



FELIX

Issue 912

11 October 1991

Drugs No Joke

Police were called to the Union Building last Tuesday after reports of an attempted sale of narcotics. A man in the Lounge Bar claimed that he had been approached by a student who offered him ecstasy or speed. He notified the Deputy President, Jonathan Griffiths, and College Security, who notified police.

The suspect was searched by the police in the Union Office and was found to be clean. He later denied that he had offered drugs and said that 'it was a joke'. He told Felix that the Police 'found nothing - I wasn't perturbed about it in the slightest'. The student who believed he was being offered drugs complained that he was being harassed by the alleged drug seller for the rest of the evening.

Zoë Hellinger, Union President, and Jonathan Griffiths, Deputy President have said that if any further drug incident is reported the police will be called immediately.

Additionally, if any student is approached by a drug pusher, they should not be afraid to contact those in charge. Terry Briley, IC security officer, told Felix that the sale of drugs 'will not be tolerated'.



Marc Ellis, aka Penguin, Rag Chairman, enjoying a quick dip after tiddlywinking down Oxford Street. See page 15 for further details.

Crime Roundup

A resuscitator and phials of amyl nitrate were stolen from the college ambulance this week, worth about £900. Also four pedal cycles and parts of a fifth were stolen, there was an attempt on a motorcycle and a number of wallets went missing.

Disgruntled

A 'disgruntled employee' of the college threw a beer barrel through the window of a car last Wednesday, and then followed it up by trashing the car owner's office in Sheffield. The names of those involved have been withheld by College Security.

Wing Chun

Fifty pounds in cash, a number of coats and a valuable watch were stolen from the Union Building changing rooms whilst Wing Chun were practising next door last Wednesday.

Processed

A Naga computer processor was stolen from Room 314 in the Civil Engineering Building at an estimated cost of £1800.

Paper Prize

Three IC students from the Mineral Resources Engineering department received prizes from the 1991 Society of Petroleum Engineers Student Paper Contest in Aberdeen this September.

Xu Dong Jing was the winner of the PhD class whilst Jonathan Copp was the winner of the undergraduate or MSc class. Anders Witterman was the third prize winner in the same class.

Twenty nine papers were submitted to the contest. Eight papers came from Imperial College. The first prize winners each received cheques for £400 and were invited to present their papers at the 1992 conference. Mr Witterman received a cheque for £100.

Mr Jing is still at the college finishing his degree. Messrs Copp and Witterman received their degrees in September.

Bar Brawl

Violence broke out last Saturday night, 5 October, in front of the Southside bar.

Helen Roberts told Felix that as she and three friends came out of the bar they were confronted by approximately ten men. 'They just carried on being very abusive towards us,' said Ms Roberts. She added that her friends wanted no trouble and wished to leave.

This turned into violence in which one of her friends suffered injuries to the face and stomach and

the other was pinned up against a car and punched in the back.

Imperial College Security said that they had not received any reports on the event. Zoë Hellinger, Union President, told Felix that once the names of the attackers are found she and Ms Roberts intend to take the event to the College Disciplinary Committee.

Ms Roberts claimed that she knew one of the assailants, adding 'I just want to find out who the other people are.'

An up-to-the-minute guide guide to events in and around Imperial College. The deadline for entries for this column is 12.30pm Monday lunchtime prior to publication. Any copy supplied after this will not be included.

FRIDAY

- Hang Gliding.....12.30pm**
Southside Upper Lounge.
- Yacht Club Meeting.....12.30pm**
Huxley 413.
- Conservative Soc.....12.30pm**
Physics 737.
- Rag Meeting.....12.40pm**
Union Lounge.
- Friday Prayers.....1.00pm**
Southside Gym. See Islamic Society.
- Kung Fu.....4.30pm**
Union Gym.
- C.U. Prayer Meeting.....5.00pm**
413 Maths.
- Christian Union Meeting....6.00pm**
308 Computing.
- Swimming6.30pm**
Sports Centre.
- Fencing Club Training.....6.40pm**
Club training.
- Shaolin System**
- Nam Pai Chuan.....7.30pm**
Southside Gym.
- Water Polo.....7.30pm**
Sports Centre.
- Southside Disco.....8.30pm**
Southside Bar.

SATURDAY

- Kung Fu Club.....4.30pm**
Wu Shu Kwan in Southside Gym.
- IC Shotokan Karate.....10.00pm**
Southside Gym.

SUNDAY

- West London Chaplaincy**
- Sunday Service.....10.30am**
Anteroom Sherfield Building.
- Tennis Team Practise.....11.00am**
College Courts. Players of any ability. Annual membership £6. New members welcome.
- Catholic Chaplaincy Mass.11.00am**
53 Cromwell Road.
- Wargames1.00pm**
UDH.
- Kung Fu Club.....4.30pm**
Wu Shu Kwan in the Union Gym.
- Catholic Mass.....6.00pm**
53 Cromwell Road.

MONDAY

- RockSoc Meeting.....12.30pm**
Southside Upper Lounge.
- Mature Students Lunch....12.30pm**
Union Lounge.
- Basketball Club.....5.30pm**
Postponed until volleyball court reopened. Men's Team.
- Keep Fit.....5.30pm**
Southside Gym.

- Intermediate Rock**
- 'n' Roll.....6.00pm**
JCR.
- Afro-Carib Meeting.....6.00pm**
Concert Hall.
- Swimming6.30pm**
Sports Centre.
- Beginners Rock**
- 'n' Roll.....7.00pm**
JCR.
- IC Shotokan Karate.....7.30pm**
Southside Gym.
- Water Polo.....7.30pm**
Sports Centre.
- Latin American.....8.00pm**
JCR.

TUESDAY

- C.U. Prayer Meeting.....8.30pm**
Chaplain's Office
- Riding Club Meeting.....12.30pm**
Southside Upper Lounge.
- ICU Christian Outreach....12.30pm**
Elec Eng 403B.
- SplotSoc12.30pm**
Southside Upper Lounge. Last time to sign up for first trip. £24 for everything.
- AudioSoc12.30pm**
S.C.R.
- Radio Modellers.....12.30pm**
Southside Lounge.
- Cathsoc Mass.....12.30pm**
Mech Eng 702. Followed by lunch.
- Sailing Club.....12.30pm**
Southside Lounge.
- NUS Housing Officer.....1.00pm**
Top floor Union Building. Any housing probs—come along.
- PhotoSoc1.00pm**
Southside Lounge.
- Radio Modellers.....5.30pm**
Mech Eng.
- Keep Fit.....5.30pm**
Southside Gym.
- Amenesty International.....5.30pm**
Clubs Committee Room.
- Wine Tasting Soc.....6.00pm**
Union Dining Hall.
- Improvers Ballroom.....6.00pm**
JCR.
- Canoe Club.....6.15pm**
Beit Quad store or 8.30pm in Southside Upper Lounge.
- Judo.....6.30pm**
Union Gym.
- FilmSoc 'Flash Gordon'.....7.00pm**
Mech Eng 220. Members £1 (membership £2.50—includes first film). Note: ICSF library is open lunchtimes.
- Ballroom Bronze Medal.....7.00pm**
JCR.
- Grease Rehearsals.....7.30pm**
Room 308, Huxley Building (terminal room A).
- Yoga8.00pm**
Southside Gym.

WEDNESDAY

- Keep Fit.....12.30pm**

- Southside Gym.
- Bike Club.....12.45pm**
Southside Lounge.
- Cycling Training.....1.00pm**
Meet at Beit Arch.
- Wargames1.00pm**
UDH. All welcome.
- Micro Club Meeting.....1.15pm**
Top floor NW corner Union Building.
- Kung Fu.....1.30pm**
Union Gym.
- Lebanese Society.....2.00pm**
General Meeting. Union Dining Hall.
- Diving.....6.30pm**
Swimming Pool.
- Shaolin System Nam**
- Pai Chuan.....7.00pm**
Basketball Gym.
- Basketball Club.....7.30pm**
Postponed until volleyball court reopened. Women's Team
- Kung Fu Club.....7.30pm**
Union Gym. Wu Shu Kwan.

THURSDAY

- Fencing Training.....11.30am**
Intermediate & advanced coaching.
- Balloon Club Meeting.....12.30pm**
Southside Upper Lounge.
- YHA Meeting.....12.30pm**
Southside Upper Lounge.
- Pro-Life Wine & Cheese.....12.30pm**
Clubs Committee Room.
- Postgrad Lunch.....12.30pm**
Chaplains Office (10 Princes Gardens).
- Fencing Training.....12.30pm**
Beginners Training.
- 3rd World First.....12.45pm**
Union Building, Green Committee Room. Speaker Meeting.
- Careers Talk.....1.30pm**
LT 213 Huxley. 'The communications industry' by David Thomas, Recruitment Manager of British Telecom.
- Fencing Training.....1.30pm**
General.
- Gliding Club Meeting.....1.00pm**
Aero 266.
- Keep Fit.....5.30pm**
Southside Gym
- Midweek Service.....5.30pm**
Chaplains Office (10 Prince's Gardens).
- New Beginners Ballroom....6.00pm**
JCR.
- Improvers Ballroom.....7.00pm**
JCR.
- Nightline Meeting.....7.30pm**
Room 3A, ULU Building, Malet St, WC1. Ring 071-436 5561 (6pm to 8am) for more details of introductory meeting.
- FilmSoc Film.....7.30pm**
Mech Eng 220. 'Return of the Pink Panther' in cinemascope.
- IC Shotokan Karate.....7.30pm**
Southside Gym.

- Intermediate Ballroom.....8.00pm**
JCR.
- Southside Disco.....8.30pm**
Southside Bar.
- ICCAG Soup Run.....9.15pm**
Meet Weeks Hall Basement Kitchen.

Small Ads

ANNOUNCEMENTS

- **MATURE STUDENTS**—come to lunch on Monday 14th October at 12.30pm in Union Lounge for a chat.
- **CAN THE FOLLOWING** people collect the prizes from the Guilds Office for winning at the Casino on Friday Oct 4: 1st Gavin Hayman, Bio 1; 2nd Eleanor Knight, Physics II; 3rd Andy Meecham, Physics 1; 4th Chris Billinge, Mech Eng.
- **THANKS TO** all those who helped at the Funky Chicken Party.
- **TICKETS AVAILABLE** for the Guilds Hallowe'en Boat Prty on Thursday 31st October at £5 from Guilds Office.
- **ANYONE** interested in the British Paper Aircraft Association please contact Andrew Chipling on Ext 8414, Room 413 Imperial College Dept. Civ Eng, SW7 2BU.
- **STOLEN** White Mountain Bike, 'Street Stomper' by 'Specialised'. contact Stef on x3515. £15 reward.

ACCOMMODATION

- **NON-SMOKING** girl wanted for flatshare. £46pw. Close to Earl's Court tube and shops. 15 mins from college. Phone 071-373 5869.

PERSONAL

- **WADE**—2nd Year Physics. 'My God it's huge!!'.

Careers Information

- The Imperial College Careers Advisory Service will have a stall at the Careers Fair on 15 and 16 October. All are welcome to call in for a chat with a careers adviser.
- There is one careers talk this coming week in LT213 at 1.30 - 2.20, Thursday 17 October 'The Communications Industry by David Thomas, Recruitment Manager of British Telecom.
- REMINDER:** See the Graduate Recruitment Programme for details of Employer Presentations for finalists.
- WARNING:** Fewer vacancies are expected in 1992 in many sectors of the economy.
- ADVICE:** Apply early.

The following is a list of registration numbers of vehicles which have been allocated union parking permits. Can the owners of these vehicles please collect them from the Union Office; you should bring your Union card, Registration Document (or other proof of ownership), medical certificate where indicated and £5 as a deposit:

- LYK 152K OKL 719W
- YRU 659Y A159 YMO
- D372 CLK OCD 912W
- G238 LGC A285 JWY
- EUR 1850 E377 CTF
- PUV 747Y XGC 657W
- D58 CPM A58 ADT
- H339 YYL F695 LBW
- UMJ 166R HFT 204W
- EVT 708Y B697 WFC
- D848 NUS F44 KLU
- 9303 VB 92 MYY 698X
- WGW 723S B360 VYO
- ELL 659Y F734 MGX
- D777 JHV BUR 26X
- ELF 1 B255 JKR
- HGK 780T F698 PUL
- A465 JKN HDE 946X
- D156 RWM B96 EGO
- DXP 97 F184 SBL
- XHX 631T PYM 346Y
- A716 NNL B759 WNK
- D201 DLB F581 HBU
- XAH 650T RUW 761Y
- A974 TUU C741 TLE
- D787 EYO F330 RYU
- SGH 690V NUW 132Y
- A915 WWJ C252 EUR

E971 KRY F215 NBL
 FKG 189V SWA 320Y
 A260 VOV D991 ALR
 E995 DPF and F168 PYF
 H439 HGM ^{joint}
 Please supply a medical certificate to collect a permit for the following vehicles:
 HYB 253T
 B25 DEP
 F668 ONM
 KPD 119W

Parking Permits

- C372 FTH
- F846 RLH
- WPL 823Y
- XHV 448T
- F747 RMD
- JGH 411Y
- F617 WEW
- G109 UUL
- A644 AJH

All permits have now been allocated so there is no opportunity for appeal. For information, for females who are worried about walking home at night, scream alarms are available from the Union Office. Those who applied and are in easy cycling distance from college were not allocated a space...sell your car and buy a bike!

It will be much cheaper and better for both the environment and you. Although a larger number than those allocated did deserve permits only a limited number were available so they were allocated to those who would suffer most from being unable to drive in. I am not will to enter into any discussion regarding these allocations as it is a waste of both my time and yours.

I apologise for getting the closing date wrong in last week's article. If anyone has any complaints about this can they please see me rather than hassling any other members of Union staff.

Following advice from the licensing officer three of our Bar Extensions have had to be revised. These are:
Friday October 11th—Extension now until midnight
Friday October 18th—Extension now until midnight
Friday October 25th—Extension now until 1am

*Zoë Hellinger,
 Union
 President, sees
 how late she
 can submit stuff
 to the Union
 page without*

*causing death or
 serious injury to
 the Felix Editor.*

**Old Royalists Association
 in the UK**

ANNUAL DISCO

**Saturday Oct 19th
 7.30pm to 1.00am**

Bar ★ Buffet ★ Raffle
 at

**Sherfield Building, Imperial College,
 Exhibition Road, SW7**

Tickets £12

Please ring: Jo Navin on 081-567 2352
 H A Karunasekera on 081-853 3207

**Violence
 Awareness
 Sessions**

Tuesday 15th Oct
 and
 Thursday 17th Oct

7.00pm

Available to all
 students. No previous
 experience required.

**Cost £3.00
 (subsidised)**

Sign up in Union
 Office by Monday
 14th October, 5.30pm

The world is so full of 'isms'—racism, sexism, ageism. Do we really need to take on board a new one? I'd say yes because there is a prejudice which has affected me and which might affect you also. It is **Graduateism**.

Graduateism

'Being a graduate and a female and of Indian origin was a very disconcerting experience.'

You'll be spared the sordid details, but suffice it to say that many companies ask for high calibre graduates without really having any knowledge of their personal needs, aspirations or capabilities, and we—delicate flowers—can be made to work with people who are actively resentful of what they see as silver-spoon upstarts.

So now let the muck-chucking begin. I was offered a job by a large merchant bank—which looked good. I was one of only three graduates to be taken on in their computing area—which sounded great. I was paid megabucks—which felt brilliant. But then I was dumped into a technical back-water, shaken by fears of redundancy and subjected to a working environment

suffused with fag-smoke, innuendo, racism and ignorance. Most of my data centre colleagues were thinly disguised spivs who expressed open hostility to the 'bloody graduates', 'bloody foreigners' and of course the monstrous regimen of women.

Hence me, being a graduate and a female and, incidentally, of Indian origin—it was certainly a very disconcerting experience to say the least.

Job satisfaction? In my first four months, I had to tab spaces and put carriage returns into several very large documents. My productivity was measured by how many carriage returns/spell checks and tabs I made per day! (Nobody believes me, but it's true!). The rest of my stay at the bank (another one year) was equally mind numbing. When I complained about the trivial nature of the work, I was told that I was trying to run before I could walk. Can you imagine how frustrated I felt after a first class honours degree from Imperial and an MSc in computing? I felt as if

I was washing my career life away with no meaningful work experience that another company would find useful (maybe that was a deliberate corporate policy!). Anyway, in the end I got the 'golden handshake' (in other words my job no longer existed).

I suspect it has something to do with my *not* shutting up and putting up with racism (as my manager has often 'advised' me to do! Oh—how I wish I had taped some of those conversations!!).

I can't complain too much since I came away with substantial redundancy payment. But it is not enough to quench the heat of resentment although starting a PhD at Imperial almost immediately afterwards has certainly softened the blow.

So my advice to my fellow IC students is, even in these harsh economic conditions, do look before you leap or you may cause permanent damage to your career.

P.S. Since I left in March of this year, several of the colleagues at Citibank who I did like and respect have also left most by their own accord, with quite a few returning to university studies!

Urmi Basu-Conlin, Materials

**FRRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEE
OOOOOOOOOSCCCCCSCR-
UUUUUUUNNNNNCHHHH!!!
!!!**

Stress dodged the herbal stress relieving bomb on his port side and swung his fighter ship around for another attack on the leptons.

defence console. He knew he had only seconds now before the onboard systems would shed their hatreds, violent urges and psychotic tendencies and become vile useless things discussing the long term value of conflict. Stress powered the engines as far as they would go

in iridescent sparkling lights that danced and shone. Stress cursed volumes. The bomb had taken out his weapons system. Ignoring the soothing voices and words on the speakers and his screens he flew on.

'Don't let this aggression fester inside, recognise it for what it is, a blackness obscuring your true feelings. Don't be afraid to cry, to confess and become a better person.'

Stress screamed in triumph as his craft charged towards the target ship on collision course. He was not afraid to die. He knew that he would go straight to heaven if he'd died fighting. The rest of eternity winning was not something to be afraid of.

'Collision in ten seconds.'

Eagerness.

'Collision in eight seconds.'

Swelling lepton ship.

'Collision in six seconds.'

Blurring of vision.

'Collision in five seconds.'

Feeling of distortion.

'Collision in four seconds.'

Space is glowing.

'Collision in three seconds.'

Brightening light.

'Collision in two seconds.'

Flash. Blackness.

'Collision in one second.'

Time warp.

Could the writer of this article please make contact with the FELIX Editor on ext 3515.

Coping with Stress

1. Action

The first chapter of a new story.

Tightening the higher thought constrictor about his head he gunned the plasma engines sending his earth attack ship screaming towards the alien craft. He had no thoughts of death, in fact he had very few thoughts at all due to the implanted narrow mind controller lodged in his cerebrum. He had blessed its presence several times already in this space fight for saving him from the aliens' worst, in fact only weapon: free thought.

His onboard defence system beeped aggressively warning him of the approach of a cluster of rational thought bombs, feared throughout earth's space fleet for its effects of clear thoughts, relaxation and prejudice-free views. He swung his ship to avoid it and at that instance he was hit.

AN AGGRESSION RELIEVING BOMB HAS STRUCK US!!! Screamed the

and shot forward to do his bit for the cause that was everything in his life. He knew the enemy. He knew the truth. He knew what to do.

As intelligence expanding torpedoes were dodged and destroyed the first effects of the enemy strike took effect. The marching songs on the ship's speakers crackled and cut out and Stress swore hard as their replacement bombarded his ears.

'YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVING FEELING! WHO THAT LOVING FEELING!'

Avoiding the last of the peaceful intention mines Stress locked the enemy ship in his sights.

'NOW IT'S GONE, GONE, GONE!'

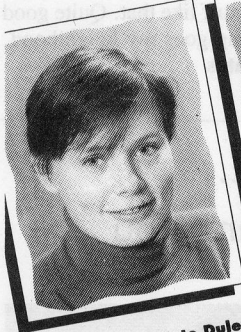
Eyes ablaze he stabbed the fire button.

From out of his gunports a rainbow of colours emerged, showering the space around his ship

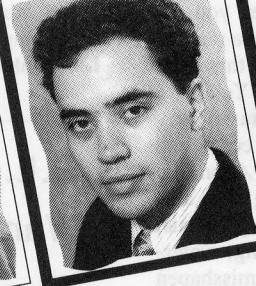
Tomorrow will be a time of change....
not only for Graduates but also for business.

SHAPING

Stuart Bonell
Assistant Consultant
Imperial College of
Science & Technology
Mechanical Engineering
with Management



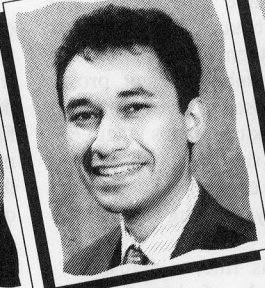
Kate Duley
Consultant
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Lynda Patterson
Assistant Consultant
Lincoln, Oxford
Modern Languages



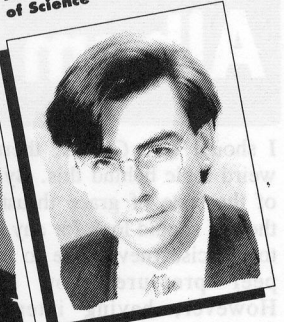
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Cranes - Wings of Joy



Album

I should hate *Cranes*; there is a weird logic behind this. By token of the state of grace thrust upon them, I should look for any reason to criticise (never one to bow to peer pressure, you know). However, having interviewed Alison Shaw and found Her to be all things to this particular man, My objectivity is looking decidedly punch-drunk. Listening to *Wings of Joy*, it's easy to conclude that this poor, deluded wanker was always going to be devastated. Bloody well floored, in fact.

Eskimos & Egypt

-Don't You Do It

12 Inch

When I got my rather grubby mits on this one I thought 'great, a dance record that means something, not all this 'move you body, body', shit', what an amazing and regrettable disappointment.

Their rip-off of G'n'R's Sweet Child of Mine showed these crass rockers in their true light, homophobic, macho bullshitters that have about as much talent as the flies on my dogs back. This will be lost amongst the myriad of Sharon and Tracy discos around the country. It may bring them chart success but would you want to be the one to knock Brian Adams off number one? I thought not

Pebbles

Yes. I have dreaded the prospect of reviewing this. Lost sleep over it. Damn near cut off the end of my finger because of it. The brute truth about *Wings of Joy* is it's colossal, yet at the same time, gentle and understated beauty. This is why I should hate them. I'm supposed to articulate suitably elegant prose, and it's supposed to be (reasonably) tangible. Making *Cranes* tangible is selling them short, and why should they stoop to earthbound flesh when they're busy etching a trail to infinity?...!

Watersong is fine, a deliriously-layered mesh of heat-damaged spray-paint textures enveloping, with Alison holding both can and blow-torch. *Starblood*. Jesus. Give Me air, for fuck's sake. *Starblood*.

Carter USM

-After the

Watershed

7 Inch

I make no bones about this; I do not like *Carter*. It is for this reason I formally apologise to Ginny of 'Bad Moon'. I am the last person who should represent Felix at a press conference for *Carter*, but at the time, there was no-one else. Sorry. Oh, and while there were worse bands at Reading this year, it is not enough to be a minor improvement on shit. So they reckon Andrew Eldritch thinks they're the second best band around? Yeah, sure. Wayne Hussey believed Him, as well.

The most elegant stiletto piercing and, with incalculable care and sensitivity, scraping up and down the length of Alison's vertebrae; mine too. I'm dying here, slowly, hopelessly, deliciously, dying. My God. Me. I don't deserve to die like this. Where's My Hate Now I Need It?.

My whole passage thro' these sonic night-scapes is fraught with the chill of a primal anguish, and the harsh, angular shadows of a blind fury. Christ knows how I could be so arrogant as to believe that I could adequately translate this for you. Yeah. With such as *Leaves of Summer*, *Tomorrow's Tears*, *Hopes Are High*, I discover My nemesis hidden behind My heart's desire. My nemesis is the Snow Queen. You remember Her, don't You? She summoned the ghost of breathing and blew snowflakes on Kay's heart. Well, such fragile, filigree structures are currently colliding with mine, and they're no longer melting...

Who gives a damn, I'm past caring. Basically, if You're still reading this, if you haven't thrown it down and gone out and bought this fucking record, then you are first class twat. This is not a random insult. I have concluded this from the obvious lack of value You place on Life. If you have any disagreement with this, come into the office and I will play *Adoration* to you. It's the last song. It is also extraordinary, sullen and gorgeous, a slight legion of blurring, water-washed features and misshapen definitions. Oh, give Me Wings of Joy that I may bring it to all things. Yes. My loathing Knows no bounds. The Album of the Year.

David.

Wretchedly enough, *Carter* have again turned in quite a decent record. These people are becoming naggingly difficult to deal with; if it was all Clash stylisms and ridiculous punning (read 'John Player Special number 666') they would be easily dispensed with. What buggers up my attempt to make a whipping boy out of *Carter* is, in this case, a bare keyboard opening exuding pathos and sensitivity, a line like 'Goodbye, Ruby Tuesday; come home, you silly cow', and Jimbob's idiomatic angst howling the above over the fade. It's one of those peculiar, social tales, indicting, awkward and jarring. Yeah, on the strength of this, I might actually grow to like them. Now, for fuck's sake, give me my Steely Dan tape back.

Youthoria.

Pele

-Raid The Palace

12 Inch

I think this might be some kind of subversive attack on our wonderful royal family. If I slag this I can forget being Lady Lise, can't I? Right then, this is a bloody terrible record. On the other hand, it might be the first shot in a campaign to close the Camden Palace due to obscene pigs. In that case, I'd like to point out that they do say 'make some noise', which should be reserved for people as crass as MC Hammer, and there's a strange kind of Country and Western style geeecetar in there as well. It reminds me of Bob Geldof's *Vegetarians Of Love*, *The Housemartins*, *Hothouse Flowers*, stuff like that. Quite good really. Bang goes my knighthood.

Lise Yates

G.N.E.

-I Want You

12 Inch

What is Great Northern Electrics? It's the railway line from Kings Cross to Leeds, York and the North East, and it goes through Knebworth. This is a perfectly good reason to give it a right slagging. However someone (fresher) did float the suggestion that I should possibly listen to the record before reviewing it. How peculiar. Still, try anything once, I suppose. It starts with something that might possibly be a train sample. Stop the record, I want to get off. Somebody stop it. Never mind, it's gone now. I'll listen to it all, if you're going to be like that. Sounds a bit indie, a bit *Paris Angels*, and there's some kind of fruit on the front cover, which is always a good sign. (Does Bryan Adams have fruit on his front cover? See what I mean?) So, perfectly bearable, not particularly offensive to the ears or eyes.

Lise Yates

Absolution - Various

Album

'Tis indeed appropriate that my current world view is as black as the journey to the heart of the Murphy's. Once past the suspiciously 'goff' sleeve, it becomes apparent that this is, in fact, 'goff', though any such compilation that does not feature *Pil's Rise*, *Joy Division's Atmosphere* or *Sisters of Mercy's Body Electric* suffers somewhat from tunnel vision.

So, with blinkers removed, I remove the sleeve. The *Cure's Never Enough* opens; it is amusing to witness how seriously young Bob

is taken by his fans, though I've always found his shoe-staring humility and effete vulnerability trite and laborious. *Never Enough* is great fun though, the most fun they've been since *Love Cats* way back in '84. Oh, the lost days of youth... The ineffably silly *Mission* follow this with *Deliverance*; bags of swagger and a lyric Robert Plant would've killed for, this is just about the best they'll ever give us. Die laughing.

Killing Joke's (Oh God, NO!) glorious *Love like Blood*. Ok, so this was as commercial as sex back in '85, the last days, but it still remains a finely-crafted testament to spook-pop. *The Wonderstuff*. A barrel of laughs. They always remind me of undercover policemen secreting themselves into a drugs ring. Don't let me down gently' was always so WORKMANLIKE. It's face-off is

one of the greatest pop songs of the eighties, *Echo and the Bunnymen's The Cutter*—a steaming tune from a band who never dropped their 'H's or their 'T's and were still one of the coolest ever. This is followed by *Siouxsie's* frantic Hitchcock pastiche, *Spellbound*. Great stuff. Shortly after, our attention is dragged by the stupidly OTT *Ziggy Stardust*, to consider *Bauhaus*. This homage to His Davidness is one of few really entertaining pieces produced by Murphy, Ash and Co., or as I prefer, 'Duran Duran from Hell'. I'm glad they're not around anymore - their outdated, pompous histrionics and embarrassingly 'arty' posturing are as dead as, well, *Bela Lugosi*. After this the *Mary Chain's* brilliant *Some Candy Talking* is, oddly enough, like a breath of fresh air.

And onto A.A.E.. Or rather, not. A better *Stranglers* song wouldn't go amiss either, but *Depeche Mode* have never been as good as on *Enjoy the Silence*. As for the rest, the *Neffs* are great fun, as are the *Creatures*, the *Damned* and *N.M.A.*, but I'm getting tired of writing this. Sadly, the appearance of the *Psychedelic Furs* does nothing to dispel the (con)fusion of feverish, incisive pop, and bloated stadium rock. *Alice's House* or *President Gas* would've been better. Some of these were/still are great bands, but this representation of post-punk rock music seems too often to contradict its own principles. Any self-respecting goth (I know that verges on the self-contradictory) will already own most of these, so who is this aimed at? the new kids on the pop scene? liberated metalheads? free-to-rock yuppies? Tell you what; You Decide, 'cos I dread to think.

Post Scriptum, My little American Rose, now do You believe Me?

David.



Mecca - White Snow Tape

Odd. We seem to be getting an awful lot of stuff resembling demo tapes these days. Champions of little-known music that We are, it's still odd. This is not a gripe. I mean, some are good, some are downright bloody awful. Only one, this one, is fucking astonishing.

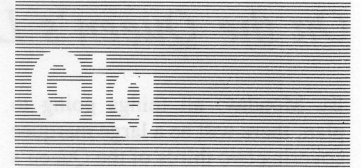
Mecca have the most lithe, frantic rhythm section since... I'm reminded of early *Gun Club* (I just didn't want to say it). It's in that vein of deranged, bastardized groove on which are layered a hideously edgy guitar and blazing

power-of-madness vocals. Nick Galen, one-time member of the *Shrubs*, literally croons his psychotic howls in such a way that One is forced to consider genius a constituent of dementia, and not the other way round. His delivery of the line "My bad dreams have all disappeared. I sleep easy for the first time in years now that you're beside me" is nothing short of nasty, and must surely inaugurate him as the King of Melancholia and the most unmitigated Fuck-up in recording history. God knows why there still only making demos.

Of the songs themselves, only *Big Hopes* falls short of the mark, but that's only because it follows the extraordinary *Civil Kong Smasher*—it would make *Love Will Tear Us Apart* sound as twee as *Any Dream Will Do* by comparison. *White Snow* is a staggering, loosely-hinged build-up to a tumultuous bastard child of the *Birthday Party*—a wash of discordant keyboard does nothing to dispel my unease. Yes, it is cruel to be kind to Your nightmares. More pain, please.

Superbus Augustus
Dalek Case.

Dinosaur JR -Town and Country Club. Kentish Town.



I'd love to rave about the whole gig as perhaps anyone would who sees one of their favourite bands. The bands were excellent, the sound was excellent, and the draw was excellent. I do, however, feel obliged to slag off the vast numbers of stage divers. What used to be an art form indulged in by the few and brave with a finesse that was astounding has now become de rigueur— it seems no gig experience is complete without stumbling onto the stage and falling off again. No more a buzz but merely a ritual; it's just not good enough...

To be honest, I can't even remember the first band's name, let alone what they sounded like, but the listed support band—*The Boo Radleys*—were good. Their version of the now-somewhat-cliche'd fuzzy indie guitar dance music (so excellently played by *My Bloody Valentine* and, more obviously, *Ride*) was good, though somewhat monotonous. They were lost in an audience who failed to offer any more support than a few head-tossing moptops. Maybe they were shot in the back by Impending Greatness?...

Now. Now is the time to start spouting a load of wank about how fucking excellent *Dinosaur* were, and it would probably be the truth, but finally the point of the evening became apparent. Despite J's legendary apathy, *Dinosaur Jr.* have produced four of the most original albums I've ever heard, and they played all the noise ones tonight. From *You're Living All Over Me* to *Green Mind*, it was all there, and we lapped it up like a dog at it's own vomit. J Mascis dives around the stage like some headless chicken on acid that believes the only route to sexual gratification is via a guitar. Everything about the spectacle was over the top. Embellished with that extra guitar freakout, almost to the point of glam rock (but not quite), perhaps the only complaint is that the tunes are as catchy as shit on a shoe; they rattle around in your head forever and any amount of rolling around on the grass won't get rid of 'em. But, after all, that's the point.

Zanie

ICU Career's Fair 1991

On the Queen's Lawn, next Tuesday and Wednesday.

By Monday, all things going to plan, there will be a large marquee covering two thirds of the Queen's lawn: the venue for this year's Imperial College Union Career's Fair. On Tuesday, at 9.30am, the doors open giving you the best opportunity for finding yourself a job after you have graduated. A wide range of employers are again attending this year, with companies from backgrounds of Accountancy, Engineering, Scientific Research, Oil, Banking, Computer

Software...and others. The employers are here not to interview you, but for you to interview them. They will not be making any judgement upon you, but are here for you to decide which career would best suit you. Or maybe you have already made up your mind as to the field of work you wish to go into, but have yet to decide upon a company.

The fair is open on both Tuesday and Wednesday of next week and is worth attending on both days, as

some companies are only coming for one day. A full list of companies on each day is listed below. Most of the companies will have brochures and application form at these stands; these can be taken away and read at length afterwards. A list of deadlines for application forms can be obtained from the careers centre office, room 310 Sherfield building. There will be a careers centre stand at the entrance of the marquee - see plan opposite. Someone will help you here if you

have any general questions as to what to do at the fair.

The fair is not only open to students graduating this year. Any student, whether it be just for interest or looking for a Summer vacation job, is very welcome. It is in your interest to make the most of this opportunity especially given the current climate where for the first time, graduates are having difficulties in going straight into a career.

Jeremy Burnell,
Careers Fair Manager.

Both Days

Albright & Wilson Ltd
Andersen Consulting
Arthur Andersen
Banque Indosuez
British Petroleum
BP Research
British Steel
British Telecom
Cadbury Schweppes PLC
Chevron UK Ltd
Davy McKee (Stockton) Ltd
Derwent Publications Ltd
DRA Aerospace Division
DRA Maritime Division
Du Pont (UK) Ltd
Ernst & Young
Grant Thornton
KPMG Peat Marwick McLintock
Lilly Industries
Logica

Both Days

Ministry of Defence - DES/DSG
Mobil
Monsanto PLC
National Grid PLC
National Physical Laboratory
Nestlé
Nuclear Electric
Ove Arup
Police Service
Price Waterhouse
Proctor & Gamble
Rolls Royce
Rowntree Mackintosh
Schlumberger
SD-Scicon
Smithkline Beecham
TASC - Teaching as a Career Unit
Tate & Lyle PLC
WS Atkins

Tuesday

Bankers Trust Company
BDO Binder Hamlyn
BOC
Coopers & Lybrand Deloitte
DTI
Esso
Fisons PLC
HM Government
Communications Centre
Johnson Matthey Technology Centre
Mars
Recruitment and Assessment
Technica Ltd
Touche Ross
Unilever PLC

Wednesday

Air Products PLC
ASW Holdings PLC
Barclays Bank
Data Sciences
Engineering Research Centre
Exxon Chemical Ltd
PowerGen PLC
United Biscuits (UK) Ltd

College

*Career's Service
will have a
stand both days*

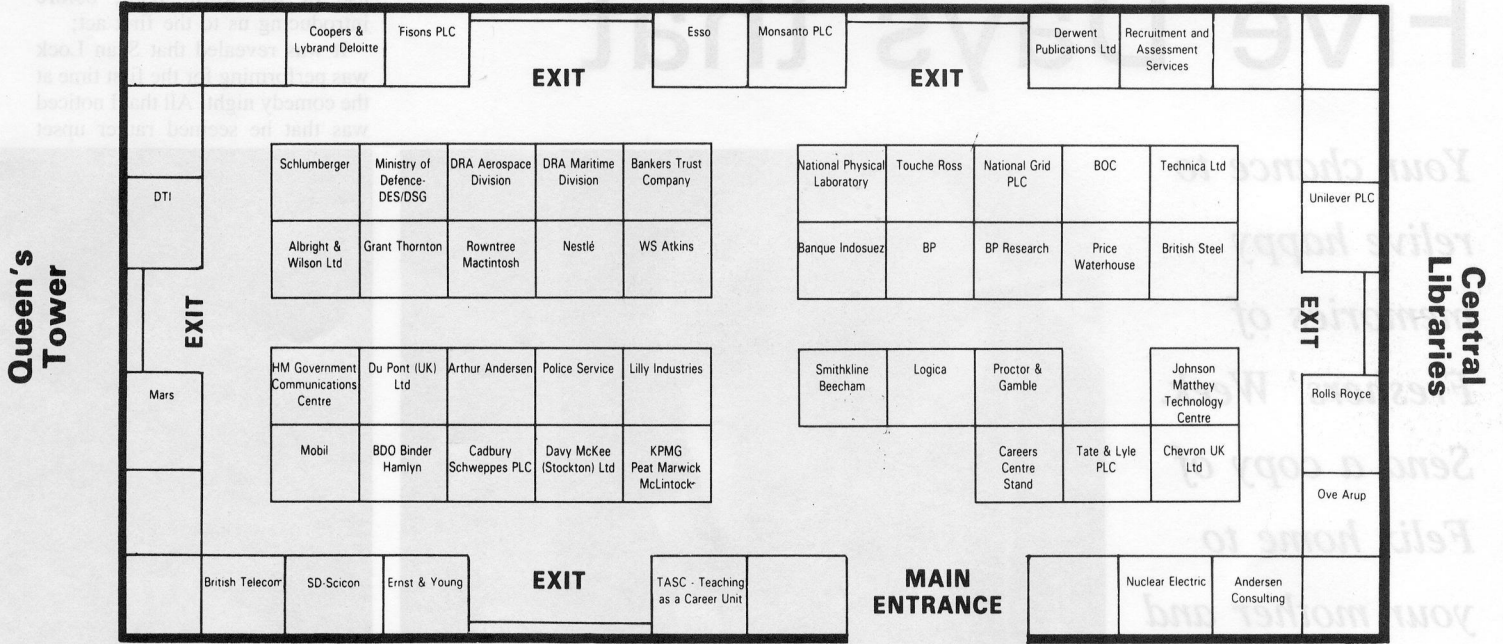
COLLEGE CAREERS OFFICE

SHERFIELD, ROOM 310, TELEPHONE: EXT. 3251

**Open 10am - 5pm
Monday - Friday**

Stand Layout

Tuesday 15th October

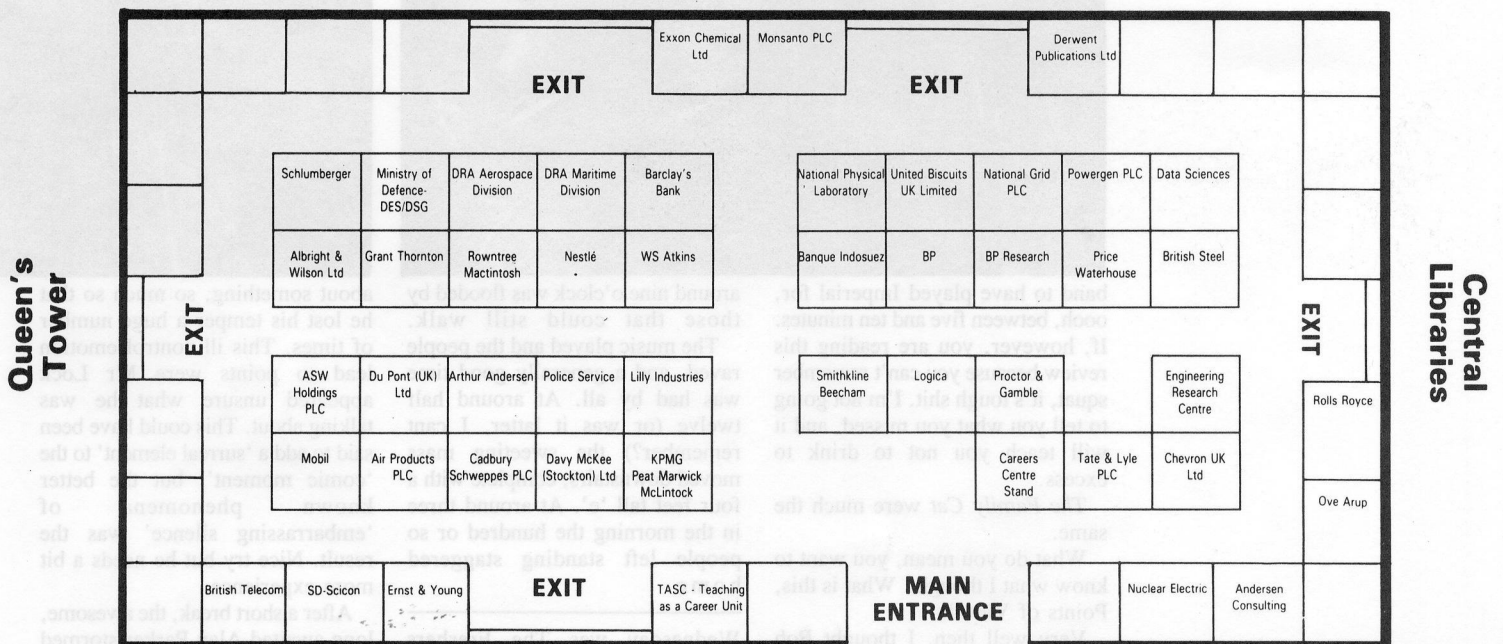


Main Dining Hall

Ante-Room

Sherfield

Wednesday 16th October



Main Dining Hall

Ante-Room

Sherfield

The first Monday of term and after the amazingly stressful registration process everybody was in need of a nice relaxing evening. The New Year's Party was anything but.

Bob. That's a rather funny name for a band. Yes. It's short for, err, Bob. Bob are far and away the best

And The Family Cat. I thought that they were better than Bob. Sod it, you were there. You were there weren't you. No? Then you are one of the saddest, nay the saddest pathetic person in this place.

After that the e-Volution club that had been running upstairs since

enthusiastic, awaiting acts of rick-tickling freshness.

The compere had a nice line in understated laddish humour. Sadly he believed that the only common factor in 'Yoof' culture is an undying wish to talk about football. He ran through a list of important topics such as, The Police, more football, drugs and your Grandmas use of the word 'pop', before introducing us to the first act;

It was revealed that Sean Lock was performing for the first time at the comedy night. All that I noticed was that he seemed rather upset

drawn cards he instructed the assembled mass how to be 'right on'. This is funny for 10 minutes on Paramount City (where Parker has appeared) but any longer and it becomes tedious.

Certainly, the compere was the best thing there (unless Alan Parker can find a new joke). Everyone else present enjoyed themselves, although the exchange of the rapier-sharp wit of trained minds was definitely absent, the best heckle I heard was 'fuck off'.

on the M40 but were slightly more entertaining than being the said hedgehog. Step Off.

Voice of the Beehive, now there's a good live band. 'Monsters And Angels', 'I Say Nothing', classic pop songs all of them. What a coup to get them to play here. I saw them the other week at Cambridge, and they were bloody good. I wonder how they'll fare at ICU?

Up the stairs then. Through the door, and what is it. Not B-hives at all. Some kind of crap music, but seeing as I am the only person in this building who actually saw them

unfortunately none of which were on sale here, they're signed to the same record label as The Cure. So what are they like?

Bloody good, as you're asking. If you missed this through queueing for a burger or faffing or being generally unconscious then you really screwed up this time. 'Fountain Of Youth', 'Kingdom', about seven or eight other songs. And an encore. And about as close to stage invasion as I've seen here. Shame they're so ugly really. Still, what do looks matter, it's personality that counts.

Five Days that

Your chance to relive happy memories of Freshers' Week. Send a copy of Felix home to your mother and grandmother and her budgie.



band to have played Imperial for, ooh, between five and ten minutes. If, however, you are reading this review because you can't remember squat, it's tough shit. I'm not going to tell you what you missed, and it will teach you not to drink to excess.

The Family Cat were much the same.

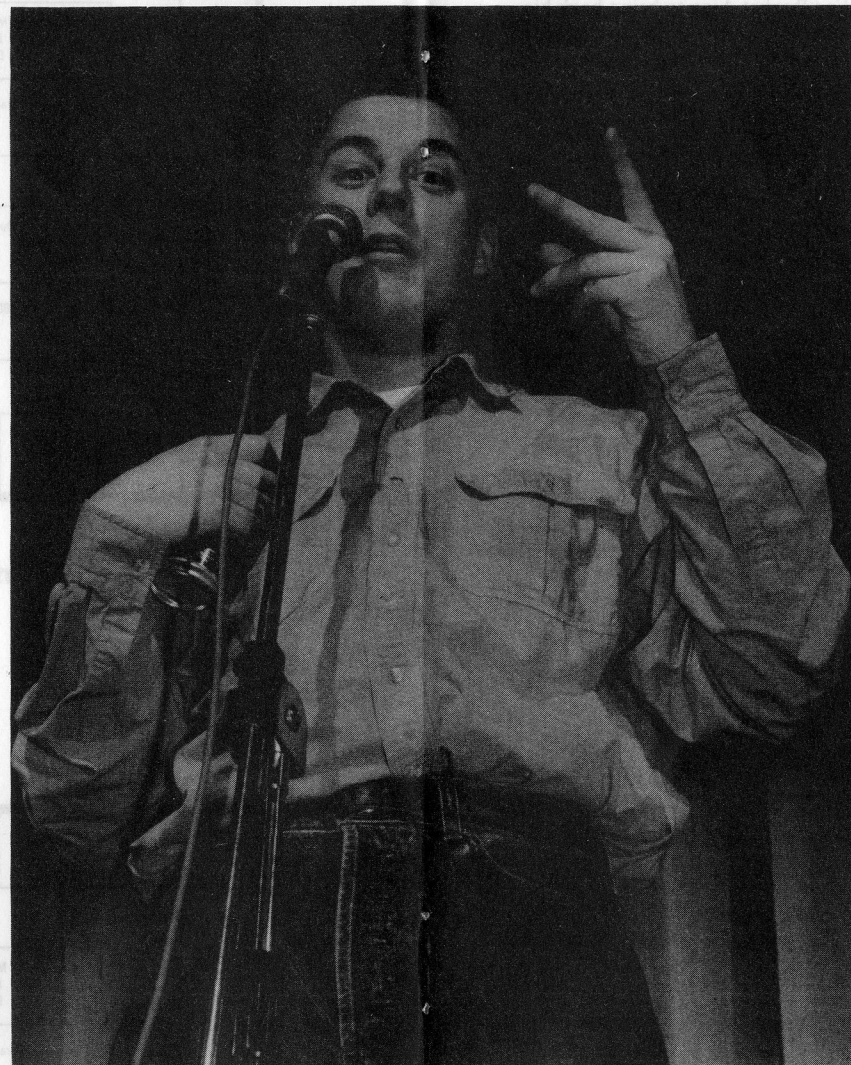
What do you mean, you want to know what I thought. What is this, Points of View?.

Very well then. I thought Bob sounded pretty much the same as every other indie guitar band, not to say they're bad. Not to say they were different either. They just are, like John Major just is.

around nine o'clock was flooded by those that could still walk.

The music played and the people raved, and a generally good time was had by all. At around half twelve (or was it latter, I cant remember?) the sweating mass moved downstairs, complete with a four feet tall 'e'. At around three in the morning the hundred or so people left standing staggered home.

Wednesday was The Freshers Comedy Night aptly named as only Freshers that bought the All-in-One Freshers week tickets ever go. Consequently the Concert Hall is wall to wall with the young and



about something, so much so that he lost his temper a huge number of times. This ill control emotion lead to points were Mr Lock appeared unsure what he was talking about. This could have been said to add a 'surreal element' to the 'comic moment', but the better known phenomena of 'embarrassing silence' was the result. Nice try but he needs a bit more experience.

After a short break, the awesome, long awaited Alan Parker stormed onstage. Alan Parker's act reminded me of the sort of people who appear selling 'Socialist Worker' whenever you want to do a quiet bit of shopping. With hand

The Family Cat Comedy Night compere The Giants of Jive

Thank God it's Friday! The last day of what will probably the most enjoyable week at Imperial College.

In addition to the bands and disco there were the traditional casino and film shows. Outside burgers and the lethal cocktails were on offer, ready to remove your money and your brain cells.

The Disciples had about as much life as a small squashed hedgehog



Shook the World

that doesn't describe them as crap, I don't see why I should disagree with such overwhelming public opinion. or something.

Candyland All non freshers please refer to last years review of Candyland. I still think they're following me, you know, I mean, why else would they come to Imperial. I mean, this band have played Wembley Arena, and have cooler T-shirts than James or Neds,

Ray JellyBelly's Giants Of Jive were, well, jive. I haven't found anyone who likes jive yet, but when I do, I'll tell you what they thought. I thought that they were quite good, but the music just ain't my style honey.

Next Week. Next Friday, IC ents present Spitfire, supported by Herb, doors open 9pm, tickets £3 (£2.50 adv. £1.50 ents card). So there

Freshers' Tournament 1991

The traditional curtain raiser to the Imperial College Snooker season was held last Sunday. The annual Freshers Tournament provided a showcase for new snooker talent at Imperial. This years finalists had to come through a field of 28 starters and a marathon five and a half hours of snooker.

The first semi-final match was between Simon Bough (Chemistry) and Robert Trosino (Maths). Both players reached the semi-finals after comfortable wins in the earlier rounds. In a best of three frame semi-final, Robert beat Simon two frames to nil, in 2 close fought games. The second semi-final was between Aminur Rahman (Chemistry) and Mike Spence (Maths). Aminur made two successful come backs to win on the pink and black respectively, beating Mike two frames to nil.

After his defeat, Mike Spence commented that Aminur was "a bloody good player" and went on to predict that he would win the tournament. And so it was that Aminur Rahman went on to win the tournament without dropping a frame, thus collecting the £15 first prize. The loudest cheer of the afternoon went to the only female competitor, Helen James, after defeating her first round opponent. But she narrowly failed to reach the quarter finals, after a gallant effort in her second round match.

Several competitors were heard to comment on the pleasant atmosphere of the Snooker Club, located on the top floor of the Union building, and how very reasonable the £5 membership was for the use of four full size tables for the whole year. So now the Freshers tournament has ended, preparations

are a foot for this years November Open Snooker Championships. So if you still haven't joined the club and want to, then come along to the club during any lunch time.

Calling All Mature Students

Are you a mature student and want to meet others? If so then come and have lunch in the Union Lounge on Monday 14th October at 12.30pm. Everyone is welcome. If you can't make it and would like to get involved in this club then please contact Michelle Began (Union Administrative Receptionist) and we'll get in touch with you regarding future events.

Flash Gordon

7pm, Tuesday 15th Oct, Mech Eng 220

Yep, it's that guy in the silver underwear saving the universe again (not to mention the Earth and a few minor races between here and Mongo). Hear Queen "Dispatch War Rocket Ajax to bring back his body". See 007 (Timothy Dalton) not get bitten by a green slime thing. See Peter Davison get bitten by a green slime thing! Experience Brian Blessed tell his men to "Dive!"

Join ICOF now and save the jobs of thousands of spaceship model-makers. It only costs £2.50 to become a member, and this includes seeing your first film free. Otherwise it costs £1 for all paid up members who have already seen a film this year. For more details turn up on the film.

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any club's news,*

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trivial, before*

*Monday
lunchtime.*

Historical Fact or Fiction

Is there room at Imperial College for such sentimental drivel as religion? Here, at one of the world's finest institutions of scientific inquiry and technological development (superior in most respects to Cambridge, as we all know), is there a place, ought there be a place, for such unscientific nonsense as Christianity?

Well is there room in Imperial for Julius Caesar? (That depends - how did he do in his A-levels?) You cannot prove by any 'scientific method' that Julius Caesar actually ever existed. You cannot do an experiment to demonstrate the validity of the theory that Julius Caesar was. Nor can you formulate an equation that will yield the inevitable result: 'Julius Caesar'. The issue of Julius Caesar's existence is an historical one, and historical questions are not susceptible to scientific methods.

The issue of the truth of Christianity is an historical one. It is an issue of whether there is a personal God who spoke and acted decisively through a man, Jesus Christ, and speaks and acts through him even now. The historical evidence that Jesus existed is far weightier, according to objective, commonly accepted criteria, than the evidence that Julius Caesar existed. The contention that Jesus was more than a great man is also well supported by solid historical arguments.

Beyond the historical issue, however, is an existential one. That is the issue of what sense, if any, to make of this life and how to live it. Scientific research and mathematical calculations will never tell you whether there is such a thing as 'love', or goodness, or meaning in this activity we call 'life'.

Yet, much of what we know from science speaks of God, that there is a Creator behind the intricate design of nature. We've all known the 'teleological impulse' that entices us to say that plants 'want' to get at light, or water 'tries' to stay together. The most rigorous scientific training doesn't obliterate that nagging sense that 'all this came from somewhere'.

And even more, what we do not know, indeed cannot know, from science speaks for the existence of something beyond science. The longings of the human heart, our well-nigh irresistible desires and affections, that biochemistry can't satisfactorily explain, impel us towards a higher knowledge than is accessible to simple laboratory work. Easy enough to say it's all a matter of electrical impulses and chemical reactions - remind yourself of when your father dies,

or your girlfriend says she loves you, or a friend in the burn unit of a hospital or the birth of your first child. The question will assert itself, 'why do we have these reactions and impulses?' Is chemistry the last answer?

The mere existence of such questions doesn't vouch for Christianity, but Christianity offers real answers. For all scientists who happen to also be human beings, Christianity may merit a bit of research.

If you are interested in knowing more, we are running a series of presentations and discussions on the core facts of Christianity every Tuesday at 12.30 pm in Elec Eng 403B. Or you can contact me on 071-584-2933 or through my pigeon hole.

Ben Quant, ICU Christian Outreach, Biochem II.



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Careers fair:

Tuesday 15 October 1991 9.30am to 4.00pm

Queen's Lawn, Imperial College

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Waiting for Godot



Samuel Beckett wrote *Waiting For Godot* in 1955, which makes it all the more remarkable that it sounds extraordinarily as though it were written with Rik Mayall and Adrian Edmonson in mind. Which is just as well, since it is none other than they who tread the boards to bring us this adaptation (designed by Derek Jarman, although it could equally well have been Derek Griffiths).

The story tells of two gentlemen



of fortune (OK, tramps) who are waiting for Godot. That's about it really. While they wait they discuss life etc. and complain of the clap, not to mention meeting the odd rum

cove. Well, exactly two actually. However, Sam (as we know him) manages to simultaneously weave this into what the program notes claim is an Allegory of the Theatre Of The Absurd. Which it may well be, but what this translates to is that very little happens over a great deal of time. Vladimir and Estragon are generally unhappy with their lot, although Estragon is pretty much incapable of remembering any of it and Vladimir is too busy pontificating on the finer points of philosophy to notice. During their vigil, they repeatedly fail to make sense of their experiences in an endless loop which becomes steadily more tiresome, especially

given that said experiences are so few, consisting mainly of getting beaten up and mixing with a strange class of people. There is a lot of visual humour and a few great gags, but the air of melancholy prevails (thanks to the script rather than Rik and Ade's portrayal). The story turns to metaphor and leaves the audience something to think about. The thinking time easily elapses in the time it takes to get outside.

The play may introduce a new generation to Beckett or simply disappoint both purists of literature and bottom jokes. I liked it, and we saw Harry Enfield in the audience.

The Grazing Plywood Persil Baked Bean

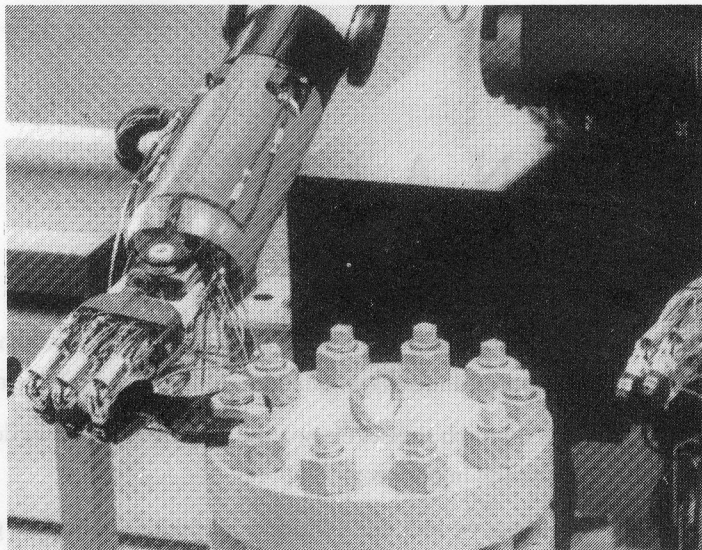
Gerbil/Tetsuo at the Science Museum

Michael Faraday! Charles Babbage! RAL the Robot! What is there to say?

Well, probably a little bit more than that would be useful. At the moment the Science Museum (free to IC, kids !) boasts a veritable feast, nay, glut of exhibitions to regale your senses.

Tying in with the Festival of Japan, we start with a *Robotics in Japan* exhibit which features loads (count them, loads) of our mechanical Mecchano pals in a variety of exciting 'n' fresh roles. Most of the twiddly devils are displaying their skills at useful tasks like balancing spinning tops on eggs or building small steel boxes with flag designs on them. Either that or climbing walls very badly (ie. with all the alacrity of a stoned squirrel) and pretending to be on Mars. Lots of them do nice arty things, including RAL himself, an industrial welding robot who counts dancing (yeah !) and sumi painting amongst his hobbies. Jolly nice paintings he does too; I shall treasure my black-and- white bamboo for some time to come.

Meanwhile, downstairs there's a special bit referring to the work of Charles Babbage, Esq., the gentleman responsible for the wonderfully baroque Difference Engine. Said Engine was an abortive attempt to build a mechanical Victorian computer, which never succeeded in its day. This failure was put down at the time to the happy-go-lucky



technology of the times, but now 100 ! years later the Museum has built a working version to Babbage's own specs, all glistening brass and clickety-clockety ratchety things. Hooray !

And upstairs again, a gallery devoted to the life and works of Michael Faraday and if I have to tell you who he is you should be ashamed of yourself. Lots of weird and wonderful electrical paraphernalia and the man himself (despite his great old age) lectures every day.

All good rip roarin' educational fun and free too. Don't forget that if nothing else you can fight off the kiddies in Launch Pad and play with the gizmos.

The Flying Gerbil

Every day hundreds of students walk past a major tourist attraction without a second glance. The Science Museum, repository of genius, is currently FREE to students at Imperial, so there's no excuse not to see the exhibition of current and futuristic Japanese Technology, open until October 31st.

After an appalling (but short) video, a small display contains the precursors to Japanese robots. These ancient toys use sand and balances to move, delivering tea or tumbling down steps. Through a doorway, however, one hits the forefront of technology with a walking robot that moves like a gracefully slow animal and a window cleaner that will climb

vertical walls.

Don't walk past the video screens, they demonstrate some of the most impressive robotics of the show. My favourites are the pipe welder and the pipe cleaner. The first welds a section of pipe from the inside whereas the second inches its way along a thin tube, turning and dragging its multiple sections round corners and up straights. With headlights resembling the head of a tapeworm, it could be straight from a sci-fi horror movie!

The second half of the exhibition is interesting, but a little run of the mill. It contains industrial robots performing more aesthetically pleasing tasks, such as portrait painting and flower arranging. The introduction, however, is worth a mention, being the most cringeworthy part of the display. It contains an Americanised Alice Through the Looking Glass strolling though current technology in simulated 3D. Worth a look if you can stand it.

It's an interesting exhibition, with demonstrations of all the machines scheduled throughout the day. You must not miss the first working model of Babbage's difference engine either, situated behind the shop. Everybody at IC should take advantage of the free entrance, especially you lady engineers, since one of the staff was complaining of the predominance of males. Sounds familiar doesn't it.

Tetsuo

Tiddlywinking and Penguin on Monopoly.

Tiddlywinking down Oxford Street is always well attended, but this year the turn-out exceeded everyone's expectations.

The day began with everyone assembling at Southside where they were led in a VERY loud call of 'Wakey Wakey Southside' by this year's RAG chairman, Penguin.

Union vans then ferried everyone to Speaker's Corner (Hyde Park) for the start of the mammoth Tiddlywink. After Kangelas and Boomalakas, the tiddlywinking began at about noon. Armed with RAG collecting cans and a few tiddlywinks, nearly 220 students tiddlywinked there way along Oxford Street and Regent Street to Eros, collecting money from the crowds of shoppers as they went.

Two of the inviolate mascots – Jez and Bo – accompanied the tiddlywinkers on their travels. Most people finished by about 2pm and despite the fact that it started to rain, everyone joined in Ring-a-Ring-a-

Roses around Eros. Then despite a valiant attempt to escape, Penguin was grabbed by the CCU Execs and was thrown into the fountain.

After lunch, the vans ferried most people to the Macaulay Arms, Notting Hill Gate, to try to 'Drink-a-pub-dry'. By mid-afternoon, the bar staff had realised that everyone was there for the sole purpose of consuming vast quantities of alcohol with the ultimate aim of drinking the place dry.

The following information is courtesy of an independent expert: 'Boddington's and London Pride were off within half an hour, before

most of the collectors had arrived! A barrel of Flowers Original was put on by the staff and was off by 7pm. That's 288 pints in itself. The staff then put on an unsettled London Pride which no-one touched as it wasn't fit to drink. No others came off tap, but all were severely depleted and a couple of shorts were drained. All in all, I reckon it was a triumphant success!' Although the pub was not drunk dry, there was an excellent atmosphere amongst the collectors (and a few others). The whole afternoon and evening was declared a complete success.



Fun and frolics on Oxford Street

raises loads! It's a team game, so get your team of 4 to 6 together NOW if you haven't already. Basically we give each team a set of clues and each member of each team gets a collecting can. The clues are your team's reason for manically mobbing your way all over our beloved capital.

We've basically got a clue for every street on the Monopoly board. Each clue, for which you have to visit the street to be able to solve, is worth a certain number of points. The team with the most points wins. The CCU's motorised mascots will be travelling around to act as Community Chest and Chance cards, and a roaming jail van will also be on the prowl to capture any team it sees. You can also get points in other ways. These include collecting lots of money (this is the easiest way), having a team mascot

which must be carried at all times, turning up in fancy dress (the sillier the better), and by acquiring treasure.

'Treasure' is always a dubious title, because most people tend to, well let's not beat around the bush on this one, 'nick' signs and cones. This isn't difficult, let's face it, anyone can nick a cone! So we're looking for 'clever' treasure. In the past, clever treasure has included a fast-food baseball cap, a fast food employee's badge saying 'Grim Reaper, how may I help you?' and an arrest warrant all of these were obtained by haggle and banter, not spanner and boltcutters. So there's a challenge for you!

PRIZES. Yes, there are prizes, too! Firstly there's the prizes from MENCAP (for whom we're collecting) for the highest personal totals of the day. These are BIG.

The final total collected was **£2,804.81**, compared with £1,400 collected at last year's tiddlywinking. The approximate totals for the individual CCUs are:

RCS - £1750

C&G - £870

Mines - £120

The top fresher collector was Tamsin Braisher who managed to get £53.71 and the overall top collector was Massie Harper who collected £77.43. Both totals are excellent. Well done to everyone else who collected - every penny helps!

All of the money collected on Saturday is going to **Action Aid**, who help people in the third world to help themselves.

If Tiddlywinking is anything to go by, then this year's RAG (including the Live Monopoly tomorrow) should be BIG!

Beccy Land

Hiya! It's Penguin, the RAG Chairman here. Well, last Saturday was (almost) beyond belief. We raised an amazing £2800, which was double last year's total, and had lots of fun too.

Great effort was put in by all of the CCU and Rag people, but ultimately it was those who put their all into 'collecting, winking and drinking' who really made it an event to remember! So well done to all concerned!

Before I tell you about Live Monopoly (it's great, do it, you'll have fun, we'll raise loads . . . oops! Sorry, sales pitch on overdrive) I'd better chuck in some thank-yous. Thanks must go to Dice and Games who generously donated 2,000 tiddlywinks, without which the whole day wouldn't have been possible. Thanks also to A to Z Geographers' Map Co Ltd, who kindly donated 15 colour A to Zs, to give as prizes to the top 15 freshers. And thanks to all the drivers and the CCUs for their help.

Right well that's enough of me thanking people, now MONOPOLY (it's great, do it, you'll have Fun, we'll raise loads . . . oops sorry again). Live Monopoly is always great fun and

The catch is that there are lots of other RAGs coming to collect for the day, so you'll have to compete against them. There are also prizes from us here at IC RAG. Our usual incentive scheme also operates (collect £50 for a mug, £150 for a T-shirt and £300 for a sweatshirt), so if you've already collected some money at Tiddlywinks, you've got a head start!

Last year, Monopoly raised £4,600, but with our astounding start to this year, I reckon we could easily double that! All we need are LOTS of teams collecting LOTS of money and having LOTS of fun in the process! So, dress up, be silly and we'll see you for registration in BEIT QUAD from 10am onwards (though we want everyone back by 6pm, so the sooner you start, the more time you have!

So, Be Mad, Be Silly & Be Part Of It!! Cheers,

PENGUIN - Rag Chair 91/92

PS Beccy did this year's clues, so she's the one to bribe (if you can find out who she is).

PPS Last Saturday we woke up Southside at the crack of 11am. Look out Beit! Any suggestions for a Wakey Wakey Evelyn Gardens?

Should we employ you if you always say 'Yes'?

Yes

There's no point in recruiting someone just to agree with you.

But there is a sense in which we are looking for men and women who are positive thinkers. In other words, yes-people, rather than bureaucrats.

People who believe that anything is possible, and who can come up with new ideas and solutions.

Where a yes-person sees challenges, a bureaucrat only sees problems.

A yes-person knows that a mistake can often be turned into an advantage later on.

Others try only to avoid making mistakes in the first place, knowing that new ideas always carry risks and so the safest answer for them to give is generally no.

Of course the world needs both sorts of people.

But our kind of yes-people are rare. If they weren't, we wouldn't be running this ad.



For all our tomorrows.

No

Of course this is the answer we're looking for. In fact, it's so obviously the answer we're looking for, only a yes-person would tick it.

Maybe there is something wrong with the question because it puts you in a no-win dilemma.

If you've spotted that, then you're definitely the kind of person we're looking for.

Because working for BP involves making decisions where easy answers are few and far between.

How do you assess projects that only come to fruition in the distant future?

Is it better to back the strategy that pays £10 million over 9 years or the one that will pay £2 million over 3 years?

But before you make decisions like that we will have to make an important one about you.

We can't promise that the answer will be yes. But if you don't apply you can be sure that it will be no.



For all our tomorrows.

editorial

This is my fourth editorial so far and it's not getting any easier. I have the unfortunate handicap of not being so opinionated that I can witter on ad nauseam every week. Many apologies to those who got their Felix late last week - this was because of an emergency which had to take precedence over Felix collation.

A Very Interesting Read.

Anything you wish to include in Felix ought to be in the Felix office by 12.30 Monday. This applies to the Union Office as well. I get very upset if things arrive afterwards because by then I have arranged the page plan and often there is no room to put the articles in. This makes the magazine less current, makes me frustrated and you angry. In a similar vein, Fridays and Mondays are the best time to come and talk to me about printing or print unit business. Likewise I will be in a better mood to help you photocopy on those days. Anyone demanding help in non-Felix business on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and above all Thursdays will take a very low priority. You will have to wait until I have a spare moment.

CCUs, Clubs and Societies.

Could the SMHMSU, C&GU, RSMU, RCSU and all the Clubs and Societies of the college put stuff in the What's On pigeonhole in the Felix Office for the deadline indicated above. This is the college newspaper - it would be nice if I could publicise college events.

Please write legibly on a piece of paper the name of your club (or equivalent), the time of the event am/pm, where it is and what it is, if necessary. Ta muchly.

Staff meeting.

I hereby call a staff meeting for Monday 12.30 in the Felix office. This time I promise I'll be there. Last week I was completely shattered after a night's collating and the aforesaid emergency. Please come along of you're interested in the newspaper.

If anybody has any comments to make on the 'paper, do come and tell me anytime. I can't guarantee I'll take suggestions on, but if they're constructive criticism they will certainly be registered. Examples of what constructive criticism is not are 'it's a load of bollocks', 'you're all cunts', 'it's got too many words', 'I don't like it' etcetera.

Careers Fair

The Careers Fair will be happening on the 15th and 16th of October - next Tuesday and Wednesday. It will be held on the Queen's Lawn, by the Queen's Tower (which is the large phallic object with a green tit on top in front of the Sherfield Building). The minor irritation is that way over half the companies are always accountants who don't care what course you did as long as you got a first and the rest are companies who only want people with a 2(i) in something obscure like Philately with Mushroom

Studies.

I refer you to the excellent article entitled 'Graduateism' on page 4, which gives a rarely glimpsed alternative view of employer's attitudes to graduates. Remember that getting a job benefits both parties. The employer requires you just as much as you require the employer. This is not an excuse to be arrogant - an arrogant graduate is one of the foulest creatures on god's clean planet - but be aware of your worth to yourself.

Felix Name Change

Does anyone out there have any ideas about what you would call a student newspaper in, say, a large science college in South Kensington? A name that isn't a joke but is a functional description of the 'paper would be the aim. This newspaper was called Felix in about 1949 as a pun on the college's arts magazine 'Phoenix'. It is a fifty year old joke. It is also very difficult to use on the telephone - apart from it not sounding professional, so advertisers don't take us seriously - the conversation usually runs thus:

'Felix Office..... Yes Felix.... F. E. L. I X. As the cat.... The cat....the cartoon.... Yes. Beit Quad.... Beit, B. E. I. T. Quad.....Quad.....Quadrangle. Q. U. A. D..... It means a square found in colleges.....No, I think he was German.....Yes it is a

peculiar address.....Prince Consort Road.... Prince. As in Phillip.... Consort...No, Consort. C. O. N. S. O. R. T..... Yes, he was German.... Phillip is Greek, I think..... No, a science college.... London SW7 2BB..... SW7.....2BB..... Thankyou... Goodbye.'

I can't do much about the other parts of the address (though I'm working on it) but I can with Felix. There are good reasons why Felix should stay as Felix - there is a tradition, and those few who know what Felix is might get confused. I would like your reaction to the possibility along with sensible alternatives of a different name.

Credits

Phil, Jonty, the Plane Unmentionables, Ian, Sumit, Matt, David, Rose, Andy, Beccy, the Butcher, Urmi, Jeremy, Khurum, the author of the rather strange story, James, Megan, Poddy, Stef and Toby. The Handbook collators Penguin, Jonathan, Gareth, Sid, Andy Smith, Colin Bathe, Paul Thomas, Paul Reynish, Mylan, Jennifer, Zoe, Fleming and all those I've forgotten.

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FELIX THE CAT

THIS TIME ITS **WAR** A PLOT SYNOPSIS

"WE, THE PUBLISHERS, HAVE INSISTED ON THIS BRIEF SUMMARY FOR THE BENEFIT OF NEW READERS." * THE WORD "PLOT" IS USED LOOSELY.

ONCE UPONATIME, FELIX LOOKED, WELL, LIKE FELIX...

BUT HE GOT TIRED OF HIS SQUEAKY CLEAN IMAGE, AND BEING MISTAKEN FOR A 1ST YEAR PHYSICIST BECAUSE OF IT...

... SO HE WENT TO MARCEL'S BI-SEX SALON FOR AN IMAGE CHANGE. BUT 5 HOURS OF PERMING, DYING, AND FLUFFING LATER...

BEING FAT ENOUGH TO BE MISTAKEN FOR LAST YEARS EDITOR WAS EVEN WORSE! DESPERATE NOW, FELIX VOLUNTEERED AS A GUINEA-PIB...

... FOR THE MAD GENETICS EXPERT, DR. VEAL! AFTER DRINKING AN EXPERIMENT -AL MUTANT RETROVIRUS...

... FELIX HAD BECOME A LIFE SCIENTIST!!

THEN, AS IF BY CHANCE, A NEW PLOT DEVICE! IN FACT, A JOLLY CLEVER PLOT DEVICE. A REALLY JOLLY CLEVER PLOT DEVICE. A ...

↑ FELIX IN A "RAMKITY" INCARNATION

"WE, THE PUBLISHERS APOLOGISE FOR "MR FIENDS" EGOTISTICAL OUT-BURST IN THE PRECEDING PANEL. ACCORDING TO THE AUTHOR, OR "CREATIVE GENIUS" AS HE PREFERS TO BE CALLED, AN "INCREDIBLY GORGEOUS" FEMALE HAD JUST READ THE PREVIOUS PANELS AND FOUND THEM AMUSING. WE ARE VERY SORRY FOR THE YOUNG LADY IN QUESTION, AND WOULD BE VERY WILLING TO RECOMEND A GOOD PSYCHIATRIST. WE NOW RETURN TO THE "PLOT... ... WELL, BASICALLY THE VIRUS WAS CONTINUING TO ALTER FELIX - HE COULD CHANGE AGAIN AT ANYTIME! (TOLD YOU IT WAS A CLEVER PLOT DEVICE!)

AND THAT'S THE ROUGH IDEA SO FAR... EXCEPT FOR: "A SUMMARY OF THE SUPPORTING CHARACTERS"

MARCEL THE STYLIST - DECEASED. DR VEAL - STILL AT LARGE. THE RETRO-VIRUS - STILL PARTYING (AND REFUSING TO TURN THE MUSIC DOWN...).

THE AVAILABLE WOMAN IN SOUTH-SIDE - STILL A FANTASY. THE PHYSICS FRESHER - DECEASED. JOHN MAJOR - STILL A CARDBOARD CUT OUT. FLOPSIE THE ONE EARED MUTANT RABBIT - MISSING, PRESUMED DEAD.

So... **WHAT** WILL HAPPEN NOW? **WHY** DO I ALWAYS ASK THAT? **IS** THE SPEED OF LIGHT REALLY A CONSTANT? **DID** THIS EPISODE ACTUALLY EXPLAIN ANYTHING? **WHO** ARE THESE PUBLISHER PEOPLE, ANYWAY? **DOES** SECOND-HAND PAINT COME IN THE SHAPE OF A HOUSE? **FIND OUT: NEXT WEEK**

©1991 ALIEN SEX FIEND

LETTERS

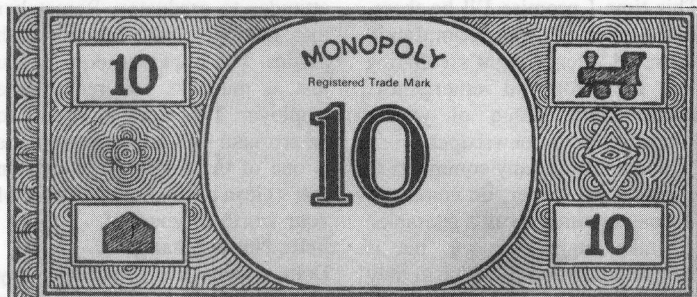
The deadline for letters is 12.30pm, the Monday before publication.

Please put letters in the Editor's pigeonhole in the Felix Office.

All letters should be addressed to the Editor, i.e. 'Dear Editor' or 'Dear Adam' not to any 3rd party.

All letters should be signed by the author but names can be withheld by request.

Forgery Clarification



Dear Adam,

I am writing to clarify a few points made in your news article about forged £10 notes.

The Carnival organised on the Monday of Freshers' Week was not the work of the Royal College of Science Union, but the work of Imperial College Union and IC Ents. All RCS Union organised was the burger stall at this event.

The notes that were found on the stall were noticed after I had returned a forgery to a customer trying to buy some food. I checked the till and found two others, and

I wrote 'Forgery' across them, so they could not be used again. Not, as your article implied, that the stall received these notes with forgery written across them.

On finding the notes, I told Andy Flanagan, the Union Bar Manager, and also the organiser of the IC Rugby Cocktails.

I hope this rectifies the involvement of the RCS Union and the happenings on Monday night.

Yours sincerely,
Gareth Smith, RCSU Honorary Secretary 1988-90

Brown Nose

Dear Adam,

I am writing to congratulate everyone involved in the events organised last week. They were all smoothly run and very enjoyable. Friday's event however was slightly marred for me by a very unfortunate incident.

A member of the RCS Burger crew showed a marked lack of intelligence and 'borrowed' two knives from the Mine's Cocktail stall. This resulted in a slight altercation. As the organiser of the Burgers, I would like to apologise to Mines and can assure you it will not happen again. The missing knife has been recovered and will be returned, contact me somehow.

One of the guests had a marvellous idea, if he stole two bags of burger rolls he could get twenty-four burgers free! I hope you're feeling very proud of yourself and would appreciate a £24 donation to Rag to cover the cost.

Once again, sorry to Mines.
David Ensell, RCS Ents Chair.

Sports Centre Investment

Dear Adam,

Proposals to change the Sports Centre and to develop the Southside facilities represent an investment by the College of the order of £0.75m.

VACANCY WARDENSHIP CLAYPONDS

The College invites applications for the new position of warden at Clayponds which is available from 1st December 1991.

Clayponds is an exciting new College residential development in Ealing, mainly for 2nd and 3rd year undergrads and postgrads.

Wardens receive rent-free accommodation in return for pastoral duties within their residence. The post is open to all non-undergrad members of the college.

If you would like further info and an application form contact Louise Ailward, ext 8690/3276, Room 516, Sheffield.

Closing date for applications is 31 October 1991

The plan is that this outlay should be recouped by encouraging more use by both college and non-college personnel. Since, during the vacation and at weekends in term time, the Sports Centre is very much under-used this would seem to be a sensible idea from which everyone should benefit.

What we have to ensure is that preferential use is retained by college personnel and also that the changes, whilst attracting outside users, do not represent an unacceptable compromise for college users.

These proposals of change have to be approved by the Athletics Committee which is responsible to the Governing Body for college sports provision. I have asked Val Straw, the Facilities Manager to provide a display of the architects drawings in the Sports Centre so that users can see what is planned and can inform their representative on the Athletics Committee of their opinions.

Yours sincerely,
Ken Stevens.

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Sheffield Building
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ULU TRAVEL

Boycott Revolting Fiction

Dear Editor,

Regarding article in Freshers' Felix entitled 'Imperial Racism':

I am inclined to agree with the Rector Sir Eric Ash et al that 'Academics for Free Speech' is not a group actually based at Imperial but rather a front for nasty, cowardly racists using our college because of its prestigious reputation to add credence to their incredulous 'scientific' report.

I shall not waste space and time proving the holocaust happened, six million men, women and children can't just disappear, not to mention the film-footage and the records of the Eichmann trial (Eichmann himself—may his name be blotted out)—never denied the existence of the Final Solution) and numerous other pieces of irrefutable evidence.

Thank God the NUS and others were able to force the Home Office

to ban Leuchter from entering Britain. True, free speech is a basic democratic right but nobody should be given a platform to stir up racial hatred.

Many members of the Jewish Society lost grandparents and other family members in the gas chambers of Auschwitz and Majdanek.

It is important for all decent people to prevent history from being re-written lest what has happened once be allowed to happen again.

If there are any Imperial academics out there publishing such revolting fiction, please reveal yourselves so we can re-educate you, or at least call on all students to boycott your lectures.

Yours,

Michael Factor, Acting
Chairman Jewish Society.

Sports Centre Squashed

Dear Editor,

I read with interest the letter by John McMahon Moore in last week's Felix 910 on the subject of the sports centre. As captain of the Imperial College squash club I speak for the rest of the committee and the club in endorsing every point of Mr McMahon Moore's letter. I enclose a letter sent to every member of the South Kensington Sports Committee by the Squash Club committee on 13 September 1991 voicing our concerns:

As concerned students of Imperial College we should like to bring to your attention several points arising from the recent, and the proposed changes to the Sports Centre. Although we are all members of the Squash Club Committee, and have a vested interest in the squash courts, we believe our concerns to be relevant to all student users of the Sports Centre. We would welcome your consideration and comments on the following:

1. Are all the recent and the planned changes in the best interest of Imperial College students and staff, for whom, after all, the Sports Centre was originally intended? It seems increasingly that non-college members are being welcomed and although their season ticket/membership costs are somewhat greater, they do not appear to reflect the sort of expense that would be involved for these people to join a private health club which would be their alternative. We have no objections to private members (except that they crowd facilities intended for students) but believe their payments should be employed to subsidise student use; in this way we feel that the recent 50% increase for a student season ticket (now for only nine months, as opposed to twelve!) could surely have been avoided. It also seems that private members pay little, particularly compared to staff, for example anyone off the street (or from a local mansion) pays only 10p more for a game of squash than someone who works at Imperial College. We are very concerned that the running of the sports centre is being moved towards a private venture, rather than a college facility.

2. Although our sports centre is not luxurious, students are more

interested in clean, functional facilities, than saunas and solariums, even though these may attract more private members. We do not believe that our students would ever use a café/bar when popular subsidised facilities are available across the gardens.

3. Charging for courts that are specifically set aside for Squash Club members' use seems like a move aimed directly at eliminating any need or desire for the student to join the Squash Club. We strongly argue against the introduction of charges (£1 for half an hour has been proposed). For a club member to play just once a week will now cost approx. £40 over the year (compared to only £5 Squash Club membership last year). We also fear that the membership of the largest ACC club will diminish and the club performance, which has been excellent in both University League and UAU events (last year the ladies won the London League and won through to the quarter finals of the UAU), will suffer. The college's sporting reputation will also suffer as a consequence.

4. Last year's squash club captain specifically requested to be included in SKSC meetings but was never informed as to when they took place. Now, more than ever, more student voice on this committee seems an increasingly important necessity. Can this be guaranteed in the future?

We would greatly appreciate a response on these matter. Thank you for your consideration.

Yours,

Squash Club Committee.

We have had two replies so far, one in support of our case and one from P. E. Mee claiming 'it had nothing to do with him' even though he sits on the South Ken Sports Committee!

We feel that it is time for the people of IC to make a stand to save our sports centre from what looks like impending privatisation. There is enough incentive to stop sport at IC with heavy workloads without adding a financial burden to it as well.

Yours faithfully,

C Robinson (for Squash Committee).

***How to cope with
your supervisor...
Seminar given by
Eric Ash
plus others***

***for PG s who want to
succeed!***

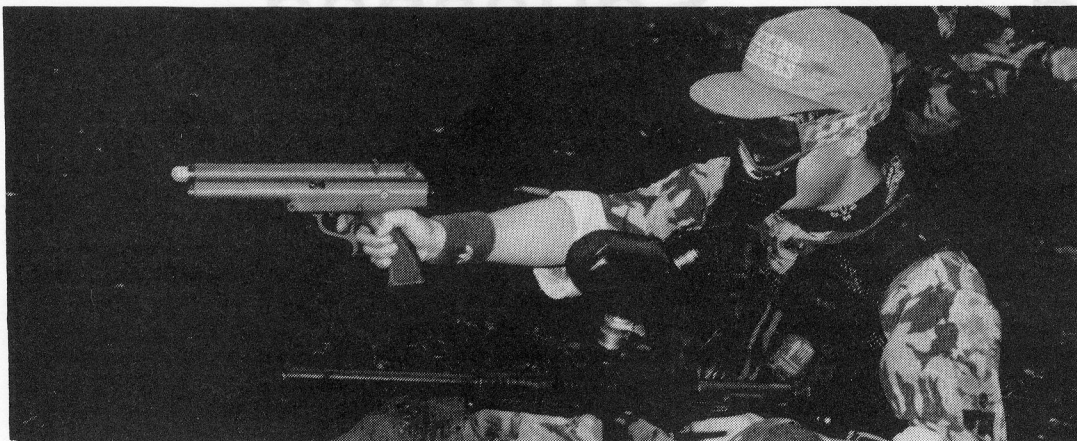
Mech Eng 220

Fri 18th October

5.30pm

FREE

Splot Soc Shock



The handgun pictured above is the Splatmaster Rapide, classed together with the Kalashnikov.

A Crown Court in Wales classed a paintball gun, the Splatmaster Rapide, as a prohibited weapon on the 2nd October. The gun is now ranked in the same weapons class as Kalashnikovs, mortars and anti-tank weapons.

Judge Hugh Williams ruled that this particular weapon, a semi-automatic paint gun, was to be put under Section five of the Firearms Act 1968. This prevents the use of the gun even with a firearms certificate.

The decision to class the Splatmaster Rapide as a firearm was due to its small size and its use of carbon dioxide as a propellant. The majority of paintball guns in Great Britain are not semi-automatic and considerably larger in size.

Paintball is a sport currently enjoyed by many people in this country, Imperial College has its own paintball society, SplotSoc. Police have not yet enforced this law and it is likely that the ruling will be suspended while official

guidelines are drawn up by the Home Office. These may include registration for individuals and the licensing of paintball sites. Any moves to outlaw the sport would be fought by the European Paintball Sports Federation.

'It is business as usual for SplotSoc at the moment,' said Nigel Stevens, a member of the SplotSoc Committee, 'our first trip is all set for 27th October and so far we have received a positive response from this year's intake.'

YOUNG PERSON'S RAILCARD
Special Offer HALF PRICE
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 (original price £16)

Now available from the Union Office in Beit Quad
SPECIAL OFFER CLOSES
9th November
so be quick

Animal Aids

The 'Ethical Scientist', a new magazine published by 'Animal Aid', an anti-vivisection organisation, is being posted to some students in college. The magazine claims that they have succeeded in persuading 'A' Level examination boards to offer an alternative to animal dissection as part of a standard course and are hoping to persuade Universities to follow suit.

Animal Aid's Director commented 'Our campaign aims to ensure a new breed of more sensitive scientists who will help to create a more enlightened future.'

Animal Aid can be contacted at 7 Castle Street, Tonbridge, Kent. TN9 1BH

Imperial Iraq Link

Dr Jaafar Dhiah Jaafar, a former research assistant at Imperial College is suspected of being a major force behind Iraq's nuclear weapons programme.

Dr Jaafar is the Vice President of

the Baghdad Atomic Energy Centre, but Dr David Websdale of the Physics Department expressed doubt that Dr Jaafar's training was suitable for the development of atomic weapons.

Applications are invited for the position of SUBWARDEN in FISHER HALL

We are looking for a friendly, resourceful and responsible individual to assist the Warden in the day to day running of the hall, in return for rent-free accommodation suitable for a single person. Application forms are available from the accommodation office and should be returned to Dr R J Murphy, Dept of Biology by **Monday 21 October 1991**

Domino Effect

British Railways is offering a new rail pass. The new 'Euro Domino' ticket grants unlimited travel for any five days in a month. The pass is valid in France, Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, Italy, Spain and Switzerland.

Adult prices start at £31. There are reduced rates for children and those under 26. The International Rail Centre at Victoria station can be contacted for more information on 071-834 2345.

Imperial College Union Career's Fair
 Marquee on Queen's Lawn
 15th and 16th October

Beautiful Physics

The Institute of Physics have launched their third 'Beauty of Physics' photographic competition.

The goal is to capture a physics phenomenon in a picturesque way, and explain it in less than 200 words in terms that laymen can understand.

Entries will be accepted until 28 February 1992. For further details contact the Public Affairs Department, Institute of Physics, 47 Belgrave Square. Tel 071 235 6111.

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**AUTUMN
1991**

IMPERIAL COLLEGE *Union* INFO

**AUTUMN
1991**

BOOKSTORE

OK, so it's the beginning of the new academic year again! Although you may not want to part with your cash straight away, may we suggest you visit the Imperial College Union Bookstore to see how we can help you.

Pentel[®]

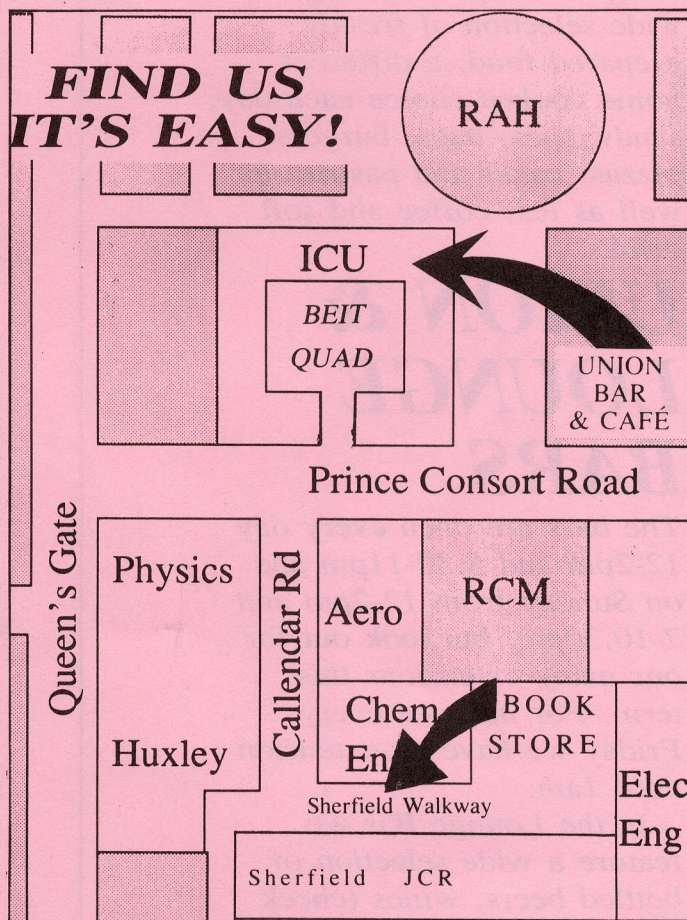
Not only do we try to stock all your essential course books, as recommended by your lecturers, but any titles not stocked, be it pure science or science fiction, can be ordered simply and efficiently by our book ordering service. We also offer a huge range of stationery at prices to beat any well known national chain, as well as greetings cards, confectionery, toiletries and some household goods. So, whether it's a book, a biro or a bar of chocolate you want, we're sure there's something at ICU Bookstore for you.

 **PARKER**

Don't forget, we are also the only retail outlet stocking a fantastic range of merchandise emblazoned with the ICU logo. Visit early in the week to be sure of one of our great sweatshirts at only £15, or an ICU mug at £1.60. Bookmarks, files, t-shirts and cufflinks are among other popular items.

Remember, we're at your service, so if there's anything you need ask one of our friendly staff and we'll do our best to help. We're currently under new management, so please bear with us as we work towards the future with you, the customer, as priority.

See you Monday to Friday, between 9am and 6pm!



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ENTERTAINMENTS**

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DISCOS
EVERY WEDNESDAY
till 1am
UNION LOUNGE

STOP PRESS: CHECK OUT OUR NEW RANGE OF BAGS & CASES

Welfare Advisory Service

At some stage of your time at Imperial College you may need advice or information and not know where to turn. The answer could well be waiting at the Welfare Office which is situated within the Union General Office in Beit Quad. As the Union's Welfare Adviser, I am available during the times shown below to give confidential and impartial advice on a number of issues. You can get advice on housing rights, benefits, immigration matters, tax, insurance, legal matters, consumer rights, student loans, NHS charges, the Poll Tax, disability rights, finance...the list goes on. If you are not sure where to turn, it is a good idea to consult the Welfare Office as it is likely that if I cannot

assist you with your particular query I may be able to refer you to someone that can. The Welfare Adviser also offers a debt counselling service and can, in some cases, negotiate on a student's behalf with creditors, if appropriate.

In addition to the above, there are leaflet racks situated in the reception area containing a wide range of information. Most of the literature is from outside organisations and provides basic, introductory information on a number of issues: health, housing, tax, consumer law, fees and awards, legal aid and immigration among them. You will also find information compiled by the Welfare Adviser on issues such as

overseas students, housing rights and poll tax. The Welfare Office also subscribes to 'Which?' magazine and current and back copies are available on request.

Remember, the Union's Welfare Advisory Service is independent of the college and all matters discussed therein will be treated in confidence. Although no appointment is necessary, students can be seen by prior arrangement if you have special needs these should be discussed with me, as I can be flexible where necessary.

Imperial College Union Welfare Advisory Service is usually open as follows:

for personal callers (no appointment necessary)	Monday	am	11.00-1.00	pm	2.00-6.30
	Tuesday		10.30-1.00		2.00-5.00
	Wednesday		closed		2.00-5.00
	Thursday		10.30-1.30		2.00-5.00
	Friday		closed all day		
	telephone enquiries	Monday		11.00-6.30	
Tues-Fri			10.30-5.30		



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