understand it journalists can protect their sources without breaking the law. The short answer to that is that the two are not necessarily incompatible. I would protect the confidentiality of my sources and I have to, but I don't think, at the moment anyway, the system in this country is such that you have to break the law. But you have to guard against that situation arising.

Would you feel it justified to break the law to get information for a story, by for example breaking and entering?

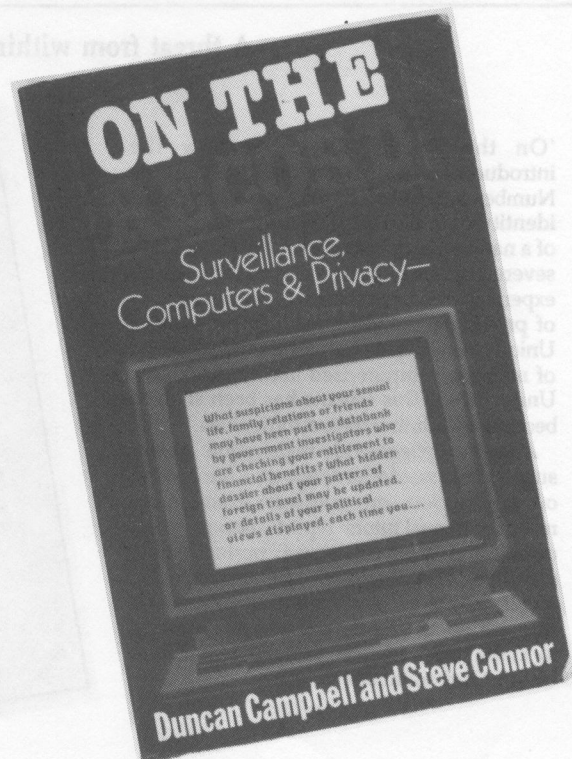
No. It is not worth committing a crime to get information. There is no need for it. The official secrets act,

which is no longer in force, was quite a blunderbuss in its approach. By encouraging civil servants to give you information you were technically in breach of it, but that's no longer the case. The new bill going through Parliament is much more sinister in the sense that by simply writing about things which the government deems secret you will be technically in breach of the law.

When you have a government which is putting stringent controls on the press you've got to decide whether it's in the public interest to publish something while at the same time running the risk of prosecution. If there is something which you really do feel is in the public interest and you've convinced your editors and they and the publishing company are willing to run the risk, then of course I would publish. But ultimately it's the publishers and the editors who will make that decision.

How justified do you think the government is in using legislation to stop the publishing of 'embarrassing' material?

There is a need to protect secrets which need to be kept for national security. The problem is national security has never been defined. It's used as a blanket term to cover anything which could be embarrassing to the government. I think the term really does have to be hammered out and defined clearly. Anything which is part of national security then obviously has to have classification. I do believe



Interview

there should be more freedom of information in this country. It's the most secretive society in the Western hemisphere. I don't think the replacement of the official secrets act is going to make it any better.

You obviously think Britain is too secretive. Where do you think Britain is heading in terms of personal privacy?

Personal privacy is always something you can buy, I feel. I hate the idea of personalised junk mail coming through my letterbox. Some people deem their letter box to be a private thing. I also get annoyed at people ringing me up trying to sell me things on the telephone. These are very mild forms of invasions of privacy, they're just annoyances. But there are more sinister forms of invasion of privacy, stemming right up to the trawling of files by agents of the state in order to protect this thing called national security. I'm sure it goes on, in the BBC for example where people have been refused jobs on the grounds that they have something in their past which was detrimental to the government or to society at large. I think it's a very sinister development in society. It's very difficult to define: what is privacy?

Are there any subjects you wouldn't research into for political, moral or religious reasons?

I would say as a general rule no. In terms of specifics, I've got absolutely no interest in a football manager's sex life or the private affairs of some

person. I just don't want to do that sort of story. I don't particularly want to read about it either. Apart from that sort of area though there is nothing sacrosanct.

Do you find that journalism intrudes on your private life?

I think increasingly so. It's very difficult to divorce your private life from your professional life because news isn't a nine to five job. Something might happen at twelve o'clock at night and you're rung up and expected to find the story. It especially happens working on a daily national, but I don't think it unduly affects my private life. I still enjoy my private life.

When you're writing do you prefer working on your own or collaborating with other people?

I prefer writing on my own because you can't write by committee. I have worked with other people and I don't find it that difficult providing you have a professional agreement with the other person. In terms of writing, I always write on my own because I cannot write one paragraph then the other person writes the next paragraph. You can write something and then the other person can add to it and you can see what they've done, but it's twice as much work, not half as much. That's why I prefer doing it on my own.

How long has it taken you to write and research your books?

The first book took a long time, I think it was about three years. The

AIDS book took a very short time. It took about three months. The reason for that was that Penguin wanted a book on AIDS, they wanted it quickly and we had the information to hand, more or less researched already. For the second edition which has just come out, we were given a bit more time. I think it's improved because of that.

Did you concentrate just on writing the book or did you do it in your spare time from your job?

I had to do it in my spare time, around my job, which was very difficult. I'm not sure whether I will undertake the task again, not in the foreseeable future because it's very time consuming and all your holidays and evenings and weekends are taken up. It's very exhausting as well.

Would you want to work freelance, maybe to give you the chance to write another book?

Not at the moment, no. I've never worked freelance for long periods of time, just odd months here and there. Maybe at some point in the future I will think about it, but for the moment I have no plans. I prefer the security of working full time for an organisation.

On the Record was obviously incredibly well researched. Do you think it was rather offputting including that much technical detail in it?

With hindsight I do feel it was a very solid piece of research. I sometimes wonder how easy it was to read and

how many people were that keen on wading through that amount of material. For me it was a bit of an experiment because it was my first large project. Because Duncan Campbell with whom I wrote it had already done several books, he more or less took the lead in it. To a great extent it was his book rather than mine. I don't think I would do it the same way again if I had the chance. I would want to make it a bit lighter and easier to read. I think it was a bit solid.

Who have been your role models?

I don't think I have any really. There are investigative journalists whom I admire, David Leigh on the Observer who's done incredibly good stories. But there are a lot of good reporters on Fleet Street. Andy Veitch, for example, the Guardian medical correspondent is very good. Often on New Scientist I would be covering stories which he had covered and he would leave very few angles for me to do for a weekly magazine. So he is a good reporter. I don't really have role models. I think role models are quite dangerous.

What do you feel should be the image of science that national dailies should present?

Talking of role models, look at the New York Times and Washington Post: they cover science exceedingly well. They have no embarrassment whatsoever about putting an important but technically difficult story on the front page. Newspapers in this country tend to shy away from science and technology. It's changing, but it's a constant battle to convince news editors that science is important because I think they feel, and maybe the general public feels, that science isn't important, that it's too esoteric and not entertaining enough.

Do you think the public's perception, as fuelled by newspapers, is that scientists are all little men in white coats?

There is this element that either they are mad or they are evil. The 1950's science fiction approach to scientists is finally being buried. But if you mention a scientist to most people their eyes glaze over. It's an uphill struggle. All we can do is keep writing the stories and throwing them at the news desk and hoping that they get in.

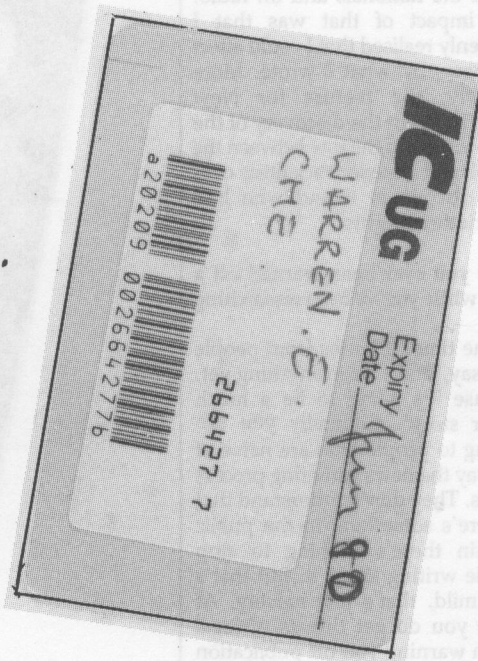
What do you think the public's perception of journalists is?

Probably not very high: grubby men in grubby coats. Most people read the tabloids and they have a lot to answer for. But working on the Telegraph I can't really see many grubby people around.

A threat from within

'On the Record' describes how the introduction of the plastic National Insurance Numbercard could lead to its use as a national identity card. It could then form the skeleton of a national registration system which could severely curtail personal freedom. After experiencing some problems over the security of providing Union cards, Imperial College Union consulted the College on the possibility of merging computerised library cards with Union cards. This scheme has been shelved because of administrative difficulties.

A global College-wide registration system such as this would have allowed the linking of information on courses, examination results, personal tutors' reports, non-payment of hall and course fees and, perhaps most disturbing of all, could have led to monitoring social activities and political affiliations through offering computerised mailing lists to clubs' members on providing members Union Card numbers.



The Subterranean Avengers

Alex Upton-Park is something major in the City: one of those people who appears with monotonous regularity on television and radio to talk about RPIs and balances of payments. He has spent all his working life in the City where he started as something-junior-to-someone-minor almost twenty years ago.

This is the public face of Alex Upton-Park Cityman. But there is more to him than this, for Alex Upton-Park is the founder and guiding light of the mysterious commuter group 'The Subterranean Avengers'.

To find out more, I agreed to meet Upton-Park one lunchtime at Embankment Station. I was to carry a copy of the Telegraph under one arm and a copy of Time Out under the other. I felt schizophrenic. At one thirteen precisely he appeared, his large bowler hat all but covering his eyes and carrying a long umbrella. He rushed across the station to shake me by the hand.

'Hallo! Upton-Park's the name, of Midbarclloyd de Zoett West Merchant Bank,' his voice dropped to less than a whisper, 'you're from the newspaper?'. I nodded. He gestured towards a nearby luminous green plastic seat. We both sat down.

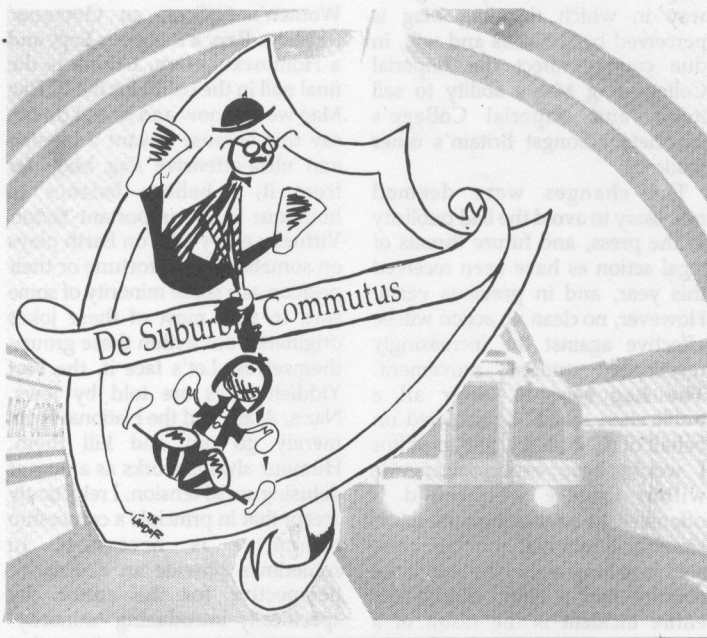
'The others,' he whispered, glancing nervously around, 'will be along in a minute.'

A train arrived. The passengers squeezed like grey toothpaste onto the platform and forced their way up the stairs and out into the fresh, clean carbon-monoxide on which Londoners thrive.

Suddenly Upton-Park stood up. He looked up and down the platform, apparently scrutinising every face. 'They're here!' he announced mysteriously, 'the interview may commence.'

I took out my notepad and pen, sharpened my clichés, took a deep breath and asked the question which had been irritating me all day: 'What exactly are the Subterranean Avengers?'

Upton-Park looked at me with contempt. I was obviously not in the know. 'WE,' he emphasised the word, 'are the ORIGINAL commuter protection organisation. For over a decade, WE have patrolled the Underground: protecting the humble commuter from the dregs of society, fighting for what is right and what is British.



One for all and all for one!' He stood to attention and saluted. I pretended I wasn't there. All around me, people hid inside their newspapers, or started reading the wall posters. It's a universal language, they were all saying 'never seen him before'.

Upton-Park hummed the National Anthem and sat down. 'Why me?' I thought.

Upton-Park put his patriotism away and continued.

'Our primary task is to prevent trouble. Now I know Kung- Ludo and all that is very popular with these Guardian Angels, but it just isn't very British. Too direct. Too foreign. We work by forcing any potential trouble makers off the trains before they can do anything'. As if one cue, a train arrived and Upton-Park jumped on board. I followed.

We were in a fairly standard carriage, surrounded by graffiti, adverts for temping agencies and 'Poems on the Underground'. Upton-Park managed to get a seat. I had to stand. 'See that man,' he pointed with his umbrella, 'that's Jim Snaresbrook. He will be the "target" for this demonstration.'. Snaresbrook was a small wimpish man carrying a copy of the Times. He was apparently trying to do the crossword.

'Say, the target looks as if he is about to cause an incident, the Avenger in charge, known as "District Line Information", will

signal to others present that there is going to be an attack. Like this.' Upton-Park hit the roof twice with his umbrella and looked long and hard at Snaresbrook. A tall man at the far end of the carriage started to weave through the crowd. He stopped just behind the unfortunate target. 'This is stage one,' Upton-Park informed me, 'The lanky fellow is from the Crossword squad'.

From where I was standing I could just hear the two men. The tall man was leaning over the shorter man's shoulder. 'No,' he was saying, 'six down is definitely wrong. Seven across is obviously "seraglio". God, I could do this puzzle with my eyes closed...' He had a whining, patronising voice of the sort you wouldn't inflict on your worse enemy. He seemed to be able to talk without moving his teeth.

Upton-Park explained. The Crossword Squad apparently receives early copies of every newspaper and a highly trained team spend much of the early morning solving them. Copies of the solutions are then sent to the duty members who are under orders to memorise and destroy them. This valuable information can then be used to irritate people to the point of distraction.

Upton-Park swung his umbrella in a tight circle above his head and the Crossword Squad withdrew. 'Stage Two,' he told me, 'is the umbrellas.'

He took his hat off and put it back on again.

The Umbrella Squad leapt into action. Upton-Park pointed out each member in turn. There was a short chubby lady armed with one of those spring-loaded folding umbrellas which open at the slightest provocation; a military looking man wielding a short heavy umbrella build like a club; and, the most lethal of all, a city gent carrying a long pointed bayonet-like broly underneath his arm. 'We brought a job lot of broly's second hand from the Bulgarian Embassy,' explained Upton-Park.

They advanced on the unfortunate target, barging through the unseeing crowds. Within seconds, he was surrounded. The actual attack was a short as it was vicious. I hardly saw what happened. There was a boing, a crunch, a thud, two gurgles and a howl of pain. Next thing I saw was Snaresbrook doubled up as his attackers lost themselves again in the crowd.

If stages one and two fail, we have to resort to our last resort. The most hideous form of mental torture known to man. The Walkmen. Observe...'. Upton-Park stood up, stamped his foot and sat down again.

I began to hear a thudding hissing Sound. Dum-di-di-dum-di-di. I looked around. Almost everyone in the carriage seemed to be wearing a walkman. They were all slowly turning up the volume. 'Stage three, level one,' Upton-Park informed me. He stood up again and stamped his foot twice.

The walkmen owners started to hum. It was a tuneless sort of hum, closer to a moan or a whine. It became louder and louder, more persistent and more irritating. My head started to ache. In the middle of it all, the target was trembling. 'Level two,' Upton-Park shouted above the din. 'The Walkman Squad have never ever had to go above a level two. But, if pushed we will resort to level three, our final, desperate ultimate deterrent. Watch!'

He grabbed two ceiling straps and did a forward roll in mid air: a difficult manoeuvre in a crowded tube train. The effect was sudden, frightening and unforgettable. Suddenly the walkmen owners all started to sing. It was the worst

The Subterranean Avengers

medley in recorded history. 'I should be so lucky, lucky...Galileo, Figaro, Beelzebub has a devil...Rock me Amadeus...chicken in the air, stick a deckchair up...'

It was sickening, terrifying and all totally off key. The train pulled into a station and I jumped out. My head ached, my ears ached. Parts of me I didn't know I had ached. In the middle of it all I could just see the crumpled figure of the target. He had collapsed. He didn't seem to be moving or breathing. He was curled up into a ball, lying amid the old crisp packets, drink cans and other people's copies of the Sun on the floor of the train.

The doors closed and the train clattered away.

'Sorry. Should have warned you about that.' I heard Upton- Park's voice. He was standing just behind me, smirking. 'What did you think?' 'Mortifying! I don't think anyone deserves that.'

'Well if you ask me, the blighters deserve whatever's coming to them. This used to be a decent railway. No trouble makers, no hooligans, no graffiti. All we want is a return to the good old days.'

'Of course, we seldom even have to go as far as Stage one. Often we try to frighten the troublemakers away before they even get on trains. In fact, most of the worst buskers work for us. A good attack of "Streets of London" is usually enough.'

There was still one thing that worried me. How on earth do they tell if someone is going to cause trouble? I asked Upton- Park.

'It takes many years of practice. There are certain types of people. People who are not quite normal like us: who do not respect the great British traditions, our customs, our way of life'. He started to hum the National Anthem again. I interrupted him.

'People who do not stand for the National Anthem,' he snapped. 'I think these people are parasites on society. That's the difference between us and that other group, the so-called Guardian Angels. We stand for what's right!'

A train arrived, Upton-Park jumped on board and clattered away to his wife and 1.8 children in Surbiton.

This may be considered offensive

It was with great sadness that I learnt, last week, about the decision, by council, to change the nature of the editorial control over the Rag Mag. This will drastically change the way in which the Rag Mag is perceived by students and will, in due course, affect the Imperial College Rag Mag's ability to sell itself, and Imperial College's notoriety amongst Britain's other students.

The changes were deemed necessary to avoid the bad publicity in the press, and future threats of legal action as have been received this year, and in previous years. However, no clean up action will be effective against the increasingly reactionary students movement. The Rag Mag is, after all a publication which is circulated on behalf of IC students, and as editor I would have expected anyone within College who found it offensive to be the first to react, since a substantial number were sold here long before the rest of the country had a sniff. Indeed the entire incident is the result of a written complaint from one University (Keele) and hence its Area NUS, and unsubstantiated rumour circulated in The Times HES that we were to be prosecuted under the Race Relations Act.

The changes themselves are; the inclusion of a 'This may be considered offensive' warning on the cover, a section printed on blue paper containing jokes which are offensive to a 'normal' person, and expanding the censorship committee. The warning on the cover is not going to hurt the Rag Mag too much, in fact it will increase sales by a significant amount, so I am not worried about this. It nevertheless shows the unqualified and misguided views which the supporters of the doctrine hold. If they seriously believe that this 'well we did warn you' approach is going to stop people writing to newspapers and the Union President, to complain, then they have no idea how these types of people react. They are people who want to find Rag Mags, newspapers, television, etc offensive, they uphold the rights of individuals to have freedom from so-called persecution, whilst they crucify others for exercising freedom of speech.

These people will react in the same way to the blue section, and although they will be warned not to read it if they are 'normal', who can resist forbidden fruit, and again they are not going to refrain from

complaining. Anyway, what is a normal person?

All of this pales into insignificance if the third change works in the way it is intended to. The addition of the Women's Officer, an Overseas' Students Rep, a Religious Rep, and a Homosexual Rep, I think is the final nail in the coffin for the IC Rag Mag we all know and love. I do not say this because I want a bigoted and ultra-offensive Rag Mag, far from it, I believe balance in humour is the important factor. Virtually every joke on Earth plays on somebody's misfortune or their position as a social minority of some sort, in fact, most of these jokes originate from within these groups themselves. Let's face it, the best Yiddish jokes are told by Jews, Nazis, Arabs and the National Front merely go out and kill them. Humour always works as a way of defusing social tension. I reluctantly accept that in principle a censorship committee is necessary, to sometimes provide an alternative perspective for the editor. By specifically introducing 'minority' interests onto a committee that should be objective and representative of the populace, one replaces balance with banality. It is a fact that everyone gets a thrill by being shocked.

I think it is important to appreciate the type of people that will react to publication, naturally they are in positions of power in their Unions, but are representing the feelings of their members? I have sold several hundred rag mags this year, in total 4,500 have been distributed, we have received two written complaints and two verbal

complaints. Yet dozens of ordinary students country-wide have enthusiastically bought IC Rag Mags on the strength of previous issues (notably not last years). And people rushed after us to buy copies when their friends showed them what was available. Comments received included: 'It had better be an improvement on the shit our Union puts out.'

I appreciate that it is the IC Rag Mag, and that the IC Rag committee have recommended the changes, and that the IC President has received complaints, but who has sold the past four or five editions of the Rag Mag? It's the CCU's particularly RCSU Rag. If IC Rag don't like the content let the CCU's be a front for the Rag Mag, and operate through IC Charity Rag.

The article written in The Times by the NUS Vice President even went as far as to question the need for rag mags, and by implication Rag, as a fund-raising machine, and hoped for the fund-raising needs of the world to be met by mega-events such as Comic Relief, and Live Aid. Mega events raise money for mega charities, little events raise money for little charities. Let everyone raise what they can, how ever they can. It has been shown in the past that there is a market for IC Rag Mags and their ilk (such as the Medical School editions), we have the largest geographic sales, let us pander to the market. IC should not knuckle under to the bully boys 'levellers' who dictate how we should think, we are free spirits and should not play lap-dog to the NUS and its cronies!

David Williams, on behalf of the RCSU Carnival Committee.



Dave Williams battles against the Rag Chairman

Will the real Bill Goodwin please stand up?

Who is this Bill Goodwin guy anyway? What did he do in his year as FELIX Editor, and what was he like to work for? Staff member and FELIX Business Manager Liz Warren investigated the man behind the cat and reviews his achievements.

Bill Goodwin has been described as shy and unassuming. It is certainly true that he has not had a high public profile in his year as FELIX Editor. People coming into the FELIX Office for the first time almost always end up addressing someone other than Bill. Of course this could be due to his consummate skill in delegating all work to his staff to avoid doing any himself.

He has had a varied and interesting 'career' at College, including being in QTSoc and indulging his taste for doing very odd and pointless things and standing for the post of Union President and becoming President Elect for approximately 48 hours, only to be disqualified. It's nice to see that he has finally managed to fulfil both ambitions by swapping jobs with this year's president for a week.

Despite his attempts at anonymity, he has become well known amongst certain parts of IC, namely those people he has annoyed this year. These are too numerous to mention but number much of the College hierarchy, several heads of departments, Union Office sabbaticals, various Union hacks

and several religious, social and over-dramatic societies. The sad aspect of this for Bill is that he rarely intended to annoy any of these people and that most of the people he deliberately set out to enrage have failed to react in any way.

Another characteristic Bill has become renowned for is his stout defence of FELIX and the freedom of the press against all comers. In fact he seems to have spent a lot of this year defending various freedoms: the freedom to be bored senseless by UGMs, the freedom for STOIC, IC Radio (Commerical Free) and FELIX to determine their own content without interference from capitalist bourgeois exploiters (sorry, Sydney Harbour-Bridge)...I think it would do Bill some good to go and remind himself of the poster the FELIX Printer, Dean, has hanging by the litho: 'The freedom of the press is controlled by those who work the presses'. Fortunately Bill can operate the litho himself and this has proved very useful when printing the front page at one o'clock in the morning.

Something that the staff will remember Bill for is his perfectionism. This has deteriorated



over the year as he has been forced to realise that he cannot do everything to the standards he would like without forcing himself and his staff to take no sleep at all. He has become kind hearted enough to allow us all to go home for four hours sleep a week. This lightening of attitude has not permeated as far as the news pages. Bill will insist on writing every word himself, insist that he has to write fifteen stories to fill two pages and then discover (by this time it is midnight on Thursday, and the collators have finished the rest of FELIX and are fretting for the front page) that there's only space for half of them and that he need not have written them all.

Another of Bill's endearing (?) qualities is his boundless pessimism. 'We'll never get it ready on time' he will mutter gloomily on Tuesday afternoon only to find on Wednesday morning that the newspaper fairy has mysteriously arrived in the night and pasted up all but three pages. The only reason FELIX is late is his aforementioned obsession with news.

Enough of that. The FELIX Office has been a very exciting place to work this year because Bill's style of 'management' has been to encourage all the staff to do whatever interests them most and allow them to use some of the more technical pieces of machinery. This has made working in the FELIX Office educational as well as fun.

Bill would admit that this strategy was as much out of necessity as design as he started the year with only three regular members of staff from the previous year. The strain of producing his freshers' issue nearly single-handedly has taken its toll. Apparently there was a time when Bill was calm and organised and the Office was tidy. The staff who have joined since the start of this year can only believe this to be a piece of misreporting and a factual inaccuracy.

Bill has also been drawn into one of the favourite comforts of many previous Editors: alcohol. He is reputed to have begun the year as a sober and abstemious soul but was gradually led down the slippery slope of indulgence. He is believed to have been corrupted chiefly by his Business Manager, but she claims he was quite corrupt when she first met him and didn't need any help at all. Bill has vague memories of the many embarrassing acts he has committed whilst under the influence this year, but the fact that he is editing this article means they will remain unpublished. At least for now...

Seriously, Bill has been a great person to work with: encouraging, enthusiastic and only occasionally a miserable sod. The FELIX Staff wish him good luck as he leaves to become a real journalist and breathe a sigh of relief that they can get rid of him at last.

It's lonely at the top.



NEWS

rewind



Jan: The UGM to end all UGMs. Abolition defeated by 150 votes.

Opponents of the scheme argue that loans will discourage educational participation by disadvantaged groups, women and mature students and they argue that 'top up loans' are a pre cursor to abolishing grants altogether.

Marches

The prospect of student loans even aroused the anger of students at Imperial College. An anti loans lobby formed itself and operated

under the umbrella organisation 'water polo club.' The lobby presented an Emergency General Meeting of the Union with a motion mandating the Union Executive to present a petition against loans to a Parliamentary lobby in January and calling for the Union to organise a half day strike, subject to approval by departmental ballot.

Over 170 students turned up to the lobby and, with the support of the Rector and the Governing Body,

most academic departments collaborated by cancelling lectures and tutorials. Before the lobby, Chairman of the Conservative Party, MP Peter Brooke put forward the Government's point of view to the College. He argued that loans would increase access to higher education, reduce pressure on the parental contribution.

In late January, there was much uproar when both the National Union of Students (NUS) and the University of London Union (ULU) pulled out of an anti loans march scheduled for the first of February, believing that they did not have the resources to organise the march safely. Imperial College Union soon followed suit. The organisation of the march was taken over by members of the Federal Campaigns Committee (FCC), an informal group set up by the ULU Presidents Council, and went ahead as planned without incident.

Bop against Baker

In February Imperial College Union joined in an NUS National Education Shutdown in protest to loans. The shutdown culminated with 800 students gathering outside the Department of Education and Science (DES). As part of the protest, the London School of Economics canceled lectures and organised a 'Bop against Baker', University College organised a picket of the College's entrances, and an 'Overdraft' disco, Kings College organised a mail blockage, whilst catering staff at Thames Polytechnic staged a one day strike. At Imperial, MP Bernie Grant spoke to 50 students in the Union lounge while pool and table football tournaments were held and information sheets were distributed. The union was disappointed that, because of a low turn out at the previous NUS March, the College had refused to rearrange lectures.

In March, the NUS staged its final anti loans march which was supported by the Association of University Teachers and Imperial College. Over 35,000 students from all over the country formed a two mile procession, severely disrupting London's traffic.

ULU President resigns

From external politics to internal politics. January saw the resignation of ULU President, Stewart Jackson following a narrowly defeated vote of no confidence in December. Mr Jackson's resignation followed accusations that he had taken no action to support the anti loans marches, had failed to provide briefings for members of the Executive Senate, and that he had

no regard for the ULU vice presidents.

In an interview with the Times Educational supplement, Mr Jackson said that he had resigned because of friction which had arisen because of his right wing views in a left wing student's union. 'Being a Conservative in student politics is like being a fox at a beagle hunt' he said.

Beijing massacre

The troubles in China in June sparked waves of sympathy from students in London. According to police estimates, 4000 turned up to a candlelit vigil outside of the Chinese embassy to pay their respects to the 7000 students killed in the Beijing massacre. Earlier on the same day the NUS organised a demonstration attended by 1000 students. The Imperial delegation placed a wreath on the 'martyrs for freedom memorial' and presented a petition of 756 signatures (including the Rector Professor Eric Ash) calling for an end to the violence in China to embassy officials. Meanwhile, students at Imperial signed 432 letters which were delivered to Sir Geoffrey Howe calling for the British Government to openly condemn the actions in China. The College, for its part, set up a hardship fund for Chinese students with collection boxes placed in refectories for contributors.

Geology cutbacks

The University Grants Committee's (UGC) decision to downgrade the Geology department in January provoked a strong reaction from members of staff who claimed that the UGC had used unfair criteria when making their assessment.

The department had been told to lose 10 academic staff and 13 non academic staff and to reduce its annual undergraduate intake from 45 to 32 by October 1989. The cutbacks are likely to lead to the department having to axe four year courses and to reduce the number of options available to second year geologists from 7 to 3.

Academics in the department were critical of the UGC's alleged use of the Science Citation Index as a means of assessing the quantity of research at Imperial. They argued that the index does not take into account many of the journals which publish the work from applied Geology Departments such as Imperial. They also pointed out that much of the work carried out is for industry and hence is not available for open publication.

Professor McConnell, regional



June: 4000 gathered for a candlelit vigil in remembrance of the massacred Chinese students in Beijing.



April: Members of IC Christian Union were caught in the Alton Towers disaster.

chairman of the Earth Science Review Committee retorted that the UGC's assessment was primarily based on a 'bid' in which the department outlined its plans for the next ten years.

One of the recurrent themes this year has been the widespread theft of computer equipment from the College. The thefts have cost the College insurers well over £130,000.

Computer bonanza

The Rectors £6,000 IBM computer was amongst the first to go from the Electrical Engineering Department in July. It was closely followed by an IBM Landmark Computer valued

at £42,000, one of only three in the world, which was taken from the Royal School of Mines in April.

Further thefts followed on an almost weekly basis, baffling the College Security service. Despite sightings, police vigils, a near arrest and descriptions being circulated around the departments the thieves continued unabated.

The College Security Chief, Geoff Reeves said that the thefts were made possible by staff and students leaving back door entrances to departments open.

The problem was eventually solved when security fitted magnetic locks to the departmental fire doors.

The UGM battle

All hell broke loose in January when Imperial College Union Council voted to abolish Union General Meetings (UGM's) and turn itself into the supreme decision making body. The motion was put forward as a concession to St Mary's Medical School Union who argued that Imperial's UGM's were unrepresentative because they were unable to attend.

The move was vigorously opposed in the pages of FELIX, and FELIX in conjunction with IC Radio mounted a College wide 'say no to no say' poster campaign.

Over 600 people turned up to the meeting, including a delegation of over 200 students from St Mary's in one of the best attended meetings for several years. Union President,



April: A dinosaur caught terrorising tourists in the Natural History Museum—a publicity stunt to publicise the museums exhibition of robotic dinosaurs.

Nigel Baker argued that there was no other way for the Union's to merge, other than to abolish UGM's. This was countered by Union life member, Dave Parry, who pointed out that the College would be unlikely to accept some of the ramifications of the move.

'The Union is the collective voice of students. Without Union officers directly reporting to its members the Union will become divorced from the people it represents' he said.

After fierce debate, the motion was taken to the vote and defeated by 150 votes.

St Mary's President, Phil Drew, questioned whether the motion was representative.

'IC has to look forward and stop sticking in the mud,' he said.

Welfare fares well

In many ways, the year has held some notable achievements for the Union. In October, the Union signed an agreement with Student Travel Agents (STA) to provide them with an outlet in the site of the

now disbanded sports shop. The deal is set to earn the Union in excess of £12,000 per annum.

At the beginning of the year the Careers service budget was cut back by £10,000. This coincided with an extra £10,000 for a new secretary for the HUB office, run by the Rector's wife, Clare Ash.

The move provided leverage for the Union to persuade the College to pay for a part time Welfare Adviser. The Union pointed out that the HUB Office secretary had been appointed despite the College policy of not replacing staff when they leave.

Originally the Union planned to share the adviser with ULU but after a month of inactivity in October, ULU rejected the idea saying that the time scale for introduction of the adviser was 'unfeasible and unrealistic.'

Imperial decided to 'go it alone' and by January Yve Posner, former Islington Council Welfare Officer was appointed to the post.



May: Hundreds of students are turned away from a lecture by Professor Stephen Hawking famous for his work on imaginary time.

NEWS

rewind

Money for nothing, giro cheques for free

Once the exams are over most undergraduates will be turning to what they will be doing during the summer vacation. The sort of questions they might ask are:

- Will I be able to get a job?
- Should I stay in London or go home
- If I don't work can I claim any Benefit?
- Can I claim Housing Benefit if I'm working?

The aim of this article is to look at the different options available and what they involve.

'Summer in the city' or at home?

Some students only rent their accommodation during the academic year and tend to return to stay with their parents over the Summer. Others will be keeping on their accommodation in order to continue living there into the next academic year. If you will be leaving your current address at the end of term and are undecided about where to spend the summer you should ask yourself the following questions:

- Do I want to spend the whole summer with my family?
- Can I get a job easily if I go home?
- How much more will I be able to save if I go home?
- How much can I earn if I stay in London or if I went to another town?
- How much will I be able to save if I stayed in London or went elsewhere after allowing for living and accommodation expenses?

There are some obvious financial advantages to spending the summer at home, however temporary jobs in London tend to be better paid so you might end up saving more by staying London or by going to another area where there is better paid employment.

Claiming Housing Benefit over the Summer

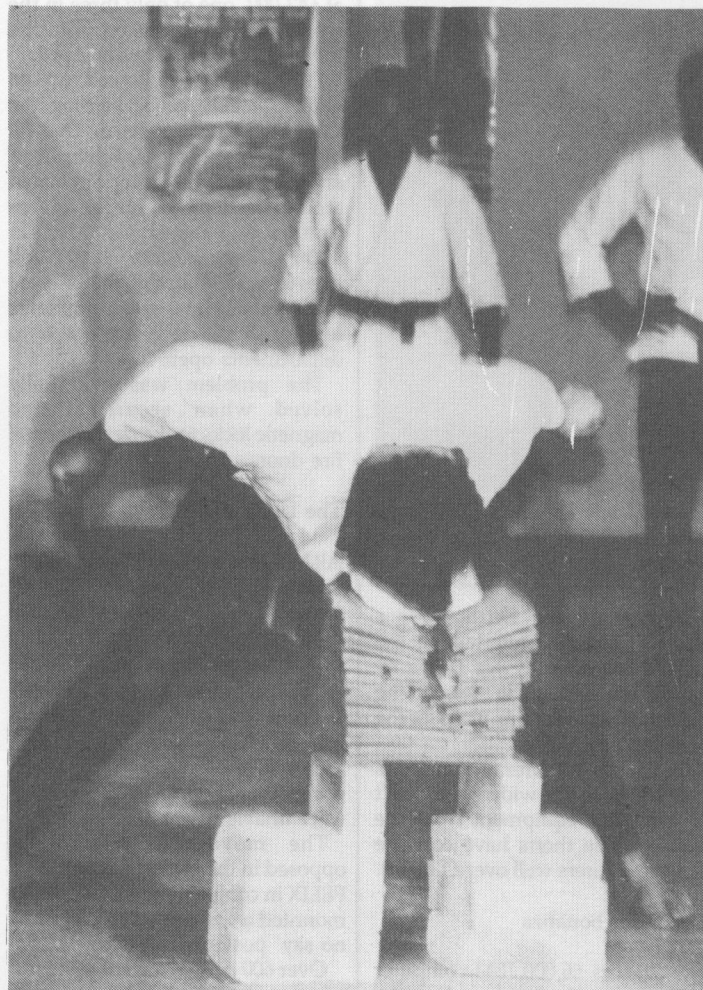
Anyone claiming Housing Benefit at present will know that their claim will be closed at the end of the summer term. This is because the assessment of a student claim only applies to the 'period of study'. Once the Summer term finishes most students will have completed their studies for the year and are no longer in receipt of 'student income' (usually an LEA grant) and in order to continue to receive Housing Benefit a new claim will have to be made based on the student's circumstances over the summer.

There are three situations in which a student might claim HB over the summer:

1. If you are working and paying rent then you can claim HB based on your earnings. This option is equally open to those in College owned accommodation who cannot claim HB during the period of study. This is because the rules regarding this type of accommodation do not apply during the summer vacation. Anyone applying for HB when working must bear in mind that they are only likely to qualify if earnings are quite low, see box 1:

Box 1:

<i>Student aged 18-24, paying rent of £50.00 pw</i>	
Maximum amount of net earnings before HB entitlement ceases	= £99.00
Housing Benefit payable on rent £50 and earnings of £99	= 0.71p
<i>Student aged 18-24, paying rent of £60.00 pw</i>	
Maximum amount of net earnings	= £114.00
HB Payable	= 0.96p
<i>Student aged 25+, rent £50</i>	
Maximum amount net earnings	= £106.00
HB payable	= £1.03
<i>Student aged 25+, rent £60</i>	
Maximum amount net earnings	= £122.00
HB payable	= 9.63p



After getting your benefit, this will seem easy.

Obviously the less you earn the higher your Housing Benefit will be.

So if you are working and your earnings are within the above levels or your rent is higher than £60.00 pw it is worth making a claim. It is also worth claiming if you are doing agency work where your earnings fluctuate or you have weeks without work. The Housing Benefit Dept can assess your claim based on average earnings. If you are going to claim this should be done as soon as you start work. You can get a claim form from the Housing Benefit Office for your area or if you are in London from the Welfare Office.

2. If you are absent from your accommodation at any time over the summer eg to go on holiday you may be able to claim HB while you are away. So that someone who has been working and does not qualify for HB could be entitled for the period he/she is away. Entitlement in this situation will depend on whether or not your main reason for occupying your accommodation is for the purpose of studying. DSS advise that attendance on the course **shall not** normally be regarded as the main purpose of occupying the

home if a student:

- Lived in the accommodation before the beginning of the course; or
- has a child or young person living with him or her; or
- is aged 25 or over and has no other accommodation; or
- is under 25 and has no parent or guardian and no other accommodation.

If you are not sure whether this rule affects you or not you should seek advice. If you decide to make a claim for the period you are away you must do so **before you go**. If you will have no income during the period you are away it is quite in order to state on your claim from that your income is 'NIL'.
3. If you are unable to get a job in time for the start of the vacation it is likely you will be signing on as unemployed and claiming Unemployment Benefit and/or Income Support. If you are paying rent you will also be able to get HB. In the section on Unemployment Benefit and Income Support I will explain how HB is claimed in this situation.

AVAILABILITY FOR WORK TEST—THE ANSWERS

Q1. What job do you normally do? If you have not worked before, please say so.

A. Write your last job title, even if it was only a Saturday job. Don't put 'nothing' unless you have never worked before.

Please list your last three jobs.

A. You should list the last three jobs you did, the employers you worked for and the starting and finishing dates. Don't refuse to list previous employment unless you have never worked before.

Q3. What was your last WEEKLY GROSS WAGE (ie before deductions) in your last job?

A. Enter the correct amount, and state the number of hours per week you worked to earn this amount.

Q4. What job are you looking for?

A. You could say that you are willing to consider anything suitable that fits in with your qualifications and experience.

Q5. What qualifications and experience do you have for this type of work?

A. Enter the qualifications and/or experience you have which support your answer to Q4.—this could include any voluntary work or training you may have done.

Q6. What other jobs are you willing to accept? If none please give your reasons.

A. It is best to say that you are willing to accept anything suitable.

Q7. When can you start work? If not today, please say why and when you can start.

A. You should be available to start work on the **same day**, as any other answer will raise doubts about your availability and you could lose benefit.

Q8. What are you doing to find work? (You may be asked to produce evidence).

A. Say that you are looking in the Job Centre and local newspapers regularly, and are asking friends and relatives about vacancies. Keep any evidence of applications you make or any interviews you attend.

Q9. Are you looking for a permanent job? If 'No' please:

a) Give your reason, and

b) State what temporary work you are looking for.

A. Unless you have finished your course it is quite acceptable to say that you are looking for any suitable temporary vacation work. If you have reached the end of your studies you must say that you are looking for permanent work.

Q10. If you are looking for part-time work only please give your reasons.

A. To be available for work you must be willing to take up full-time employment—if you say you're looking for part-time work you may lose benefit. It is therefore better to leave this section blank.

Q11. Write against each day the hours that you can work.

A. Don't limit your hours—not even Saturday because this is a working day so you should say you are available to work a six day week. It is suggested that you put the hours you can work each day as 7.30am-5.30pm.

Q12. What is the MINIMUM WEEKLY gross wage (ie before deductions) you are willing to take?

A. You could either say that you want the going rate for the job or give an amount that is lower than your last weekly wage. (If you put a higher figure you could lose benefit).

Q13. If the amount at Q12. is more than you were earning in your last job please say why.

A. If you have answered Q12. in the ways suggested you can leave this question blank.

Q14. In what areas are you looking for work? Which other areas are you prepared to travel to?

A. It would be best to say that you are looking in all areas within reasonable travelling distance.

Q15. If, for health reasons, you are limited in the work you can do:

a) are you registered with the Disablement Resettlement Officer (DRO)?

b) If not, would you like to arrange an appointment?

c) What limits does your health place on the work you can do?

A. Unless you are obviously ill it is better to leave this section blank. If you do have a health problem that restricts the work you can do then it is possible that you do not really need to sign on as unemployed in order to receive benefit. If you think this applies to you, you should seek independent advice. The Welfare Adviser at IC Union could advise you on this.

Q16. Do you have any adults or children to care for? If 'Yes', what arrangements can you make for their care if you get work? How soon can you make these arrangements?

A. It is best to say you can make immediate arrangements and have the name of a person who would be able to care for your dependants BUT REMEMBER do not name anyone as a carer if they are receiving benefit as this could affect their entitlement.

Q17. Please give any other details which you think may affect your availability for work.

A. It is best to leave this section blank unless there are things you feel you must fill in.

How to claim Unemployment Benefit and/or Income Support

If you have not got a job to start at the beginning of the vacation and want to claim benefit then you must follow this step by step guide:

1. As soon as term ends you should register as unemployed at your nearest Unemployment Benefit Office. As the summer term ends on Friday the earliest you will be able to register will be Monday June 26. To find your nearest UBO you should look in the phone book under Employment, Dept of. The offices are usually only open between 9.30am-3.30pm so do not leave too late in the day to go to register. When you go to the UBO you should take your National Insurance card and if you have ever worked before, your P45.

2. When you register you will have to complete various forms and you will be told about arrangements for signing, how benefit will be paid etc. One of the forms you will have to complete is a UB671. This form

includes a questionnaire designed to test your availability for work. A person's 'availability for work' is central to his or her claim for benefit. It is therefore most important that you answer the questions correctly otherwise you could jeopardise your claim. The questions with suggested answers are shown here.

3. When you register you should also be given a B1 form to claim Income Support. There are two reasons for this:

- As a student it is unlikely that you will have paid sufficient National Insurance Contributions to qualify for Unemployment Benefit.
- It takes several weeks to get a person's National Insurance record checked so it is usual for most people to claim Income Support for at least part of the time that they are unemployed.

When you have completed the B1 you must send it to the DSS Office that covers your address. The UBO staff will be able to tell you which one it is. Make sure before you send

the form that you have answered all the questions and enclosed any proof required.

It is then a question of waiting for the DSS to process your claim. It should be processed within 14 days of being received in the office but in practise it is usually much longer. If you are concerned about your claim then you must contact the DSS. If

you have no success then seek advice. Don't just assume that your claim is being dealt with as it is always possible that your claim was never received in the first place or the DSS may have written to you and you failed to get their letter for some reason.

Although you will most likely be



One of the options: working behind the union Bar.

Welfare

receiving Income Support the Benefit will still be paid to you by the Unemployment Benefit Office usually over two weeks. If you have any change in circumstances which you think may affect your claim then **you must inform** both the UBO and the DSS.

Overseas students and the summer vacation

An overseas student who stays in the UK during the summer may be able to work or claim benefit depending on their conditions of stay in this country. EC nationals and students from Iceland, Malta, Norway, Sweden and Turkey are entitled to claim Income Support during the summer but may be in breach of their conditions of stay if they do so. This is because these benefits are classed as 'public funds' and in some cases a claim can jeopardise an extension of stay if the Local Authority or DSS notifies the Home Office.

As regards vacation employment it will depend whether your visa states that you are allowed to work. If an overseas student is not sure what his or her position is regarding work then they should seek advice. Generally speaking most overseas students are **not allowed** to work in this country without permission. You could seriously jeopardise your leave to remain in the UK if you take

employment without a permit.

Claiming Housing Benefit when you're unemployed.

When you receive your B2 form you will find a form inside with which to claim Housing Benefit. You should complete this and send it together with proof of your rent to your local HB Office. There is no need to send proof of your income as the DSS will send a 'certificate' to the Housing Benefit Office stating that you are in receipt of Income Support.

A claimant in receipt of Income Support is entitled to 100% rebate of eligible rent (rent, rates, water rates, gas, electricity etc.) and 80% rebate of eligible rates.

Other points to remember

If for any reason your claim for benefit is refused you have a right of appeal which you must exercise within 28 days of receipt of the decision.

If you are in receipt of Income Support you are automatically entitled to help with NHS charges eg Prescriptions, dental charges, eyesight test etc.

If you go away at any time during your claim you must inform the Unemployment Office. If you go on holiday in this country you will still be entitled to benefit as long as you do not say away from the area in which you are claiming for more



Money: the government won't want to give this to you.

than 16 days. Before you go away you must complete a holiday form called UB674. If you go abroad you will not be entitled to benefit while you are away and you will have to make a new claim when you return.

If you go abroad you may be able to get free or reduced cost medical treatment. In order to do so you must obtain form E111 from the DSS. This can be applied for in person or in writing and should be at least one month before you travel.

Useful leaflets

FB9 Unemployed—a guide to benefit to help make ends meet
FB20 Young People's Guide to Social Security

RR1 Housing Benefit; Help with rent and rates

RR2 A guide to Housing Benefit
SB20 A guide to Income Support
IS51, INF2, INF4, INF4

NI12 Unemployment Benefit
SA40 Before You Go—Travellers Guide to Health
SA41 While You're Away—The Travellers Guide to Health

Further Information

The Welfare Office will be open throughout the summer and the Welfare Adviser will be available most of that time. So if you require any advice or further information please call into the Office.

Box 2: Benefit Rates from 3.4.89

Unemployment Benefit

£34.70 single person
£21.40 wife or other adult dependant

Income Support

Single

Under age 18	£20.80
Age 18-24	27.40
Age 25 and over	34.90

Lone parent

Age under 18	20.80
Age 18 and over	£34.90

Couple

Both under 18	£41.60
At least one aged 18	£54.80

Dependant children

Under age 11	£11.75
Age 11-15	£17.35
Age 16-17	£20.80
Age 18	£27.40

Premiums

Family (payable where there is at least one dependant child)	£6.15
Lone parent	£3.90

There are also other premiums eg on account of disability. The rules for these are quite complicated and therefore not details are given here. If anyone would like further information please call into the Welfare Office.

Are you making the most of us?

NEW EARLY Swimming Pool opening times

Why not get the day off to a refreshing start with an early morning swim?

The swimming pool will now be open at 8.30am mon-fri.

Alternatively enjoy a workout in the gym, ideal for building up, slimming down or generally improving your cardiovascular fitness

LOOK GOOD, FEEL GOOD AT I.C.S.C.

Reviews



New film, new manicure, same jumper.



Flicks

With the exams finally over, at least for most of us, there's plenty of time to nip off to the cinema and at least a handful of recent releases to see. You'll no doubt prefer to call into Southside or the Hoop and Toy for a day or so first, but when you've puked all you can, here's something to do.

First up is *Fletcher Lives*, previewed

recently in *FELIX*, a sequel to the 1985 film *Fletcher*. Chevy Chase takes the title role, a resourceful eccentric, plagued by his wife's alimony demands. The inheritance of his aunt's Louisiana plantation provides a way out for Fletcher, a murder mystery, and as Cilla would say, a lotta laughs.

Chas swans through all this, digging up clues from behind the various disguises he sports and wearing an amiable grin at all times. Small effort is required to rekindle his past roles in the same type of self-parody which accompanies such actors as John Cleese. An ecologically sound script with



Video

Coincidental to other big screen releases listed here, two of the major videos issued this month star Timothy Dalton and Chevy Chase.

Hawks has Dalton cast as a British Lawyer, Bancroft, who meets Anthony Edwards, a terminally ill American football player, while they share a ward in hospital.

They need a diversion to make their lives bearable, and what better adventure than stealing an ambulance and making a dash for the brothels of Amsterdam. The

combination of serious backdrop and humorous plot pigeon-hole this movie squarely in the realms of the black comedy.

Funny Farm is another ideal platform for Chevy Chase, just like all his other films. The inimitable blend of satire and farce is this time set against the old plot device, writer's block.

In escaping the city, Chase and his wife, Madolyn Smith, discover an idyllic utopia, full of folksy charm in the mountain village of Redbud. But Redbud has more eccentrics than even New York.

Okay, so the plot is a tad thin, but the script is written by Jeffrey Boam, author of *Innerspace* and *The Lost Boys*, so it is almost certain to be good. A strong support cast and the benign charm of the lead indicate an essential rental.

Andrew Clarke.

sufficient humour makes this a recommendable film. Highlight is a set-piece dream sequence, a satirical version of Disney's *Song of the South*, complete with cast of thousands and cavorting animated dog.

Dreams of another kind are the basis for the fourth *Nightmare on Elm Street*, entitled *The Dream Master*. A hound from hell urinates fire on Freddy Krueger's grave and this results in another resurrection for old pizza face. His first move of course is to wipe out all the kids in a multitude of inventively gory ways.

The heroine is Alison, a credible performance by newcomer Lisa Wilcox, who proves to be a mixture of Bruce Lee and Jane Fonda. Robert England is once again excellent as Freddy; the sharpness of his wit matched only by his clawed glove. The £3 million budget allows some impressive effects to spice up what would otherwise be a predictably drab affair. No doubt the most easily anticipated scene though is the final hook from which *Nightmare 5* can be hung.

Also doing the rounds at the moment is *Cocoon: The Return*. A more conventional sequel in that it falls way short of its predecessor. Not that the original was in any way spectacular. There are at least as many sub-plots as characters and yet for all that it lacks a principal storyline, leaving the impression that none of the characters really does anything.

Steve Guttenberg repeats the alien intercourse of the original

minutes of epic cinema, 20 of which are previously unseen. Gloriously colourful and magnificently perceptive, David Lean's masterpiece is a benchmark for all other big budget movies. Star of the show, Peter O'Toole, launched his career here, and went on to make such classics as *Caligula* and *High Spirits*. The film is showing at the Odeon, Marble Arch, and absolutely nowhere else.

Showing nowhere, but the Curzon, West End is *Paris by Night*. Few releases have better timing than this one—it's about Euro MPs and some of the things they do. Charlotte Rampling is the MEP in question, and aside from blackmail, murder and a steamy affair, she has an alcoholic hubby to cope with. Michael Gambon is wasted in this role.

The criticism of Thatcherite morality may be a salient topic, but it cannot rescue an otherwise dreary thriller, which is anything but thrilling. It should be said that Rampling is able to maintain her career motif of sexual entanglement, and a consistency of performance on that level cannot be wholly ignored.

Elsewhere, an unchanging style is present in Tom Holland's new film *Child's Play*. All of Holland's previous films have been a remake of the boy who cried wolf tale. Here the narrative has reached its absurd limit, as the 'wolf' turns out to be a child's freckle faced doll called Chucky, recently possessed by the spirit of a dead voodoo murderer. You believe me, don't you?



Well, Hello Dolly.

Cocoon, and his partner Tahnee Welch shows that she got the part more through her mother's name than her acting ability. This is one to see when you've seen everything else, and puked some more in Southside.

At the other end of the spectrum is the newly restored *Lawrence of Arabia*. The obsessive work of two enthusiasts has resulted in 216

The predictability and repetition involved are overcome by some good effects, most specifically the puppet, Chucky, in nine different forms and worked by an army of puppeteers. The result is a modest horror flick with just enough blood to make you chucky uppy, even when Southside affects you no more.

Andy Clarke

Reviews



Fair Game

At a time in cinema development when almost every movie can be bracketed, (as a baseball film, or a role reversal, and so on), *Fair Game* falls into the category 'damned peculiar'.

The blurb says 'psychological thriller', but for much of the eighty minutes I was tempted to say 'blurb!'. And at the end I left thinking 'oh'. On reflection, however it wasn't that bad.

The cast numbers three, one of whom takes an early bath after five minutes, when his deadly black mamba bites him. This allows the nasty, Gene, to take the snake and play a trick on his estranged wife Eva. He leaves it in her loft apartment. Serves the bitch right for abandoning the possessive bastard. Ha! What a wheeze.

Anyway, it's one of those cat and mouse affairs. The mamba will die of its own poison in one hour. Eva doesn't know this, but we do, and so does Gene, who, being a computer whizz, is tracking the progress electronically.

On the face of it, tension and excitement could be abundant if played correctly. Unfortunately Gorgio Maroder's score attempts to sustain the anxiety for the full eighty minutes, rather than taking snaps at it every so often.

Gregg Henry plays Gene solidly, if a little two dimensionally, but he is threateningly oppressive. Trudie Styler is rather more efficient as Eva, and manages to show contempt, fear and strength despite a poor



Tap

Imagine a die hard collection of hoofers from the thirties and forties rekindling some public support for



Music and dance, on tap.

script consisting mostly of 'fuck!'.

Where the film surpasses itself is in the set: a tumbling cascade of arty visuals that makes up Eva's home. (She's a sculptress, you see.) No minimalist refuge of yuppiedom this, it's like an aircraft hanger, full of bits of other buildings, and even complete with mini-tropical rain forest. Quite appropriate considering Styler is Sting's girlfriend.

All in all it isn't a bad attempt,

their art by hopping on the talent bandwagon begun by *Fame!* You've got *Tap!* It's a pity the bandwagon ground to a halt a few years back.

In the spirit of its contemporary predecessor there are ample opportunities in the script for the cast to break into a 'duelling banjos' routine. It must be said that all concerned are pretty good at tap

given that it represents Italian director Maria Orfini's first international film. I find it hard to see where the £4 million went, though. Compare it to the similarly budgeted *Nightmare on Elm Street 4* and look at the effects they got for their money. Perhaps the snake commands a large fee and slice of the box office.

Fair Game will suffer from its blockbuster competition, proving that drawing the crowds can often

dancing, and not bad when it comes to acting either.

Gregory Hines takes the lead as Max Washington, an ex-con intent on forgetting his tap roots. Sammy Davis Jr plays his surrogate father, an old-time dancer with dreams of rejuvenating the craft. 'Nobody ever tap danced to rock music'. His daughter Amy provides the film with love-hate romantic interest and gives Max the necessary Jiminy Cricket conscience.

The plot, insofar as one exists, deals with the conflicts in Max's character. He has the opportunity of rebuilding a life of crime with his old acquaintances in gangland, or he can scrape a living on the stage. Tough choice. What we have then is a pleasant journey of dilemma and solution, quandary and triumph.

The direction captures the moods of the various scenes as it flicks effortlessly from smooth photography to erratic editing. As a platform for a particular talent *Tap* matches the best music videos. As a piece of cinema art, it is well executed and quite enjoyable.

But with a potentially specific audience, much like Eastwood's *Bird*, I can only hope Columbia Pictures believe in the script: 'It ain't what you earn that matters.'

Andrew Clarke.

be an unfair game. I've seen better films, but I've also seen worse. An awful lot worse.

Andrew Clarke.

(*Fair Game* opens at the Odeon Kensington on June 23rd, and this will be a charity premiere in aid of the Rainforest Foundation. Tickets are £25 and available from the Rainforest Foundation, 5 Fitzroy Lodge, the Grove, London N6 5JU.)



A Madhouse in Goa

APOLLO THEATRE

Insanity is the best escape from madness. This is the maxim which drives the major characters in Martin Sharman's new play. Personal insanity being the inevitable consequence of trying to make sense of a mad world. Bewildered by pessimistic visions of personal demise and global apocalypse they are either driven or gladly volunteer to leap with gusto completely off their rockers.

Such a premise should make for

some very comic opportunities and these are brought out in abundance here. A little patience is required though to await the full fruition of these as the slower first half of the double bill lazily sows the seeds.

To outline the plot in detail would detract from this later reward. I therefore take my lead from the excellent programme to the piece which tries, with great success, to give a flavour of the two locations. This is accomplished with quotes from Lawrence Durrell's *The Greek Islands* describing both Corfu and Santorini.

The essence of these images of light and heat freezing a timeless sanctuary of Platonic immutability is captured brilliantly by Ultze's sun baked sets and Gerry Jenkinson's magnesium bright lighting. The first set at Corfu has the greater whitewashed intensity and with it

the greater stillness. The impression here is less of a madhouse and more of an asylum. An asylum from the demands of the outside world.

One of those seeking sanctuary here is David (Rupert Graves). He is a young, painfully shy and artistic homosexual American Jew. This might seem a parodic combination indeed it draws a few laughs in itself. One must only remember however that Sherman himself is all of these things but young to see that sympathy rather than stereotype is the source of this character. The other protagonist is Mrs Honey (Vanessa Redgrave) an American spinster and a globe-trotting eccentric. Losbos and Nikos are owner and waiter, respectively, of this paradise pension and complete the tranquil picture. But, add a little intrigue and events take a sinister turn.

In the Santorini based second half we have really arrived in bedlam. From this madman's eyrie we are treated to a fantastic view of the world twenty four years on in 1990. This panoramic parody of all things absurd in the modern world must surely be a vision of the paranoid. But when you're laughing with madmen you should be prepared for a shock.

Performances in both part one and part two are exceptional for their measured restraint. Strong directing from Robert Allan Ackerman is doubtless to be credited for this. Particularly outstanding is Arthur Dignam as the crazy old man in part two. Mystical yet profound when animated and convincingly vacant when crushed the man makes a natural nutter. See this now, it's an absolute treat.

MAC.

Theatre Round Up by Sumit Guha

As You Like It

OLD VIC

At the start of the play we are confronted with an angular monstrosity of a set. A black steel jutting and blood red walls put us in the mood for a tragedy rather than a light-hearted comedy. Maybe someone had forgotten that *King Lear* had ended its run.

Unfortunately, the scenery actually gets much worse, as the play moves into the forests of Arden. We expect green grass, a brook, and a stage drenched in a cheerful summer light. We are treated to dirt brown soil, poor lighting, a collapsed view of the woodland through a tunnel, and a single stuffed stag. It becomes even more horrific when side panels are uncovered to reveal reams of graffiti professing Orlando's love for Rosalind.

The tone of the play, in general, is so slow that it is left wanting. The otherwise satisfactory Karl Johnson as Jacques, delivers his 'All the world's a stage...' Speech with such solemnity that one feels like sleeping through it rather than marvelling at it. It is only when Rosalind and Orlando perform their rapid repartee that the play captures a mood and atmosphere of enchantment.

In fact, what saves the play is the excellence with which the lead roles are handled. Fiona Shaw's Rosalind is the heart of the play. She has to play a girl acting as a boy acting as a girl. It is a part of such complexity and intricacy that to see Fiona Shaw pull it off so adeptly was a joy. She is given good support by Adam Kote as a naive, boyishly charming Orlando.

It is to the full credit of these two leads that the text of Shakespeare shines through despite the abhorration of a set.



Ghetto

National Theatre Productions

Hamlet

As reviewed in last week's issue, Daniel Day-Lewis gives a mesmerising performance in Richard Eyre's elaborate production of Shakespeare's greatest work. The depth and appeal lies in the complicated and ironic character of Hamlet, which is not lost to the scale of the production. Judy Dench and Michael Byrant head a powerful support cast.

Ghetto

Joshua Sobol's play/musical is a moving testament to the courage and resilience of Jewish groups under threat of extermination from the Nazis. To save as many lives in the Ghetto, they form a theatre. If one has employment, he is deemed to be useful and therefore escapes execution.

The harrowing set serves as a monument to oppression. The music and lyrics are edged with poignancy and sorrow. The emotional ending may be a sad one, but the message is one of hope and brotherhood.

This is a unique theatrical experience I fully recommend it.

The March on Russia

Bill Owen gives a touching performance as a retired miner, in David Storey's play about life, family, old-age and responsibilities. It delves into the individual's isolation and the workings of society seen through various members of a 'happy' family from the coal faces of the North to the affluence of the South; from feminism and independence to traditional values—each one has a view to put across, but a single-minded way of saying it.

The performances are good but the script often has nowhere to go, and we are left with our thoughts drifting away from the stage.

Also recommended at the National are:

Hedda Gabler—Juliet Stevenson gives a memorable, contemplative performance in Ibsen's classic, reworked by Christopher Hampton (*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*)

Fuente Ovejuna—The tiny Cottleshoe stage comes to life with a tale of oppression and civil unrest in a small Spanish village.

All productions run throughout the summer.

The Black Prince

ALDWYCH THEATRE

Iris Murdoch's intellectual comedy touches on such topics as the nature of art, literature, happiness and neurosis. The central character, Bradley (Ian McDiarmid), is a middle aged writer who has never written anything because, he says, he is a perfectionist. In the first half he prides himself on his aloofness

The Plantagenets

THE BARBICAN (RSC)

This trilogy of Shakespearean histories, chronicling the life of Henry VI, the rise of Edward IV and the death of Richard III, continues its successful run at the Barbican. The action comes thick and fast, the sets are brilliantly simplistic and the acting is top notch. There are remarkable performances from Ralph Fiennes as Henry VI and Penny Downie as Queen Margaret, with flashes of genius from Anton Lesser as Richard III. Inspired direction from Adrian Noble keeps it flowing smoothly. The limpid exposition and majestic spectacle make this an experience to cherish.

MacBeth

THE BARBICAN (RSC)

Adrian Noble's sinister and evil production of 'the Scottish play' singularly lacks innovation, but is still a good example of a solid, sure-footed staging of the play.

Miles Anderson plays an unremarkable MacBeth, the only one of Shakespeare's great tragic figures to be utterly damned.

The emphasis in this production lies heavily on a greedy, ambitious MacBeth, but loses a lot of the tragic qualities by making him so utterly dispicable. To add some sort of levity to the play, the scenes with the three witches turn into semi-comic pieces, which I feel destroys the mood.

What dramatic impact there is, is offered by the dark and gloomy set, in which the walls move in, making MacBeth's world more claustrophobic. The ending, particularly, is immensely powerful and impressively choreographed in its use of special effects. But on the whole it's an unmoving experience.

and incorruptibility by life. Then in the second half he suddenly succumbs to a mad passion for his friend's teenage daughter.

Ideas and intellectual agitations thread their way through the character's escapades. A farcical first half turns to murder, mayhem and misery in the second. Throughout the play McDiarmid's philosophical flamboyance rides out the bumps in the story, making it a highly enjoyable, compelling performance. The self-indulgent rant about Hamlet is especially funny



The Black Prince

The Merchant of Venice

PHOENIX THEATRE

Sir Peter Hall's eagerly awaited production of *Merchant* continues a trend these days of making Shakespeare more accessible to the public via large West End productions. This one certainly does not disappoint.

Critics have been sharpening their knives ever since Dustin Hoffman first announced he was to play the great theatrical protagonist, Shylock. But here there is little to complain about, and much to praise.

The story is one of love, prejudice, money and revenge. It tells of how Bassanio, a Venetian who is impoverished by prodigality, raises money through his friend Antonio, to go and woo Portia in Belmont. Antonio himself borrows the money from Shylock and guarantees the loan with a pound of his flesh—a

bond regarded as a joke.

While Bassanio wins Portia, Antonio fails to meet his bond and so Shylock, long-time sufferer at the hands of Christians, claims his pound of flesh. In the ensuing courtroom scene Portia disguises herself as a lawyer and wins Antonio's case.

The production and performances

are a delight to watch. A permanent set, consisting simply of columns enclosing the acting area is instantaneously and unfussily changed back and forth between Venice and Belmont. Its transformations are so swiftly achieved, using excellent lighting techniques, that the scenes virtually merge into one another, allowing

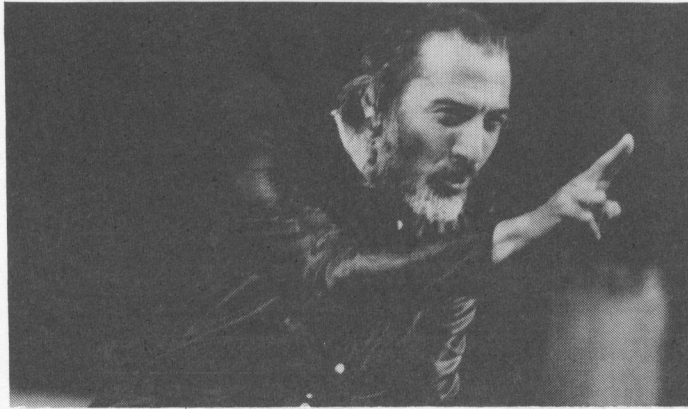
the entire play to move forward with remarkable fluidity and rhythmic ease.

Hoffman's Shylock is a light-weight characterisation. In his first scene he smiles and is non-assertive. This Shylock is a rational, humane creature, his humour ironic, his manner conciliatory. This eventually leads us to doubt that such a man would thrust a knife into Antonio's heart, even after all the humiliation he has suffered. The subtlety which Hoffman injects into his poignant 'Hath not a Jew eyes...' speech is pure genius. We are given to fully sympathise with Shylock at the end. When he is forced to give up his religion, we feel that the injustice is too great.

Geraldine James as Portia radiates intelligence and strength of character. She dictates her will with forceful, lucid exposition. Nathaniel Parker makes a roguish Bassanio. With him we are repulsed at his wanton excesses, but cannot help but find his boyish charm appealing.

The ensemble cast are just about perfect in their roles. Only the fool Launcelot Gobbo wasted somewhat.

The limited run of fifteen weeks is completely sold out, but returns can be obtained if you queue for long enough. It's well worth it.



Hoffman

The Tempest

BARBICAN

The Tempest has been performed four times in the last eighteen months in London, but none have been as inspired as the RSC production.

We start with the storm scene done in slow motion so that we can actually hear the words—ingenius. A billowing sail overshadows the sailors as they sway rhythmically to the wracks of thunder, then, all of a sudden, the sails are swallowed up and the stage is transformed into an island—a magnificent white oval stage.

John Wood plays the best Prospero I have yet seen. He summons his enemies to the island using his magical powers, but his motives for revenge give way to humanity and forgiveness. Prospero is in command of everything except his own divided self. Wood's deep vibrato voice gives every word both power and expression.

Desmond Barrit plays a roly-poly, effeminate Trinculo, whose scenes with Stephano and a hideous monstrous Caliban have never been funnier.

The music is wonderfully wierd and the magical effects are superb. The production stresses all that is good about the play—it's chimerical, dream-like quality, the powerful yet vulnerable aspect of Prospero's character, the pathetic humour of Caliban, Trinculo and Stephano, and the innocent love of Miranda. But above all, what makes the play so effective is its air of wondrous magic and illusion.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

OPEN AIR THEATRE, REGENTS PARK

The Dream played in the park is quite the most appealing production I have yet seen. The setting is ideal—the chirping of birds, the swaying of trees in a gentle breeze and a production that goes all out to both please and be daringly different. At first, I felt uncomfortable at the sight of hippies dancing around and flicking peace signs, but then it became clear that setting the play in the 1967 Summer of Love suited the innocent hedonism of the characters.

It seems silly to have Saeed Jaffrey as a maharish, Oberon and a sexpot Titania played by Sally Dexter, but somehow it all seems to work. Christopher Benjamin plays a

plump bumpkin Bottom—a constant source of hilarity, and between scenes we are entertained by the sounds of 'The Beatles', 'Simon & Garfunkel', 'Procol Harem', etc.

The comic finale is the performance of Pyramus and Thisbe by Bottom and his cohorts. This is a wonderful celebration of amateur theatricals. The chilliness of the night air is quite forgotten as we are beset by muscle wrenching laughter. The spirit of Shakespeare is preserved, and yet we cannot recognise it as Shakespeare.

The entertainment value cannot be overstated. It is great fun. This is a perfect introduction to Shakespeare for those who have not, as yet, revelled in the Bard's work, and it is an immensely enjoyable night out, as long as the weather behaves.

A Midsummer Night's Dream plays repertoire with *Twelfth Night* and *The Swaggerer*.



Felicity

Other Productions

Much Ado About Nothing (Strand)—Joyous, uplifting, often hilarious comedy. Well acted and produced with superb performances from Alan Bates and Felicity Kendal. Great fun.

Sherlock Holmes, the Musical (Cambridge Theatre)—Shallow cockney musical, only serves as tourist fodder.

King John

BARBICAN—THE PIT

The plot of *King John* deals with the see-saw of power between France and England.

John is played by short, stocky Nicholas Woodeson. His performance is excellent, forever devising plans of political gain, and obsessed with power (so much so, that he keeps his crown on a chain).

The set is left bare, apart from a wall of ladders leaning against the balcony—strange but effective.

This is a confident production that makes one wonder why the play is not performed more often—a credit to Deborah Warner's direction.

Metropolis (Piccadilly Theatre)—

Great sets and special effects, shame about the music and story.

Aspects of Love (Prince of Wales)—Boring story, dull music, foppish forgettable trash.

American Bagpipes (Royal Court)—Charming Glaswegian comedy. Fast pacey dialogue keeps things interesting.

Anna



88/89 Review

A Rake's Progress

People whinge about London when really they are talking about another city. They mean the dirty hectic metropolis that is London without its soul, its guts and the greater part of its alimentary canal: I mean, of course, the theatre.

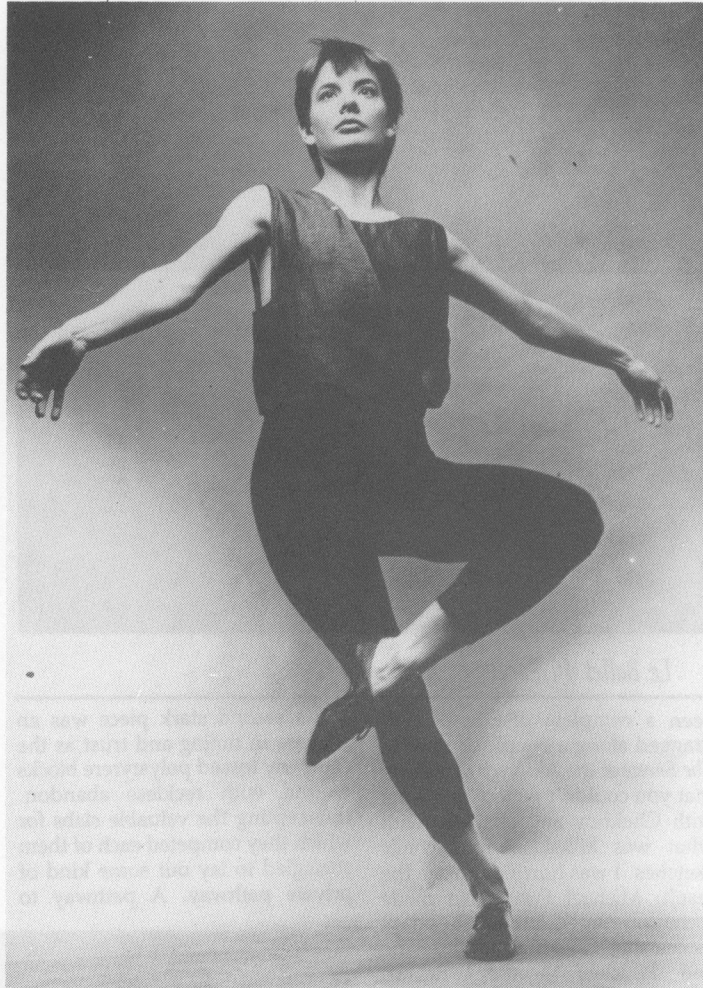
Now I'm not a 'Theatre-Goer' nor is there any such species (*Phantom of the Opera* fans excepted perhaps). But I like my mind and my senses to be jolted into action once in a while and if ever there was a place and a time to jump start the neurons in your noddle it was London in '88/'89.

Alan Ayckbourn was the first to take the jump-leads to my body. I was drawn to see his *Henceforward* at Richmond Theatre (still playing at the Vaudeville with a new cast) by a vague nostalgia for an old habit. Somewhere between the base of the seat and the tip of the funny bone went two hundred and forty volts, more than enough to tickle the alcohol smothered synapse guarding the only surviving route to a fold marked 'Do Not Open'. Firing on at least two cylinders and as oiled as a lager lout I uttered those clichéd words 'I really ought to do this more often'. It was the beer talking but I'd never heard a pint of Fosters make so much sense.

In order to ensure that I'd got the message right, I decided to check with another antipodean oracle by the name of Castlemaine at a pub called the Orange Tree a little way up the road. As surely as I downed the third pint of liquid gold, I saw the sign that read 'Theatre club': it was ordained.

In a small space above the pub I discovered that night what seemed like an intimate bedroom scene. Love, betrayal and incestuous longings were played out with ferocious passion untempered by the presence of a hundred pairs of eyes. Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles* had been staged as it ought to be, inescapable and taught.

That night settled the matter and convinced me to cross the Rubicon (just west of Waterloo Bridge) into a perpetual night of West End, Fringe and Dance theatre. During



Molissa Fenley

the preceding months three red-hot plays linked by the themes of anger and injustice had taken a steady attrition on my resolve to stay in and stick to the vegie-vision.

Look Back in Anger, Osborne's classic play, lured me into the Theatre Museum Theatre in Covent Garden. I was promised that director Jim Dunk (who advertised Molsen lager on the box and so was an obvious connoisseur) had given the play a great new re-interpretation. The result put me off 'interpretations' and great 'adaptions' for life. I saw it as Jimmy Porter betrayed. I'm still on the look out for a better production but couldn't afford the one day 'Friends of the Earth' bash at the Coliseum last Sunday.

Next it was Arthur Miller's turn to stir up the bile with his version of Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People* at the Playhouse. Sure enough the man has a persecution complex, but who wouldn't have after a brush with McCarthy? Kindled by the fires of outrage I left in search of another noble victim.

As luck would have it I found a veritable martyr courtesy of Tennessee Williams in his *Orpheus Descending*, Jean Marc Barr as Val

Xavier and Vanessa Redgrave as Lady Torrance set the Theatre Royal Haymarket alight (almost literally) as they stoked up the fires in Hillbilly Hades. With Julie Covington as Carol Cutrere the evening went up in flames. It was

a baptism of fire for me as I discovered the heat given off by such a strong cast.

I think that it was shortly after this that my troubles became compounded by the discovery of a new and perhaps more potent vice. Down and down I went into the seventh circle of hell and the Riverside Studios, Hammersmith. Here the floppy hat brigade fester in eternal damnation forced to listen to each other's pretentious prattle. That night they were out in force but they didn't detract from the stunning performance of Molissa Fenley the New York contemporary dancer. I was staggered by her stamina and the vigour of her visions as her naked torso twitched to the strings through the whole of Stravinsky's *Rites of Spring*. I made my escape just in time to avoid a particularly highbrow conversation: The question being asked was whether the nudity was in fact a creatively integral part of the work, or was Molissa gratuitously 'getting them out 'cos that's just the crazy kind of New York girl she is'? I guess I'll never know.

It was time to take stock I decided: To assess where I was going with all this. So I calmed down and took myself off to the Fringe. To the Man in the Moon, a pub venue where I understood what was going on.

'Yes, of course I like the feeling...of a full cunt', yelled the demonic diva. Oh no, I was in for a Berkoff battering. *From My Point of View* only lasted an hour thank God. During this time, despite the numbing ranting, the chief effect was to make me marvel at the skills of two theatrical contortionists. Still, it was a great venue.

Back at the bar I decided that I'd opt for the admittedly absurd rather



Ayckbourn's *Henceforward*



Le Ballet du Fargistan

than the unintentionally so. Samuel Beckett was the obvious man to oblige and so to the Young Vic for his *Waiting for Godot*. Like an adolescent's reading of *Nausea* this play was enough to leave anyone cold. It's poetry scanned every icy place that hadn't been sucked into the vortex of Joyce's *Ulysses*. I'm still on the look out for productions of Beckett's *Endgame* and *Happy Days* to trace the progressive stripping away of language by the fear of imperfect expression. As it was I made do with his first novel *Murphy* and in sympathy with his slide towards silence I decided to return to Dance.

Ah the refreshment, as the springtime sounds of Paris came to The Place that April. First I went, for my sins, to *Confesse*. Herve Jourdet understood, as only a lapsed Catholic can, the almost sexual tension that fills the obsessive detail of religious rites. A young priest instructing a trainee nun made a recipe for temptation. The pair crossed themselves frantically as the attraction between them swelled and leached out their guilt. By the grace of God and the beady eye of a Mother Superior/Mother Church figure swaddled in all modest prudery, they were saved from their evil flirtation. Averse D'Octobre the second Jourdet piece was a chance for a little lighter fun and a great opportunity to hear more of the swirling sounds of spring from Bruno Priery's accordion. Apparently it was the first time out of France for this farmer/musician and it sounded like he might still have been there.

By this time I was desperate to lure more friends into my growing addiction as my first attempt had

been a complete disaster. I had dragged along a couple of guys to *The Sneeze* at the Aldwych. Thinking that you couldn't go too far wrong with Chekhov and certainly with what was billed as four comic sketches. I was horrified to see the result. Michael Frayn had made some misguided attempt to adapt pieces that Chekhov admitted he had 'knocked together'. Rowan Atkinson pulled in the crowds but couldn't make much of any of it. Oh dear it was going to be hard to drag those two out again.

It was getting worse now as I discovered you could go to lunchtime theatre as well. At the Café Theatre Upstairs above the Bear and Staff at Leicester Square, Pirandello's short play proved a good way to pass a lunchbreak. Not to mention the pint before and after *The Man with the Flower in his Mouth*. The Artaud Company were as convivial and generous as they seemed disorganised: unable to put on the other short piece by the Marquis de Sade we got in to the Pirandello free.

The spring months were flooded with fantastic dance opportunities, so I had to pack some more into my time. Back at The Place the Dutchman Wim Vandekeybus put on an amazing show entitled *What the Body Does Not Remember*. Seated towards the back of the stage a figure slapped out a rhythm on a table and the amplified sound rung around the theatre. On the stage in front was a grid marked out by powerful footlights, two men rolled around this grid in time with the movement of the hands. They collapsed as the palms slapped flat and arched as the puppeteer's fingertips summoned them up.

The second stark piece was an exercise in timing and trust as the company tossed polystyrene blocks around with reckless abandon. Intercepting the valuable slabs for which they competed each of them struggled to lay out some kind of private pathway. A pathway to



Herve Jourdet

where was not so clear.

The third piece was a flutter of bath towels and flashing glimpses of flesh. The dancers criss-crossed on near collision courses snatching and swapping their items of dress as they went.

Unlucky enough to miss *Le Ballet du Fargistan* at The Place I caught them at Waterman's as I wrote in a recent review.

During the recent exam period I went on a veritable binge. ATC's adaptation of *Antony and Cleopatra* at the Lyric justified the title inversion to *Cleopatra and Antony*. But I couldn't see that it warranted the critical praise that had been lavished upon it and my feelings about the art of 'interpretation' were reinforced.

Finding a couple of venues as close as the Fulham Road was a treat. Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* summoning the devil to The Lost Theatre and The Rose Tavern trying to appeal with *As You Like It*.

Further afield in Islington was another of my favourite kind of venues; the ones with good beer on tap. At the Kings Head Coward's *Peace in Our Time* was an unexpected pleasure and encouraged me to check out his *Blithe Spirit* just recently. (I must catch *The Vortex* too which is still going strong at *The Garrick*.)

So, it's the summer now, and how the hell am I going to get through it? There's an incredible Spanish company *La Tartana Teatro* coming to Waterman's from Monday June 19. They are going to do something amazing I hear with tons of sand, water and giant puppets. I've been promising myself some Shakespeare and I'm

well overdue at the National. But this is the final issue of FELIX this year and I don't know how many Postgraduate issues there will be next term to write reviews for. Maybe you could help me out. If you see a dishevelled figure stalking the Roderick Hill do him a favour and give him a ticket to SOMETHING!

MAC.

Film File by Sumit Guha

The fruits of the recent film production boom are due to arrive here over the coming months. Here is a taste of things to come.



Dirty Rotten Scoundrels

Steve Martin roams the French Riviera cadging twenty dollar handouts and free lunches, but a chance meeting with elegant, erudite Michael Caine introduces him to a higher class of con. Wonderful comedy directed by Frank Oz.

Release date 30th June.

Skin Deep

John Ritter plays a drunk and compulsive womaniser, whose wife runs out on him. As he 'experiments' with different women he discovers that it is only his wife he wants. Blake Edwards directs this comedy.

Release date 7th July.

The Return of the Musketeers

A third film in the series (after *The Three Musketeers* and *The Four Musketeers*) reunites the original cast—Michael York, Oliver Reed, Richard Chamberlain and Frank Finlay—as the musketeers, now middle-aged and in need of an adventure.

Release date 4th Aug.

Talk Radio

Oliver Stone's deeply disturbing film examines the final few days in the life of an abrasive radio talk show host (Eric Bogosian). Inspired by the real life 1984 murder by white supremacists of Denver talk show host Alan Berg.

Release date 22nd July.

Married to the Mob

Wonderfully wacky comedy with Michelle Pfeiffer (*Dangerous Liaisons*) as the widow of a mafia hit-man who wants to lead a normal life. Dean Stockwell is hilarious as the mafia boss who tries to romance her. Jonathan Demme (*Something Wild*) directs.

Release date 23rd June.

Homeboy

Mickey Rourke and Christopher Walken star as an ageing boxer and a small time crook, who look for the easy life, but instead find tragedy.

Release date 14th July.

The Raggedy Rowney

Bob Hoskins makes his directorial debut, as well as stars in this whimsical tale set in the gypsy world.

Release date 30th June.

Who's Harry Crumb?

John Candy (*Splash*, *Spaceballs*) plays an inept private investigator who bungles and bamboozles his way towards the solution of a crime of national importance.

Release date 7th July.

Wilt

Henry Wilt dreams about murdering his wife. To satisfy this fantasy he 'murders' an inflatable doll—just as his wife goes missing. Based on Tom Sharpe's novel, Mel Smith and Griff Rhys Jones star.

Release in October.

Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade

Indy (Harrison Ford), accompanied by his father, Dr Henry Jones (Sean Connery) embark on the quest for the Holy Grail. Final installment of the megahit series is everything you expect. Great fun, it is much lighter in mood than *Temple of Doom* and more like *Raiders*. A great opening sequence sees the young Indy (River Phoenix) having his first adventure. With *The Last Crusade* Spielberg resigns as filmdoms Mr Fantasy and he does it with a stylistic, tough, and a rich melding of humour and action. Wonderful.

Release date 28th June.

Running On Empty

Sidney Lumet directs this touching drama about a family on the run from the Feds following Mum and Dad's rebel stance in the sixties. River Phoenix (*Stand By Me*) is excellent as the eldest son who wants to quit running.

Release date 28th July

Splendor

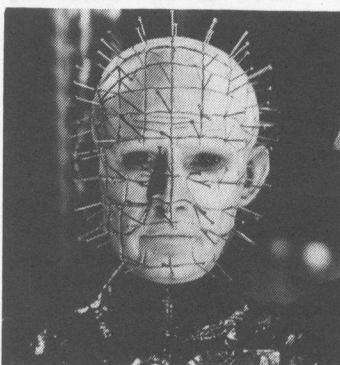
Marcello Mastroianni gives a moving performance in this celebration of the cinema as a way of life. A sentimental film about people trying to save their local cinema.

Release date 28th July.

Hellbound, Hellraiser II

Lacklustre sequel to highly interesting original. Here Kirsty (Ashley Laurence) takes a trip to hell to try to release her father from his eternal torment and she, of course, meets up with Pinhead and the Cenobites.

Release date 16th June.



Another Woman

Gena Rowlands, Gene Hackman, Mia Farrow and Ian Holm star in a psychological drama about a woman who finds out who she really is, and that she is not who she thought she was. Written and directed by a very serious Woody Allen.

Release date 28th July.

Women on the Verge of Nervous Breakdown

Crazy Spanish film written and directed by Pedro Almodovar looks into the female psyche in a comical, unorthodox and madcap way.

Release date 16th June.

Police Academy 6

Is anyone really interested in this tripe anymore? Here the team are trying to uncover the identity of the mysterious mastermind whose crime organisation is reeking havoc around the city.

Release date 14th July.

The Burbs

Tom Hanks plays a suburbanite whose plans for a peaceful vacation at home are shattered by his apprehension about a wierd new family on the block. John Landis directs.

Release date 28th July.

Slaves of New York

The Merchant-Ivory team (*A Room with a View*) turn their attention to the complexity and lunacy of life in New York. Everyone is pursuing everyone else in a desperate quest for the pursuit of success, happiness and a better apartment. With Bernadette Peters (*Pennies from Heaven*).

Release date 18th Aug.

How to Get Ahead in Advertising

Richard E Grant (*Withnail and I*) plays a successful ad-exec who develops a creative block over a new campaign for pimple cream which leads to the growth on his own neck of a boil. A hackneyed script but great lead performance.

Release date 28th July.

Reviews

Licence to Kill

The sixteenth Bond adventure marks a slight change of direction for the films. Not much of a change, but a noticeable one. The tone is more of gritty realism rather than fanciful light-heartedness. This time Bond is on his own, dismissed from the British SS, he sets out on a personal mission of vengeance for his friend FELIX Leiter. He is pitted against Sanchez, a drugs lord (a supremely nihilistic performance by Robert Davi). It's still thrill-a-minute stuff, but Timothy Dalton portrays a much more serious, earthly Bond. I, for one, welcome the change.

Release date 16th June.

Dealers

Paul McGann (*Withnail and I*) and Rebecca de Mornay star in a romantic drama of today's City high flyers.

Release in July.

Legend of the Holy Drinker

A beautifully poetic and, at times, surrealistic, work about a tramp (Rutger Hauer) who is humanised through a gift for money. Hauer says little but conveys much in a powerful portrayal.

Release in September.

Young Einstein

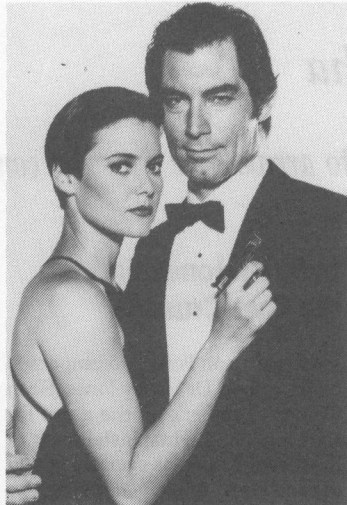
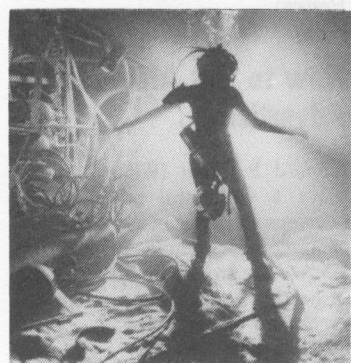
Totally insane Australian comedy about a guy who formulates the Theory of Relativity, invents the electric guitar, falls in love with Marie Curie, proves his wavemotion theory by inventing the surfboard and uncovers a plot to destroy Europe with an atomic beer keg at the 1906 Science Academy Awards. See it to believe it.

Release date 13th Oct.

The Abyss

Epic underwater adventure from James Cameron (*Terminator*, *Aliens*). A team of divers search for a stricken nuclear submarine and find themselves on a voyage of wonder and discovery. A welcome return for Cameron, who is poised to take over Spielberg's fantasy mantle.

Release in October.



Pelle the Conqueror

The moving story of Lasse (Max Von Sydow) and his son Pele. Who emigrate from Sweden to Denmark in search of new dreams and an escape from poverty. This won the 1989 Oscar for the Best Foreign Film.

Release date 23rd June.

Black Rain

Michael Douglas sets off on a manhunt for an escaped prisoner. Ridley Scott directs this suspense thriller set in the Japanese underworld.

Release date 22nd Sept.

The Land Before Time

Animated adventure follows the journey of five dinosaurs and their quest to reach The Great Valley, where they can grow up and survive. Produced by Spielberg and Lucas.

Release date 4th Aug.

The Fly II

This sequel to Cronenberg's *The Fly* sees the son of Brundlefly (Eric Soltz) ageing at an accelerated rate. To save his life he must decipher the mystery of his father's mixed up genes.

Release date 8th Sept.

Farewell to the King

Nick Nolte stars as a World War Two soldier fighting in Borneo who is captured by aborigines, marries into the tribe, and ultimately becomes their ruler. Also with Nigel Havers and James Fox.

Release date 7th July.

Millennium

The present and future threaten to collide in this science-fiction drama. Kris Kistofferson plays air crash investigator and Cheryl Ladd is a mysterious airline employee who is in reality a traveller from the future.

Release date 20th Oct.

Physical Evidence

Burt Reynolds and Theresa Russell in a story about a violent cop who is framed for murder and becomes the client for a rising public defendant.

Release date 18th Aug.

New York Stories

Three major directors combine their talents for an anthology of mini films all set in the Big Apple. Martin Scorsese is at his artistic best in *Life Lessons*. Woody Allen's piece is *Oedipus Wrecks* which is hilarious. Frances Coppola is surprisingly off colour in his segment *Life Without Zoe*.

Release date 6th Oct.

The Karate Kid, Part III

A bad guy kicks the stuffing out of the kid (27 year-old Ralph Macchia). With the help of Mr Miyagi (Pat Morita), he returns the favour. John Avildsen (*Rocky*), king of the underdog movie, directs again, but the formula is wearing thin.

Release date 28th July.

Erik the Viking

A Norseman thinks there's more to life than raping and pillaging. Most of the *Monty Python* team reunite for a jolly jaunt around Norway in this fantasy-comedy-adventure. John Cleese plays Halfdan the Black, Terry Jones directs.

Release date 15th Sept.



Batman

The most eagerly awaited and hyped up production of the summer. Gone are the days of camp humour. This is a dark, deadly serious caped crusader (Michael Keaton) battling Jack Nicholson's Joker in a sleazy Gotham City. Visual wiz Tim Burton (*Beetlejuice*) directs, Kim Basinger co-stars and Prince provides six funky tunes. Expect Batmania in August.

Release date 11th Aug.

Lethal Weapon II

The return of the buddy cops Mel Gibson and Danny Glover. Gibson's character has worked out his suicidal tendencies and is enjoying life with love interest Patsy Kensit. But first the duo have to sort out some South African heavies.

Release date 15th Sept.

The Kiss

Supernatural thriller with Joanna Pacula (*Gorky Park*), as a fashion model who hides a deep evil secret concerning African spiritualist ritual.

Release date 21st July.

Three Fugitives

Nick Nolte (*48 Hours*) is a newly paroled ex-bank robber who is taken hostage during a bank raid by the inept Martin Short (*Innerspace*). The cops don't believe that he's an innocent bystander, and so, along with a small daughter, they find themselves on the run, and on each other's nerves.

Release date 25th Aug.

Clean and Sober

Michael (Batman) Keaton gives a stirring performance in this film dealing with a man who goes through a drug rehabilitation program and the consequences that follow.

Release in September.

Cousins

Two married friends become enmeshed in romantic complications when their spouses fall in love with each other. Ted Danson and Isabella Rossellini star in this tepid Hollywood remake of the French film *Cousin, Cousine*.

Release date 18th Aug.

Great Balls of Fire

Dennis Quaid stars in a period musical of the life of Jerry Lee Lewis tracing the scandalous rise of the rock 'n' roll musician who became known as 'The Killer'. Based on the book by his bride and cousin Myra.

Release in November.

Star Trek V The Final Frontier

Probably the final outing for the ageing band of space explorers. If it's anything as good as Part 4 we should be in for a treat. William Shatner takes the helm as both Captain Kirk and director.

Release date 20th Oct.

FELIX Summer Calendar 1989

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
19 June	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	1 July	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	1 August	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1 September	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1 October
2	3	4	5	6	7	8