



FELIX

Issue 934

15 May 1992

IC Day Nursery Birthday Party

Imperial College Day Nursery is celebrating its 21st birthday today (Friday) by holding a 'Nursery Awareness Day'. The day will feature a 'Celebrity Pram Race' around Prince's Gardens with barrels of beer awarded for the outright winner; the most beautiful celebrity baby and the most technologically advanced pram design. The prizes have been sponsored by IC Students' Union. After the 'Pram Prix' the Nursery will be holding 'Barfly Jumping'

between 6.00pm and 9.00pm.

In clarification of last week's story headlined 'Financial Confusion' concerning *ultra vires* payments, Silwood Park Students Union did not pay £50 to the Silwood Park Day Nursery, and the story was never intended to mean that. The article stated that Imperial College Union had instructed Silwood Students' Union not to make the payment. We apologise for any ambiguity in the wording.



An inmate of IC Nursery at play on Thursday

RCSU in trouble

The financial autonomy of Imperial's Constituent College Unions (CCUs) is set to undergo a period of realignment following the recent scare at Imperial College Union over *ultra vires* (out of rules) payments. ICU sources indicate that the CCUs are believed to exercise financial irresponsibility, and that their apparent and alleged recklessness could leave the parent IC Union liable on a charge of *ultra vires* payments.

The suggestions of plans to increase the financial accountability of CCUs to ICU follows precautionary moves taken by Ken Bignell, the Senior Treasurer of the Royal College of Science CCU (RCSU). Mr Bignell this week informed IC Union trading outlets that the RCSU was to be accorded a zero credit rating, which effectively means that all official RCSU orders had to be accompanied by cash payment before they could be fulfilled.

It is reported that Mr Bignell is refusing to sign any further cheques until financial procedures within the RCSU have been considerably tightened. RCSU sources have reacted furiously to the rumours that swept the college that the RCSU was on the verge of bankruptcy. RCSU President, Angie Creissen, said that the Senior Treasurer's

move was due to 'general office incompetence.' Speaking to *iCNN*, Miss Creissen said that 'the kick up the arse approach' had not worked, and that 'maybe the Armageddon approach will.'

Other sources say that the RCSU could not be bankrupt as they are reported to have considerable cash reserves. The administration of Imperial College have indicated to Imperial College Union that union cash reserves will have to be significantly reduced over the immediate future. The extent of the hardening line of college was indicated by the report given to ICU Council on Monday by ICU Deputy President, Jonathan Griffiths. Mr Griffiths, who is responsible for ICU finances, wrote of 'ironing out financial regulations which college are asking for.'

The degree of financial autonomy of the constituent college unions is at best a nebulous concept. While the CCUs argue that they are completely autonomous financially from ICU, the college union says that as they pay out CCU grants, then they could be held responsible for any illegal spending on the part of the CCUs.

Union sources have indicated that the expenditure of grant money on complementary CCU ball tickets is *ultra vires*. The money is used to

pay for the cost of each CCU sending complementary tickets, some of which go to other CCU senior officers. A financial opinion sought by *iCNN* indicates that this payment is regarded as 'subsidising food and drink.' It is then a matter of debate as to whether this constitutes an *ultra vires* payment. Our source informs us that while subsidising food and drink for fresher's events is regarded as a legal payment, the subsidising of subsequent 'food and drink' events is *ultra vires* because they are not primarily aimed at bring freshers together for educational and social benefit. This construction is not immediately apparent from the letter of guidance issued by the

Attorney General's office on the matter in 1983, and referred to in last week's Felix. A second financial expert contacted by *iCNN* has indicated that the subsidising of the CCU complementary tickets *continued on back page*

Art Fire

A serious fire broke out on the fourth floor of the Royal College of Art (RCA) on Kensington Gore yesterday (Thursday). The fire occurred in a workshop in the silver and jewellery department and necessitated an evacuation of the RCA.

Inhuman Management

Dear Adam.

I would be grateful for the chance to set right a small error in the letter you published in last week's Felix under the heading 'Examination Leaked.'

Contrary to a widely held view among students, the Management School is **not** a part of the Humanities Programme. The staff of the Management School commit their peccadilloes; we commit ours

quite independently. The confusion probably arises because our service course often compete for the same slots in the timetable.

Incidentally, I enjoyed Rony Douek's article on Japan, and not only for the publicity it gave to our Humanities Japanese course.

All good wishes for the future success of the paper.

Yours sincerely,

Eric Stables.

Confusion

Dear Adam.

I would like to point out that the article 'Financial Confusion' in issue 933 of Felix was in error in reporting a payment of £50 to the Nursery by Silwood Student's Union.

At no time has the Union funded the Nursery and the implication that Silwood Union members might have been involved in illegal use of funds is entirely incorrect.

Yours sincerely,

Nigel Varndell, Silwood Park Chair.

Accommodation for October 1992

A selection of fully furnished flats and bedsits—many with single bedrooms. Location: W6, SW6, SW7, SW5, SW15
Prices per person from £45

Telephone
 071-731 0292
 071-731 4073

Book Now!
 No hidden expenses

Instinctive

Dear Felix.

It's only fair to give a true account of *Basic Instinct*, the large majority who saw the film would say that Boris (who did the first review) is either a virgin or was too busy trying to keep his 'hard on' under control to view the film properly.

So here's a majority view. The film is everything you could want: murder, sex, mystery, humour, horror and all in one hell of a plot. Unlike many films, it was difficult to guess the ending.

The murder scenes are bloody and graphic, the sex is shocking and explicit. (I wonder how many tried the scenes after). Contrary to Boris the film is very deep and psychological. If you're watching carefully (Boris) the psychology will do you some damage (do your head in).

Boris, how can the film be about the director's fears when he didn't write the script. Joe Eszterhas, former Rolling Stone reporter wrote the script and Paul Verhoevens directed the film. The two minds put together created a well made film that weaves in the mind of the audience and proves provocative for

the adrenalin.

Boris's comparison with *Robocop* and *Total Recall* is bang out of order, these are slam-bang fantasies and their alibi is not available for *Basic Instinct*.

Boris should stick to playing with himself and everybody should go see the film. It's the business! (No offence intended) S.T.P.

Nicholas Stokes, *Physics 1*.

It's nice to see the subtle art of intelligent debate returning to the hallowed corridors of IC, but returning to the above letter, if anybody wants to review films for Felix, then they are at total liberty to do so. It reflects far more on Mr Stokes than on Boris that the former throws a strop at a review of a film he personally liked. And an unpleasantly personal strop at somebody he has never met, at that. Reviews are, by nature, opinions. Such puerile correspondence serves no purpose - not only does his 'revised review' sound like he has got shares in the film, but he also sounds like a spoilt brat having a tantrum.
 - Adam.

Bar Assault

Dear Adam.

On Thursday 7th May a friend and I were physically assaulted in Southside Bar.

In no way could you describe our dress or manner as provocative (we both have steady boyfriends) we were simply going to have a drink, a dance and enjoy each other's company.

Whilst on the corner of the dancefloor a group of five blokes danced me out. All five pointed at me with fully extended arms, obviously trying to bring undue attention to myself. This was repeated every few minutes for about half an hour.

We initially tried to ignore them but their persistence was ruining our evening. As an impulsive act of desperation I strode up to the 'ringleader', held out my hand for his drink, promptly threw it back in his face and said: 'It's rude to point'. To protect themselves from humiliation one of the group retaliated with his drink. The ringleader followed us as we moved off the dancefloor and threw another drink at me. Most of the dancefloor must have been aware what was going on. The group then went away laughing.

Several minutes later the ringleader approached us. We thought he'd come to apologise, but he'd come to hassle us more. At this point my friend screamed at him several times to 'fuck off'. He moved away and immediately another forcefully grabbed hold of her from behind, pulling her away

with him, with obvious intentions. She spun round and with her free arm, knocked him around the head and kneed him in the groin. Only being successful in escaping from his grip by the speed and manner of her defence.

This happened directly in front of the DJs.

At this point we thought it best to leave but were frightened to leave alone as they were 5 and we were only 2. Fortunately we found a male friend in the bar who walked us to our bikes and on our way.

The reason for this article is to express our disgust to the attitude of a minority of IC males. Although it is only a minority this is not an isolated case. We alone have suffered two other assaults. I'm sure we're not the only victims. As well as degrading it is extremely infuriating that such men can get away with such action and do it again.

At the time of the occurrence, there was no one to turn to, to help us or prevent the incident. This lack of security is also true of the Union Building. This cannot be allowed to continue. More funding to Union Security is required. Any person there to uphold security would notice these frequent disturbances and stop them. Any security would be easily recognisable (i.e. by dress) for all such victims. Ask yourself what would have happened had they decided to follow us home. It shouldn't be necessary for us to take our own bodyguards.

Names withheld by request.

Complete Bullshit

Dear Felix.

We would like to let you know that your review of 'Shakespears Sister' at the T&C was complete bullshit. In fact, it sounds as if your reviewer, Lise Yates, did not even attend the concert and wrote the review after hearing the Radio 1 broadcast of the above. She was either suffering from a severe case of PMT at the time, or she has the musical taste of a leek.

There seemed to be a vast number of people there that were having a great time, within 'The Shimmering World of Shakespears Sister'.

If she wants to be a critic of any worth, then she would be wise to check her facts prior to writing a review which has the credibility of the Los Angeles legal system.

We think she will find: (on actually listening to some

Shakespears Sister) that 'Goodbye, Mr A' (?) is in fact entitled 'Goodbye Cruel World', and that their next single, 'I Don't Care' has not actually been released yet, although this evidently will not mean that much to Lise.

Finally, we would like to add that Marcie's four octave voice sounded incredible. If she did seem 'to lose it', this was entirely due to the fact that she was recovering from laryngitis, which had caused some of their tour to be cancelled—again, a trivial and irrelevant detail.

Get yourself another reviewer, Felix, or you too could be history.

Yours knowingly, and yours factually,

Shakespears Brother and Other Sister, Adam Pritchard and Justine Mercer, *Physics 3*.

editorial

The increasing regularity of sneezing and snuffling around the office ordains the onset of summer. The grass is procreating, the pigeons are coo-cooing, the Beit duck is back in the quad (and living in a gorse bush). Ah, springtime; when a young man turns lightly to thoughts of summer examinations. In fact the onset of decent weather, even if it be only for a short period, has mellowed me to such an extent that I find it well nigh impossible to rant about anything - just to practice my lizard impression on the grass of Beit Quad.

The Union Council last Monday was worrying. Not that it was any more worrying than previous ones - the lack of interest displayed on the part of Union members and the aggression displayed by some sabbaticals towards difficult questioners is rapidly becoming the norm. I have a tendency to keep

quiet during these meetings because, apart from an intense dislike of anything approaching public speaking, anything I say has been treated in the past as the whingeing of a troublemaker. Which may well be true - it happens to be my job. Penguin (Marc Ellis), the Rag Chair, tried to bring some debate to the meeting but was put down aggressively by the acting chair who seemed more eager to bring the meeting to an early close rather than for Council to debate the issues.

Within the next few years it is very likely that the Conservative government will succeed in breaking up the National Union of Students through the introduction of voluntary membership - I have already explained in previous editorials what this will entail. The lack of interest and participation in Council this week, and in the EGM

last week, is indicative that IC Union will either cease to exist or continue in a much reduced form when this legislation goes through. The problem may be that few students around college realise the benefits offered by the Union and take its facilities for granted.

Without a Union grant there would be no Felix or IC Radio - many people would say this was no great loss, but closely followed by these closures would be the massive reduction in the travel subsidies to the Athletic and Recreational Clubs, forcing fees to increase and the number of teams and events to be reduced. The Welfare service offered by the Union would stop, student representation on college committees would stop and without this the students would have even less control or knowledge of accomodation changes or anything

else that college does to us.

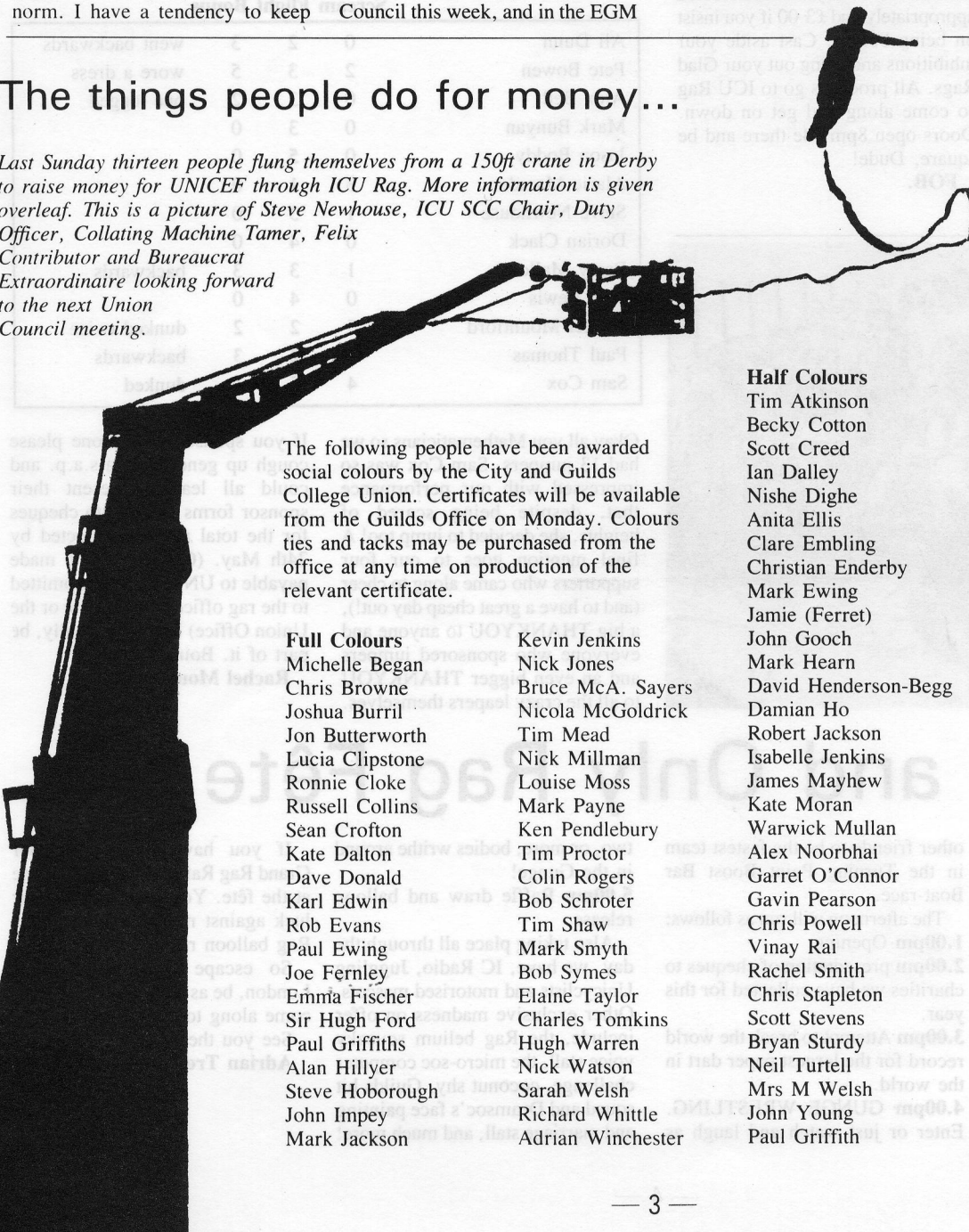
Each member of college belongs to two Unions - Imperial College Union and their Constituent College Union. The CCUs are funded by ICU and if the grant that ICU has to distribute is reduced, then the amount given to the CCUs would also reduce. Probably to the point where the only role they could fulfill around college would be that of representation as they would no longer have the funds to support their own clubs or sport teams.

Credits

Rose, Andy T, Declan, Davids HB and S, Simon, James, Poddy, Mario, Catherine, Boris, Sam, Jonty, Stef, John, Bec, Scott, Toby, Steves F and N, Marge, Ian, Khurrrum, Chantelle Ward, Harry Lock, Troy Tempest and Yinch, the Raggies, the flying water carrier and the skilful and elegant centaur.

The things people do for money...

Last Sunday thirteen people flung themselves from a 150ft crane in Derby to raise money for UNICEF through ICU Rag. More information is given overleaf. This is a picture of Steve Newhouse, ICU SCC Chair, Duty Officer, Collating Machine Tamer, Felix Contributor and Bureaucrat Extraordinaire looking forward to the next Union Council meeting.



The following people have been awarded social colours by the City and Guilds College Union. Certificates will be available from the Guilds Office on Monday. Colours ties and tacks may be purchased from the office at any time on production of the relevant certificate.

Full Colours

Michelle Began
Chris Browne
Joshua Burril
Jon Butterworth
Lucia Clipstone
Ronnie Cloke
Russell Collins
Sean Crofton
Kate Dalton
Dave Donald
Karl Edwin
Rob Evans
Paul Ewing
Joe Fernley
Emma Fischer
Sir Hugh Ford
Paul Griffiths
Alan Hillyer
Steve Hoborough
John Impey
Mark Jackson

Kevin Jenkins
Nick Jones
Bruce McA. Sayers
Nicola McGoldrick
Tim Mead
Nick Millman
Louise Moss
Mark Payne
Ken Pendlebury
Tim Proctor
Colin Rogers
Bob Schroter
Tim Shaw
Mark Smyth
Bob Symes
Elaine Taylor
Charles Tomkins
Hugh Warren
Nick Watson
Sarah Welsh
Richard Whittle
Adrian Winchester

Half Colours

Tim Atkinson
Becky Cotton
Scott Creed
Ian Dalley
Nishe Dighe
Anita Ellis
Clare Embling
Christian Enderby
Mark Ewing
Jamie (Ferret)
John Gooch
Mark Hearn
David Henderson-Begg
Damian Ho
Robert Jackson
Isabelle Jenkins
James Mayhew
Kate Moran
Warwick Mullan
Alex Noorbhai
Garret O'Connor
Gavin Pearson
Chris Powell
Vinay Rai
Rachel Smith
Chris Stapleton
Scott Stevens
Bryan Sturdy
Neil Turtell
Mrs M Welsh
John Young
Paul Griffith

Hon Sec Bit

What a busy week our lovely Rag people are having. Hypnosis already done and lots more to come. The prospect of bopping to Abba and 70s music is a must for any self-respecting student (except for the clothes). So get on down to the Lounge tonight. Rumours that Jonathan has lots of spare outfits for tonight are greatly exaggerated. (Although he's definitely old enough). Then it's pig-frying and fun time tomorrow at the Rag Fête. Definitely the Rag event of term and better than looking at the bread in Sainbury's on a Saturday.

Most Extraordinary Meetings

EGMs and General Meetings do exist for a purpose. They're for policy decisions, quizzing sabbaticals and other officers and having a say in how the Union works. The last EGM was a mess because a) I couldn't get a PA and b) nobody turned up. So if you came you could have questioned why I had no PA, even if you wouldn't have heard the answers! However there is an EGM on Thursday 28 May in the JCR at 1pm. If you want to vote for next year's House Committee Chair or various other posts then turn up. Third World First have their motion re-submitted and any further motions should be handed in at the Union Office by 12.30pm next Thursday.



Tonight is the night; the night the 70s reign supreme. Abba, Boney M, the Jackson Five, and all as camp as can be. This is your last chance to enjoy 'Disco' in the Original sense of the word, Drag out your kipper collar, pull on those flairs, strut your funky stuff with those thigh-high, kinky boots.

This is it! Relive your youth! Capture the fever of the era! Get down and groove!

For your pleasure we have a catwalk show of 70s fashions (volunteers and volunteered

needed!) hosted by the delectable Barbarella, prizes for the best period-dressed people, bar extension and music 'til the small hours. The cost for this spectacular is a mere £1.50 if you come dressed appropriately and £3.00 if you insist on being boring. Cast aside your inhibitions and bring out your Glad Rags. All proceeds go to ICU Rag so come along and get on down. Doors open 8pm. Be there and be square, Dude!

FOB.



The One and Only Rag Fête

From 1pm until 5pm tomorrow, May 16th, Queen's Lawn will be the victim for the annual Rag Fête. The last chance to go completely crazy before the exams! We have stalls to entertain, to challenge, or just get you stuffed!

Queen's Tower will be open for you to admire the wonderful view over London. You can take out exam stress on someone, in Guild's stocks, or Twat-the-RCS-Rat. If you are hungry to join with four

other friends to be the fastest team in the Turning Point Boost Bar Boat-race.

The afternoon will run as follows:

1.00pm Opening.

2.00pm presentation of cheques to charities we have collected for this year.

3.00pm Attempt to break the world record for the largest paper dart in the world.

4.00pm GUNGE WRESTLING. Enter or just watch and laugh as

AaaareeeeeeeNggg!

Geronimoooooh ung... uh... uh... yes...yes...yes...yes yes yes yes yes! No not sex. The latest Rag exploits! This weekend saw twelve normal, sane(?) people heading off up North to the Derby American Adventure Theme Park. The reason? To throw themselves off a 150ft crane with nothing to stop them plummeting to their deaths but a piece of elastic. Yes this was the Great Rag Bungee Team. We spent the morning trying out the death defying rides on offer at the park in a vain attempt to convince ourselves that Newton was wrong. Then at 1pm GMT we synchronised our watches and said our goodbyes. One by one we ascended over 150ft in a cradle until we found ourselves suspended over the earth with little between us and oblivion. Three short whistle blasts later and the

brave found themselves plummeting towards the earth approaching terminal velocity (0 to 60 in about two seconds) having passed the point of no return. Boing! And off we went again. Blood surging to your head, heart pounding and adrenalin rushing. If anyone has any doubts about this being comparable to sex let me put your minds at rest. The opening line to this article was made by one of our team members during the above mentioned descent. The jumps were done for UNICEF and we were honoured to meet their token celebrity (well she'd been on Newsround once!). Sitting under the crane she marked all leapers on style and scream with bonus points also available. The results for our team are recorded here for posterity. In jumping order.

Scream Flight Bonus

Ali Dunn	0	2	3	went backwards
Pete Bowen	2	3	5	wore a dress
Alex Bell	0	3	2	one legged
Mark Bunyan	0	3	0	
Jason Boddy	0	5	0	
Alaric Marsden	3	1	0	
Steve Newhouse	1	3	0	
Dorian Clack	0	4	0	
Barry Mallon	1	3	3	backwards
Paul Lewis	0	4	0	
Rachel Mountford	5	2	2	dunked twice
Paul Thomas	0	2	3	backwards
Sam Cox	4	5	1	dunked

Okay all you Mathematicians so we had 13 jumpers. Sam Cox was so impressed with our performance that, despite being scared of heights, she decided to jump too! A final mention goes to our four supporters who came along to cheer (and to have a great cheap day out!), a big THANKYOU to anyone and everyone who sponsored jumpers and an even bigger THANKYOU to all the crazy leapers themselves.

If you sponsored someone please cough up generously a.s.a.p. and could all leapers present their sponsor forms along with cheques for the total amount collected by 24th May. (Cheques to be made payable to UNICEF and submitted to the rag office at lunchtime or the Union Office) Be mad, be silly, be part of it. Boing!

Rachel Mountford

two, or more, bodies writhe around in the Gunge!

5.00pm Raffle draw and balloon release.

Also taking place all through the day, we have, IC Radio, Juggling Unicyclists and motorised mascots. Other exclusive madness on offer include, the Rag belium squeaky voice stall, the micro-soc computer challenge, coconut shy, Guilds hit squad and Dramsoc's face painting and marriage stall, and much more!

If you haven't brought your Grand Rag Raffle ticket yet, get one at the fête. You can also try your luck against mother nature in the Rag balloon race.

So escape exam stress, see London, be as nutty as a fruit cake, come along to **Rag Fête!**

See you there.

Adrian Treverton.

Before the pursuit cop could make any loud comment Stress shut the door, pulled a white chair over and wedged it under the doorknob. 'What do you think you're doing?'

'ONE. TWO. BREAKING THROUGH!'

A great dent appeared in the door under Stress's hands and the floor shuddered. He backed away and watched the onslaught on the door, the chair shaking with fright at the attack.

'THREE. FOUR. SMASH THE DOOR!'

Stress turned around and saw a slim sparkly staff go right through him.

'Take that, you monster!'

Even though he was being attacked by a transparent, immaterial hologram Stress covered his head with his hands and ran back down the corridor trying to avoid perfection in a dress.

'FIVE. SIX. MORE KICKS!'

Another earsplitting crack and a neat impression of eight small wheels and a shoe appeared on the door. Shards of metal and plastic exploded from around the door and peppered Stress as he avoided a chest stab from an instrument of the supernatural.

'Get out of here! Your skin complaints could destroy all of us!'

Stress dropped his head and charged, barreering straight through the staff and the shocked woman, smashing through the window and down on to the floor of the room. He staggered up, looked at the shocked faces and ran out through a door marked, 'hollowglam data, the no disease deceased'.

Red light, long rows, more long rows.

Stress looked around. Standing into the distance in a massive low room were shelves of thin cylinders, glowing slightly in the strange light. Looking back through

the glass door he saw a massive figure drop and roll, getting up and coming his way.

'SEVEN. EIGHT. ANNIHILATE!'

Stress dashed to the side as the door exploded outwards, bounced off the walls and clattered to the floor. He crawled, panic stricken under some shelves and out along an aisle.

'COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE, IT'S TIME TO BE GRILLED, ROASTED AND CHARRED! HAH!!'

Stress started running down the nearest aisle.

full in the face, the explosion rippling across the metal of his features on to the speakers. The robot crashes to the floor not forty feet from Stress and lies still.

Stress slows his pace and walks up to the prone form. He stares at the metal machine for a while and then leans back against the shelves, closing his eyes.

'SCHKSCJSKHGRRSXCXC'

Stress jumps and staggers back looking at the rising form of the robot. The battered body staggers to its rollers and stares at Stress.

'KLJHRCHKLSLS?!'

The robot stopped its speech and tries to adjust its speakers,

The Inner System

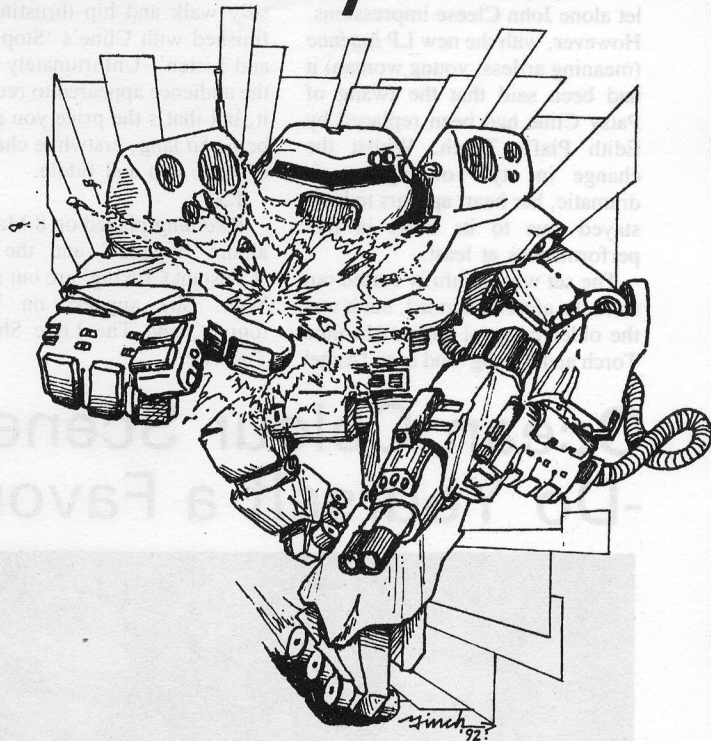
Magnetic tapes on shelves fly past Stress. His legs are a blur of motion, his face is sweating and his eyes wide. The end of the aisle approaches. He slows the movement of his legs and the shelves in response cease their flying past and pause for breath. Stress staggers around the corner and faces a blank wall. He looks the other way and gets the same message.

Dead end.

As he stands there, taking this in, the distant sounds of a bugler comes to his ears. He turns to look back the way he has come and sees a faraway figure rapidly approaching. The sounds of hoofbeats and warcries shake the tapes around him as they echo up and down the aisle. With these sounds in his brain the military chemical factory inside him is roused once again. Through excessive use the constraints on it have become frayed, the effect no longer controlled. Stress feels his heart beat faster, adrenaline rush blurring his vision. But there is no drive of will, only fear and awareness. He finds himself drawing the truth gun from his pocket and begins to run straight towards his enemy. The robot grows in his vision, speakers sounding the charge. Rollers grind the ground, throwing up smoke and sparks. His adversary unslings his gun and fires at Stress. Tapes scatter to Stress's right. Stress lifts the gun as he runs headlong, the weapon steady as the body tears through the air. Another shot rips up the floor before him, he hurdles the gap and bears down on his opponent, aiming for his target.

'TIME TO WAVE BYE BYE, TIME TO QUICKLY FRY, TIME TO DIE!'

Stress shoots. The robot is struck



eventually battering them with its hands to stop the rusty guitar chords from strumming out. It attempts to speak again.

'LIKE A ROLLING CHROME!!'

Grimacing at the gravelling, cracked words it turned to Stress, blue sparks crackling off its eyes. Seeing the look Stress started stumbling away as the robot drew itself up to its full height and levelled its gun at its prey. It pressed the trigger. The gun exploded in a shower of light and sound. As the smoke cleared Stress looked at his enemy in a new light. The robot was now a rainbow coloured, ragged figure, smoking slightly in the aftermath of the blast. The pursuit cop fainted. Stress ran off down the corridor leaving the malfunctioning machine behind him emitting reedy wailing noises.

*Chapter 16:
Transformation.
Stress Factor is
again chased by
a rapping
security guard
(I wish we had
them...). By
Troy Tempest.*

Fresh
HAIRDRESSERS
15A HARRINGTON ROAD,
SOUTH KENSINGTON
071-823 8968

We have a fantastic offer for all you students, a cut wash and blowdry by our top stylist (which normally costs around £21) For only £11 Men £12 Women Check us out!

k.d. lang -Hammersmith Odeon

Gig

If this performance is anything to go by *kd lang* has taken up the mantle of a much loved comic institution, she is the Minister of Silly Walks. Stomping around in biker's square-toed boots and a gentleman's smoking jacket would not have been the done thing for the folkabilly queen a few years ago, let alone John Cleese impressions. However, with the new LP *Ingénue* (meaning artless, young woman) it had been said that the twang of Patsy Cline had been replaced by Edith Piaf's Torch. Whilst the change in style of *Ingénue* is dramatic, her heart appears to have stayed true to its roots in live performances at least.

The set was faithfully carted out from the aforementioned, but it was the older material from 'Absolute Torch and Twang' and even 'Angel

with a Lariat' that captured the true gut-wrenching power and enthusiasm expected from her live work. Backed by a seven-piece band, the compositions were varied and even experimental at times, one felt. In between, there were long pauses as *kd* padded round the stage pausing only to intimidate members of the front row.

The highlight must have been the avant-garde version of 'Big Boned Girl'. Complete with a demonstration of the accompanying silly walk and hip thrusting. She finished with Cline's 'Stop, Look and Listen'. Unfortunately few of the audience appeared to recognise it, but that's the price you pay for being *kd lang*, erstwhile chanteuse of hop, step and fiddle.

J.J.

● *kd lang* played on 8 May. Her album 'Ingénue' and the single 'Constant Craving' are out now on Wea. She appears on Wogan tonight, and The Love Show on Tuesday.

Ocean Colour Scene -Do Yourself a Favour



Ocean Colour Scene: in a dark room. Just as well, really.

12 Inch

There is a strong rumour that this is a cover version of a Stevie Wonder song. Can't hear it myself. (It is—Poddy.)

Bogged down standard music from four or five lads about town and their guitars. If I were to describe it as a piece of wallpaper,

I'd use it for the my shed, inside out.

Sorry, I can't hold out any longer, do yourself a favour, don't buy this. Do yourself a favour, take up the day job.

Pebbles

● If you want to win a copy of this, leave your name and department in the music pigeonhole in the Felix Office with the answer to the question: 'What Colour is the Pacific Ocean?', by Tuesday.

Soupdragons -Hotwired

Album

Who do you want to be Mr Soupdragon? Who is it today?

'I wanna be in *EMF*...you're an unbelievable thing...no wait...can I be Bobby Gillespie out of *Primal Scream*?'

No. I think someone's already being him.

'How about if I did a sort of duet with *Yello*. Could I be in *Primal Scream* then?'

No.

'But I've just bought 'Screamadelica'. I thought seeing as it was so successful, I could just sort of redo it, throw in a couple of *U2* guitar bits when it gets a bit boring, and I've taken a couple of the good tracks off *Primal Scream* 'cos I thought they went well together, and it saves the money if you can get the best of both albums on the same disc, and then I could be in

Primal Scream too. And then I could meet Kylie too. That's what I want.'

Well you can't. You have no credibility. Make up your mind. What do you want to be?

'I want to be with Prudential.'

Lise Yates.

● 'Hotwired' is out now on Raw TV/Big Life. *The Soupdragons* play at the Town and Country Club on Monday.

Do you want to win a *Soupdragons* promo package? Well, now you can, including video, T-shirt, album, etc. Just send the answer to this ridiculously easy question: 'What was the first single from the 'Hotwired' album?' to:

Soupdragons Comp

Beatwax

192 Westbourne Park Road

Ladbroke Grove

W11 1BT

Before the end of May. Don't forget to include your name and address.



The Soup Dragons: In a light room, unfortunately.

Tracy Chapman -Matters of the Heart

Album

After two albums which were indistinguishable from each other, I hoped that Tracy Chapman's third would be somewhat different. After the first few songs, I was disappointed. Sadly, all I could detect was the same relaxed warmth as before.

After several listens though, a few sparks emerged. A few divergences of style, a few differences. Since half of these were in the direction of country and western, I do my best to ignore them and pretend that this is just another Tracy Chapman album. This is just another Tracy Chapman album.

Murph.

● 'Matter of the Heart' is out now, on Elektra.



The Real People: 4 real, people.

Real People -Believer

7 Inch

This is a most peculiar piece of vinyl. Schizophrenic, almost. Even the cover is split in its theme; a junk photo montage, in the shape of a crucifix, on an oil painting sun.

The record continues in its dual nature; consisting of a rough sixties 'I'm a Believer' section which, to

tell the truth, is a bit crap really and then it breaks into a 'I need you more...' chorus which is uplifting—stratospheric, almost—just when you're expecting it to be just one huge steaming pile of shite, dragging it back from the edge of despair, and into the light, a bit symbolic of the cover really

Lise Yates.

● *Believer* is out now on Columbia/Sony. *The Real People* play Camden Underworld, 21 May.



Airhead: Utter Crap.

Squeeze

Album

There is no denying that Squeeze's finest moments came from their early years: 'Cool for Cats', 'Take Me I'm Yours', 'Up the Junction', 'Goodbye Girl', and with a couple of exceptions ('Slap and Tickle', 'Hourglass') that was it. But of

those, only 'Hourglass' didn't appear on 'Singles 45 and Under'. So, if you've got that, you don't really need this. On the other hand, if you don't, have it, then it all comes down to whether you like Squeeze or not.

Lise Yates

● *Squeeze* 'Greatest Hits' is out now on A&M. *Squeeze* play at the Town and Country Club, 23/24 June.

I Don't Care

All you conscientious students are probably revising away for exams over the next week; so this is wasted on you. For the dedicated popkids though, it's a different story: A very busy week ahead, so let's get on with it. Tonight, *The Sultans of Ping FC* at ULU, fresh from last term's ICU appearance, or for those of you with sights on a wider horizon, *Airstream* at the Old Trout.

Staying at the Old Trout, on Saturday we have the *Popinjays* appearing in this column for two weeks running. Next week, we might even review their single, at the Marquee two more bands who have played here in the last year or so; *Rain* and *The Cuckoos*.

Monday, and *The Adventures*' second London gig of the month, and their fourth in four years. Tuesday, and it's our beloved *Airhead*, who've recently been dropped by the record company, so we've got a picture to remind you what they look like. Support from *Bedazzled*, who must be much better (by default).

Wednesday, and *Del Amitri* in Kilburn, a welcome return for the Scottish rockers, and *The Tender Trap* who, over the past two weeks have filled the Felix mailbox with postcards. Thursday rounds it all up with the smart money going to see *Kingmaker*, *Resque* and music press darlings *Suede*. The scouse money meanwhile will no doubt be at the Underworld with *The Real People*. *Shakespear's Sister* hang out in Westminster, so if you're really stuck for somewhere to go...

Poddy.

TONIGHT

Sultans of Ping FC, Sweet Jesus, Shanks, Big Boy Tomato.

ULU, £5.

Russell Square, Goodge Street tube.

Airstream, etc.

Windsor Old Trout, £4.50.

Windsor Central (Paddington)

or Riverside (Waterloo, Clapham Junction, Richmond) BR.

(0753 869897 for details)

SATURDAY

Popinjays, This Year's Blonde.

Windsor Old Trout, £4.

Rain, Hate Syndicate, The Cuckoos.

Marquee, £6.

Leicester Sq tube.

MONDAY

The Adventures, etc.

Powerhaus, Liverpool Rd, £5.

Angel tube.

TUESDAY

Airhead, Bedazzled.

ULU, £6.

WEDNESDAY

Del Amitri, The Pale.

Kilburn National Ballroom, £8.50.

Kilburn tube.

The Tender Trap, Indestructible Beat.

Borderline, Orange Yard, Manette St, £5.

Tottenham Court Road tube.

THURSDAY

Kingmaker, Resque, Suede.

Town & Country Club, £6.50.

Kentish Town tube.

The Real People, The Tambourines.

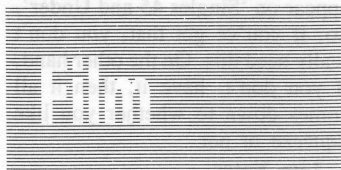
Camden Underworld, £5. Camden tube.

Shakespear's Sister, Soft Parade.

Westminster Central Hall, Storey's Gate, £10.

St James's Park tube.

Memoirs of an Invisible Man



Does anyone out there remember those old, unrealistic, terrifying (well, maybe for an eight year old) episodes of the *Invisible Man* on the telly? You know, the ones that used the same invisibility gags (about two of them) throughout every series, and that the above mentioned man walked around covered in make-up all the time? Yes, well you may just find this rendition mildly entertaining, certainly not underpant soiling material.

The film stars Chevy Chase and Nick Halloway, a stock analyst who is introduced one night to Alice (Daryl Hannah), sparks fly, hot and steamy they get—well, about enough to reduce their purity test scores by about one per cent (this is a PG you know)—and they agree to meet later that week.

The next morning Nick attends a presentation at Magnascopic Research Laboratories. He finds the lecture about subatomic particles, and magnetic flux, (surprisingly)



boring. He goes for a nice relaxing sauna—in his suit. On the way he causes a technician to set off a cyclotron, triggering an alarm and evacuating the building. Nick sleeping serenely in the sauna is oblivious. On awakening Nick is astonished to notice that portions of the building around him have disappeared and even worse so has he!

On the scene at that moment is David Jenkins (Sam Neill), a crafty CIA operative, who having discovered what happened to Nick,

realises he has something invaluable on his hands and moves to capture his ephemeral (I like that word) prey, and so begins the chasing and running.

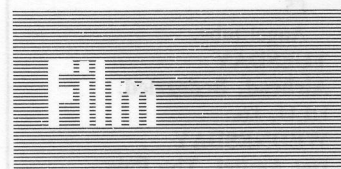
I really did expect a funnier script, there are bouts of humour but Chevy Chase has been in far, far funnier roles. Daryl Hannah is so wooden in her role as to almost take on tree-like dimensions and Sam Neill is about as unnerving as Edd the Duck coming at you with a rolled up copy of 'Fishing for Fun Weekly' (i.e. not very).

The films' only saving grace are the jubblerly special FX, done by the same team as T2 etc. In fact when it rains Chevy Chase almost looks like the T1000!

Everything about this film says mild, and the fact that we sometimes see the man and other times not, may well be necessary it is often distorting. In fact, if asked whether to meet this film or the man who cleans the toilets, I'd go for Wee Jimmy Poo Pong McPlop... every time.

Poo.

Scorchers



I'm in two minds about this film. Strange, because it seemed like two different films.

The first, a sort of sentimental and supposedly heart-wrenching 'I miss my Mom' effort is so cringable, so wincing I feel its hardly worth a mention.

Dolan (father), Splendid (daughter) and Jumper (husband of Splendid, married for a few hours) play out a wedding night scene that is hard to imagine. Their names are rather apt, except perhaps Dolan, who should be Dylan. It all begins well enough, but the ending! Splendid pretends to be her mother, who died giving birth to her, to ask for her approval. Confused? Don't bother.

In another film, taking place in another part of town, a far better scene is being acted out. A drunk, a barman, a whore and a wife, who

the whore is sleeping with try their hands at solving a few of life's problems, including why people like classical music. It may sound corny but has a feeling of been there, tried that, we didn't get any answers either.

The best performances are by those in the bar, Denholm Elliot as Howler (the drunk) and James Earl Jones as Bear (the barman) shines like the a star in the pitch black sky. Indeed, a better film could have been based around the bar, with a few incidental characters wandering ever so often.

Overall this film seems to lack something. Despite attempts to pull the two parts of the film together (the Preacher is late for the wedding of Splendid and Jumper because he's having sex with the whore), there is no real ending. My best memory of the film is probably the laughs of the audience when Bear asks Howler why he left the theatre.

If you want my advice (and if not why are you reading this?), wait for this to move to the cheaper cinemas, or even video.

Pebbles

● *Scorchers* opens at the Odean, Haymarket, today. (check that Mario) Yep, sure does Peb.

Bad Blood



The third and last play from quite a long way away produced by the Gate Teatre in its Beyond-Europe season is *Bad Blood* by the contemporary Argentinian playwright Griselda Gambaro. The play deals with machoism and violence. The Father, a governor, oppresses his wife and daughter Dolores and everybody else around him. His marriage arrangements for Dolores seem jeopardized,

however, as she falls in love with her hunchbacked housteteacher. They plan to escape from "this savage town, where the best heads end up in barrels and the best sound is silence."

The most gripping scene is when Dolores stands up against her father for the first time, but most of the time the play is too predictable. I thought Dolores' love for her teacher came a bit quick and wasn't very convincing. Also, I found the image of the hunchback as the only straight person a bit tired. And why is the tea served in tin cups in the house of the governor? I'm not so sure of and the production is a bit wishy-washy (except for the stage set, which is very good).

Boris

● *Bad Blood*, until May 30 every Mo-Sat at 7.30pm at the Gate Theatre, 11 Pembridge Rd, Notting Hill. Tickets £7. Box Office: 071-229 0706.

Tis Pity She's a Whore

Theatre

Giovanni, a brilliant young man, is madly in love with beautiful Annabella. She is chased by noble and rich bachelors of Parma, but her heart belongs to Giovanni. Their love has to be secret, however, for the two are brother and sister. Only two people know of the incest: Annabella's tutoress, who finds nothing wrong with it, and Friar Bonaventura. Giovanni is too intelligent to be impressed by the Friar's fire-and-brimstone speeches, yet too naive to grasp the worldly implications of his sin. Annabella is more susceptible to the Friar's theology and marries a nobleman to save her soul from damnation. At that time, however, she already knows she is pregnant.

This is only the main line of action in Shakespeare-contemporary John Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*. Almost every character in this unrelenting play displays dubious morals in some way. "Justice has fled to heaven



and comes no nearer."

In the Royal Shakespeare Company's production showing at the Pit the directness of Ford's play is preserved. They transposed it into a beginning-of-the-century Italian mafia setting. This is very clever,

for it makes the incredible brutality in the play plausible today, and it isn't forced. Saskia Reeves and Johnathan Cullen are convincing as Annabella and Giovanni, and Johnathan Hyde gives a brilliant impression of a nobleman's ruthless

right hand. If you go, brace yourself for the end, it's gruesome.

Boris

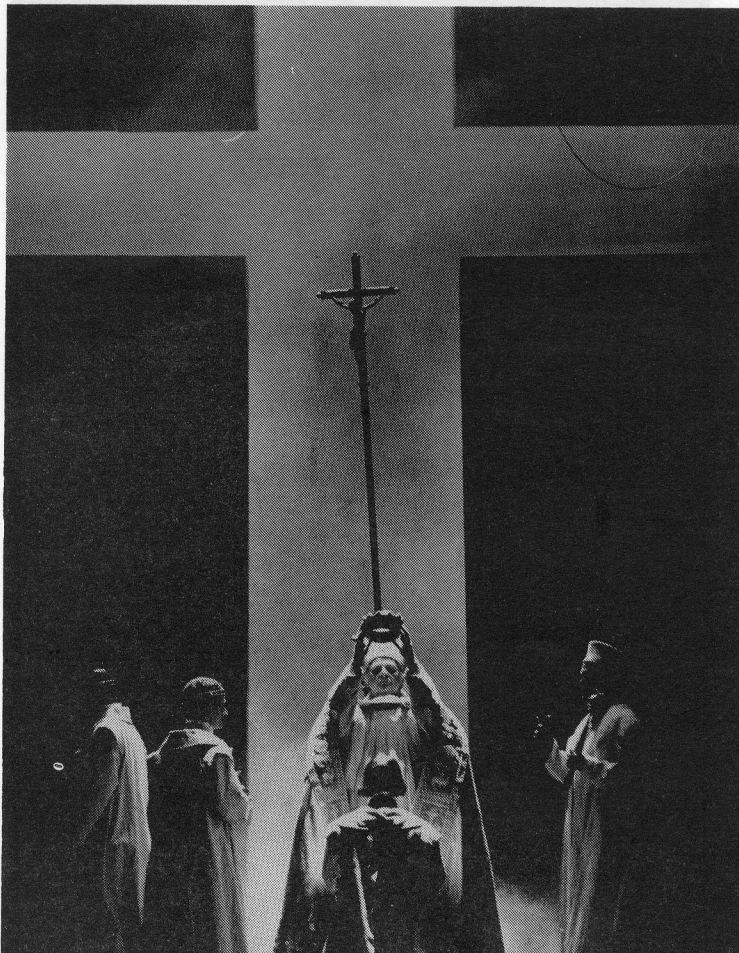
● *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* Mon-Sat at 7.30pm (some days also 2pm) at the Pit in the Barbican. Tickets £13.50 or student standby £7.

Henry IV Part 2

Theatre

I sat down feeling unenthusiastic and expecting the worst. I was pleasantly surprised. Again, as in part one I found the set design obtrusive and crude. I don't see why, in a scene in Eastcheap, the set should get belly laughs all round. I also found some of the scenes a little tedious. Many people seemed to think that Robert Stephens' Falstaff was excellent. I disagree. I found his performance flighty and ineffectual. As the night went on this became less distracting as Michael Maloney and Julian Glover came into their own and swept me away with their performances.

It's not difficult to make Shakespeare powerful, but I think it's exceptional for it to be moving. The scene where the King is dying and Hal takes the cross is breathtaking. The King, dressed in



sports top, cut off jogging pants and unshaven gave a raw portrayal of a king undone, a defeated man, who, consumed by his guilt, was waiting to die. Philip Voss as the Lord Chief Justice and David Bradley as the aged, tottering, Justice Shallow were superb. The coronation scene was spectacular and the only occasion in these productions where I felt that Bob Crowley's set design gelled.

Overall, I'd recommend seeing Henry IV parts one and two. Don't be put off if you've not read (or studied) the plays, you don't need to have to be able to enjoy it. The Barbican do some good deals on standby tickets for students so it doesn't have to cost you an arm and a leg.

Darwen

● Tickets range from £6.50 to £20. Student standby £7. Evening performances 7.30. May; 15, 16, 19, 23, 26, 28. June; 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13. Or, if you're feeling brave, Henry IV days, part one in matinee 2 p.m. and part two in the evening. May; 14, 16, 23, 28. June; 4, 6, 11, 13.

A group from the Imperial College and North Wales Caving Clubs visited the Monte Canin area in August 1991 for a mixture of tourist caving and prospecting, helped by the caving group of Udine. This article is intended as an introduction to caving in the area, but does not attempt to deal with the intricacies of the route finding, above or below ground. It's left to the visiting caver to enjoy that part.

The caves are predominantly vertical, active shaft systems, fairly cold, with rock that is often sharp, so careful rebelaying is required. The lack of any formations might make some feel that the caves lack character, being more of a test of rigging skills. Such cavers are probably best despatched to the show caves of neighbouring Slovenia, where there is abundant stal; whilst 'depth junkie' cavers get

on with the sport.

Up until 1989 the deepest system on the plateau, and the only one with significant horizontal development, was the Complesso del Col delle Erbe at -935m, between 700m and 800m deep. The Gortani system has a top entrance at 1928m and the water resurges at the Fontana di Goriuda, 2km to the NW at 868m altitude. It is likely that the remaining 125m vertical potential is flooded. In summer 1991, ropes were in place on the 'Via nuova' route, and we understood that they are replaced every four years.

The situation has now completely changed with the discovery of two caves on the Yugoslavian side of the ridge. Veliko Sbrego involves a 520m 'entrance series' of pitches, followed by 5km of active river passage reaching -1198m. With the

caves pre-rigged, it currently takes 40 hours to travel to the end of the cave and back. Exploration time must be added on to that! Skalaria has been pushed to -995m, and both caves still have many leads in them. Not surprisingly, they have attracted cavers from far afield.

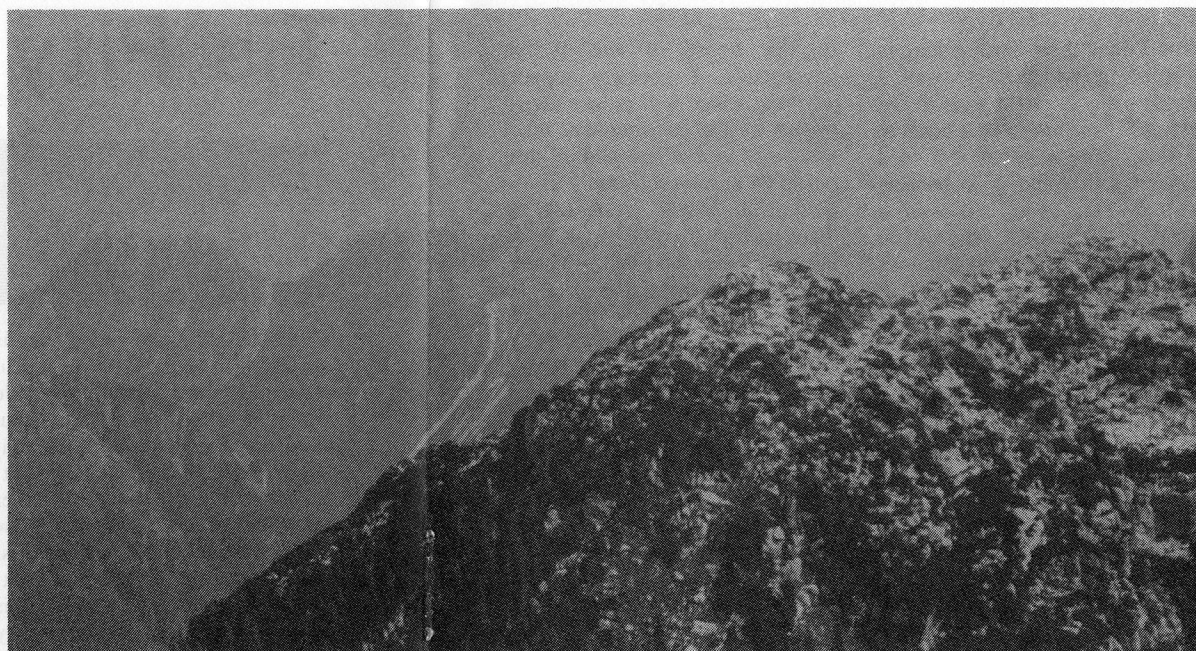
Thunderstorms can occur frequently. Whilst from the Gortani, one group were delayed for 8 hours at -550m until water levels on the pitches had subsided.

Some of the caves might first have been visited during World War 1, when the ridge formed the border between Italy and Austria-Hungary, and was the scene of fierce fighting in which 2,000 soldiers lost their lives. The area today has many look-out posts, rock trenches and tunnels with rusty shells and grenades scattered about.

Serious cave exploration started in the 1960s, based mainly on the

The area was the scene of fierce fighting in WW I - 2000 soldiers lost their lives

A Michele Gortani. The plateau is being chiefly worked on by cavers from Udine and Trieste. The Trieste groups (CGEB and SAG) have been responsible for the finds on the western part of the plateau, from the Cuel Sclaf to Monte Poriz. The Udine group (CSIF) have been working on Col Lopic and Monte Robon, with unprospected limestone further east. Members of British clubs (MUSS, BCC, BPC) visited the area in the 1970s, mainly



to assist in the exploration of the Comici.

The area (8km x 2km) is not intensively caved. During four weeks in Summer 1991 we only met other caving groups on three occasions. The future potential is enormous.

The remoteness of the caves makes rescue a very serious proposition. During the exploration of Veliko Sbrego, an accident drew cavers from all over northeast Italy on a major operation that lasted several days. Our closest call was during a four-man trip to the bottom of the Gortani. One of the group missed the turn-off to the terminal siphon and ended up falling 20m into it from a slippery ledge above, hitting the rock walls on the way down. He escaped with damaged forearm ligaments and a gashed face, and managed to struggle out from -892m with one good arm, mild hypothermia and recurring double-vision, albeit in a total trip time of 28 hours!

Sella Nevea, at 1170m is the most

suitable place from which to base exploration of the area. The ski resort is rather small, with a lack of caving essentials such as cheap accommodation, bars, restaurants and food shops. At the Western end is a field allocated for camping, but since it has no facilities, discreet roadside camping, to the east and outside of the village, is just as good. The CAI Rifugio Julia is another possibility, if your budget will stretch. The nearest supermarket is the small one in Tarvisio, a 30 minutes drive to the northeast. There does not even seem to be a 'superstore' in Udine, so it might be worth buying cheaply in bulk before arriving in the area.

Access to the plateau is by the cable car ('Funivia'), with a return charge of about £5 to climb 700m in a few minutes. Well worth it! During the descent, two or three days later, with the cable car filled with dirty, tanned, hungry, stinking cavers and countless muddy tackle sacs, it was always fun to watch the disbelief on the faces of the tourists.

The cable car offers rapid access to the plateau in winter, from where local cavers have skiied to reach caves, often kept clear of snow by the draught from within. Winter brings extra risks though. The Bivacco Davanzo-Vianello-Picciola is named in memory of the first three cavers to reach the bottom of the Gortani, but who were swept away by an avalanche on return from the same trip as they descended in the dark towards the lights of the Rifugio Gilberti.

For Col Lopic and Monte Robon, on the eastern end of the plateau, it makes better sense to use Sentieri 637, despite the one and a half hour ascent. All the paths marked on the map are well marked on the ground, but there are no others, the rest of the terrain being hard-going over scree or pavement.

Camping is not really feasible on the plateau, mainly because of the lack of soil, the frequent storms, and the existence of perfectly good bivouac huts. The Bivacco DVP (as named before) at 1930m is used as

He escaped with a damaged forearm and a gashed face and managed to struggle out from -829m with one good arm, mild hypothermia and recurring double vision

the base for exploring the Gortani, while the Bivacco Modonutti-Savoia at 1900m is used for the cave of the same name. They both provide bunk beds for 12 and a cooking stove (bring your own gas). Water is collected from nearby snow patches and rivulets, but is not plentiful.

Unfortunately, being partly funded by the CAI, the bivouacs are not locked, and are open to all, which means regular visits during the day by walkers. Our group had 500m of rope and 50 hangers stolen from a hiding place near the Bivacco MS. Be warned! The Rifugio Gilberti at 1850m is busy during the day, but in the evening, after the last cable car has descended, it provides a great place to seek warm shelter and gaze out over the limestone bathed in crimson light, whilst sampling the well-stocked bar...

Up-Date
IC is planning a return for 1992 to concentrate on prospecting and extending known caves. Any other cavers thinking of visiting the area are welcome to contact the club for more information and contact address for the Italian Clubs, with whom co-operation is essential.

Caving on Canin

Monte Canin is on the Italian-Slovenian border close to Austria. In 1991 Harry Lock visited its cave systems with the IC caving club



Mend-a-Bike

- BICYCLE REPAIRS
- SALES AND HIRE
- NEW AND USED BIKES
- ACCESSORIES

OPEN: 9.00am - 7.00pm
MONDAY TO SATURDAY

**4-6 Effie Road, Fulham Broadway,
London SW6 1TD**
071-371 5867

IC STUDENTS 10% DISCOUNT ON ALL ACCESSORIES & SERVICES. BIKES ALREADY DISCOUNTED.



Most of us quite like the sound of alternative technology. It promises to be clean and renewable to the end of time. No longer would we feel so guilty about leaving lights or the television remote control on when we don't need them, because conventional power stations would be a thing of the past. They would no longer be there to billow carbon dioxide into the atmosphere. Roads would be cleaner and somehow quieter; life would be very nice, thank you.

But I think there is something in most of us which says 'wait a minute - this is just a wee bit too perfect. There has to be a catch to all this.' You tend to feel - as I imagine you would upon hearing the news that you had won a timeshare apartment... 'and all you have to do to claim your fabulous prize is book an appointment with one of our salespeople...' In a word you would feel dubious, which is a bit how I felt upon arrival at the Centre for Alternative Technology

in the heart of the Welsh countryside. I honestly support anything which will reduce man's impact on the environment, but I was worried that it would all turn out to be unworkable and a disappointment. Maybe we would get there to find the place staffed by ageing hippies who had somehow escaped from the sixties.

I was to be pleasantly surprised. I arrived at the house where I was stay at about midnight. It had seemed a long journey, so I was

Alternative Technology

Utopia or Fool's Paradise?

*Chantelle Ward
of the
Environmental
and Appropriate
Technology
Society finds a
personal
viewpoint.*



glad to receive a warm welcome and an even warmer milky drink before I went to bed. I awoke the next morning to find someone in the kitchen cooking copious quantities of breakfast. The smell was wafting temptingly up the stairs, so what could I do to resist? I took the opportunity to look around; there was an array of organically grown food on the farmhouse style table, and the shelves above the sink held jars of all kinds of things which reminded me of an old-fashioned sweet shop. My wander took me into the lounge, where I nearly fell over a sleeping man, who said, 'Hi, I'm Dave, I help here...' and promptly went back to the land of slumber.

In the meantime, everyone else was up, so we trudged off to earn our keep. We were told beforehand that we would be working on the lake, which to me just looked ornamental but I was assured that it would be used to generate electricity when there was a shortfall. We levelled out ground, sorted out boulders to go around the perimeter of the lake and dug a hole for a reason I never quite understood. Everyone felt that it was okay for the day, but on the whole we were glad we had settled for an academic career! We all wanted to have a bath after a day in the grime, but we were disappointed with the solar panel water heating—or rather lack of it. So we descended on the local hostelry in true Imperial College style whilst others in our group who were a bit more cultured stayed in to watch some videos - even here they had televisions and videos.

The next day I interrogated some poor girl who was kneading dough with the food processor. 'We are connected to the National Grid aren't we?'

'Oh no', she replied, with a slightly scolding expression on her face. 'That goes against everything we stand for here'. Yet no one I spoke to seemed obsessed with self-sufficiency, they just possessed common sense.

Sunday was the bit we had all been waiting for—the grand tour of the area, although I felt I knew the place a little by now already. We duly assembled at ten and kicked off with a tour of an energy efficient demonstration house. Apparently, this is one of the major aspects of the alternative technologies, but it isn't very newsworthy and it is difficult to make an interesting exhibition out of it as well, so we didn't really dwell on it. Most of the people living on the site had built their own houses; an achievement as not all of them came from a building background.

Then we were shown the trademarks of alternative technology - those aspects everyone thinks of as soon as that phrase is mentioned. For instance, wind turbines, water wheels and solar



panels. This is not to say they were boring - some of the designs looked quite innovative.

Next was our guide's pride and joy - the sewerage system. I hadn't thought of that as being alternative technology before, but it was brilliant in its simplicity of design. The waste for the site was passed through a series of tanks which contained different plants, their role was to extract all the nutrients from

the water, rendering it safe. The last tank was even made into an ornamental pond! What is more, there was almost no smell at all. I think that everyone present was impressed, despite the subject matter.

The next stop was the organic garden, which is maintained at least in part by the school groups who come to stay. The soil is fertilised with rotted vegetable peelings and eggshell from the kitchens. It was from here onwards that I really began to see the inter-relatedness of it all. They grew their own food, produced their own power and dealt with the waste afterwards, all without damaging anything, not least their standard of living. However, as our guide admitted, having the right attitude counts for a great deal and living in such a close community can produce tension at times. Technical teething troubles can also be a nuisance even though they are expected, as with anything new, and progress can bring moral dilemmas of its own. For instance, they have just built a new cliff railway to transport ever increasing numbers of visitors up the steep hill, but they will need to be connected to the National Grid for the first time ever to provide back-up power.

In the car on the way home, I mulled it over. The centre wasn't the perfect model, but life is never anywhere near paradise anyway. The technologies certainly work and there is no drop in the standard of living, but communities like this will never happen until there is widespread changes of attitude. It might all sound cranky, but if it works who can criticise? If you still aren't sure about the whole thing then why don't you come and see for yourself?

The technologies certainly work and there is no drop in the standard of living.

WORLD LEADERS IN INDEPENDENT TRAVEL

Low cost flights on quality airlines

Special fares for students

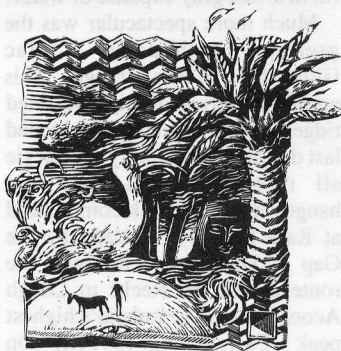
Weekend breaks, tours & group bookings

Well travelled consultants to guide you

Over 120 offices worldwide

**Pick up a copy of your free
STA Travel Guide**

Imperial College
Sherfield Building
Prince Consort Road
(Open Mon-Fri 10-5.30pm)



STA

ULU TRAVEL



The IC First Eight travelled to Japan last week, courtesy of Fuji TV, in order to compete at the third 'Henley Regatta in Japan'. After a day spent meticulously preparing a borrowed boat at the Toda Olympic rowing course and assessing the opposition, the crew transferred to the Sumida River in the centre of Tokyo.

The regatta comprised of four semi-finals, with the winners progressing to the final. IC were drawn against a powerful crew from the University of California, Los Angeles and two local Japanese universities. The Americans had five international oarsmen on board, one of which had competed in the 1988 Olympics.

Rowing against a strong wind and tide, IC convincingly earned a place in the final. However, the University of Bristol qualified in their semi-final recording a faster time. Waseda University, from Japan, also made the final yet again.

Then the tide turned, against the wind, whipping up huge waves that propagated down the river, rebounding off the concrete walls - true sinking conditions for these frail, lightweight craft. The IC crew, weighing in 71 kg heavier in total than their nearest rivals, Nihon University, then realised how small their boat was, but arrived at the start determined to win.

In the final, IC went off to a good start and, despite ploughing through

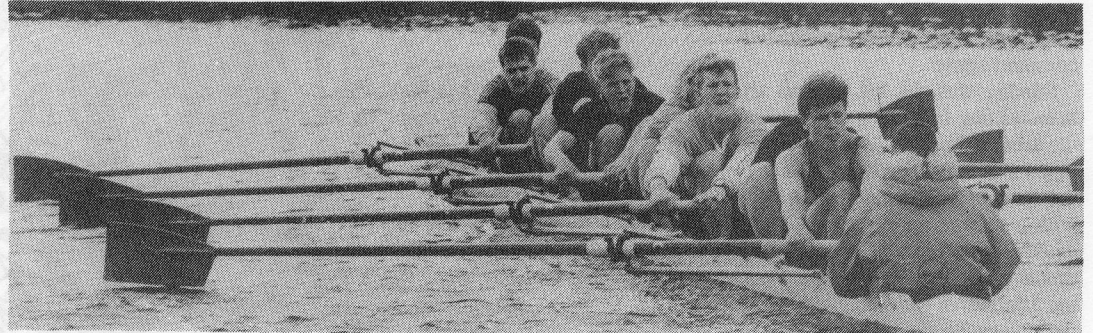
the waves rather than riding over them, were five lengths up on Bristol after only two minutes. Nihon, however, were much faster and were using their advantageous

rapturous applause from the crowd. The whole race had been spectacularly televised, with overhead and close-up shots that put the BBC to shame! The crews

be proud of the diplomacy and goodwill shown by its oarsman across the world.

Carl Boon (Physics 3)

Imperialism in Japan



lane to good effect.

The crews battled alongside past the largely partisan crowd, while a TV helicopter followed overhead; IC would edge ahead and then be impeded by a massive, drenching wave. Bristol were found wanting in these appalling conditions and eventually stopped before embarrassingly going ashore. Meanwhile IC, with the aid of judicious steering, pushed on and crossed the line three-quarters of a length ahead of Nihon, who promptly sank at the finish. IC baled out the water from their boat continuously as they crept slowly back to the landing stage, receiving

watched the replay with pride. Any crew surviving those conditions deserved to win, but of course, IC had retained their title.

After the traditional exchanging of kit, the crews attended the presentation and reception before embarking on a night of celebration. Before leaving Japan, the visiting teams were given a day-long tour of the city, culminating in an evening at the Tokyo Disneyland.

The whole trip was an unforgettable experience. The period of fame and stardom may have been brief, but the reputation of the Boat Club is truly international. Imperial College can

2nd Eight Success

The IC Boat Club's second eight followed the success of its first eight from five days earlier with a win in the Senior B and Elite eights at Trinity College Regatta, Dublin this weekend. Despite not being pushed in either event over the two days, they succeeded in becoming only the second crew ever to break five minutes over the 1800m course. The crew was summed up by the Irish Tribune as a 'model of streamlined power', and according to the Independent, 'represented one of the strongest overseas entries in recent years'.

All this from only a second eight!

Irish Walking Excursion

ICUYHA broke the tradition of heading to Scotland for the Easter tour this year and, in an inspired and popular move, set sail for the Emerald Isle instead.

The choice of Killarney as our base for the trip was a good one. The town itself was full of placards extolling the virtues of Guinness and, perhaps even more importantly, there was an abundance of wonderful walking country within easy reach of our camp-site. (We are after all a walking club and not a drinking club; although occasionally confusion on the issue is quite understandable...)

Despite the astonishingly unpredictable weather, most people ventured out on most days to discover the joys of the diverse Irish countryside. On one of the two icy mornings though, even the prospect of a pleasant days walk with excellent scenery and jovial company wasn't enough to lure everyone out of their tents. Hearty, if not entirely harmonious renditions of Dubliners songs,

together with threats of cold porridge in the sleeping bag usually did the trick however.

During the week there were strolls around the picturesque lakes of Killarney, walks across the bleak, heathery hills of the Muckross Estate national park and days spent sampling the rugged and very spectacular coastal scenery. On one particular coastal walk we were accompanied by a travelling musician (Irish rover) who played the mandolin and wore a ring of bells around his ankle. As clichéd as it seemed, we all agreed that this was the type of thing that could only happen in Ireland. Having taught us several new Irish folk tunes, our wandering minstrel friend then introduced us to one of the locals - the Dingle Bay dolphin. Perhaps on advice from his more famous English counterpart, the dolphin was decidedly cautious when two momentarily mad walkers dived into the freezing water to swim with him. He had no objections to photos being taken though, and between us we now have a collection of twenty

or more identically uninteresting shots showing the tip of a small grey fin in a vast grey expanse of water.

Much more spectacular was the greatly anticipated 'Mac Gillicuddys Reeks' range. This notorious series of high serrated ridges was conquered on the second last day by a brave party of four (ie all those who did not have hangovers). The walk commenced at Kate Kearneys Cottage by the Gap of Dunloe and followed the route across the Reeks to Lough Acoose, taking in Ireland's highest peak - Carrantoohill (3414ft) - on the way. Even though it snowed and was misty for part of the way, the walk was unanimously voted as the best in Ireland; quite an accolade given the quality of the competition.

After the 'near death experience' of the Reeks, there was a mildly embarrassing incident the following day when a group of seven managed to get completely and utterly lost on 'The Kerry Way'. After trudging for hours through fields thick with gorse, circumnavigating huge pine plantations and wading through

flooding rivers - all in pouring rain - it was slightly disappointing to discover that the actual route involved nothing more than a leisurely, if not entirely scenic, stroll along a main road.

In true ICUYHA tradition spirits were soon raised again though, with Drambuie salutes all round (and all up the walls in some cases). Then, after a final tippie of that magic treacly brew, we set off for home.

TENNIS CLUB MEMBERSHIP

Student membership costs £6.00 and can be obtained from Cathy or Michelle in the Union Office. Members are entitled to book and use the two courts situated next to Linstead Hall. The courts can be booked, free of charge, on the booking sheet in the Sports Centre. Players of all ability are welcomed to join. Note: Students who have not paid their membership are not allowed to use the IC courts, but can use the ones in Hyde Park, which cost £3.00 per hour.

Sara Haswell (captain)

Everything but Windsurfing

'A tribute to Phil and Steve'... or 'A momento which will boost their egos and which they can show to all their friends and family'.

Well, it has fallen to me to summarize the year in the Windsurfing Club, since our outings will become less and less frequent as the terrors of exams loom darkly on the horizon. As 'it's part of my job' (as Steve told me - and he did want his name mentioned as much as possible), it wouldn't do for me to get bored since the club won't be such a relief force in my life this term.

As they say, 'I'll start from the very beginning'... no, I'll control myself and not burst into song. The autumn term was a very busy time for the club, with pleasant (well in England, it couldn't really be described as 'fantastic') weather and many beginners. They were all trying to win the race (to Southside on Tuesday at 12.30pm) to sign up for inclusion into 'the elite 13' going to the reservoir the following week. All that seems a very long time ago, including the Gosport trip, after which the elections for the post of secretary took place. What exactly do I recall of that period? Being very keen to do things to 'get brownie points' which would be to my advantage in the elections. These included Felix articles, if I'm correct, and not the usual kissing of babies. There were also lessons at the reservoir, very occasionally venturing onto the water when the weather permitted.

What exactly did we do in

Gosport? Surprisingly, we went windsurfing! We also played drinking games, arcade games and, a few of us, got tied up into a telephone boxes. Hmm... I don't think I'll get changed in the woods in future. Apart from the shocked looking passer-bys, there were a few too many brambles.

Where else did we go? The Gower was our second trip and yet again, we did some windsurfing, and even some surfing. Despite the freezing cold temperatures, and breaking the leg off one of the chairs, we also experienced the delights of the local Welsh disco. We were also supposed to go to Cornwall, but as per usual, our van was cancelled at the last minute. As it happens, we had a extremely successful trip to Wyeboston. There we went go-karting, piloting and also used quads. Those were only the motorsports. We also managed to do some jetskiing and water-skiing. We enjoyed ourselves so much that it was a blessing in disguise. It wasn't the only non-windsurfing trip we had that term; we also had an evening out on the town - pub-crawling and even stopping in a karaoke bar.

After the Christmas holidays, bad weather conditions (the cold, ice and no wind) threatened to force the club into a unrecoverable decline. However, the club survived. Instead of floundering in the reservoir, we went bowling, played laser tag and used slides at Fantaseas Waterpark. One Wednesday, we even spent some

- a long weekend in Cornwall. Quite strange setting out on a 7 hour drive at 6.30 in the evening. Anyway, those of us who were relegated to the back of the van had a great time playing cards and even being able to lie down comfortably. Amazingly, it was one of the few trips we didn't have to put up with untuneful singing from the front! time in Richmond Park playing football and using the skateboards from the speedsails. Steve, you were lucky that you didn't injure yourself on those skateboards, unlike those on our second trip to Gosport. What a weekend!. It was almost cancelled by the van monster, but in the end we had a great time sailing. Shame about the timing of your injury Steve, especially as it was in the morning of the first day before the day was out.

The next two outings occurred in quick succession. The Friday before the end of term, we went out for a club dinner. We all ate well and drank well. When we had had enough of the restaurant, we went on to enjoy the nightlife at the Union. Luckily we had a day to recover before going to Wyeboston once more. This time we had an even better time, getting covered in layers of mud, followed by gravel and mud once again. A longer number of daylight hours and warmer weather also helped. Welcome to the new Executive members for next year.

The Easter holidays saw the club travelling further afield than usual

And most of the words of the songs we played were known! Thanks Ian, we love being woken up at 8am, especially after going to sleep at 4am. Anyway, it was pretty lucky since the weather was quite tropical and the wind and waves were good. As well as windsurfing, we had a chance to speed sail on the beach. How is it possible to get burnt in this country, and in April? Oh well, maybe we've all developed skin cancer now. Going to pubs, playing twister (finally), clubbing and doing touristy things such as visiting St Michael's Mount, were on the agenda. Sadly, due to our general disruption of the neighbours, we won't be able to go back to the holiday park. What a spectacular crash on that go-kart Phil! No James, you're not driving next year.

Now it is time to thank Phil and Steve on behalf of everyone in the club. Our money and interests could not have been looked after better. We've had a fantastic year largely thanks to you. I hope that was ego boosting enough, we couldn't inflate your heads too much. Despite this, we are going to do all this and even more next year. We'll be having friendly races against other universities. Also, our club T-shirt should be out. Hmm... IC Sharks!

And now our last few words to you, as you leave us the responsibilities and step away from the combat zone... 'BE LUCK-AAY OK'

Julia Willison

St Mary's Rugby Champs

On the 21st March St Mary's entered two teams in the National Medical Schools sevens tournament in Nottingham. Despite many injuries and late withdrawals, it was felt that we had a team capable of winning the title for the third time in as many years.

Throughout the tournament the A team played some of the best sevens I have played or seen played by a Mary's team, and although some players lacked experience their determination and graft more than compensated. We won through to the final having played four games, scored 128 points and conceded only 4. One referee said after the quarter final when we beat Liverpool 40-0, that we played some of the best student sevens he had seen for a long time.

The final was against Cardiff, who had also won through with ease, and was played in nothing less than storm conditions. Playing into the wind in the first half, we conceded two early goals, but the character of the team showed, and we never let our heads drop or confidence in our ability waver. We began the second half 12-6 down, having pulled back a late first half goal, and scored twice in the second half to make the score 18-12 in our favour. Cardiff never gave up and in the last play of the game, crossed our line to send the game into sudden death extra time. Having kicked out on the full from the restart we were forced to defend at the centre spot scrum. A maul developed just inside the Cardiff half at which they infringed

allowing the referee to award us a penalty and a chance to snatch victory. This we did and gratefully accepted the cup for the third time in a row, which will now remain at St Mary's for good.

After such an excellent team performance it seems cruel to single out any players, but I would like to mention two. Firstly Jon Walters, who in my opinion was the player of the tournament; his strong running, particularly from defensive positions, led to numerous tries and gave the rest of us the chance for a quick breather. Secondly Stewart Berry, who started the day being dragged off the replacement bench at 7.15 that morning and finished it by kicking a 40 yard penalty into the wind to win the tournament. It showed that

to enter any rugby match or tournament without a kicker is mere suicide.

The B team also played extremely well, and after a shakey start went on to lose in the semi-final of the bowl competition to the eventual winners, Newcastle. My congratulations to them. Finally my thanks to the Medical Sickness Society for once again organising an excellent tournament, and we look forward to defending our title next year.

Teams A	Team B
McCormack	Walsh
Langish	Smith
Abrams (c)	Evans
Poole	Wright
Berry	Hamilton (c)
Walters	Porter
Boos	Helme

Imperial College Union Council is a curious beast. It is supposed to be a streamlined version of a Union General Meeting (UGM), introduced because the Union couldn't offer any reasons for anyone to turn up to UGMs any more. The general idea is that students are represented by their departmental reps., by the societies that they are members of, and by the constituent college unions that they are forced into. That means that the current council has a total number of fifty six posts, which are filled by fifty one people. Streamlined council? Steaming quagmire, more like.

Whilst the representation is wonderful, the only problem is that

deserve. Try counting the number of sabbaticals that turned up at the last EGM in the Junior Common Room on Thursday 7th. Eins, zwei, drei...

The most widespread impression of last Monday's council was that it was so incredibly boring. Well, not incredibly. Predictably boring. To avoid debate, searching questions, and accountability, then submit your report to council just 30 minutes before it starts. Or be a sabbatical. Hand it in at five to six. That way no-one knows what they are talking about. This is dangerously suspicious. The third term is a time when union and Sherfield watchers are tied up with exams, and so is an idea time to slip

chance you want to submit a motion, the deadline is Thursday 21 May at 12.30pm. You have been warned.

How many elections is that this year? Numerous EGM elections, two sets of sabbatical elections, a general election, local elections, and rescheduled EGM elections. All well and good. Democracy (sic) in action. Now add another. There will be a Union Annual General Meeting on 23 June, for the posts of Haldane Library Book Buyer, Haldane Library Record Buyer, Felix Business Manager, and Ordinary Members of House Committee. Now who's going to be here on 23 June? About as many people as turned up for Council last Monday.

Next on the agenda was the most amazing report tabled at Council in living memory. At best, it was an encouragement to the sabbaticals to get more involved with their Union. At worst, it implied 'resign now'.

I suggest ... that sabbaticals actually attend MSC meetings ... I can't recall the last time a sabbatical came to a meeting ... if sabbaticals

A Spanner in the Works



IC Union held a Council meeting on Monday - one of many this year. Do you know anything about them? Declan Curry reports

not everyone turns up. In fact, it can sometimes be argued that hardly anyone turns up. Those that turn up rarely argue. Or have arguments suppressed. It's a bit of a vicious circle. Of course, it is exam time, an excuse well monopolised by the sorry collection of apologies that thundered their way into the Union Office last Monday.

The latest gathering of quagmire was in the Union Dining Hall last Monday. Not that you knew about it, of course. The members are so busy representing you that it becomes a bit of a bore for them to tell the ordinary citizens that an important meeting is taking place. But if you are not going to turn up at the UGMs or the EGMs (Extraordinary General Meetings), then you have no-one else to blame. You get the representation you

things past. And as time slipped past during Council, so did the schemes.

The first dodge was trying to excuse the last pathetic EGM. That was a miserable affair. No sound system, a missing sabbatical, and a distinct lack of participation. Thankfully, someone called quorum, and to the credit of all, this happened after the important business of Hon Sec ratification was done. That only left elections for House Committee Chairman, Publicity Officer, Academic Affairs Officer, Post Graduate Affairs Officer and Transport Officer hanging in the air, along with motions on 'Third World' Debt. So, question: How do you deal with a disastrous EGM? Answer: Call another. And that's just what they did. The next EGM is Thursday 28 May at 1pm in the JCR. If by

the threat of imposed reform hung heavily over this council meeting

wish to disown or not be involved in the work of the MSCs then I for one would be happy to remove them from our constitution ... I have spent too much time apologising to SCC for the ineffectiveness of ICU ... we need to get our acts together.

Strong. Yet it was passed with not a murmur. Do they read each other's reports?

Good news emerged from the Social Cultural and Amusements Board report. OpSoc doing Gilbert and Sullivan for Rag, the Orchestra performing the 1812 overture for Alumnus Day, and DramSoc adding the cannon fire. The work continues. The choir are to give a concert on May 29.

In setting a dangerous precedent, Rag Chairman Penguin presented a collection of new Rag job descriptions, which were passed at an earlier Rag Committee Meeting. Penguin himself was sadly berated during the Council meeting, for trying to hold some nameless sabbaticals accountable. This came as a complete shock to their system,



and their response ranged from patronising to insulting to childish to personal. A poor reflection on their own maturity.

I mention a dangerous precedent, because Penguin wasn't the only one to suggest new job descriptions. Union president, Zoe Hellinger, tabled a motion to amend the current job descriptions of the sabbaticals. And you thought they didn't have one? The main change was outlined in Zoe's report. *'In response to a member of Council the office sabbaticals have now started filling in time sheets, as we are accountable to students any students who wish to see these sheets can look at them in my office.'*

This ignores three important considerations. Firstly, students will not know to check time sheets because they at this stage are unaware of their existence. Secondly, filling time sheets does not guarantee in itself that constructive work is being done by sabbaticals, though there is no reason to doubt that this does not happen anyway. They do, after all, get along. Thirdly, this decision was reached without consultation with students. It may not be important enough to justify a college wide ballot, but with government reform of student unions a racing certainty, then any suggestion of an undemocratic structure will lead to disaster for the union.

This opens up a very serious question. How accountable are our

union sabbaticals and officers? This is of critical importance. Those among the rabid right in Conservative Students are pushing very hard indeed for wholesale reform of student unions. One of the national officers of Conservative Students told me last Friday that in the same way that the government reformed trade unions in the 1980s, then so student unions would be reformed in the 1990s. The end could well be nigh for student unions as we know them.

Theoretically, the procedures to hold Union sabbaticals accountable for their actions is in place. The enigma is in implementing these procedures. Zoe's escape from being tarred with the brush of Stalinism in the *Independent* (6 February this year), suggests that the precedents are not good.

This is a problem which Zoe is taking seriously, indeed courageously so. Her solution is to produce a promotional brochure to sell the main benefits of Imperial College Union. So, when voluntary membership is introduced, and I mean when, then the former ICU members will know what they're missing, and sign up in droves. It is nice to see an important piece of forward planning. But look over your shoulder a bit. Why do we have the Union Handbook, and how tenable is its future if the new glossy brochure is introduced?

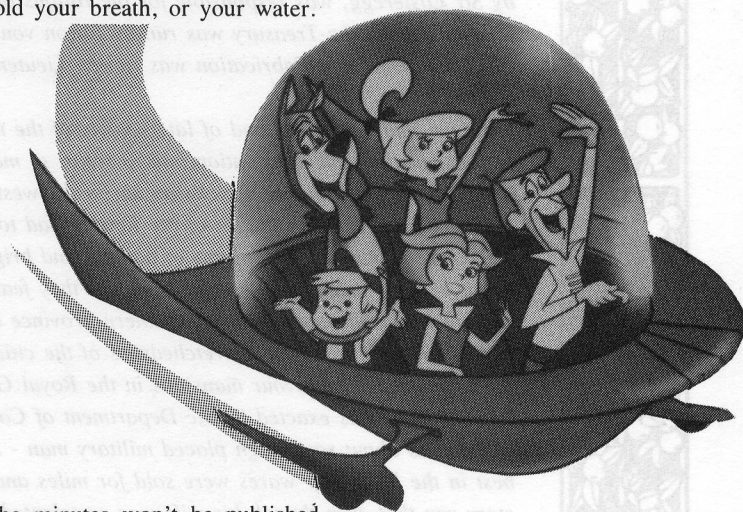
Given that most in Imperial College Union regard the National Union of Students as an embarrassing anachronism, and that

the groundswell in favour of forcing reform in the national union is ever increasing in London, would it be an idea for Imperial to blaze a trail and introduce voluntary membership on its own, to see how it works? It's a possible way of putting the Union to the test of fire, and may provoke much greater reform in the NUS than setting up a rival union, an idea that is gaining currency in the London School of Economics.

The imminent threat of imposed government reform hung heavily over this particular council meeting. A whiff of possible financial regulation came from the Deputy President, Jonathan Griffiths. Apart from a possible surprise increase in Union funding this year, he announced that a Union Finance Committee (UFC) meeting would be held on Thursday 28 May. The purpose of the meeting is *'to iron out a set of financial regulations which the college are asking for ... show the lines of responsibility as well as other codes of practice.'*

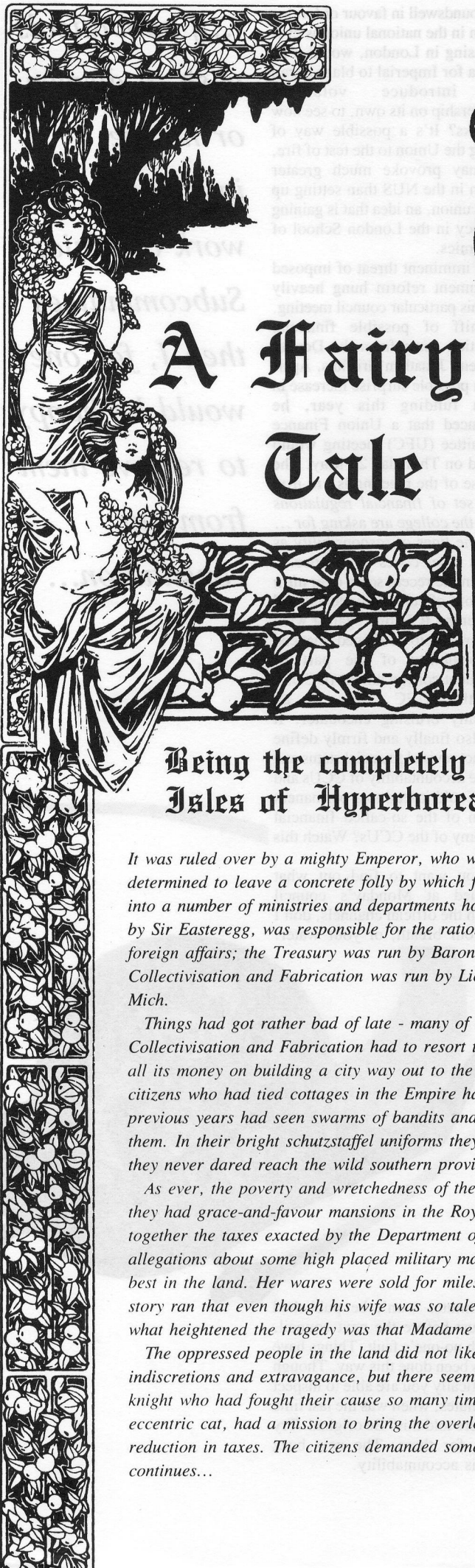
Given the recent scare over *ultra vires* (out of rules) payments, and a hardening ICU line against what they perceive to be alleged financial irresponsibility of the part of constituent college unions (CCUs), then this UFC could be an especially bruising encounter. It may also finally and firmly define the exact revised financial status and relative accountability of CCUs and ICU. Could it lead to a permanent erosion of the so-called financial autonomy of the CCUs? Watch this space.

If you want to find out what happened at Monday's council through the official channels, don't hold your breath, or your water.



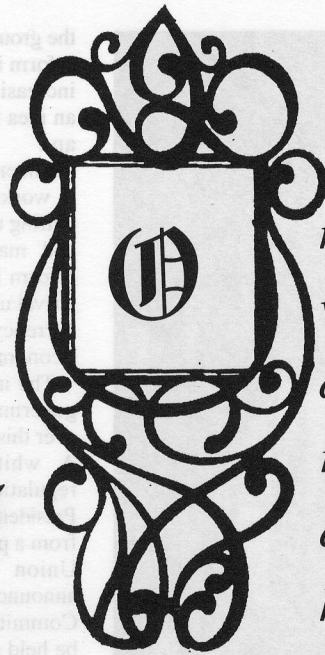
The minutes won't be published until just before the next council, through no-one's fault. Things have always been done this way. Though theoretically you are able to inspect the minutes, when was the last time you were told this? Be original. Try asking for them. The new buzz word is accountability.

'...if sabbaticals wish to disown or not be involved in the work of Major Subcommittees then I, for one, would be happy to remove them from our constitution...'



A Fairy Tale

Being the completely fictitious story of an empire in the Isles of Hyperborea. Inscribed, in part, by Marge



nce upon a time there was a sad empire which does not belong to the real world. It was an ancient land, a land that had had battles both civil and national. It had enjoyed good times and suffered bad, but where this story begins it was the general consensus that it was having a bad time.

It was ruled over by a mighty Emperor, who was ruled over by his beautiful wife. He was not long for this world and was determined to leave a concrete folly by which future generations would know him. His vast and wealthy Empire was divided into a number of ministries and departments housed in the imposing Surefire Fortress. For instance, the Ministry of Food, run by Sir Easteregg, was responsible for the rations of the citizens; the Ministry of Truth, run by Sir Stefan de Brash, covered foreign affairs; the Treasury was run by Baron von Nichtstadt; the Civil Service was under Lady Renard; the Department of Collectivisation and Fabrication was run by Lieutenant Tristan Khartoum and the Ministry of Statistics was under Baron von Mich.

Things had got rather bad of late - many of the ministries had been reorganised to cope, indeed the Department of Collectivisation and Fabrication had to resort to martial law to work at all. This was because the Department has squandered all its money on building a city way out to the west which nobody wanted to live in, and which could not be sold. The poor citizens who had tied cottages in the Empire had to pay more taxes to cover up this mistake. In addition to this misery, the previous years had seen swarms of bandits and brigands plaguing the Empire and a new militia had been brought in to thwart them. In their bright schutzstaffel uniforms they fearlessly patrolled the cities of Surefire, Blight and the Royal Gardens, but they never dared reach the wild southern province of Eiblin.

As ever, the poverty and wretchedness of the citizen's lives led to stories of wild extravagance in Surefire - for instance that they had grace-and-favour mansions in the Royal Gardens and the Royal Gate, when all about them citizens slaved to scrape together the taxes exacted by the Department of Collectivisation and Fabrication. Other stories took the form of ignoble allegations about some high placed military man - surely untrue! The tale related that this man lived with a cook, one of the best in the land. Her wares were sold for miles and many a feast was celebrated with a toast to her infinite prowess. The story ran that even though his wife was so talented, the man was deeply in love with the fair Madame Isolde de Spasm. And what heightened the tragedy was that Madame de Spasm only wanted the baby her own husband denied her.

The oppressed people in the land did not like any of their overlords, and they got utterly fed up with their mistakes, indiscretions and extravagance, but there seemed to be very little they could do about it. Many had forgotten the gallant knight who had fought their cause so many times before. Sir Otto d'Oignon, and his fearless-though-unpredictable-and-rather-eccentric cat, had a mission to bring the overlords to justice, to defend the citizens, to fight for a decent place to live and a reduction in taxes. The citizens demanded some action from the Empire, but as usual nothing was done and so the story continues...

An up-to-the-minute guide to events in and around Imperial College. The deadline for entries for this page is the Monday prior to publication.

FRIDAY

- Hang Gliding**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
- Conservative Soc**.....12.30pm
Physics 737.
- Rag Meeting**.....12.40pm
Union Lounge. Everyone welcome.
- 3rd World First**.....12.45pm
Upper Southside Lounge.
- Labour Club Meeting**.....1.00pm
Maths 408. Club members welcome.
- 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.
- Swimming**.....6.30pm
Sports Centre.
- Fencing Club Training**.....6.40pm
Club training.
- Stoic on Air**.....7.00pm
Shaolin Kungfu System
- Nam - Pai - Chuan**.....7.30pm
Southside Gym. All welcome.
- 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**.....10.00am
Southside Gym.
- Ladies Tennis**.....12.00pm
At college courts. Membership £6. All new members welcome.
- Cycling Club**.....10.30am
Meet at Beit Arch.

SUNDAY

- West London Chaplaincy Sunday Service**.....10.30am
Anteroom Sherfield Building.
- Live Role Playing**.....10.30pm
Victoria Station. Gates to platforms 11-12.
- Men's 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.
- Wargames**.....1.00pm
UDH.
- Fitness Club**.....2.00pm
Intermediate.
- 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.
- Broomball Soc**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
- Parachute Club**.....12.30pm
Brown Committee Room.
- Yacht Club Meeting**.....12.45pm
253 Aeronautics. New members most welcome. Sailing most weekends!
- Basketball Club**.....5.30pm
Volleyball court. Men's Team.
- Fitness Club**.....5.30pm
Southside Gym. Beginners.
- Dance Club**.....6.00pm
JCR. R'n'R/Latin. Adv/Medals.
- Afro-Carib Meeting**.....6.00pm
Concert Hall.
- Swimming**.....6.30pm
Sports Centre.
- Stoic on Air**.....7.00pm
Dance Club.....7.30pm
JCR. Beginners' Rock 'n' Roll.
- IC Shotokan Karate**.....7.30pm
Southside Gym.
- Water Polo**.....7.30pm
Sports Centre.
- Dance Club**.....8.30pm
JCR. Latin Beginners.

TUESDAY

- C.U. Prayer Meeting**.....8.30pm
Chaplain's Office
- Jazz & Rock Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Bar TV Room.
- OXFAM Lunch**.....12.30pm
Mech Eng Foyer. Bread, cheese and pickle lunch. £1.00.
- Environmental & Appropriate Technology Society**.....12.45pm
Southside Upper Lounge. All ideas welcome.
- Riding Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
- Boardsailing**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
- AudioSoc Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge. Cheap records and equipment hire.
- Radio Modellers**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge.
- Cathsoc Mass**.....12.30pm
Mech Eng 702. Followed by lunch.
- Ski Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge. Put your name down for this year's ski trip.
- Sailing Club**.....12.30pm
Southside Lounge.
- AstroSoc**.....1.00pm
Upper Lounge.
- STOIC News**.....1.00pm
PhotoSoc.....1.00pm
Southside Lounge.
- Ents Meeting**.....1.00pm
Ents/Rag Office. Up two flights on the East Staircase, first office on the left.
- Legs, Bums, Tums**.....1.00pm
Southside Gym. Organised by Fitness Club.
- Radio Modellers**.....5.30pm
Mech Eng.
- Fitness Club**.....5.45pm
Southside Gym. Intermediate.

- Amnesty International**.....5.30pm
Clubs Committee Room.
- Wine Tasting Soc**.....6.00pm
Union Dining Hall.
- Dance Club**.....6.00pm
JCR. Improvers Ballroom and Latin.
- Canoe Club**.....6.15pm
Beit Quad store or 8.30pm in Southside Upper Lounge.
- Judo**.....6.30pm
Union Gym.
- Stoic Nostalgia Night**.....7.00pm
Imperial College in the sixties, seventies and eighties.
- Dance Club**.....7.00pm
JCR. Adv/Medals Ballroom & Latin.
- Yoga**.....8.00pm
Southside Gym.
- Caving Club Meeting**.....8.00pm
Southside Upper Lounge.

If any entries on this page are

Wrong

Then please tell us by phone (x3515 or 8672), or come to the Felix Office, North West corner of Beit Quad. Entries reaching the office after 12.30pm Monday will not get in until the Friday in the week following. Thankyou.

WEDNESDAY

- Fitness Club**.....12.45pm
Southside Gym. Intermediate.
- Bike Club**.....12.45pm
Southside Lounge.
- Cycling Training**.....1.30pm
Meet at Beit Arch.
- Wargames**.....1.00pm
UDH. All welcome.
- Micro Club Meeting**.....1.15pm
Top floor NW corner Union Building.
- Kung Fu**.....1.30pm
Union Gym.
- DramSoc Improv Class**.....2.30pm
Union SCR (old Union Office). Professional tuition.
- Diving**.....6.30pm
Swimming Pool.
- Yet more Stoic**.....7.00pm
Shaolin Kungfu System
- Nam - Pai - Chuan**.....7.00pm
Southside Gym. All Welcome.
- Basketball Club**.....7.30pm
Volleyball court.
- Kung Fu Club**.....7.30pm
Union Gym. Wu Shu Kwan.
- Libido**.....9.30pm
Ents Club Night in Union Lounge.

THURSDAY

- Fencing Training**.....11.30am
Intermediate & advanced coaching.
- Balloon Club Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
- YHA Meeting**.....12.30pm
Southside Upper Lounge.
- Postgrad Lunch**.....12.30pm

- Chaplains Office (10 Princes Gardens).
- Fencing Training**.....12.30pm
Beginners Training.
- Legs, Bums, Tums**.....1.00pm
Southside Gym. Every week.
- Gliding Club Meeting**.....1.00pm
Aero 266.
- Fencing Training**.....1.30pm
General.
- STOIC News**.....2.00pm
Fitness Club.....5.30pm
Southside Gym. Advanced.
- Midweek Event**.....5.30pm
Chaplains Office (10 Prince's Gardens).
- Dance Club**.....6.00pm
JCR. Intermediate/Advanced Ballroom & Latin.
- Step Fitness Club**.....6.30pm
Southside Gym. £1 for students. Excellent fitness training.
- Judo Club**.....6.30pm
Gym.
- STOIC. Into The Night**.....7.00pm
'Exceptional Evening Entertainment'
- Dance Club**.....7.00pm
JCR. Beginners Ballroom & Latin.
- Real Ale Society Meeting**.....7.30pm
Union Lounge. Lots of good booze.
- IC Shotokan Karate**.....7.30pm
Southside Gym.
- Dance Club**.....8.00pm
JCR. Improvers Ballroom & Latin.
- Southside Disco**.....8.30pm
Southside Bar.
- ICCAG Soup Run**.....9.15pm
Meet Weeks Hall Basement.

Small Ads

- FOR SALE: Colour TV, Sanyo (14 inches), 6 months old, remote control. £120 ono. Contact Claire Jean-Marc, Chem Eng 4, Room 5932 Southwell Hall (tel 206)
- FALMOUTH KEOUGH Hall Assistant Sub-Wardenships. Please contact Professor Geoff New, Huxley 686 ext 8840, for information and application forms. Deadline Monday 18th May.

Careers Info

- Job seeking after the Milkround. Enrol in the Careers Service for this seminar on Wednesday 3, 10, 17 or 24 June at 2.30pm.

Postgraduates. May is a good month in which to visit the Careers Service while undergraduates are busy with exams. Drop in and speak to a Careers Adviser between 1.30pm and 2.30pm or phone 3251 for advice or an appointment.

Finalists. Concentrate on exams this month, but start job hunting again in June. Don't rely on the Summer Fairs. Come to the Careers Service for advice.

For further information come to the Careers Service, Room 310 Sherfield—open from 10am to 5pm Monday to Friday.

Sports

Imperial College Sports centre will be closed for extensive renovations for all of the first term next year. The renovations were due to be completed over the summer vacation, but the Sports Centre Manager, Ray Coleman, said that the delay was due to 'endless committees'.

Imperial College Sports Centre has been a source of controversy since the beginning of term when the changes were proposed. Its management has been criticised by academic staff and students alike for being run 'undemocratically' and for becoming profit orientated rather than a service to the college. A letter in the last edition of Network, an Imperial College publication, called for a users' meeting to discuss the changes and an explanation of the costs of the proposed renovations.

Mr Coleman said that the Sports Centre would be closed from August 9th until 2nd January. He said that the loss of Sports facilities to incoming students would be unfortunate but that arrangements were being made to find alternative venues for clubs and students during the first part of the next academic year. (*iCNN*)

Shorts

The Rector, Sir Eric Ash, yesterday rejected proposals to introduce two year degree courses at Imperial College. Speaking to *iCNN*, Sir Eric said that they were not suitable for institutions producing serious scientists, though he was 'not personally opposed' to two year degrees within the university system. This opinion is shared by Professor Stuart, Dean of the Royal College of Science, who said that the proposals would be 'suitable for some courses..... there is a small body of students that would benefit.'

The comment follows the recommendation to introduce a semester system at King's College London (KCL). A working group of five senior academics at KCL have proposed that the academic year be split into three 13 week teaching terms, followed by two weeks holiday and a fortnight of exams. In a two year degree course, students would take all three terms, while students on a three year course would only take two terms in any one year.

New IC Hostel

The Rector, Sir Eric Ash, said this week that the College was considering the purchase of a former Ministry of Defence hostel to provide more student accommodation. Furse House is situated on 37-41 Queens' Gate Terrace and is said to be capable of housing 200 students. The hostel has large rooms on the basement, ground and first floors that could be used for recreational purposes, meeting places and teaching rooms. The Rector said that 'I would give my right arm to get it..... I would hate to see it go to a lesser academic establishment.'

The cost of acquiring the property is described as 'considerable.' The Rector said that the College could borrow part of the required sum, but he did not believe that the college could increase the deficit on the student residences account, currently running at £2 million. The remainder of the money is to be raised by what is described as 'alternative means.' The IC

Charing Cross Merge

Zoë Hellinger, Imperial College Union President, announced this week that the College is considering a merger with the Charing Cross Westminster Medical School. The architect of the proposal has been named as Professor Peter Richards, Dean of St Mary's Hospital Medical School and pro-Rector of Medicine.

The announcement comes after rumours that the College was to merge with a postgraduate medical school, and after reports from 'London Health Emergency' that Charing Cross Hospital was to be closed when the government appointed Tomlinson Inquiry team reports in the immediate future. Imperial College merged with St Mary's Hospital Medical School in 1988.

A merger between IC and a postgraduate teaching hospital would fuel speculation that IC wishes to become a graduate school in the long term, admitting postgraduate students only. Ms Hellinger, in a report to ICU Council, wrote that she 'will be discussing the wider effects of this merger on the students and the students' union with the intention of producing a report for Governing Body.'

Professor Richards said that he had submitted a paper to the IC Board of Studies on the possibility of mergers after the publication of the Tomlinson report. The paper,

Development Office is to hold a function in the Rector's residence on 20 May designed to 'solicit financial and advisory support from leading alumni ... about the possibility of acquiring the property.' A viewing party will meet in the Rector's residence for drinks, and then return for a buffet reception after viewing.

The comments follow the recent news that IC Estates may be on the verge of guaranteeing two year of college accommodation to all students. The proposals was floated at a recent 'Residence' meeting. The Estates Department believe that the guarantee could increase the number of undergraduate student applications to Imperial. A complementary approach is believed to have been prepared to increase the number of postgraduate applications. Estates are reported to be planning the development of 'luxury' postgraduate accommodation.

which has now gone to the IC Governing Body, said that Imperial Medicine was 'small and strong' and would develop by harnessing scientific strength. He added that Charing Cross Westminster had produced its own position paper in the last week. A spokesman for Charing Cross Hospital told *iCNN* that things were 'tied up with the Tomlinson Inquiry.' Charing Cross Hospital is one the twelve teaching hospitals being investigated by Sir Bernard Tomlinson's Inquiry team, which is looking into levels of health care provision in London. Speculation is that the Tomlinson Inquiry will argue for the closure of two London hospitals and one teaching hospital. John Lister, of pressure group 'London Health Emergency,' said that they expect St. Thomas and Charing Cross to be shut. There is also speculation that University College Hospital will close.

An independent inquiry being carried out by the 'King's Fund London Initiative' has called for a 'radical change to London's medical schools.' In a working paper that expresses serious concerns about the viability of teaching hospitals in London, London's medical schools are challenged to 'lessen their reliance on teaching hospitals in order to broaden and improve education in the capital.'

RCSU....

continued from front page

from the CCU budget is illegal.

The total claimed cost of these complementary ball tickets has been leaked to *iCNN*. The claimed cost for the Royal School of Mines CCU is stated as £450, that for City and Guilds Union has been stated as £660, and the RCSU has reportedly claimed for £980 in lieu of complementary tickets, though this figure may have been inflated by other miscellaneous and unspecified expenditure. It has been reported to *iCNN* that the RCSU cash crisis began when the Senior Treasurer refused to sign cheques until a firm costing was produced for the RCSU May Ball. The Ball was initially advertised as featuring the Capital Roadshow, though this did not turn up, reportedly due to extraneous circumstances.

Headlock

An opportunist thief was caught on Monday by two members of the Physics department. Dr Nick Franks, Reader in the Biophysics Section, challenged a man found in the department rummaging through a jacket. The man said that he was looking for the career's office, so Dr Franks decided to escort him there. At the Blakett Security lodge the stranger seriously assaulted Andy Jenkins, one of Dr Frank's research students who had helped escort him. He escaped out onto Prince Consort road followed by the physicists but was caught by Mr Jenkins, and put in a head lock by Dr Frank (an ex Old Mill-Hillian wing-Forward).

When the man asked to be let go, Dr Franks replied 'I've waited for years to catch someone like you, and I'm not going to let you go now.' A Police patrol van happened to be passing and the thief was taken to Rochester Row police station where he has been charged with burglary and assault.

Biology

Biology students will be issued with a questionnaire on the future of course structures in the department today (Friday). This follows concern over leaked proposals to halve the number of second year Biology options. Informed sources indicated to *iCNN* that the cuts may be extended to the Biology third year.