

Storm damages IC for £10 000 bill

An estimated £10,000 of damage was done to Imperial College by the 100 mile per hour winds that swept across the city yesterday. Mr W.D. Evans, chief engineer of College Estates, reported that the damage was fairly superficial and would probably take about a month to repair.

Mr Evans reported that copper flashing from the roof of the physics department was ripped off and landed in Prince Consort road. It did not hit anything, though the road was closed for two hours as a precaution.

A metal chimney on the Mines building was cut down as the chimney started to look dangerous. Windows were blown out in various places including Civil Engineering and in Ayrton road. Stones from the roofs of buildings were brought down, though no casualties have been reported.

A plank from the scaffolding of workmen on the north side of Princes Gardens crashed through the roof and windscreen of a student's car, virtually destroying it. Falling slates damaged cars in Callender road, smashing windcreens and bodywork.

A sizeable lump of lead measuring about six foot by two foot was blown from the roof of the union building and landed behind the building. It is now in the possession of Dave Williams in the Union office.

The storm has had gusts of upto 110 mph, and was described as hurricane force 12. It swept the south of the country, peaking in severity in the mid-afternoon. It was responsible for the deaths of more than twenty people and caused travel chaos over a wide area, closing virtually all public transport networks and severely

affecting roads.

Mr Evans said that the damage was nowhere near as severe as from the great storm of October '87, though meteorologists have described it as 'similar' in strength to the great storm at times.



A low flying, wind-powered builder's plank successfully tackles a 1956 Triumph Herald.

Imperial industrial dispute?

Industrial relations are set for a stormy patch at IC following the college's decision to make the post of 'Head Gardener' redundant. This would leave the present head gardener, Mr Christopher Speirs, who is 50, out of work and homeless. Mr Speirs currently rents accommodation from the college.

The National Union of Public Employees (NUPE) have made a strong protest to the college authorities concerning the action, claiming it was an 'arbitrary decision' and that they find it 'totally unacceptable'.

The college maintain that they need to cut costs. Mr Robert Letham, senior personnel officer of the college, was unwilling to discuss individual cases, though he said 'the MPG (management planning group) had decided that it was in the managerial interest that all gardening in the college was to be done by contractors.'

NUPE claim that the college had a duty to consult with the unions before any such action and that they failed to do this. Mr Brian Murphy, the NUPE representative at IC, said he suspects that the college have been slowly contracting out such work to

private employers over three years without consultation so that by this time they could be seen as unreasonable not to complete the transition.

Mr Letham bore this out by saying that as over 90% of gardening work was done by private contractors they 'couldn't go back' by not doing the same to the final college funded gardening post. He stressed that there was a recommendation to consult with the unions, but no requirement to do so.

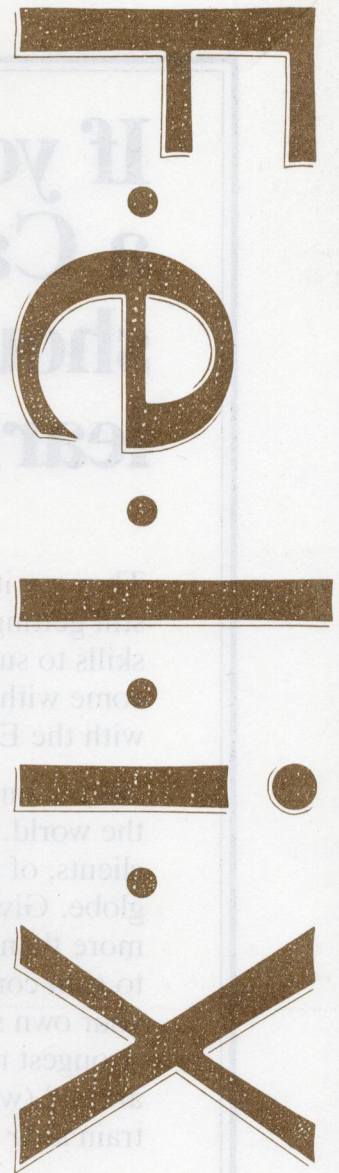
Mr Michael Jackson, the Area Officer of NUPE, said in a letter to the Rector, Sir Eric Ash, that the 'majority of Chris Speirs work still exists and he still carries it out to the satisfaction of his managers and the college', though he concedes that the job would take on a more supervisory role. He informed the Rector that, in his view, because the job is not a highly paid one the financial benefits to the college of hiring out the work and sacking Mr Speirs would be minimal. 'We are always prepared to discuss the implications of the financial position of Imperial and the ways in which savings can be made. However, we would draw the line emphatically at enforced redundancies to achieve this,' he

said in a letter earlier this month. Mr Jackson declined to speak directly to Felix on any of these matters.

Mr Murphy said that three years ago Sir Ash explained that the college was £3 million in the red, but denied the possibility of private contractors being brought in. A recent report in the Times Higher Education supplement put Imperial College in the top eight colleges in London in most serious financial trouble, with an expected debt of £8 million by 1992/3. This is putting severe pressure on college administration to cut costs.

NUPE accuse the college of 'blackmailing' Mr Speirs to 'go quietly' by offering a more generous financial arrangement if he did so. They question whether the college will contract out other services in the future, like catering and cleaning. IC NUPE have managed to raise 231 signatures on a petition registering disapproval of the college's proposed action.

Imperial College Union have decided to remain at a distance from the dispute, after a discussion in the Union's Executive Committee.



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Friday 26th January



If you want to be a Captain of Industry, shouldn't you first learn to navigate?

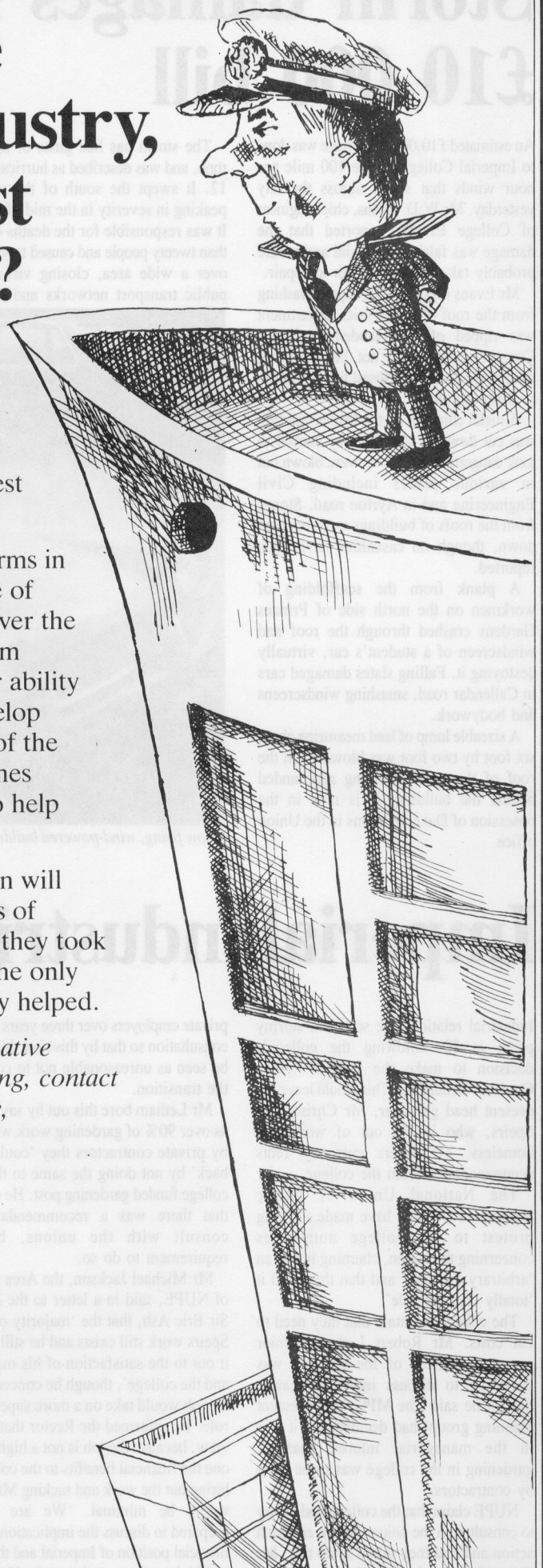
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Fixx—Terence Blacker

Jonathan Peter Fixx is a self made man, the idealised product of the Thatcher decade, although he would have become the same man without our most infamous leader. He graduated from the school of hard knocks with honours, learning that the most financially profitable solution to a is always the best and that money comes before all else.

Life started hard for Fixx, his father, a war hero, dies at an early age. His mother left alone to care for her only child employs a nanny, Auntie Bar-Bar, to look after him. From here on his life is a roller-coaster of ups and downs, both financially and personally.

After the removal of the revolting Auntie Bar-Bar, who sexually abuses him in the bath and in his own bed, he is sent to a boarding school where he becomes a teenage pimp. He then moves on to become a small time gangster and extortionist in some of the less respectable districts of London.

Moving into business he manages to make lots of money in various less than moral, if not illegal methods. Some of the companies that he owns produce what can only be described as less than reputable products, ranging from a single dose a month contraceptive pill that causes cancer to germ and viral warfare weapons.

Then deciding to settle down he sets out to find a wife of good breeding with a country estate and a castle for him to play in. Having eventually persuaded her father, he marries a young lady but still feels the necessity to spread himself around, giving other women the pleasure of his company, normally in their bedroom's.

Meanwhile, the Inland Revenue and VAT men have discovered the creative accounting that has helped him become so wealthy so quickly. As a bribe he is offered the chance to work for Queen and country, in return the criminal proceedings would be stopped. The work involves travelling around the world picking up and dropping packages and information, in short he is to become a spy.

With a story line like this you would expect a fast moving hilarious book that would keep you on your toes throughout. In places it is like this, indeed it is an enjoyable read for the most part. There are one or two things however that I found rather distressing about the book.

Call me old fashioned, or a winging boring conservative (with a small 'c') but the idea of making a cheap laugh out of child abuse seems to be as low as you can get. References to 'Mr Doodah' and calling sex 'going to Bedfordshire' are not the sort of thing that a book should be based on or mention at all.

It is not that the subject should be brushed under the carpet, it should be treated with tact and respect. Added to this is one of the most offensive things I have read in a book for a long time. As I have said he at one stage owns a company that produces a viral warfare weapon. One of these is a virus that supposedly attacks only homosexual men. Unfortunately during a test trial the virus escapes and starts infecting most of Africa. Later on in the book, as he sums up his life he says that he was responsible for introducing AIDS into the world. The insinuation that AIDS is only a homosexual problem is not only

wrong but very offensive to me and I expect the majority of the homosexual community.

After the fuss that 'Satanic Verses' produced I feel that something should be done to stop offence being caused by such obvious lies.

Leaving that aside; what about the literary quality of the book? For the most part it is quite average in its quality, with none of the characters particularly well done, although this might be too much to expect. Fixx himself seems to spent most of his time in self-glorification, having very little time for other people, even his wife, and especially his mother.

There are various other sub-plots that add interest, such as his mother starting a female masturbation class and his wife's attempts to start an art gallery.

In a book of this type there is never room for much artistic licence and so there is not very much in the way of an atmosphere created or very much literary skill.

Reading the review comments on the back of the book I find it hard to understand why such respectable publications as *The Guardian* would make such comments as 'overwhelmingly comic'

Overall I find it hard to recommend this book to anyone, although I expect that some people would not find it offensive I think the majority of sane 'normal' people would. Nobody should have to sink to these depths to try and produce a supposed humourous book and I will certainly think very carefully before buying any books by this author in the future.

Ian Hodge.

In Pursuit of the English

Theatre

In Pursuit of the English is a sympathetic satire of the eccentricities of English life, seen through the eyes of a young woman, recently arrived from Southern Africa, where she has lived all her life, to find her roots in England.

Doris has never considered herself as anything but English and is surprised to find that Londoners look upon her as foreign. She soon discovers for herself that being English abroad is rather different from being English in England.

After a bewildering time trying to find cheap, good accommodation, she is befriended by Rose, an Eastender who takes her back to where she lives and where her friend, Flo, has a room to let. Flo lives with her second husband Dan, and her son by her first marriage, Jack. It is not exactly a happy household—Dan makes Jack work very hard and gives him no money, Jack resents Dan because he is not his real father, Flo has divided loyalties between her husband and her son. Rose is in love with Dan's brother but they aren't getting on very well because she won't give him what he wants. This is the situation in which Doris finds herself, as friend and confidante of Rose and to a lesser degree of Flo and Miss Privet (a prostitute who is also renting a room in the house), a situation which can become awkward at times.

Although nominally about Doris trying to fathom the strange ways of Londoners, the majority of the play is about the problems of those in the house, especially Rose.

Set in post-war Britain, 1949, shortages are still very real and Flo and Dan are forever waiting for the war damage, 'due any day'. Flo would scrounge anything given half a chance and tries to take

advantage of the kindly Doris, until Rose puts her foot down. Cigarettes and nylons are still very much luxuries and Rose cannot believe the kind of clothes Doris has and takes for granted.

The play does not avoid delicate issues such as prostitution—it is open about such things, but never vulgar and deals with such subjects sympathetically.

It also explores the mixed feelings people had about the end of the war. Of course everyone wanted the fighting to end but with the cessation of hostilities came the end of the spirit that united the British people in a common cause. During the war a working class person could talk to someone from the middle class and each would discover the other 'not so bad when you got to know them—not their fault poor sods'. A woman could share a blanket in an air raid shelter with a man and 'no one would think the worst'. But once the war was over life resumed as before and all this was lost. In common with many people Rose misses this and almost wishes there were still a war 'Not the killing of course, but then I didn't really know anybody who was killed', 'People liked each other'.

The staging of the play is unusual in several respects. The scenes are divided by blackouts and short musical/dance interludes. There is little scenery but this is very cleverly compensated for by mime; for instance when Doris travels on a bus; or through the words of characters: two removal men for instance describe the decor of a room Doris is looking to rent. Ingeniously structured asides provide an insight in Doris's mind. They are said while other characters are talking to her and they appear to take only a split second.

This is an innovative, thought-provoking play, not



to mention an amusing evening's entertainment, full of thoroughly English humour and I definitely recommend it.

In Pursuit of the English is on at the Lyric Theatre, near Hammersmith tube station, King Street, London W6. Tickets for this studio production are £6. Ring the box office on 01-741 2311 for information on concessionary tickets. The play runs until February 24.

J.L.W.

Casualties of War

Film

Film

Well, here we are, barely a month into the new year, and already two Vietnam movies. Has Brian De Palma (*The Untouchables*) directed a movie that will stand out from the crowd? He's used a true story, first reported in *The New Yorker* in 1969.

Eriksson (Michael J Fox) is the 'cherry' of a squad, having been in country for only three weeks. An idealistic young man, he has enough courage to stand up to his sergeant, Meserve (Sean Penn), when an act is committed that Eriksson finds morally unacceptable. Meserve, unbalanced by the death of a radio operator in a supposedly friendly village, decides to take a little 'portable R&R' with the squad on the next mission. They kidnap a young Vietnamese girl and rape her.

The film divides neatly into two parts. The first tells of the events leading up to the abuse of the girl, and the second deals with Eriksson's quest for justice, against a system geared to ignore crime in wartime.

Both the lead actors turn in a strong performance. Once associations with his past work are forgotten, it can be seen how well Fox has been cast, portraying a very young man caught in a moral struggle between stopping what he believes is wrong, and his loyalty to the squad, and especially the sergeant who saved his life.

Penn gives human depth to a character that could have been a one-dimensional 'nasty piece of work', allowing us to see the sergeant's motivation for doing what he did.

The rest of the cast are not so lucky though, coming across as very predictable characters, who never develop a real personality.

On the whole, the film is very intense with the tension mounting nicely, but it is marred by several rather obvious set pieces, portraying what a 'nice guy' Eriksson is. The opening and closing scenes, set approximately in the present day are pure corn too.

The main failing of the film is that little or no attempt is made to portray the true horror of what happens to the girl. She becomes merely a pawn in the struggle between Eriksson and Meserve, without any semblance of a character of her own, her only role is to react to what happens to her.

Any film which relegates such a hideous crime as rape to the sidelines, while investigating injustice is seriously flawed.

Adam T.



Streetwalker

This is billed as an opera—it is a misnomer in that the 'music' is more sound-effects. There are no tunes, and much of the dialogue is spoken English, sometimes seeded with a rhyme or two. There is continual usage of expletives concerning and denigrating sex. There is often repetition of phrases to pummel the point in, and frequently the phrases are sung in a monotone, very loudly, each of the five singers on a different note. It relies on heavy atmosphere rather than plot to display the utter nastiness and sordidness of ordinary lives—in this respect it has similarities to the film *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. It is an unusual and stimulating format.

The 'opera' is based on six engravings by William Hogarth set in seventeenth century London. They plot the downfall of an innocent Yorkshire lass on her

coming to the big city. She is pulled into harlotry and various other vices; it is a cautionary tale of first order hypocrisy and superciliousness. The playwrights (Christina Jones and David Joss Buckley) are twentieth century and have overlaid modern values. The brothel keeper, Madame Midnight—a desanitised Fagin, is heard to say 'Men are so suspicious of a woman with wit' when advising her prostitutes on how to behave in bed. Indeed the most effective action in the piece is when our fallen heroine is trying to find custom by opening her arms and shawl, smiling and closing her arms and then repeating in a very mechanical and disturbing way.

The ending of the tale is rather impenetrable although the absolutely final twist is all too clear.

The twist is expected for a while simply because

Do you watch subtitled films for the sex? Bad luck, this film hasn't got any—just some serious tension.

Picture this; a damp remote village in India, Chakyar, a decrepit old man, his invalid wife and soon to be married plumpish daughter. We start with Chakyar or dad looking forward to his only son returning from University. Dad makes the arduous journey to the bus stop by foot and ferry. His son is not on the bus. Next day he repeats the journey, but again no son. Then a University friend reluctantly admits that the son has been taken away by the police.

The distressed dad now makes the long journey to the university. He enquires about his son's disappearance, but is fobbed off by officials. However he is naive and returns contented. His daughter is not so easily fooled and journeys to town where she learns of her brother's fate.

This is director Shaji's first feature film and it shows. His previous experience was with short films. *Piravi* suffers from being too long at 110 minutes. It is heavily padded with persistent shots of the beautiful but irrelevant scenery and arty symbolisation.

Shaji has tried to build up tension, but the plot is not a firm enough foundation. The plot is so weak it makes *Knights Rider* look well thought out.

The camera work was often dodgy. Some scenes gave me flicker vertigo and left me with a headache. Many of the scenes were too dark, even allowing for artistic effect.

On the plus side the acting was excellent. The camera often lingered on just an actor's face for many seconds. Without exception the feelings could just be read off the face—absolutely superb.

Would I recommend it? The film is subtle in that all political events are off-screen, yet the oppression is always present, with the use of clever parallels. However to my taste the film is far too long and flags.

The film ends with the father starting to go insane. We never discover the whole truth about the son.

Piravi won the Charlie Chaplin award at the 1989 Edinburgh Film Festival and the Grand Prix at Locarno. It opens at the ICA Cinema on Friday 26 January for three weeks and plays daily at 5.00, 7.00 and 9.00pm.

Charles Tomkins.

Theatre

the play is set in the past and any self-respecting playwright wanting to write a cutting social critique is bound to try to bring it up to date.

The acting was good; the singing was adequate for the music and my only minor complaint is that the heroine (played by Christina Jones) did not have a brilliant singing voice and had a very dubious Yorkshire accent. Also she was the only one of the three prostitutes that managed to remain attractive even when she was racked with diphtheria.

Streetwalker is on at the Bush Theatre, in the Bush pub next to the BBC TV Theatre on Shepherd's Bush Green. The closest tube is Shepherd's Bush. It costs £4.00 for students and £6.00 for others.

Adam Harrington.

✦ International

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Eric Clabton

Eric Clabton

Music

Eric Clapton

Royal Albert Hall 23.01.90

'Brilliant!' I don't think I could describe it any other way. Yes, I'm talking about Eric Clapton at the Royal Albert Hall. All seated tickets were sold out by November so only standing tickets are available. Not such a disadvantage. All were bopping out of their seats before the concert was even half-way through. Ah yes, the concert. About three quarters of his new LP *Journeyman* was played, sounding even better live with just three other musicians. Then we have some of the old favourites interspersed; *I Shot the Sheriff*, *White Room*, *Wonderful Tonight* and many others.

Clapton played for well over two hours, finished at 22.55 hours.

The support band was *Zucchero Sugar Fornaciari*, currently Italy's biggest ever star. His two most recent albums have sold more than three million copies between them. To coincide with his live performances in the UK, he will be releasing a British LP, a compilation of his successful tracks, some re-worked by Zucchero with English lyrics.

Technically speaking, the concert was superb, with single, but extremely effected lighting and better than expected sound quality given the acoustics of the RAH.

If you fancy a good night out, at exceptionally great value, you'll need to start queueing outside the RAH box office by 4.45pm; tickets go on sale from 6.45pm at £11. Note, only 300 standing tickets available each night, so don't leave it too late.

Jeremy.

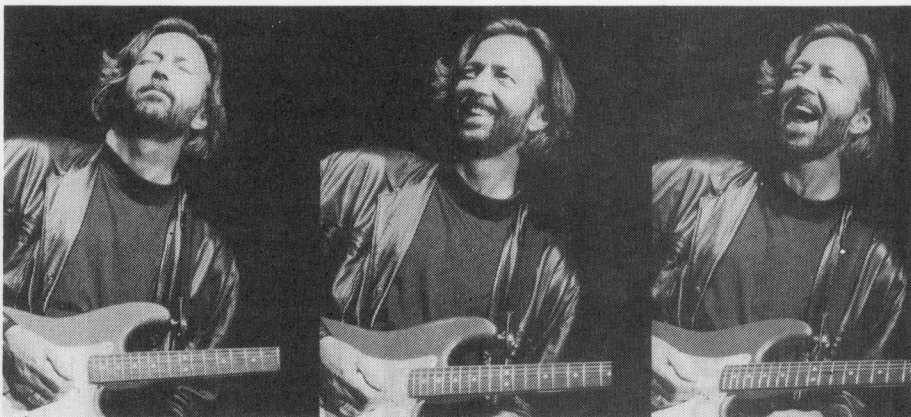
Indie pop spectacular

I think everyone who went to last week's Carnival thoroughly enjoyed the night, even if some of you tried a reenactment of a *Milk Tray* advert to scale the back of the Union Building and bypass security. And all because the lady loves...*The Men They Couldn't Hang*. All of the bands played to rooms heaving with appreciative audiences, and the spinning mixes from the fingertips of a guy called Gwyn kept body and soul on a party high until the wee small hours. Many thanks to all those who helped on the night to make the Carnival such a success.

After a weekend of Perrier water, television and early nights, the Ents crew are fully recovered from the rigours of last Friday and ready for more aural assault, starting tonight. It's an Indie Pop Spectacular, which roughly translates into two bands who play guitars and things (like drums), a late bar, and a disco based around independent popular music. (Aren't Kylie and Sinitta etc, etc on an independent label?) The bands in question are *Rain* and *The Septembers* who are nothing like Kylie and wouldn't be seen dead with Pete Waterman. Both play good rockin', guitar twanging, foot stomping songs, and are currently touring the London gig circuit. Catch them before they start recording cover versions of *Little Anthony* songs. This gig will be well worth a visit, and there are rumours of another of the world famous Ents Bar Quiz competitions. Tickets are only £1.50 in advance, and FREE to Ents cards holders. Bargain! See you later in the Union Lounge.

Rufus Isaacs.

Full Carnival review next week



Psychedelic Furs Competition

Two free tickets STILL to be won...

Just answer the questions below and get the answers to the FELIX Office before Tuesday 30 January to win two tickets for the concert at Brixton Academy on February 6:

1. Which two members of the band are brothers and what do they play?
2. Who designed the cover of the band's first album?
3. Tie-break: How many singles have *Psychedelic Furs* released since they formed?

The winner will be drawn from the correct, closest or wittiest entries on Tuesday and printed in FELIX on Friday 2 February.

Clint Poppie Exposé

Clint Poppie of mega pop band *Pop Will Eat Itself* publicly **exposed** himself at Camden Palace on Tuesday 17th.

Waved

He waved his **tool** at two interpid FELIX reporters with no apparent shame, but detailing the incident any further would fall into blatant **pornography**.

More?

Such an incident along with the fact that it has happened before leaves one only to **worry** of the further consequences for the band.

Will it happen on stage?

Another Jim Morrison flasher scandal?

Only time will tell

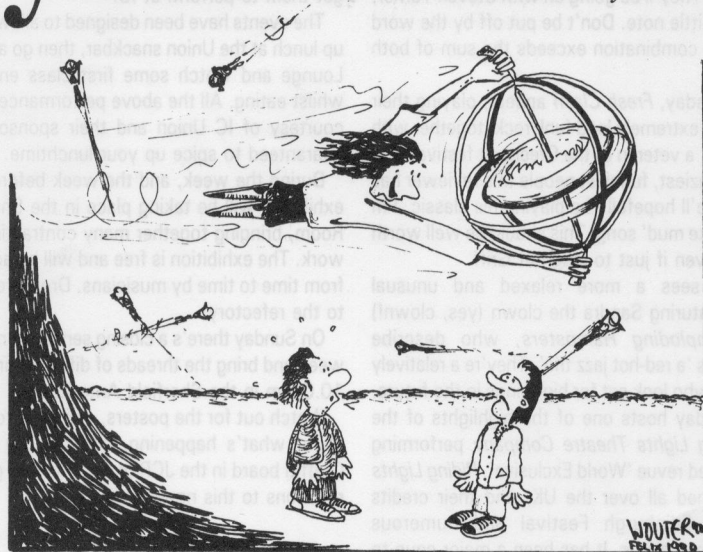
NEXT WEEK: Ian Brown of *The Stone Roses* shows us his **willy!**



Physicists in Japan have discovered a gyroscope effect which could force a rethink on the current theories of mechanics. Stalled from publishing, their results could be as significant or as unfounded as 'cold fusion'.

Gyromania

By Simon Haslam



The gyroscope is a curious beast. When spinning it stands upright effortlessly, as if by magic. It will rotate horizontally about an anchor at one end. Dancing on one foot it glides around as if to music.

In fact, all its mystical properties are a consequence of the conservation of angular momentum law. This merely says that the angular momentum remains constant unless acted upon by a torque (a twisting force). The angular momentum is the momentum associated with the rotation of a body. For the gyroscope it is described by a vector with magnitude proportional to the several characteristics of the rotor. Its direction is that of the spin axis.

In order to change the direction of the gyroscope a force must act on the rotor, which effectively alters the plane or direction of the rotor's spin. The action of gravity when a gyroscope is fixed off vertical at one end of its axle, means that it will 'precess': the whole gyroscope will rotate in a circle around this point of attachment. This is because the force due to gravity produces a torque around the pivot, which causes the gyroscope's angular momentum vector to rotate in this manner, rather than fall downwards.

This outlines why gyroscopes behave as they do and clearly is not a detailed explanation. What it is intended to show is that gyroscopes are well understood. They are an integral part of kinematics not a separate entity. All their properties are described by the laws of linear and rotational mechanics.

This said, machines using gyroscopes make appearances in the headlines at surprisingly regular intervals. Devices have been designed which claim to hover above the ground without energy loss or will speed you to Australia in a few hours. They are often patented and bought out by large companies presumably in the hope that one day they will pay off.

According to the present theory of mechanics, there is no change in weight for a normal gyroscope between its spinning and stationary states. If the gyroscope is spinning on a vertical axis its motion does not produce a force which would contribute in any way to the apparent weight of the gyroscope.

Last month however an article was published in the well respected *Physical Review Letters* (vol 63, No 25 pp2701) contradicting this. The paper was written by two Japanese physicists H Hayasaka and S Takeuchi. They claim that a weight reduction can be observed between a gyroscope spinning in one direction and one spinning in the opposite direction or stationary.

- This is bizarre.

The experimental arrangement consisted of a sensitive chemical balance with standard weights and a small electric gyroscope (with three alternative rotors of different masses and made from aluminium, brass and silicon-steel). The apparatus was contained in a vacuum vessel.

After accelerating the gyroscope up to speed the power from the AC motor was cut so that the gyroscope 'free-wheeled.' The rotation speed was determined using a stroboscopic tachometer. The weight was measured 10 times for a range of rotation frequencies from 3000-13000 rpm in 1000 rpm steps. On alternate steps the rotors were turned upside down.

In all cases the weight of the gyroscope decreased linearly with frequency when the gyroscope was spinning in an anticlockwise direction as viewed from above. The weight changes were between 2mg to 11mg for the 175g rotor with the sensitivity of the balance being a claimed 0.3mg. The results from the gyroscope spinning in the other direction or stationary show no weight change whatsoever at any of the frequencies of rotation. The data is remarkably well correlated.

Extensive cross referencing was said to agree with the results. The apparatus was run in a magnetically isolated cylinder where the magnetic field was 1/100 of the strength of the external environmental magnetic field. This again is claimed not to affect the results.

The lift available on the gyroscope due to the fluid effect of air was found to be 260mg. However the pressure during the experiment was between 10^4 and 10^7 times lower than this. However the most convincing argument is that the lift would be produced in either direction of spin. The experiment was repeated on different days and with different orientations (North, South, East, West) and again no different conclusions were made.

The whole experiment is convincing and at the same time totally inexplicable. The most fundamental statement is that if this effect is real then nature is sensitive to the 'handedness' of things; forces applied to bodies with right handed properties have a different effect to those acting on left handed ones. The force we seem to see is effectively a repulsive 'anti-gravity.' If such a force turned out to exist the effect on physics would be profound. We now await further experiments and confirmation or contradiction.

This Week

● **Solvent resistant plastic** has been made by a new technique whereby the surface of polyethylene (polythene) is coated with polyfluoroethylene. The layer is deposited by either blowing the polythene into shape using a mixture of fluorine and nitrogen gas or by treating the products with the gas afterwards. This provides a tough outer layer which makes the plastic very resilient to common solvents such as turpentine, oil and petrol. The latter property means that car manufacturers such as Volkswagen, BMW and Peugeot are using the new super-polythene for petrol tanks. Plastic tanks are less likely to rupture in the event of a crash but ordinary polythene allows fuel to slowly escape through the walls. The most awkward problem however is that fluorine is the most reactive of all the elements and is obviously highly toxic. Mixing it with nitrogen makes it more manageable and there are now several companies specialising in producing the new plastic.

● **A lost glove and camera** were spotted just before being burnt up on re-entry into the atmosphere. They had been dropped by astronauts twenty years ago and are among 20,000 objects itemised by the radar tracking station, RAF Fylingdales, in order to prevent them being misinterpreted as early warning of a nuclear attack.

● **The American Superconducting Super Collider** (SSC) is to be the biggest particle accelerator in the world (and will be sited in Texas, of course). Some members of Congress now believe the 20 GeV proton-proton collider will need twice the \$5.9 billion formally declared as its final price.

This follows what has appeared to be the almost weekly increase in the estimated cost of the proposed high energy physics machine. Instabilities in the superconducting magnets are likely to require beam aperture widening and possibly more focussing magnets which would increase the circumference of the ring by 2km to 87km. Computer modelling is also suggesting that the problems are highlighted at low energies and so higher energy proton injection is being proposed (at an additional cost of \$288 million). At this rate the SSC may well cost more to build than the Channel Tunnel.

● **NASA's latest shuttle mission** (involving Columbia) has recovered a satellite which had been in orbit for nearly six years. This will provide scientists with useful data on how spacecraft survive though long periods in space from its 57 experiments contained on board. The satellite was due to be in orbit for no more than ten months but its retrieval was held up by the Challenger disaster.

● **Irradiated food** is the subject of a recent House of Lords Select Committee report which says that the 'overwhelming weight of evidence is that irradiation of food on the limited basis proposed by the commission is safe'. The suggested footstuffs, which including shrimps and 'poultrymeat', appear to be chosen arbitrarily but the document states 'such a limitation will enable the effects of irradiation to be monitored and suitable regulatory controls developed'.

● **'Chaos Reigns'**. A lecture by Professor Ian Percival of Queen Mary College. Wednesday 31 January, Physics Lecture Theatre 1.

Arts Week at IC

In just over a week's time, Imperial College plays host to what is hoped will become an annual event—*The Arts Week*. Running between 5 and 11 February, *The Arts Week* is a celebration of Christian involvement in the arts and consists of live events such as music and drama, an exhibition and a service. Here we review the week's happenings, whilst below we talk to Si Bichara, Co-ordinator of *The Arts Week*.

The main thrust of the week is in the live arena. Every lunchtime from 12.30 to 1.30 or 2.30 (depending on the day), things will be happening in the Union Lounge (in through the doors of the Union, sharp left).

On Monday, singer guitarist Keith Thompson is performing. Keith's tuneful voice and soulful lyrics make this event one not to be missed—especially as he is doing one of his rare solo performances.

For Tuesday, we have been lucky to get *Fat & Frantic*, one of the hottest bands playing on the circuit, with a debut single just starting to climb the charts. This'll be your only chance to hear them in London without paying the prices demanded by the Astoria

or Dominion! They'll be going on with Steven Turner, a poet of no little note. Don't be put off by the word 'poet' as the combination exceeds the sum of both parts.

On Wednesday, *Fresh Claim* appear, playing their own brand of extremely loud funk rock, together with Griff Pilchard, a veteran of the Greenbelt festival, and one of the craziest, funniest people this reviewer has ever seen. He'll hopefully be playing his classic 'I'm a frog and I like mud' song. This should be well worth attending—even if just to laugh at Griff.

Thursday sees a more relaxed and unusual schedule, featuring Sandra the clown (yes, clown!) and *The Imploding Hampsters*, who describe themselves as 'a red-hot jazz trio'. They're a relatively new combo who look set for big things in the future.

Finally, Friday hosts one of the highlights of the week—*Riding Lights Theatre Company* performing their acclaimed revue 'World Exclusive'. *Riding Lights* have performed all over the UK, and their credits include the Edinburgh Festival and numerous television appearances. It has been a major coup to

get them to perform at IC.

The events have been designed to allow you to pick up lunch at the Union snackbar, then go across to the Lounge and watch some first class entertainment whilst eating. All the above performances are free—courtesy of IC Union and their sponsors, and are guaranteed to spice up your lunchtime.

During the week, and the week before, a fine art exhibition will be taking place in the Sherfield Ante Room, bringing together many contrasting styles of work. The exhibition is free and will be accompanied from time to time by musicians. Drop in on your way to the refectory!

On Sunday there's a closing service to round off the week and bring the threads of different arts together. 10.00am in the Sherfield Ante Room.

Watch out for the posters, giving up to date news about what's happening, and for *The Arts Week* Graffiti board in the JCR to allow you to give us your reactions to this new event.

The interview—sort of

Felix: So, can I ask you first why you think Imperial needs an arts week?

Si: Well, why not? I think it'll give us all the chance to go to some very good gigs—for free, if nothing else! I know that I've got a little bored with sitting around the JCR at lunchtimes over three years, and these events will provide some diversion.

Felix: Is that where the idea for the week came from?

Si: No...well...not really. That's how I got involved, but really it's more a chance to show off what we can do.

Felix: By we you mean...?

Si: Christians in general. I think what we're trying to say is that we're not just boring farts who hang around with long faces all the time, which is an image people probably have. We're trying to say that we can have fun, and also that we can produce high quality music and so on, which is capable of competing with the best in the world.

Felix: So will this be a religious week?

Si: Not so's you'd notice. All the performers are Christians, sure, but this week isn't about speakers or preachers or people trying to shove God down your throat. Just good art, music, poetry, clowning, and so on.

Felix: Can we talk about the acts you've got lined up for us?

Si: Sure. We made a decision in the early stages of planning that we'd go for the best, irrespective of cost, and if we had to cut down on the number of events as a result, so be it.

Felix: So you think you've got the best?

Si: I think we've got some first class people. *Fat & Frantic* are a very good band—they'll be big in 1990. *Riding Lights* are real pros—I've seen them



perform before and it really is an experience not to be missed. I mean, everything we've got is really good, but those two really stand out. And Griff.

Felix: Who?

Si: Griff Pilchard. He's this nutter who's coming on Wednesday. I think he's hilarious, but you either like him or don't. Definitely worth sampling, though.

Felix: It's all free, isn't it?

Yup. Union Lounge, lunchtimes, 5th-9th. Be there.

Felix: What about this 'graffiti board'?

Si: Well it's basically just a big white sheet of hardboard stuck up in the JCR for people to write comments on about *The Arts Week*. OK, some idiot is bound to write 'Fuck Off', or a similar witticism, but that's inevitable, really. At least it gives people a chance to feed back to us.

Felix: And fine art in the Ante Room?

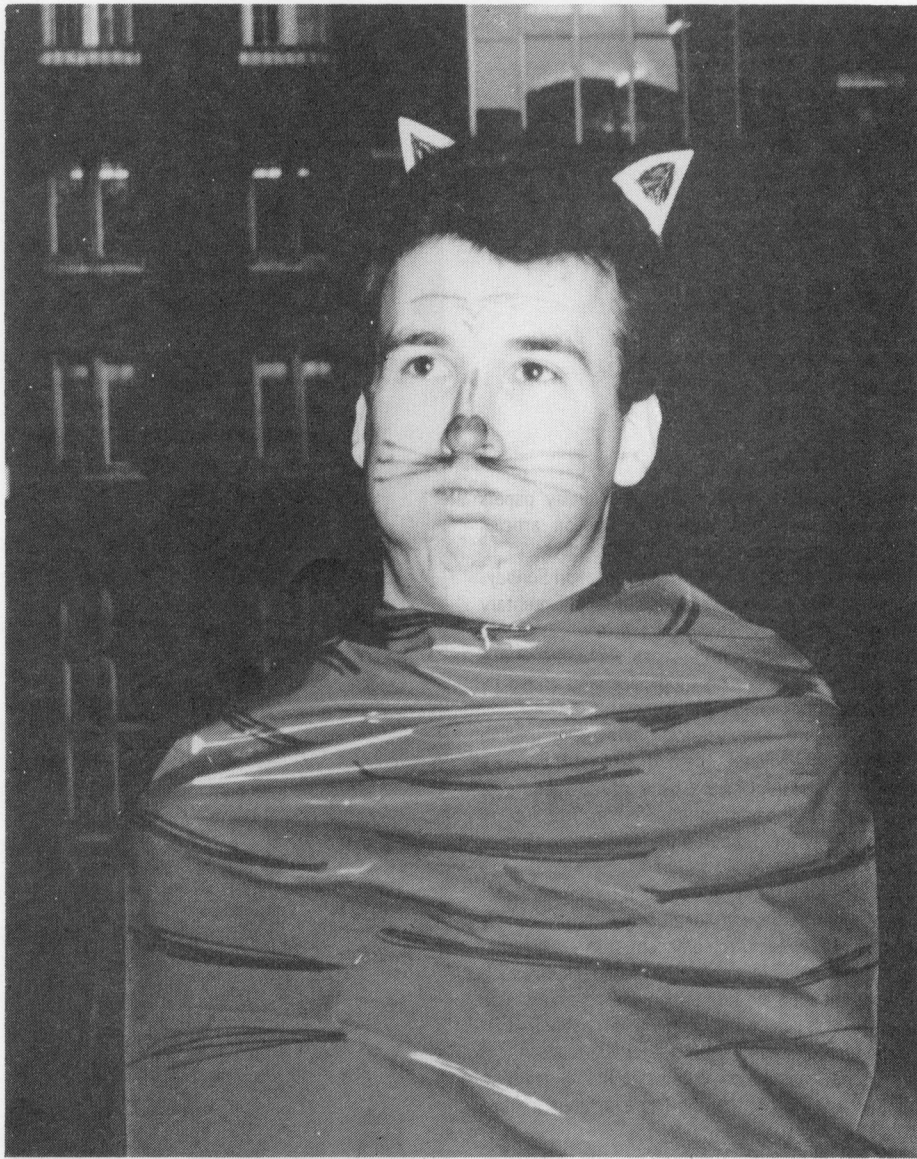
Si: Yes. Again, all week. Some good painters are exhibiting—art aficionados take note! And we're hoping to have some musicians in there on the odd lunchtime to accompany the perusal of the paintings with a little light music.

Felix: Sounds terribly civilised.

Si: Terribly.

Whatever happened?

The Mechanical Engineering Department's record breaking candle was lit in front of the Victoria and Albert Memorial on Wednesday. At the same time a typhoon in India tore the roofs of countless innocent people's homes and blew the candle out from a long distance. There was a national holiday to celebrate the candle's lighting and street parties throughout the country proclaimed their joy at the culmination of Mr Sean Crofton's project. Mr Crofton said afterwards, 'I felt a bit of a prat when I had to admit the problem with the calculations as I received my Knighthood, but that's the way it goes I guess.'



Have you ever wondered what happened to that candle?

Once upon a time, not so long ago, there was a little girl, and her name was Emily. Now Emily had a shop, (imagine one of those shops which have all been turned into antique or tea shoppes, the ones with beautiful Georgian glass bow-fronted windows), but it wasn't an ordinary kind of shop, because it didn't actually sell anything. Everything in the shop was something that Emily had once found, and had brought home to Bagpuss.

He was the most marvellous, the most magical, the most wonderful...saggy old cloth cat, in the whole world.

One day, Emily found a thing. It was long and thin, and it was big. It was very big. In fact, it was so big that Emily had to go and chat up a man she knew, who had a big truck, so that she could take it home to Bagpuss.

When she had got the thing home, and had carried out her bargain with her friend, the man with the big truck, she put the thing in front of Bagpuss, and woke him up...

Bagpuss,
Bagpuss,
Great fat furry cat-puss,
Wake up and see the thing that I bring.
Wake up,
Be bright,
Be golden and light.
Bagpuss, oh hear what I sing.

She used to sing, but, being a bit tired after her bargain with her friend, the man with the big truck, she just shouted in his ear.

'Wake up, you lazy git!'
Nothing.
So Emily did something.
'Wow!' said Bagpuss, 'Do that again! Please!'
'Not until the children have all gone home.' said Emily.

And, of course, when Bagpuss wakes up, all his friends wake up, (which can make some of the things he used to do very embarrassing). The mice on the mouse organ woke up and stretched. Garbiel the toad, and Madelaine the rag-doll woke up and stretched. Professor Yaffle, the woodpecker, climbed down off his book-end, and went to look at the thing, as did all the others.

It was indeed a big thing. It was about thirty feet tall and four feet in diameter, and had some very derogatory things about the RCS painted on the side.

The mice went off and got their buckets and mops and other assorted cleaning equipment, and set to work on the thing, singing...

We will wash it,
We will scrub it,
We will give it a rub, rub, rub...

Except, that is, for Willie Mouse, who suddenly discovered what an inferiority complex was, and went off to have it on his own. Professor Yaffle also vanished. He was, after all, only a little pecker.

The mice were all tired out, when they had finished with the thing, and they went off somewhere to have a cigarette. Curiously enough, it seemed even bigger after the mice had finished.

'What do you think it is?' asked Gabriel of Madelaine.

Madelaine just grinned, and blushed. So he asked Bagpuss, instead.

'Looks like an old bit of water pipe, filled up with wax, and with a ship's mooring line going up through the middle.' said Bagpuss. 'But I can soon find out,' he added, and telephoned Shaun Crofton.

'Says it's a candle,' said Bagpuss, three weeks later, when he'd finally managed to get through.

'Oh,' said Emily, in a disappointed sort of way. 'Never mind,' said the mice, 'we'll put it in the window, anyway.'

And they did, which was pretty incredible, since it weighed some eight tons, and all of them together didn't outweigh a bag of sugar. Unfortunately for Willie Mouse, he had chosen to sit and sulk in the shop window, and it really was a very big thing.

'That's got rid of that little shit.' thought Bagpuss, for Willie Mouse really had been getting to be a pain in the arse.

Then, Bagpuss gave a big yawn, and settled down to sleep. And when Bagpuss goes to sleep, all his friends go to sleep, which rather pissed them off, because they tended to keep getting caught in the middle of something.

The mice were ornaments on the mouse organ. Gabriel and Madelaine were just dolls.

Professor Yaffle was a carved, wooden, book-end, in the shape of a woodpecker.

And Bagpuss himself, once he was asleep, was just a saggy, old cloth cat...baggy, and a bit loose at the seams.

But Emily loved him (at least, until she found out about him and Madelaine, anyway).

The End.
Andrew Smith.

The Delator Column

By Paul Shanley

Street of Shame

Homophobia hits town. Last Sunday's 'quality' papers sunk to new depths with their opinion articles concerning the resignation of Lord Dervaird.

The worst offender by far was the *Mail on Sunday*. It's 'Black Rod' column—supposedly a parliamentary review—carried a snide eight-line article which started by claiming 'I could not care less about the sexual orientation of the Scottish judiciary' and ended by stating the opposite.

This pails into insignificance, however, on reading the John Junor column. The author of this nonsense is an ex-Fleet Street editor. Until a few weeks ago, he wrote for that bastion of Imperialism, *The Sunday Express*. They are rumoured to have sacked him for being too right wing!

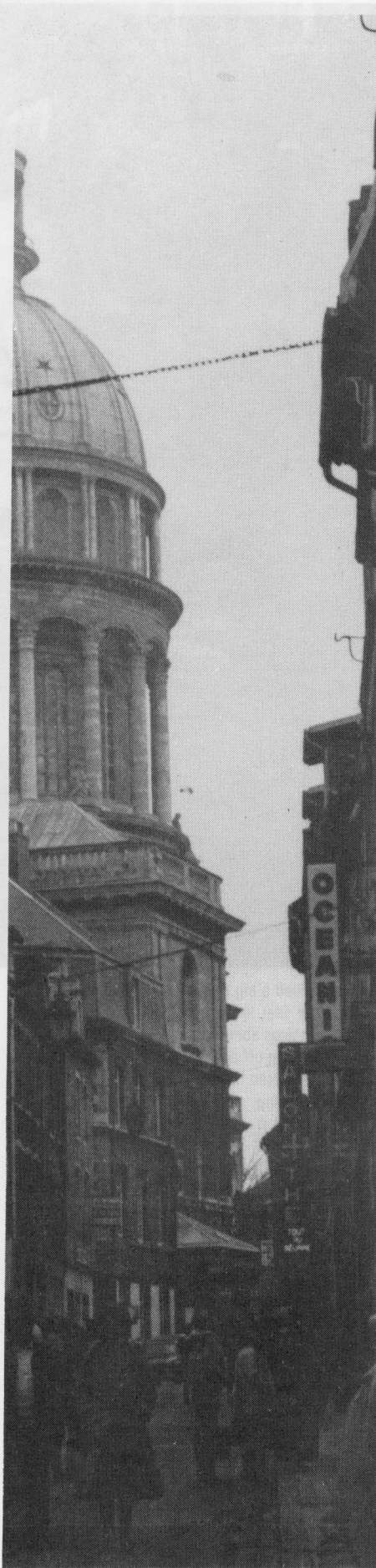
It would be insulting to repeat the comments Mr Junor made. Perhaps an idea of their nature can be gleaned from reading the adjacent story—also from the twisted pen of Mr Junor. The (serious) suggestion made called upon the Archbishop of Canterbury to go to Lebanon in search of his envoy Terry Waite. If Dr Runcie died on this mission, the article reads, there would be a 'consolation of knowing that in death he was achieving more than he has ever done in life'. Utter rot.

One has to question the morals of the newspaper barons. Only a few weeks ago, *The Sun* carried the headline 'Actor dies of AIDS' in bold 72 point type across the front page. For an actor to die is sad, for someone to die of AIDS is tragic. The question is, if Ian Charleston had died of some illness, or if someone out of the limelight had died of AIDS, would it have warranted the same attention? It seems a very sick way to sell copy. *The Sun* is not the most subtle of newspapers, anyway. It is *The Sun* that described AIDS as 'The gay plague'. It is *The Sun* that hounded Elton John over allegations of illegal homosexual practices in his private life, and it is *The Sun* that condoned the tagging of gay prisoners in American gaols à la Hitler.

The McCarthyism displayed to homosexuals is not a new problem. It appears a shame that more tact is not shown by the media, in these post-HIV days.

Ultimately, the public express their opinions of newspaper credibility by which ones they choose to buy. The tacky side of British journalism, as demonstrated by *The Sun*, the *Mail on Sunday* et al, is condoned or at least tolerated by consumers. The only way this kind of moral, as opposed to political, prejudice can be eradicated is by refusing to purchase those titles that pervay the lie. Until this happens, the public get what they deserve. It is *The Sun* that is the top selling newspaper in the country.

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Rude words

I don't know what all the fuss was about regarding the Dave Allen show last week. The language was no worse than that used in a school playground. The show itself was broadcast at 10.30pm—a time well past the 'watershed' observed by all channels. Doubtless, Mrs Whitehouse's National Viewers and Listeners Association will make a big fuss about it.

However, every TV set has an on/off button. If parents are acting responsibly, they will exercise their right to use it or else send their children to bed. Television companies shouldn't be held responsible.

Incidentally, having watched the programme, I thought it was one of the funniest things I'd seen in years.

Tubes

Sorry to harp on about tube barriers again. South Kensington station managers are now behaving much more responsibly. A manual gate is now staffed all times for those who wish to use it. This has considerably eased the bottlenecks that were occurring at peak times.

On the minus side, stage one of the refurbishment of Gloucester Road station is complete. Lots of tube barriers are in place. As has happened with other stations, LRT staff see this as an easing of their workload. They are quite happy to watch people having difficulty using them, especially the disabled, elderly and mothers with small children.

At Easter, FELIX will be sending a camera crew down to Gloucester Road to film commuters having difficulties. The prints will, of course, be sent to London Underground. In the meantime, if you use the station, insist on using a manual gate.

Bad bets

Betting scandals are rife in the sporting world. A fortnight ago, former Swindon Town manager Lon Macari was charged by the Football League with placing an illegal bet. Early this week, snooker star Silvino Francisco was arrested, but not charged, with betting irregularities in a match with Terry Griffiths. Substantial wagers were placed on the match, which Griffiths later won 5-1. Bookmakers suspended betting 37 minutes before the game commenced.

In the case of the former, there is no question of malpractice involved. The bet was placed, it is claimed, as insurance against Swindon getting knocked out of the FA cup at an early stage.

Rules, however, have to be obeyed. There is no essential differences between insuring against a loss and fiddling the result.

I hope that the action taken will be consistent. If there is the possibility that a player or club have deliberately thrown a match, the individuals involved should be banned from their sport for life.

Hardened Balloonies

'Scuse me mister, can I have a go?' were the first inquisitive words of a young Yorkshire lad who couldn't quite understand why we had just landed a hot air balloon in his school playing field.

We had driven to Harrogate with GBNU, the College's 77 thousand cubic feet hot air balloon. Why Harrogate? You may well ask. What would possess anyone to spend their New Year's weekend driving around the lanes of West Yorkshire, following a hot air balloon? Once you have flown in a wicker basket, 1,500 feet up, in complete silence, it makes all the support work worthwhile.

Harrogate was the venue for the Brass Monkeys balloon meet: three days of organised chaos with thirty balloons flying from and into Harrogate, organised by the Pennine region of the BBAC.

My one flight of the weekend started in a pasture field of a friend of a friend's farm, about four miles south of Harrogate. The envelope was soon inflated, ready for take off and the pilot burned lots of propane to get the envelope full of very hot air to give us a fast climb. The quick-release open, we shot skywards, taking us over the PCZ (restricted flying area), and in this case a stud farm which we had to clear at 1,000 feet. I was navigating, keeping tabs on our position as the wind blew us towards Harrogate's 'The Stray', a 200 acre park. The pilot took us down to about 250 feet, making navigation harder, as the view was not an exact copy of the map.

The impending gloom of the late afternoon and a distinct possibility of not being able to reach our intended landing site, forced a premature landing. Descending again, there was an obvious field ahead without crops, cattle, power lines or farmers. Passing over a wood we dropped to 50 feet and looked down onto a gold course (not a good landing site) and crossed the road at 30 feet.

Our landing site lay on the other side, and by opening the parachute vent in the crown of the balloon, we dropped into the field. Knees bent, grabbing the struts and rope handles, we braced ourselves for touch down. A quick burst of propane softened the blow, and we bumped and bounced down the field until the balloon was no longer bouyant. Unlike my previous unceremonious landings, the balloon stayed upright while we waited for the retrieve crew to arrive. They were sitting in the lounge



bar of the Granby Hotel in Harrogate, next to our expected landing site. Marcus went off to use an onlooker's carphone to give our position, and eventually they arrived and loaded the gear out of the field into the van.

That was the last flight of the weekend, and as it was not dark, we went off to refuel, then back to our hosts in Otley for a New Year's party. Many of the other balloonists stayed at the hotel to do a 'night glow' that evening in the car park, putting the burners on and taking off to about 20 feet on a tether. This makes the envelopes look pretty with the balloon lit up from inside, it also keeps the sponsors happy. Five bleary faces crawled from their sleeping bags on Monday morning, 'great party', and staggered to the

van for another dose of the M1.

Ballooning is the sort of sport where you can spend hours waiting for the right conditions, but when you finally get airborne it's an incredible thrill. Many of the IC club members are pilots under training, and getting your pilot's licence is very possible before you leave College. If you fancy being a passenger and seeing what people get so excited about, or if piloting is your goal, come and see us.

This term, trips are planned to Newbury and Cambridge and we are planning to take part in one of the huge European or Canadian balloon meets this summer. IC Balloon (not condom) Club meet at 1pm in the Southside Upper Lounge every Thursday.

Student Christian Movement

Alright, alright, I admit it. I have got an ulterior motive. The new IC SCM group. Sorry, Student Christian Movement—you know, political, social, international, questioning, having a good time, that sort of thing. Anyway, what I was going to say is, people don't really think any more round here. I mean, look at IC itself. A formless conurbation of impersonal technological architectures, (OK, just for you I'll try to make them a bit shorter) with people too busy to even (so you're fussy about split infinitives too, are you) get anything DONE. Or THOUGHT. Where's the feeling of community? The meeting of minds? The coming together of disparate cultures? (Yes, I have been to the Southside Bar. That wasn't what I meant.)

And this preoccupation with MONEY. Well I suppose we've got the Government to blame for that. (What about Eric Ash? Let's leave him out at this stage, please.) And frankly it's hard to credit, with all this frantic Science and (Vorsprung durch) Technology and (hi there, St Mary's) Medicine going on that some people actually manage to believe in God. What about me? Listen, can we leave this till later? No? Well yes I do, but not like that, much more, well more sort of vague, magical but kind of practical sense.

No, it's not Religious Pragmatism. Well maybe it is. What I was about to say is, there's got to be more to it than that. Say: maybe what's needed is a bit of space to attack things, ponder them, infiltrate them,

a bit of sabotage of the old preconceptions. And maybe, perhaps, regain that spirit of community...who are you calling a bloody idealist? What's wrong with being an idealist?...Now I hoped you'd say that. No really, you've got to believe I mean it. Well it's every Tuesday at half five, in the Chaplain's Office (you've got to start somewhere), that's the basement of 10 Princes Gardens.

SCM, yes, I thought I'd told you what it stood for. And it's going to be brilliant. (Don't be insane! You're just the sort of person it needs.) And probably good fun too.

Ten Tors Expedition

Every year the RCS Union enters 1 or 2 teams for the Ten Tors Expedition. This is a 55 mile hike over Dartmoor, the object being for the teams of six to walk from checkpoint to checkpoint, which are situated on the summits of the many tors, going through ten in two days. The event has been running for about 30 years now and is open to young people, from both military and civilian organisations. Too easy? Please read on...

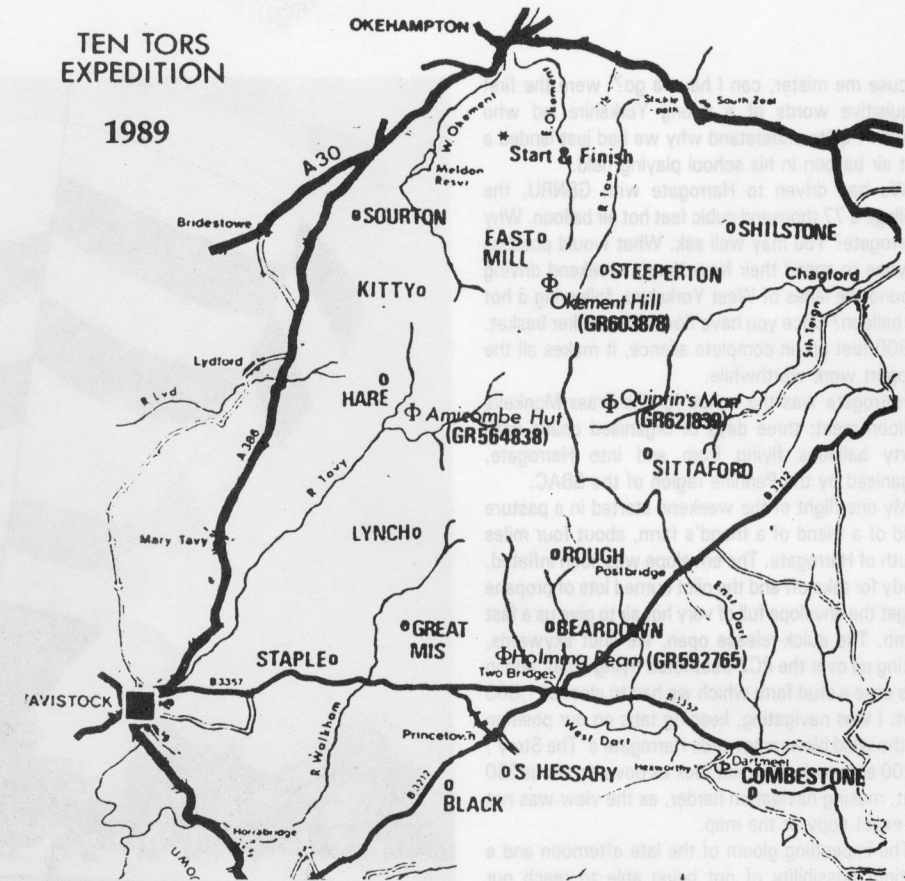
This year's 'Ten Tors' takes place on the 19th and 20th May and we hope to enter two teams. The selected few will be driven down to Okehampton on the Friday, where we stay at the Army base. The walk begins at 7am on the Saturday morning following a rude awakening from the Army controllers playing the theme tune to *Chariots of Fire*! Each team will then walk for 10 to 12 hours, stopping only for food and 'blister control' and should hope to cover about 30 miles (6 tors) by nightfall, when the checkpoints close, forcing the teams to stop and camp. Another early start on Sunday morning is necessary in order to cover the remaining 20 to 25 miles before the finish time of 5pm.

Bryn Evans' account of last year's successful team gives a further insight to this challenge:

...last year's team comprised of Gwyn Jones, Marco Ciarrocca, Rob Harwood, Lawrence Smith, Peter Galley and myself with Dodge Angelidis organising us in London and Gavin Spittlehouse managing us in Okehampton. We left London on the Friday morning and arrived at Okehampton Camp early that evening. After the kit checks (there are various compulsory items) and the talk on 'Safety on Dartmoor', we pitched the tents and ate heartily.

Having been woken almost before we had gone to sleep by *Chariots of Fire*, played over the tannoy system, we got up, packed and had breakfast (Gavin's speciality, burnt ready-brek!!).

We packed our rucksacks and made our way to the start, where we spoke to other teams who seemed surprised we had never seen Dartmoor before. Pre-start chats always make you nervous when others appear to be more familiar with the course, and this was no exception! The awaiting teams, about 2000 young people, were addressed by Colin Moynihan, prayed for by the Padre and then started. We were off on our way to the first Tor, with map and compass in hand. Team spirit remained high despite the rough terrain and the reappearance of Gavin's hot chilli with a number of us. At each checkpoint we had a five minute break whilst our 'route card' was processed, which showed we had covered the ground and is used as a safety check. Sometimes we were even given a kit search. We kept walking as fatigue and sore feet gradually took its toll on our speed and our team spirit. We stopped shortly after 8pm, totally and utterly



knackered, having had only small breaks for lunch, drink and essential feet and muscle repair!

It was important to get a hot meal inside ourselves and to get as much sleep as possible, for the next day would seem longer and more painful. It had been planned that we would arrive at the 7th Tor when it opened at 7am, however it was closer to 8 before we arrived. This put us a little behind schedule, which meant that if we slowed any more we would be 'crashed out' (forced to retire) at the 9th Tor.

The finish was a sight for sore feet! By now it was sheer determination and chocolate that got us through. We all walked in together, as we had been all the trek, bracing ourselves for each painful step forward, but in silence as we had run out (or walked out!!) of conversation except for discussing the map reading. We were given our medals and met by Gavin, who nursed us back to the minibus where we compared blisters, listened to the Charts and fell asleep. Although we could hardly walk for 2 days afterwards, taking part and finishing this gruelling expedition had definitely been worth it...

If you finish, which many people are unable to, the euphoria blocks the pain coming from your body and your mind. **This challenge is not for the weak-hearted. It is a severe test of stamina and endurance and demands care in planning, hard training, skillful navigation and above all fitness and team work.**

We hope to begin weekly training in February, starting with fitness and stamina, and leading into walking, navigational and team-work skills. The fitness training will not be time consuming, about 2 hours a week, and we hope to get out into 'wild terrain' later on.

Priority will be given to RCS students; however there will be places for C&G and RSM members. If you are interested please contact:

Bryn Evans, Physics 3
or Peter Gally, Chem PG, ext 4524

Finally, if the Ten Tors sounds too demanding or if you think last year's team were a bunch of nancies and YOU could run round the course, do not be put off, it is well worth it even though it may hurt a little!

Tennis

Interested in improving your tennis before the season starts?

The Tennis Club is organising a group coaching session for beginners—if there is enough demand.

There will be a two hour session on Sunday mornings from 10.00am-noon at the total cost of £15 (plus £5 club membership if you haven't already joined). You won't get better value for money anywhere else in London.

Contact Sam Saad via the Biochem pigeonholes or, come and find us on the courts behind Linstead Hall between 11.00am and 1.00pm this Sunday.

Ladies Football

Barts—(2) 1 IC Dribblers (6)
Sunday dawned full of promise for the Dribblers—we'd managed to get a full team together (plus sub) without having to bang on any doors around the halls. Unfortunately Barts weren't so lucky, their girlies couldn't take their beer so only 8 hungover Barts lasses turned up—even the ref didn't bother to show! (pharr, pharr). So with the two points neatly in the bag before we'd even left the changing rooms we did the honorable thing and lent them a couple of strikers and got down to the serious business of playing a friendly sort of friendly. The Dribblers took the lead when our skipper pushed all and sundry out of her way and

blasted the ball past their keeper who was looking rather sexy in her 'Fat slags on tour—'89' sweatshirt—I wasn't arguing with her!! Being 3-0 up at half-time we swapped the two strikers we'd loaned them for a goalie and a midfield general but we still managed 5-0 up before the midfield general scored a consolation goal—traitor! The Dribblers answered with a sixth and then skipped off to drink a few jugs of beer and sing a few songs.

By the way we are still looking for new or old players, talented or like most of us with enthusiasm more important than skill. Interested? Contact Debbie Williams via Life Sci 3 pigeonholes.



The Rector's letter

Before replying to Sir Eric's letter, I feel I should point out that Mr Shanley's letter was received before the Rector's. I should also like to apologise for referring to Dr Russ Clark as Mr Clark in last week's issue and for incorrectly titling Sir Eric as Sir Ash.

Now for the shock. I agree with the Rector; companies should contribute a lot more towards the running of the careers centre. The amount raised at present is pitiful compared to the vast recruitment budgets employed by industry. It is sad, therefore, that a concerted effort has not been made by the college to obtain such funding. The College's Management and Planning Group should have considered this option before imposing the cuts on the careers centre. With postgraduates running the library, the chances of attracting revenue will fall. Wouldn't it have been wise to sell the centre at its peak rather than run it down and try to market it as an 'old banger'?

At the risk of repeating myself, postgraduates cannot do the work of the present Information Officer. In general, postgraduates have as much knowledge of the job market as undergraduates. How can they

be expected to help and advise people in their search for a job when many of them have not left academia? To aspire to the American careers centres is to ignore the huge difference in our educational systems. A first degree in America will often span five years, with the student working for a large part of the extra time, in order to pay their way. At last, Sir Eric has found an advantage to Britain's American-style loans system—we will receive much older and more experienced postgraduates, who will be able to run our careers centre.

If you are a postgraduate, prepared to work for £4 an hour every day from 11am to 4pm, I would be interested to hear from you. You are just the sort of postgraduate the careers centre will need—dedicated, reliable and underpaid; and likely to fail your PhD as well, I should say.

On the question of my denigrating the departmental careers services, I would like to know where half of them are (I have never seen any publicity for them) and how capable they are of coping with the 100 or so enquiries the Central Careers service deals with each day. I am sure these services play their part in guiding students into their chosen careers, but they are not sufficient for everyone's needs.

As for my comments on the courses at IC, my point remains; IC kills imagination in all but a few students. If the Rector believes that what students say to him is representative and that the Union's Alternative Prospectus (AP) is an honest opinion he is very naïve. The AP is written by Departmental Representatives under the watchful eyes of their Senior Tutors. The last time the truth was told, in a supplement to the AP two years ago, the departments slammed the publication and the College practically refused to help with its distribution. Needless to say, the supplement was reprinted after consultation with departmental senior tutors. How can such a publication be honest

when it is written by a student, who is still studying for their degree?

Sabbatical Elections

Yes, it's almost that time of year again! Anybody thinking of standing should see me as soon as possible to discuss the printing of their publicity. If you require coloured inks or paper, I will have to order them in advance. I have left a space in the print schedule during February to allow for election publicity. I apologise to anybody who may be inconvenienced by this but I have to be able to print everyone's publicity by the papers down deadline. Please note that the Print Unit is available for photocopying and booking printing in on **Mondays** and **Fridays** only.

Credits

Many thanks to Adam Harrington for News; Charles Tomkins, JLW, Adam H, Toby Jones, Adam Tinworth, Ian Hodge and Jay for reviews; Del, Jeremy Burnell, Richard Scott, and Rufus Isaacs for music; Simon Haslam for Science; Si Bichara for Arts Week; Andrew Smith for writing Bagpuss; Paul Shanley for being Bagpuss and writing Delator; all the clubs and societies for articles (sorry to all those who did not get in, there will be a full sports page and more space for clubs next week); Pippa Salmon for help in general; Liz Warren for chasing up future features; Doug King, Chris Stapleton, Jeremy Burnell, Roland Flowerdew and Richard Evers for photographs; Jim Lucy, Jackie Scott, Sydney Harbour-Bridge, BJ, Rufus, Tony Spencer and Ents in general for helping to collate last week (great carnival!); Rose and Andy for not letting me drive them crackers. Sorry if I've missed anyone. Bumper issue next week everybody!

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THE PLACE TO EAT

The Rector is wrong

Dear Dave,

The decision taken by College to cut funding in the careers service demonstrates an amazing lack of interest in students by College administration. The provision of student services such as careers, accommodation and welfare are not luxuries; they are essential services that need to be maintained.

The College should by all means investigate alternative forms of funding in services but not at the expense of decreasing the level of support. In assessing possible sources of funding, the Management Planning Group could do well to look at profit-making parts of its own organisation, such as the College-run companies and bars.

In addition, instead of cutting essentials, why isn't the Rector looking at trimming other less necessary

services? The salary of an information officer and an assistant is scant when compared with the cost of running the HUB Office. It is true to say that the office administrator, Lady Ash, is unpaid. However, the same cannot be said of the secretarial support she receives. Likewise, with the office space and facilities eg phone bills, Apple Macs, laser printers etc.

Would the HUB Office exist if the Rector's wife was gainfully employed somewhere else?

College are already in danger of deterring sixth formers with their high rent levels. If word gets round to prospective undergraduates about the removal of the careers service, UCCA applications are going to plummet.

Yours,
Paul Shanley.

The Rector is right

Dear Dave,

Universities have been subject to an increasingly ferocious financial squeeze for more than 15 years. The actions we have to consider in order to keep afloat, invariably involve the weighing of unpalatable options. That is the backcloth to the problems of financing of the Careers Centre, to which you referred in your column last week.

A few facts: The industrial contribution of £13,000 per annum is not 'profit'. It is a modest contribution to the overall costs of the Careers Centre. The possibility which MPG considered was one which is the norm in the USA—to recruit a number of post graduate students to assist in running the library. There are pros and cons to this approach. However there is no possibility of the industrial contribution being endangered by so doing—I have confirmed this perception with Mr Russel Clarke.

The problem to be solved is to obtain a more substantial contribution from industry. At present two firms provide very substantial help: Kodak in seconding Mr Terry Mettrick, and BP in seconding Mr Bill Fox. Both of them make a marvellous contribution to the Careers service, bringing great experience from industry to bear on the problems faced by individuals. The contributions from the rest are somewhere in the range of 'modest' to 'token'. Yet the search for talent is at present the first imperative for any company. The recruiting costs for a single graduate are in excess of £10,000. Now look at the case of a single firm—a management consultancy enterprise. They recruited 23 of our graduates last year. No doubt they will recruit as many again this year. It is not unreasonable to ascribe a figure of a quarter of a million as lying at the basis of the College's interaction with that firm. I believe that they could afford a substantial annual contribution to Imperial College—and by substantial I mean a significant fraction of the salary of an Information Officer. So far they have not even been asked...I believe that we should retrace our efforts to obtain support from industry and commerce for an activity which is a vital service to students but equally vital to their future employers. If we could make progress in this direction it would ease the problem

faced by MPG in deciding the peoplepower that we can afford.

I must take issue with you, Dave, in what I read as a denigration of the role of Departmental Careers Advisers. I believe the Department to be the natural, first resource for students seeking guidance on future careers and employment. The Departmental Careers adviser is the focus of this activity, but in most Departments (certainly the one in which I worked at UCL), most members of staff are involved. The totality of experience in a Department, is a very considerable resource. Most people will give disinterested advice. But of course they are within a subject domain. It is a two-edged weapon: on the one hand they may overestimate the charms of that subject and the associated career; on the other they will have an expertise within it which cannot be matched by anyone outside.

The Central service is essential—quite apart from the central organisation which is needed in order to interface with the companies. By commending the Departmental contribution I do not in any way wish to undervalue the benefits which students can derive from professional careers advisers. Their role takes on particular importance for students who have no clear notion of what to do next, or students who want to embark on a career which is not related in any way to their undergraduate studies.

Finally, your nihilistic assessment of the stimulation provided by 'every course in the College' simply does not accord with what I hear from students—even what you could read in the Alternative Prospectus. There are sparkling courses there are no doubt some bad ones, and probably a lot in the middle. Why damn them all? One reason why a lot of students leave their subject is because the other options pay well and give early opportunity of superior responsibility. That is a challenge for high technology industrial employers. Some of them, I am glad to say have appreciated the point.

Yours,
Eric A Ash.
See editorial for reply

Anti-Welsh behaviour

Dear Dave,

What a fine feature the calendar was in this week's FELIX—so helpful!

However, I'm rather disappointed to see that although you have St Patrick's Day marked down, Page 14

you've forgotten St David's Day.

We are outraged, heartbroken and mortally wounded by this Anti-Welsh behaviour.

Two Welsh Elec Eng 1st years.

Small Ads

ADVERTISE IN THE FELIX SMALL ADS SECTION
FREE IF YOU ARE A MEMBER OF IMPERIAL
COLLEGE UNION

ANNOUNCEMENTS

● **Bass player** seeks band. Will consider anything Influences Led Zep, Hendrix, NMA, Chameleons. Previous experience in Rock and Goth. Tel Chris on 01-674 2264.

● **Come** and worship God in an ecumenical service of praise and thanksgiving. Monday 22 Jan, 5.30pm, Huxley 308.

● **Anybody** interested in learning French at beginners, intermediate or advanced level with a recently graduated French university student. £3 an hour, please phone 01-589 8433.

● **Anyone** interested in taking part in Ten Tors this year please contact Bryn Evans, Physics 3. Ten Tors is a two day 55 mile hike across Dartmore and is on the weekend of 18th-20th May.

ACCOMMODATION

● **Non Smoker** required to share a three bedroomed flat near Fulham Broadway from January 27. Single room, £43 p/w plus bills. Phone 01-381 1904.

● **Single or Double** room available in shared flat in Hamlet Gardens from early Feb. £44 or £56 per week plus bills. Rent rebate up to £24 pw. Contact Andy Bannister or Robin Knight, Geol 3, or Peter Brent, Phys PG.

● **Two double** rooms available in North Clapham for four students. £30 per week. Contact Mr Lai 01-671 1623 for details.

● **Third person** required for a nice well furnished flat. West Kensington, near Barons Court tube. £55/week. Tel 603 8506 (evenings).

FOR SALE

● **Going to a ball?** Need a dinner jacket? Moss Bros (28-40") £40, double breasted (42-44") £40. Both in good condition, contact Peter Galley, Chem PG ext 4524

● **Panasonic** stereo music system. Double cassette deck, FM stereo tuner, five band graphic equaliser, CD/line input, 2-way speakers. As new. £125 ono. Contact Sakthi, PG Mech Eng pigeonholes or 6274.

PERSONAL

● **Vibration problems?** FAPP international. We are a powerful, dynamic company. Our service is flexible and quick.

● **To the Ambassadors:** Be careful! We know of your plans. Sister A.

● **To the person** who stole the paint spray gun from the Steam Lab (ME042). This is not College property, it is owned by Mr Paul Ewing of Mech Eng and was on loan to a student (me) who cannot afford to replace it. Please put it back and notify me, and nothing more will be said. Andrew Smith Elec Eng 3.

Sanderson

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Mr Chris Cameron-Gudge on

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What's On

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE GUIDE TO EVENTS IN AND AROUND IMPERIAL COLLEGE

FRIDAY

- Hang Gliding**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge. Come and get high.
- Rag Meeting**.....12.35pm
Union Lounge.
- Friday Prayers**.....1.00pm
Southside Gym. Organised by IC Islamic Society.
- Wing Chun Kung Fu**.....4.30pm
Union Gym. Beginners lessons.
- Christian Union Meeting**.....6.00pm
Room 308 Computing.
- Swimming Training**.....6.30pm
Prince's Gardens Sports Centre. New members welcome—all levels of ability.
- Fencing Club Meeting**.....6.40pm
Union Gym. Every week.
- Water Polo Session**.....7.30pm
Prince's Gardens Sports Centre. New members welcome—all levels of ability.
- Cricket Indoor Nets**.....7.45pm
Meet in Mech Eng Foyer. Bring your whites, we have three nets this term.
- Indie Pop Spectacular**.....8.00pm
'Rain' and 'The Septembers' play live in the Union Lounge. Disco until 2am and late bar. Tickets from Union Office.
- IC Radio Disco**.....8.30pm
Southside.

SATURDAY

- Karate Practice**.....10.00am
Southside Gym.
- Wu Shu Kwan**.....4.30pm
Southside Gym. Beginners Class.

SUNDAY

- Chaplaincy Sunday Service**.....10.00am
Sheffield Building Anteroom.
- Wargames**.....1.00pm
Senior Common Room, Union Building.
- Wu Shu Kwan**.....4.30pm
Union Gym. Beginners Class.
- RCSU Night in the Bar**.....7.00pm
Meet in the Bar. Every week.

MONDAY

- RockSoc Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge. Interested in any form of Rock Music? Come along and have a beer.
- Cross Country & Athletics**.....5.30pm
Union Gym. Jogging in Hyde Park and socialising later in Southside.
- Keep Fit**.....5.30pm
Southside Gym with Vicky.
- Improver's Ballroom**.....6.00pm
JCR. Dance Club.
- Beginners Rock 'n' Roll**.....6.45pm
SCR.
- Swimming Training**.....6.30pm
Prince's Gardens Sports Centre. New members welcome—all levels of ability.
- Advanced Ballroom**.....7.00pm
JCR.
- Karate Practice**.....7.30pm
Southside Gym.
- Water Polo Session**.....7.30pm
Prince's Gardens Sports Centre. New members welcome—all levels of ability.
- Latin American Dance**.....7.45pm
SCR. Beginners.

- Latin American Advanced**.....8.15pm
SCR.
- Medals in Ballroom**.....8.00pm
JCR.
- Indoor Cricket Nets**.....9.00pm
Meet Mech Eng Foyer 7.45pm. Bring your whites. All welcome.

TUESDAY

- Audio Society Meeting**.....12.30pm
Union Senior Common Room. Cheap records, tapes and videos. Order on Tuesday and collect on Thursday.
- Sailing Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge for 'Guinness and Gossip'.
- Ski Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge. Sign up for racing, dry slope skiing and trip to France
- ICU Radio Modellers**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge.
- Riding Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge.
- Boardsailing Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge to sign up of Wednesday and weekend trips.
- AstroSoc Meeting**.....1.00pm
Physics LT2. Visiting lecturer every Tuesday.
- AstroSoc Meeting**.....1.00pm
Physics LT2. 'Astrophotography'. Membership £1.50.
- Ents Meeting**.....1.00pm
Union Lounge.
- Jewish Society Meeting**.....1.30pm
Union Dining Hall (2nd floor Union Building). A talk about reincarnation.
- Student Christian Movement**.....5.30pm
Chaplain's Office, Basement Flat, 10 Prince's Gardens.
- Keep Fit**.....5.30pm
Southside Gym with Alice.
- Amnesty Group Meeting**.....5.30pm
Brown Committee Room.
- ICU Radio Modellers**.....5.30pm
Mech Eng. Student training workshop.
- Christian Union Meeting**.....5.40pm
308 Computing.
- Debate**.....5.45pm
Brown Committee Room, Union Building. Burma—a country dying in isolation—the ethnic problem.
- Canoe Club**.....6.15pm
Meet in Beit Quad or we can be found in Southside Upper Lounge from 8.30-ish. Beginners welcome.
- New Beginners Ballroom**.....6.00pm
JCR.
- Judo**.....6.30pm
Union Gym.
- ICSF Film**.....7.00pm
Mech Eng 220. 'Heavy Metal'. £1.50 non-members, 50p members.
- Intermediate Ballroom**.....7.00pm
JCR. Dance Club
- Improver's Ballroom**.....8.00pm
JCR.
- WEDNESDAY**
- Sailing Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Outside Southside for sailing.
- Keep Fit**.....12.30pm
Southside Gym with Vicky.
- Rag Raid**.....12.45pm
Meet in van park, front of Civ Eng. We're going to Chelmsford.
- WellSoc Film**.....1.00pm
Union SCR. 'The Prisoner'.

- Cycling Club Training**.....1.00pm
Meet Beit Quad. New members welcome.
- Wargames**.....1.00pm
Senior Common Room, Union Building.
- Midweek Service**.....1.00pm
Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Road.
- Wing Chun Kung Fu**.....1.00pm
Union Gym. Beginners lessons.
- Rock'n'Roll**.....2.15pm
Concert Hall (up two flights of stairs on your right). Dance Club.
- Ten Pin Bowling**.....2.00pm
Meet at Gloucester Road tube.
- Wutan Tai Chi Chuan**.....3.00pm
Union Lounge. Instructor Hong Chun Lai. Martial art for all ages and sexes.
- Ladies Only Water Polo**.....6.30pm
IC Sports Centre. Enthusiastic new members welcome—any ability.
- Wu Shu Kwan**.....7.30pm
Union Gym. Experts class.
- FREE DISCO**.....8.00pm
Union Lounge. Groovy 'Don't call me groovy' Gwyn's midweek rave. Goes on until 1am.

THURSDAY

- Christian Union Meeting**.....8.15am
Chaplaincy.
- Audio Society Meeting**.....12.30pm
See Tuesday's entry.
- IC Fencing Club**.....12.30pm
Union Gym. Every week.
- Ski Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
See Tuesday's entry.
- Methodist Society Speaker Meeting**.....12.30pm
Chemistry 231. Everyone welcome.
- Gliding Club Meeting**.....1.00pm
Aero 254. Come along to arrange your first flight.
- ICSF Library Meeting**.....1.00pm
In the library (below Beit).
- YHA**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge. Sign up for weekend break. Everyone welcome.
- Balloon Club Meeting**.....1.00pm
Southside Upper Lounge. All newcomers and hardened balloonies welcome. Sign up for weekends in the clouds.
- Keep Fit**.....5.30pm
Southside Gym with Alice.
- Judo**.....6.30pm
Union Gym.
- Karate Practice**.....7.30pm
Southside Gym.
- IC Radio Disco**.....8.30pm
Next to Southside Bar.
- ICCAG Soup Run**.....9.00pm
Meet Week's Hall Basement Kitchen. Deliver food to London's down and outs.

NEXT FRIDAY

- Rag Meeting**.....12.35pm
Union Lounge.
- Friday Prayers**.....1.00pm
Southside Gym. Organised by IC Islamic Society.
- Swimming Practice**.....6.30pm
See Monday's entry.
- Water Polo Session**.....7.30pm
See Monday's entry.
- IC Radio Disco**.....8.30pm
Southside.

Montpelier washed up

There is anger in Montpelier hall after large damp patches appeared in rooms behind the showers after a major refurbishment just over a year ago.

Dr Kevin O'Connor, warden of Montpelier hall, recounted the history of the damp patch, which started three years ago when Dr O'Connor notified Mr Peter Hallworth, managing surveyor of residences, about suspected dampness in rooms near the showers. Dr O'Connor said that Mr Hallworth denied that it was damp, but one and a half years later a ceiling collapsed in one of these damp rooms, narrowly missing the occupant.

Action was taken, and the showers were totally redone, including regrouting and replumbing. Dr O'Connor claims he asked Mr Hallworth why the original plumbers were not called to account for their work, assuming that they ought to repair the damage they had caused. Dr O'Connor said he was intensely irritated by Mr Hallworth's response. 'He said "that's totally unreasonable—in the real world it does not work like that". I've got more qualifications, more people working under me, than Peter Hallworth—who is he to say I'm not in the real world?' said Dr O'Connor.

Two weeks ago large damp patches appeared in rooms adjacent to the showers, and again the warden of Montpelier informed Mr Hallworth and asked for the contractors to make good their repairs. Dr O'Connor said that Mr Hallworth discounted the possibility of getting contractors to fix a year old problem that they themselves created.

Mr Hallworth was unavailable for comment on the affair, though Mr Jo Dines, the assistant clerk of works, denied that there was anything out of order. He said that the contractors, 'Gaydales' would do the repairs, under guarantee. He offered no complaint of their past work.

NUS voted out

A motion at last night's Union General Meeting has resolved not to hold a referendum on reaffiliation to the National Union of Students (NUS). The motion, proposed by J D Griffiths, found the NUS to be an undemocratic organisation. Until members are allowed to opt-in and opt-out, the motion continues, ICU will not consider a reaffiliation vote.

Quorum was successfully called upon the meeting as it reached a motion on travel costs when representing ICU. The proposer of the motion, Mr J F Lucas now hopes to call an emergency general meeting to discuss the motion. Mr Lucas will require 120 signatures on a petition to the President in order to call the meeting. His motion resolves to pay 100% of IC students' travel costs when representing the Union inside London and 60% when outside the London area. Mr Lucas feels that high travel costs are currently deterring students from representing ICU in sports.

The meeting closed, unable to discuss motions on support of the Ambulance workers and support of a NUS loans demonstration and a motion calling for a campaign for the College's Careers centre.

Storm Damage



Contractors cordon off the road outside the Physics department as debris flies from the roof.

Amnesty talk

Two students who visited the Thailand/Burma border last year will be giving a talk on the human rights issues of the area on Tuesday 6th February at 5:45 in the Brown Committee room on the top floor of the Union building.

The IC Amnesty group have organised the talk, and there will be a connected slide show.

See no evil

The Rector, Sir Eric Ash, visited the Careers advisory service last Monday following the article on the service in last week's Felix. Dr Russ Clark, head of the CAS, said that there was 'a useful exchange of views'. He added that he 'would like to think that he (the Rector) was impressed with the layout and efficiency with which we operate'. Dr Clark thought that the Rector would still be committed to the use of postgraduates, but would reconsider the appointment of a careers librarian if put through the Management Planning Group.

Dr Clark finished by saying that he was pleased that the Rector took notice and hoped that 'the professionalism of the careers librarian would be recognized'.

Money go round

This month Professor R.W.H. Sargent of Chemical Engineering has won the much coveted Research Grant Stakes trophy. He has been awarded £446,760 over three years from Prosys Technology Ltd for 'Development of SPEEDUP'.

The 'Free market economy Booby Prize' is presented this month to the Medical Research Council (MRC), who have given £2881 over one-and-a-half months to Professor R.R. Killick-Kendrick for study into the 'Dispersal of the Kenyan vector of visceral Leishmaniasis'.

Ambulance support

The Management, Science and Finance trade union, (MSF) is calling an assembly of all trade unions at IC. Together with any students who wish to support the ambulance crews, they are to meet by the Post office on Exhibition road at noon on Tuesday January 30th.

Students and staff will be asked to stand in protest for 15 minutes during their lunch hour. An MSF source said the action was not a stoppage. Some Heads of Departments were expected to attend, he added.

Humanities lecture

The Humanities department have arranged a lunch hour lecture on the subject 'How should science journalists write about science?'

It will be given by Dr Bernard Dixon, formerly the editor of the 'New Scientist', and will take place at 1:15 on Tuesday 30th January in the Read theatre, level 5 of Sheffield.

SPORTS RESULTS

UAU RUGBY

IC—12 Swansea—31
 Durham II—32 IC II—0
 IC III—7 Exeter III—20

UAU MENS HOCKEY

IC II—1 Nottingham II—3
 IC III—2 Swansea III—1

Friendly

IC IV—0 Charing X II—4

LADIES HOCKEY

London Hospital—2 IC II—0

FOOTBALL

IC IV—4 IC V—0
 IC VI—0 UC VII—2