



FELIX

The Newspaper of Imperial College Union

INSIDE

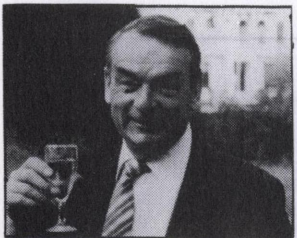


Goulder Gaynor
Smacker Shocker

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postgraduates? FELIX probes

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believe Lee Paddon can write
reviews

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The Baron of Cheapskate. A
torrid tale of terrible torment.
Any resemblance to persons
living or dead is purely
coincidental

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ARTHUR ANY ROOMS?

Mr Michael Arthur, Student Services Officer, ran into severe problems with the management of the Summer Lettings Scheme. Examples of overbooking, incorrect charging and mismanagement were rife in the first two weeks of the scheme's operation.

The extent of the overbooking only became apparent when people began arriving at Evelyn Gardens where single rooms were found to be substantially overbooked. When questioned about this Mr Arthur declined to give a figure but said that only a 'handful' of people were affected. To accommodate these people double rooms were let as single rooms. When these rooms had been filled people had to be ferried to other Head Tenancies and to the Halls of Residence. Student Services had to resort to booking rooms in Southside from the Summer Accommodation Centre at double the rate paid at Evelyn Gardens.

The Summer Letting Scheme is of crucial importance to student residence. The income gained offsets the full cost of student residences. This particular aspect of residence came under detailed examination by John Lauwerys in his recent report into student residence. Mr Lauwerys drew attention to the small income generated by vacation letting compared to that during term time. To improve this for the current vacation, a more realistic allocation of rooms was given to the conference office (Linstead and parts of Southside) leaving Student Services to fill Evelyn Gardens, Hamlet Gardens, the Fremantle Hotel and the other Halls of Residence. Michael Arthur, together with his student managers mounted a strong advertising campaign to fill these rooms.

However, when the bookings were taken, they were not put on a chart or in a diary so Student Services were unaware that overbooking was taking place. It appeared that the percentage occupancy was high for the summer, whereas there were periods of heavy booking and periods where a lull occurred. In accepting advanced deposits Student Services committed itself to accommodating these people. They are however attempting to sidestep their legal obligation by returning these deposits. This action has caused a great deal of complaint from prospective customers.

Mr Arthur has encountered a further problem with the discount scheme that he had devised for people who stay longer than four weeks. This discount was calculated by adjusting the VAT charged on rent. However, it was

discovered that the discounted rent fell below a previously agreed minimum. To remedy this Mr Arthur did some 'creative accounting' to raise the basic rent so that when the VAT component was charged the overall figure exceeded the agreed minimum. This has been confirmed by a very authoritative source within Imperial College. Though Mr Arthur's action may not be illegal, its disclosure will be acutely embarrassing to him.

The Summer Lettings Scheme is set to achieve a surplus significantly higher than in previous years. Much of this success is as a result of the hard work of Jim Donaldson and his team of Summer Lettings Managers. Mr Donaldson was instrumental in holding the Summer Lettings Scheme together during Michael Arthur's absence.

Guilds Romp Home!



Pictured here Mike Stuart, Tim Bell and the Guilds Pedal Car GB team after their marathon ride around Britain—see page 3.

Three in a bed

Dear Mr Editor

I am delighted to inform you that this year's sabbatical Union Officers are working extremely well together, and I anticipate a united year in the Union Office.

Yours in expectation
Gaynor Lewis
President

A woman's touch

Dear Pallab

I wish to express my shock at the recent changes to the Union Office. Not only has the Union's extensive collection of used cardboard boxes and old files been thrown out but also the chairs have actually been cleaned. After attending the SUSOC knitting conference I understand that Christine Teller has decided that it would be cheaper to knit the next set of Union curtains. I would not be surprised to learn that the unusual size of Jo Hewanicka's new desk just happens to coincide with the latest *Woman's Realm* dress pattern.

I have even heard rumours that the dynamic duo have decided a new colour scheme for the Union Office using a Laura Ashley Bedroom design.

I would be the last person to suggest that they have the Union sewn up, but next year's officers may well sport matching Shetland jumpers.

I remain, yours sincerely,
Stephen Goulder
IC Union Decorator

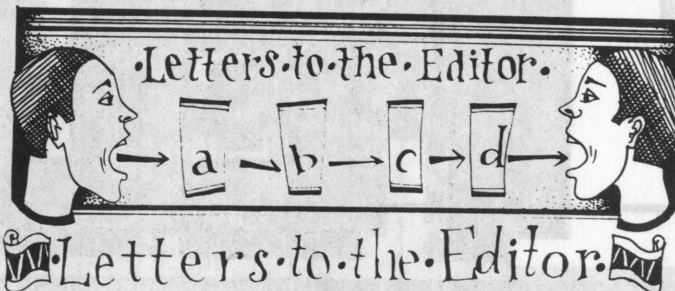
No nookie

Dear Ed

I have been here a year now. And everything has turned out quite well. There is everything here a man could want, other men that is. But for myself...well...eight years at a public school has left me rather sore about that sort of thing. The masters were so demanding.

It's not that the lack of women disappoints me. No, it's the lack of action by the Union Executive. You would have thought with all this knowledge and expertise of this centre of academic scientific excellence we could make some of our own. Women that is.

Yours
Frustrated of Beit



Pot Plant

Dear Sir

In my perusal of the Postgraduate FELIX a certain photograph (p5) grasped my eye. In the aforementioned picture the former champagne swilling, cigar smoking President Stephen Goulder is seen passing over the Presidential cannabis pouch (presumably filled) to his successor. I think that such a tradition is disgraceful in a latter-day student union which is supposed to be the forefront of the students of IC.

Any person off the street when seeing this photograph would get the impression that all students can afford cigars, champagne and dope.

Yours faithfully

Michael Newperson

PS: I have sent copies to Margaret Thatcher, HM The Queen, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr Richard Ingrams.

The on we had to print

Dear Pallab

I would like to take this opportunity of wishing you luck with your organ in the coming year, I'm sure that, in addition to the wit and inventiveness you will bring to the paper, you will maintain the high standards of production we have come to expect. I look forward to raiding a fun newspaper free from technical errors.

Yours sincerely
Dave Jaded

Porno Pallab

Dear Pallab

In my recent sojourn of the FELIX Office I have noticed that it has degenerated into a den of iniquity and vice. Pornographic magazines can be seen lying about the tables and chairs at sporadic intervals, God knows how many are in the Editor's Office. Not only this,

certain people of dubious natures have been entering your upstairs office with you and returning at a much later interval in time. The corrupting influence is self-evident if even Anti-Porn Crusader Michael Newman can be drawn into this web of vice. You must clean the office up.

PS: I'll do the decorating.

C Burgess
Physics 2

Teller Tells All

Dear Pallab

Through the pages of your august journal, I feel I must give vent to my feelings of overwhelming bewilderment at working in an office of foreign sabbaticals. I have tried teaching them esperanto, sign language and having them subtitled but all to no avail. The problem is compounded by the Polish inclinations of the Union receptionist who has a propensity for gabbling incoherently on the phone.

I have found the only solution is to hold long and meaningful conversations with my filing cabinets whilst counting large amounts of small change through the coin counter, possibly the only machine in the office capable of competing with the verbal garbage emanating from the surrounding sabbaticals.

Chris Teller
Deputy President

Dressing Down

Dear Pallab

I wish to protest most strongly about the deplorable drop in standards of dress and appearance by this year's Exec. After the cultured, dashing, debonair Stephen Goulder, this year's Exec are a real shambles.

It wouldn't be so bad if one of them wasn't so gormless and the other didn't have a face like a horse.

Yours sincerely
M McKenna

Grim Prospects

Dear Pallab

I would like to complain most strongly about the quality of this year's IC Prospectus. Not only has the cover been changed - how are people to recognise it, I ask - but some of the oldest and most treasured photos have been omitted. Ever since my arrival six years ago I have kept pinned to my wall a copy of the 1950s photo of a young man happily playing a guitar as a model for my own behaviour. To whom are today's freshers expected to look for guidance?. It's no wonder the place is going to the dogs.

Yours outraged
Aloysius J Spriggs

Horse Rubbish

Sir

Your present campaign against Chris Teller is disgraceful. Some of the things you have said in the course of it are tantamount to suggesting that not only does Chris have a face like a horse but that Chris is a lady as well. Both these charges are as false as they are disgraceful. Mind you, I couldn't help laughing.

Yours etc
Kenneth Wagg



Gormless

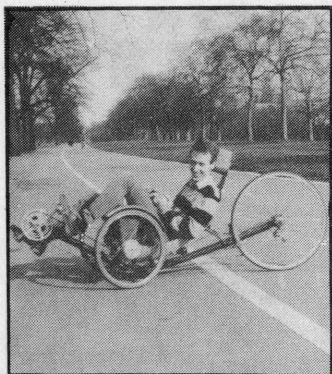


Horse face

Guilds Romp Home

City and Guilds Union completed a marathon pedal round Britain on Thursday 21 July to raise £10,000 for a lifeboat engine for the RNLI. The non-stop pedal around the coast of the British Isles took a record 252 hours.

The Guilds Pedal Car was due to arrive at Charing Cross at 7:00am to a media reception. In an effort to break the record for man powered circumnavigation of Britain, enthusiastic Guildsmen pedaled furiously overnight and arrived at the deserted station at 2:30 in the morning. Rather than wait five hours in the cold for the press to arrive the exhausted pedal car team went to Imperial College to snatch a few hours of much needed sleep. They later returned to Charing Cross to the awaiting newsmen and photographers.



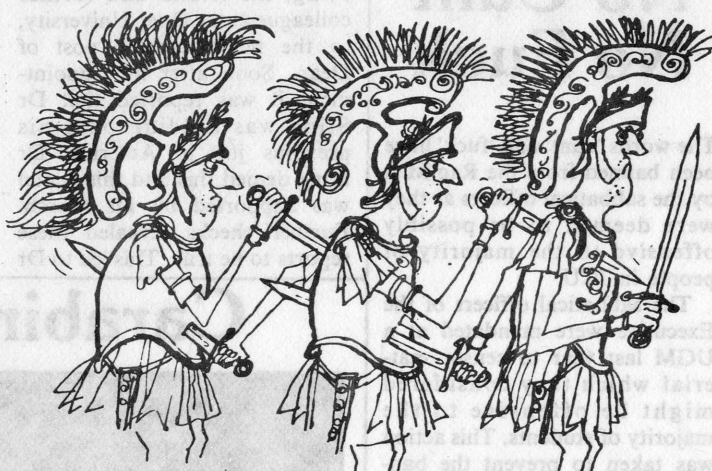
Tim Bell holding up traffic

Tim Bell, of Chem Eng 3, last year's Chairman of the Guilds Pedal Car Club organised the event. The club were unable to design a pedal car sturdy enough to make the whole trip so a car was obtained externally. The body of the car was made from a special high technology aircraft complex, chosen for its remarkably high strength to weight ratio. The car often reached speeds of up to 60mph and was frequently stopped by police officers who mistook it for an electrically powered vehicle.

The event was enormously successful receiving nationwide media coverage. Guilds are now well on their way to raising the £10,000 required for a lifeboat engine.

Backslapping and Backstabbing

The final meeting of ICU Council this year proved to be both an occasion for self-congratulation and petty backbiting. Engraved pots and Honorary Life Membership were awarded for exceptional service to the Union to Mike Prosser, Publications Board Chairman; Nick Pyne, UGM Chairman and former Welfare Officer; John McCallion, non-sabbatical Deputy President, and this year's President Stephen Goulder. Other officers to receive Honorary Life Membership were Andy Grimshaw, Jonathan Miller, Ian Bull, Simon Rodan, Colin Butter and Matthew Tonks. All were nominated by Stephen Goulder. Martin Taylor, this year's FELIX Editor and last year's Captain of the University Challenge team received no appreciation for his work in the Union.



Et tu

Et tu

Et tu

Charles Fuller, acting President of RCSU, received the Dave Chance Memorial Award, on behalf of RCSU. The award is a baby's dummy presented annually to the individual causing the most trouble for Council over the year. This year the whole of RCSU was awarded the DCMA by an overwhelming majority in recognition of its many cock-ups and misdemeanours. Charles Fuller accepted the dummy for RCSU in characteristic bad grace, refusing to suck it.

Elections to College committees then ensued. The usual difficulty encountered in persuading people to stand for College committees of little or no importance such as the Refectory, Residence, Admissions Policy and Safety Committees were overcome only after much verbal arm twisting. However when there were freebies and decent parties in prospect, there was no shortage of candidates. Bar Committee and Wine Committee were hotly contested. John Passmore and Dave Parry were selected from a strong field for Bar Committee after a show of single transferable hands, all candidates professing a great interest in and knowledge of beer. Wine Committee saw a contest between Hugh ('I know nothing about wine') Stiles, Chris ('I know all about wine from being in the Officers' Mess') Cranshaw and Pallab ('I'm an expert after visiting Stephen Goulder's office regularly') Ghosh. Expert questions on vintages were provided by Stephen Goulder, and Chris Cranshaw was elected after getting most of the answers right.

Nick Pyne proposed that the Union should continue to provide compressed air powered whistles to all comers (provided they are female). Mines President Chris Cranshaw said that he too wanted a rape alarm on the grounds of sex equality (*wishful thinking?*—Ed). The meeting voted in favour of Nick Pyne's proposal, with President-elect Gaynor Lewis making a tactful abstention.

Andy's Cock-up

Andy Grimshaw, ex ICU Hon. Sec. failed to keep the ICU vans insured during the final four months of his sabbatical year. This error was discovered by Sean Davis, ICU Hon Sec, a week after he had taken over office. By this time all of the ICU vans were out on tour with various clubs and societies.

Sean said that it was very fortunate that no van had been involved in an accident since February. Had there been any accidents, the Union could well have been faced with enormous repair bills which would have severely affected the transport budget.

The reason for the lack of cover seems to be that Andy was attempting to negotiate a better deal with Endsleigh Insurance to insure the Transit vans. However, the discussions became rather prolonged and Andy made no attempt to get cover in the interim, leaving the vans uninsured.

More Vicious Tory Cuts

The governing council of Queen Elizabeth College, Chelsea College and Kings College have approved documents stating an intention to merge the three colleges into one institution based at the Kings College site on the Strand.

ULU President Chris Sale said that full integration will take five to ten years. The acquisition of properties neighbouring Kings College still remains as a stumbling block to the merger.

The long term aim is to sell off the QEC and Chelsea sites and obtain a substantial reduction in student numbers. Steps have already been taken to bring together teaching at QEC and Kings. Physics is taught to undergraduates at both sites. However the bussing involved has caused anger amongst the students and is bitterly opposed by ULU.

Fire in Chemistry

Fire engulfed a chemistry department room on 25 July after an experiment involving acetone and pure oxygen ignited in a fume cupboard. Dr Edwards managed to turn off the oxygen supply and closed off the fume cupboard, despite his clothes being set alight by the explosion. He then went to the laboratory next door where the flames on his clothing were put out using a CO₂ extinguisher.

The fire alarm was raised by Professor Wilkinson's secretary whilst Professor Sir Geoffrey Wilkinson led members of his section fighting the fire. They wore breathing apparatus to reach the fire. It was a measure of their success that they had brought the fire under control as three fire engines arrived on the scene. Mr Bob Fogan, College Fire Officer, told FELIX that he was very pleased by the way those concerned reacted to the emergency. He emphasised that had the fire not been brought under control quickly it could easily have spread throughout the chemistry department.

Miscarriage of Justice

A Conference Centre employee found her job gone when she returned from maternity leave.

Ms Eithne Cullity, a grade 4 principal clerk with four years' service was told her job was no longer available due to re-organisation. She was offered alternative jobs as a shop assistant and a stores clerk, and then three months' tax-free salary and a month's tax paid in lieu of notice as compensation. She is now taking the College to an industrial tribunal to claim unfair dismissal.

Mr John Davidson, Personnel Secretary, was unavailable for comment.

No Cunt No Fuck

The words 'cunt' and 'fuck' have been banned from the Rag Mag by the sabbatical officers as they were deemed to be possibly offensive to the majority of people in ICU.

The sabbatical officers of the Executive were mandated at a UGM last year to censor material which they considered might be offensive to the majority of students. This action was taken to prevent the banning of this Rag Mag and its subsequent loss of sales, to non-members of the Union.

Other material banned included jokes relating to geriatrics, babies, disabled people and unnatural disasters. Racist, sexist and religious jokes have been allowed to remain as they will only offend certain insignificant minorities within ICU.

Meany Mooney Swindle Scandal

Victor Mooney, Refectory Manager, has used heavy-handed methods to prevent student cleaners from having breakfasts in his refectories.

The students pay for the breakfasts with breakfast tickets given to them as tips. The tickets are worth £2.50 each, which is paid for by SAC.

Mr Mooney knows, from experience that less than 75% of

the paying guests eat the breakfasts, therefore he has ordered that 25% fewer breakfasts than have been ordered, be cooked.

Mr Mooney thus extracts payment for not cooking food that has been paid for. This has caused ill feeling between the kitchen staff and the cleaners as the threat of security guards has been used to enforce Mr Mooney's orders.

RECTOR RESIGNS

Dr Lionel March, Rector of the Royal College of Art, resigned on Monday following mounting criticism of his management of the college. Dr March's resignation centred around his appointment of Dr George Sting, his friend and former colleague at the Open University, to the newly created post of Dean. Soon after his appointment it was reported that Dr Sting was holding onto his previous job in America. Dr Sting denied this and this denial was supported by Dr March. Further checks revealed these reports to be true. This led to Dr

Sting's resignation, followed shortly by that of Dr March.

Dr March's period as Rector was controversial from the start. His appointment led to the resignation of five members of the college governing council. His decision to spend £150,000 on a new rectorial suite at a time when financial restrictions were forcing cutbacks in other areas of the college angered many academic staff and students. Many felt that he lacked the proper experience for the post and that his field of study was irrelevant to the bulk of the work carried out in the RCA.

Carabine Quits



Dr Mike Carabine finished his period as Warden of Linstead Hall at the end of last term. He was presented with a silver salver by the residents of the hall in appreciation of his ten years' dedicated work as Warden.

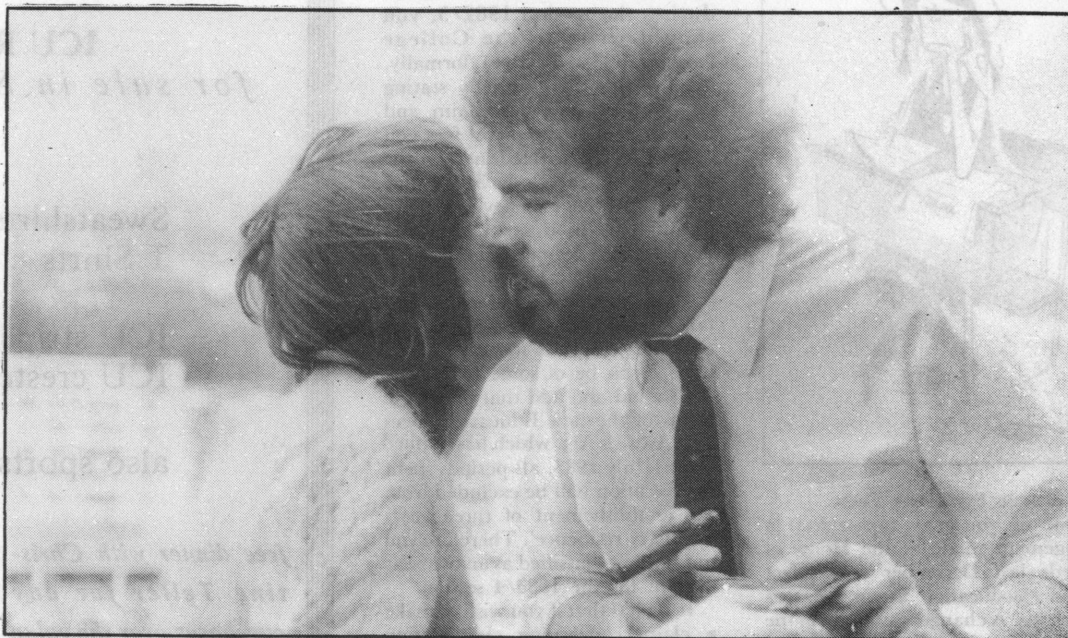
He is retiring to a country retreat in deepest Sussex, a pleasant change from the raucous environment of a student-filled hall of residence.

Goulder goes out with a bang!

Mr Stephen Goulder, retiring ICU President, formally handed over to his successor Miss Gaynor Lewis on his last day in office at the top of the Queen's Tower. The handover came at the end of an afternoon of wine and champagne provided by Mr Goulder.

The Queen's Tower, perhaps South Kensington's best phallic if somewhat castrated symbol provided an excellent opportunity for an ego massage for Mr Goulder and a chance to give Miss Lewis a tongue-in-cheek kiss.

Mr Goulder, typically absent-minded to the last, handed over the keys to his Linstead Hall room instead of the Union Office keys. It was reported that they later went off together and had some hanky-panky.



Davy Handover



The mascot of RSMU, Davy, an oversized Davy lamp, was returned to them on 19 June. It had been stolen by RCSU an hour before a Mines UGM in February. After fulfilling a ransom which was a Rag collection in front of Harrods, raising nearly £200 for charity, Davy was amicably exchanged.

SHERFIELD SECRETARIES PULL IT OFF!

Two College secretaries really pulled their fingers out when the message came from above to 'save, save, save'.

Sylvia Stirling, Assistant Registrar, and Marilyn Evers, principal clerk to IC publications department slashed £10,000 off the price of the College Prospectus this year. They have also stunned College bosses with a Prospectus that is one of the glossiest and most interesting for years.

- Out go boring photos of guitar-playing '50s students.
- Out go dreary pictures of student rooms.
- Out go shots of the Rector staring inanely at the camera.
- In come 3D diagrams of IC.
- In come up-to-date '80s students.
- In come an exciting first-ever photo on the front cover.



Ex-ICU supremo Steve Goulder and College Number Two, John Smith, have both already backed the design.

Gaynor Writes



Overseas Students Fees

Some of you may realise that a judgement made at the House of Lords last December may affect your classification as an overseas students. A change was made in the definition of 'ordinary residence' which will affect the fees you have to pay, ie overseas or home student rates. The judgement could affect your classification for the 1982/3 academic session.

Previously, the Department of Education and Science would not count periods spent in higher education as ordinary residence in the UK, however this situation has

now changed. But there are a number of loopholes in the regulations so don't get too hopeful.

At present the situation is: if you believe you were incorrectly classified as an overseas student during the session 1982/3, you should write to the College Registrar (Mr P Mee) formally, making this point, briefly stating the grounds for your claim and indicating the amount of fees you have paid. The deadline for the official notification is 31 August 1983. If College believe you are likely to be in this situation you should have received notification by mail.

If anybody wishes to come and talk to me to discuss their classification, please do so *as soon as possible*, I hope I can be of some help.

I should also add that under the terms of the new Education (Fees and Awards) Act, which has applied from 1 July 1983, all periods spent in education will be excluded from the establishment of three years 'ordinary residence'. Therefore you may still be classified as an overseas student for the 1983/4 session.

It is vital that if you wish to make a claim concerning classification that you notify College by 31 August, otherwise your claim will not be valid.

Grants

As a general matter of interest. The London Student grants for the 1983/4 session will be: Undergraduate £1,975; Postgraduate £2,995.

Gaynor Lewis

P G Tips



Chris Hendy, this year's Postgraduate Affairs Officer discusses the Postgraduate Group and its activities. He gives a brief resumé of last year's academic issues and the group's social activities.

Due to increasing apathy amongst its members, the Postgraduate Group at Imperial has, in recent years, seen a decline in its activities. I hope this year to see more active support, instead of leaving all the work to the committee. We'll give you as much support as you give us.

The main academic issues raised last year were, the status of the Diploma of Imperial College (DIC) and the registering of writing up students as part time.

The DIC situation has hopefully been resolved, the awarding of an alternative advanced study certificate to those who fail to complete course requirements shelved. As far as the position regarding writing up, students is concerned, I'll be honest in being somewhat ignorant. I am however investigating the situation and would be grateful for any details of problems that writing up students have experienced.

An important point for those of you who have worked between school and college and/or college and starting postgraduate studies. You may be eligible for extra money from your grant awarding council—it's worth checking.

As yet I have been unable to form a full committee and am looking for volunteers to stand for various posts. Compared to the benefits that can be gained the effort required is minimal, so if you are at all interested please see me as

soon as possible.

Social events for the coming year will commence with the Ploughman's Lunch on October 11, tickets will be available during the first week of term. A couple of brewery trips have also been arranged before Christmas. If there is sufficient interest I should also like to see football and darts leagues over the winter.

Each year the Postgraduate Group gets a grant from IC Union. Over the last few years there has been difficulty in disposing of the money. If you have a trip organised, or need a new football etc for your department team you may be eligible for some money towards it. If the money isn't used the grant will be distributed elsewhere next session.

If you've bothered to read this article, thank you for your interest and I hope you will give your support during the coming year. Remember postgraduates represent 25% of all students at Imperial, let's make an effort to present ourselves as such.

From September 19 I can be contacted in the Neurobiology Lab, Dept of Pure and Applied Biology or the Sub-Warden's flat Falmouth Hall (int 3352). I hope you have a successful year and look forward to meeting you.

Chris Hendy

Paddy's Potato Patch



During the summer term and the summer vacation there has been a steep increase in the number of thefts that have taken place in the Union Building. On at least five occasions either one or a group of students have forced entry into different rooms and taken large objects worth several hundred pounds, and, in some cases have even taken personal possessions such as wallets, chequebooks, credit cards, etc. So if you see anyone acting suspiciously would you please inform security (under Beit Arch) immediately.

Sean Davis

ICU REGALIA for sale in Southside Shop

Sweatshirts £6.50

T Shirts £2.80

ICU striped tie .. £2.50

ICU crested tie .. £3.50

also sports goods

free dinner with Christine Teller for any purchases over the value of £10

(two free dinners with Christine Teller for any purchases over the value of £5)

twelve cubic feet

12CF and Comparisons

Paul Plaitypus looks like John O'Neill of the Undertones, sings like Soft Cell's Marc Almond (sometimes), owns a record label and founded Twelve Cubic Feet. As if this weren't enough he writes most of their songs and plays guitar.

In April 1981 he placed the obligatory advert in the music press and via a band called Purple Forest teamed up with Fred Durell, a female singer and keyboard player.

The band then changed their name to Twelve Cubic Feet and recorded an EP in October 1981. Unfortunately this wasn't released until August 1982 (on Paul's Namedrop label).

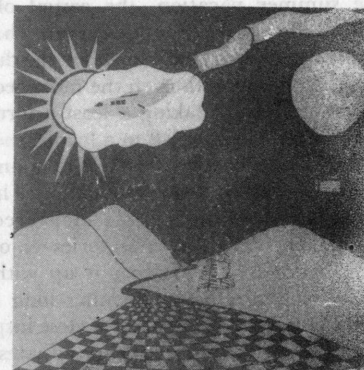
As a profit-making venture the EP failed but around 500 copies were sold, and according to the band, is still available through Rough Trade.

Since then the band has undergone

several personnel changes and gigged very little recently due to the introduction of new members. In addition to Paul and Fred the band includes Arnold Flagstaff (lead guitarist) and drummer Dave Morgan, a 'veteran' of the London music scene who has played with bands supporting acts as varied as JoBoxers and Funkapclitan and rates 12CF as the best band he's played with to date.

The IC influence comes from the two most newest members: Eric Jarvis, one-time physicist and stalwart of the IC rock scene (guitarist for the legendary Futile Hurling and bassist for 12CF) and the petite Franky Williams, microbiology graduate, clarinet player and singer.

As mentioned above personnel hassles have curtailed the bands recent live performances so this preview is based on watching the band rehearse and on the EP.



A Pretty Thing

Twelve Cubic Feet's **Straight Out The Fridge** is a pretty impressive and unusual product even before you play it (barring some of the dodgy artwork in the package).

It's a seven track 10" EP with a high quality glossy sleeve (a pretty blue and pink illustration) and an eighteen page booklet with lyrics and info. It's even pressed on heavy vinyl and has an inner sleeve!

Of the seven tracks only two are definitely in the band's current live show: one is *Hello Howard*, easily their best with a memorable chorus and some of the 'best' lyrics I've heard in a long time.

*Deisel engines fill my head
They run on my one track
mind
They're the only form of
transport I can find*

The Undertones immediately come to mind (is there any higher praise?) (*Biased-Ed*).

Mary's got the bug is also played in the current set but thankfully Fred isn't as spikey-voiced as she was in 1981. The 'spikeyness' works much better on *Blob*, a song about masturbation which deserves to make it into the live set.

The other major song on the EP is *The Almshouse*, 12CF's shot at a long serious number in which only the pretentious lyrics detract from the atmosphere of the number.

Peter Rodgers



(L to R): Arnold, Paul, Fred, Franky, (top) and Eric.

Practise Makes Perfect

I remember once sitting in the FELIX Office with a group of Dramsoc thespians as Eric Jarvis held forth on the subject of rehearsals—'People have survived a weekend on just one sandwich to attend rehearsals', he opined as the company prepared to go to the Edinburgh Fringe Festival. Now a year later a new band of hopefuls are rehearsing for the fringe and Eric is over an hour late.

Twelve Cubic Feet begin without him, Arnold playing bass. The result is frequently chaotic, their cheeky post-punk pop suffering as the vocals and clarinet are lost in the mix whilst the lead guitar is missing and the keyboard fights a losing battle with the rampant rhythm section.

In time-honoured music journalist tradition I retire to the bar and return forty-five minutes later to find the band at full strength.

This time round 12CF really do cook—rhythm guitar, bass and drums meshing to

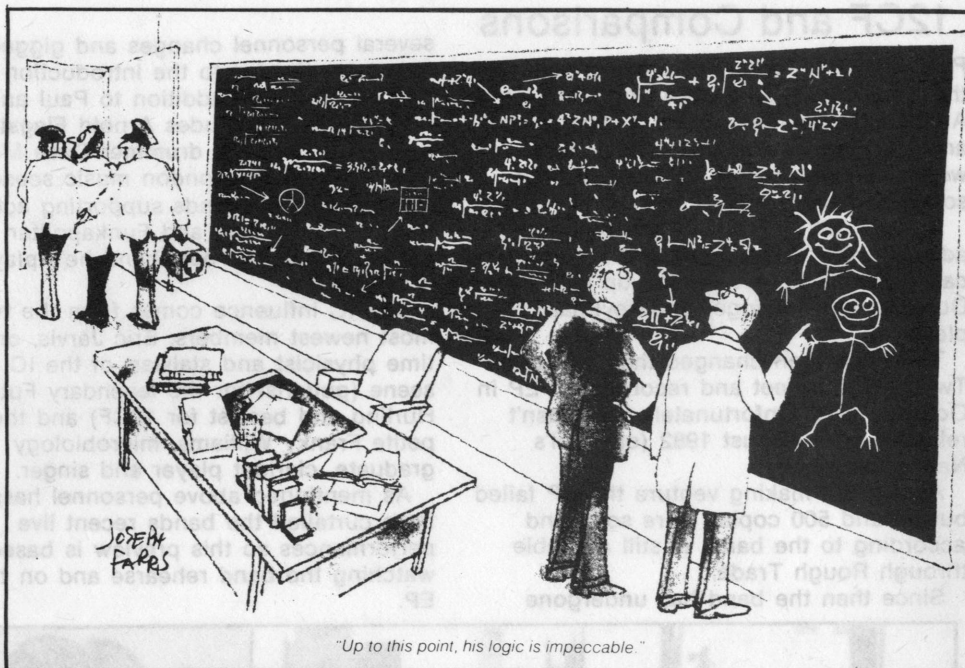
form a foil for some 'catchy' guitar and keyboards. Again the vocals are lost but the same had happened to Echo and the Bunnymen less than 100 yards away the week before and they nearly lifted the roof off the Albert Hall. 12CF lack the intensity and searing power of Echo (and I'm sure it doesn't unduly worry them) but they've got a beat you can dance to, melodies you can hum and two pretty girl singers—what more do they need and what more do you want?

Looking Forward

In line with their ambitious debut EP (review alongside) 12CF are now breaking out of the routine live rock format to play in Dramsoc's two hour presentation at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival. There, people miming to their songs will only be one of the many sprogs on this marriage of music and theatre. In the meantime they are one of a package of three bands and a poet playing Adam's Arms in Conway Street, W1, tomorrow night (Saturday).

Postgraduates—Time for a Reaction

All the undergraduates having left college for the summer vacation, the casual observer may come to the conclusion that the academic world winds down for the duration of the holidays with even the most dedicated members of staff taking a least a fortnight's holiday or pottering off to a 'conference' in a suitably hot location. However, upon closer inspection that stranger would notice huddles of strange-looking people cloistered near coffee machines and refectories enjoying a drink without having to put up with those awful undergraduates forming long queues and blocking the corridors. A close inspection is indeed necessary since postgraduates are an anonymous breed involving themselves in the College, as a whole, as little as possible and always looking suitably preoccupied. Yet it is that very anonymity that has led people in general, and College in particular, to assume that supervisors are always interested, theses are all being written and that demonstrators are always present. As any postgraduate will tell you this is not the case.



"Up to this point, his logic is impeccable."

INCOMPLETE

Imperial College is a major centre for research in the fields of science and engineering and as such attracts a higher proportion of postgraduates than other London colleges and provincial universities; it is comparable, in this respect, with Oxford and Cambridge. At IC out of a total of 149 postgraduates who commence PhDs 49 fail to complete them within the three years specified. This, which can effectively be considered a failure rate, compares with ten to fifteen incomplete theses for Oxbridge for a similar intake. Thus IC has nearly three times the rate of incomplete work than Oxbridge colleges with whom we are competing for those wealthy foreign students. Indeed College finds the idea of postgraduates from abroad paying fees so attractive that it wants to turn Weeks Hall into a postgraduate only hall thus guaranteeing them accommodation for their first year something they are still unable to do with undergraduates.

CONCERN

Perhaps these students would care to note that London University, concerned about the situation, suggested that PhDs should be awarded just for three years of advanced research whereas at present that research must be original. IC rightly rejected this idea; it is simply attempting to paper over the ever widening cracks without getting to grips with the real problems. It is quite surprising that London University would consider such a proposition and it would hardly enhance IC's reputation as a 'centre of excellence'. It is the real problems that must be identified

In the postgraduate issue of FELIX of two years ago the Postgraduate Affairs Officer of the time (Doug Armstrong) and Nick Morton (then ICU President) wrote an article suggesting possible problems that might arise.

They asked postgraduates to respond to

1. *Overrunning the three years.*
2. *Incomplete experimental work at the writing up stage.*
3. *Is selection a problem?*
4. *Failure of supervisors to examine the progress of projects frequently enough.*
5. *Supervision and the problems with supervisors.*

They asked postgraduates to respond to the article and using the results of their response they intended to precipitate some action on the matter from College. They got no response whatsoever. It was quite clear that, at the time, postgraduates were simply not interested in attempting to solve their problems. They were prepared just to keep plodding on in their now traditional, anonymous fashion.

Since postgraduates fail to respond to such initiatives it is necessary for anyone concerning themselves with the subject to seek out information from individuals—notably past postgraduate affairs officers—to hear what conclusions their own experience has led them to. A major problem is poor supervision. The difficulties related to supervision are the lack of a person to whom one can complain, lack of someone with authority to take action, and the possibility of irreparably damaging the relationship between student and supervisor which is necessary for a successful completion. One possible course of action, although it is by no means a solution to all the aspects of this problem, is to have two supervisors. This should lead to a greater degree of supervision, and certainly reduces the threat of having a

particularly bad supervisor for the whole three years. Royal Holloway College use this system for their postgraduates and although comparison is difficult it seems to be an effective one.

SUPERVISION

Supervision is not the only problem which arose in discussion. Often, the research itself is poorly defined—students can spend time working on topics that are irrelevant to the subject because they are unsure of what the actual research subject is; the project should be defined specifically from the start. This would also help the student ensure that the research will be original and that the topic has not, nor is being, researched, elsewhere. It will also help to decide whether three years is too long or not long enough for the volume of work specified and appropriate action can be taken at a much earlier stage.

It is however necessary for postgraduates in general to respond, to act and to intervene. Any academic affairs officer, for both undergraduates and postgraduates needs feedback to enable him to go to a meeting with facts—not just personal opinions that can be dismissed as such. When this happens changes—however slowly—can be made. College and University of London are clearly worried about the situation; it is therefore a prime time to act and seek suitable change. Any change will come from the postgraduates themselves since it is they who know the problems and experienced the difficulties. If no feedback is forthcoming then problems will remain and the blame will rest quite clearly—with postgraduates.

N Shackley, Chem Eng 2

Bookshop News

Have you got everything for your holiday? Playing cards (£2), pens to write your cards with (10p to £10), even cards, views of college. If it is your thing, why not? Better still, how about some nice holiday reading.

Lace-Shirley Conrad, Penguin £2.50
Loon Lake-E.L. Doctorow, Pan £1.50
Ragtime-E.L. Doctorow, Pan £1.50
Twice Shy-Dick Francis, Pan £1.75
Wild Island-Antonia Fraser, Penguin £1.50
The Care of Time-Eric Ambler, Fontana £1.50
The Goden Age of Science Fiction-Kingsley Amis, Penguin £2.95
Lilacs Out of The Dead Land-Rachel Billington, Penguin £1.50
An Imagined World-June Goodfield, Penguin £1.95
Sidewall-David Graham, Pan £1.75
North And South-John Jakes, Fontana £1.75
Open Secret-James Leasor, Fontana £1.75
The Many Coloured Land-Julian May, Pan £1.95
The Golden Torc-Julian May, Pan £1.95
The Non-Born King-Julian May, Pan £1.95
The Serial-Cyra McFadden, Picador £1.75
Tokyo-Montana Express-Richard Brautigan, Picador £2.50
What a Way to Go-Peter Bowler, Pan £1.95
The Inordible Quiz Book-Ian Messiter, Allen & Unwin £1.75
A Nice Night's Entertainment-Barry Humphries, Granada £1.95
Policeman's Lot-Harry Cole, Fontana £1.50
Book of Practical Jokes-Richard Boston, Fontana £1.50
Old Moore's Almanack 1984-Foulsham 30p
Spitfire-Jeffrey Quill, John Murray £12.50
Rock On-Norman Nite, Harper & Row £9.50

Memories Of India



Tandoori Restaurant

Quality food in pleasant surroundings.
Fully licensed.

OPEN DAILY

7 Days a week — including Bank Holidays
12 noon to 2:30pm — 5:30pm to 11:30pm

8 1/2% Discount for students
10% Discount for parties of 20 or more

Take away available
18 Gloucester Road, London SW7 4RB

Phone 01-589 6450

S M A L L A D S

FOR SALE

●1960 Morris Minor, green with 6mths tax and 1yrs MoT, registration number 2174PH. Contact Susan Pine-Coffin, 589 1304 (eve), 581 1721 (day).

ANNOUNCEMENTS

●12 Cubic Feet and the Nightingales, the Adams Arms, Conway St, WC1, August 6, 8:30pm. Cheap.

WANTED

●Flatmates: Two to share large room in flat in Gloucester Road. Apply Diane Love, int 2951 or leave message at FELIX Office.

PERSONAL

●MOSW—Monster of Stupendous Waistline?
●Come to the FELIX Office and meet the revolting Pam... and the ghastly Phyllis.
●Whatever happened to those really kinky small ads? = JB
●Wanted 12 gor 1 men and true for trial period. The Rayleigh Redhead.
●Wanted: 2 Honorary Secretaries, at least 1 Dep Rep, 1 Rag Chairman and a full working exec. Apply to J Smith (ICU entire pro-team before re-takes).
●Bugger Godot, where's Vladimir?

●Wanted: contortionist and midget to share Lexham Gdns flat. High cost, low quality accommodation, far too close to College. Contact Micke Arfur, Student Services. Bring own sleeping bag and weeks rations whilst waiting for service.

●Now it can be revealed: MOSW stands for....aargh!

●Wanted: The Union Building thief. Will answer to the name 'pile of red jelly'.

●Who ever nicked our Korg. I'm coming after you. Spiderman.

●Pussycat to MOSW: I'm still here my preciouss and it's still my turn tonight and yours tomorrow. Goodbye and thank you for all the fish. (Except the one called Gareth.)

●Wanted spacefillers for spacious bed (females preferred, but not essential). Ring internal 2292.

●One man's Gareth is another man's poisson.

●It's not so much that you lose one ugly president, but more that you Gaynor prettier one.

●If you see the boss, you can Teller that I'McCallion the shots now.

●Telling isn't it: change of Editor and all the small ads I've seen so far are bloody awful. Come back the Python, all is forgiven! MOSW.

●Lonely Rag Mag Editor seeks dirty jokes (must be extremely disgusting). Replies via FELIX Office.

●MOSW wishes to announce that as of three days ago he is apparently past it, but intends standing for Parliament anyway.

●Grass now freely available in College. Apply Queen's Lawn.

●Eithne Cullity: Did you leave after a miss conception?

●For sale stereo and speakers. Very good condition. £40ono. Contact P Rodgers, Physics 2.

●Wanted, one drum kit, for guy who likes to make a lot of noise. Contact P Ghosh, FELIX Office.

●Dennis the Menace says Gnasher's real cool.

●Wanted one FELIX Editor, preferably with a whole brain and no superman T-shirt. FELIX Office.

●Urgent! 300 hot bicycles to get rid off. £20 each, everything must go. Wheel radius 2ins, plastic, not suitable for children.

●Frustrated of Beit seeks model woman, not necessarily plastic. Reply under F in Beit pigeonholes.

●Personal Massage service available in Linstead. Easy rates, easy come easy go. Ring Thunderthighs, int 4320.

●Donations gladly received for the upkeep of Demented Editors Benevolent Fund. Give freely to Rag Mag Editor, Handbook Editors, Prospectus Editors 'cos we don't get paid.

●Third person needed to make up 3-in-a-bed, need to increase my score rapidly. Apply M Newman, Life Sci 2.

●Seven men needed to fill a trench 4 metres wide, 2 metres deep in 5 hours. Apply Southside.

●Selkirk Slug seeks slippery snake for somnabulistic diversions.

●Physicist with quantum defect seeks female with easily differentiable functions.

●IC Bomb Soc require new members. Full training in jelly etc given. Contact S Davis c/o IC Union.

●For sale one phototypesetter, only 23 years old, hardly used. A snip at £3,000. (Always) open to negotiations.

●Large collection of champagne, sherry and wine bottles (empty) available from the Union Office. Please hurry we're running out of space.

●Cricket played every Sunday. All welcome. Meet Southside Upper Lounge 1:00pm.

●Vacancies for news reporters, feature writers in your no 1 FELIX. Anybody who knows what a pen is, is welcome.

●Culture Spot: To compensate for the closure of the Haldane Tape Library, the complete works of A A Milne (authorised version) are now available on tape, narrated by Mr N Pyne. Apply to the Welfare Officer for copies.

●Zit: What do you give an OC for a special present: Hermes it's a carrier.

●BJ: 'All in the Best Possible taste'.

●Duncan, we wish you luck in your new found happiness—Les Miserables.

you are cordially invited to a

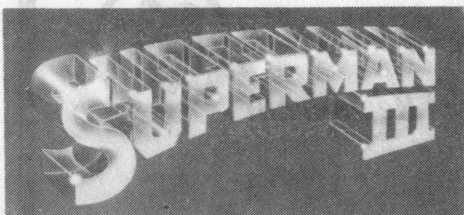
FELIX PARTY

to celebrate the Editor's first issue of FELIX and his 21st birthday.

Tonight at 9pm
in the Union Dining Hall
(1st floor Union Building)

bring a bottle: bring friends
(make sure they bring bottles too)
Free: all welcome except those bloody
Italians in Southside

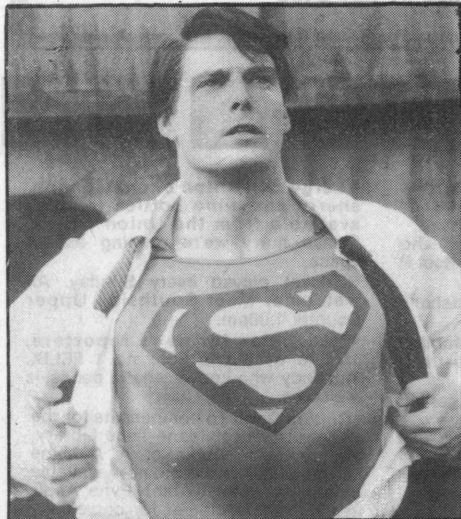
Disco courtesy of the infamous
BOB



Superman III Now playing Warner West End and most ABCs.

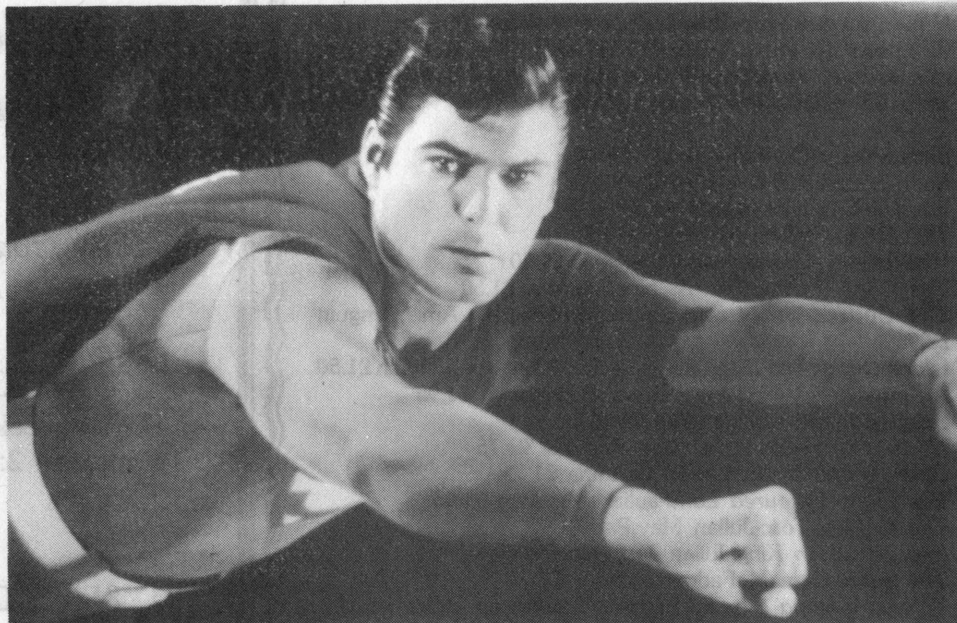
Three is the lucky number. We've had *Rocky III*, *Friday 13th III* and *Star Wars III*; we are in the age of the sequel. When studios can no longer afford the services of title writers and ad-men to convince you that a new title is really old familiar ground, more of the same, we get a surfeit of sequels. So having come straight out with it, and not tried to dress mutton up as lamb, the punter hopes to see something new, unfortunately the same tired old plot is ground out again.

So I'm please to say that *Superman III* does contain some exciting surprises. Having disposed of terrestrial and extra-terrestrial foes in human form, what can there be left for our man of steel to confront? Yep, right first time, wheel out the psychotic cybnaut, a machine with a highly developed instinct for self-preservation and some other pretty



Clark Kent getting ready for work. disgusting habits. There are also a number of human baddies bent on beating his brains out. Chief nasty is Robert Vaughn who is acting as Ross Webster, a man who is so rich that he doesn't wear the same pair of socks twice! He wants to take over the world for no particularly good reason, except that he can then forget about tax lawyers. Our erstwhile man from UNCLE obviously enjoyed his role as villain. Pamela Stephenson plays his overburdened mistress Lorelei Ambrosia, a neat little part played with nice timing by one of our best comediennes.

Apart from Lorelei and the perennial Lois Lane, another attractive distraction for Superman to cope with is Lana Lang played by Annette O'Toole. I'm sure her turn at stardom is not far away.



Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Is it a hairpiece?

For me though, Richard Pryor stole the show, for all the gadgetry, jiggery pokery and special effects and despite a fairly modest rôle one felt that the rest of the cast were playing off him, taking their leads from this brilliant comic. The delicacy which he brought to his most manic moments was delightful. Rescued from the obscurity of the dole queue by an unexpected ability to talk to computers he is swept along by the pace of events he creates.

On a tongue in cheek scale, this film sits somewhere between Bond and Batman, effective but not self-indulgent. Perhaps the only criticism that could be levelled at the film is the pace which drags a bit in places, and the apocalyptic à la Bond climax was rather a damp squib but carping aside this is a marvelous film, brought to life by the comic talents of Richard Pryor and the undoubted hunkyness of Christopher Reeve.

With a month or two's running behind it, Monty Python's *Meaning of Life*, on general release, isn't exactly a recent release. If you haven't seen it yet you probably haven't the slightest intention of going, but in case there are some waverers out there may I be allowed a word of explanation.

The *Meaning of Life* is possibly the first film aimed at the fish market, after all, there are more fish than people. It has been playing at packed houses at Smithfield. Thus it contains some scenes which might be disturbing for non-aquatic life-forms. If you can swallow this basic premise, the rest is easy enough to cope with. The film takes the form of a series of sketches which are roughly hung round the skeleton of the journey from the cradle to the grave. It evolved as a series of sketches and a few links were thrown in for good measure, a format familiar to devotees of the television series. I found the sketches savagely funny

and in quite appallingly bad taste, and have no hesitation in recommending it to anyone of hardy constitution.

Last and by all means least we come to National Lampoon's *Class Reunion* (15) directed by Michael Miller. Playing in a double bill with *Young Doctors in Love* it makes that title appear a paragon of wit and good taste.

Class Reunion has little to do with Animal House, retaining few of the original cast and none of the affectionate humour. It is an attempt at a horror spoof. One of the class is planning revenge for past abuse by his classmates and traps them in the school and sets about picking them off one by one.

A promising idea, but it simply doesn't work. The tedious overdone stereotype became impossible to believe in and as the killer gets stuck into his programme of revenge, you hope that he will indeed succeed in wiping out the rest of the cast without further delay and bring the whole tawdry tale to a swift conclusion. To say that it was without humour would be an exaggeration, but so would be saying that anyone actually laughed. Only to be taken if in an advanced state of alcoholic paralysis.

Lee Paddon



Graham Chapman in heaven.

THE BARON OF CHEAPSKATE



By
Juvenal



'Ah me, What am I to do now?' thought Smarty Saylor aloud to himself as he lay awake in his bed. In two days time he would be both unemployed and homeless, for then it would be July the 1st. Instead of being the famous and influential FELIX Editor, he once was, he would return to being an ordinary person.

'I'll have to get a job, I suppose,' he muttered, though he quailed at the thought. 'And a roof over my head. It might be easier if I wasn't such a whining ninny, but no-one in their right mind would have anything to do with me.'

Smarty felt the beginnings of a hangover throbbing in his skull. His eyes rolled like gritty marbles and the room—his for such a short time now—began to gyrate around him. Faces familiar and strange swam before his eyes. 'That third pint of ginger beer I had last night was one too many,' he groaned as he sank into a faint.

'Abracadabra.' Smarty was rudely awakened by Arthur Michael, the Good but Not Very Helpful Fairy. Smarty rubbed his eyes in amazement, but the apparition showed no signs of disappearing. His room and cosy bed were gone! Instead he was lying on the floor of an unfamiliar office.

'Where am I?' he whined plaintively.

Arthur Michael, for his part, was not having a very good day. Life as a Fairy on Baron Weed's staff was bad enough without having to deal with whining, ineffectual ninnies at this time in the morning.

'You're in the land of Cheapskate, ducky, everyone knows that'. The fairy tried the magic word once more.

'Agotablabra,' he pronounced with a negligent wave of the hand. Nothing happened.

'Oh, how am I expected to do this on my

own?' he whimpered with a little stamp of his foot.

'If only I had aids!' He stood one arm akimbo as, with a jaunty flick of the hips, he went on. 'I simply must turn these two into ones, you know, but it can be very hard, especially if they don't want to go.' He eyed Smarty with a new interest.

Smarty, evading his stare, loftily announced, 'Two into one won't go.' He was confident when dealing with such small numbers.

'Oh, I don't know about that,' mused Arthur.

'I'm thinking of putting five into the double rooms in the Linstead extension.'

'Lauwerys' Arthur tired another magic word.

'Can you find a room for me?' begged Smarty. 'I've just arrived in your Land of Cheapskate and I really need somewhere to stay. Only you can help me.'

Arthur kicked Smarty in the private parts. (He had a surprisingly hard kick for a fairy.) 'Let that be a lesson to you,' he shrieked. 'I've got far more important things to do than help ordinary people. Why, only this afternoon I've got to get ready and look my best for Lady Marigold's garden party. NIGEL!!!' he shrieked, 'What have you done with my hairspray?'

Composing himself he added, 'The Baron's sidekick, John Secretary, will be there and one has to suck up to him if one wants to get on in the Baron's staff,' he finished with a knowing glance.

'But you're paid to help ordinary people,' squeaked Smarty in a funny high voice as he writhed on the floor.

Arthur looked at him suffering and a strange gleam came into his eye.

'Well, there's Evelyn Gardens, they've got ever so many rooms there. Though, of course, you might have to share. And then there are the silverfish, and the odd cockroach, the plumbing...of course, if you'd like to stay here...' he minced over to Smarty and helped him to his feet.

'Evelyn Gardens,' Smarty groaned through gritted teeth and staggered out of the office as fast as his weakened legs could carry him.

Where will Arthur Michael put his foot next?

Will John Secretary mind?

Which insects and vermin will Smarty find in Evelyn Gardens?

Is John Thole the most overpaid, pompous, stuck-up, employee of Imperial College?

Find out in the next thrilling episode of 'The Baron of Cheapskate'.



Dramsoc are previewing one of the four plays they are taking to the Edinburgh Fringe this year.

Between Time and Timbuktu will be performed in the Union Building tomorrow (Saturday) at 8:00pm, admission is free.

The play, a late '60s TV film by Kurt Vonnegut Jr, is a tongue-in-cheek, science-fiction odyssey.

A poet, Stoney Stevenson, wins a competition and the prize is a astronaut training crash course, and time-warp trip through the 'Chronosynclastic Infundibulum'. He sees '60s visions of the future: over-population, religious persecution, state oppression, suspended animation and terrorism.



The directors, Mike Thackray and Colin Cooper, have transformed these dated 'world problems' into a very funny play for the '80s. Dramsoc's usual technical skills combine with excellent character acting to produce an hour packed with excitement.

The other plays Dramsoc will be performing at the Fringe are: *What do you say before you say goodbye* by Melody Shahan, about sex politics; *Songs, Sonets and Satyre* by John Donne and co, a dramatic anthology of metaphysical verse, and *Purple Forest Extravaganza* a collection of music, mime and drama, featuring Twelve Cubic Feet and Melting Moments.

If you are in Edinburgh in August or September they are performing under the name 'Beit Theatre' at St John's Church, West End, right on Princes Street.

Colin Cooper



Michael Arthur

Michael Arthur asked me to consider very carefully the manner in which I treated the summer lettings story (ie not put it in) because he was concerned that any adverse publicity the scheme received would be detrimental to the scheme's performance next year. He also impressed on me that the only people to suffer from the schemes poor performance would be students themselves. The fact is that Michael Arthur couldn't give a toss about ordinary students, he is far more concerned about the impression he gives to his bosses in College. Students and the problems they face have been bottom on his list of priorities ever since he ceased to be employed by the Union. He regards ordinary students with contempt and has as little to do with them as possible. The only reason Student Services work effectively is because of the fantastic staff he has; I don't know how they can bear to work with him. He is the most arrogant and unhelpful College official it has been my misfortune to come across.

Awards

It seems ludicrous that Andy Grimshaw should receive a Union award for doing sod all for the Union while my predecessor, Martin Taylor, received nothing at all for doing a difficult job exceptionally well. As well as being FELIX Editor, Martin brought the Union a great deal of prestige by captaining an enormously successful University Challenge team.

Stephen Goulder, perhaps the most corrupt and self-seeking President we have ever had, was very lucky to have mild-mannered Martin as FELIX Editor. I would have given Steve a far harder time. It is childish, if not downright ungrateful of Steve not to have given Martin an award.

FELIX

Freshers' FELIX

Freshers' FELIX will be published on Monday 3 October. Copy deadline will be Friday 9 September.

Credits

Carl Burgess, David Rowe, Paul Griffin, Dave Parry, Patrick Coll, Steve Goulder, Peter Rodgers, Diane Love, Nick Shackley, Lee Paddon, Michael McKenna, Phil Nathan, Sean Davis, Gareth Fish and Helen McCookerybook for the letters and Editorial logos.

A special thanks to my predecessor Martin Taylor for staying away from the FELIX Office.

Pallab Ghosh



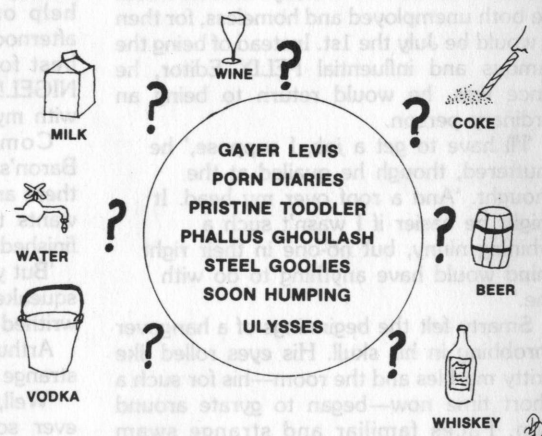
ULYSSES

This year's Exec are a bunch of alcoholics and are frequently seen going off to the local wine bar. The Exec consist of President Gayer Levis Deputy President Pristine Toddler and Hon Sec Porn Diaries, who enjoys working under two women.

Also going along with the Exec are Steel Goolies, the ever present hanger-on; Phallus Ghoulash, Beano Editor 1972-82; Soon Humping, this year's RCS Hon Sec and Ulysses.

Being people of great power and pomposity they like playing tricks on menials. When they arrive they give the wine waiter the following instructions.

1. The person drinking water is not to sit next to people drinking vodka or coke.
2. The person drinking wine is not to sit next to the people drinking milk or whiskey.
3. The person drinking beer is not to sit next to the people drinking whiskey or vodka.
4. The person drinking milk is not to sit next to the people drinking water or coke.
5. The person drinking vodka is not to sit next to the people drinking water or coke.
6. The person drinking whiskey is not to sit next to the people drinking milk or vodka.
7. Steel won't drink alcohol but likes watching Porn.



8. Gayer and Ulysses drink alcohol.
9. Gayer has to sit next to Phallus who must sit next to the person who drinks water.
10. The person who drinks milk must sit next to Gayer.
11. Steel Goolies and Phallus makes a nice couple but this has nothing to do with it.
12. Pristine is after Porn's body so asks to sit next to him, but at least one seat away from the person who drinks beer.
13. The person who drinks wine is not to sit next to Steel.
14. Soon is sitting next to the person who drinks whiskey.

From the above instructions, the wine waiter has to work out who is sitting where and who is drinking what. Can you help him? Good drinking!

A puzzle for my good friend Achilles, who said I'd be a heel if I didn't put it in.