



FELIX

The Newspaper of Imperial College Union

ICU HACKS IN MASONRY SHOCK



Little does he know that this
is the secret handshake

Good grief! The Masons
will take anyone these days

Let's join in
giving them the
clap which they so
richly deserve

Letters to the Editor



Room for Improvement

Dear Martin

The College authorities are, as we all know, a model of efficiency which could well be copied by many parts of British Industry.

To illustrate this model of high efficiency let me tell you a tale of a room bill.

This room bill (for room 144 Falmouth-Keogh) for the summer term was duly paid by the occupant of the room: Who then received the usually worded reminder, which was of course ignored (the bill having been paid).

Then the threatening letters started to arrive and the occupant was informed that his department and warden had been informed of his non payment of fees, until eventually the letter threatening the withholding of the degree arrived.

Mr 144 Falmouth then went to see Michael Arthur, with his signed stamped receipt, Mr Arthur contacted Cashiers, who seemed a trifle doubtful of Mr 144's word (and the receipt) but Mr 144 and Mr Arthur prevailed and one letter of apology was sent to Mr 144's department.

But still the cash office prevailed until on June 7 Mr 144's Senior Tutor was again contacted and Mr 144 was summoned to the cash office to account for the non-presence of his cheque.

Being an obliging sort of chap he went to his bank to try and see if he could trace the whereabouts of the elusive paper, as the cash office had been thoroughly checked, perhaps he had

filled in the cheque wrongly and it had been sent back to Student Services after all third year electrical engineers have difficulty with figures and writing their names.

Whilst Mr 144 was still in the enquiries queue at the bank the cheque was discovered. Where? In the cash office.

OK, not too much hassle you may think except that whilst all this has been going on Mr 144 has been sitting his finals and doing his final year project. He did of course get a verbal apology to make up for all the threatening correspondence. But still it's nice to know Imperial is the last bastion of British efficiency.

J S Jackson
Elec Eng 3

The one we had to print

Dear Martin

I hope that you will publish this letter in the next issue of FELIX—your last as Editor. What I have to say I know to be felt by many students of Imperial College and was in part voiced by Tim Williams in a previous issue.

Throughout my three years at this College, FELIX has never been as good a newspaper as it was over the past twelve months. On many occasions, I have had the opportunity to glance through the official newspapers from other colleges and they come nowhere near the standard of FELIX. I know for a fact that the readership of the paper extends beyond our College and I am proud that we have such an excellent College publication.

I hope that your successor (whom I voted for incidentally) can live up to the very high standards that you have set. Of course, in this letter I am praising all those who have worked on FELIX because I know that quite a few people lend their services, especially on Thursday evenings, to ensure that the paper gets to us on Friday morning.

I think that credit should be given where it is due and on this occasion you and your team have deservedly earned it!

Yours
Raof Daud
Selkirk Hall 564
Mining 3 RSM

Thoughts on libel

Dear Martin

I am glad to see that you are taking Mr Fuller's threat of legal action as the joke it plainly is. As you are no doubt aware, to prove libel it is necessary to show that the offending statement(s) were false and would tend to lower the 'standing' of the Plaintiff in the eyes of his peers. It would appear to me that proving either of these would be beyond the capabilities of even the most competent lawyer!

The reason that I am able to offer this advice is that a fellow STOIC member (I am informed) entertained the notion of pursuing a similar action against me last term over a passage you published in 'Below the Belt'—a prospect that caused me much amusement. In that case, however, a rather more fundamental obstacle existed—namely that it is necessary to prove that the defendant wrote the offending article—which (as you know, Martin) he would have found impossible!

Perhaps Mr Fuller, and anyone else who may be considering libel actions, should bear these points in mind before paying a Solicitor vast sums of money to tell them the same thing.

Yours legally
Rich Monkhouse

PS: Any similarity between characters mentioned herein, and any present or former members of ICU living, dead or Lawrence, are entirely intentional!

Join the Junta!

Dear Martin

Dictators! Military Juntas! This is your chance. The search is on for a small island with established but insignificant British ex-colonial population. Must be suitable for flamboyant electioneering-type invasion, probably mid-Summer 1986. Excellent severance terms with international loans/prizes arranged. Apply Cons Party HQ by December

Yours
Jeff Fowler
Chem Eng 4
(and goodbye)

Small Ads

FOR SALE

●Salton hotplate £13; National Panasonic radio/cassette recorder £12; Morphy Richards hairdryer £8; all-silk quilted Chinese jacket, size 10, £10; shredder-cum-slicer (new) £3.50. Phone Tam, int 4208 or 584 9228 after 6:00pm.

●End of Year Sale: Some unused stocks of you know what left. Contact the Welfare Officer.

●Small electric fridge, ideal for small flat or room in College House or Hall, £15. Must sell as I can't possibly take it home with me. I'll probably accept less. Contact M J MacClancy, Physics 3, tel 874 5363.

●Viking Supersoft cycle 10 speed Shimano gears, Esge guards, many extras. Offers around £100. N Daud, Selkirk 564.

●Aiwa System 25 mini compo Just the thing for your room. Offers around £190. N Daud, Selkirk 564.

NOTIFICATION

●Day trip to France, 18 June, £15. Depart 6:30am, 62 Evelyn Gardens. Return about 10:00pm. Names and money to J Passmore, c/o Union Office asap and no later than 12:30pm, Tuesday 14 June.

●ICCAG Summer Soup Run (again): If any person is staying in London over the summer, and would like to help with a soup run (taking soup and bread to some of London's homeless). Please contact me. We require drivers, soup makers and people to go on the run (once a week). A J Thew, Chem Eng PG, int 3818/3825 or 743 4362.

●Would the person who stole eight pizzas from the Fremantle Hotel freezer please refrain in future.

PERSONAL

●PS: I'm not impressed, my life is in a mess. CC.

●Horizon Video—a 'low greed' production?

●Beware! The goldfish hunter may return!

●For sale: one body, little use, one fairly careful owner, good condition. Enquiries to Gerard Livett, Chem 2.

●46 Belt—Congratulations on BT. Stuff the 22? Love 42; 8 CP.

●Dave p and Deb C wish to announce the party tonight is postponed. Sorry.

●For sale: two slightly used videotapes. Contact Gledhow Independent Television Services (GITS).

●Lo! And he has a spell for Cham-aelon—so there—Rob.

●Dear Boss, thank you for all the good times, sorry about the bad, love Pussycat.

●Student wanted to work as gardener in College during the summer. Hours 8:00am to 5:00pm five days a week. Further details available from Don Clark on internal telephone 3023.

●At last! Revealed! The Master of Sarcastic Wit is none other than

●Wanted, real man (24-30) for sacrifice to Pussycat. Poss future sacrifice Sandra Snot, Denise from QEC etc. Apply FELIX Editor. I want a summer holiday too!

●Who will be next to suffer depilation in the FELIX Office?

●Renetly

Gentlemen's Hairdressers

Discount for students and staff! Cut: first visit £3, second visit and after £2.50. Cut and Blow Dry: first visit £4.40, second visit and after £3.95. Mon to Fri 9am to 5pm Sat 9am to 12noon

Renetly, 154A Cromwell Rd, SW7 (Next to British Airways Building) Appointments not always necessary.

A Glance Backwards

I must admit I'm rather proud of this issue; IC hasn't seen a twenty-six page FELIX in nearly four years (the last time was Colin Palmer's Freshers' issue—32 pages) and it's a great tribute to the staff that we've managed it in an unbelievable three days.

Throughout the year I've striven to make FELIX as large as possible. My guiding principle in producing the newspaper has been Steve Marshall's dictum 'Aim to produce a newspaper which you yourself would like to pick up on Friday mornings,' and this has meant a marked increase in size. Happily, the consequent inevitable sacrifice in terms of design has not been too severe, although I have been a little disappointed that there hasn't been time to be more adventurous with graphics and layout. Pallab intends to reverse the trend, and so next year you can expect FELICES which are smaller but packed with exciting new ideas on the artistic side.

FELIX has also been rather laid-back this year, and there has been little aggressive criticism of the kind we have been used to. This has been quite deliberate. It is clear to me that many College administrators (Mooney being the supreme example) refuse to take FELIX seriously and believe that any criticism of their shortcomings is the result of a personal and mindless vendetta on the part of the Editor, symptomatic of what they see as the general irresponsible attitude of today's students. The way to get out of this rut is, in my opinion, not by insulting Sheriff Building, or even by making continual jokes about it (although these will have their place) but by first getting FELIX accepted as a responsible organ of student opinion and then making detailed and reasoned criticism of its failings. This will not be easy. It cannot be done quickly. But I believe it is the only way to get College block to sit up and take FELIX seriously.

My biggest disappointment this year has been over feature articles. Looking back through the archives over the past few years, nearly every editor, in his election manifesto and early issues, has promised bigger and more regular features; but by the end of the year they have all been apologising and saying that there just hasn't been time. Perhaps this is one of the facts of life—that producing FELIX just doesn't allow the large amount of time a good feature article

EDITORIAL

There are so many people who have made FELIX what it is this year that I can't hope to list them all, but if you have ever done anything constructive for me this year, consider yourself thanked. Those who get special mentions here are the ones who have taken specific, regular commitments. In no particular order

Caroline Mackeson-Foers -

looks good, tastes good, and by golly.....

Melanie Heineken-Steel -

refreshes the parts others cannot reach

Tim Sanilav-Noyce -

clean round the bend

Diane Whiskas-Love -

four out of five cat owners said their pets preferred her

Chris Andrex-Brannick -

soft, strong, and very long

Lee Mars-Paddon -

helps you work rest and play

Nick Sierra-Pyne -

Man and machine in perfect harmony.

Peter Kodak-Hobbs -

when only the best is good enough

La Pedigree-Chum-Iatrou -

top breeders recommend her

Adrian Exterminator-James -

if you're lying, I'll be back

Peter Murray Mints-Dawson -

too good too hurry

Chris Castrol GTX-Mallaband -

Liquid Engineering

Maz Tippex-Fellows -

the type righter

Paul Kelloggs-Philippou -

the best to you each morning

Hugh TWA-Southey -

you're going to like us

Michael Yorkie-Arthur -

smooth, rich and thick

Peter Wayfinder-Rodgers -

the heel with a compass in the bottom

Nick Denim-Bedding -

the man who doesn't have to try too hard

Andy Landrover-Wood - *I may not have a pretty face, but I've got 101 different body styles.*

You're all megastars!

Martin S Cachet-Taylor -

different on one girl than he is on another

takes. But I hope and believe this is not so, and a hardworking features editor (one of the posts on this year's staff which has never been taken) should be able to do wonders for FELIX.

And so to the news. When I took the job of Editor I was warned that it takes about sixty hours a week—thirty of them on Thursdays. Producing such large editions has meant that I have had to spend all of Wednesday and Thursday of each week organising, administering and helping, which has left absolutely no time left to write the news. Consequently I am grateful beyond

words to Adrian James who took on the hateful job of news editor in September and has done it, efficiently and reliably, all year—longer, I believe, than anyone else in the history of FELIX.

News reporting sounds so simple in theory. In practice almost every story has its own problems attached, mainly because people hate to see their names in print. Frequently people refuse to talk to FELIX at all (and then complain when we get the facts slightly wrong); and if we do get a good story in full detail, there is certain to be

someone cringing at the office door whining at me not to print the story because 'what happened is all in the past now'.

In view of these problems (and I know people will disagree with me on this) I consider the news to have been one of the strong points of this year's FELIX. Pallab has said he can do better; I hope he can, and I wish him luck—but I don't believe him.

Next Year

There will only be one post-graduate FELIX over the summer and it will appear on August 7. I'm sure Pallab would appreciate any articles for this and help in producing it, so if you're around over the summer with time to kill, come and indulge your temporicidal instincts in FELIX.

For the Freshers' FELIX Pallab has set the deadline for clubs and societies articles at September 7, but is hoping many of them will be submitted this term (he'll be lucky!).

CCUs

There is one important aspect of the Union which merits an end-of-year comment and, for better or worse, it's rather negative. In recent weeks the CCUs in general and RCSU in particular have been prominent in the news.

I often wonder how they can be so shortsighted as to provoke a relatively placid Exec when Christine Teller and Gaynor Lewis are about to take over. Can't they see that Christine (in particular) will be looking for any excuse to cut back on the cash ICU gives to the over-financed CCUs next year, and by behaving as childishly as they have recently they are giving her just the opportunity she needs?

Personally, I would support Christine in her aims, since I firmly believe the CCUs represent a minority interest in College. The CCUs do have a very strong case, but they aren't going to advance it much if they carry on as they have been recently.

FELIX Car Rally

Sunday morning from 9:30am till lunchtime. I've only had two entries so far, you indolent bunch. There's still time to join us.

Last Words

I'd like to finish by just thanking you, the members of IC Union for paying me throughout what has been a fabulous year. All I can say is that if you've enjoyed my FELICES half as much as I have, then I've enjoyed them twice as much as you.

Martin S Taylor

In his last opinion article this year, moralist Michael Newman questions our attitudes to work, play, politics, life, the Universe and everything and recommends that we start

Breaking Glass Cages

I arrived at this college with trepidation, for not only was it the first time I would have to fend for myself but I felt afraid of the large city and the new people I would have to meet. I was also very excited. I was actually going to study at a university, a community of learning and intellectual debate. My father, who studied at LSE in philosophy and economics, must take some responsibility for the exaggerated idea of an oasis of thought in the desert of conformity and socialisation.

It was within the first few weeks that I began to realise I had been so wrong in my expectations. In the last three years I had been arguing at my school, a boys' grammar school, that one sure place of self-awareness and critical and lively informed conversation were our institutions of further education, our universities. It seemed to me then, as it does still, that we are not taught or even brought up in an environment of questioning, of Bertrand Russell's liberating doubt. That so many of our attitudes, beliefs and arguments are accepted without the 'consent of our deliberate reason', without a concerted and conscious effort on our behalves to seek and question the assumptions, the validity, the very meanings of the words and the consequences of our beliefs. Instead we seek comfort in their popularity, our own ignorance and the common use of such terms as obvious, natural, reality, inevitable, freedom and the use of dehumanising labels.

When would we be taught or encouraged to break our minds out of their internment in their own glass cages of accepted ideas? From my experience it was not likely to be our primary schools, our secondary schools, or our parents—who are products of the same system. The only hope was our universities. At least here there should be the

opportunity to widen and free our minds of the restraints of our upbringing.

Yet this was not to be so, though the opportunities are here I had forgotten the effect of 18 to 19 years of general socialisation and the strength of the glass walls of heavily engraved prejudices and beliefs. When this is coupled to a heavy academic timetable one cannot be surprised at the philosophical and political apathy a number of first years comment on before being dragged down by it.

We are simply here to have a good time and gain sufficient qualifications for a nice job and social status. This is just another



Michael Newman

section of the conveyor belt as portrayed in Pink Floyd's *The Wall*. We are being processed into a commodity for the decreasing job market.

The concept of institutional education being the base of a free and democratic system encouraging doubt, inquisitiveness and enquiry before decision making, breaking glass cages, is subjugated to a factory for the production and selection of appropriate labour skills. There are exceptions of course and there are attempts to lessen the effects of this mass production (eg the Humanities Department), but they do not counter the overall emphasis of the system and its major purpose as expressed by its structure and its products.

This apathy is understandable and, so long as you accept my explanations, can be changed. To bring about this change, like with any change in human attitudes and behaviour, we must criticise, we must let our voices be heard. What is less understandable, indeed exasperating, is not that we simply find apathy but we find those who not only defend it but ironically actively encourage it. There are people who try to prevent the active and interested from using the Union as one outlet for their views. The Union should not discuss anything to do with politics, it has nothing to do with politics and should not debate it. The editor of *Morning Cloud* among others holds this opinion.

It is true that a union whose members are disproportionately male, and who are studying topics that involve atomic power, uranium mining, the nature of human behaviour and desires, industry etc, who are possibly future employees of the MoD or South Africa, who are possibly members of a union which sells pornography (eg Hon Porn Night), who are not members of the NUS, and who are being affected by education cuts, is not involved in politics? Using the common rhetoric of my opponents, when will they take their heads out of the sand?

The nature of democracy is that it is a system of government that gives responsibility for governing to all society's members. We express our choice of what kind of government we wish to give power not just in our votes but in our conversations with others in pubs, in our homes, on the street, on TV, in letters, at UGMs. We can actively persuade or simply inform and in doing so we support a way of government and the politics we would like to see followed. Simply by talking or even deciding not to talk we immediately become involved in the democratic process, in politics. The very nature of democracy is that you cannot escape. We are all responsible to some degree for the type of government we have whether we voted or not and whatever way we voted unless we do not have the ability to comprehend the decisions facing us. We are faced with the choices of whether to vote, for whom to vote, whether to talk about politics, which particular set of policies we would support in conversation and indeed is our everyday behaviour. I believe we do not comprehend enough these

choices, something not due to lack of ability but a result of prejudice and ignorance. You must not blame the democratic system for the type of government and society we have, you must blame the people, including yourself. The education system should be the safeguard of democracy, it should diminish not only ignorance but indoctrination, socialisation and apathy. In this it fails.

As our Union is a democratic society we, its members, can be said to be responsible for its actions. If our Union fails to criticise such dangers as pornography then we are responsible. If it goes further and actively sells pornography, advertising its sales, trying to raise as much money as possible from the sales even if it's only once or twice a year at Hon Porn Night we are responsible. We are all responsible. It is in our power as a collective force to prevent the institutionalised selling of pornography but we fail and it goes on. I am responsible. Those who picketed the Mines Revue are responsible, the Rector is responsible, you are responsible. In the end when the institutionalised sale of pornography or its showing is banned we will all be responsible, in part.

Many people have claimed it is the individual's right to seek entertainment in whatever manner s/he pleases as long as it does not hurt anyone and is done in private. This is not the issue at stake; this right is not to be taken from us, it is a right mostly guarded in law. What we are all faced with in this democratic system is whether our Union should sell pornography. Whether we want to be faced with the responsibility of allowing this sale to continue. It is not as some people proclaim nothing to do with them—a simple matter of deciding whether to go or not. It is not a matter of simply allowing people to purchase porn. It is a matter of being able to stop a body you belong to from expressing an active support for the pornographic industry in its actions or organised events and not doing so.

If you disagree with the showing of pornography and think it is possibly dangerous then perceive your responsibilities, criticise people and make decisions that can and will eventually stop the active presence of the pornographic industry and market within our college.

Let's start breaking glass cages.

As the mantle of presidential impartiality slips from his shoulders

GOULDER BLASTS RCSU

In my first few days at Imperial College the nature of the CCUs was attacked by the then SCC Chairman Dr Frank James. In a series of provocative statements he labelled them as anti-intellectual beer swilling louts participating in essentially tribal traditions. This view was debated extensively and was not without support in the letters column of FELIX. However, in bracketing the CCUs together Dr James made his principal mistake. Whereas RSMU and C&GU continue to provide a broadbased and valuable service to their members, RCSU has sunk to a pitiable level. It is not without some regret that I say this because I did take part in RCSU activities over two of my three undergraduate years and I have now begun to get involved with the RCSA.

It is the events of this year that have confirmed that RCSU has failed to merit any significant status within IC. In membership it has become a rump of self indulgent, self deluding individuals who seek to perpetuate a set of traditions whose origins have been lost in the mists of 1960s antiquity. They do little to cater for the majority of their ordinary members—can there be any greater disincentive to attending a formal dinner than for somebody to vomit the contents of his stomach over the table after making an attempt to finish the three handled pot? Their much vaunted academic societies could be better handled within ICU, certainly many of the problems that arose with Biochem Soc would not have arisen had it been monitored by ICU.

Mascotry has become institutionalised vandalism in the hands of RCSU. It has descended to breaking and entering in its attempts to obtain mascots. In its recent actions concerning the blatant misuse of an ICU van the officer concerned revealed the moral corruption that has become typical of RCSU mascotry. Can it then come as any surprise when this ambivalence to vandalism leads to yet another year when Silwood Park staff were left to clear up after the May Ball? Professor Way had no alternative but to end the Silwood Ball after several years of warnings had gone unheeded. In my annual report, discussed at the ICU AGM, the main

concern of the RCSU contingent present was not Residence, Refectory or Academic policy but their right to throw rotting fish after Morphy Day. This illustrates their laughable set of priorities and their absurd idea of what really matters in IC.

But perhaps it is in their dealings with ICU that RCSU has demonstrated the depths of its moral bankruptcy and internal decay. The way certain officers of RCSU misled the UFC over the size of their deposit account can only be explained as a deliberate lie. In order to obtain an ICU van for mascotry, the incident I mentioned previously, an RCSU officer virtually lied to a member of permanent staff. I found it astonishing that the person involved objected to ICU disciplining him for this breach of trust.

There was one event that could be said to be the apotheosis of what RCSU has become: their AGM. The initiation rites were almost aboriginal in their tribal emphasis. Firstly the officers were humiliated by being covered in waste refuse and then raised to officer status by the application of 'warpaint'. There were also the 'traditions' formulated in modern times typified by the consumption of curdled milk and beer. Even such a ridiculous tradition was strong enough to prevent any new officer of RCSU breaking it. At the end of the meeting they performed the Kangala which did not sound like the proud chant I remember but more like an obscure unintelligible nursery rhyme.

Perhaps it is worth discussing how RCSU have reached such a nadir in such a relatively short time. It may well be that it is predominantly a question of style that is involved. Possibly in previous years there were officers who had the strength of character to be able to fulfil a role that appealed to a broad cross section. It is very noticeable that there are virtually no postgraduates involved in RCSU, indeed one of RCSU's complaints to me is that there will be no person active in RCSU who will be over 21 next year and therefore old enough to hire an ICU van. In the last few years successive RCSU Presidents have surrendered the middle

ground and have allowed their appeal to be to a minority even among those whom Dr James would label as 'beer swilling louts'.

That this has happened to a body founded in 1891 with T H Huxley as its first President is a great tragedy. It retains a status at Imperial College of which its actions continue to demonstrate that it is not worthy. Indeed within the constitution of ICU, RCSU as one of the CCUs, has considerable influence through the executive that is effectively denied to other branches of ICU. Perhaps the time has come for that influence to be not a right but a privilege through an election from Council.

The only remedy that will haul RCSU out of the abyss is to make it aware that it will have to take full and direct responsibility for its actions. As far as this is in my power to do I fully intend to do so. The process has begun through the cessation of the Silwood Ball, the punitive action against Mr Fuller and through a



close scrutiny of the RCSU estimates. They must not be judged on their illustrious past but on what they do now.

In many respects the individuals now involved in RCSU are like monkeys scampering over the ruins of a once great civilisation. In particular Mr Charles Fuller seems, like Custer, to be leading RCSU to a singularly avoidable massacre.

The end of RCSU will not be an act of dissolution but something far worse—The Union will be irrelevant, unnecessary and finally unsupported.

THE Cromwellian

Entrance on:
3 Cromwell Road, SW7.
Tel: 584 7258



(Opposite Natural History Museum)

COCKTAIL BAR

Open

Mon-Fri 6.00-11.00
Sat 8.00-11.00

Happy Hour

6.00-9.00
Cocktails £1.50

Monday Special

Cocktails £1.50
all night

SUMMER OFFER

Entrance to Night Club half price on presentation of Imperial College cards

NIGHTCLUB

Open

Tues-Sat
11.00-3am

Party Night

Wednesday
Drinks 90p
Cocktails £1.50
all night

CBS Proudly Present

NEWS QUIZ

by Pinocchio

This years News Quiz has been set in rather a hurry-I still haven't finished my exams, and consequently haven't had as much time to spend on it as I would have liked. Nevertheless, I think you'll get the most out of this quiz if two or three of you see how much of it you can do, rather than individually pondering over it. Good luck, and have fun!

THANK HEAVENS FOR LITTLE GIRLS

Women were again much in the news this year.

Can you answer these extremely carefully worded questions on women?

1. Who need virgins to become social?
2. Who needed a woman for the holiday?
3. Who wanted a hand in altering pin-ups of women?
4. Who left us, but didn't get a rose for her pains?
5. Who, by 'wowing the lads in Mechanical Engineering' won a ride?
6. Why did somebody want to feed the virgin?
7. Who was taken as a hostage for Mary?
8. Who arrived in January, and was immediately described as 'efficient and hard-working—not at all suitable for the job'?

QUOTES

Interspersed with the rest of the questions are photographs of eleven well-known people, together with a quote made by each of them in FELIX over the year. Each quote has been taken well out of context, and matched to a face. Who made which quote (and I apologise in advance to those offended by the quote with which they have been connected)?



Michael Newman

'I have no doubt that Mary will feel moved to reveal all.'

Christine Teller, ICU Deputy President-elect
'What is a sausage?'



Martin S Taylor, FELIX Editor
'I am sometimes'

SMALL ADS

Small Ads have proved a constant source of amusement to many people. Even if you may not understand the joke behind the ad, try these to test your knowledge of current non-events.

1. What was the last thing available from the Welfare Officer?
2. Where was the scar on the second year chemist who was on Sugarloaf. What was his actual discipline?
3. What were the imitations of Jon Barnett?
4. What inanimate animal did the STOIC secretary want?
5. What did the FELIX News Editor thrice deny involvement in?
6. Who did Pussycat advocate that we should screw (final version)?
7. What was X of Paris otherwise known as?
8. Against who, according to the Small Ads, did Physics Wanderers first suffer defeat?

VIEWS AND REVEIWS

Who said, of what, in a review featured in FELIX:

1. '...every time someone gets on a horse the orchestral soundtrack wheezes back into clichéd 'riding boldly' format. It reminded me of a two hour title sequence performed by a cast of characterless dummies.'

2. 'One is tempted to recall the words of the Victorian poet and naturalist, Stanley Rumbold Meadows who died in tragic obscurity:

'Words more thrusting than the hind legs of the South American dung beetle.'

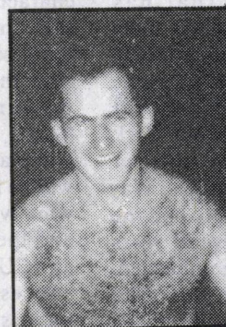
3. He 'burst upon the stage shrieking at the top of his hoarse voice like a distraught warthog eyeing a stampede of rhinoceros approaching in all earnestness.'

4. 'It may well be that Spaghetti alla Carbonara is meant to turn out as greasy spaghetti with bacon scraps, but this observation is of no consolation whatsoever to the hapless diner...'

5. 'Faced with the tiring business of all that humping again and deciding that the old ticker just wouldn't take it, he invented the whole spurious sub-plot for himself which has absolutely nothing to do with the rest of the film...'

6. 'My other film's theme isn't cruelty, unless it's cruelty to the reviewer. If it wasn't for the jolly nice seats in the review cinema and a misplaced sense of duty to you, dear reader, I'd have joined the rush for the door...'

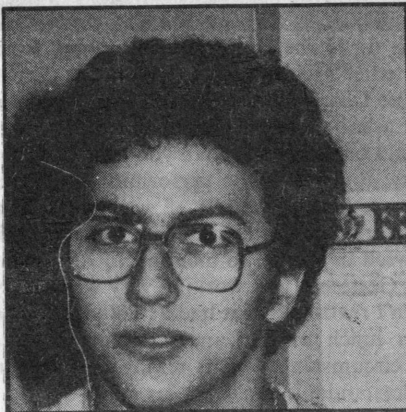
Paul Simion
'Imperial College will not survive after the recession.'



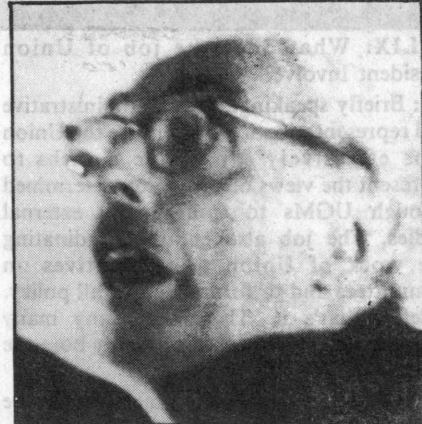
J Martin Taylor
'I am...a Reactionary Capitalist'

MOVES

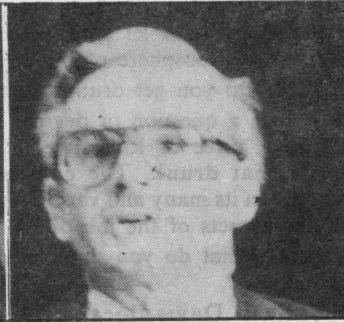
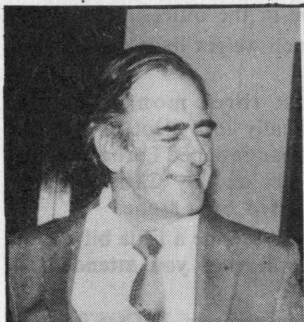
1. What event moved from Oxford Street to Kings Road?
2. What body was thinking of moving from Prince Consort Road to Watts Way?
3. What was at Chelsea, and meant to be split up and taken all over London?
4. What's long and thin and goes round Britain at an average speed of 20mph?
5. Who made a motion from a UGM after a motion in a UGM?
6. Why did a bed and a Waitrose trolley containing a sleeping bag run around in Princes Gardens?
7. Who left the bar after a disagreement about money?
8. Who made it from London to Brighton with five minutes to spare?
9. Who left for Greenland?



Jon Barnett, ICU Welfare Officer
'There is no justification for preventing right-minded adults from doing whatever they please.'

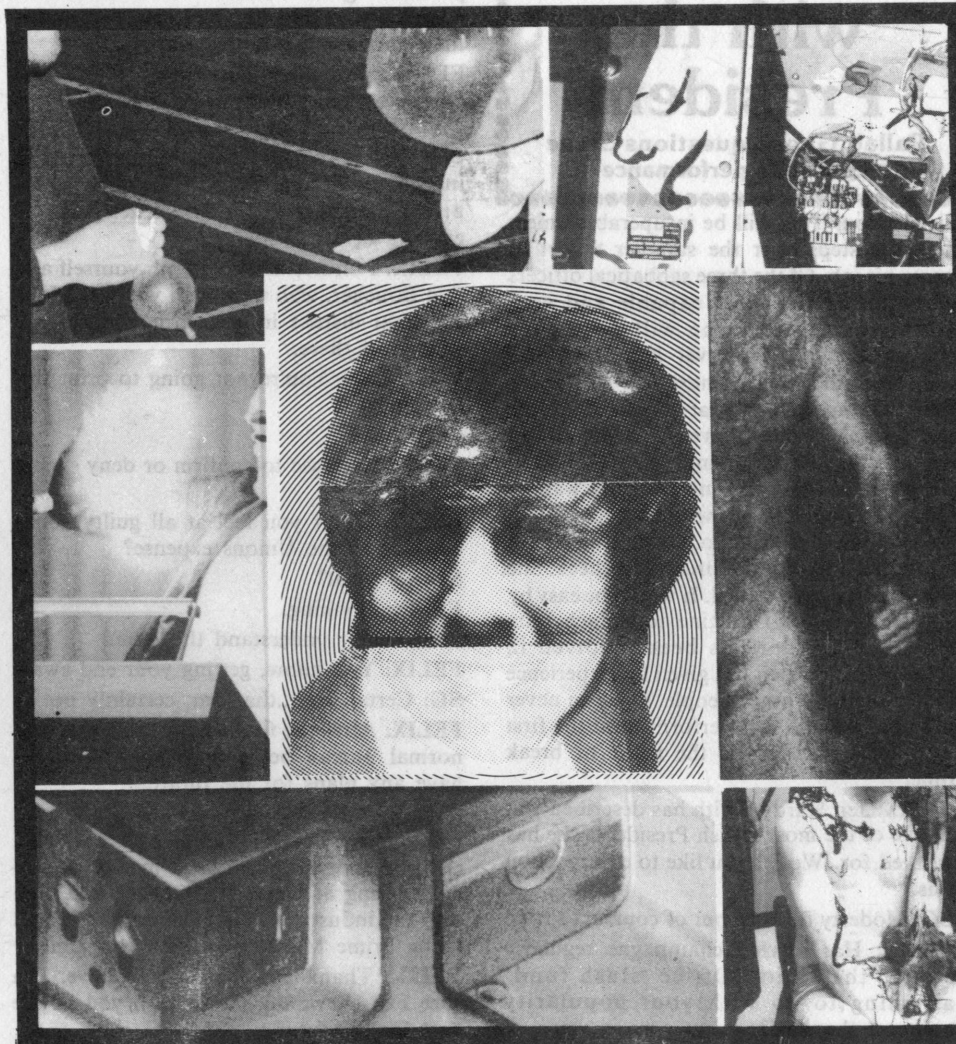


Magnus Pyke
'Members of the executive are psychotic.'



Lord Flowers, 'I never liked Mary from the start.' Stephen Goulder 'I am not organising a rent strike.' John Smith, 'Our nature is one of violence, and therefore we are not responsible for the present appalling situation.'

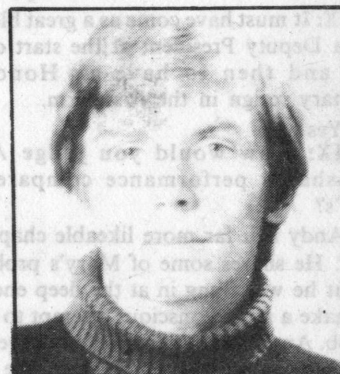
Can you identify the six photographs around the edge of this montage (they have all appeared in FELIX at one time, although one of them is from last year) and name the three faces joined together in the middle?



VISITORS

A lot of very important people visited IC this year. Test your general knowledge

1. Who claimed that Britain is slowly bleeding to death by exporting its capital?
2. Who came to tell us about the £25 minimum grant?
3. Who wanted to legislate in such a way as to allow for the disclosure of detailed financial information (no, not Roy Francis)?
4. Who spoke on Fare's Fair, Tory Policy and Civil Defence?
5. Who charged Margaret Thatcher with deliberately and cold-bloodedly provoking an unnecessary war with Argentina?
6. Who claimed that the failure to solve many of the world's social and economic problems was due to a paralysis of world leadership?
7. Who would be the last person to oppose further industrial action?



Adrian James, FELIX News Editor
'Outside these walls, they are savages!'

HEADING FOR TROUBLE

Headlines were, for the FELIX staff, a cause of amusement (apart from some slight quibbles from the News Editor, Adrian James). What stories came below these headlines?

1. UGM Sanctions Smut
2. CCUs NET CASH — After Gross Tactics by Council Members.
3. Brian Turns The Screw
4. Welfare Officer Posts A Brick
5. Wet from Bath

Answers on Page 25

FELIX: What does the job of Union President involve?

SG: Briefly speaking, it is an administrative and representational job to ensure the Union runs effectively for twelve months to represent the views of the Union determined through UGMs to College and external bodies. The job also entails coordinating the work of Union representatives on committees and to formulate overall policy. Briefly, that's it. There are many minor tasks which would probably bore the readers of FELIX.

FELIX: What were your objectives at the start of the year?

SG: To ensure the Union ran effectively and to fully represent the views of its students to College and to other bodies, and to allow ordinary students access to as many facilities as possible.

FELIX: One of your main achievements this year, of course, has been the systematic dismantling of RCSU, your own CCU, are you proud of this?

SG: I entirely reject that I had as an objective the dismantling of RCSU. RCS destroyed itself from within. I have not taken an anti-CCU attitude. Possibly in the case of RCS I may have taken a series of positions which may be construed to be in opposition to CCUs. However I would be the first to say that C&GU and RSMU have both worked effectively to represent their membership quite capably this year. It has only been RCS that has been found to be in a state of moral decay. I certainly don't accept that RCSU is a victim of a vendetta from IC Union. We simply addressed ourselves to its own internal collapse.

FELIX: It must have come as a great blow to lose a Deputy President at the start of the year and then to have an Honorary Secretary resign in the first term.

SG: Yes

FELIX: How would you judge Andy Grimshaw's performance compared to Mary's?

SG: Andy is a far more likeable chap than Mary. He shares some of Mary's problems in that he was flung in at the deep end. He did make a more conscious attempt to learn the job. Any shortcomings he may have stem from having been flung in from the deep end. He did the best he could under the circumstances.

FELIX: Can I ask you about the argument that flared up between yourself and Andy recently?

SG: It was an unfortunate situation that centred around a particular Gestetner that had been left in the Union Office for two and a half terms. Mike Bartlett from C&GU

came up to the Union Office looking for a Gestetner and pointed to one in the corner of the Union Office. It had been there one and a half terms. I wasn't aware of why it should be there so I said if you want it take it away; it seems to be performing no useful purpose here. A couple of weeks later at a refectory committee working lunch Frank Rowsell happened to mention to Andy that this Gestetner was working very well. Andy hadn't realised that it had actually gone and after lunch we had an, er...argument over the circumstances of its removal. It was an understandable error on my part.

FELIX: Is it true that you were so angry after the whole incident that you threatened in your own words, 'to nut the bastard'?

SG: Well, uncharacteristically I became drunk out of my mind. It always pays to clear rather than let pent up frustrations cloud the atmosphere of the office.

FELIX: Do you get drunk often?

SG: It is a question of degree. I can only think of three or four times I have been quite that drunk. The consumption of alcohol in its many and various forms is one of the aspects of the job of President.

FELIX: What do you think of next year's sabbaticals?

SG: Sean Davis does suffer from the handicaps of his predecessors in being distinctly uninvolved in the Union prior to

An Audience with the President

Pallab Ghosh questions Steve Goulder's performance

his election. This will be insuperable unless he takes steps over the summer to get to know his job. Of the three sabbatical officers Christine is the most capable and very talented. I'm sure she will do a very professional job. However her drawbacks stem from the fact that next year will be her fifth year as a student at Imperial College and I think she will have problems in that she may not have a complete idea of what people four years her junior really want. I think she ought to allow them some say in the running of the Union. Gaynor may have a problem in keeping Christine in check. She will have to keep control. It would be easy by default to allow Christine too much rein. However Gaynor has been involved in Mines Union which has given her experience in dealing with other people. One can never tell how anyone will perform until the first week of term. This is the make or break time.

FELIX: Jen Hardy-Smith has described you as one of the most stylish Presidents she has worked for. Would you like to comment on this.

SG: Modesty forbids, but of course it's true.

FELIX: Has serving champagne regularly out of the Union Office 'slush fund' anything to do with your popularity amongst the staff?



The President shows the absence of hairs in the palm of his hand.

SG: Well, I think that is a blanket comment that I would slightly disagree with. Of course on retirements and special occasions we do serve champagne in the office.

FELIX: How much weight have you gained this year?

SG: In my first three months of my Presidency I actually lost a lot of weight. After Mary Freeman resigned I proceeded to put it all back on, and by Christmas my weight had increased by a stone.

FELIX: Could you tell me a little bit about the INCOST Conference you attended in Holland recently?

SG: I enjoyed it immensely. INCOST is the international conference of science and technology students and is held at various venues in Europe. Representatives of technology students of each member country are invited. It is basically a venue to promote good contacts between those people who will be involved in industry with their counterparts across Europe.

FELIX: You didn't promote very good contacts when you threw up over one of the Finnish delegates!

SG: Well that's life. It was hardly an act of international aggression. They got a far better impression of the British delegates the evening before.

FELIX: I understand that both yourself and Jim Boucher, who went with you visited the red light district in Amsterdam while you were over there.

SG: (pause) You're not going to print this are you?

FELIX: Yes

SG: Er...I refuse to confirm or deny such a rumour.

FELIX: Don't you feel at all guilty about bonking at the Unions expense?

SG: Of what?

FELIX: Bonking.

SG: I don't understand the term.

FELIX: You know, getting your end away.

SG: Certa...well...that um, certainly not!

FELIX: After the first of July you will be a normal human being once more. Do you have any plans for the future?

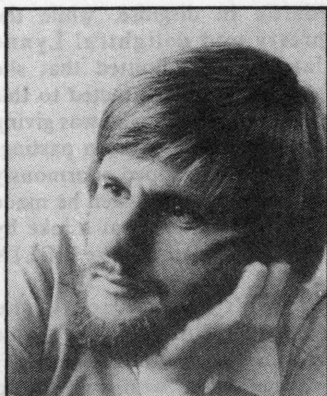
SG: I shall attempt to find gainful employment over the summer after which I shall be undertaking an MSc in biochemical engineering at University College and then into the industry of biotechnology. Oh, and to be Prime Minister in fifty years time.

FELIX: Thank you very much Steve. I'm sure FELIX would like to wish you all the best for the future.



Pallab Ghosh, FELIX Editor-elect, shows the full extent of his journalistic capability.

THE CHANGING



*Martin S Taylor,
Computing Scientist,
FELIX Editor,
A man barely alive.*

Miners, Guildsmen, Scientists, lend me your eyes, I come to bury Martin not to praise him.

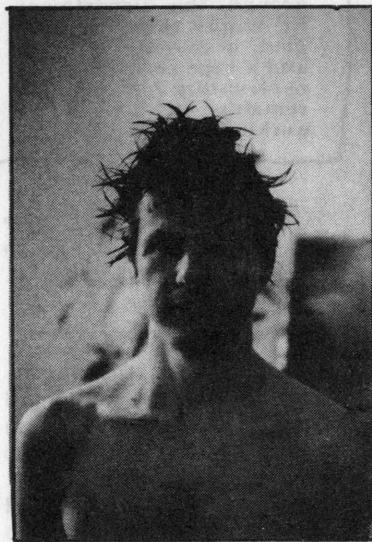
Most people at College have probably come across Martin S Taylor in some capacity or other during this year, be it as a magician, a hypnotist, an occasional percussionist in orchestra and wind band, as choir chairman elect or as the annoying individual who tells you that you've missed the copy deadline for this week's FELIX. We're not going to bore you with things you already know—we'd like to tell you something about the Martin you don't know.....

Once upon a time, long, long ago, in the land of Brum was born a lanky child, the very epitome of mediocrity. And so the die was cast—it wasn't until some twenty years later that his natural flair for dealing with numbers surfaced, as did Martin with a first class honours degree, a chaste and scholarly figure. He immediately partook of one of the few honourable professions left, accountancy (yawn!), where the character we have come to know and (in some cases) love was forged—a new dynamic personality registered for an MSc and then a PhD in the department of computing at Imperial.

It was during this period that his penchant for the perverse and numerical abilities prompted him to become FELIX puzzles editor under the improbable pseudonym of Scaramouche. The transformation was by this time complete with the shambling gait and ginger beard (or was that ginger beer?) reaching the fore and many of the 'nice' idiosyncracies of Cambridge suppressed.

Frivolous, vindictive, hedonistic and obese—if Martin had been any of these he could have followed in the classic Marshall mould of

slagging everyone off left, right and centre, alienating most of the FELIX staff and generally working hard to get all finished. Instead he is almost grovellingly kind to (most of) the staff (at least to their faces) and consequently is unusually overwhelmed with help at all times. This gives him carte blanche to wander around the office worrying when things will be finished, when he can write his Editorial and 'Below the Belt', and to tell any hapless minion straying into the office (perhaps to get some printing done) that he's far too busy, and to come back on Friday. All this mental strain (though he hardly ever seems actually to do anything) wears him out by the end of collating FELIX on a Thursday evening, with the result that he takes Friday off



Gentlemen, we can re-build him. We have the technology to make the world's first bionic FELIX Editor.



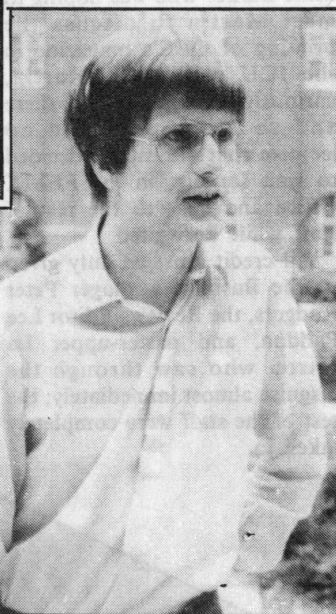
(leaving the rest of the FELIX staff to deal with all those people he told to come and see him).

FELIX has taken vast strides in technical and layout fields under Martin's editorial leadership—principally because Martin leaves these things in the capable hands of others on the staff, devoting his efforts to the exploitation of freebies (in the best tradition of previous FELIX editors), for instance ballooning, parachute jumping and haute coiffeur (Chez Renetly.)

But perhaps the thing that will most stand out from Martin's year of leadership are his eccentricities (and the endless stream of gossip which this provides for the staff).



FACE OF MARTIN S.



His strange views on fashion—the combination of shirt daringly unbuttoned to the chest, revealing a string vest which he has possessed since the age of ten are peculiar to Martin—and his fixation with the temperature in his room in Southside are only mild manifestations. Then there is his habit of cycling *alone* on a tandem (with the seat set high enough to make your eyes water!), although this is explainable when you consider his preoccupation with womanising (he proudly boasts of his specially shaped ladies' back seat—say no more!). On the subject of womanising, we were going to offer a list of all those Martin has tried to seduce,

but, as you can see we're quite short of space, and lists of names do take a lot of space (witness last week's colours lists), so we'll leave that out.

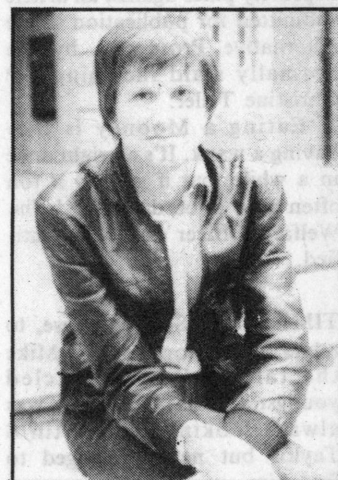
One of the mystifying aspects of Martin's behaviour has been his complete change of image in early May—suggestions for the reason for this have been many and varied, so we will now reveal all—the 'image change' was so that no one would concentrate on the fact that he had shaved, and all this within two days of his being told (by none other than resident arch-loony Nick Gardner) that he had nits in his beard!

But fun and sniping apart, Martin has this year led FELIX to new heights of journalism, with a new and distinctive style (which was not, unfortunately always best suited to our limited resources) and has been (on the whole) an excellent editor with which to work. We wish him all the best for the future, and hope he can finish his PhD before the age of thirty.

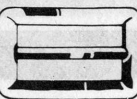
It only remains to warn of the onset of the tenure of Pallab Ghosh—frivolous, vindictive, hedonistic.....

The Staff

TAYLOR



But you'll just have to put up with this instead!



BELOW

The Belt

.....and so we say farewell to Below the Belt with its unending saga of ludicrous peccadillos and frightful faux pas. This is the last gossip column I shall be writing, and so here, for what they're worth, are all the stories I have been saving up throughout the year.

Thanks are due to everyone who has supplied any scandal, or has even created it for the benefit of this column.

Enjoy your summer, but don't use it to do anything too rash—Pallab's style in gossip will be much more aggressive than mine!

I AM frequently astonished at the way demure young ladies occasionally lapse into language that would raise eyebrows at a Mines bar night. Mary Freeman, for instance, occasionally announced to all the world and nobody in particular that she was not wearing any underwear; and at the Wind Band's outdoor Christmas concert a perfectly charming female clarinettist was heard to pronounce the weather so cold that 'if I had any goolies they would be frozen off'.

But events have taken a much more serious turn, and the clarinettist in question has been making salacious bargains with one of the inmates of Linstead Hall. His part of the deal was to allow her to join him while he was in the bath, and perform certain 'favours' for him. Alas, the back-scrubbing turned to back-stabbing (shades of Charlotte Corday?) when the girl refused to carry out her part of the deal and parade through the corridors of Linstead in a flimsy negligée.

Unless she changes her mind soon, we may well be seeing more of the photograph below.

BUT EVEN that tale of filth and depravity pales against an article submitted for publication in the Alternative Prospectus by the normally staid incoming DP Christine Teller:

'Eating a Mooney is like having a wank. It's all right once in a while, but if you do it too often your knob drops off.' The Welfare Officer has been notified.

TIME AT LAST, I suppose, to relate the curious tale of Mike the tall dark bespectacled youngster from QEC who was always looking for Martin S Taylor but never managed to find him.

The story begins on May 2 last, when Martin, without warning anyone of his intentions, shaved off his beard. The immediate change in appearance was so striking that he decided to enlist the help of some friends in completely disguising himself. He dyed his hair and put on a pair of clear glass spectacles. He padded his mouth with lumps of cotton wool to change the shape of his face; he altered the colour of his lips with lip gloss. He changed his customary leather jacket, corduroy jeans and trainers for a short sleeved shirt, ripped denims and open sandals. And finally, he spent an evening practising different mannerisms and altering his voice from its normal light tenor to a lisping baritone. And thus Mike was born.

The result was that early the following afternoon Nick Pyne wandered in to the FELIX Office and introduced his friend Mike Barker who was hoping to meet Martin to discuss the printing of QEC's magazine in the ICU print unit. Martin, curiously enough, wasn't there and so Mike, who had no lectures that afternoon, decided to wait for him in the FELIX Office and chat to the rest of staff while he waited.

All credit must be duly given to the Business Manager Peter Rodgers, the Reviews Editor Lee Paddon, and paster-upper La Iatrou who saw through the disguise almost immediately; the rest of the staff were completely taken in.

Pinocchio, normally a highly shrewd and observant man, was drawn into a good twenty minute discussion with the newcomer before his jaw suddenly dropped and he buried his head in his hands quietly muttering 'Oh shit' to himself.

GLAD TO hear that eccentric scientists have not entirely died out. Peter Bradshaw, Professor of Experimental Aerodynamics at Imperial College, is renowned at IC as a man who never walks when he can run. So frantically busy is Bradshaw that when visitors want to be shown around the Department he hands them a floor plan, a cassette recorder and a tape containing his explanatory remarks, and remains in his office working.

Clipped from the pages of the New Standard; FELIX tried to interview Professor Bradshaw, but he was too busy.

Maz Fellows, the phototypesetter operator, just looked totally bewildered when Martin in his own voice, asked her if she would typeset an article for him.

Stephen Goulder wandered into the office and began to explain to Mike how the stapling machine works—he gave quite an interesting explanation as it turned out, the more so since

none of the FELIX staff have ever mastered it.

Printer Peter Dawson refused to believe that Mike was really Martin in disguise, while the pretty and delightful Lynne James later admitted that she had been quite attracted to this strange quiet guy who was giving her so much advice on pasting-up; but he dropped enormously in her estimation when he made a pathetic attempt at a joke by pretending to be the FELIX Editor.

'Don't be so stupid!' she snapped 'I know Martin Taylor and he's nothing like you.'

But the two who were fooled most successfully were the Editor-elect, Pallab Ghosh and the News Editor, Adrian James. Pallab was introduced to Mike and, in Martin's absence, felt it his duty to show the stranger around the office, explaining the mysteries of offset-litho and camera-ready artwork in his usual diffident manner. It apparently never occurred to him that some of the questions he was asked were extraordinarily naive, while others showed remarkable insight into the difficulties of running a print shop.

It wasn't until early evening that almost everyone was in on the joke except Adrian, who had had little to do with Mike but was getting increasingly agitated about Martin's non-appearance.

Eventually Mike enquired



This photograph was taken in the bathroom regularly used by the virtuous Michael Newman: his comments are not printable in this, a respectable newspaper.

about the twisty wooden staircase which leads out of the FELIX Office, and was told that it leads up to the Editor's private room which is always locked when the Editor isn't there. He cautiously negotiated the steps and knocked gently on the door, which is out of sight, but within earshot of the main office.

The door was briskly opened. 'Mike!' exclaimed Martin in his own voice 'come in!'

The door was closed again, and sounds of muffled conversation issued forth for about five minutes, and then came the sounds of the door opening once more.

'See you again then,' said Martin, 'and do get in touch if you want that printing done.'

Mike climbed down the stairs and faced the rest of the office with an embarrassed smile. 'He was upstairs all the time,' he lisped.

Adrian, who was by now quite annoyed with Martin, stormed upstairs and burst into the Editor's empty office returning a few seconds later completely baffled to find the rest of the staff—and Martin—helpless with laughter.

UNION POLICY is that sexual intercourse is forbidden in the Union Building except when 'discreet and unavoidable'. Leaving aside the question of how it can ever be totally unavoidable ('she was lying there with her legs apart, m'lud, and as I walked towards her I tripped over the rug') I am pleased to relate that at least one couple have coupled discreetly and unavoidably in one of the Union rooms.

Considerable pressure has been put on me to reveal their names, but since they were most discreet, and since their deed was unavoidable at least in the sense that they had nowhere else to go, I shall keep silent.

Nevertheless, I think it should be recorded that there are people making use of this, one of the less obvious facilities provided by the Union.

◆ **Boring**
SEE CIVIL ENGINEERS

from the Yellow Pages

AND SO, at last, inevitably, since this is the last of these columns I shall write, here are a

handful of stories from the very top.

The first concerns Lady Mary, the garrulous and delightfully scatty first lady of IC who always likes to leave the impression that, however great her husband's importance outside 170 Queensgate, there is no doubt who is in charge at home.

On this particular occasion, she excused herself from a formal gathering, explaining that she had to get home to make the beds for some guests she was expecting. Someone jokingly suggested that Brian ought to offer to help—at least, it was intended as a joke, but Lady Mary took it quite seriously.

'Dear me no,' she replied. 'He hasn't time to make the beds—he's still got the washing up to do.'

YET IT'S a great pity that Lord Flowers has acquired this image of being so dull, for beneath his lugubrious exterior there is an undoubtedly brilliant mind. It has also been widely rumoured that he was once a young man with an undergraduate sense of humour, like many of us, and I am happy to be able to offer two tales confirming this.

The first concerns an occasion when, as a Cambridge undergraduate, he gained access to Newnham College, one of the two girls' colleges, and actually took a bath there. Considering the way students behave in Linstead these days, this may not sound like much, but in that age this was a fearful and daring thing to do. Before you were allowed to visit a girl in her room, her bed had to be carried into the corridor; to be caught taking a bath would certainly have incurred the wrath of one's tutor, if not the dean himself. One might as well try to take a bath in a Hall Warden's flat or even 170 Queensgate.

The second story concerns an independent contemporary of our future Rector who was the subject of much cruel humour in that he had trouble with his bladder, and this occasioned him to use the lavatory several times a night. This character (who had a highly appropriate name which I have inexcusably forgotten—something like Piddlewick) regularly disturbed the sleep of the undergraduates on his staircase as he tramped the hundred yards or so to the nearest loo. So it came as a great relief to all parties when he

equipped his room with a chamber pot.

Unfortunately, this only reinforced the jokes against him, and when the receptacle was next left unguarded, the youthful Brian took the opportunity of doctoring it with certain chemicals.

That night a vigil was maintained outside Piddlewick's room, and a couple of hours after he had retired the listeners were rewarded. First came the clump of a pair of feet hitting the floor and walking across the room, and then the sound of a cascade of liquid hitting earthenware. Finally there were squeals of disbelief as the reaction in the pot produced a fluid that was strongly phosphorescent.

What I now ask is how anyone can feel animosity towards a Rector who has shown such imagination in his humour.

JOHN MCCALLION, ICU's saintly Deputy President, has been attacking RCSU pretty viciously of late, so I thought I'd include a little story to show they aren't quite as black as they're painted.

Last year, you may remember, Guilds had a lot of trouble when their annual magazine *Spanner* was mislaid. They phoned the printers, who assured them it had been delivered to Imperial, but it wasn't until several days had passed that they discovered every single copy had found its way into the RCSU Office. Guilds never discovered how this came about, but I am now in a position to tell them.

The printers, knowing nothing of IC's tradition of kleptomania unwisely left them all in the Summer Accommodation Centre where a wily undergraduate mathematician, deciding it might be fun to ransom them, phoned the RCS President and suggested he steal them.

And who do you suppose that mathematician could have been? Why, none other than your friend and mine, Mr J J McCallion.

ONE FINAL snippet from the boss: the reason the President's annual two thousand word report was submitted late was that after it was written Stephen managed to lose it. He spent well over two hours looking for it before it turned up in his wastepaper basket where someone had thrown it, he says, by mistake.



THOSE OF YOU who were here two years ago will remember Steve Marshall's exposé of freemasonry, which is rife at IC.

It has come to my attention that a prominent figure in the Union has been elected to the IC Lodge, and will be undergoing initiation this Saturday evening, dressed in the appropriate manner as modelled by Mr. Marshall in the photograph.

While I couldn't possibly bring myself to name this fellow, I realise many of you are bound to be curious as to his identity, and so, somewhere subtly hidden in this week's FELIX, I have included the slightest possible indication of who the new recruit might be.

THE UNION STAFF had quite a surprise during the last vacation when a letter arrived addressed to one of the officers of the Transcendental Meditation Society. The Union always open letters which arrive during the holidays, in case they contain urgent bills or other business; in this case they contained tickets for a Transcendental Meditation conference which had been ordered some weeks previously.

The title of the conference, which the Union staff couldn't help but notice was *Transcendental Meditation and its use in increasing sexual drive and potency*.

UP UP AND AWAY IN THIS SPECIAL

FELIX FEATURE ARTICLE

BALLOONING

In one of my first editorials, I mentioned that I was interested in feature articles for FELIX, and if any club was interested in taking on a new member for an afternoon, I'd be happy to write about it afterwards. I didn't really expect much of a response, but it seemed a worthwhile gamble to attract some feature material and (with luck) pick up a few freebies along the way.

Two people replied. The first was a man who is trying to set up a parachute club at IC, and he suggested I should jump out of an aeroplane at 2,000 feet. This sounded more than a little terrifying—and was; with Pallab's permission I shall be telling you about it next term.

The second reply didn't arrive till the beginning of this term. Colin Butter, Recreational Clubs Committee Chairman and President of IC's Balloon Club suggested that the club could do with some publicity and would I like a trip in a balloon so that I could write about it in FELIX afterwards? The problem in interesting people in ballooning, he explained, is that it is almost exclusively a summer sport. Consequently it's next to impossible to generate enthusiasm at the October Freshers' Fair, and come the summer many people are already entrenched in other clubs (to say nothing of exams).

All of which goes to explain how I found myself just outside Harrogate in a place called Pannal, which appeared to be one of those minute villages which consist exclusively of a railway station and a pub. (Actually Pannal has the distinction of compressing itself even further, since the pub is a metamorphosed railway station and is served only by paytrains.)

Colin picked me up in the minibus and I was whisked away to a camping site where a large crowd consisting mainly of middle-aged

couples dressed in old flannel trousers and baggy pullovers had emerged from expensive and comfortable-looking trailer tents and were studiously focusing long telephoto lenses on the hive of balloonists before them. We skirted the crowd and I got my first chance to see a hot-air balloon close up.

In retrospect, all the things which surprised me about ballooning were quite obvious, and if I had taken the time to think about them beforehand really shouldn't have surprised me at all. It doesn't take much intelligence to realise that cold air isn't that much denser than hot air, and so to lift three people, a basket and three cylinders of propane a balloon has got to be big. Nevertheless I was still taken aback by the size of what looked like vast circular marquees laid out on the grass.

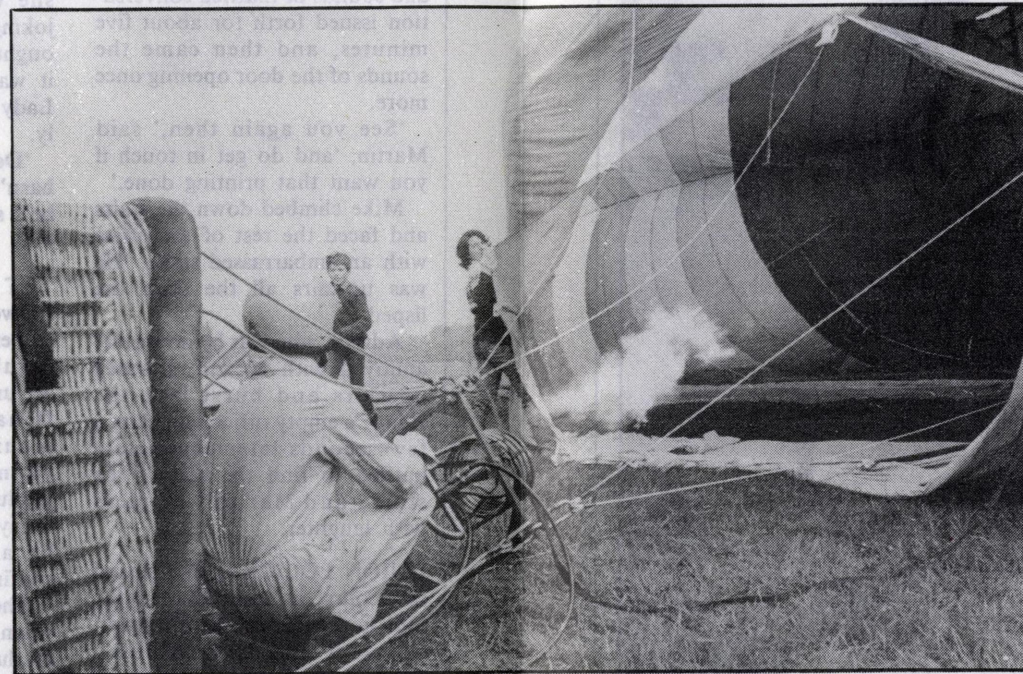
Rather than fill the balloon with hot air directly, they are filled with cold air first which is then heated, and to this end some of the team started a large petrol-driven fan which blew a force eight gale into the mouth of the balloon. Slowly the flaccid worm on the ground began to fill out, and soon the distinctive balloon shape appeared.

When there was enough air in the balloon for its mouth to stay open, the burners were lit. IC's balloon has two burners, each about nine inches in diameter, which direct a jet of flame several feet long into the balloon. My second obvious surprise came when it was pointed out that the hotter the air, the more lift you get; the air in a modern hot-air balloon has to reach a minimum of 85°C before a flight is possible.

The balloon was now inflated, but still lying on its side. As we waited for the air to heat up enough to pull it vertical Colin introduced me to the rest of the crew: Gill, his wife, who was to be our navigator, and Andy who was to pilot the balloon. Most of the baskets I could see held four people, but ours had a three-man basket, so I was the only free-loader.

Several other balloons were already taking off, so I occupied my last few minutes on the ground by photographing them as they went. Finally Colin signalled to me that our balloon was almost ready. I ran over to the basket where I was handed a thin off-white jerkin with the British Oxygen motif. I was a little puzzled by this, but did as I was bidden and put it on over my own anorak. Colin deliberately didn't explain its purpose until I was just about to climb aboard, and then his explanation consisted of just two words: 'It's fireproof.'

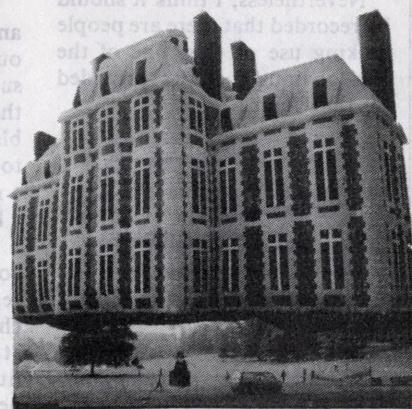
Climbing into a wicker basket in a hurry is easier said than done. There is very little grip for your feet, and it doesn't help that you are wearing walking boots or wellies. But somehow I managed to get inside (the right way up) and said my goodbyes and was wished a good flight by the ground crew. When the balloon went up it was important that it rose fairly quickly at first, to clear trees and power cables and so as many people as possible were gathered to hold us down while Andy gave the



To get the air in a balloon hot enough to lift it from the ground, the massive burners need to burn propane at the rate of over a pound a minute.

burners a final blast. Then, quite undramatically, we were free of the ground and balloon and cargo—two and a half tons in mass but still lighter than air—rose majestically into the atmosphere.

One thing my parachute jump had prepared me for was the cold. The further you rise, the colder it becomes and a fresh breeze can only make things worse; consequently I was well insulated, with plenty of warm layers under my anorak and asbestos jerkin. What I had forgotten, of course, was that firstly the balloon drifts with the wind, so the relative airspeed is zero, and secondly you are



They aren't all balloon shaped!

standing only a few feet from two of the largest propane burners you have seen in your life. Cold was not a problem.

The other surprise was the noise. I had always visualised balloons as totally peaceful—the one absolutely silent means of transport. This illusion was also shattered as the burners, when they are used, make such a roar that conversation is only possible with difficulty.

But the view was every bit as spectacular as one could wish for. Even though we were only flying at about fifty feet, the constantly changing panorama is perfectly magical. All the farms and villages of the Yorkshire countryside are spread out below you, as adults point, children wave, and herds of cows stare in sheer disbelief as you glide effortlessly over them.

The ballooning fraternity is quite small—there are only about 300 qualified pilots in the country—and Andy was able to tell me about the other balloons we could see, and the astonishing diversity of their pilots, whose ranks include a top doctor, a pig farmer, and a professional balloonist.

There is also considerable mystique attached to the naming of balloons: *Hot'n'Cold* was pointed out to me, as was *Shadowfax II* and the disgustingly named *Meconium* which you can look up in a dictionary like I did. IC's balloon is called *Passing Wind*.

There is no way to steer a hot air balloon, and your direction is determined entirely by

the wind. The only possibility of altering course is when the wind is blowing in different directions at different levels, for you can control the height of the balloon astonishingly accurately.

There is an altimeter in the balloon, and it's also quite easy at low altitudes to estimate your height by looking over the edge of the basket at the ground. Yet Andy explained that neither of these is the best way of judging whether the balloon is climbing or dropping; the most accurate method for an experienced pilot is to use parallax on distant objects—when nearer objects are rising relative to the horizon, the balloon is dropping, and vice versa.

About half an hour after we had set off our navigator announced that we were approaching Leeds airspace, and so we began looking for a suitable place to land. Airports, not surprisingly, mistrust balloonists; Heathrow was once completely shut down for thirty minutes at a cost of several million pounds because they thought two balloons had drifted into their airspace.

It's wise to avoid landing in fields with cultivated crops, and grazing livestock is worse—the shock to a pregnant cow of having a balloon land in her field can cause her to lose her calf.

The first three fields we passed were all cultivated with one kind of crop or another, although this isn't as obvious as one might think from the air. The next field had cows grazing in it, but the field after that looked ideal—which was lucky, since it was the last possibility if we were not to trespass into Leeds airport's airspace.

It was not until we crossed the fence into the cow field that we saw that our intended landing site was not what it had first appeared. In one corner was an electricity substation, and the whole field was criss-crossed with a fan of power lines.



While practical balloonists repack the envelope in its bag, the FELIX editor does the no less important job of keeping the cows from eating the basket

Andy shut off the burners and explained that cows or no cows, we would have to make a fairly rapid landing into the field beneath us.

At the top of the balloon is a parachute-type opening which can be regulated by a long red cord which hangs into the basket. By manipulating this Andy was able to aim for, and eventually hit a dry ditch, thus bringing the basket to an immediate halt and not letting it drag across the field.

As we hit the ground, the basket tipped over onto its side and the occupants were thrown into a heap on the floor. Immediately we were stationary Gill disentangled herself and ran to comfort the panicking cows. This reduced the weight of the basket of course, and it began to move again, thus enabling me to make my sole contribution to the flight by pulling the red parachute cord to deflate the balloon.

We had barely caught our breath from landing when Colin and the rest of the crew appeared on the scene. They had been following us in the minibus and had now come to help us pack everything away as swiftly as possible.

Gill had placated the cows and our main problem now was satisfying their curiosity; a typical cow, it seems, is not content to sample the sight and smell of a balloon, but she wants to taste it too!

My final surprise of the evening came after all the equipment had been packed away and we were preparing to carry it back to the minibus: balloons are heavy! To fly a balloon takes about a quarter of a ton of equipment, and most of that is the balloon envelope itself—no joke when you have to carry it the entire length of a boggy cow field to get back to the van.

And so, inevitably, back to the railway station for a few pints. As I mentioned earlier, the ballooning fraternity is quite small, and this immediately promotes a great feeling of friendship and camaraderie, the alcoholic manifestation of which I was pleased to enjoy.

It's easy to see the appeal of ballooning, and to anyone who has ever considered it I urge you to try it now while you're at IC, and the heavy capital outlay is all covered by the Union. There's still plenty of time to enjoy a balloon trip this summer, and anyone who is interested should get in touch with Colin Butter on internal 3521.

Martin S Taylor



To avoid nearby airfields it is important to have a competent navigator on board.

STUDENT SERVICES

a definitive guide to surviving the summer

Karen Stott, Student Services; new Welfare Assistant, has produced this report to help you recognise and deal with the problems that you might encounter over the summer.

ACCOMMODATION NEWS

Summer Vacation

Are you fretting over how you're going to fill all those long summer days until the beginning of October? Or are you seeking some remunerative employment in an attempt to wipe out this year's overdraft? Either way staying in London could be the answer to your problems. Many students spend three years or more in London without ever really sampling the delights of our capital city, so why not spend all or part of your summer vacation here and get to know what London is truly like. On the other hand London also abounds with large department stores who regularly seek extra staff during the summer so why not combine work and holiday.

Either way Imperial is offering accommodation in IC Halls for both staff and students at termtime rates throughout the summer. Although the closing date for applications has officially passed, we do still have vacancies, so if you're interested it's not too late to collect an application form from Student Services.

You may also have some friends or relatives who want to spend some time in London over the summer. Again we can offer accommodation at very cheap rates so why not call into Student Services for further details.

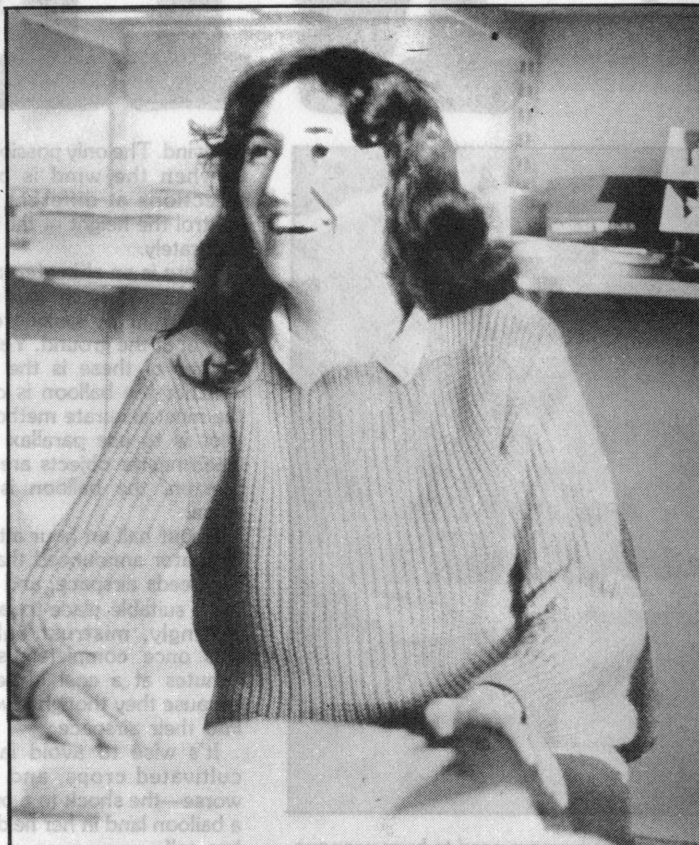
Next Year

Obviously many of you are now anxious to start the search for accommodation for next year. Although October may not seem

far away to you, unfortunately most private landlords/ladies do not plan their accommodation this far in advance and therefore Students Services do not become informed of the vast majority of accommodation until September. We do have a limited amount of accommodation for next session on our files at the moment, and we are currently in the process of contacting some of our regular landlords/ladies to assess what they will have available, so if for any reason you cannot use September to find accommodation, it is worth calling into Student Services to see if we can help. We do also have an updated guide to some agencies who may be able to help you although most of these are again reluctant to take registrations from people too far in advance.

If you are able to come down to London in September, this is by far the best time to look. We should be able to accommodate you in IC Hall any time up to September 24 (just give us a ring on 01-589 5111 ext 2033 one week before you come down) after that there will be crash pad accommodation in the students' union (bring a sleeping bag). At that time Student Services should have comprehensive lists of vacancies and an accommodation guide to give you hints on where to start. You may not discover the home of your dreams but with a little patience, footwork and a lot of 5p pieces you should be able to find something quite reasonable.

*Karen Stott
Student Services*



MEDICAL TREATMENT ABROAD

Hopefully anyone planning to travel the high seas and see the world during the summer will have read Dr Addenbrooke's article in FELIX (3 June 1983) about the importance of consulting your doctor well in advance of your journey to ensure you have the necessary health protection in the form of immunisations etc. Before a foreign holiday the last thing you want to worry about is the possibility of illness or an accident while you are away. But these things could happen and if they do you won't want the added problem of facing a big bill for medical treatment. So it's essential you check your entitlement to medical treatment before you leave the UK.

Most of Europe, New Zealand or Hong Kong

If you are visiting one of these countries you will normally be entitled to free or reduced cost medical treatment. Student Services has a leaflet which lists the countries to which this applies, the treatment for which you are eligible, and the documents you will need to produce (usually your UK passport, NHS medical card and/or UK driving licence).

If you are visiting another European Community country you will need to apply for an E11 certificate from the DHSS at least one month before you leave. Application forms for these are available from Student Services. In most community countries medical treatment is

provided under insurance schemes. Getting treatment may be more complicated than in the UK, but visitors have to follow the same rules as local people. Leaflet SA36 available from Student Services outlines what to do about getting medical treatment in each of the community countries. Sometimes treatment is free. Sometimes you may have to pay part of the cost yourself. Or you may have to pay the full cost and then claim a full or partial refund. Claim any refund before you return to the UK. If you leave it until your return you will face a long wait, or lose the money altogether. Follow the rules for the country you are visiting or you will have to pay charges that cannot be refunded. And have your E11 with you (plus a photocopy in France, Germany or the Netherlands). In some Community countries—and particularly in Greece—the E11 does not cover all medical expenses. It never covers the cost of repatriation so check with a travel agent or insurance company about extra insurance cover.

Any other countries

If you require medical treatment in any country other than those covered above, you will be

expected to meet the full cost of any treatment. In the case of an accident or serious illness this could amount to thousands of pounds. So you must make sure you have enough travel insurance to cover any substantial expenses as these cannot be reimbursed to you. Travel insurance can be arranged through most major insurance companies including Endsleigh Insurance (based at 71 Old Brompton Road) and National Westminster Insurance Services (contact Tom Cottrell through National Westminster Bank, Sheffield Building) and leaflets are available from Student Services. Cost is normally about £10 per adult for a fortnight's cover in Europe and the Mediterranean area although premiums are usually higher for the USA and Canada.

Motoring Abroad

If you are driving anywhere abroad, including those countries where you would normally be entitled to free or reduced rate medical treatment, you may not be covered for the treatment you need if you have an accident. Check this with your car insurance company or motoring organisation before you leave the UK.

Karen Stott
Student Services

BENEFITS FOR THE SUMMER VACATION

Unlike the Christmas and Easter holidays, there is no element included in the student grant to cover maintenance over the summer vacation and therefore if you are unable to get a job between July and October you will be eligible to 'sign on' as unemployed in the area in which you are living. Many of you are probably 'old hands' at this by now but as you may be aware there have been some important changes in the system since Easter so as well as providing a brief guide for the uninitiated, this article also hopes to give you an idea of how the new legislation affects you.

There are three main types of benefit: unemployment benefit, supplementary benefit and housing benefit.

They are not mutually exclusive and therefore it is possible to receive two or all

three types of benefits simultaneously (but only up to a maximum of approx £25 + rent a week for a single person).

1. Unemployment Benefit

To be eligible for this you will have to have paid Class 1 National Insurance contributions on earnings of at least £1,350 between April 1981 and April 1982. This will give you a basic rate of £25 per week or a little less if you do not quite meet the contribution conditions. You will automatically be given the claim forms for unemployment benefit when you sign on (see 'How to claim' below) but take your P45 and a note of your National Insurance number with you.

2. Supplementary Benefit

Originally conceived as a 'safety

net' for those unable to meet the contribution conditions for unemployment benefit but now provides the principal source of income for a large proportion of the country's unemployed including most student claimants. Eligibility is primarily dependent on the claimant's ability to sign on as available for work in the area in which they are living. There are two rates of benefit—householder and non-householder. 'Householder' implies someone who is individually responsible for all household expenses but even if you share a flat or house with others but have your own room, meters, etc, it may be possible to argue that you are maintaining a separate household. If you think you have been incorrectly classified you can appeal (see below). The basic rates for Supplementary Benefit are: householder £25.70; non-householder £20.55.

How to claim Unemployment/Supplementary Benefit

On the first weekday of the vacation go down to your local unemployment benefit office (addresses in the phone book) and sign on as available for work. They will tell you any future arrangements for signing on, get you to fill in a number of forms and give you a B1 claim form which should be taken or sent to the local Supplementary Benefit Office. You will usually be called for an interview by this office and you will need to take with you proof of identity, recent bank statements and your rent book/tenancy agreement/letter from your landlord (Student Services if in College accommodation).

Anyone receiving unemployment/supplementary benefit is entitled to free NHS dental treatment, glasses and prescriptions. So if you think you might be needing any of them ask for an exemption certificate whilst you are at the DHSS office.

3. Housing Benefit

As from April 4 responsibility for meeting any housing costs has been shifted onto the local housing authorities. Two new types of benefit have been introduced:

a) Certificated housing benefit: for those receiving supplementary/unemployment benefit and so called because eligibility is dependent on receipt of a certificate of entitlement from the DHSS. Under this benefit

you may receive 100% of your housing costs.

b) Standard housing benefit: replacing the old rent and rate allowance schemes. Anyone can apply—the basic rebate is 60% of your rent with certain additions or deductions according to your income.

Special conditions applying to students during termtime prevent many students from claiming any housing benefit during the terms although it is always worth applying. During the summer students returning to their parental home will not be eligible for any housing benefit but those remaining and 'signing on' in London should receive certificated benefit. If you have to pay a retainer on your termtime accommodation over the summer it is worth putting in an application for standard housing benefit since this can be paid whilst you are absent from the address at which you pay rent although we do not at present know how housing authorities are likely to treat such cases.

How to claim Housing Benefit

If you are receiving unemployment/supplementary benefit you don't need to do anything as a certificate of entitlement should be sent automatically to the housing benefit office on your behalf by the DHSS. For standard housing benefit call into the local housing authority office (usually based in the Town Hall) for the area in which you are paying rent, or come into Student Services and collect a housing benefit application form. Your claim will be dated from the day on which your completed forms are received by your local housing office. The housing authority do have the power previously invested in the DHSS to reduce the amount they pay you in certificated cases if they consider your rent to be excessively high. If you think they have used this power unreasonably you can appeal (see below).

Some points to note when claiming benefits

Holidays: Housing benefit can be paid during temporary absences but you should let the housing benefit office know your plans. For unemployment/supplementary benefit you can complete a holiday form which will allow you up to sixteen days away within the British Isles without losing benefit but you must sign on again as soon as you return. If you go on holiday

continued on page 16

continued from page 15

abroad you will not be entitled to any benefit whilst you are out of the country and you must start a completely new claim as soon as you return.

Co-habiting: When an unmarried couple live together as husband and wife they are treated as a married couple for benefit purposes. The official reason for this regulation is to be fair to married couples, but since a married couple receive considerably less benefit than two single people it is easy to see another reason for the persistence with which this regulation is followed up. If you are classified as co-habiting the woman loses her eligibility to claim in her own right and the man has to claim for her as a dependent. To avoid being classed as a couple you will have to prove that the two of you live totally independently as regards rent and other bills, and you will usually need to prove you have your own rooms. If you feel you have been unjustly classified then appeal (see below).

Appeals: If you feel your benefit has been incorrectly or unfairly assessed don't be afraid to appeal. Both the DHSS and the local housing authority have considerable discretionary powers when deciding your benefit and it is your right to challenge their discretion. With both supplementary and housing benefit you have the right to a full written breakdown of the way in which your benefit was assessed, together with the right to appeal to a supplementary benefit tribunal or local authority review board whichever is appropriate. However, delay in asking for a review could cause you to lose your right to appeal. So if you are unsure about your benefit write to the relevant authority as early as possible asking for a full breakdown and indicating your intention to appeal if necessary. If you want to know more about the appeals procedure, Student Services can give you an outline of what happens and represent you at a tribunal or review board if you so wish.

A final note: if you are unemployed over the summer you should be able to get some benefits providing you follow the rules. However if you do have problems with your claim call into the Student Services Office or give us a ring on 589 5111 ext 2033 and we should be able to help sort things out.

Karen Stott
Student Services

ORDINARY RESIDENCE

Most of you will hopefully have seen the article in FELIX last term concerning the House of Lords judgement in December 1982 regarding overseas students, local education authority awards and, in particular, the definition of the term 'ordinary residence'. For those who missed that article here is a brief resumé.

Various education acts from 1962 onwards have placed a duty on local education authorities (LEAs) to bestow mandatory awards in respect of attendance at first degree courses on anyone 'ordinarily resident' in the UK for the three years preceeding the start of the course in question (subject to certain exceptions). These regulations made no mention of the applicant's place of origin, domicile or nationality, and no hint was given to the intended meaning of 'ordinarily resident' although most authorities followed the advice offered by the Department of Education and Science in circular ACL 1/78 namely applying what is known as the 'real home' test to applicants. Under this test persons in the UK solely or mainly for educational purposes during the three years preceeding their degree course were not deemed to be 'ordinarily resident' and many grants were refused on these grounds.

In December 1982 five of these cases appeared before the House of Lords for their judgement on the matter. The Lords rejected the 'real home' test as inappropriate and ruled that the term 'ordinarily resident' should be given its natural and ordinary meaning, ie 'has the applicant shown that he has habitually and normally resided in the UK from choice and for a settled purpose throughout the prescribed period, apart from temporary or occasional absences' (Lord Scarman). In addition the Lords ruled that education could be counted as a settled purpose thereby opening the doors for many students who had previously been rejected by LEAs on the grounds of 'ordinary residence' to re-apply.

For the next few months most

LEAs, besieged by reapplicants, refused to make any moves until promised guidance appeared from the DES. Now at last new hope has dawned in the form of DES circular ACL 2/83 distributed to LEAs on March 30 1983. Although DES circulars are not binding on LEAs it is likely that most LEAs will interpret the Lords judgement according to the DES guidelines. The major part of these guidelines are reproduced here.

The circular issues guidelines on which cases should be eligible for reconsideration:

'It is...for authorities to decide whether or not to reopen cases in which they think, in the light of the House of Lords judgement, they may have wrongly refused a student a mandatory award by applying an incorrect test of ordinary residence'.

'In the Secretary of State's view...LEAs should be prepared in principle to reconsider cases where the refusal of an award was in respect of a course beginning in the academic year 1979/80 or later, but save in exceptional circumstances they should not reconsider a refusal of an award made earlier than that.'

But it also makes restrictions:

'The duty of a local education authority to bestow an award is subject to the condition that the student has made an application for an award in writing before the end of the term in which he commences his course. If no such application has been made the question of review of a refusal to grant an award does not arise. If the LEA has no record of having received such an application, it will normally be for the student to satisfy the LEA that he did in fact make one.'

'LEAs may receive representations from students who did not apply for an award for a course they are now following because they mistakenly thought themselves ineligible. There is no reason in law why authorities should entertain such representations but allowance of a late application is at the LEA's discretion.'

In addition the circular suggests that LEAs should require written representations for the reconsideration of each case to be made to the appropriate LEA by July 31 1983.

In short, any student who began their undergraduate course on or after October 1979 and who had been 'ordinarily resident' in the UK for at least three years preceeding the start of their course whether or not this was in full-time education, should be eligible for a mandatory award for their undergraduate course *providing* they made an application in writing to their LEA for such an award before the end of the first term of their course and *providing* they write to the same LEA asking for their case to be reconsidered before July 31 1983.

Any student who fails to fulfil either of these provisions is likely to have a tough battle getting an award but do put in an application and if you feel you have a strong case, call into Student Services and we'll see if we can help. Student Services are trying to make a survey of the success of re-applicants so if you have made, or are going to make, an application for an award please let Student Services know as this issue is of national interest.

Clearly the Lords decision was unpopular at the DES and solicitors there spent many troubled hours perusing ways around the judgement. Although they have now accepted the rights of re-applicants to retrospective awards, the addition of a short paragraph to the regulations, effective from March 31 1983, has ensured that in future periods spent in the UK wholly or mainly for the purpose of receiving full-time education will not count towards the three year 'ordinary residence' requirements for mandatory awards. This new provision applies to all applications to awards for courses beginning in the academic years 1982/3 and 1983/4 which LEAs have not yet decided.

Fees

New regulations are soon to be placed before Parliament concerning the future classification of students as overseas for fees purposes. In the meantime the College are still awaiting guidance from the DES regarding the classification for fees purposes of students who are currently studying at, or have recently left, Imperial.

Karen Stott
Student Services

ΨΦ Soc

The streets were packed with the tall, rod shaped bacteria, each energetically waving its flagella. Hyde Park was seething with them—they had climbed into trees, high onto the Albert Memorial, everywhere. On a huge platform in the middle of the park a tiny spiral shaped figure moved up to the microphone and shouted, 'Quiet, please, quiet!' The crowd hushed—the agitation decreased. A young *E coli* bacterium tugged at its mother's gram negative coat.

'Mummy, why are all these bacteria here?'

His mother smiled a wistful smile. 'Well, ten generations ago, the world was saved from total destruction by the very first of our race, Burt the Bacterium. The humans were about to unleash the Elastic Bomb on the surface of the earth.'

'What happened?'

'Well, Burt is a *thiobasillus* and he ate the Elastic Bomb and used the energy to divide very rapidly. So rapidly that the humans didn't stand a chance.'

'What happened to them?'

'We ate them, too. They share the fate of all creators. They genetically engineered us—the new *macro-bacteria*, and we turned on them, finding our creators imperfect.'

'Mummy, I'm hungry.'

'Here's an R plasmid, now be quiet.'

Far away on the platform Burt the Bacterium (number 57), stepped up to the microphone. The crowd went wild.

Gene Carlile

RCA

The Royal College's annual Degree Show is open to the public between 10:00am and 6:00pm until Sunday June 19.

This free show provides a range of spectacular interest and entertainment from way-out fashion to radical engineering projects. Past projects have ranged from an egg packaging scheme which led to improved nutrition in seventeen Third World countries to pornographic garden gnomes (beautifully detailed)! Last year saw the debut of the new

Imperial College/Royal College joint Industrial Design Engineering Course. The pioneering ID Eng students projects were illustrated in and design press including one Chinese publication.

Chinese publication.

This year's crop of projects promises to be just as exciting. They include Guy Desbanat's prize winning urban vehicle, Bill Evans' colour print and slide developer for amateur use, John Ewan's radical two wheel motor vehicle and Andrew Laitt's teamaker and lighting projects.

If you get a Mech Eng or similar degree at 2.2 or higher level, and can show some evidence of visual and creative thinking potential, you too might be acceptable for this exciting course.

Len Wingfield

ICST/RCS ID Eng Course Tutor

Jazz Preview

Gig reviews have always struck me as somewhat of a waste of time, since anyone who was there knows what it was like, and anyone who wasn't probably isn't all that bothered. A gig preview, however, is a much more useful idea; you can get some inkling of whether you will enjoy it if you go.

Don't be fooled by the name—the music played by the Jazz Sluts bears no resemblance in any shape or form to jazz. The comparison that springs to mind most easily, if we must have comparisons, is Santana: strong Latin rhythms, good percussion, long flowing tunes and very competent musicianship. Their info sheet claims that members of the band have worked with all kinds of interesting people, from the Rolling Stones to Brand X. Even allowing for the hype (info sheets are notorious for being a bundle of lies), there can be no doubt that they play together very well. Their music is fun and easy to listen to, and it should be a gig worth seeing.

When, Where, £?

The Jazz Sluts are playing at the Guilds End of Year Party on Friday June 17. The party is in the JCR, and tickets cost £1 in advance or £1.50 on the door. The accompanying disco will include a laser light show.

Bookshop News

If lecturers/tutors/teachers wish to check on prices of books they will be recommending in the coming academic year, please get in touch with the Bookshop Manager who we hope may be able to help. Don't forget we would like to have all recommended reading lists back as soon as possible.

New Titles

Antiques collecting directory - Lorraine Johnson, Pan £6.95
Markers of London - Forshaw & Bergstrom, Penguin £4.95
The war atlas - Kidron & Smith, Pan £5.95
A traveller's life - Eric Newby, Picador £2.95
From the land of the shadows - Clive James, Picador £2.50
Burning leaves - Don Bannister, Picador £2.50
Lime-light blues - Tony Parsons, Pan £1.75
Side Wall - David Graham, Pan £1.75

Flashman & the redskins - George MacDonald Fraser, Pan £1.95
Gödel, Escher, Bach—eternal golden braid Douglas R Hofstadter, Penguin £8.95
Country Wisdom - Gail Duff, Pan £1.75
Walkers Britain - Pan-Ordnance Survey £4.95
Richard's Bicycle Book - Richard Ballantine, Pan £2.95
Not tonight Josephine...I've got an alibi - Geep, Pan £0.80
I'm slimming tomorrow...I've got an alibi today - Geep, Pan £0.80
I'm not giving up...I've got an alibi - Geep, Pan £0.80
Sorry I forgot...But I've got an alibi - Geep, Pan £0.80
Egon Ronay's Lucas Guide 1983...reduced to £3.50



Hello again suckers! And welcome, once again, to the column that pokes you in the eye with a sharp expletive. I hope you've enjoyed the two 'Films of the Year' programmes—we kept them short, 'cos we didn't think you deserved longer ones. However, we have relented, and today you can see the second and last (aren't you glad?) 'Turn it on Again' programme, with yet more highlights and even lower-lights of this last year. This is also the very last STOIC broadcast this year (OK who was that cheering?).

We will be back next session, though, on the first Thursday of term, with extensive coverage of Fresher's Fair (yes, again!), the usual invitation to join the 'wacky, fun loving' STOIC mob—and a surprise mystery guest (or so a cloaked, masked man told me). We will, however, be without one of the best known and greatly admired (shome mishtake, surely?—Ed) presenters on STOIC in recent years, Lawrence Windley, who is retiring from television after many years service.

You may also like to know that we have interviews arranged next year with Ronald Reagan, Liza Minnelli, and the Duke of Edinburgh (the real one, not Rowan Atkinson). So, until next session this column is returning to a STOIC test transmission.....eeeeee(1kHz tone).....

The Mole

PS: Did you spot the 3 huge lies in paragraph 3?

PPS: Our usual (and much funnier) columnist (5th?) will be back next year, too!

Southside Bar

Friday 17 June
LIVE MUSIC

Cocktails from £1
New Guest Ale:
YOUNGS ORDINARY
63p

It is with great regret that the Union learned of the death on June 14 of Carrie Craig. Carrie was the forewoman cleaner in the Union Building until her retirement last year. She will be remembered with great affection by the students and Union staff.

The death in April of Jim Savoy, carpenter in the Estates section, was another sad loss to the Union.

PINOCCHIO

BITES THE DUST

In your mind, consider a large bucket, half filled with water. On the surface of the water, float a small bowl, and in that bowl, place a dozen marbles. Mentally make a mark on the side of the bucket to show the depth of the water. Now remove the marbles and drop them in the water—leave the bowl floating on the surface. Has the water level gone up or down since you marked it?

Spuz

Zaccharia buys a round

I was down at Primelia College the other day and I met Victor, William, Xavier, Yuri and Zaccharia in Nat's Bar. I knew there was a pure mathematician (who always tells the truth), an applied mathematician (who always lies), a statistician (who alternates truth and falsehood), a physicist (who speaks the truth and lies randomly), and a Union officer (who can't tell the difference between truth, falsehood and illogical rubbish). When Zaccharia went off to buy a round, I tried to work out who was what.

'I always tell the truth,' said Victor.

'I always lie,' said William.

'Frequently what I say is rubbish,' said Xavier.

'I tell both truth and lies,' added Yuri, 'and Zaccharia alternates them.'

Then things got more complicated.

'If my last statement was false, my next is true,' said William.

'If my last statement was true, my next is false,' replied Yuri.

'My last statement was false,' grinned William.

'My last statement was true,' said Yuri.

'Well that still doesn't give you enough information to know who's who,' put in Victor.

'Yes it does!' argued Xavier.

So who is who?

In this case, as usual, a statement is defined as that which ends in a full stop.

Perola

As the caption says, Pinocchio bites the dust. I must just take this opportunity to thank everyone; Perola (especially), Fuzzychops, Scaramouche, Ulysses, Gordias, Scapino, Mike, Spuz, Dr Pretzel, Andy, Lynne James (for being the only other person to ever have pasted up the whole puzzle page) and everyone else who has given me, or inspired in me, a puzzle, who I have unforgivably temporarily forgotten. Also thanks are due to Mary, Mungo, Midge, Tim and Kathy for allowing themselves to be frequently lampooned, and of course, to anyone who has ever entered a puzzle, and made me feel wanted.

The prize puzzles this week are marked with pointers or arrows. All the others are for your own amusement—good luck (for the last time) everyone, especially to whoever takes over my job!

Ever yours, Pinocchio

SHOCKHORRA PROBES

Well, this issue sees the end of an era. The FEELSICK Editor, Martian Failure, is replaced by young, enthusiastic, debonair, witty (I really can creep when I want to!) Pallab Shokhorra. Pallab has already started renaming the college. Since most work goes on in Huxley during the day, it has been renamed Day. Since a lot goes on in Southside during the night, it has been renamed Night. Whenever one goes into the Union Office, one inevitably finds that things 'will get done tomorrow', the Union Office has been named Morrow. Pallab has already started causing havoc by issuing orders; on Monday June 13 at 8:00am (0800hrs), he sent this memo:

'PEOPLE NOW AT DAY WILL PROCEED TO NIGHT TO MORROW STOP PEOPLE NOW AT MORROW WILL PROCEED TO DAY TO NIGHT STOP PEOPLE NOW AT NIGHT WILL PROCEED TO MORROW TO DAY.'

At 6:00pm (1800hrs) he broadcasts:

'ORDERS GIVEN THIS MORNING FOR PEOPLE TO PROCEED TO NIGHT ARE CANCELLED AS FAR AS PEOPLE WHO HAVE NOT YET MOVED ARE CONCERNED.'

At midnight (2359hrs) he announces:

'PEOPLE WHO WENT TO DAY TO NIGHT WILL RETURN AT DAYBREAK TO MORROW.'

Now it may be taken that a day is the period ending at 6:00pm (1800hrs) and night is between 6:00pm and midnight.

On June 15, people stood in various places thus:

At Day 26 people

At Night 24 people

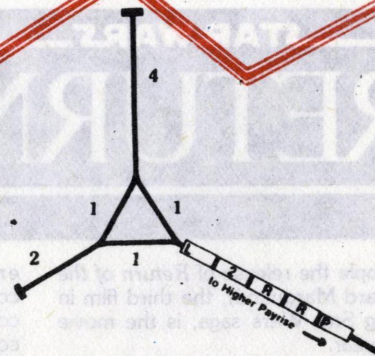
At Morrow 50 people

Assuming that no other people are involved, that no one moved unless they were ordered to, and that, where an order appears to be capable of two interpretations, half the people to whom it might apply interpret it in one sense and half in the other, what was the distribution of these people at 8:00am on June 13?

Peter Parker Packs a Peck

Do you remember the Killinbuckton puzzle? If not, then tough. If you do, then you'll remember the map shown here. Can you tell me the maximum number of restaurant cars Sir Peter Carr-Parker-Tendant can put in the train, and still turn the train round?

The train is: locomotive, second class carriage, a number of restaurant cars, and a Pullman coach. The locomotive and Pullman car must leave facing the same way (with regard to the direction of travel) as they arrived.



The terminus at Killinbuckton

Just Steels A Joint

During the Easter vacation a terrible scandal blew-up at Primelia College. A black-market in contraceptives was discovered operating in the Westwall Halls of Residence.

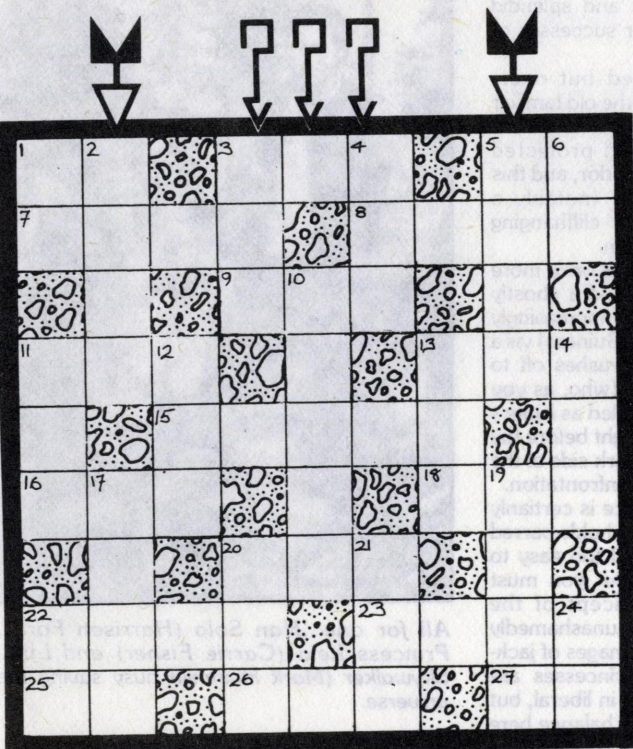
Always a fast mover, Just Reefer the Chief Security Officer, visited the Halls and dragged off the first 100 students he found for interrogation. His intention was to find out if Welfare Officer Joint Barnite was behind the whole thing.

Just's prisoners consisted of 99 mathematicians and physicists and one theoretical physicist. For the benefit of the Arts students among you I should explain that as physicists deal with the real world they invariably tell the truth. Mathematicians on the other hand can postulate the world to suit themselves and so are invariant liars. Theoretical physicists, caught between the two disciplines, usually end up quite schizophrenic and sometimes tell the truth whilst lying the rest of the time. Unfortunately for Just, he could not distinguish the students by course, although they all know each other's vocation.

A further complication was that Union President Steel Goolies, anxious to give Joint a fair chance (in case he was guilty), allowed Just only two questions to any or all of the students in the belief that this would prevent Just from ascertaining the truth.

Faced with the problem of this mixture of students and the limitations of two questions only, Just called on his poet's deviousness and came up with two questions to determine (correctly) Joint's guilt or innocence. What were they and of whom did he ask them?

Gordias



RDFELIXCROSSWORDFELIXCROSSWORDFELIXCROSSWORDFEL

ACROSS

- 1 Average of 1 down and 24 down
- 3 See 14 down
- 5 Double 1 down
- 7 30 times 12 down
- 8 27 across times 24 down
- 9 21 down plus 1 down
- 11 24 down squared
- 13 27 across quadrupled
- 15 5 across times 16 across
- 16 26 across plus 100
- 18 Prime with digits in either order
- 20 Lowest 3-digit prime number
- 22 See 10 down
- 23 3 across times (1 across with order of digits reversed)
- 25 Two-thirds of 22 down
- 26 See 16 across
- 27 Product of two primes

DOWN

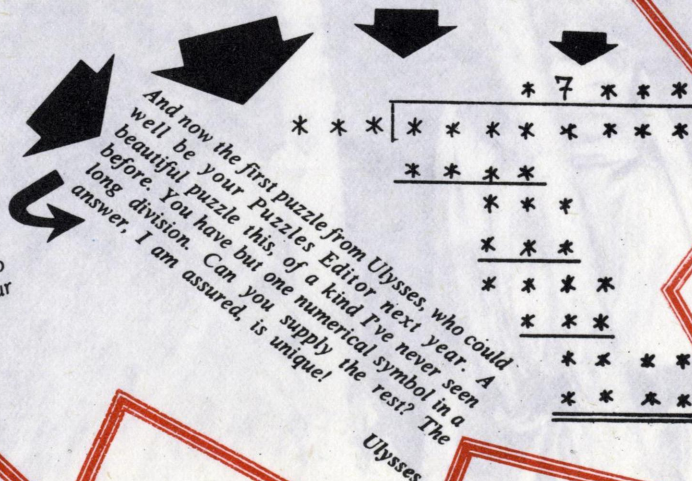
- 1 One more than 1 across
- 2 9 across times 1 down
- 3 10 less than 18 across
- 4 See 24 down
- 5 Sum of digits equals 1 down
- 6 Prime number whose digit sum is also prime
- 10 22 across times 24 down
- 11 1 across squared
- 12 See 7 across
- 13 One less than 13 across
- 14 Average of 16 across and 3 across
- 17 Digit sum is 18
- 19 Digit sum is perfect
- 20 3 down with digit order reversed
- 21 See 9 across
- 22 See 25 across
- 24 First 2 digits of 4 down

All the answers are whole numbers without leading zeros.

Fuzzychops



Given a round pie, what is the maximum number of pieces into which you can cut it, with four straight cuts?





STAR WARS RETURN OF THE JEDI

For many people the release of *Return of the Jedi* (U, Richard Marquand), the third film in the continuing Star Wars saga, is the movie event of the year.

Even before production started, this film was virtually guaranteed substantial commercial success—but I'm pleased to say that George Lucas and co haven't rested on their laurels. Indeed, they have produced another virtuoso space-opera that is certain to delight Star Wars devotees (myself included) and, at the very least, provide a few hours of harmless fun for the hardened cynics of this world.

Following the briefest of Flash Gordon style résumés we are plunged straight into the action once more. A new and more powerful death star—a massive space battle station—hangs partially complete over the forest moon of Endor. The Galactic Emperor himself is to supervise final construction and is greeted by Darth Vader, his evil majordomo and general bad guy.

But first, despite the mortal danger which faces the Rebel Alliance, Luke Skywalker (nice guy and last of a breed of noble galactic knights, the Jedi) must rescue his old chum Han Solo (hunky space pirate) from the clutches of the vile Jabba the Hutt.

Before I have another attack of the brackets, I had better pause here to marvel at the delights of the Jabba's abode, where a large slice of the film takes place. For this scene an alarming array of alien creatures has been created, who hold the voyeuristic appeal of an outrageous freak show. Jabba himself is an overweight, slug-like creature with

enormous eyes and an inexplicable, if convenient, taste for pretty dancing girls. The convincing realisation of this ghastly monster, complete with mafia mentality and splendid deep voice, is one of the major successes of the film.

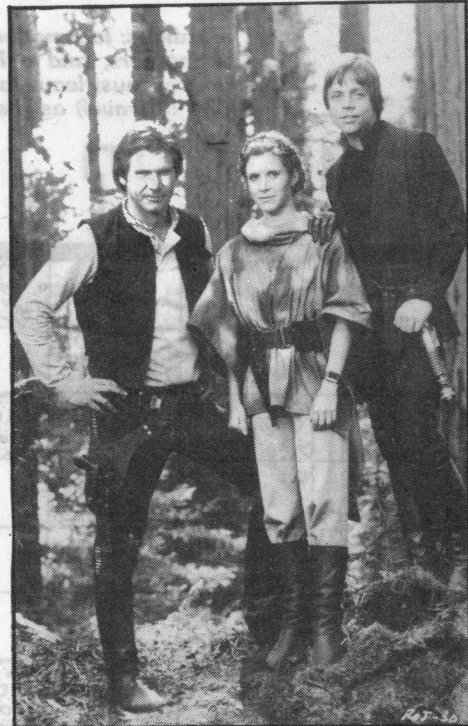
Anyway, after a well paced but over-complicated rescue, it's back to the old familiar game of blow-up-the-death-star. This entails disabling a powerful force field projected around said battle station from Endor, and this allows plenty of daring chases (notably a stunning jet-bike sequence) and cliffhanging rescues in a plush forest location.

Meanwhile, Luke Skywalker has once more been tipped the wink by Yoda and a ghostly Obi Wan Kenobi (played with increasingly obvious embarrassment by Alec Guinness) vis a vis his immediate relations. He rushes off to confront dastardly Darth Vader (who, as you may or may not know, was revealed as Luke's pater in episode two) and is brought before the Emperor for conversion to the dark side of the all powerful Force. Cue final confrontation.

Well, as you can see, the Force is certainly continued with a rollicking, no-holds-barred action adventure. It would be all too easy to criticise the acting and story, but you must bear in mind the overall concept of the saga—it is, and should remain, an unashamedly naive and accessible fairy tale. Images of jack-booted nasties and titilating princesses are mixed with magic and mysticism in liberal, but exact, doses. Achieving the right balance here is as skilled a task as creating the highest form of art film, with the added dangers of over-

indulgence and disappointing devoted fans.

Overall, I felt that *Jedi* was only partially successful. The special effects have been let loose to a frightening degree, but are brilliantly accomplished by a team of fine craftsmen. However, the overcrowded action occasionally becomes confusing (as in a battle of space fleets involving hundreds of ships) which does



All for one...Han Solo (Harrison Ford), Princess Leia (Carrie Fisher) and Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill) busy saving the universe.

tend to blunt the spectacle a little.

Ian McDiarmid gives a splendid performance as the Emperor, mixing pantomime caricature with malevolent zeal, and even eclipses the role of Darth Vader as Mr Bad. It is a pity that other characters are wasted however—notably Boba Fett, the mercenary, who is quickly killed off, along with a few other surprises (in what was presumably a deliberate trimming of numbers in this concluding episode of a trilogy).

The most daring and, to my mind, successful introduction is the Ewok race, a band of gritty teddy bears who help the Rebels on Endor. This whole idea could have failed abysmally and brought the film crashing with it, but once more George Lucas demonstrates his gift for entertaining without insulting the intelligence of his audience. The Ewoks are genuinely convincing, even though they look like furry midgets, and I'm amazed that the film makers managed to pull this particular idea off at all.

So, there is no doubt that *Return of the Jedi* is more-of-the-same and better for those who have enjoyed the previous two films. It ties up many loose ends to varying degrees of satisfaction (oh yes, I have avoided revealing several major revelations in the plot!) and has a satisfying up-beat ending itself. And judging by the way it is already smashing box office records (yes, even those of *ET*) both here and in America, I hardly feel I need recommend it anyway.

So, until the next episode, may the Force be with you.

Mark Smith



Luke Skywalker and Chewbacca hanging around on Endor.

Bond Wagon Rolls On

Octopussy, cert PG, starring Roger Moore, directed by John Glen, now playing at Odeon Leicester Square.

Once again it is time for Ian Fleming to do one of his perennial rotations in his grave as another of his crime thrillers gets the Hollywood treatment. Indeed this treatment has reached such a point now that the end product has little in common with the original plot. In the credits we find that George MacDonald Fraser, Richard Maibaum and Michael G Wilson are responsible for the 'screen story and screenplay' and the name of Ian Fleming is revered and then forgotten. Nothing wrong in all this, but it does make the carping over *Never Say Never Again* a bit hypocritical. There has been a court case over this rival production brought by Fleming's trustees and MGM/UA who contend that this is a misuse of the rights which were sold to the rival company, ie the rights to *Thunderball*. However, we can all rest a little easier with the knowledge that some American justices have their heads screwed on: the case was thrown out of court; *Never Say Never Again* will be with us just before Christmas.

Anyway, what about *Octopussy*. What is there to say but that this is real vintage escapist stuff in *The Spy Who Loved Me* and *For Your Eyes Only* mould? The gadgets, the chases, the spies, the murders, the double-crosses and the women. Most particularly the women—there are an awful lot of them. The Octopussy of the title is the leader of an ancient order of female bandits revived for the purposes of a spot of dirty dealing. This gives the ideal excuse for Bond's natural habitat: an island populated exclusively by dangerous women ready for conquering in his own inimitable style. There are the usual band of male villains bent on the denial of his perfectly natural conjugal rights by shooting him, knifing him, sawing him in two and trying to remove him from the economy class section without the courtesy of a parachute. Of course these numerous attempts on his life result in the ruffling of his hair and the untimely demise of the creases in his trousers, but one has to put up with such hardships.

Whatever you may say about Roger Moore (and to his credit he has never claimed to be much of an actor) he is a superlative Bond. Sean Connery has said that while in his Bond, the humour comes out of the character, with Moore, the character comes out of the humour. This is possibly true and probably unimportant, but we will have a chance to judge with Connery in *Never Say Never Again*. It is difficult to say when humour started to be injected into Bond, but over the years the tongue has been wedged more and more firmly into the check; perhaps it may soon have to be re-categorised under adventure-comedy à la Gene Wilder. *The Man With The Golden Gun* marked the turning point with the introduction of Jaws as the manic molybdenum molar man accelerating the fall. However, any genre must move with the times and evolve in order to survive, rather like *Dr Who*.

Playing the title role, Maud Adams, who played an ill-fated role as the mobsters moll in *Man With The Golden Gun*, is fascinating and deadly by degrees, but of course puts up little defence to the amorous eye brow lifting Bond who sweeps her off her tentacles.

There is also an appearance by Vijay Amritraj who portrays a playboy tennis-playing contact, and of course we have the perennial

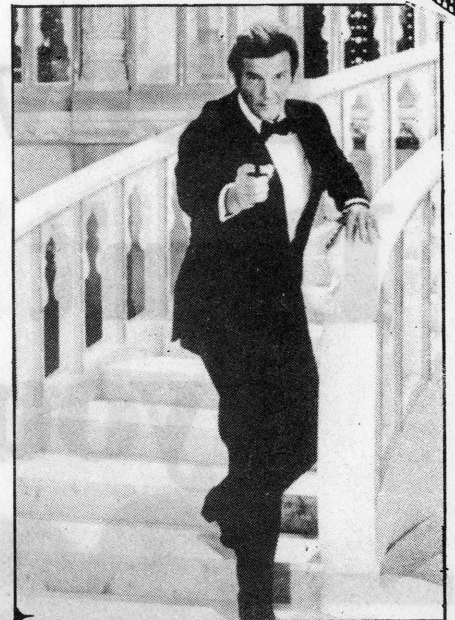
'A' and 'M' without whom Bond would not be Bond.

The stunts, chases and fights are well done and imaginative; it is difficult after so many Bonds (fourteen so far) to invent more variations on a theme but there are some amusing twists which are well worth waiting for and their superb finesse and polish really makes the finished product shine.

The bare skeleton of plot on which all the action hangs is somewhat thin and rather pointless. It concerns East-West detente, CND, and other contemporary issues which really have no place in this kind of film. In an effort to make the film up to date, the film succeeds merely in dangerous trivialisation. It makes one long for the simple days when Bond merely had to foil the dastardly plot of some supercriminal bent on world domination/destruction. Bring back SPECTRE and dump the KGB!

But this is a minor blemish on an otherwise spotless surface—plot is never paramount in such a film. Don't let this spoil your enjoyment of a damn good, entertaining and thoroughly sexist film.

Lee Paddon



Something Missing

The Year of Living Dangerously, cert PG, director Peter Weir, Plaza.

This is a film I had been looking forward to. The pedigree looked good: Peter Weir is the finest Australian director, he was responsible for *Picnic at Hanging Rock*; Mel 'Mad Max' Gibson, one of Australia's best actors, plays Guy Hamilton, a journalist—and journalism is a profession close to my heart. Unfortunately I have to admit I was disappointed; it's a film that promised a lot, but in the end rather failed to deliver.

It is set in the political turmoil of Indonesia in 1965; they have kicked out the Imperialists and have gained independence, but have lost their scapegoat for the starvation and poverty of most of the population. Civil war is brewing and the situation is tense.

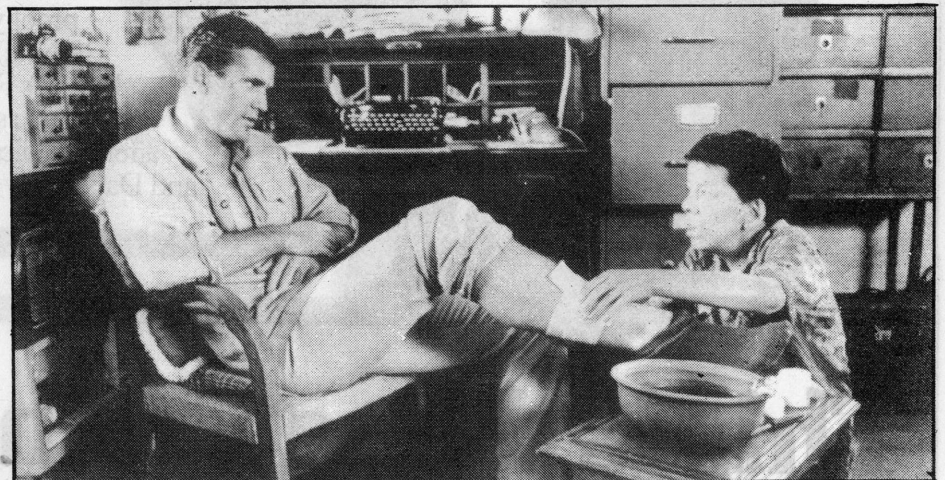
Into this explosive atmosphere comes Guy Hamilton from the Sydney Herald on his first assignment as a foreign correspondent. He is ambitious and sees this as his big break, if he blows it he'll be back on the city desk for ever. After a shaky start he becomes a member of the ex-patriate set and manages to assimilate something of the plight and background of the people of the country as seen through the eyes of a natives (Linda Hunt) who decides to adopt Guy and be his photographer.

The obligatory love interest in supplied in the shapely form of Sigourney Weaver who plays a British Embassy attache, Jill Bryant. The last time we saw Miss Weaver she was battling against unwelcome extra terrestrial hitchhikers in *Alien*; this time she has the odd ugly confrontation with rather more human but equally deadly inhabitants of Jakarta. This is however a far better role for her as this time she does more than push buttons, ask dumb questions and scream a lot, but her American accent was a bit offputting; possibly Aussies can't tell the difference.

Although I found the film as a whole a little disappointing, there are some fine performances: Guy Hamilton stands out. He develops from an idealistic journalist daunted by the responsibility of his job to a reckless daredevil of limitless ambition. Linda Hunt plays his native photographer who is saddened by the change in Guy and the plight of the people of the country—a nicely downbeat tragic role. There are some well made scenes of angry crowds on the march and the tension and tautness of the camera work is reminiscent of Costa Guersers' *Missing*. All the components are there, but for some reason the total is less than the sum of the parts—the feel is wrong.

Still, not a bad film by any means and one I'm sure will consolidate Peter Weir's high reputation and do the Australian film industry nothing but good.

Lee Paddon



Leaving College? Don't leave without your Railcard.



Unless Mum and Dad are awfully rich, you could well be leaving college without a bean to your name. Further, we'd hazard a guess that, no matter how brilliant your prospects, your first job is unlikely to be the chairmanship of one of Britain's blue chip companies.

In other words, your modest financial position is likely to persist for some time.

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The Railcard lasts a full 12 months from the date of purchase. And you can use it to travel the length and breadth of the country - even on some Sealink ferries.

Call in at your station, British Rail appointed travel agent or Student Travel Office and ask for a leaflet.

If you bring two recent passport photos, proof you're under 24 and £12 (£10 before 19 June) with you, you can buy a Young Person's Railcard on the spot.

If you still think it's going to be a pinch to afford a Railcard, you could always suggest Mum and Dad buy one as a graduation present...

This is the age of the train

Unbearably Pompous Critics

Beethoven's Tenth by Peter Ustinov, directed by Robert Chetwyn, Vaudeville Theatre.

The curtain rises on an extremely elegant and smart interior. It is the living room of Stephen Fauldgate (Robin Bailey). Mr Fauldgate is an eminent music critic whose special study outside the contemporary scene is Beethoven. He is fastidious in his choice of words. Unfortunately he is also unbearably pompous and overflowing with self importance. His son, Pascal (Reece Dinsdale) complains of his 'writings of intolerable pretension'. Pascal is a 22-year-old aspiring composer who 'writes facile symphonies in menacing profusion'—according to his dad. His works are 'tepid, vapid and trivial'. (Father and son are at odds, you see.) Mr Fauldgate's wife (played by Dilys Laye) is a former mezzo-soprano who gave up her career to make peace between her two men. The other member of the household is Irmgard (Clare Higgins), an Austrian au pair, whose childhood was spent with Beethoven's death mask over her cot and whose pocket-money was spent attending concerts of his music.

During a family quarrel, Fräulein Irmgard closes her eyes, clenches her fists, and with germanic determination exclaims 'I vish Beethoven vere here. I—vish—Beethoven—vere—here.' Immediately there is a knock on the door. A large and very old figure enters. It is Herr Beethoven. His appearance is alarming: shuffling gait and badly stooping, shabby old clothes, anarchic hair and restless jowls. He mutters German.

Peter Ustinov plays the maestro in this his new play. Mr Ustinov, as one would guess, is superbly suited to this role. A very talented actor, playwright, novelist, linguist and above all a master of impersonation of the European character, Ustinov lends a very humorous and clever performance. *Beethoven's Tenth* is inventive, honest and human and rather than follow a single line or pursue a particular idea, the play instead airs a diversity of Ustinovian philosophy. However, the play does home in on three things: an homage and an apology to Beethoven, a savage attack on art critics, and a look at the family.

Mr Ustinov thinks that the critics have been extremely unkind to Beethoven. Although the maestro is enormously appreciated by the world at large, it is pointed out by Mr Ustinov that the professional critics do not regard Beethoven as a 'real' musician! This is largely due to their ignorance of the maestro's character and so in the play Mr Ustinov attempts to put across this omission. He is trying to settle scores with the critics.

Herr Beethoven keeps up a fair pressure against critics. He complains to Mr Fauldgate, who fancies he knows more about him than he does of himself, that we tend to over-scrutinise and over-intellectualise what should give us unselfconscious joy, and on a note of exasperation, complains of scholars and historians who 'analyse the urine in your chamberpot' to 'try to find out your darkest secrets'. When Mr Fauldgate gives his son's



Roll over Fauldgate and tell Beethoven the news.

manuscripts to Beethoven to pass judgement on them the maestro declines, saying he has no right to do such a thing, and claiming a judgement of 'right' or 'wrong' is often unapplicable. 'Zere are many truths. Each has its own integrity' he claims.

Herr Beethoven is also clearly taken aback by the modern world in which he finds himself. He eyes with incredulity tubular chairs, records and cassette players, and is appalled by the world of cars, traffic lights and hideously garish lights 'shpelling out ze vord hamburger.'

The maestro spends several days in the household, during which time he offers advice on family matters. We also see him as an

intensely religious man, but not lacking in mirth. The local priest comes round and is surprised to see that Herr Beethoven is both a Christian and a pagan at the same time. He wonders how this is possible. 'Ven I am in a good mood I am a Christian. Und ven I am in a bad mood I am a pagan. Zat vay I can't blaspheme.'

The play is very amusing and very interesting and is well worth a visit. It also offers a chance of witnessing Mr Ustinov on stage, which is a very rare thing—a great pity since he is such a marvellous talent.

Nick Bedding

Cordon Bleugh

by the
Galloping Gourmand

Even in a city like London where there are restaurants to cater for every conceivable minority, it is unusual to find an establishment which deals exclusively with true Cordon Bleugh cuisine. How refreshing, then, to find the Chateau Grot in Cromwell Road (opposite the Cromwellian) just in time for a post-exam celebration meal.

Starters were chosen from a list which included caviar and strawberry mousse, smoked salmon sundae and melon boats served with custard and grated nutmeg. However, the grilled avocado mornay is highly recommended.

In the main courses, the versatility and originality of the menu can only be compared with the skill with which traditional and novel

dishes are prepared and served. Old favourites like liver meringue pie and rhubarb and kidney crumble were evidently greatly enjoyed by other customers. A word with the waiter revealed some of the secrets of the house speciality, Squid à l'Ancien. Mashed beetroot is combined in a blender with cornflower and caraway seed and then simmered until thick. Beaten egg is added and the mixture refrigerated. The squid, meanwhile, is cut into long strips and deep fried in batter, and served with the sauce and a generous helping of deep-fried cucumber and lettuce. The spices used to produce the strangely evocative flavour remain a mystery.

An amazing selection of wines is on offer, including rare vintages from all over the world. Owing to the nature of the occasion, a little-known champagne, Veuve Clouseau, was chosen. This wine has a fragrance which will clear the stuffiest nose while the full-bodied flavour is excellent for sore throats.

And so to the desserts. Old favourites like Black Forest Gateau with steaming hot tomato sauce vie for attention with swede and mango sorbet. In the end I chose a portion of prawn and spinach cheesecake.

Coffee was served with chocolate-coated after dinner mince and the bill for two people left enough change from £20 to catch a taxi to the nearest hospital.

Review of the Year

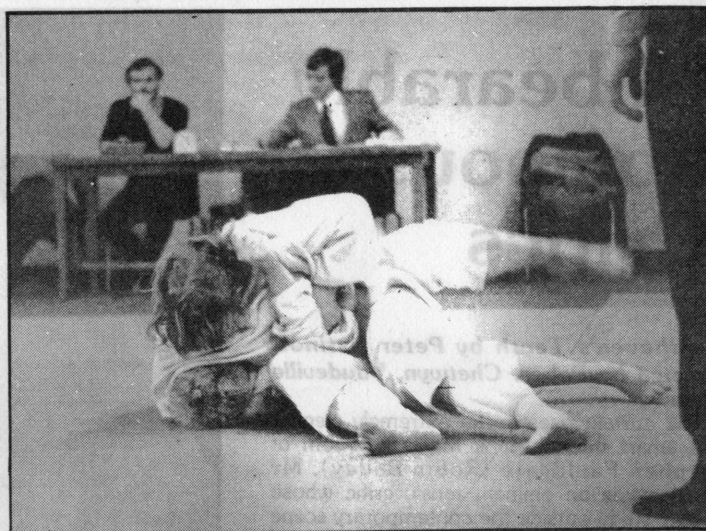
As always a review of the sporting year at IC is a very pleasant thing to write. A pleasing aspect of the season gone by is that whilst established clubs have performed well, other lesser known clubs have improved and scored some notable victories.

The Football Club had a very good season this year. They captured the ULU Cup in a match that, as in all great matches, went to a replay. Admittedly their league showing was not as good. The important question to ask is what will happen when Rickard leaves College. Who can provide the

of over 200. The first team did well to come second in the first division but some of the lower teams were struggling to avoid relegation. A tour was undertaken to Paderborn in Germany which proved to be very successful. Incidentally anyone wanting to read the full story of this tour can collect the 115 page 'novel' from the FELIX Office.

For the first time this year the Tennis Club competed in a winter league and performed creditably.

The martial arts clubs are a growing area of sport at IC. The Judo Club is probably the most established of these and last year



Castaways Cups but due to a stroke of good luck a spare trophy appeared in the Union Office—any ideas what to do with it? Their best result of the year was coming second in an international tournament in Tilbury, Holland.

Other clubs that have performed well are the Volleyball Club, who despite low membership managed to win their league for the second year running. A tour abroad is also on the cards for the club where no doubt they will smash everyone in sight. The Rifle Pistol Club are second in various leagues. The Fencing Club did well against other teams and interest in the club likes maintained throughout the year.

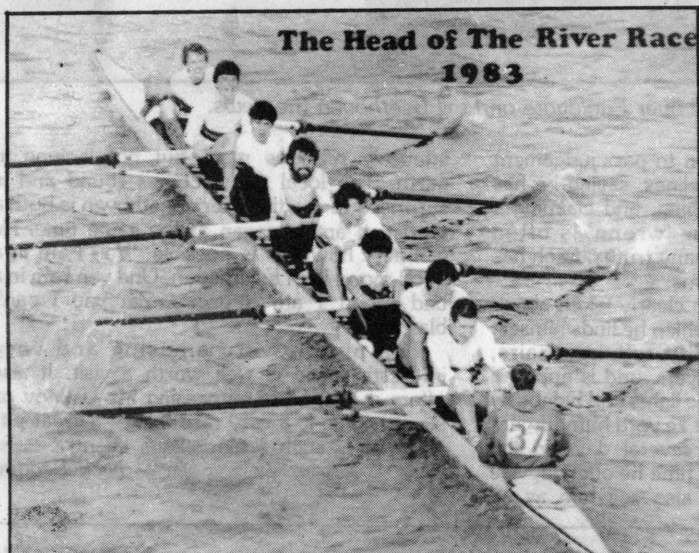
The club which deserves a special mention is the Cycling Club under the strong, decisive and determined leadership of Ronan. Despite some scepticism on the part of ACC the Cycling Club

have recently had some exceptional results for a new club. The best of these came in winning the team prize in the BSSF 50 mile time trial championship.

Great fun was had at Sports Day this year although it was poorly attended. The event showed great potential for the future. The events were mainly dominated by two people—John Lee and Mike Jones—but I think it is fair to say that everyone who took part enjoyed themselves. Hopefully this will be better attended next year.

I think a bit must be said emphasising the importance of sport at IC. The majority of people at IC are a member of a sports club and so money given to sporting purposes is well distributed throughout the College.

In more general terms last year has had many important implications for sport at IC. For instance the improvement of the



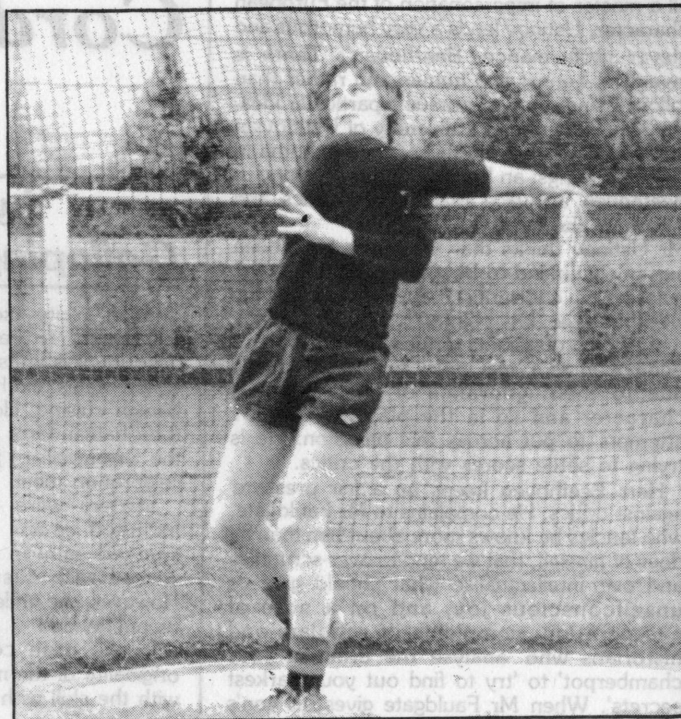
goals he has been scoring for the last six years.

The Rugby Club could not repeat the previous year's success of winning the Gutteridge Cup. They went out in the first round to the team they beat in the final last year. To make up for this they won the plate competition. A successful tour was also completed although rumours abound about what went on off the field!

The Hockey Club had numerous successes including their first snow-bound hockey festival in Folkestone!! Moving away from field sports probably the most successful club was the Badminton Club who, inspired by their captain, won four leagues and the ULU Knockout Cup. They also entertained a team from Trinity College Dublin—entertained being the right word. Staying with racquet clubs the Squash Club expanded almost to bursting point with membership

they had their best season yet. They won the Men's ULU Championship and were second in the women's. One of their members, Keith Stevenson, achieved the accolade of 1st Dan (black belt) and many others increased their grading. This success was carried on by the Karate Club who performed well in the Southern Area Championships at Poole—winning one of the ladies events. Again many people increased their grading. The newest martial arts club is the Wing Chun Club and unfortunately interest has dwindled in this club—perhaps we can hope for a resurgence next year.

Moving along to the water sport clubs. Boat Club again performed well although their biggest event—Henley—is still to come. Sailing Club improved their position in the Southern Universities league. Unfortunately they lost one of the



Quotes

Jon Barnett - 'Over brandy in my room with just the stars and Northside residents looking in I have no doubt that Mary will feel moved to reveal all.'

Lord Flowers - I am sometimes.

Stephen Goulder - 'To allege that members of the executive are psychotic...clearly constitutes libel...'

Adrian James - '...the reason for his attack seems to be that I do not bias the news towards his way of thinking. I am therefore a Reactionary Capitalist...'

Michael Newman - 'It has been said that...our nature is one of violence, and therefore we are not responsible for the present appalling situation.'

Magnus Pyke - Outside these walls, they are savages!

Paul Simion - 'I am not organising a rent strike.'

John Smith - Imperial College will not survive after the recession unless sports facilities and student accommodation are drastically extended.

J Martin Taylor - 'What is a sausage?'

Martin S Taylor - 'There is no justification for preventing right-minded adults from doing whatever they please in private.'

Christine Teller - 'I never liked Mary from the start.'

Identikit

Photographs around the edge, going clockwise from the top left:

1. Nick Pyne and Jon Barnett inflating contraceptives in a UGM.
2. A vandalised pinball machine (from last year).
3. Paul Simion streaking along Sheffield walkway.
4. Dave Hobbs being treacled (prior to being feathered) after a raid on RSM Union.
5. A computer-controlled bolt in Huxley.
6. The highlight (!) of Martin S Taylor's speech at the Freshers' UGM.

The three faces are:

- Michael Arthur's hair
- John Passmore's eyes and nose
- Jen Hardy-Smith's chin

Heading for trouble

1. The UGM defeated a motion on sexually explicit events on Union premises, allowing them to continue.
2. Council decided to reverse the Union Finance Committee's decision to cut Constituent College Union grants.
3. The Rector revealed that if plans to charge IC students for use of the Science Museum Library went ahead, the library's rent will be drastically increased.
4. Welfare Officer Jon Barnett sent a brick to an insurance company (using their reply-paid card) to protest at their sales technique.
5. Christopher Patten, MP for Bath, visited IC in March.

Thank Heavens for Little Girls

1. Devil Worship Soc needed virgins—it was applying to become a Union society under the auspices of Social Clubs Committee.
2. Andy Grimshaw asked for a female member for an expedition to a coral atoll.
3. Susan Watts and Louise Nahon tried to change publicity rules after they found some posters offensive.
4. Mary Freeman resigned as ICU Hon Sec, but a motion to send her a dozen red roses was defeated.
5. Miranda Bellchambers became Bo Belle. Phil Greenstreet wrote a spoof sun write up of this, describing Miranda as in the question.
6. The FELIX Office put a small ad in FELIX asking for a virgin (myf), 16-21, to feed to the folding machine.
7. Fiona Whitelaw was abducted from her room by QMC students, as a hostage for Mary, their mascot, which RCS had violated.
8. Karen Stott was thus described when she arrived to start work in Student Services.

Small Ads

1. Bargepoles
2. On his lower lip—he was a biochemist.
3. John Barnett, Jon Barnet and John Barnet (but not necessarily in that order).

4. An inflatable toad.
5. Headlines in FELIX.
6. Photographers
7. Fran(TIC) Lay
8. Bernard Sunley House

Views and Reviews

1. Mark Smith describing the film *Conan The Barbarian*.
2. Nick Bedding, describing the Rector in a spoof review of Commemoration Day
3. Nick Bedding describing Peter O'Toole in *Man and Superman*.
4. Gastropod reviewing *Dino's*.
5. Lee Paddon describing a character in *Cousins in Love*.
6. Lee Paddon describing the film *Fast Times*.

Moves

1. Tiddlywinking at the beginning of the year.
2. The Union was considering a move from Beit to Southside.
3. Chelsea College was to be merged with various other colleges.
4. A human powered vehicle, the Wind-cheetah was to be cycled round Britain to raise funds for RNLI.
5. Jon Barnett left a UGM after a motion that he be not heard.
6. The Rag Bed Race had only these two entrants.
7. Jimmy Carroll, bar manager, left the staff after a disagreement with College over the accuracy of the audits.
8. Bo completed the London to Brighton veteran car rally with five minutes to spare.
9. IC students made an expedition to Greenland.

Visitors

1. Enoch Powell MP.
2. Neil Stewart, NUS President.
3. Stanley Orme MP, Shadow Minister for Industry.
4. Ken Livingstone
5. Tam Dalyell MP
6. Edward Heath MP
7. Ray Buckton, leader of ASLEF

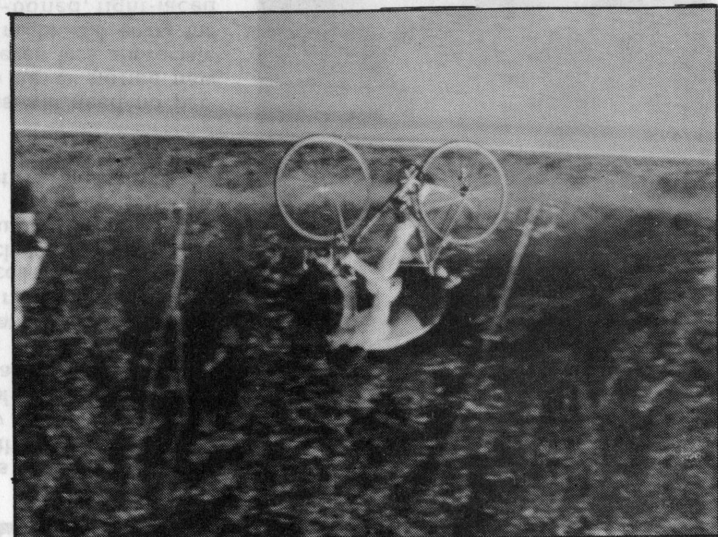
NEWS QUIZ ANSWERS



mentions must be made for the FELIX reports. One to Dave Molesworth for being able to write the most about the least. The other to Roman for his imitable style. I hope next year will be as enjoyable.

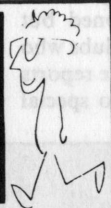
Well that about wraps it all up for FELIX. I think two special haven't bothered to write reports these are probably the clubs who clubs I haven't mentioned but for this year. I'm sorry to the about wraps it all up

Building. Perhaps the most important innovation is the decision to join the Universities Athletic Union (UAV). This will mean competition at a higher level for many clubs. problems using the Union these clubs who at present face greatly improve facilities for martial arts clubs. This should be suitable for use by the construction of a gym in South-



WALKABOUT-LOOKSEE

by Mobile Optics Inc.



If the 'Walkabout-Looksee' column has achieved nothing else this year, I hope that it's provided sufficient evidence to justify Mobile Optics Inc' love for the V&A. I was there again last week in a mood of self-indulgence, not quite by chance, but to witness the re-opening of the Museum's Dress Collection.

Restoration and Conservation

The huge gallery of the old Costume Court has been closed for five years for repair, involving extensive roof works, and refurbishment.

Some of the clothes now on show had previously been displayed, untouched, for twenty years. They, and others from the museum's store, have been painstakingly restored and are now re-displayed in showcases designed to conserve them as well as show them off: they are ventilated by 'breather' units which filter out the dust and gaseous air pollutants responsible for the deterioration of fragile textiles; and illuminated by tungsten spotlights at low light intensity, to prolong the exhibits' life.

The art of dressing

The study of dress has undergone a major revolution. Gone are the anecdotal period tableaux: fashion is now taken seriously. The fashionable aspirations of a period are as much a reflection of society as painting, literature and music. Dress is thus an essential ingredient of a lifestyle and can be treated as an art form in its own right.

The V&A costume collection is huge and glorious. The display includes over 200 figures from the early 17th century to the present, and ends with a flourish in 1983, with a Tommy Nutter suit and Margaret Howell's cottons and linens.

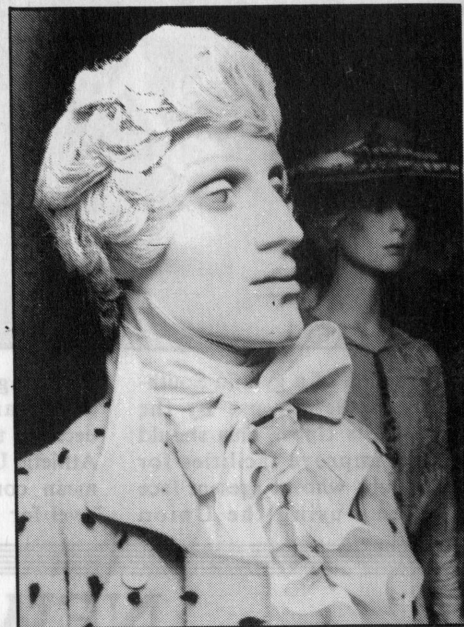
Who should visit?

The fashion-conscious will need no persuading. Those who never notice new shoes/dress/etc, and even less appreciate understated elegance, might still enjoy the underwear cases (!)—boned, tight-laced corsets to define a neat waist and uplift the bust; lace-trimmed pantaloons and bloomers, for a grown up Little Miss Muffet.

The collection is presented in terms of fabric, cut and style. The fashionable silhouette characteristic of each period derives not only from the clothes, but from the choice of accessories, the way the hair is dressed, and the way the figure stands, and we are treated to a spectacular display of period styles. But the mannequins are immobile and expressionless. As such an essential ingredient is missing, and we can only guess at the formality or natural grace of the figures' movements.

Where? When? £?

The Dress Collection is part of the Victoria and Albert Museum's permanent collection, and so free. The museum is open Mon-Thurs and Sat 10:00-17:50; Sun 14:30-17:50.



Dressing gown worn by Thomas Coutts (1735-1822), founder of Coutts Bank.



From Barrow to Brighton, from Abingdon to Ashby-de-la-Zouch wherever you go, you will inevitably stumble across that most un-English of English institutions—the Indian restaurant.

Almost without exception it will be empty—how they manage to make enough money to keep the army of immaculate clad waiters in bow-ties is an enigma which is to great mysteries as the Rubik Cube is to the Sun Junior Crossword.

Yet the greatest mystery of all is that these generally excellent establishments are not packed out with eager disciples of the vindaloo or crazed addicts craving for their daily fix of prawn dhansak. For a start, prices tend to be very reasonable—repletion can be achieved in most for under £5 per head. Service is usually very good. The burger house norm of plate loads of food being plonked in front of you is not the way of the Indian restaurant. Instead it's all 'silver service', coats taken, doors held and thank you very much.

Most important of all is the food, which offers a wide range of exotic and exciting tastes.

The most likely explanation of the apparent lack of enthusiasm for Indian food is that most people don't know how to get the best out of an Indian restaurant. Confronted by an enormous list of meaningless names, unadventurous folk might opt for the starter, main course, dessert approach which is unlikely to prove satisfactory. To enjoy Indian food you need to understand the menu and be adventurous.

There are two basic types of menu. The least expensive is usually the one which consists of long lists of dishes categorised under meat dishes, chicken dishes, fish dishes, sundries and so on. In the more expensive restaurants, the menus offer fewer dishes but each is described in glowing terms which give you no idea at all of what it is going to taste like.

Most restaurants offer *Tandoori* dishes which are supposed to be cooked in a special clay oven, although one suspects that in many cases the clay oven is a figment of the menu writer's imagination. *Tandoori* dishes are very different from curries and tend to be rather dry.

Another type of dish is the *Biriany* which is a rice dish. (For most other dishes, you have to order the rice separately.) Sometimes biryanis are served with a vegetable curry, but if not, it is wise to order one as a biriany is a risotto type dish which does not have a sauce of its own. Most of the other main dishes come under the general heading of curries although they vary tremendously. For example the dreaded *pahl*, hotter even than a vindaloo is approximately eight times as hot as a standard curry and apart from being virtually inedible produces unfortunate and very painful after effects!

At the other end of the scale, a *Kurma* is mildly spicy and suitable for the most delicate tastes.

An essential accompaniment to Indian food is the wide range of breads. Costing between 25p and 80p they are an inexpensive way of ensuring satisfaction for even the most rapacious appetite. The main types are *Nan* which is a *tandoori* bread and is available stuffed with meat, vegetables or fruit. *Puree* is flaky and a little greasy, *Porota* and *Chapati* are likely chewy pancakes. *Pappadoms* are light and crispy. Of these, plain nan and

pappadoms are generally the best value.

If you are rather dubious about Indian food—try the following combination as a gentle introduction.

While perusing the menu, order a pint of lager (wine doesn't really go) and a couple of pappadoms each and (if you are feeling adventurous) some Bombay Duck better described as dried fish.

In due course order onion bhajees as a starter. Unlike most bhajees which are a sort of spicy vegetable stew, an onion bhajee is a ball of deep fried onions and batter served with a yoghurt based dip.

For the main course try a fairly mild curry with pilau rice and some nan together with any other inexpensive side dishes which might appeal. This should be a more than sufficient repast which is probably a good thing since Indian puddings tend to be rather sickly.

At this point, you will, of course, be wanting to rush out and tuck into an Indian. The nearest venue is the Aladin at the bottom of Exhibition Road. Although this restaurant has been slated in successive editions of the Union Handbook, it is actually fairly good, although the onion bhajees are disappointing. South Kensington and Knightsbridge have a high proportion of the expensive type, an excellent example being the *Tandoori* of Chelsea at 153 Fulham Road. Although you can expect to pay £25 for two for the whole works, the food there is really excellent. Just opposite Earls Court Underground in Hogarth Road is the New Asia where you can expect to get away with a fiver a head including a pint of lager.

The area around the Drayton Arms in Old Brompton Road is an excellent spot in that a couple of beers at the Drayton can be followed by a meal at any one of three reasonably priced Indian restaurants within a radius of fifty yards—a perfect recipe for a summer's evening.