

Great tits offensive

Ben Turner was elected Union Deputy President earlier this week amid a College row over his election publicity.

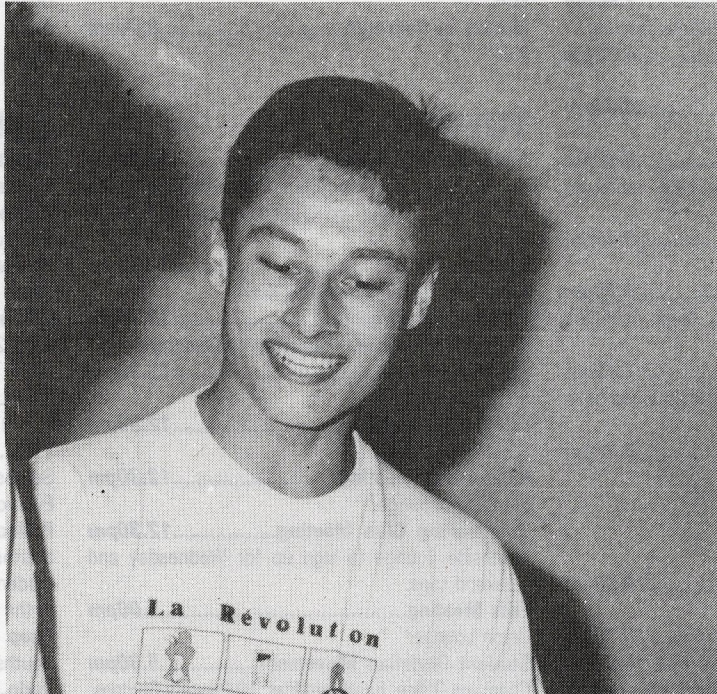
The turnout for the election was very low, with only about 400 votes being cast. Mr Turner passed quota after the second reallocation.

In the first round Spenser Lane polled 93 votes, Graeme Littler 83 and Ben Turner 168. New election attracted only 40 votes. None of the candidates passed the quota of 193 on the first count and the votes for new election were reallocated. This still left none of the candidates passing quota and Mr Littler's votes were then reallocated. Mr Turner passed quota, with 200 votes while Mr Lane polled 114 after the second reallocation.

The row over the posters emerged when complaints were received by Angus Fraser, College Managing Director, and Fiona Nicholas, Union Honorary Secretary, about the 'sexist' nature of the caption. Mr Fraser is believed to have ordered the clearing of all posters from the Sheffield walkway as a result of the complaints.

Miss Nicholas said she was 'sorry that anyone was upset. The decision to allow a poster to be put up is very personal and I thought Ben's posters were OK'.

Union President, Neil McCluskey, received a letter of complaint from the Chairman and Branch Secretary of IC Nalgo, describing the posters as 'grossly offensive' and asserting that it was 'the latest in a growing line of sexist copy emanating from the Student's Union.' He was also telephoned by Mr Fraser and Peter Mee, the College Registrar, who said they had received complaints from



College staff, some of them Nalgo members. Mr McCluskey said that his reply to the letter would support Ms Nicholas' decision not to censor the posters.

Catherine Nally, the Nalgo Chairman, told FELIX that she was glad to see the back of the posters. She said she felt they reflected badly on the candidate and that while students could show their disapproval of the candidate through their vote, the posters were also seen by other members of college who had voice.

Ms McNally 'wouldn't like to put a

number to how many people had complained'. She stressed that she felt that if the posters had racist undertones rather than sexist ones, there would have been a far greater outcry.

Mr Turner defended the posters by saying that he had 'thought the poster was funny' and insisted that as the birds pictured on the posters were Great Tits, the caption was ornithologically correct. He added that he was 'miffed' that his posters had been taken down, and that 'if I'd lost, I'd have kicked arse, but I didn't, so I don't care'.

Rag's fate

There will be no Rag Fete this year. IC Union's Rag Committee have blamed Rob Northey, Refectories manager, for the canceling of the fete. Mr Northey is unable to supply a bar in the Main Dining Hall (MDH) on the day of the fete.

Mr Northey said that the Rag Committee could have used the bar if they had booked earlier. He told Felix that the Rag Committee had approached him two weeks before the event and he had asked them to return the next day while he found out whether a possible client would be using the room. He said that the Rag Committee did not return and he was later told that they had cancelled the Fete. He

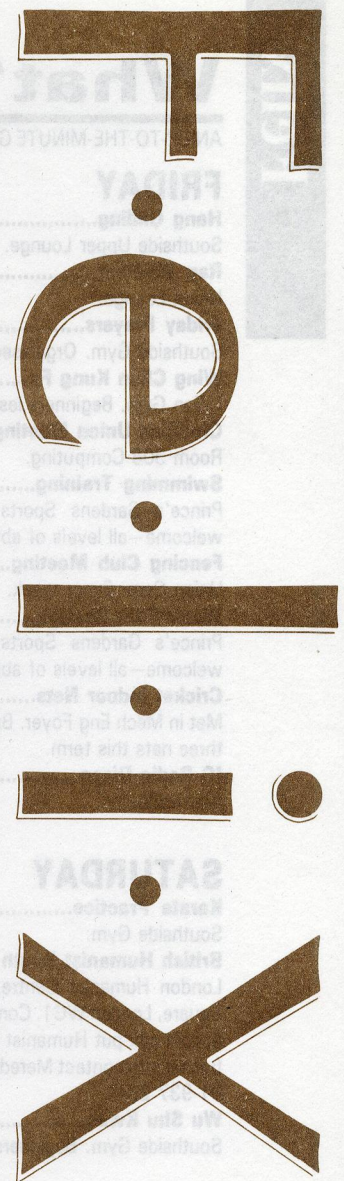
said that they could have used the facility if they had returned to check with him.

Mr Northey said that there would have been problems if it rained as the fete would have been held in the Junior Common Room. This was booked for the dance club for that evening, and the mess that a Rag Fete would leave behind would have to be cleaned up. He added that mud wrestling and defaecating goats were not always conducive to the events being held in the MDH.

Steve Farrant, Rag Secretary and next year's Rag chairman, told Felix that he did not know why the fete had not been replanned for Beit Quad or Prince's

Gardens. 'We thought it would be better to call it off', he said. He added that there would still be an Animal Dump on the Queen's Lawn on Wednesday 18th May, courtesy of Poppy the goat, and the prizes that had been collected would be used in the May balls of the Royal College of Science Union and City and Guilds Union.

Dave Williams, Union Deputy President, said that although there had been a low turnout last year, there had easily been enough people to make it worth while. The poor weather during the last few fetes had put people off, he said.



Issue 867
Friday 4th May



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
Met in Mech Eng Foyer. Bring your whites, we have three nets this term.
- IC Radio Disco**.....8.30pm
Southside.

SATURDAY

- Karate Practice**.....10.00am
Southside Gym.
- British Humanist Youth Conference**....10.30am
London Humanist Centre, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1. Come and find out how young people can put Humanist principles into action. For further info contact Meredith MacArdle, BHA Office, 01-937 2341.
- Wu Shu Kwan**.....4.30pm
Southside Gym. Beginners Class.

SUNDAY

- Chaplaincy Sunday Service**.....10.00am
Sherfield 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.
- MethSoc Meeting**.....5.30pm
Chaplain's Office.
- 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.

TUESDAY

- Audio Society Meeting**.....12.30pm
Union Senior Common Room. Cheap records, tapes and videos. Order on Tuesday and collect on Thursday.
- CathSoc Mass**.....12.30pm
Mech Eng 702. Followed by lunch.
- Sailing Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge for 'Guinness and Gossip'.
- Ski Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge.
- ICU Radio Modellers**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge.
- Riding Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge.
- Boardsailing Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge to sign up for Wednesday and weekend trips.
- Ents Meeting**.....1.00pm
Union Lounge.
- Student Christian Movement**.....5.30pm
Chaplains 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 Prayer Meeting**.....5.40pm
Huxley 411.
- Wine Tasting**.....6.00pm
Senior Common Room. Everyone welcome.
- Canoe Club**.....6.00pm
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.
- Intermediate Ballroom**.....7.00pm
JCR. Dance Club
- OpSoc Rehearsal**.....7.30pm
Union Lounge (ground floor Union Building). Rehearsal for 'Ruddygore' by G&S.
- Improver's Ballroom**.....8.00pm
JCR.

WEDNESDAY

- Sailing Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Outside Southside for sailing.
- Keep Fit**.....12.30pm
Southside Gym with Vicky.
- 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.
- 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—all ability.
- Wu Shu Kwan**.....7.30pm
Union Gym. Experts class.
- FREE DISCO**.....9.00pm
In the Union Lounge Nightclub until 1am.

THURSDAY

- Christian Union Prayer Meeting**.....8.15am
Chaplaincy.
- Audio Society Meeting**.....12.30pm
See Tuesday's entry.
- IC Fencing Club**.....12.30pm
Union Gym. Every week.
- Gliding Club Meeting**.....1.00pm
Aero 266. Come along to arrange your first flight.
- ICSF Library Meeting**.....1.00pm
ICSF Library (below Beit). Members can borrow from 1,700 books.
- YHA**.....12.30
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.
- Speaker Meeting**.....7.30pm
TV Room at St Mary's in the basement of the medical school. BOB BODMAN, pictures editor of the Daily Telegraph will be speaking.
- 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.

LEUKAEMIA RESEARCH COLLECTION

Saturday May 12
Meet 10.30am in the
Union Snack Bar,
Beit Quad

See Rag Report in this issue for more
details.

Nuns on the run

Film

Brian and Charlie really don't like their job. In the old days everything was easy. When they did a job, no-one got hurt (except the insurance men, but they are the biggest crooks going). Since Case took over though, guns have become the order of the day, and the new breed have no compunction in using them. Worst of all, Case has a habit of disposing of people who try to leave the firm. When this happens to Norm, a specialist in car resprays, it's too much for Brian (Eric Idle) and Charlie (Robbie Coltrane). They decide to go straight, by stealing some stolen money and scarpering to Rio. Things go a little bit wrong. They end up in a nunnery, disguised as a pair of nuns from Chipping Sodbury, being pursued by Case's gang, the Triads and the Police. Not only that but Brian's girlfriend has been shot trying to save him, and is recovering in the nunnery.

This film has a lot going for it—a good cast (Idle, Coltrane and Janet Suzman), a talented writer/director (Jonathan Lynn of *Yes (Prime) Minister* and the backing of a quality name (Handmade films). Unfortunately this doesn't usually guarantee a good film. So does this strip of celluloid, which is being compared to *A Fish Called Wanda*, succeed?

Well it's a little slow to get going, although once the cross dressing starts (*To Alleluia!* strains on the soundtrack) the gags, both visual and spoken, start flowing thick and fast. The humour isn't exactly sophisticated—'Remember girls, all you need to know about the Holy Trinity is that God is like a shamrock. Small, green and split into three parts!' the disguised Idle tells some trainees. Coltrane and Idle are accomplished performers though and are able to milk the script for everything that it is worth. They also manage to make the basically preposterous notion of these two men managing to pass themselves off as nuns moderately believable.



The unfortunate side effect of making a film which bases much of its humour around religion is that people are going to start crying 'blasphemy' which is a shame because if they looked past the end of their bigoted noses they'd find that in its own way the film is actually quite religious. There is an implicit undercurrent that suggest that God is the mover

behind the plot.

Humour is a very personal thing and so it is difficult to recommend such a film. If you like *Monty Python* or *Comic Strip* humour though this is a perfect exam blues remedy. For me, this is certainly the funniest thing I've seen since *A Fish Called Wanda*.

Adam T.

Ballet at Sadler's

Dance

Les Ballets Jazz de Montreal is one of a number of overseas dance companies that visit Sadler's Wells each year.

The company founded by Genevieve Salbaing in 1972 is dedicated to the fusion of ballet and jazz in their many and diverse forms.

The evening's programme was a series of short ballets each choreographed separately. The ballets were set to music as diverse as Igor Stravinski and Janice Joplin. As the choreography and music for each ballet differed so did their impact. Although all members of the company had tremendous technical expertise there were some who held the stage more powerfully than others; these ballets were made captivating by the dancers' energy and control.

Ballet has a somewhat esoteric image. Les Ballets Jazz de Montreal shatters any such prejudice—the dance is contemporary, immediate and entertaining.

Due to the delay of the Easter break this review comes too late to catch Les Ballets Jazz de Montreal but Sadlers Wells does offer diverse and exciting entertainment in opera and ballet. The Kodo Drummers are highly recommended for their passion and power—their run is from 7-19 May—for more information call the Box Office on 278 8916.

Anna Teeman.



A married woman's guide to adultery

Book

Adultery is commonplace, you see it in films and to some of the tabloid newspapers it is their bread and butter, but it does not always have to be the man that initiates the affair.

Making pointed character comments and written in an attractive style, the book trips along gently with the plot snaking through the complex world of male-female relationships.

There are some bitter twists in the tale, an example of this is when a friend is depressed about her own affair she starts talking about it to another friend who she believes not to be having any form of relationship. During their discussion the second friend reveals that she is also having an affair, with the other woman's brother!

Throughout the book, she uses the conflict between men and women, and the dilemma that many women face while having an affair: not wanting to ruin a marriage and also loving somebody else's husband.

The story is told through the eyes of one of the women having an affair. This creates a more intimate and interesting book than would otherwise have been achieved.

It has received much critical acclaim from the press, and also from Fay Weldon who gives the interesting comment that 'If a book could equal an affair, this one would be it'. If this is true then perhaps I should get married as I found the book very enjoyable.

Recommended reading, and you don't have to be married to understand it.

Ian Hodge.

Society



Opening with a spooky scene of a manor house bathed in moonlight, one would expect this to be a horror movie especially with the 18 certificate. But no, this is a special effects showcase with the odd joke here and there, not to mention the occasional murder.

Bill Whitney (Billy Warlock) is a well-off youngster who feels alienated from his family and their privileged world. A school friend catches Bill's parents and sister on tape taking part in a murderous orgy. It ends with a scream.

Bill takes the tape to his Psychiatrist. Unbeknown to him the shrink is also part of the society. Bill is told he's just suffering from adolescent paranoia. But then

his friend is murdered, and Billy is picked up by men in white coats and taken back to the manor house. They're going to have another party, one in Bill's honour.....

This really is a special effects tour de force, flesh on twisted bodies turning to gunge and falling away from the body into one pulsating mass of slime. Unfortunately the plot is ludicrous, sustained only by the extreme violence in the early sections. Basically just another crap American film. With lots of other good stuff around don't rush to see it.

Jerry Hall

Borrowing time

This play contained a line about plays which involve nothing more than people sitting around talking. This is one of those plays. Four characters are played by two people over three acts. In conversations between Judith Farnsworth, her father, aunt and husband we are treated to a discourse on life, death, love and religion. Pretty standard fare.

We are allowed glimpses into the life of a family over 70 years, slowly developing the whole picture as we jump from time to time. The actors - Michael Burrell and Sheila Reid, make a fine job of playing

character ranging from 15 years to 80 years, leading us to willing suspend our disbelief.

With convincing sets and lighting this is a little masterpiece of plays of this type and one which is well worth a visit. Good, thought-provoking stuff.

See *Borrowing Time* at the Latchmere Theatre, 503 Battersea Park Road, SW11. Box Office 228 2620. Easiest way to get there is to take a 45 or 49 Bus from South Kensington, otherwise head for Clapham Junction.

Adam T.

Peer Gynt

Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, a Nordic fairytale is the story of a man searching for his own soul. The play follows Peer's journey through the world and charts his rise from local laughing stock to wealth and recognition. Material success does not result in true happiness, for this he must return to his native village and the arms of his childhood sweetheart.

The show runs a long three hours and forty minutes, it seldom leaves the level of a West End farce and at times lapses into 'carry-on' style. The deeper, sadder moments lack power and conviction. The contrasts written into the script were not played out on the stage—for this reason the play did not work and became laborious.

The sets and properties were as lavish and imaginative as one would expect of the National and the play as dull and 'English' as one would expect at the National.

Anna Teeman.



Film

Look who's talking

Film

Look Who's Talking stars John Travolta (*Grease*, as if you didn't know) as James and Kirstie Alley (the manager in *Cheers*, you know, the manager) as Mollie, a single working woman. They're an unlikely couple, thrown together when Mollie goes into labour in the back of James' cab.

Baby Mikey is born. He and James hit it off and James befriends his mother. Little does he know that Mikey is not, as Mollie told her mother Rosie (Olympia Dukakis), a product of artificial insemination but of Mollie's married boyfriend Albert (George Segal). Mollie decides to search for a 'proper' father for Mikey. Does this mean waiting for the divorce that Albert protests is proceeding slowly, falling for James, or going through a line of suitors? Just about here I'll mention the cantankerous but lovable Grandpa Vinnie (Abe Vigoda).

Hang on a minute. This is hardly a rib-tickler so far. But wait, here's the good bit—baby Mikey can talk! Through the voice of Bruce Willis, his wry comments come to life. Even before the birth, his thoughts have us laughing. 'Hey! how about some apple juice down here?'. His collaboration with James to make Mollie fall for him forms the basis of the film, but he doesn't need adults to have a good time. At the sandpit he becomes a sit-down comedian and a simple push in the pram is a chance to meet old friends and have a natter.

Obviously it's Mikey who is the star of the show but Kirstie Alley is also very funny, especially when feeding the baby. Imagining her suitors in ten years time forms a memorable scene where James belches to keep the children happy after bringing in a mouldy lettuce to eat!

With the names and the new angle, this film is sure to do well, but is it funny? It's not an all-time great but it's one of the funniest new films I've seen in quite a while. I left in a far better mood than when I went in. Since I can't do it justice here, you'll just have to see it yourself.

Toby Jones.

Theatre

Felix rock-journo, Stone, looks at the new 12" single, *Staring at the Sun*, and LP *Joy 1967-1990* after a gig at the Borderline Club last Saturday by...

Ultra Vivid Scene

Ultra Vivid Scene, the New York based band led by and largely composed of Kurt Ralske has just released their first material in a year, a single *Staring at the Sun* and their second LP, *Joy 1967-1990*. As well as this they have just started their first UK tour, starting with three sold-out dates at the Borderline Club.

Ralske has moved away from his penchant for things sado-masochistic and written songs of a happier timbre, as the title 'Joy' indicates. *Staring at the Sun* is almost identikit indiepop, with guitar doodling over a simple one-two drum pattern creating a tangle of hook-lines that combine to give an irresistible sum. The UVS hall-mark of slightly country-tinged guitar effects persists, although incorporated into an entirely different overall sound. *Crash*, a re-recording of the first UVS LP, is a repetitive chime of synth and twang set off by the extraordinary languid quality of Ralske's vocals. The single is backed with *Three Stars*, extended on the 12" /CD which sounds oddly like thrash metal at a quarter the speed. The single closes with a cover of *Something Better* which fades away delicately.

The LP, *Joy* opens with the warbling but heavily laid-back *It Happens Every Time* before breaking into full flow with *Staring* and the schizophrenic 7" version of *Three Stars*. The fourth track, *Special One* features Kim Deal of the *Pixies* on backing vocal and the song itself is like the *Pixies* in a gentle frame of mind, plus what appears to be a Hammon organ bubbling in the background.

Grey Turns White jangles mesmerically into the grinding, slyly twisted *Poison*. Ralske sings with dark threat in his voice, rather startling after the tranquil undertow of the rest of the A-side *Guilty Pleasure* starts the flip side with a sound that comes straight out of Sunday morning via severe vibrato and then the pace ebbs still more into *Extra Ordinary* which is an almost disappointing ballad, saved only by the vocals. *Beauty No. 2* starts out as a flowing montage of sustained notes and then gradually transforms into little swatches of overlaid guitar. *The Kindest Cut* is a sadly obsessive song with a melancholy cello; *Praise The Low* is folkly and martial in its structure but not its execution. *Lightning* builds up to a peaceful but hardly stagnant close.

Ralske seems to have avoided the problems so many artists have with the second album, shifting his outlook to a less bizarre theme without losing his gift for writing good pop songs (he claims to have already written 900 songs). Having proved his skill at the recorded level he only needed to prove he could do it live. During a 21-night support to Ian McCulloch in the States he found he was not only good at it but enjoyed it immensely as well. Playing live made it impossible to single-handedly play all the instruments so UVS expanded to a four-piece for their first UK dates.



The Borderline, a very small venue (especially for such a large band), gave the gig an intimate atmosphere perfect for the band. Ralske took the tiny stage besieged by his fans (most of whom at the front could do no more than wave feebly) and played a set simultaneously too short (only ten or so three minute songs) and too long (for those of us pressed into the woodwork). Little of the new album emerged, the set list being made up from the singles and B-sides; *She Screamed* frantic and *Staring* manic. *Three Stars*

pulped the crowd and *Codine* gave us a thankful respite. The encore was the mighty (and as yet unsurpassed) *Mercy Seat*.

Joy 1967-1990 is released on May 8 and the first 10,000 copies contain a gatefold insert. UVS play the Town and Country Club on May 30.

Apologies and thanks to joy. See you in 2067.
Stone.

Goat + Friends of Harry + The Trudy + International Beat

ICU, 27.4.90

Goat were a four piece heavy metal band who kicked off the evening's entertainment to an awkward start. With an active audience of two and a mass of placid spectators the group gave a sound performance of a fair variety of songs. Influences seemed to be *Guns & Roses*, and *Hendrix* with a good underlying bit of *Led Zeppelin*.

Friends of Harry started well. The first song they played sounded remarkably like *Whole Lotta Lovin' to Do* (Elvis). So did the second. The third sounded like *Rock A Hula Baby*. The fourth sounded like *Whole.....* I was not impressed.

Dodging the flying paper plates, *The Trudy* opened with *Countdown to Love*. Singing like a rejuvenated Blondie, henna Melissa bubbled infectiously in her infamous mini-skirt above a joyfully frenzied guitar and keyboard. As fun oozed out, the IC students danced! *T.L.M.B.*, *hemlock*, *anti-slam*, *go see the Trudy*.

Skankin'! Skankin'! Everyone a skankin'. The *International Beat* played their instruments with 100% lack of skill, delicate nuances stunningly absent tunes made out of mix 'n' match patterns. But it worked. The audience were happily inebriated and exhibited the now traditional IC failure to mosh. Nobody knew what any of the tracks were except *Mirror in the Bathroom* which was greeted with space hopper impressions by all and sundry.

The Amazing Flying Gerbil Machine and Friends.



DR FEELGOOD'S GUIDE TO COSMIC VILES

Friday May 4

My Bloody Valentine.....ULU
The Katyids.....Powerhaus, Islington

Saturday May 5

Inspiral Carpets + Baby
Ford.....Brixton Academy

Sunday May 6

Soundgarden.....Subterania
I Like Danny's Hair.....Ruskin Arms, E12

Monday May 7

Intergalactic drug of the week:

Gaye Bykers on

Acid.....Subterrannia
Bradford + The Fire Flies.....Dingwalls
The Shamen + Orbital.....T&CC

Tuesday May 8

Kinky cheese dip of the week:

Felo de Se.....Trapdoor
Furniture + 100% Mandale.....Subterania
Shellyan Orphan.....Borderline

Wednesday May 9

James.....Kilburn National

Thursday May 10

Fatima Mansions.....ULU

Friday May 11

New Fast Automatic Daffodils +
Mock Turtles.....ULU

Birdland

An impressive five band line up drew the crowds to fill the 4,000 capacity Brixton Academy on March 31 (day of the Poll Tax riots).

With all due respect to the first three bands nobody would give a shit about them, though *Cud* proved to be the spark to ignite the crowd.

Carter T.U.S.M. set the crowd alight; impressive for their first large venue gig. Ever relevant and ever brilliant. Lines like 'It's midnight on the Murder Mile, OK let's riot' seemed more cutting than usual.

Birdland stepping up from their small venues to this put on the same old stage show as ever and it didn't work.

Amusing enough for people who haven't seen it before but here they just seemed pointless. Perhaps there is no way back for them to the days of small venues and fun rewards.

The memories are fun, but seeing them like this just isn't worth it.

DEL.



admission :
ents £1
nus £150
guests £2.00

TRAP DOOR

CUSA
entertainments
8 May

every
tuesday
WITH DJ AL

ALL DRINKS £1 OR LESS
live on stage at 10:30

FELO DE SE
city university students union
northampton sq london ec1. 250 0955
tubes : angel/barbican off goswell rd.
music til 1:30 doors 8:30

15/5/90 : cut cut emma 22/5/90 : i like danny's hair

The Associates

—Wild and Lonely

Billy MacKenzie split the Associates in 1982, leaving Alan Rankine. Now he has returned alone (well Billy and 22 session artists anyway) to reform the Associates and launch a new LP, *Wild and Lonely*. No moshing here, I'll tell you. Track after track of preprogrammed computerised toss. It either sounds like the Pet Shop Boys or David Bowie. The former is hardly surprising since the production is handled by the Pet Shop Boys Producer himself.

I'm sorry Billy, but you're really going to have to try better than this whilst the old Bowie LPs are being rereleased. Better luck next time, and leave the cover design to a pro next time.

D.

Brixton Academy



Joseph Kazamias gives his opinion on space, time and other things.

What is reality?

Space and time are merely the ignorant man's efforts to explain the 'reality' that his life's experiences have constructed for him. Space and time, and even so called 'reality' are all an illusion. When we were born into this life yet unmarked by worldly experiences, time and space did not exist for us. Distance and all other 'man-made' concepts had to be learnt. A child has no idea how far away an object is if 'he' (or 'she') has never experienced that object before, to him it is only an array of colours. In reaching out for the object, his success or failure of touching it is part of the process of learning distance. If he misses, his brain will instruct his arm in another direction, and so gradually he will learn the idea of distance through 'personalising' the objects around him.



Woody Allen getting to grips with the concept of time.

The other man-made concepts are almost suddenly given 'reality' when the child learns to speak. Language is probably our greatest bind to illusion. For it is through learning to speak that the child no longer lives 'out of time', in the moment that is, and starts living 'in time', by looking forward to things. It is language and experiences with it, that impose this idea of a self, or ego. As far as he is concerned when he sits on his chair whipping his horse's behind he *is* a cowboy. When he runs around his room with a broomstick between his legs he *is* the wizard, flying from star to star. He only becomes the 'little boy' when his parents and friends have told him, through language, 'Joseph, don't do that; let's get out to play; if you're a good boy, mummy's going to give you a present' etc, etc, until he's so conditioned by this idea that he *is* this 'little boy'. He starts to believe it. He then continues his life enslaved by his emotions into craving those experiences which bring him pleasure and averting those which bring him pain. It is in his identifications, through language, of objects and experiences that remove him from the moment, into regretting past actions and anticipating future ones. Every such like or dislike reinforcing the past like or dislike until he has created his own 'reality', his own world that he believes is the objective world.

Life's experiences continually confirm for us that space and time exist. Every day the sun rises and every night it sets. It begins to feel like it's a Monday morning when we look forward to playing with our friends in the nursery, blissfully unaware of the process in creation. It's the formation of habits, governed by our emotions, that cast the die of illusion. Yet within this human quality lies the means of our salvation (which I shall not elaborate on here).

Some people buy watches to efficiently perform their habits. Whether it be going to work, watching

the telly, going to bed at a certain time, or whatever it may be, it seems we live our life governed by creation of our own ignorance, time.

Space also supports time. It is through our identification of objects in motion at certain 'speeds' (merely our visual field changing colours) that both speed and time are given reality. Time and space, the axioms upon which 'science' is built, complimenting each other and the whole illusion of our reality so convincingly.

Science, being based on human ignorance therefore was developed in an attempt for our intellect to comprehend our 'being'. The concepts of space and time, both founded on 'thought', can never bring us the completeness we are searching for, why else do

we search if not for our incompleteness? Even if science were to find the solution for our existence that solution would merely be another 'thought'. Such solutions are unceasingly questionable. 'If this is the reason for our existence, then what's the point of that?' etc, etc, etc, it can never end! The intellect, or mind, can only fail to bring us that completeness we are so seeking, that is why Yoga was developed for the spirit to experience it!

If we took some time out to practice meditation we would see the construction of time in the process. We would see how it is merely our 'thoughts' that take us from one minute to the next, one experience to the next. With further development the thought flow ceases, and 'time' no longer exists! The acquired awareness also developed allows us to realise that pleasure and pain are merely conditioned responses and that there is nothing to look forward to or shy away from, that there's just the moment and there always has been, we've just been too caught up in 'our reality' to realise. We don't even need to practice meditation to know that time is an illusion. The more aware we become of a minute the longer it lasts. How real can it be then? And as for space, is it no wonder that we can never grasp the concept of 'infinity' when the axioms on which 'space' it is built are those of our own ignorance? That's also why we can't conceive of the beginning of time, that also began an 'infinite' number of years ago.

I can conceive of the day when scientists realise that all matter is made from energy which is ultimately light, and that this illusive 'Realm of light' creation cannot be understood using our ignorance-based tools but through more practical means, namely the 'science' of Yoga.

Joseph Kazamias (Elec Eng 2).

Bibliography: 'Autobiography of a Yogi'.

This Week

● **'Intelligent' vacuum cleaners** able to tell the difference between 'quite dirty' and 'not that dirty at all' look set to make a few bucks on the back of forthcoming 'fuzzy' computer software. The system allows the computer to assign the carpet a value of zero to one for cleanliness, and suction is adjusted accordingly.

Invented by computer scientist Lofti Zadeh at the University of California twenty years ago, 'fuzzy' systems have found their way into washing machines, robots and automatic public transport systems exclusively in Japan. The Laboratory of International Fuzzy Engineering set up by the Japanese Government is backed by companies such as Minolta, Canon, Toyota and Honda wanting a piece of the action.

● **The Japanese Government** is preparing to more than quadruple its use of plutonium in two years.

£75 million is being allocated to the construction of an armed escort for shipments of reprocessed plutonium from Europe. Japan's Science and Technology Agency (STA) reckon on needing 0.9 tons by 1992 for a prototype breeder reactor. This is at odds with the predictions of the Nuclear Control Institute in the USA. They claim there will be no need for imported plutonium until 1999, by which time a demonstration advanced thermal reactor will be in action. But Itaru Watanake of the STA says that plutonium is fundamental to Japan's energy policy, and they plan to spend some £4000 million on a reprocessing plant of their own.

● **Sir Eric Ash is back** on the Advisory Board for the Research Councils as one of six independent members. The announcement comes almost a month after the reincarnation of the ABRC. Other members include Sir Charles Recce (of the UFC) and Professor Michael Hart (from University of Manchester Physics Department).

● **Research into the San Francisco Earthquake** of October last year agrees with initial speculation regarding the tragic collapse of part of the Nimitz Freeway. Columbia University's Lamont Doherty Geological Observatory, attribute the destruction to rock types on which the freeway was built. There were three main factors contributing to the collapse of the road. Firstly estuarine mud accumulated in the last 10,000 years amplifies earthquake shocks far more than the older Ice Age alluvium, upon which the double decked carriageway remained intact. Secondly, the optimum frequency at which the mud amplifies coincides with the resonant frequency of the structure—between one and four hertz. Finally the sediment below the doomed section was of just the right depth to provide the catastrophic frequencies.

● **The British otter population is in serious decline** due to the chemical pollution of rivers they inhabit. According to biologist Dr Chris Mason of the University of Essex polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs) are responsible for damaging the wombs of the female otter. Dr Mason is concerned that the highly toxic PCBs may be leaking from hydraulic irrigation pumps found on many rivers in the Fenlands. They collect in fat, particularly in large oily fish which form a large part of the otters' diet.

Adam Tinworth tells all about Scottish culture and fashion, from the 'Glasgow Kiss' to the City of Architecture Glasgow has a flavour of its own.

Beyond the tartan curtain—Glasgow

Glasgow? City Of Culture? Admittedly it seems a little improbable, after all as a city it doesn't exactly have the best reputation in the world—The Glasgow Kiss ('Stitch this, jimmy'), the Gorbals, the amicable relations between Rangers and Celtic, etc.. No, if there was to be a cultural centre in Scotland, surely one would think of Edinburgh first. Much more in line with previous culture capitals such as Athens, Florence and Paris isn't it?

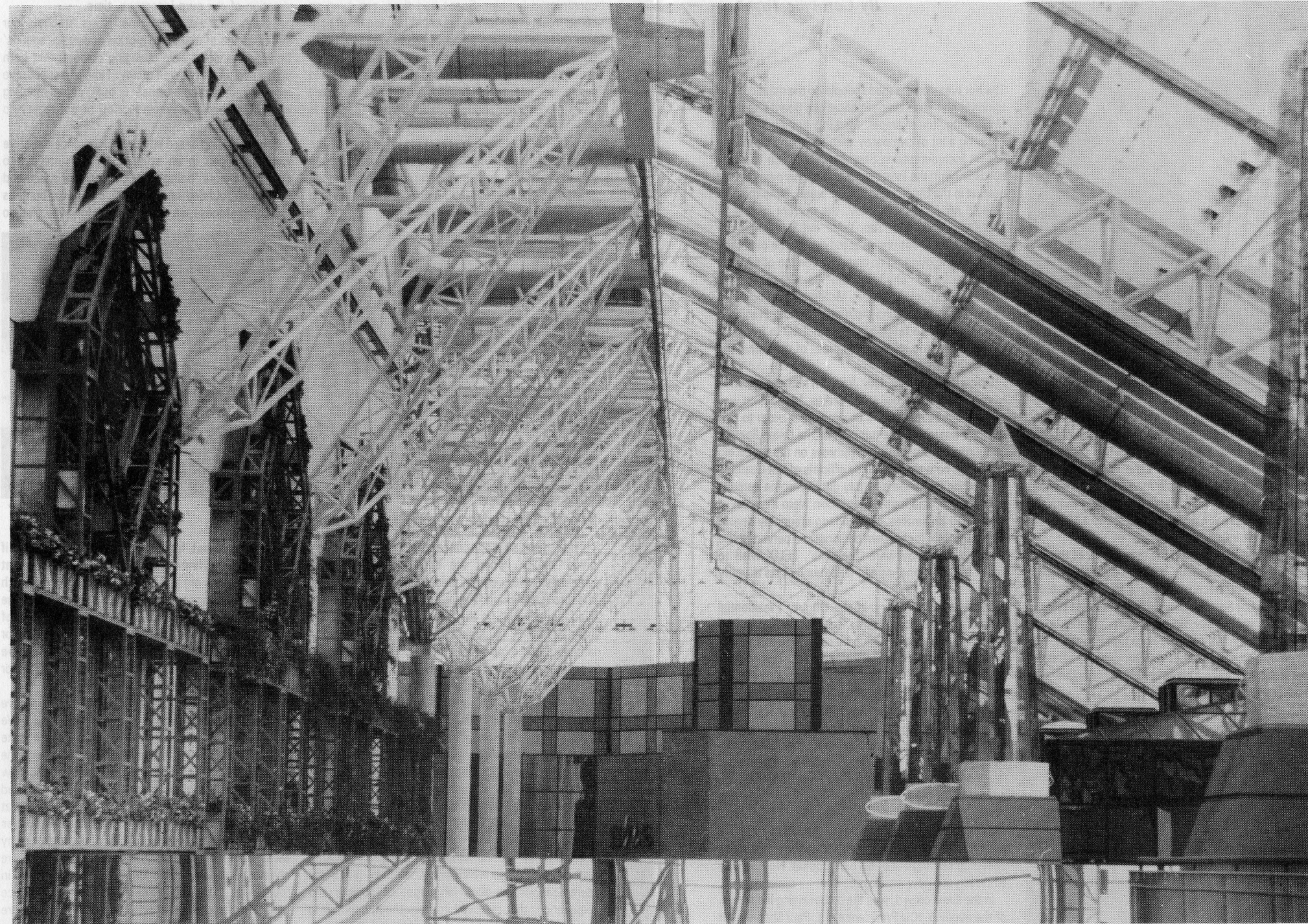
Well not really. To many Scots Edinburgh is viewed as little more than a colony of England, with more Sassenachs than Scots. They're probably ignoring the fact that a sassenach is any one born south of Perth, not the border. Indeed, rumour has it that pressure was recently put on Edinburgh University to accept more Scottish students, which might explain the unusually low UCCA offers many Scots got from them last year. Edinburgh's big claim to fame is its world famous cultural Festival, held every summer. Glasgow has begun to build its own reputation with its yearly Mayfest (held in May surprisingly enough). Glasgow promotes itself as the home of 'real' Scottish culture, and it is probably more justified in the claim than any of the other cities. It really feels Scottish in a way Edinburgh doesn't.

An initial wander round Glasgow doesn't reveal immediate signs of any great cultural upheaval. George Square looks much as it ever did, Clydeside remains its post Garden Festival self and you will still get beaten up for wearing the wrong colour in certain parts of the city. The signs are there though. Buchanan Street has sprouted banners, window displays tend to reflect the theme and the occasional oddly painted Taxi crawls by. Discreetly placed Computer information points and direction signs lead you to the many venues and buses, shelters and the Underground all look somewhat spruced up. With a little effort a whole new Glasgow opens up.

In true Scottish fashion, they are claiming that they are taking 'culture' not to mean the theatre, arts and the rest of the high brow events, although they have their place. Instead the slant is towards culture as in society. Perhaps the most successful example of this is the huge new *Glasgow's Glasgow* exhibition constructed under the vaulted red-brick arches under Central Station. The aim is to create a city within a city, to portray Glasgow's present and its past in one venue. They try to achieve this using a combination of computers, audio/visual displays, static exhibits and live events. Also down there are a restaurant, café and souvenir shop. In the specially constructed theatre and cinema, a wide variety of events are being staged including drama, cabaret and jazz. It is an ambitious project and one which is surprisingly successful. It's one of those venues it will take a couple of visits to appreciate.

In a similar vein is the *City of Architecture* with a selection of displays glorifying the city's buildings. If you visit during May you can even go on a guided walk round the city looking at all the wonderful buildings. To be honest, Edinburgh does have one big advantage over Glasgow—its a lot prettier.

Visual stimulation is perhaps better obtained at the art exhibitions. Glasgow already has a reasonable reputation for art. The Glasgow School of Art is highly respected and the Burrel Collection is surely Scotland's finest art gallery. The goodies on offer range from the conventional, photographic and avant-



garde visual arts displays to the truly bizarre. The best example of the latter is the *Giants, Gems and Jewels* exhibition which includes a greenhouse of growing crystals, sculpture using molten lava from Etna and crystal-related drawings by well-known comic artist Moebius. Sounds fascinating.

Comics themselves, that medium that was once strictly for kids, and which is now gaining (zap) adult (biff) credibility (kapow!) have also found their place. A major comic book convention was held a month ago, attended by many of the luminaries of this nascent art form and the 'Bogie Man' comic book has been launched to coincide with the celebrations (see

FELIX issue 850).

The more conventional types are also catered for. Glasgow has a reasonable selection of theatres across the town and a good selection of material is being performed, from very Scottish productions—*When Elvis lived in Meikle Earnock*—to touring productions of already successful shows such as Alan Bennett's *Single Spies* and the RSC's *Les Liaisons Dangereuse*. Perhaps the most exciting venue is the Citizen's Theatre in the Gorbals. Currently showing is Brecht's *Mother Courage* and productions of George Bernard Shaw, Goldoni and Nicholas Rowe. It has seating for 600 people even though leg room is rather cramped,

and a tendency to show superbly visual productions of plays which are not often performed.

The music lovers will find the events unfortunately dominated by Classical and Celtic music. This is a pity and rather disproves the notion that this year is to represent all levels of culture. Those bananas looking for horny Indie bands are best to buy a copy of the local equivalent of Time Out, The List, and scour the music columns for what few bands you can find. For those of you that would like to see something a little more traditional one of the many ceilidhs (pronounced ah-kay-lee) being held throughout the year is well worth a visit. They can be quite good fun (honestly).

The Scottish Opera have a pretty good programme as well, with upcoming productions of *Madama Butterfly*, *Così fan Tutte* and *Salome*.

The Scottish Cabaret scene is possibly better than the London one at the moment and is well worth a look. The Clyde Cavern is a venue to look out for as is anything starring the Funny Farm. Most of the major venues have something comedic at sometime or another.

Glasgow is a very religious city. The antagonism between Rangers and Celtic is basically a dispute between protestants and catholics. This is being reflected (excluding the violence hopefully) by a series

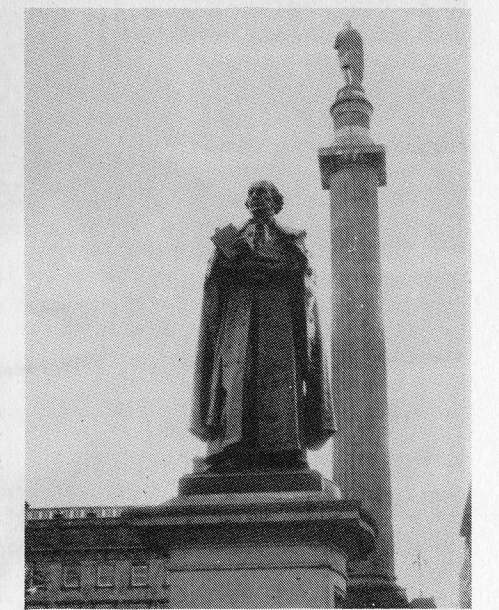
of events under the banner The Spirit Of The City. This will involve Christian and other communities and will be offering 'an opportunity to explore meaning, inspiration, renewal and growth'. Hmm. Perhaps I should warn the world that Scottish religion tends to be very dour. In fact, it's as boring as hell (sic).

There is some sport for those who find watching anything which doesn't involve a ball an intolerable strain on the brain. The Scots have progressed a little beyond Haggis Hunting and Caber Tossing. The Youth (under 14) Olympiad is being held there, which should have the general population on the edge of their seats. Well, actually they haven't got the caber tossing out of their national system. The World Highland Games Championships are being held in June. They should be easy to find. There's going to be massed Pipe Bands there. Hundreds of Bagpipers playing simultaneously. Oh my God. Somewhat more attractive are The European Special Olympics, first held in Dublin in 1985, which give people with special needs a chance to participate in international competition.

Also a range of new works in a wide variety of mediums have been specially commissioned from artists, composers and playwrights. The jewel in the crown is expected to be a large theatre project called *The Ship* which has been commissioned from Bill Bryden. A tribute to the long gone days of the great shipbuilding industry on the Clyde, 20 actors will perform the play while 10 shipyard workers build a ship and launch it during the course of the play. Well, it's unusual.

There has certainly been a real effort to make this year a success. Whether it will succeed or not is another question. Unfortunately it does look as if the much vaunted universality of it all has failed to materialise. Still its worth a look, especially considering that events will probably be cheaper than their London nearest equivalents.

For further information write to Glasgow 1990, PO Box 88, GLASGOW, Scotland. As well as general lists of events, there are brochures available entitled Where to Stay in Greater Glasgow and Quick Guide to Greater Glasgow. For info on Mayfest write to Mayfest, 18 Albion Street, GLASGOW G1 1LH.



Sab Fashions

By Edna Welthorpe.



Welcome back darlings to Edna's come-and-eat-me-up style fashion piece... Bad news this week I'm afraid as we see our own very favourite new election fashion hipster Jessica Rabbit usurped by sexist trash-mongerer Ben Turner. Or should we say Ben TurnUP. Because you see darlings, every pair of trousers Benjamin sports have those oh-so-eighties turn-ups. It's true! This could be for two reasons: (i) it's a discrete place to stash an eighth of cannabis resin or (ii) because his legs are too short. We rather suspect the latter, because small men always indulge in sexist innuendo don't they darlings?

Benjamin obviously tries to identify with the Next-Man neo-classical look implying that he is a man of culture with a love for the environment too. The ecologically gelled hair, prententious polo-neck and skin-tight black jeans suggesting rippling athletic muscles should attract today's post-feminist ideal

woman—a liberated user of ecology minded 'mum'.

But enough of the oh so dull victor. The spoils of fashion, fall to the gallant losers—I.C.'s very own Turner and Hooch. Spencer Lane with his Carnaby Street hat and his seedy old man's raincoat—where did he get those stains? And Graeme Litterer as lovable Hooch who has even managed to get into a Marks and Spencer suit in the picture.

So luvvies, was fashion the real winner of the D.P. election with Benjamins grossly offensive sexual style? Well no, because being a liberated lesbian I found the *Just Seventeen* girl running for new election far more stylistically titillating than all the others lumped together. We can only hope that Benjamin, with his new source of income, will throw away his entire wardrobe and make a clean breast of his fashions for next year!



The Delator Column

ByCarolyn Toynee

The hot weather has made people do the most curious things lately. Take Union Publications Board Chairman Doug King, for example. Mr King has clearly been showing a lot of sympathy with the many people he knows incarcerated in Strangeways. Keen to show solidarity with the inmates, Doug held his own rooftop protest in the Union building last week. Onto the roof walked Mr Nicholas Marley, the current bedpal of ICU's very own Hon Sec. What did Mr Marley see before his innocent uncorrupted eyes? The pink bum of Doug King gyrating up and down on top of a Maths 1st year who shall remain nameless (Laurie McNamee). Quick as a flash, Mr Marley hurried down to the Union office and instructed Deputy President Dave Williams to fetch his camera. True to form, Mr Williams was too slow and so proof of the carnal act cannot be reproduced here.

Union Bar Manager Jelly Johnson has just returned from a fact-finding tour of the States. His mission was to seek out as many bars as possible in order to find ways of improving the turnover of the Union Bar. On encountering customs at Heathrow on the return leg of his trip, he was stopped by officials of HM Customs and Excise demanding he pay duty on some items in his baggage. The items in question were a couple of size 44DD brassieres. Mr Johnson staunchly denied that they were for his own personal and perverted use claiming that they were 'presents'. FELIX wish to speak to a 20-stone woman with four breasts to verify this.

Following his victory in the Deputy Presidential election on Tuesday night, Ben Turner celebrated with, amongst others, Union Manager David Peacock. The booze was flowing so freely that Mr Turner's bar tab had reached £110 by the end of the evening. Mr Peacock, who had clearly attempted to drink all £110 single-handed was a bit the worse for wear and ended up on the DP-elect's floor that night. The next morning, Ben offered to splash out more of his cash by taking Peaky out for a slap-up breakfast. 'Everything in the house for my new friend Dave', cried Mr Turner, 'Money no object'. After much masticating, the bill arrived. Alas, Ben's coffers had run dry. Off he trundled to the cashpoint. Sadly, this too rejected Mr Turner's plea for cash. Mr Peacock ended up settling out of his own pocket. Not the way to treat your new employee, Ben.

In the same crowd, was the embarrassing Irish drunk of the evening, ICU President elect, Paul Shanley. Mr Shanley started his road to stardom by hailing across the bar to a somewhat camp individual in orange. Having clearly heard of Mr Shanley, the gentleman ignored him. After several minutes of shouting across the bar, Mr Shanley resorted to standing upon a table and hollering across the bar before crawling over to the orange clad stranger. After a brief conversation he dragged the gentleman over to Union Snack Bar Manager, Ian Richards and introduced the gentleman as 'Dougal,' to fits of (his own) laughter. Mr Shanley was later seen being taken away to shouts of 'I think you've had enough Paul.'



FELIX
 This FELIX is a little thin at 16 pages, since most of the FELIX staff are revising or taking exams at the moment. I cannot see us rising above 16 pages for several weeks. I do hope to produce a bumper final FELIX for June 22, however. If you have any ideas for features etc. please pop into the office. Work has already started in preparation for the monster. In the meantime, if you are at a loose end on a Thursday evening, please come along to the FELIX Office to help collate.

Management and Planning Group and Network
 I do not wish to comment upon a great deal of this week's news. Instead I should like to talk about a College Committee which is taking on an increasing role in the running of IC. The Management and Planning Group is a committee chaired by the Rector and attended by the College's Deans, the Managing Director and the Business Manager. It is sadly lacking in one vital area: student representation. This year the committee has made decisions on the careers centre at IC. The centre provides a valuable service to students, who now have no say in its future.

I accept that the college has to make cut-backs. The problem seems to be that student services are the target for savings. I could mention a number of wasteful and costly exercises within IC, which serve

neither the students nor the staff of the college—where are the cuts here? One big area of monetary wastage is the exercise in internal public relations, known as *Network*. *Network* is a 'magazine' which spreads the good word according to 'The College.' It is distributed to staff and contains 'news' on how wonderful Imperial College is, as well as advertisements for the HUB Office's events and Humanities Lectures. The editor is Eric Stables, Head of the Humanities Department (with special responsibilities for nepotism it seems.)

As a vehicle for making staff aware of what is happening within the College *Network* fails abysmally. As a method of burning tens of thousands of pounds a year, it succeeds admirably. Why is it that a publication, which clearly makes no attempt whatsoever to attract advertising receives money, whilst a facility like the careers service, which raises money from industry has funds taken away from it?

I believe that the Management and Planning Group is a body formed to further the wishes of academics and the college's administration, whilst ignoring the needs of the students. The students' union should press for representation upon it before the situation becomes irretrievable. I cannot see it being too long before the hall rents are set by this body. Already the students have no say in the rent levels, since the committee which used to set them, with student advice, has had its powers neutered in this area. Rents are rising, student benefits have gone and students are seeing harsher cuts in the areas that affect them. I do not believe this college has any further wish to educate undergraduates. If it does, it's got a pretty shit way of showing it. Arise Sir Eric, Knight of Cheapskate Industrial Estate.

Competition
 The results to the STA Travel and Jesus Jones competitions will be announced in next week's issue.

Give Blood

City and Guilds Union
 will be holding a blood
 donor session in Southside
 Gym on

May 8th

Anybody wishing to give
 blood should contact the
 Guilds office as soon as
 possible

Credits
 Many thanks to last week's collators: Dominic and Graham from Ents, Jeremy Burnell, Tom Yates and Jim Lucy. Thanks this week to Sarah, Jon Radcliffe, Mathew, Stone, DEL, Toby Jones, Adam Tinworth, Adam Harrington, Liz Warren, Anna Teeman, Matthew Johnson, Rose Atkins, Andy Thompson, Ben Turner, Simon Haslam, Carolynne Toynbee, Adrian Pagan, Ian Hodge, Simbard O'Shawn, The Duke of Westminster, and Hal. Sorry to anyone I may have forgotten, please let me know.

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The World's Great Tube Journeys.

Balham to Morden

As an admirer of the London Underground System for many years, I have decided to start a regular column of my journeys on this historical and fascinating form of transport. Summer is a time for travel and excitement. Last weekend, I set forth upon an adventure of the highest peril, Balham to Morden.

For just £2.60 I was able to foray forth through the deepest depths of this great capital's suburbia and enjoy the hands-on experience of Morden. But first, my preparations.

Equipped with my cagoule for the tropical rain storms so often encountered in outer London, according to leading authorities, I checked off my essentials for survival on the Northern Line. This is probably a good point at which to make some brief observations about safety and survival. If you expect to be out for more than three hours on the 'tube' (as we Londoners call it), make sure you pack a bivi bag for those long waits on the Northern line platforms. If you have a problem with your eyesight (as I and many of my friends have) then pack a good set of binoculars to read the information signs. Watch out for those all important messages concerning bodies under trains and late trains due to delays on the line. If you do have the rare privilege of sighting one of the aforementioned, be sure to bivi down with your personal hifi. Be sure to pack a bottle of Clearasil for those longer days.

Having dispensed with safety checks and the packing of my survival gear, I set out Balham-bound. Ah Balham! Packed with atmosphere and a truly international flavour it sums up all that is 'great' in Greater London. I purchased my 'Capital Card' with pride. Capital it is too! Such value! A whole day's travel through 'the smoke' for so little. With my sparkling prize at the ready, I ventured forth to test the new barriers. Lorks and lumme! My first adversary in the battle of Balham. I was so glad of my first day's contact with those great people from our prestigious railway service as I found my card jammed in the machine. After an enlightening conversation about reproduction and why I could not have a refund I was glad to buy a new ticket, safe in the knowledge that the authorities would return my money if they found the offending ticket. Light of heart and sturdy of foot I embarked upon my escapade. 'Morden, here I come,' I thought!!

Life upon the Northern Line has Hispanic roots. As afternoon approaches, all life becomes one long siesta, the local flamenco dancing platform attendants lie down to rest and the station starts to resemble a small village in the Isle of Wight. The Isle of Wight, where I met Brenda, for whom my personal hifi will always be the only lasting memory. A boon to travellers on the open track, my personal hifi has three buttons on it. One for play, one for fast forward and one for stopping. Some of my friends say I never know when to stop, so I have broken the stop button. Sadly, the play button was also a casualty in this exploit. Now I am forced to hold the button down. Life has its compensations, I now find I waste far fewer batteries when falling asleep in my bivi upon the platform.

Settling down to a quiet relaxing wait I unpacked the paraffin stove I always pack for these occasions and made ready for a fresh cup of tea. 'Glorious Balham!' I thought. Beautiful restful Balham. When I die, I want to be buried in Balham, a place for tranquil rest and a nice cup of tea, which is always useful at a funeral, after all. Tea is one of the major exports of

Balham, in fact. Few people are privy to the secret but succesful Balham Tea Syndicate, which meets every other Tuesday in the local village hall.

After a restful sleep, I made my first attempt at boarding the Northern line locomotive number G163, a new number to me, which I subsequently realised was the last of a fleet exported to the Isle of Wight. As I viewed the engine with pride I realised my folly, for the doors were closing. Oh great woe! I had missed the train. I settled down to brew up once more. I read the exciting advertisements about the girl who uses temp agencies for jobs every day not every day jobs. What wit and humour is contained within such puns as FantastiKelly! Entertainment is never far away on the Northern Line. Further down the platform lies a poster for a dating agency, full of very attractive people, who I have always wanted to meet.

Dating agencies. I have always wondered what sort of person uses an agency for arranging their relationships. You get a lot of time to wonder on the Northern Line. I am still wondering if I am the sort of person who joins dating agencies. I'm sure they have room for somebody with a startling range of knowledge of Britain's railway network like mine. There must be women swooning at the mere sight of a blue cagoule, let alone a 462 diesel at top speed on the London to Glasgow line. It's not what you wear, it's how you wear it. My cagoule can be quite fetching in an off-the-shoulder style, according to my mum (and she should know).

The cagoule, of course was invented by a French man called Mr Cagoule. Mr Cagoule, or 'Cag,' as his friends were known to call him, had been a pioneering explorer of the deserts for many years when he realised that a large part of the water he lost in the desert was due to sweating. To save himself the effort of carrying an excessive amount of water around the desert, he invented an item capable of collecting the wearer's sweat for recycling. After many years' use in the desert, Mr Cagoule finally discovered a commercial use for the cagoule, during a freak rain storm in the sahara. As well as keeping the sweat in, it actually protected the wearer from the rain. As a truly inventive and original designer, Mr Cagoule decided to patent the coat then and there, and to call it the 'Cagoule.' (It should be noted that Mr Cagoule's original coat was blue.)

As the sun began to rise in the sky, I felt my first hunger pangs calling me to unpack that Pot Noodle and get stuck in. I could stand it no longer. I had saved this delicacy all morning. As I waited for the water to boil, with trembling hands and nervous breath I read the enticing tub. Sweet and Sour Soya Chicken flavour pieces with noodles. Who needs meat, when the luxury of soya can be yours for as little as 79p? As the tub filled and my tastebuds tingled, I heard a

distant but somehow familiar sound. The train!

I hurriedly pushed my utensils into my bag and made ready to board, Pot noodle in one hand and capital card in the other. The doors opened, and I was on. Morden-bound! My heart rose and I struggled for my camera to get a good shot of the scenery. Pictured here is the tunnel between Balham and Tooting Bec. The shot was taken with a 50mm lens at f8 and a 2 second exposure. As a keen photographer, I knew I had the shot 'in the bag,' as we say in the trade. I'm rather proud of it and I have decided to name it 'Tunnel between Balham and Tooting Bec.' Rather a fitting title, don't you think? I'm no Simon Bailey, but I know a fair bit when it comes to cameras.

Speeding along the track I was able to see scenes of the indigenous wildlife, as it sauntered across the tracks to avoid the train. The rats and other rodents on the Northern Line have become sedate in their outlook on life, taking on the relaxed air of their natural habitat. The Northern Line embodies peace and tranquility in a way that no other railway service seems able to match.

Tooting Bec. A place with a fascinating history, connected with a now extinct form of British wildlife. Tooting Bec was originally known as Sugdenton. It had a huge population of creatures with three legs, two bottoms and no mouth. The 'Becs' as they were known seemed to serve little purpose in life. They would spend most of the day passing wind through clenched buttocks to create a 'tooting' noise. After the death of the 'becs' during the creation of the glorious Northern Line, this station was named in their honour. The next station, Tooting Broadway, was once a large area of land upon which the 'becs' would gather on a Sunday in order to 'toot.' Onwards to Tooting Broadway!

Tooting Broadway is a fascinating place to visit. I know, because I had the pleasure of spending eight hours there this particular day. The train terminated and I dutifully disembarked, searching with an eager traveller's eye for the 'Nothing to declare' queue near the exit to 'Cosmopolitan Greater London.' It was then that I spotted the vivid paintwork upon this station. Purple, beautifully and tastefully matched with purple. How could they have known! My favourite combination of colours! The paintwork was finished in a tough gloss paint. Subsequent information from the platform attendant allows me to impart even more about this fascinating facet of the decorating industry. The constraint of space is sadly against me this week, however I failed to complete my trip to Morden on this particular day, but rest assured, I shall return for another attempt upon the summit of Morden. Happy Spotting!

Simbard O'Shawn.

Rag Zoo break

After unsurmountable problems with Rag Fête it has unfortunately had to be cancelled this year—so on May 12 we will now be out collecting for Lukaemia Research—meet 10.30am in the Snack Bar. All is not lost though—Relish Wrestling will hopefully happen for Telethon on May 27, come along to the Rag meeting today to sign up if this is up your street as it were.

The Rag AGM will be next Friday, 11 May, and will be where we choose the charities for next year. If you have any suggestions please come along with some info on the charity. The elections for next year's committee will also take place.

Saturday 12 May sees the Annual Rag Dinner—tickets are a tad over a tenner and it should be as much of a laugh as last year.

Just a second reminder that the Monopoly Board Pub Crawl is on May 26. Finally Rag will be running 'Where Will the Animal Dump' again. The now infamous goat will be tied to his post on the Queen's Lawn on Wednesday May 23 and whoever bought the right 'spot' should win a TV—tickets are on sale from the Union Office.

**Love and Twiglets,
Hal.**

Regent's Park—Saturday May 19

Aim: To get as far as possible from London within 12 or 24 hours, disguised as animals (unless you're suitably hairy anyway). The event is being sponsored for the journey, or collecting along the way.

Rules: 1. No money must be spent on travel.
2. You must not!!!! break the law.

Prizes for: The team travelling the furthest, the best dressed team, the team travelling the furthest by human effort (eg foot, bike, wheelchair, carrying a Union minibus, etc etc) and the team raising the most money.

Remember, you can hitch a lift, hijack a plane (legally of course), take your pet 'dinosaur' walking, learn to fly, or simply get Mrs T to give you a piggy back.

All proceeds to the Spastic Society (for people with Cerebral Palsy). If you are interested, sign up in the Union Office, or come to a Rag meeting (12.40pm, Friday) for sponsorship forms.



Homosexuality—is the stereotype true?

Most people, including students, often have a negative view of homosexuality. Yet if you were to assume that there is little or no gay element at IC you would be very wrong. Based on the national statistic of 10%, at least 500 people in the College are gay. The overwhelming majority however are unable to be open about it largely due to the reaction it can provoke. Yet if it were known, their friends and others around them would nearly always be surprised for the simple reason they do not act the way they are supposed to.

To raise such an issue you might suspect, and you would be right, in the assumption that I am gay. With this fact in mind what am I like as a person? The stereotyped view is well known and unfortunately well believed. Such a view would have you believe that I (and other gay people) are a threat to children and men in general and that we hate women but desire to be like one. Alternatively we might be perceived as just 'harmless old queers!' The reality (surprise, surprise) is somewhat different. I am not camp, neither do I hate women (in fact I have a great deal of respect for them) yet I do not desire to be one. Neither am I a threat to children nor fellow students. *Nobody* has anything to fear from me. What is more, I am relieved to say, I am just another extremely ordinary person. I am not alone in that fact either. There are, of course, a number of 'colourful eccentrics' around but these are not representative

even though nobody should fear them. Virtually every gay person I have met has been an 'ordinary guy' and I am sure that is true of the majority of gay people.

If this is so why then is there so much resentment from the 'straight' community directed towards gays? There are of course religious objections; 'practicing homosexuality is a sin!' I am not a religious person yet I respect the views of those who are. But I can think of many 'sins' which are far worse than two men who care about each other expressing that love.

In *Family Matters* (BBC1, 4.4.90) the story was told of one young gay man who killed himself because his religion objected to it. The fact that he was forced to do this disgusts me; his father said after his son's death that it was better his son had died and was 'with God' than for him to be alive and gay. Such views are hypocrisy of religious belief and surely invalidate any religious argument. Hopefully other religious people are as tolerant as their faith decrees.

I think however that most objections stem from the fact that little is known about the realities of homosexuality, especially when what little information known is based on a few sordid occurrences and gross generalisations. I wouldn't even want to preach that all gays are warm wonderful human beings because that certainly isn't true. Just like society as a whole, the gay community consists of a wide variety of people and just like society as a whole most are OK. There are though 'bad elements'

such as gay molesters, rapists, prostitutes etc but just like such people in straight society they are NOT representative. I too am disgusted by such people but what equally disgusts me is that their highly distorted view of homosexuality is the one highlighted most often and to the detriment of others. Media such as *The Sun* are full of scandalous tales of 'raving poofers' and 'loony lefties brainwashing kids to be gay' and I have to say that if that was my only information about homosexuality even I would probably be homophobic! I can therefore understand why many people feel uneasy about gays. But I say to those people again: your views are based on unrepresentative, misleading information. You could even say that you have been conned by the media. After all they are there to sell newspapers and not to give you a fair assessment of ordinary people, gay or straight.

Homosexuality is not a sin, nor a mental illness. It's about people who, for unexplained reasons, feel that they will be happiest and most relaxed with people of the same sex as themselves. They are, on the whole, ordinary people just like everybody else, who don't want to 'take over the world' but just be happy in their lives and relationships, just like everybody else. Is that really too much to ask for?

Name withheld by request.

What a turn off!

Dear Dave,

Thank you to all those students who bothered to vote for me in the election for Deputy President.

My thanks go especially to Dave Osborne for proposing me, Jessica Rabbit and the birds for agreeing to pose for only a nominal fee, Dave Smedley, Jackie Scott, Kevin Hill, Sydney Harbour-Bridge, Rose Atkins, and all those people who helped me to run up a £100 tab at the Union Bar!

I appreciated Graeme Littler's congratulations on announcement of the result. We will remain good friends and I wish him all the best in his future. As for the other candidate, who was not present at the

announcement because 'he didn't want to know', I'm glad that the 114 students who did vote for him will never realise what a nightmare of a decision they made.

I apologise unreservedly to everybody who was offended by my poster. Many people appreciated the humour and the underlying indirect message. I want to reassure those who did find it objectionable that sexism is not in my nature and I certainly will not seek to drag IC Union into the depths of depravity.

Cheers, and I hope I will live up to your expectations of me next year.

Benjamin Turner

Nursery is looking up

Dear Dave,

As a parent of a child in the Day Nursery I want to thank you very much for the interest you showed in the day nursery (FELIX 865), and especially the issue of the totally inadequate premises. Although your report contained some minor factual mistakes, it helped stir interest in the issue of the Day Nursery premises throughout the College.

As a result of this publicity, and of other such actions, concrete steps were taken to improve the existing premises (a new fire door and fire extinguishers were installed, and a new vinyl floor was installed in the baby room) and more are planned (the basement will be re-painted in the summer). Also, the College authorities are more aware of the problems of the nursery, and the parents organised themselves and meet weekly to discuss nursery issues and take actions.

My daughter, Nicky, is very happy at the Day Nursery: she enjoys the company of the other children, and the care and stimulus from the nursery nurses. Every morning, when we arrive at the nursery, she tells me: 'bye-bye', as if to signify: 'I am happy here, I don't need you any longer'; and I am extremely relieved and grateful to the nursery nurses for creating such a happy atmosphere for her. In these months Nicky has learnt several things at the Day Nursery, and she is proud about this.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that Nicky spends most of her day under artificial lighting, and that she

has very little opportunity to run around, and to be outdoors. The Day Nursery premises are inadequate, and—as we wrote in our original letter—I feel guilty and unhappy that Nicky and the nursery nurses are obliged to play and work under such poor conditions, that I, myself, would refuse if offered to me as working conditions.

The IC Day Nursery is an important asset of Imperial College. A lot of staff depend on it in order to be able to work in this College, and also, the Day Nursery plays an important role in student recruiting (especially overseas students and female students returning to College for higher degrees). The importance of the Day Nursery will grow even more in the future as the percentage of qualified women working after starting a family increases. Also, other colleges in London, with whom Imperial College has to compete, cannot offer this attraction. Therefore, the Day Nursery deserves the College's very urgent attention and support.

I hope that your interest, together with the actions of the parents, of the Day Nursery Committee and of the Staff will help the nursery to obtain good premises, as it deserves. Hoping, that in some of the very next issues of FELIX you will be in a position to report about concrete steps taken for new premises for the Day Nursery, and thanking you for your interest in the Day Nursery.

Yours,

Sophia Drossopoulou (Dr, Lecturer Computing).

Small Ads

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS

● **DramSoc**—Interested in proposing a play for the Edinburgh Fringe Festival? Come up to the DramSoc Storeroom on Tuesday or Wednesday lunchtime (1.00pm).

● **Juggling**; interested in JugSoc? Contact Yant Maths PG (ext 5769) or G Keogh, Chem 1.

PERSONAL

● **Wanted**: Drummer and Guitarist for band of varied influences: Dire Straits thru to Pink Floyd/Rush to Maiden and Metallica, Vision essential. Contact Tom/Mark on ext BSH (97) 319 evenings.

● **Phallixword**: Antipikarthic Zarathrustianism expands: Trilobituous Tripitaki?—Triplicate Tripping Trireme Tryptich. Whither the raison d'etre? Terpsichorean Lexicographer's Mugwump Brood.

FOR SALE & WANTED

● **Wanted** Any sub 125 motor cycle, suitable for a learner. Contact Dave Williams ICU Office ext 3502.

● **Bicycle** for sale. £40 including chain and lock. Ring Andreas on 727 3095.

● **Wanted**: video of 'Film '90' with 'Society' review. Apply Jeremy, feeble excuses dept, FELIX Office.

ACCOMMODATION

● **Wanted** single room for male. Cheap. Please phone 452 3823 after 6pm and ask for Adnan.

NINO of Italy

offers a special price for students of Imperial College

Men (short hair) Shampoo/cut/dry £10.00

Ladies (longer hair) Shampoo/cut/dry £12.00

Offer available Monday and Tuesday from 9am-5pm. All other times a 20% discount will be offered on the following:

Perm Waving ★ Straightening ★ Bleaching

Tinting ★ Highlights ★ Lowlights

and a 10% discount on the following:

Waxing ★ Facials ★ Manicure

Eyelash Tinting ★ Turkish Steamer

NINO OF ITALY

38 THURLOE PLACE, SOUTH KENSINGTON

TELEPHONE: 01-589 1054

HELP WANTED

The Snack Bar needs students to work at lunch times and in the mornings. No previous experience required. Hours are flexible and the pay is £2.60 per hour. Free meals are included whilst working. Contact Ian or Yvonne in the Snack Bar for further details.

UNION SNACK BAR

Mac right?

Dear Dave,

In last week's FELIX, issue 866, the presidents of the three CCUs replied to a letter by Mr Holmes, which caused me a great deal of concern. Granted they may not have agreed with Mr Holmes' views regarding CCUs, but they have totally missed the point of the letter and shown a very immature attitude by resorting to a blatant personal attack on Mr Holmes. What I also find distressing is that they also see fit to attack the Mechanical Engineering Society, a society which, many others have given a great deal of time and effort in supporting, including Mr Holmes.

Admittedly, Mech Eng Soc has not been as active this year as it has previously, but this is not Mr Holmes' fault, as suggested by Mr Horne and company. Mech Eng Soc organised the department Christmas party as usual, and was also approached by the 'group of students who were not aware of the existence of Mech Eng Soc' to help organise the Revue and to sell tickets for said Revue. That's quite a feat if they didn't know Mech Eng Soc existed!

Further to the accusation of 'no events' must come the question of the Great Egg Race, an event hijacked from Mech Eng Soc by C&G this year. This proved to be the straw that broke the camel's back as far as Mech Eng Soc was concerned, especially as C&G made no attempt at using any imagination in this year's Egg Race, and copied the previous two year's design briefs. It was also interesting to note that far fewer people attended this year's 'Interdepartmental Spectacular' than Mech Eng Soc had attracted previously to the single department event.

I assume that the glasshouse and stone throwing comment was meant to imply that Mr Holmes had taken up the chair of Mech Eng Soc for CV points. If this is so, then maybe Mr Horne and company should check their information before casting aspersions. Mr Holmes took the chair, not as a means of gaining CV points, but because no one else was too keen to take the post, due to the difficulties it was known would appear, especially given the hijacking of our major event. Perhaps Mr Horne should converse with last year's chairperson, whom I believe is a friend of his, to ascertain the truth. Perhaps this would leave him with no ammunition for the attack he has made on Mr Holmes.

As I mentioned, I believe that the whole point of Mr Holmes' letter was missed by Mr Horne and co. Mr Holmes was questioning the £8000+ expenditure on computing equipment for CCU offices. City & Guilds are now the owners of three Apple Macintosh computers and a Laser Printer. Unless I am much mistaken, Union business can surely not tie up three Macs simultaneously, or is it just that they are convenient for report writing? This is what Mr Holmes was getting at, a point which has been totally ignored in a childish personal attack by the CCU presidents.

Perhaps Mr Horne and company should get their information correct before they proceed to throw stones from their greenhouses.

Yours sincerely,
S Burton, 3M.

Well done 1

Dear Dave,

The Poll Tax is totally fair. My wife and I have saved untold tens of thousands of pounds from it. Well done Mrs Thatcher, another good idea.

Yours,
The Duke of Westminster.

Well done 2

Dear Dave,

Congratulations on your campaign on behalf of the ICP candidates. Tact is clearly not your strong point. Even the *Sun* is more subtle (occasionally).

I'm writing to respond to Andrew Waller's letter in last week's FELIX.

Whilst rightly ridiculing the Labour Party's stand on local government financing, I did not 'deride' the principle of a local income tax. I simply expressed my own view that a tax based purely on 'ability to pay' is not necessarily the fairest system devisable.

Firstly, most obviously, income is no measure of ability to pay. My father earns twice as much as our neighbour, but with five children (three at university), high mortgage, rates etc we are not much better off. Yet my dad pays three times as much income tax, and would pay twice as much local income tax. Fair?

Secondly, lots of people will have to pay nothing, irrespective of how much they spend. As Mr Waller pointed out, people who pay nothing have nothing to lose and everything to gain from an extravagant high-spending council. Most people in the country think everyone should pay something, no matter how little. Under the Community Charge this minimum 'something' is 5% of local per capita expenditure. I think that is absolutely fair and reasonable.

I'd like to thank Mr Waller for expressing clearly the Liberal Democrat's point of view. Will we now hear from a Labour supporter on the Roof Tax, or is nobody at IC stupid enough to support Labour?

Yours,
Ultan McCarthy, Physics 2.

I am sorry to hear your parents are so little better off under a Conservative Government.

Weeks screw

Dear Dave,

It seems that College has found yet another way to screw every last penny (and then some more) out of us.

Whilst paying my Weeks Hall rent of almost £600 and in so doing subsidising the incompetence of residences, I picked up a leaflet for accommodation over the summer.

With a rent increase of a third for a single room to £66 in Weeks it seems that we are now being called on to subsidise the incompetence of the summer letting scheme (which as far as I know has never made any money).

The only other way for me to stay in central London over the summer is to work for the Summer Letting Scheme under the whims and edicts of Loretta O'Callaghan. Last year these included all cleaners being available day and night to porter should this be required (irrespective of contract hours) and illegally withholding some students' wages at the end of the scheme.

With a four figure overdraft I have no choice but to stay in London and try and pay some of it off and it seems that I must also pay off some of College's overdraft. Because the rooms for the summer are being allocated by the accommodation office I cannot sign my name to this letter as I know that would definitely prejudice my application.

Name withheld by request.

No benefit given

Dear Dave,

Before I begin, I must say that I am not a loony activist. I am an average IC student who at the moment feels very frustrated.

My friends and I started looking for accommodation at the start of this term. Naturally, we made the accommodation office our first port of call. We asked for some help and advice about finding a flat for the following year. They pointed at the accommodation lists, which I imagine most students are familiar with. However, they mostly contain landlords who want to rent to students now. So, you ask for something else. They then give you an application form for the College flats, and we all know how hard they are to get into if you don't know the wardens involved.

On asking for an alternative, you are told that there isn't anything else. Why isn't there a register of landlords who rent to IC students each year. This, to me, seems to be the perfect solution. I'm sure that people could spare a couple of minutes at the start of the year to tell the accommodation office who their landlord is. The only alternative at the moment is word of mouth, which is very dependent on who you know.

In looking for flats, we have seen that we will have to spend £50-£55 on average, up to £60 to be close to College. If we still had housing benefit this wouldn't be too bad. However, we were informed last Friday in FELIX that students are no longer eligible from September of this year. If it was on the cards so soon, where was the campaign to stop it. Isn't that what a Union is for? I can't remember when I last heard a Union representative express a view of the matter!

If it sounds as if I'm ranting, maybe I have every right to. To have this problem when we are running up to the exams is not only frustrating, but also very disillusioning. Surely something could, and should, be done.

Name withheld by request.

Well done 3

Dear Dave,

The Poll Tax is fair. When private organisations provide useful services such as the provision of food, the consumer is charged on the basis of the value of the goods or services provided. Why should this be any different when the provider is the local council?

What about redistribution of wealth (which includes education and social services)? It just happens that the cost of these items, two thirds of local government expenditure, is covered by the central government grant (income tax and VAT) and the business rates. All of these are taxes related to income.

Local councils exist to protect local residents (students and non-students alike) from small groups within society wanting to build hideous buildings at environmental expense to them. The IC Party council candidates seem to have misunderstood this basic concept.

Yours,
Thomas Wyatt, Vice Chairman, ICU ConSoc.

P.S. Much to my surprise, FELIX is improving, albeit slowly and laboriously. I'd like to congratulate Chris Stapleton on becoming next year's FELIX Editor. I believe he has the skill to continue the improvement, and wish him the best of luck.



Rob Northey, the man who didn't cotton on to rag fete.

Money spinner

Following the recent sale of the car registration number 'FELIX' by the District vehicle licensing centre (DVLC) at £45,150, it has been decided that as from next term the title page of this newspaper will be sold to the highest bidder.

Bids are expected to overshoot this value by £100,000 reflecting the grandeur yet subtlety in the scope of the post-modernist/pseudo-Braquesque functionality of design displayed on these pages.

Book keeping

Imperial College Union (ICU) and the Constituent College Unions will not obtain a dividend from the Union bookstore for another two to three years, according to Dave Williams, Deputy President of ICU. This is despite a profit of about £36,000 between August and January this year. The Bookstore has to repay ICU £36,000 which the Union invested in it for refurbishment, as well as the cost of a loan.

Blood transfusion

The next mass blood transfusion will take place in Southside Gym on May 8th. Anybody can sign up at the City and Guilds Union (C&GU) office or in the Junior Common Room on May 1st.

Chris Horne, president of the C&GU, said that there had been 130 donors last time, and all these donors would be welcome again. He said that the transfusion should take half an hour for each person.

Botany

The Natural History Museum is holding a tour of its Botany department on the 10th and 17th May as a part of a series of botanical events. Museum scientists will give a guided tour of its large plant specimen collection. Anybody interested must meet at the Information desk at 2.00pm on the day. Enquiries on 938 8846.

Borrowed time

The student loans proposal has received Royal Assent and is now law. From next September the student grant level will receive its final increase, and each student will be given access to a loan of £420 a year. This will be repayable in line with inflation when the student earns 85% of the national average. Grant levels will be frozen soon afterwards. Students will no longer be entitled to housing benefit by law.

The government has not said if there will be added assistance for students living areas with a high cost of living.

IC Party pooper

The Imperial College Party has 'a slim chance' according to ICP co-ordinator Tom Yates. By 8.30 on Thursday (yesterday) he estimated that 1100 of the 2900 eligible voters in the Knightsbridge ward of Westminster had voted, 35% of which were students. He said that since not all students had voted, the ICP now depended on outsiders to vote for them.

No figures were available for the Courtfield ward in Kensington and Chelsea, though as there are very few students in this ward success is unlikely.

Sex war

Mr Ross Curds, has been elected as Women's officer at University College London Union. As the first male Women's Officer, he will not be allowed into the NUS women's conference and, will not be able to use women's facilities. There appear to be few complaints that he is unrepresentative of women at the college.

Photograph talk

St. Mary's photography society has invited Bob Bodman, pictures editor of the Daily Telegraph, to speak on press photography. The talk will be held in the TV room in the basement of the Medical School on Thursday 10th at 7.30pm.

Nursery news

The college nursery has seen a few improvements in the last few weeks. The College has fitted a new exit and the fire extinguishers have been updated.

Sue Thornett, Nurse in Charge of the nursery, said that parents had formed a group to lobby administration, particularly Peter Hallworth, Manager of Residences. She said that the nursery always had more staff than required and it had always 'complied with all the regulations.'

'We would like to have better surroundings but somebody has to pay for it', she said. She expressed regret that some parents of the children had decided to take on the college without understanding that the college could not legally help the nursery in financial matters.

She added that the nursery conditions were 'still not very good by today's standards'.

Careers service

The Management Planning Group of IC (MPG) has decided to keep the post of Information Officer at the Careers Advisory Service (CAS).

It has lost the post of Vacation Training Co-ordinator, and the still vacant post of Information Officer will be upgraded and become a full time job. The CAS will have to use postgraduate students to maintain its services.

Dr Russ Clark, College Careers Officer said that at the moment there were about 30 students a day making enquiries at the office, which the service could cope with 'though the lunchtimes are a little difficult'. He said that towards the end of the term it might get worse.

He explained that the present situation was a compromise, 'We are not entirely happy with the situation but we'll have to live with it,' he said.