



# FELIX

Issue 935

22 May 1992

## Reduced Options

Biology students have expressed concerns about the changes to the Biology curriculum this week. Second year choices have already been reduced and now exclude such popular courses as biochemistry, animal diversity, and protozoology. Third year choices may be affected next year.

A questionnaire was given out by first year academic representatives to first year students asking them for their reaction to the cuts. Felix was told that the general consensus was one of disagreement. As yet, there has been no answer to the complaints from the student first year reps. There is now little hope that the biology department will go back on its decisions as the changes have been printed in the new Imperial College prospectus.

## Sabbs take stock for Rag



*Rag Fête - Not a complete washout? Turnout was low for Rag's major event of the third term. Despite the delightful opportunity of wrestling in gunge and being hit square in the face with a paper plate full of shaving foam, many preferred to stay at home, or enjoy the weather elsewhere. Rachael Mountford, next year's Rag Chair, blamed its failure on the lack of early organisation. She added that she hoped to get more clubs and societies involved next year.*

## IRCs face funding cuts after UFC 'error'

Imperial College faces a cut of £300,000 in its research budget for interdisciplinary research centres (IRCs) next year. The cut follows a blunder by the Universities Funding Council (UFC) and the Universities Statistical Record (USR).

The UFC announced last February that Imperial was to receive an increase in funding of 19.9%, but following a story in last Friday's *Times Higher Education Supplement*, the research figure has been revised downwards to an increase of 14.6%.

The mistake has been blamed on a 'data error' by the UFC. Speaking to *iCNN*, they said that 'there has been a small readjustment' of the 1992-3 grant. The UFC pointed out that the total sum involved nationwide was £1.4 million, which

they then part-funded IRCs. This left the IRCs with two sources of funding, the UFC and research represents less than 0.1% of the total national grant.

Rodney Eastwood, Director of IC Planning and Management Information Services, told *iCNN* that the error was introduced into the funding system by the Universities Statistical Record. 'The error was not introduced by us,' he said, and added that the figures used to decide the level of funding this year relate to the year 1989/90. These figures were also used to decide 1991/2 funding levels, without any error. 'They were used by UFC last year and they got it right then,' he said.

IRCs have been totally funded by the UFC in the past, but this year the UFC introduced a new funding

structure, whereby it gave some additional money to the research councils (ie SERC, NERC) and councils.

The UFC said that, in effect, they are funding IC's IRCs directly as well as through the research councils. Thus part of the projected £1.26 million funding for IRCs had been duplicated.

Mr Eastwood puts this duplicated figure at £400,000, though the UFC had written to the College to request the return of only £300,000. He also added that as the money allocated was not to be paid until August, there was no physical cut in funds. But he admitted that College had already produced spending plans for the additional amount.

The funding cut affects the IRC for Semiconductor Materials, the

IRC for Process Systems Engineering, and the NERC Centre for Population Biology. Other IRCs which are funded by bequests, industrial grants or charities are unaffected. These are the Bagrit Centre, the Centre for Toxic Waste Management, the Wellcome Centre for Parasitic Infections and the Global Environment Research Centre.

Other universities have been underfunded as a result of the statistical error and these universities will have extra money allocated to them by the UFC. The UFC has announced that any financial shortfall as a result of the financial readjustments would be met out of its 'flexibility margin.'

# Bloody Typical Yates' Return

Dear Felix,

Thanks for the news about the Sports Centre. It's just bloody typical of IC.

At present I am a range-officer at the gun club and next year I will be the treasurer and will take on a major slice of the running of the club. Unfortunately we get practically all of our new members in the first term of the year and, like all other clubs, require a certain number of members to get our grants. The likelihood of getting a sufficient membership starting just after Christmas is very slim. This will mean that in two years time we will be, a minor club with no one sufficiently capable or experienced enough to run it. The club will then have to close (we don't elect people to run the club—guns are dangerous things and should only be handled by experienced people). The College will then turn our range into the Café that they've always wanted. (To go along side the bloody stupid sun beds, no doubt).

Bloody great!

## The Felix Photocopier.

At 40 pence per A4 Colour Copy and 80 pence per A3 Colour Copy.

Also...

5 pence per A4 B+W (with or without coloured paper) and 10 pence per A3 B+W. With automatic feeder.

**Felix Office, North West corner of Beit Quad.**

*Yours in a really pissed-off (but saw it coming) mood.*

*Myles W A Davison.*

P.S. We aren't the only club to use the range and in the last year we have received approaches for range time from the Natwest Bank and a local school—so what will happen to them?

Dear Adam,

Re: Pritchard/Mercer letter.

'We...complete bullshit': Reviews are personal opinions, and this particular review was mine.

'...did not attend the concert...': This is an insult to my integrity, and if you read the review in full, you would notice a number of remarks,

## Ye Olde Felix Jumble Sale

Could the owners of the following items please collect them from the Felix Office (Northwest corner of Beit Quad).

- 1 Booklet entitled 'Intensive Egg, Chicken and Turkey Production' (Alison Pool)
- 3 photocopies of Meteora (Chris Leontopoulos)
- 1 magazine called 'Caves and Caving,' postcard of Lechuguilla cave and a photograph of a hillside (Harry Lock)
- 1 booklet called 'Ten Years at the Quarry' (Chantelle Ward)
- 2 Berlitz guides - 'Yugoslavia' and 'Salonica' (Emmanuel Saradakis)
- Several photographs of north Pakistan (Peter Wright)
- 1 magazine by the name of 'New Internationalist' re: Columbus (Farheen Khan)
- Photographs of Howard Jones, Angelo Gardini, Dom Wilkinson, Chris Davidson and Phil Sharp
- Two photocopies of dead Ossetians
- Clippings and photos relevant to 'The Four Little Dragons' (S Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Singapore)
- A number of colour photographs of Brazil re: Warboys Orphanage project (Simon Burton)
- Magazines 'Palestine Solidarity,' 'PRCS Newsletter' and 'The Palestine Post' (Anna Gigli or Natalia Karapanagioti)
- Pro-Israeli clippings (Michael Factor)
- Cartoon originals by Elvis Parsley
- A packet of glossy card black and white printed covers with chinese characters on them.

If anybody has left anything in The Black Hole That Is The Felix Office (ie books, bags, brains or busty blonde bimbettes); could they please try to find it and remove it as I cannot guarantee that it won't be trashed. Many thanks - Adam.

not discernable from the radio, such as the existence of Candyland.

'...musical taste of a leek.': Quite possibly. However I have never yet admitted to liking the Manic Street Preachers or The Alarm. No Welsh bands at all, in fact.

'...suffering from a severe case of PMT.': I'll take the leek.

'...vast number of people...': Let's face it, the touts were selling tickets for less than face value, and the venue wasn't overly packed. However, I am not going to criticise those people who were there. If this is their idea of a good time, so be it.

'...credibility of the LA legal system.': At least you responded to my review in a more civilised manner than the citizens of Los Angeles.

'...on actually listening to some Shakespear's Sister...': It's hard to avoid it with 'Stay' becoming the Bryan Adams of 1992.

'...Goodbye, Cruel World...': Fair point, but I find that knowledge of song's titles is irrelevant to their worth.

'...I Don't Care' has not been released': It had, and anyway, Poddy adds those bits himself after submission.

'...laryngitis...': if they choose to play, they should accept any criticism levelled at them.

'...get yourself another reviewer...': I'm sure any new reviewers would be welcomed with open arms; I was.

Love,

Lise Yates.

## Careers

● **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. Make speculative but well targeted applications. Come to the Careers Service for advice. For further information come to the Careers Service, Room 310 Sheffield—open from 10am to 5pm Monday to Friday.

# Background Information

Dear Adam,

By way of a vain space filler (take that as you wish), a few points on the recent news.

1. 'The truth about the Union Bar.' Just to restate things, because we got that sentence wrong, the whole tone of the script/article changed. Indeed, it could be argued that getting that sentence wrong meant that we got the script/article wrong. This is why I have withdrawn the sentence and apologised for the script/article. These apologies go not only to Jarv and Ramesh, but also to Andy and staff. Sorry.
2. 'Financial confusion.'

The line of argument advanced above does not apply to this story. Firstly, there was nothing wrong in the story. There was a slight ambiguity in the wording, due to the legal nature of the story and a misunderstanding between myself and my source, a source so highly placed that checking the story further with Silwood was irrelevant. Irrelevant is also a good description of the criticism that Silwood made about the story. It's a long time since someone from there actually phoned here with a story (gripe, gripe, rant.)

3. 'A spanner in the works.'

A witty headline. Who did it refer to?

The suggestion about the introduction of voluntary membership was just that. A suggestion. However, due to the potentially lethal consequences of the introduction of voluntary membership to Imperial College Union, I suggest that a trial be done instead. Introduce voluntary membership to the CCUs (Constituent College Unions) instead.

With continuing good wishes.

Declan Curry.

News Editor, IC Radio.

# Instinct III

Dear Adam,

I was most shocked by the vicious attack on the reviewer 'Boris' by Mr Stokes. While Mr Stokes did the good thing to write a letter to Felix (unlike the sad number of apathetic students in IC) having a go at a reviewer is not very constructive; mounting personal attacks on anyone with whom you disagree won't take you very far in life. I would like to emphasize that this doesn't only apply to Mr Stokes' letter, but also to Mr Pritchard and Mercer's attack on Lise Yates, as well as countless attacks in the past, directed at nearly anyone working in one of the college's media (Felix, STOIC and IC Radio).

Enclosed is the review that I have written for STOIC.

In *Basic Instinct*, Michael Douglas plays Nick, a cop who, like every other cop in USA it seems, has had problems in the past, but is now okay. He stumbles across a murder where the victim was killed with an ice pick. His primary suspect is Cathryn, played by the beautiful Sharon Stone.

Cathryn is not only a 'femme fatale', but wicked in every action she takes on earth. Add another couple of beautiful lesbian and ex-lesbian females, and everybody, including Nick and us, is confused about who did it and what's going on.

Before the performance, we were given leaflets by some gay activist group. The film indeed portrays lesbian women as ruthless psychopathic killers. The leaflet is

aimed at protesting against Hollywood's view of queer characters.

However, this is in fact NOT a typical Hollywoodian film. It's got more sex than anything from Hollywood, more violence, and an a typical end. Hollywood hated it. Why?

Well, the director of the film was Paul Verhoeven, a dutchman. And this film has a distinct continental flavour. It starts at 100mph, and it ends abruptly. The audience is subjected to, open quotes, 'The fuck of the century', and loose morals are widely portrayed.

The film made £2.65 million in the UK On the first weekend of release, and it's been at number one in the US box office for a couple of weeks. Some movie critics hated it, and some loved it. Why would one hate it? By misunderstanding it, because this is a film that can be understood in a number of different ways. *Basic Instinct* is not a movie about sex, not about murder, not about lesbians, but, as Sharon Stone herself says, about love.

Unconventional love, that is. If you keep that in mind, then you'll rate this film as highly as the *Silence of the lambs*. I did. 8 out of 10.

May I also point out the fact that the f-word was 'beeped' on air and that, although I wished to have shares in the film, I was unlucky not to have acquired some. Judging from the film's success, I'd be very rich by now.

Cheers,  
Olivier M J Crepin-Leblond,  
PG2, Elec Eng.

One of the main purposes of this paper is to stir up debate - it is only through debate that the opinions that form the basis of decisions are brought to the fore. Felix has been accused of being 'negative' - though in my four years here I have never known Felix accused of anything else, despite that in looking back, Felix' stance seemed to be indifferent, or even faintly encouraging. In addition, the only place Felix can have a 'stance' is in the editorial - the news being based on fact insofar as it is known, and if it isn't, then the errors must be pointed out - the rest of the pages being comprised of personal opinions which are open to anybody. I don't really know why I am still labouring this point; perhaps not enough people in the College have grown up yet to understand what 'free speech' is. Everybody benefits from free speech in the long run.

This particular diatribe was

brought about because of alleged 'anti-CCU' (constituent college union) bias in Felix. Where? Have the news team written something inaccurate? If so, then tell us. Let's get this clear - I am not anti-CCU and Felix is not anti-CCU. If people want them, then I would not be so arrogant as to tell them otherwise. I happen to think that more people should know about the finances of the CCUs - and ICU, and the College as well - particularly if the Unions have to tighten their financial belts. The taxpayer who is financing the Unions as well as the students who should benefit from them have a right to know that their money is being spent in a useful and purposeful manner.

**Credits**

Rose, Andy, Declan, David S, David HB, Simon, James, Poddy, Catherine, Sam, Scott, Ian, Steve N, Marge, Khurram, Troy Tempest, Rag and Seedy, Richard Lyle, Simon Milling, Carl Fairhurst

# Harassment

Dear Adam,

With respect to last week's letter about a sexual assault in Southside. At present there is a lot of work going into forming a Union Sexual Harassment Policy describing actions and procedures to be taken after cases of harassment.

However, in the mean time, whenever any students experience what they perceive to be sexual harassment whilst in the Union, they should immediately (if possible) report it to any member

of Union staff including Bar and Duty Officers who will assist. They are easily recognisable by their 'staff tops.' Every reported case will be treated seriously and in confidence.

If you wish to report any other incidents within College then please come and see Mandy Hurford (Union Manager) or Stef Ruis (Union Welfare Advisor).

Yours sincerely,  
Zoë Hellinger, ICU President

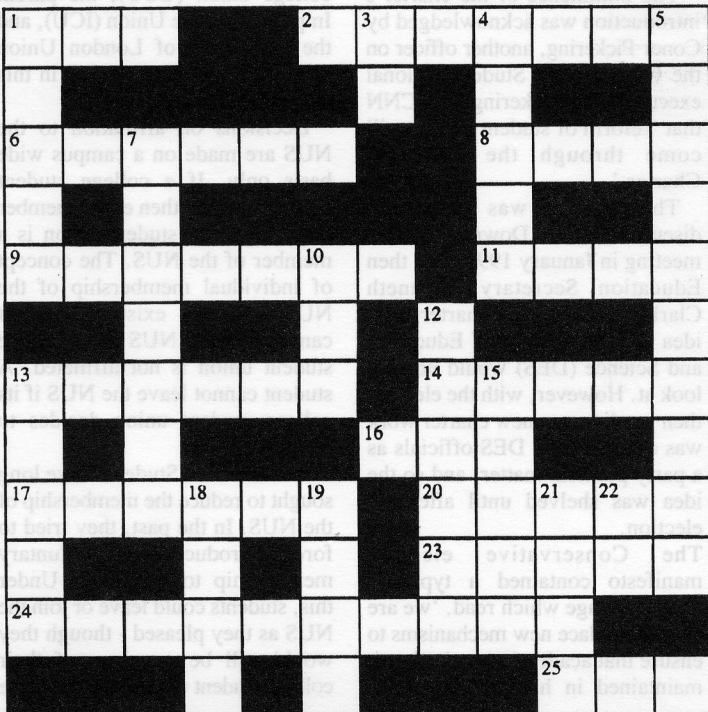
# Rag and Seedy's Crossword

Across

- 1. Gist (3)
- 2. Computer Language (7)
- 6. Flaw (6)
- 8. Soon (4)
- 9. Put Right (7)
- 11. Mint (4)
- 13. Confer (6)
- 14. Flower (5)
- 16. Affirmative (3)
- 17. Grim...(6)
- 20. Pertaining to sound (5)
- 23. Wilt (5)
- 24. Conventional image (10)
- 25. Transgression (3)

Down.

- 1. Lowest point (5)
- 3. Wizard... (2)
- 4. A cockney paraffin lamp (5)
- 5. Silly person (10)
- 7. Ornamental shrub (7)
- 10. Small number (3)
- 12. Stable (6)
- 13. Theatre reviewer (5)
- 15. Seize power (5)
- 18. Separate (4)
- 19. Chess piece (4)
- 21. Female rabbits (4)
- 22. Man of Jupiter (2)



The implementation of a students' charter now looks imminent. Westminster sources have indicated to iCNN that the students' charter will be one of several charters to be discussed at a meeting in Ten Downing Street, on 19th June. This meeting will be attended by the new Charter minister, William Waldegrave, and the new Education Secretary, John Patten, amongst others.

The Conservative Student Charter Stall was set out by one of their national officers, Kevin Shinkwin, last February. Speaking to IC Radio, Mr Shinkwin said, 'we want to see grants paid on time; we want to see local education authorities get their act together and make sure that the cheques are there when the students get back from holidays ... we want to see loans extended.... and we also want to see

Though charter watchers took this to refer to a students' charter, the particular extract could have referred to anything.

This trick of placing woolly words in a manifesto so that subsequent legislation can be said to have the mandate of the people is an old one. It was employed to great effect with the poll tax, introduced following a four line dash in the 1987 manifesto. In much the same way that the poll tax was the hidden agenda behind reform of the rating system, is there a hidden agenda behind the students' charter?

Not really. There is no hidden agenda insofar as the agenda has already been publicly set. The only difference is that the agenda has been set, not by the government, but by Conservative Students. Looking behind the charter's initial superficiality, it's clear that when Conservative Students talk of reform, they mean the annihilation of the National Union of Students (NUS). Indeed, Conservative Students have compared the introduction of the charter to the trade union reforms of the early 1980s. Conor Pickering told iCNN that 'in the same way as the 1980s saw the Government reform trade unions, so the 1990s will see the reform of student unions.'

Herein lies the simplest and most injurious way to 'reform' the NUS. Conservative Students intend to liquidate the NUS by reforming or destroying every single college student union in the country. Currently, all students are automatic members of their respective college student union. This means that Imperial students are members of their constituent college union (CCU), the parent Imperial College Union (ICU), and the University of London Union (ULU). There is no choice in this matter.

Decisions on affiliation to the NUS are made on a campus wide basis only. If a college student union affiliates, then every member of that college student union is a member of the NUS. The concept of individual membership of the NUS does not exist. A student cannot join the NUS if its college student union is not affiliated. A student cannot leave the NUS if its college student union decides to affiliate.

Conservative Students have long sought to reduce the membership of the NUS. In the past, they tried to force introduction of voluntary membership to the NUS. Under this, students could leave or join the NUS as they pleased - though they would still be members of their college student union. Conservative

## The Enemy Within



*A revolution in Student Union funding is heading our way - and this time students have had nothing to do with it.*  
Declan Curry,  
IC Radio News  
Editor, reports..

The students' charter is expected to follow the pattern already laid down by other charters. Its measures are expected to be fairly limited, concentrating on little irritants rather than taking a wider view and tackling issues such as institutional underfunding, staff-student morale, and student financial support.

While no specific details are yet available, Conservative Students have outlined a package of ideas for inclusion in a charter. Conservative Students, or Conservative Collegiate Forum, are rapidly becoming the power behind the educational throne, and their ideas are the best indication of how government is thinking. Their chairman, Rob Marvin, recently had high level discussions with the new Higher Education Minister, Nigel Forman. These discussions left Mr Marvin 'confident' that work set in train by Conservative Students before the election would continue to be carried out by the new Minister.

an extension of free speech on campus.'

The imminence of the charter's introduction was acknowledged by Conor Pickering, another officer on the Conservative Student national executive. Mr Pickering told iCNN that 'reform of student unions will come through the Citizen's Charter.'

The charter was originally discussed at a Downing Street meeting in January 1992. The then Education Secretary, Kenneth Clarke, described the charter as an idea the Department of Education and Science (DES) would need to look at. However, with the election then pending any new charter work was construed by DES officials as a party political matter, and so the idea was shelved until after the election.

The Conservative election manifesto contained a typically vague passage which read, 'we are putting in place new mechanisms to ensure that academic standards are maintained in higher education.'

Students have now hit on a scheme which, under current circumstances, would allow individual students to leave the NUS but would not allow individual students to join the NUS.

The crux of the scheme is that the NUS only allows whole college student unions to affiliate. If students were given the option of joining a college student union, rather than being forced to join it, and then if that union were to affiliate to the NUS, the student could leave the college student union, and thus the NUS. However, if a college student union were to decide not to affiliate to the NUS, then an individual student could not join the NUS as the entire college student union needs to affiliate.

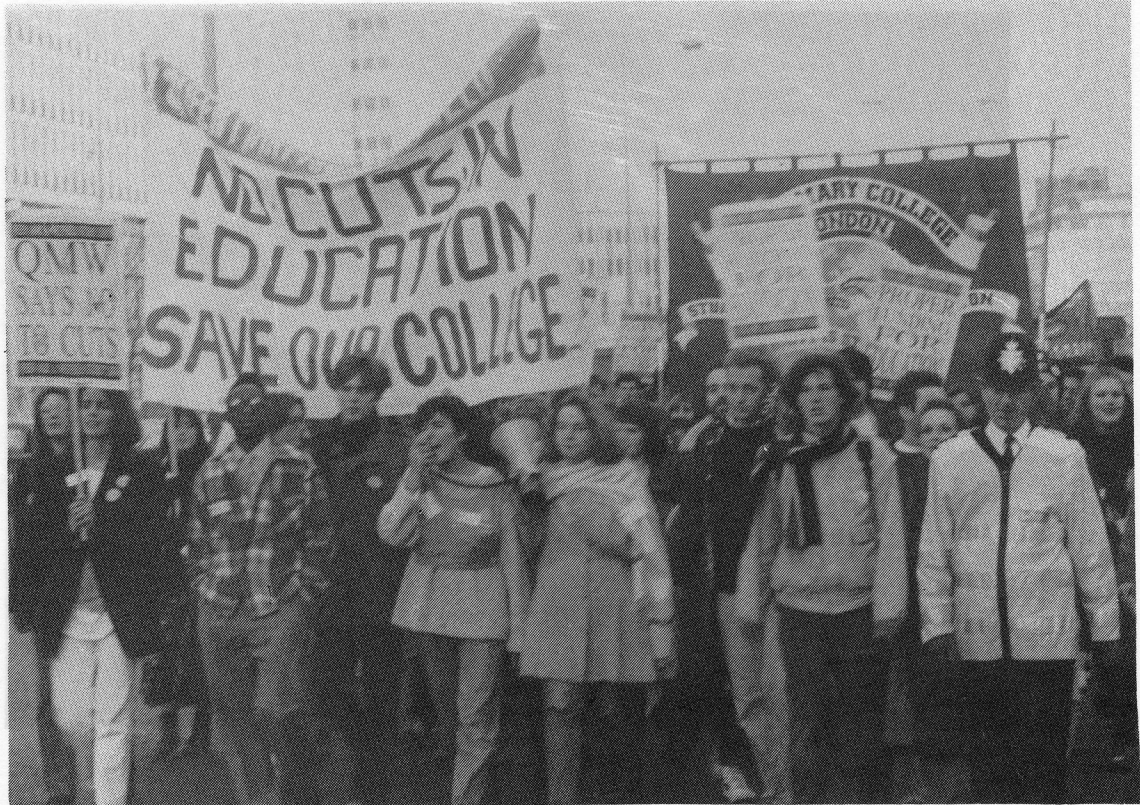
This is an opt out policy, but not an opt in policy. It is known as voluntary membership.

All IC students are members of a CCU, ICU and ULU. CCUs are funded by ICU. ICU is funded by the College. The College is funded by the Universities Funding Council (UFC). UFC is funded by Government. Thus, runs the argument, the government funds college student unions. An essential addition to this is that the government's money is taxpayers' money.

### *Imperial College Union money is being used to fund its own destruction*

If this argument is continued to its logical conclusion, then the taxpayer is paying for other student activities through the student grant. For instance most alcohol consumed by students in the union bar, most of the food eaten by the same students, and the taxpayer is left simply scraping the vomit from Exhibition Road. By a subtle shift of imperception, the government is paying for political activities of student unions. And if some of this activity is the NUS activity, then the government is paying students for activity that the students have not themselves approved. The government is paying for its own subversion.

This is where voluntary membership comes in. The theory behind it is that students are given the option of joining the college student union, and so can exercise more control over its workings.



Instead of giving government money to student college unions through college, the money is instead given to students directly, who then decide whether to join the college students union or not.

The scheme breaks down quite comprehensively when applied to the on the ground situation. The first simple question is on how much money individual students are given to join the union. At present, Imperial College pays between £75-£80 per student to Imperial College Union. Thus, it appears that the government, under voluntary membership, would give an additional £75-£80 to each student. The government would not only have empowered students with the grudging authority to spend this sum, they can also brazenly claim to have increased the levels of student financial support. But not before long, this sum would be absorbed in the main grant payment.

The major problem with this scenario is that the figure of £75-£80 has been set by College. All College funding is given by UFC to the College for the College to spend according to its budget. Money for ICU and the CCUs is included in this block grant. UFC does not add a little note saying that x amount is to be paid to the unions. Union money is not ringfenced. Therefore, it is not possible to identify a specific amount of government money that funds the student unions, save that which the college itself identifies. With the

decisions on union funding resting with individual colleges, it cannot be said that every student pays the same amount for student union membership, because of the collegiate variations. It would thus be exceptionally difficult, though not impossible, for government to decide on a national flat rate to be allocated to each student in lieu of union membership. Beside this, a flat rate would fail completely to take into account regional variations in the cost of goods, services, rent and staff salaries.

The assumption that 'by giving students the option of joining their union then the union will become more accountable' is itself highly questionable. If a students' union were to pursue a divisive policy, then the immediate reaction of those opposed to the move would be to leave the union. Again, the precedent is set by those students who hadn't the guts nor the stomach to reform the NUS from within and left to join that lunatic fringe, Conservative Students.

If the proposed policy is especially militant, then the departure of the opposing moderates would make the existing union even less accountable to mainstream opinion. Or is that what the Conservative plan for voluntary membership is designed to do?

Thus, it is not proven that voluntary membership would make college student unions more accountable. Indeed, despite all criticisms levelled, Imperial College Union is potentially

*why are these proposals being put forward? To increase 'accountability' or to crush the NUS - an organisation that doesn't even fool itself?*



*..if this is NUS activity then the government is paying students for activity the students have not themselves approved. The Government is paying for its own subversion*

accountable to all, though apathy tends to get in the way. Arguments to show that this would be improved on by voluntary membership have yet to be advanced.

The most damaging aspects of voluntary membership have yet to be fully explored. Under voluntary membership, college student unions face potential cash shortages. If they are unable to maintain their current levels of membership, then their funds will drop. This means that cuts will have to be imposed, and services reduced. It could also mean students having to pay supplements on their memberships for individual societies.

If IC Union runs short of money, what is at risk? This is difficult to assess, and it depends on the extent of the fall off in membership. If the government were to say to the average student, 'here is £80. You can join ICU, you can join a CCU, you can join Conservative Students, or you can spend it,' there should be no doubt about where a significant number of people will spend this £80. Especially if students do not fully appreciate what will be lost by not joining their college student union.

Almost certain to be hit first will be clubs and societies. Members will find themselves either facing a rapid reduction in funding, a slicing of services, a substantial increase in membership fees, or all three. Many clubs, most clubs, your club could and will go to the wall. Sporting clubs will be hit hard. These clubs already have to pay a proportion of their costs. This

charge could rapidly become 100% of their costs.

DramSoc, OpSoc, and other SCAB (Social, Cultural and Amusement Board) societies would have to stage self funding productions. Not just productions that make a profit, but productions that can pay for themselves before they happen. The last production of 'Grease' was half underwritten by the CCUs alone. Under voluntary membership, the CCUs would have to become self funding themselves, attracting their own membership, facing a dire future.

All publications would certainly cease. The only potential survivor would be Felix, which may be able to attract enough advertising to survive, and which could levy a cover charge. IC Radio could become a community service, and thus lose the purpose of its existence. STOIC? Deepest sympathy.

Sympathy also for ICU Rag, which could see itself fundraising simply to pay for the Imperial College Union welfare service. The welfare service brings out another drawback in the voluntary membership scheme. Should welfare advice be given to non-members of the union? Could the situation arise where a student knocks on the welfare officer's door, on the brink of eviction, only to be told that an £80 membership fee has to be paid before advice can be given? Will all students be checked for membership before they even enter the union building?

This apartheid system will also

apply to other trading outlets. Will non members be allowed to use the bookshop? Will there be checks on the door? Will there be a two tier system, double pricing, different checkouts? Will students find themselves barred from the union bars? Will non members be charged a higher rate than members? Who will the union snackbar be open to? Members? Non-members? Will any of these trading outlets survive financially, remembering that at the minute they are all running to profit?

Decisions, decisions. What gets cut? What closes first? Who gets turned away? None of these are voluntary decisions.

The results of voluntary membership could be catastrophic. The proposals threaten to destroy a major part of the educational system, and the fabric of college life. Why are these proposals being put forward? To increase 'accountability', or to crush the the NUS - a dormant pussycat dressed in lion's clothing, an organisation that fools no-one, not even itself?

These proposals are being put forward by Conservative Students, a body that lives off the back of the student union system like a parasite. Last year, IC ConSoc received £520 of IC Union money. This year, it is claiming for £535. Some of this money will be used to affiliate to Conservative Students, and to Conservative Collegiate Forum. This organisation is itself funded by the Conservative Party. Its chairman, Rob Marvin, worked for the Conservative Party in Bath during the election.

*the result of voluntary membership could be catastrophic*

It is not only a case of government's money making its way back to the party of government. It is a case of students' union money, Imperial College Union money, being used, in however small a way, to fund the destruction of Imperial College Union, and all its services. A biologist told me before that a cancer is described as a malignant disease, which spreads by deriving benefit from the host, and by spreading destroys the host. If the Union is the host, then Conservative Students are the cancer in the student body. They are, to quote Mrs Thatcher, 'the enemy within.'

**Cadwell** - in the middle of nowhere, or Lincolnshire, which amounts to the same thing. Three and a half hours and 150 miles from home we were faced with a gleaming collection of brand new VFR400Rs (a motorbike), £1000-worth Diadora leathers and our instructor, Simon 'Kiwi' Crafer.

No sooner had I got my lid on than we were up to the line for the first five laps at following the leader. We'd been sniggering at the previous groups' attempts at the hairpin bend - I remember telling everyone not to laugh because at least one of us would end up going straight on. The first attempt were designed as 'learn-the-lines' laps, then there were five 'try-them-out-yourself' laps being watched by the instructor behind, then five 'try-and-keep-up' advanced pursuit laps and finally five 'shake-your-thang' laps where you go mad, botch everything and fall off. Somehow PJ kept getting lost which is strange since there are no turn-offs on a race track. Coming into the hairpin we would always slow down to regroup and thus we never really got much of a shot at the hairpin.

As soon as I was given the go-ahead to go-it-alone I got scared silly because there's an empty track in front of me and no clues as to the braking points anymore. The hairpin is usually the slowest bit of the circuit where lots of people congregate to watch - but not for me, because I came in unsighted, hitting 12,000 revs in third. I hit the brakes, locked the front, back and buttocks, piled my crotch into the fuel tank (ouch), left a 40 metre skid mark down the track and underpants, stopped just before hay bales and managed to peel round the corner much embarrassed but without the need to trundle back. Another 4 laps of screwed lines and stuffed corners followed until we were called in for the half way debrief.

Once out on the track again, all rational thought goes AWOL as soon as a member of the other group is spotted ahead. Overtaking is simply not permitted; but

catching up and looking smug is fine! I screwed up a corner horribly and let him grab a few metres back, but as soon as I was getting close Simon, the instructor, casually sailed past and called the guy to one side letting us pass him. How did he do that? The instructors are on exactly the same machinery as us (except that they have mirrors) but can pass any one of us with consummate ease at any point on the circuit. It's a depressing world.

During debriefing we were told that Akio and myself had bags of aggression but we needed more work on our lines (*no - I don't know what they are either - Ed*) and Mad

corners. But all in all, we three were all pretty close to each other in terms of lap speeds. We were, Simon said, pretty typical of the young blokes they get there - the older chaps are good on lines but ride very timidly.

I read in MCN recently that Yamaha are starting a race school at Donnington with Rob McElnea, but it costs £150 whilst ours cost about £45 plus travel expenses because it was a club thing. Imperial College Union Sporting Motorcycle Club meets on Wednesday lunchtimes at Southside upper lounge. Anyone interested in bikes, whether they have one or

## Biking at Cadwell



Colin was far too much of a lunatic and might once or twice have hit the right line. Mad Colin (aka Schizo Scholey) is indeed quite insane. As evidence for this - note how high the footpegs are on a VFR400R (see picture). Then be flabbergasted at the fact he was scraping them in

not, is welcome to join us. We help bikers (or wannabe bikers) with training and have sociable pub runs too when we don't have exams. We are lovely people, and not all of us are hairy. Next big event is the Treasure-Hunt Tear Around!

*This article was heavily edited due to its idiosyncratic use of syntax and unusual lack of meaning. Nonetheless, my appreciation goes to the ICU Motorbike club for bothering to write, something many clubs do not, though they should to advertise their presence. But it would be a good idea if the authors of these articles would bear in mind that Felix is read by people who do not necessarily understand the*

*jargon used in their particular activity. Blow-by-blow accounts may be of interest to the author, but they are so boring as to be totally unreadable to others. Articles should have a clear purpose - who wrote it; who are the people involved - we don't all know who the nicknames refer to; what club did whatever the article is about; where they went and what it is they went there to do and who to contact*

*if the reader is interested in joining. The use of slang and conversational English should be used sparingly as it is extremely difficult to read. I suggest that such authors should let somebody outside their immediate circle proof their articles before submission, because when I do it, it has to be quick and brutal - Adam.*

STOIC is the student television service for Imperial College students. Why point out this basic fact you ask? STOIC seems to be

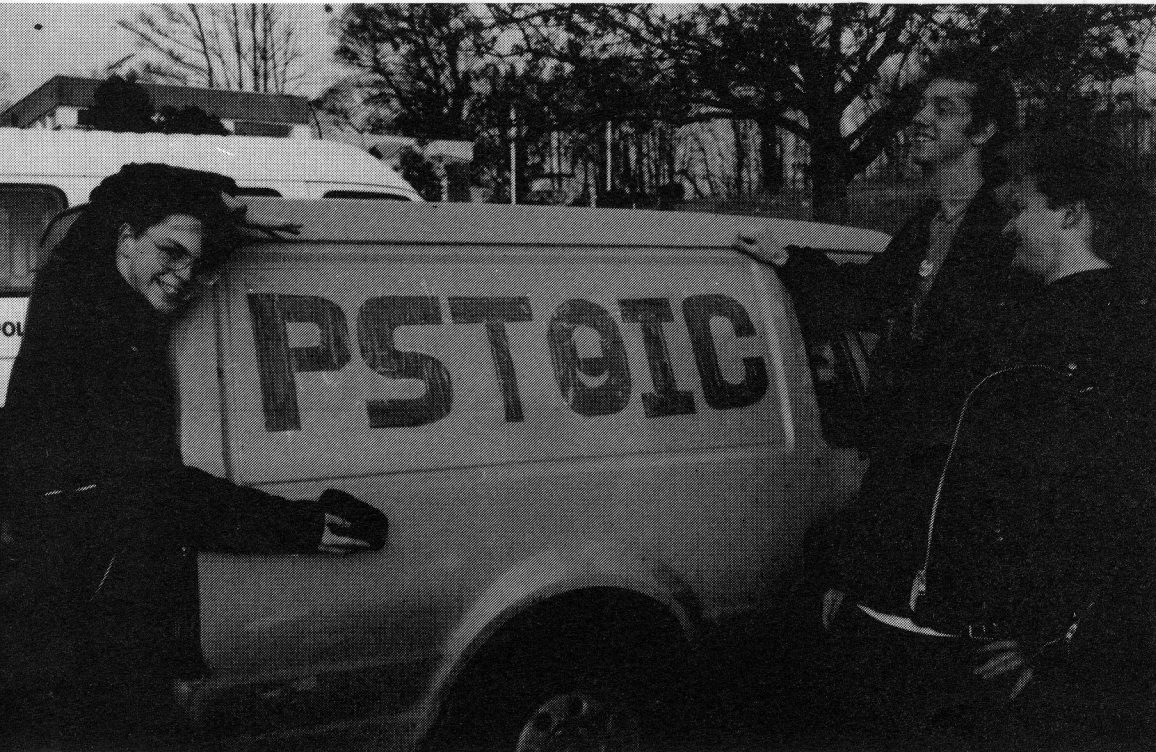
Crepin-Leblond, whose idea it was, and to Ronjoy Choudhury, who did the (very good) artwork for the video. The second award was third

place in the documentary section with a report on last year's Japan Festival. Thanks for this must go to Alex Wiedmann for this. STOIC was also complemented on the technical quality of its material, with the news intro being thought so good that it sparked off a new category for next year for the best titles. In this week's *Into the Night* (Thursday 28th, from 7.00pm) we will be showing the award winning programmes and also some of the material that we have obtained from some of the other student television stations that attended.

That is the past - what about the future? On the technical front, the network to Southside and Prince's gardens should now be well and truly fixed, but do bear with us if it isn't - we've over four miles of cable to check! The sound quality should also be much better due to our recently acquired compressor which should eliminate much of the buzzing noise. Unfortunately our second frame store and cameras have both ceased to function, so we are a little restricted as to what we can do at the moment, but we should hopefully have it all fixed soon.

On the programme front we have lots of ideas but still not enough people. So if you feel like helping

# STOIC goes into the Night



*Carl Fairhurst gives an introduction as to what has been occupying STOIC of late and what will be shown on College screens in the future*

less well known than the other two Union publications (Felix and IC Radio), and in this article I hope to inform and show you just what STOIC does, and why.

A complaint we quite often get is that the actual output of programmes is small. We can't argue with this point as it's true. Compared with IC Radio, for example, we broadcast our own material only a few times a week. But this is not due to laziness - a television programme will on average take over ten times the length of a radio programme to think of, record and edit. This means that one hour of STOIC programmes will have taken at least ten hours to prepare, and quite often much longer.

Even though our output is fairly small, it is of a high standard. During the Easter holidays NaSTA '92 took place. This is the National Student Television Association conference, and this year it was based at Brighton Polytechnic. During the conference there were award ceremonies for different programme categories and STOIC walked away with two awards. The first was for the best video to music, and we were awarded the first prize for our Valentine's Day video. Many thanks must go to Olivier

*need two Subwardens or Assistants*

## Selkirk

*The positions require bright, hardworking, enthusiastic students*

*&*

*with a sense of humour. They pay nothing, but do come with free college accommodation.*

## Tizard

*Application forms are available from the accommodation office and must be returned by 29.5.92 to the Warden, Selkirk & Tizard Hall*

*to start work in September*

*long hours, no pay*



with anything then just come up to see us on the third floor of the Union building. Anyway what do we need you to help us make? The news. It may not sound new or spectacular, but it needs lots of people editing, filming and gathering the reports we need. Even with the Imperial College News Network (iCNN - but don't blame me for the name!) extra people will not go amiss.

'Terminated 3 - I'm back' (or a title to that effect) is the next STOIC film, based loosely on a certain film with a similar title and we're on the lookout for people to act, film and help with the sets and effects. This should be lots of fun, and could be your break into stardom!

'NEXT!!' is our improvisation gameshow. Anyone is welcome to come up and be in the audience or be in the show. And a new STOIC gameshow may be started this term, based on computer games. So if you enjoy a good blast from time to time, tell us and you may end up on the show. We are now also planning our events for the first days of next term and making promotional videos. We are going to be filming all the freshers arriving at Southside and will be broadcasting it live - certainly something to look forward to (unless you're a fresher!) Well there's a description of what we are, do and want to do, so if you're interested just nip up to the third floor of the Union building, or give us a ring on (0) 3518. Alternatively come along to our general meeting on Tuesday at 1.00pm and let us know what you want. And finally our schedule for the moment is:

**Tuesday 7.00pm Nostalgia night**  
**Thursday 1.00pm STOIC News**  
**Thursday 7.00pm Into the night**

### **CENTRE FOR COMPOSITE MATERIALS** *European Postgraduate Course*

*The Centre for Composite Materials is one of the organisers of a European postgraduate course in polymer and composites engineering. The course would be suitable for graduates of science, engineering or materials science. In 1992/3 the course will be held at the University of Louvain-la-Neuve, Belgium.*

*Details from:*

**Mr F L Mathews, Director**  
**Centre for Composite Materials**  
**Ext 4003**

**Stress followed the lights on the** guidance instrument through a door marked 'Science Section'. He wasn't afraid and walked in. Inside in the dimly lit laboratory bubbling beakers, boiling baths and burning bunsens were scattered throughout the room alongside all manner of instruments, contraptions and plain junk. No one was in sight.

'Hello?'

Stress moved cautiously across the room, fearful of being touched by the smoke and flames, scared of the damage they may cause him. In the middle of the room steps led down. He followed their motion and walked down into a massive low room filled with coffins. Very

The scientist grinned. This made Stress angrier.

'Why do you think this society is sick?'

'Because they all get their pleasure out of hating, hurting, beating, destroying!'

'But everyone's happy!'

'But they're happy for the worst of reasons. They're shallow, vain, pretty, spoilt sadistic animals! They're so manipulated that they're desperate to kill themselves!'

'But no one's suffering because of it. All the hate is directed towards the pale ones who don't exist. The lowest class of this society don't feel so bad because they know they're not as bad as the pale people.'

'It stops the water supply being injected with chemical soporifics. It stops the hollowglam machine. Turns the lizard transparent so the citizens can see the outside world, the media hollowglams start giving them the truth.'

Stress was pleased.'

'Who were in those coffins?'

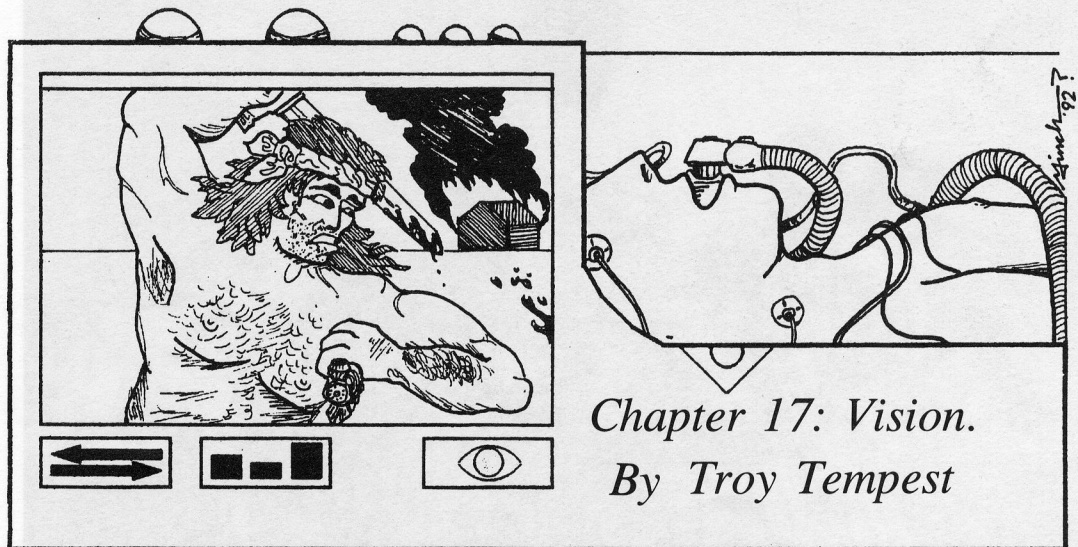
The scientist spoke tonelessly.

'Rewarded executives. The citizens become hollowglams as a reward. The executives' reward is to be placed in a coffin where they are linked completely into a reality of their choosing. They get to do whatever they want and never suffer because of it.'

'How do I get out?'

Stress indicated his bonds.

## The Inner System



### *Chapter 17: Vision.* *By Troy Tempest*

high tech coffins that each contained a human, carefully wrapped in coils and foil, instruments and pumps extending from every orifice, every gate to the interior. By the side of the coffin was a small screen surrounded by buttons. Stress pressed the one marked 'view'.

The screen came on showing a barbarian warrior in the primitive camp killing armed peasants left right and centre, torching the huts and running off with small, finely detailed model locomotives. Stress was confused and was about to look at another coffin when someone pressed an injection gun to his neck. He passed out.

And woke up in the laboratory, locked into a chair opposite a friendly man in a lab coat. The scientist smiled at him.

'Why am I tied up?'

'For your own good. You've been running around like a madman causing all sorts of damage.'

'With good reasons!!'

'What reasons?'

The scientist waited for an answer. Stress was glad to give it.

'To stop this sick society!'

Getting them all to hate another group really pulls them together. They want suicide because they're going to receive something wonderful in return.'

'But why keep up the charade, the fiction?'

'Because if we don't give them a great reason to die they'll always be in fear, their suffering will increase as they approach death, rather than decrease. This way there's no danger. Surely a bad action is alright when no one suffers its effects?'

The scientist smiled.

'NO!!'

Stress pulled the truth gun out and shot the scientist. The scientist faded. Stress savoured the moment.

'Firstly.'

Stress was enjoying the pain on the scientists features.

'Where is the mechanism that will change the system?'

'In the stadium on the pedestal. The mechanism is activated by twisting the symbol of the inner system, a statue at the centre of the pedestal.'

'What will it do?'

'Press your left index finger to the back of your right ear?'

'WHAT?!'

'You are a fictional reality. I have given you the action key to escape.'

Stress obeyed. He passed out.

And came to inside one of the coffins. With a terrible hangover he ripped off the cables attached to him and pushed the lid away.

'And how do you know this isn't a fictional reality?'

The scientist was sitting across from him, smiling. Stress gleefully shot him again. The bolt deflected off a screen around the man.

'I have a devout belief screen around me. Type A7, the truth of science, totally impregnable. So how do you know this isn't a fictional reality?'

'Easy, your fictional realities are all suffering free for the subject, aren't they.'

'Yes.'

Stress walked away across the laboratory. The scientist called after him.

'It's all fictional reality out there! Not for much longer, thought Stress.'

**'Very good, welcome in Egypt!'**

were the first words that the taxi driver shouted at me as we sped into the centre of Cairo. It was still early morning and a cool breeze swept across my face. On the horizon lay a dusty collection of buildings and an intense orange sun broke through the mystical blue fog that hung around them.

I was dropped at *Midan Talaat Harb*, the 'centre' of Cairo and the area for budget hotels. This was the beginning of my three week expedition to sample some of Egypt's ancient and modern treasures. I was soon checked into

acclimatizing to the heat and sampling the food. With a change in diet and the poor standard of hygiene in some restaurants it was inevitable that I was bound to be struck by, what is known in Egypt as, 'Pharaohs' revenge'. This unfortunate bowel condition can strike anywhere and at any time so you soon learn to carry a few essential items around with you.

Egypt is predominantly a muslim country. Everywhere you travel tall minarets pierce the blue skyline. You will also become aware of the muslim practice of prayer five times a day. I was made only too aware

found close to the Citadel. Here the eager tradesmen coax you into their tiny shops crammed with treasures.

Making a purchase can be an extremely civilised and enjoyable experience. Having myself expressed an interest and entered a shop I was offered a cup of tea. Whilst I was relaxing with my drink the bargaining began. After a short period of haggling I was offered a 'special price for you only' for the silver jewellery that I had decided to buy. I drew out a wad of tatty and dog-eared cash. I thought this money was going to disintegrate into a thousand pieces as I handed it over to my smiling and most appreciative recipient.

Once I had sampled the delights of Cairo I took the overnight train to Luxor, and although in second class the carriage still had the luxury of air-conditioning. My 14 hour journey never contained a dull moment. Everywhere I turned there was commotion of one sort or another going on as old men argued and traders drifted by offering all sorts of goods.

As you weave your way around this intriguing country you will soon realise that Egypt is littered with ancient relics and monuments. Luxor was no exception. On arrival at this place a multitude of attractions awaited me - the great Temple of Karnak, which was added to and modified over two and a half thousand years; the Valley of the Kings, containing the tombs of many Pharaohs including Tut Ankh Amoun, Ramses I, II and III; the Temple of Queen Hatshepsut; the Ramesseum; the Valley of the Queens; the Tombs of the Nobles; and the Luxor Temple.

There is also, of course, the Nile which provides a spectacular sight. Feluccas can be seen gracefully winding their way across the

shimmering waters of this river. These Egyptian sail boats that have transported goods up and down the Nile for centuries. In more recent times they have transported a more lucrative cargo - tourists. With such a beautiful location it is no surprise that a sunset ride along the Nile is a must for most visitors to Luxor.

After a long and hot days sightseeing there is no better way to round it all off by sinking a few pints of the locally brewed 'Stella' beer. However I must offer a warning for any would be consumers. Do not drink too much unless you want to experience the worst hangover of your life - the hot and dry climate coupled with the fact that the beer is somewhat rough in nature ensures this. After overdoing it myself I vaguely remember falling into bed, extremely drunk. Lying on my bed bathed in sweat, in my oven for a room, I was hit by an unusually large bout of paranoia. Above me the blades of the roof fan seemed to be moving very erratically, in fact rocking wildly from side to side, on their loose fittings. The concept of gravity took on its full meaning as I wondered how this antique contraption could possibly stay up there.

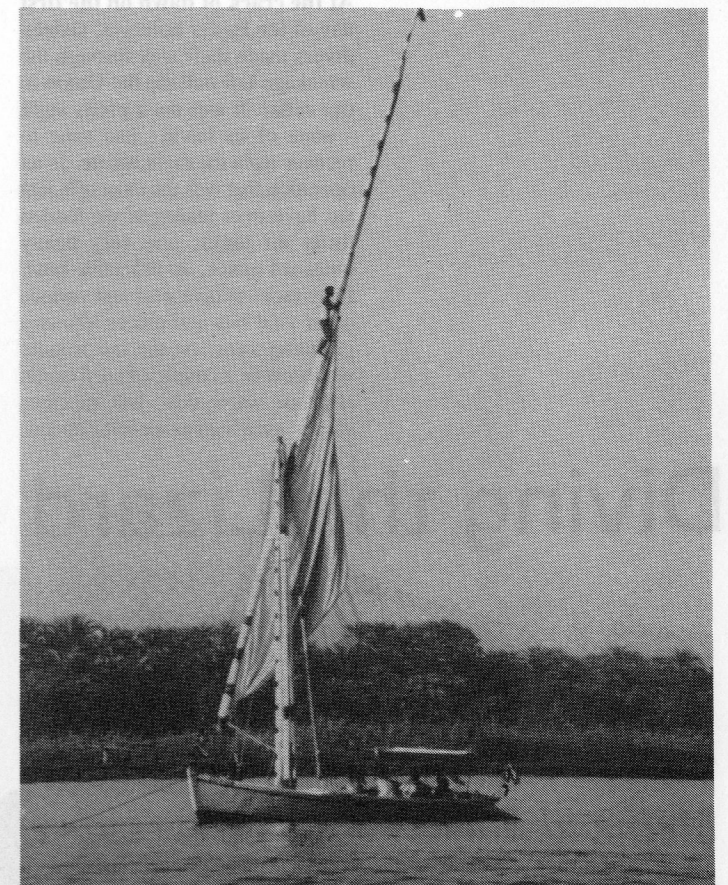
As my trip unfolded I was overwhelmed by the variety of methods of transport available: buses, taxis, camels, donkeys, bicycles, horse and carriages or feluccas. I took the bus to Aswan. On boarding the already full bus I remember being relieved to find a space on the back seat. As the journey got under way I soon realised why no one had wanted to sit here - the seat was situated directly over the noisy engine which blasted heat up into this end of the bus. This coupled with the fact that the bus was equipped with

'Egyptian air conditioning' (cooled by opening the window) and I was dreadfully hung over from the night before, turned my five hour bus ride along the Nile into a living nightmare.

The further south that you travel in Egypt the hotter and drier it gets. This fact becomes blatantly apparent in Aswan. I arrived at midday and the heat was stifling. Once I had checked into my hotel the only solution to the heat and my testing bus ride was an afternoon siesta.

Whilst in Aswan I took a number of felucca rides around the islands littered across the Nile. I also visited Abu Simbel, the site of a spectacular giant temple to Ramses II, on the shore of lake Nasser. It seems crazy that we drove for 280 km across barren desert, the horizon marred only by the occasional group of rugged mountains, just to see this temple. Then we drove all the way back to Aswan by the same route. I suppose the expression 'when in Rome' springs to mind here - or perhaps 'when in Egypt.'

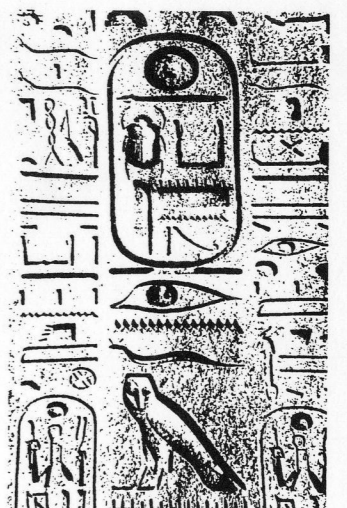
Having returned to Cairo by train my next goal was the monastery of Saint Catherine located on the Sinai peninsular. My pilgrimage was a visit to Mount Sinai, the acclaimed site of the ten commandments. Having stayed the night at the monastery's hostel I rose at three the next morning and set off for the two hour hike to the summit of mount Sinai. Whilst climbing the meandering path in the darkness I gazed up and witnessed a most biblical sight - silhouetted against the stars were three camels, complete with riders, which reminded me of the story of three wise men. On reaching the summit I rested to watch the sun rise. It was a spectacular sight. The barren



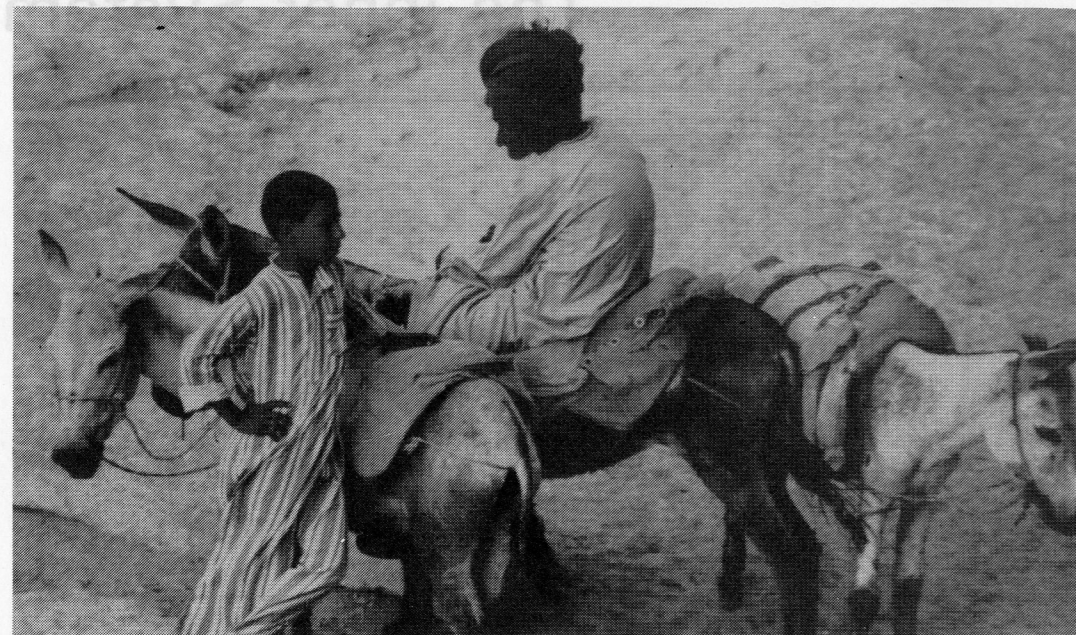
mountains became a radiant orange-red colour as the sun came up revealing the desolate landscape.

No holiday to an exotic country is complete without a few days slumbering on the beach. The town of Hurghada situated on the shores of the Red Sea provided me with my fix of sun, sea and siesta. On one of my days there I took a trip out to the nearby islands and coral reefs. This is a popular day trip and boat loads of eager tourists are shipped out to a selection of coral sites in the area. As these boats descend on these areas droves of masked beings can be seen jumping in all directions from them. After a short period they are herded off to some other reef or a beach for the whole process to continue. All the same it is a good day out even if at times you felt a little like a sheep following the herd. The water is also warm and crystal clear, in fact when swimming it seems as though you are floating in a gigantic swimming pool.

At the end of my trip I had enough time for a final visit to the Pyramids. Sitting in a nearby café sucking on a water pipe as the sun dropped to its sandy horizon, silhouetting these giant stone relics, I was certainly in a pensive mood. In three weeks I had witnessed some six thousand years of history and on this evening I was watching just one more sunset in the long life of these magnificent monuments to mankind.



# The Pharaoh's Revenge



*The land of the Pyramids, the birthplace of one of the oldest civilisations in the world has long drawn visitors. Richard Lyle reports*

a dark and dusty hotel and eager to inaugurate my trip.

Venturing out on to the crowded and congested streets that had lost the serenity that I had witnessed earlier, I battled my way through a barrage of people and cars as a fierce sun beat down on my neck. Wandering amongst the bedlam and fumes I wondered what the Ancient Egyptians would have made of today's madness. Modern Cairo is a huge sprawling unplanned city with an estimated population of up to 18 million people - the total population of the country is estimated at 51 million.

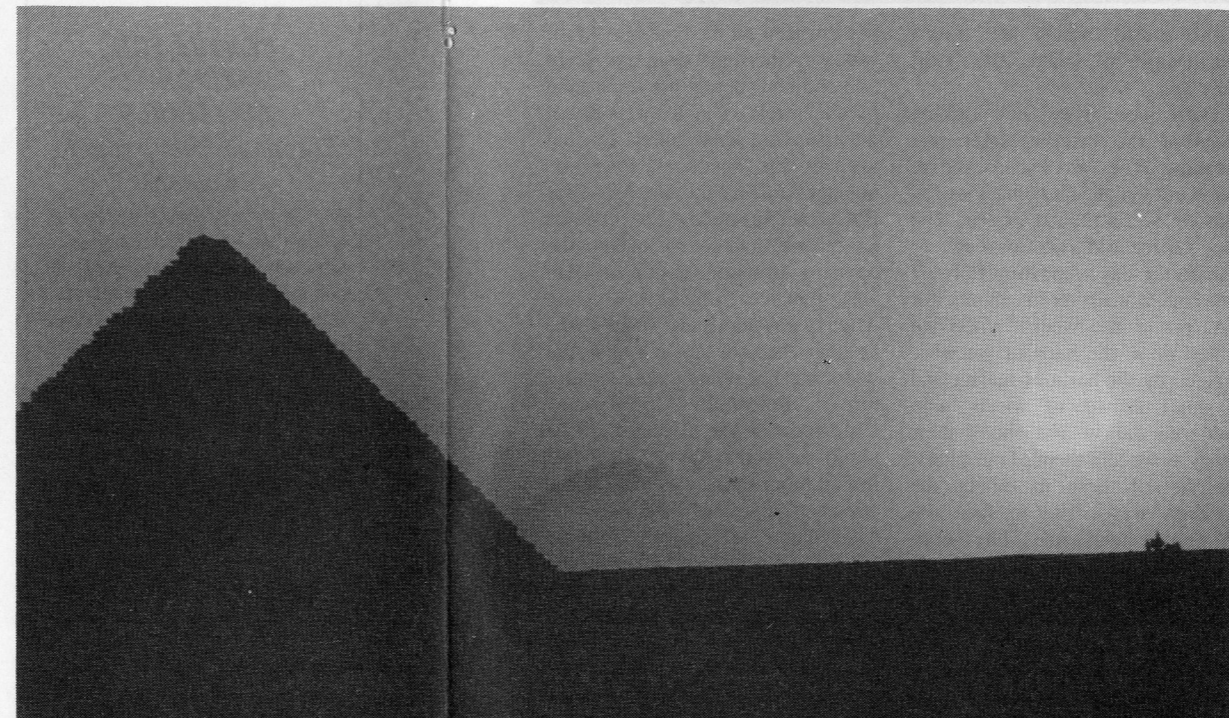
My first goal was the Egyptian museum. This unimposing building houses an awesome collection of relics from Egypt's long and varied history. The infamous treasures of Tut Ankh Amoun can also be found here. My battling continued, this time through droves of tourists, as I tried to view the solid gold mask and other relics found in the burial chamber of this celebrated Pharaoh.

I spent my first few days in Egypt

of this when I stayed in a hotel close to a mosque. Having wondered why the rates that they had offered were such a bargain the answer came in the early hours of the following morning - I was rudely awakened by the deafening call to prayer. And of course just as I was drifting back to sleep the car horns and general hustle and bustle commenced.

There are many sites to see in Cairo itself including ancient mosques, the Citadel (a medieval fortress and the sight of Old Cairo), a camel market, on the outskirts of the city the Great Pyramids of Giza and many interesting bazaars, such as *Khan el Khalili*.

Shopping for local handicrafts and the odd souvenir or two is almost inevitable on any trip abroad. Many of the traders that you find in Egypt are ruthless businessmen and will make you feel distinctly guilty if you do not buy what they have to sell. *Khan el Khalili* is an excellent place to make some purchases. This is reputedly the worlds largest bazaar and is



At the crack of dawn on the first day of the Easter holidays, sixteen divers made their way through the wreckage left outside the Union to our cellar. It was not a pretty sight - none of us having had time to recover from the night before. In an operation that was the most efficient we have ever managed we loaded thirty air tanks, one very heavy outboard motor, an inflatable boat, forty sacks of dive gear and various other vital bits and pieces into two groaning vans. At the last minute we threw in a couple of surfboards and our water-skis, just in case. Hopes were high as we left London,

and were ready for something a bit more adventurous - half an hour of swimming around kelp bed is enough to dampen anybody's enthusiasm. Little did they know what was in store for the next few days.

In the afternoon we managed to pump some life into our ageing inflatable and under the sturdy seamanship of Rolf 'Fizz' Tietemer the day's second dive took place a little further out on the same kelp bed. No one was too worried by this lack of variety, we all hoped that better things were in store for the coming days, for which we had hired a bigger and faster boat from a local boatman.

As we went to bed on Monday morning the ominous sounds of the

scattered over the bottom of a kelp bed during WWII. There was no choice but to take another plunge amongst the weed and look for edible wildlife. When all the day's deeds were done the final score was ICUC 1: CRABs 1. Tom Brown and I managed to capture a monster crustacean, only for it to claim its revenge, drawing blood from one of the hapless divers' fingers. At the end of the day we all passed out dreaming of exciting wreck dives to come.

Neptune was still against us on Tuesday, the wind had now increased to force 8. The diving in Falmouth was beginning to look a little limited in these conditions and Steve was scraping the bottom of the barrel to find us anywhere to go.

## Diving the Lizard

*The ICU Mermen and Mermaid Society sojourned in Cornwall last Easter. The definitive record of their exploits is inscribed by Simon Milling.*



ignoring the weather forecasts that all seemed to be predicting gale force winds whipping along the Cornish coast.

We arrived at our luxury caravan site with plenty of time to make ourselves at home in the local pub and spin some salty yarns, designed to turn all but the hardest novice into a quivering heap of jelly. As we staggered to our beds after a slight overdose we tried our best not to notice the way the caravans were starting to rock as the wind gathered strength.

Sunday dawned brightish and clearish, despite expectations, and was the first day's diving for the new boys and girls. They were taken off to a nice sheltered cove and thrown in, accompanied by some of our more expert members. All reappeared half an hour later

wind could again be heard beginning to shake the frail caravans.

There were many sick looking faces at the briefing later that morning. The vans had rocked so much through the night that they felt like we were already at sea. The Met Office did not do much to lighten the day, reporting Force 7 gales on the coast set to continue for the rest of the week. When we pulled up at the harbour we were greeted by the harbour master and a small crowd of locals who muttered darkly and shook their heads as we told them of our plans. Despite all these ill omens the decision was made to face the elements head on. The only sheltered site Steve the Skipper could suggest was the last resting place of the 'Falmouth Subs',

We dropped off the boat into 8m of water by the lighthouse and spent half an hour being thrown around by the swell. The local point of interest was a set of gulleys leading towards the headland, everyone managed to find them except Pete Bowen and his buddy. Pete claimed later that he had gone in exactly the opposite direction on purpose. He was, however, unable to explain why. It was about this stage of the holiday that we noticed that the stress was beginning to tell on Pete, our beloved chairman. Unfortunately the effect of all the tough decisions the weather had forced him to take was making his already sparse hair fall out. This disturbing trend was set to continue for the rest of the week despite the ministrations of Rhoda, his medically qualified deputy.

The sympathetic reader will be glad to hear that the weather relented a little the next day, enabling us to do our first dive that did not involve lots of swimming about among the brown weedy fronds. The first proper wreck of the trip was the Volnay, a WWI ammunition ship sunk in 20m of water close to Falmouth harbour. Pete Bowen managed to acquire a spent shell case from the wreck. True to form he did not pick it up from the bottom of the sea but was given it by the owner of a local dive shop. Even more true to form he forgot to take it with him when we left the caravan site.

The second dive of the day was onto a little-explored wreck, the Gunvor, found conveniently close to the place where we were staying. It was a bit weedy again but this did not matter too much, one good dive in a day is enough to satisfy all but the most demanding diver. The best feature of the beach at Kennack

sands was the surf. This was not much help when trying to launch the boat, but it did mean that Jeremy could show off his talent at body-surfing, honed to perfection during his mis-spent youth.

The wind came back with a vengeance after Wednesday's relative calm, blowing itself up to a force 8 gale, with gusts of 70mph. To our surprise Steve decided that it might be OK to attempt the wreck that we had all been hoping to dive since Monday - the Hera. The first wave of divers climbed nervously into Steve's all too fragile-looking craft ready to face the trip of their lives. It was like Alton Towers without that feeling of security you get from knowing that no one ever falls off the corkscrew. The half hour trip to the dive site left us all exhausted and exhilarated. After that, the dive itself seemed tame - we descended into excellent visibility on the Hera and swam around her for a while making the

most of the large intact sections of the hull. The ride home from the wreck was no less exciting than the journey out, with waves crashing over the boat, ferocious winds and mountainous swell. It was all too much for Steve, he had to go home after one trip to recover. The second wave didn't manage to get a dive at all.

The last day's diving gave us the conditions that we would have liked for the entire week. Those who didn't manage to dive the Hera were finally taken out there in much milder conditions. Phil 'Gills' Lenz's was the only casualty of the day. He came unstuck when his hit-ec drysuit failed him and let in rather more cold seawater than he might have liked. In his usual altruistic fashion he carried on with the dive so that his novice could clock up the quarter of an hour needed to be logged.

Everyone else then dived the Epsilon, a small wreck whose main

attraction was that it was not covered in kelp. Nick Volpe at last showed his true colours, after much tough talk through the week he wimped out of the Epsilon. Complaining that he was 'a bit cold'.

After a tiring and enjoyable week we made a final visit to our local for our traditional end of trip dinner, an excuse for one and all to indulge in yet more salty stories of the sea. The novices could now join in with the best of them, having experienced at first hand what it's all about.

The end of this story belongs to Gareth Jones and his Hertz van. Not content with making us all wait for three hours when he burst a tyre on the M4 on the way home, Gareth forgot that the clocks went forwards on Sunday night and managed to get out of bed the next morning just after the van had been towed away to Warwick Road pound. Unlucky Gareth!

## Ten More Years.

(parts 1,2 and 3 of A portrait of Francis Bacon;  
A famous politician commissions herself to paint him  
after they meet in Never-Never Land)

*Fucking with champagne and soft boys  
or some swarthy adolescent vintage  
(Dionysius with Veuve Clicquot, indeed?)  
enjoy with money, pitiful access though it is;  
Learn to love as I love, I promise  
a different heaven, secure and satisfied. Most,  
definitely. You're the man who paints those  
dreadful pictures? (Prime Minister Primeval)  
Pricks, my dear, Proust and Painting - Acquiesce  
to damaging hedonism, but I know different. A sign from  
God, I must be here to save you*

*If I can't - let's not talk unpleasantness;  
I think (as should all) of me in the  
landscape or portrait, in verse or prose.  
Be assured, they will come to take the burden  
in my time, when you fail. They are the nadir,  
convinced their indulgence gives pleasure, or  
observers Monsters and Isles in the newborn  
universe that is a turbulent, unfinished soul.*

*Beautiful creatures, for whom Love and Intellect  
are sub-curses 'neath the all-encompassing curse.  
They will love me for their depth and despair, and  
thrive in that (look away from their work. It does  
not inspire). My gift to you is murder and celebration;  
romance divebombs, aha, and Granite Gods are in essence,  
unmoved. You know, moon-faced little man, in my mind's eye,  
a small fellow scripts poor poesy: 'I cannot blind those  
that have no eyes'*

D A Spooner, 1992

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# Wayne's World

Film

Every now and then a film comes along that makes you laugh, makes you cry, makes you glad to be alive. This is that movie.....NOT! That's what the advertising said about Wayne's World, the story of Wayne Nibblert Cambell and his chief bud, Garth. About how they are convinced by Rob Lowe, (Gimp), posing as a bigtime TV magnate (Shyyeeah! Rriight!), that their show, Wayne's World, is ready for big time. Only Rob Lowe has other plans (see his diary: Thursday; rip off small time TV show). Boy, the world does indeed suck.

In the process, the sphincter attempts to seduce Cassandra, (Tia Carrere. SCHWING!!), described in the film as 'babelicious', and almost destroys relations between Wayne and Garth. Wow!

Some people may say this is a Bill



and Ted rip off. I'd say, 'Yeah and monkeys might fly out of my butt'. Both films have characters saying 'Excellent, Woah, Party on', but the comparison ends there. Bill and Ted were stoners, Wayne and Garth are ultimate metal fans. Literally transplanted out of a cartoon, they are the personification of kids fears and hopes, i.e. Wayne always says

and does the right thing, he was raised on Bugs Bunny and that's who he really thinks he is. Garth, on the other hand, is constantly afraid of saying the wrong thing, which he almost always does.

The jokes are there thick and fast, along with extreme close ups, zooms, shameless product plugs and a myriad of EXCELLENT

guest stars! Plus, 3-count 'em- 3 alternative endings. It really is a hilarious film.

Do Wayne and Garth live on to party and rid the world of unnecessary sphincters? Of course they do.....NOT!

## The Big Brown Bap

● Wayne's World party's on in the West End from today, dudes.

# Gladiator

Film

Gladiator is a film set in the illegal boxing areas of Chicago's south side. The film opens with Seal's 'Killer' and sees the entrance of a new kid Tommy Riley (James Marshall) at a local school. He immediately gets hassled by one of the gangs there.

Tommy lives in a run down apartment with his Dad, who gets a job which means he has to leave his son at home. Pressed with his Dad's gambling debts, Tommy agrees to fight to get the money to pay them off. At the same time he shows the promoters what he's made of. They then rope him into fighting some more - something Tommy doesn't want to do, but he has no way out.

The film then sees one of his friends sent to hospital and finally, Tommy is made to fight a friend, Lincoln, who has been advised not to fight as a blow to his head could kill him. Tommy talks Lincoln out



of it and asks to fight the promoter and ex-heavyweight boxer, Horn, who is the one causing all the trouble for him. Here we have the final fight. Horn is played by Brian Dennehy.

The film lacks originality and could almost be described as a 1992 remake of Rocky. The main character, Tommy, was boring and emotionless. It was dull and bland in places. Decidedly average.

Andy

# Turner's Crossing

Theatre

Everyone knows the bag people. The bagman huddles under Queensgate porches with an old Sainsbury's trolley full of stuffed Europa bags. The baglady in Turner's Crossing clings to her traffic island home with the same impacable tenacity. Never mind the fact that she's in the middle of a building site, 'marooned in a sea of mud'. She has quite deliberately rooted herself in what she claims is her 'house', in full view of the disapproving wife of the site developer, Dan Turner. As a three-way psychological battle begins between the Turners and the baglady, it becomes clear that Dan's development scheme in his home village is a two-fingered salute to the locals, with his wife realising it

is becoming an obsession. Not to be out-acted, the barmy baglady claims that Dan is HER husband. Whether it is make-believe or faint recollection is eerily blurred. The local priest, concerned at 'the mud everywhere', keeps popping up at inopportune moments to provide a moral and social commentary. But even he can't stop the descent into muddy mayhem.

The acting, and humour, improved as the play progressed, except for the baglady, who was superb throughout. The end, though, left me wondering if I had blinked during an important revelation. Reassuringly, my neighbour also looked a little confused. But endings aside, it's definitely worth braving East Croydon for. If you don't mind being hit by flying crockery.

## Anj.

● Turner's Crossing is at the Warehouse Theatre, East Croydon until 14th June. Tickets £4-£5 (conc). Box office: 081-680 4060.

# Porcelain

## Theatre

Although ostensibly telling the story behind a murder in a public toilet, this is, in fact, an involving play about alienation, prejudice, homophobia and racism. Through the voices of five actors the audience is given a tour of the emotional torment of a young, gay, Chinese man, John Lee, desperate to belong, desperate to be loved. We are given a taste of the isolation he feels, both as an Oriental in a western country, and as a homosexual in an often homophobic society.

The compact theatre, with the actors and the small audience a mere metre or so apart, adds to the intimacy and immediacy of the piece, and is a vital component of the acting—the facial expressions of each actor are integral to their performance. Though one might have doubts about the maturity exhibited by John Lee, supposedly



nineteen years old, the performances are on the whole quite convincing. The dissolute psychologist, the opinionated reporter, the casually brutal lover. The graphic (and sometimes explicit) language used creates vivid scenes, and involves the listener closely. The overall message of the play is that everyone is basically similar, be they straight, gay, white or yellow, with cultural differences as barriers to understanding which

communication can overcome.

The programme is an interesting piece of art in itself—try out the origami!

**Colin Church.**

●*Porcelain*—A Voice Play by Chay Yew. Etcetera Theatre, Oxford Arms, 265 Camden High Street, playing until June 7, tickets £6.50 (concessions £4) plus membership. Box Office: 071-482 4857.

# Loot

## Theatre

Confronted by a stage displaying a large five pound note featuring the Virgin Mary and Jesus, a few wreaths and some rather naff organ music, one wonders quite what is going to happen next. A loud burst of sex pistols introduces the play and sets the tone for things to come. The stage is dominated by a coffin and religious portraits, emphasizing the presence of catholicism.

The story centres around Mrs. McLeary's 'natural' death and a bank robbery. McLeary's son Hal, and the undertaker are the culprits of the crime and detective Truscott is trying to solve the case. Truscott, posing as a water board official, shows a distinct lack of respect for law and order, as do most of the characters.

*Loot* is a clever farce, although there is a tendency to veer toward complete ludicrousness. David Troughton's performance as Truscott was particularly amusing and is a display of Orton's convincing parody.

Joe Orton was a playwright in obscurity until both he and his lover, Kenneth Halliwell, were jailed. After this six month sentence Orton's writing changed by becoming more detached, leading to success. '*Loot*' was written in 1964 in this successful period of his life. In August 1967 Joe Orton was beaten to death with a hammer by Halliwell who was jealous of his success. Halliwell later committed suicide.

The play challenges traditional views on death, religion and justice. Thought provoking? Maybe.

**KOBY**

●*Loot* is playing at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, until 6th June. Box Office - 081 741 2311.

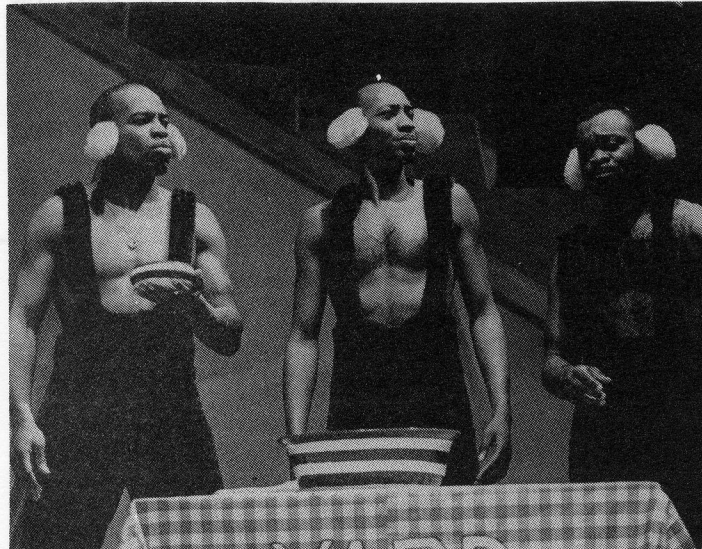
# Armed and Dangerous

## Theatre

'The Media is the modern-day mirror to our souls, and as it stands to date, the black community through the eyes of the media is soulless. Our coming together as the Posse is the first stop on the journey to our (souls') true self'. That's how eight talented black actors got together and set up their own production company.

*Armed and Dangerous* is a collection of sketches which have been written by the Posse, a mixture of comedy and music depicting experiences and stereotypes of being black in Britain.

Most of the sketches are brilliantly done and hilarious. The music is also very well chosen and becomes an integral part of the play. A blind runner unexpectedly shows up and connects totally unrelated



scenes. There is obviously a reference to the Los Angeles riots, a homosexual version of Romeo and Juliet (Romeo and Julian) and a broken-hearted painter-poet. One of the funniest sketches is the 'black' version of the fairytale of the 'Three Bears'.

On top of everything else a

warm, lively, participating audience gave the theatre a unique atmosphere.

Highly recommended!

**Zorbas.**

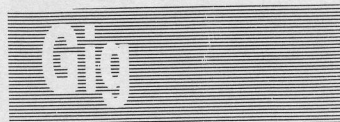
●Theatre Royal, Stratford East. 12th-31st May, Tuesday, Sunday, 8pm. Tickets £3-£12, £2 concessions.

## Art Reviewers Needed

Call on 3515 or pop into the office. Just ask for Darwen



# Bedazzled -ULU



With a recording of a scene from the Peter Cook/Dudley Moore film 'Bedazzled', *Bedazzled* take the stage. And then the light show started. The origin of their name is now clear to me. ULU's main hall was like daylight, virtually blinding in some songs. The band run through their nine song set, like a cross between *Scorpio Rising* and *Blur*, like *Thousand Yard Stare* on

acid, and the lead singer proceeds to attempt to digest the mic-stand during one song. Such a good band should not be subjected to supporting *Airhead* in front of fourteen year old girls. When the said fourteen year olds started to drift back into the arena from the bar, I took it as a sign that *Airhead* were about to appear, so, with all haste, I left.

**Lise Yates**

● *Bedazzled* supported *Airhead* on Tuesday. They release a new single, 'Summersong', in June on Columbia.

# The Adventures -Powerhaus



I haven't had an adrenalin rush like this for ages. The support bands were bearable, but I chose to ignore them. And then *The Adventures* launch into a new song. The apparent deficiency of Eileen Gribben is soon rectified when she climbs onto the stage after this first song. 'Play us an old one' shout the crowd. And they do. 1984's 'Send My Heart', segued onto 'Feel The Raindrops', and I begin to wonder why this band have only had one top

40 hit in the past eight years. (Answers on a postcard please). The band, all seven of them, thunder through a set composed of old songs ('Broken Land', 'Washington Deceased') and new (Err, I don't actually know any of their titles), and come back for an encore of just one song, 'Love's Lost Town'. And then they're gone, probably for another three years. Easily one of the best three gigs I've seen this year. Ace!

**Lise Yates**

● *The Adventures* played on Monday. They release a new single, 'Raining All Over the World', on June 1st through Polydor.

# Heart Throbs -She's in a Trance

This was definitely not what I was expecting. Hard rocking, pouting guitars? No. More a funky beat with a somewhat fuzzy vocal. The tempo drops as you progress through the tracks and her rather wonderful voice shines through. Shame about the songs. There is certainly a feeling that live they would rock out, and little boys would throw themselves around to impress the girls.

**Pebbles**

● *The Heart Throbs* play ULU tonight to record a live album.

# Spectrum -How You Satisfy Me

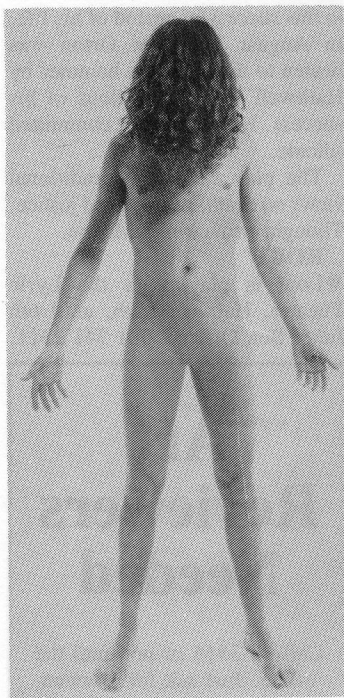
This record shouts *Spacemen 3* at you at around 120 decibels. Weird? A clear plastic sleeve with some green, orange and purple printing. Inside clear vinyl. Weird.

*Spacemen 3* may have gone their separate ways but Sonic Boom continues. The elegance and grace that was so typical remains. The instrumental tracks on the flip are wonderful, powerfully understated and perfectly composed.

**Pebbles**

● 'How You Satisfy Me' is out now on One Little Indian.

# Eat -Golden Egg



*Eat up your greens or you'll end up looking like this weirdo.*



The last time Felix encountered *Eat*, they split up. We interviewed them (issue 882, 8 November 1990), they realised they'd reached the highest possible level in the music world, so they quit at the top. The last line of the interview: 'Sometimes I wish I was working in Dixons'.

And now they're back, after supporting *The Wonderstuff* at Brixton in December.

And a great tune, it is too, with its 'Shut up, I'll do what I wanna do' refrain, and it's of a musical genre known as 'Swampadelica'. I know, 'cause it says so here. So that's all we need to know really, isn't it? It's Swampadelic. It's about telling people to stuff it where the sun don't shine. And it's great.

**Lise Yates.**

● 'Golden Egg' is out on Monday. *Eat* play Town & Country Club, June 13.

## Tora Tora -Wild America

Album

Wild America?...sounded more like puerile America to us!

You know, all we needed was another wannabe Axl Rose (and lead singer Anthony Corder has succeeded better than most), yet they're from Memphis, not LA. Shock, horror!!

Basically, this album is yet another trashy piece of so-called 'rock', but if you do like 'bands' like *Guns 'n' Poser's* or *LA Guns* you might like them (don't know how...personally we were almost driven insane listening to it until we indulged in our favourite pastime...).

So for all of you in RockSoc (if you're reading this) here's a new album for you—as for the rest of you, don't bother, it's crap.

**Bov & GBFH.**

● 'Wild America' is out now on A&M.

## Rev Hammer -Industrial Sound and Magic

Album

*Rev Hammer*...not a name which conjures up an accurate mental image of the band. It makes them sound like rap band although their most obvious influence is *The Levellers* who play on this album. (If you don't catch it in the music, the fact that most of their surnames are Leveller might just give it away. Their music's catchy but it doesn't strike you make you jump around the room like *The Levellers*. Maybe that's a little unfair because *The Levellers* are so good, and as yet they can only aspire, but they do have time to mature.

If you're not familiar with *The Levellers*, *Rev Hammer* use a rich blend of 'traditional folk' music with a modern twist to carry their ideas to the public.

All in all *Rev Hammer* are good, but not (yet) capable of grasping major acclaim. My advice—buy it

and widen your horizons.

**Bov.**

● 'Industrial Sound and Magic' is out on Tuesday through Cooking Vinyl. *Rev Hammer* play the Hackney Empire tonight, £7/£6 conc.

## Chocolate Minogue

Tonight sees the return of *My Life Story*, of whom the best description I've heard is 'Orchestral *Smiths*' (apart from the obvious 'the best unsigned band on the planet', of course), together with Irish rock band *Power Of Dreams*. If you were feeling excessively rich, you could go and see *My Life Story*, and then head off elsewhere, either to see the only band better than *Abba*, *Bjorn Again*, or *Carter's* first major London show without the Beast.

*Carter* and *Bjorn Again* are back on Saturday, the former being supported by the second most loony band in Cork, *The Frank & Walters*. Orange and purple clothes only. Elsewhere, for those of you feeling like a more serious feel than those nutters, *Pele*, and elsewhere, *Boo Hewerdine*, who can play a stunning acoustic set, *Because*, and *Scarlet*. A great evening for those of you into a acoustic style evening with a fine line in lyrics.

Bank Holiday Monday, and all we can manage is *Nutmeg*. Just as well it's cheap, what with the banks being closed and everything.

Tuesday, and *Fabulous* are back after their *Carter* support, at the Palace, *Limahl* (I ask you! Some people just refuse to die quietly), and *Frank Sinatra*, at the Albert Hall. You have been warned.

Wednesday is national Irish band day, so to celebrate, we have *This Picture*, and *Kirsty MacColl* with *Forget-Me-Nots*, and to round off the week, *The Family Cat*, who immediately after playing here, realised they were crap and set about writing some good songs, *The Rockingbirds*, and *Pele* again! They must be promoting something. Probably their new single. That's it for another week

**Poddy**

### TONIGHT

**Carter USM, Holy Joy, Fabulous.**

Academy. Brixton.

**Bjorn Again, etc.**

Town & Country Club, £10.

Kentish Town.

**Power Of Dreams, Blink, My Life Story.**

Marquee, £7

Leicester Square.

### SATURDAY

**Carter USM, Frank & Walters.**

Academy.

Brixton.

**Bjorn Again, etc.**

**Town & Country Club, £10.**

Kentish Town.

**Pele, etc.**

Mean Fiddler, £5

before 9/£7.50

Willesden Junction.

**Boo Hewerdine, Because, Scarlet.**

Borderline, Manette St, £5

Tottenham Court Road.

### MONDAY

**Nutmeg, Tribe Of Dan, This Replica**

Marquee, £3

Leicester Square.

### TUESDAY

**Fabulous.**

Camden Palace, £2/£4

Mornington Crescent.

**Frank Sinatra.**

Royal Albert Hall.

**Limahl, etc.**

Fridge, Brixton.

### WEDNESDAY

**This Picture, The Circle**

Borderline, £5.

Tottenham Court Road.

**Kirsty MacColl,**

**Forget-Me-Nots.**

Clapham Grand, £7

Clapham Junction BR,

or a bus from South

Kensington.

### THURSDAY

**The Family Cat, Bill Pritchard.**

Dome, £6

Tufnell Park.

**Rockingbirds, etc.**

Middlesex Poly, Trent Park.

Oakwood.

**Pele, Flower Drum.**

Windsor Old Trout, £5

(0753) 869897 for details.

## Popinjays - Monstermouth

12 Inch

*The Popinjays* return with two new members, and an superb new powerpop single. It bounces onto the record deck, spins itself around like a dizzy dream, and sneaks into your subconscious after only two listens, so you can't stop singing it

all day. Bright and cheery, just what we need for a lovely summer's day annoying the neighbours with loud music and smokey barbecues, with the mosquitoes buzzing around, biting you, and wasps and sunburn and skin cancer. Don't you just love the summer.

**Lise Yates.**

● 'Monstermouth' is out now on One Little Indian. *The Popinjays* play at Camden Palace next month.



*The Popinjays: Bang, there she was.*





# Tale of Fairies.

Being the continuation of the completely fictitious story of an Empire found on a small, soggy patch of mud off the coast of a land called Europa. Inscribed, in no part, by Marge.

**A**nd Lo! summer came to pass in that far off Empire, and the erstwhile unhappy land was suffused with a brooding golden warmth, and all bathed, nay languished, within this loving glow. But within the dark citadel of Surefire, the pallid and unearthly flitted in fear of daylight through the etiolated catacombs.



And where was that Wagnerian Gallant, Lieutenant Tristan Khartoum? He had not been sighted for weeks - was it that he was so afeared of the light that he had retreated to the foetid and scrofulous bowels of the castle? Or was he spending more time with his families? Or was he contemplating what would happen if a resident of the Royal Gardens or Blight decided to inform higher authorities that they were not fit to be lived in? How many of the residents of the South Royal Gardens knew that the building had been given 25 years to live when it was built 27 years ago?

But he knew that this could never happen, for then those very same serfs would be cruelly evicted - or was it possible that the serfs would be granted leave to remain rent-free? Quelle horreur! Nonetheless, he contented himself by knowing that nobody would dare tell until they were sure of not being thrown out - he could always fob them off by saying that reparations were in hand. Though whose hand, he did not say.

Many had ventured into the region of troglodytes - Gudzin, to the south and the unpronounceable Mntstr to the west - few had returned sane. Even fewer had returned with the bounty they sought. They were populated by strange, twisted dwarflike beings, who fed on triplicate NCR paper. They were every way identical to each other except that the denizens of Gudzin would say 'wassissthen? Yacan only get this in Mntstr. Sorry, I can't give you the rest 'cos the form's wrong,' while the inhabitants of Mntstr would say 'wassissthen? Yacan only get this in Gudzin. Sorry, I can't give you the rest 'cos the form's wrong.' They would then refer the poor unfortunate adventurer to the mythical 'stationery store,' deep within the Surefire Fortress. Many were the gallants who wandered within the Empire's bounds gibbering with frustration and chewing on their triplicate forms.

Sad times, poor times - the Emperor himself had been seen hurrying into Cromwell's Emporium, where good food costs less, to buy the last, cheap bread before they shut. As this was the mode of purchase of most of the Empire's serfs, many had witnessed and wondered at it - what terrible armageddon did it portend? Delicately curled smoked salmon slices on yesterday's baguette with a dash of parsley? Oh, that the caterers at the Royal Gate should heave and retch at such a suggestion! And on culinary matters, it was noted that Sir Otto d'Oignon's right hand maiden and leading acolyte, Baroness Dzhugashvili, had placed chocolate mousse on the menu of her leaving party - though why such a tragic parting should breed such celebratory joy is quite beyond me. Mousse... soft, spongy, insubstantial, yet somehow laplandy and antlery to boot.

And so the gentle zephyrs of May warmed the citizen's frigid hearts - the serfs' souls were lifted unto a higher plane. The duck had returned to Blight Square - her chicks had hatched, and the anxiety of the serfs' impending rite of passage, the hope of summer and the inner eye looking farther to a world beyond the present squalor drove the processes of life to a new vitality. What was to become of the Emperor's new loaves? What was Sir Tristan doing with all his spare time? How many serfs know that Iosef Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili ruled the Soviet Union from 1926 until 1953 and knew nothing about computers? And so the story and verbosity 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.
- Speaker Meeting**.....7.30pm  
Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, nearest tube Holborn. 'To Boldly Go—the story gets worse'. About censorship and religious intolerance.
- 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.
- Video**.....7.30pm  
Jesus of Montreal to be shown at the Chaplain's Office, 1 Porchester Gardens (across park, up Porchester Terrace, turn left).

## 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.
- Coffee Sale**.....12.30pm  
JCR 3rd World First.
- 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.
- 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.

## 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.
- Club DMS**.....9.30pm  
Ents Club Night in Union Lounge.
- Dance Music Society**.....

## 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  
Chaplain's 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  
Chaplain's 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.

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.

## Small Ads

- **ACCOMMODATION:** Flat to rent from July to September inclusive. 20 seconds walk from IC. 1 double bedroom and lounge/bedroom. £140 pw. Contact A Hasan, 071-584 8503 or Chem 2 pigeonhole.
- **FOR SALE:** Colour TV. Sanyo (14"). 6 months old. £120 ono. Contact Claire Jean-Marc, Chem Eng 4, Room 5932 Southwell Hall (Tel 206).
- **LOST:** Black leather jacket. Did you pick up the wrong jacket on Friday 8th May?. The jacket I picked up is size 42, labelled 'best quality leather, genuine cowhide' and had blue woolen gloves and khaki net scarf in the pockets. If this is yours, please find me so that we can swap back as my jacket was a present and has loads of sentimental value. Kierran McCullough, Aero 1, Room 224 Falmouth Keogh (071-589 5111 ext 722).

## Elections ratification at motionless EGM

Imperial College Union is to hold another EGM (Extraordinary General Meeting) next Thursday at 1.00pm in the Junior Common Room (JCR). This is the EGM that was adjourned from the 7th May. ICU Honorary Secretary, Steve Farrant, assured Imperial College News Network (*iCNN*) that an amplification system would be in use for this meeting.

The deadline for motions was 12.30pm yesterday and no motions were submitted. ICU Third World First, who had originally submitted four motions, have now withdrawn all of them. The main business will be elections to the posts of House Committee Chairman, Publicity Officer, Academic Affairs Officer, Post Graduate Affairs Officer and Transport Officer.

The ratification of the recent elections for departmental representatives will also be voted on at the EGM. The election of departmental representatives (dep reps) is covered by the Union constitution as detailed in the 'Blue Book'. As well as their role in the Constituent College Unions

(CCUs), dep reps are eligible to vote on ICU Council. According to Zoe Hellinger, IC Union President, ICU regards the dep reps as their 'most representative' officials and she added that ICU does not make enough use of them.

The constitution states that election papers for dep rep elections must be posted around the respective department for fifteen days, and that nominations must remain open for ten days. Each nomination for dep rep requires one proposer and ten seconders, except in the case of the Management School, where only five seconders are required. If no candidate is nominated for a post after this time, then papers should remain up until nominations are received.

The elections for the dep rep positions should be held in the Spring Term, the constitution reads. The only exception to this is the Management School, where the Dep Rep is elected during the first four weeks of the Autumn Term. The ballot should be open from 10.00am to 5.00pm on one college day. Where there is only one

nomination, that candidate should be deemed elected after the close of nominations. ICU Returning Officer, Steve Farrant, told *iCNN* that objections can be lodged to a specific ratification at the EGM on Thursday. In this case, an election could be re-run.

The query on the constitutional position follows muted concern at the running of dep rep elections in the Department of Computing (DOC). As the current dep rep is on industrial leave, one of the candidates approached ICU President, Zoe Hellinger, to organise the election, and presented her with a list of candidates. This was passed on to City and Guilds CCU President, Tim Proctor, and the election was held as for a CCU post. Both Ms. Hellinger and Mr Proctor were unaware that the elections for dep rep were covered by the ICU Constitution. There were five candidates for DOC dep rep; Samir Karia, Nainish Batna, David Cohen, James Grinter and New Election. Samir Karia was elected DOC dep rep on the third count.

## Andante

Imperial College Orchestra are to perform a Promenade Concert this evening. The concert, starting at 8.00pm in the Great Hall, Sheffield Building, is conducted by Richard Dickins and includes works by Tchaikovsky, Rossini, Rachmaninov and Bizet. Student tickets cost £1.50 in advance from the Haldane Library or Mechanical Engineering room 440, or £2.50 on the door. Non-student tickets cost £4.00.

## Half Million Jubilation

The Chemical Engineering Department has announced that its Jubilee Appeal has reached the half million pound mark. The appeal was launched last year to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Chemical Engineering degree, and is intended to improve undergraduate facilities in the department.

The appeal has been marketed by a group of seven students within the department. After approaching undergraduate students for contributions, they then raised £100,000 from alumni. A further £200,000 was collected from industry.

The appeal was supervised by Professor Lester Kershenbaum, who conducts applied catalysis and reaction engineering research. He said that 'the benefit for students and the Department have been greater than we envisaged.'

## Time Out

Louise van der Straeten, IC Union Finance Manager, has announced that she will be absent on study leave from Thursday 26th May to Friday 12th June inclusive. Ms van der Straeten told *iCNN* that urgent financial work should be brought to her attention today. Any work after this would be looked after by Mandy Hurford, IC Union Manager, or Zona O'Sullivan, Assistant Finance Manager. IC Union Deputy President, Jonathan Griffiths, who celebrated his 31st birthday this week, is already on study leave.

## School manages to foot bill

Imperial College Management School has announced that four scholarship places are to be made available to full time members of College staff and their children. The scholarships will be valid for the Master of Business Administration (MBA) degree from the beginning of the academic year 1992/3.

Both MBA courses are covered by the scholarships, which will be awarded on the basis of the Management School's selection process. Only those already accepted for the courses will be considered for award of the scholarships. Applications for the full time course, which begins in October, must be made by July.

Applications must be received by September for the part time course, beginning in December. Further information on the courses can be obtained from the Admissions Office in the Registry Division, Sheffield 327, or from Kim Everitt, extension 3318.

The announcement of the scholarships follows a difference of opinion between college management and Imperial College Association of University Teachers (ICAUT) on the award of scholarships. At the start of 1991, the Management School announced that it was withdrawing free places for College staff studying on the part time MBA course. At this time,

the AUT assumed that this withdrawal of free places would also cover staff children on the full time course, though this was not discussed until September 1991. The AUT, in a confidential report leaked to Felix, said that they would be in favour of 'a scheme of four free places for staff and none for children of staff'. On 19 September, the college Management Planning Group decided to offer three free staff places and one free place for a staff child. This week's announcement now makes no distinction between staff and staff children for the four places, except that staff will be given priority.

## Pimlico makes media connections

Imperial College Union 'Pimlico Connection' has been in the public eye this week following the publication of three articles in leading journals. Chris Riley, an ex-Pimlico tutor and IC PhD student, writes in *New Scientist* that the Pimlico Connection is designed to promote science and technology and to increase the staying-on rates for students of further and higher education. However, in *Institute of Electrical Engineers (IEE) News*, Mr John Hughes, BP Fellow for

Student Tutoring, writes that the tutoring scheme has now branched out into English, modern languages and humanities.

Student tutoring began at Imperial in 1975, and last year 130 students volunteered to go out on Wednesday afternoon into local secondary and primary schools. Writing in the *National Association of Teachers in Further and Higher Education (NATFHE) Journal*, Mr Hughes, says that 97% of students in the Pimlico scheme feel they get

useful practice in communicating scientific ideas, and 90% feel they are doing something useful with their subject. Speaking to *iCNN*, Mr Hughes added that BP have been joined by British Telecom, National Power, Royal Mail and the National Westminster Bank in conjunction with the Lord Mayor's Appeal, coordinated by the charity 'Community Service Volunteers' (CSV). He hopes that this support will lead to further expansion of the scheme.