

SP



17 May 1991

Issue Number 904

Felix

**Cover: Rag Fête—What
Went Wrong? p3**

**You Take the High Road...Dramsoc
in Edinburgh p8, 9**



Ambulance Theft

Strike?



The Imperial College Ambulance which was broken into

The Imperial College Ambulance was broken into last week and approximately £500 of emergency equipment was stolen. Amongst the articles were several gas cylinders, two containing nitrous oxide (laughing gas) and an entinox unit, used to administer the gas to patients in severe pain.

The gas creates a high and, since the entinox unit was taken rather than other more valuable equipment, the red cross believe that it was taken for personal use rather than sale on the black market. Security are connecting the theft with the find of an empty Nitrous Oxide Cylinder in Beit Quad two weeks ago.

The police have been called in to solve the crime, but no progress has been made as of yet. To prevent further thefts, the ambulance, situated outside the Sherfield building is to be fitted with a car alarm which will sound upon any unauthorised entry.

Roger Serpell, Head of the Imperial College Red Cross Service, is asking anybody who knows of the theft to

return the articles anonymously, as they are an important part of the ambulance's equipment.

Security recommends that anybody using Nitrous Oxide should go to see the Health Centre to talk about Medical Consequences of persistent use.

Pillage

Thefts were reported yesterday in Falmouth Keogh and Tizard Halls when unlocked rooms were looted for money and valuables.

Dr John Hassard, warden of Selkirk and Tizard Halls informed Felix that two students in Falmouth Keogh had lost £50 and £60 respectively, and that at least two Tizard residents had been robbed.

Since there was no evidence of forced entry, there is little likelihood of a successful insurance claim.

Undergraduate places might be reduced next year, when College closes Fisher Hall's single rooms to all but 51 week rents. This will mean that anyone not wishing to stay in London over the entire summer will not be able to afford to live there, effectively leaving the places open only to postgraduates, and some foreign students.

Fisher Hall's, Southside's, Linstead's and Weeks' single rooms are to rise in rent from £46 to £52 per week. In addition to this, a hidden price rise has also been included. This takes the form of compulsory Christmas leasing. From next year, all students in College rooms will have to pay rent for the whole of the Christmas vacation, regardless of whether they are staying in London, or whether they will be storing luggage in their rooms. This gives an effective 9% rent increase, making total effective rise of over 20%.

Other increases include a rise in deposits from £50 to £75, and the notice which must be given to quit a room will be increased to one term, making it more difficult to move out of a College room.

Union President, Paul Shanley, described the changes as 'terrible', commenting that it had been seventeen years since the last campus-wide rent strike.

Hot Air

Imperial College may be about to change its suppliers of industrial gases. In the coming week Mr Greaves, Imperial College's Purchasing Officer, will be meeting with its present suppliers, British Oxygen Company (BOC), and rival company, Air Products Limited.

At present Imperial provides 10% of the total academic market for gases, but still pays the same rate charged by BOC to other smaller consumers. Mr Greaves said that he did want to 'prop up other Universities' and that the savings made by changing supplier would more than justify any administrative difficulties incurred.

Mr Greaves said that the move was not yet definite, as BOC might drop their prices to keep the custom of Imperial College, due to the possibility that our move might cause a domino effect through other Universities. He said that the decision was part of a 'general restructuring of College Finances during a recession period'.

Fête Worse than Death



Last Saturday's Rag Fête suffered from a lack of student attendance. The Fête, which in past years has been termed a success, had a poor turnout and consequently made little money. The Queen's Lawn, the usual venue, was abandoned due to the college having removed the turf.

Publicity for the event beforehand was low key with posters appearing only a short time before the event. Raffle tickets were on sale the week before, but were not widely available, reducing the money gained and attendance yet further. Their technique lacked the organisation shown by the people collecting on behalf of Christian Aid on Monday around College.

Seventeen stalls were listed in last weeks Felix, the day before the fete, but an estimated half that number were counted on the day. The people in attendance numbered less than one hundred spaced throughout the afternoon, not including the onlookers from the Halls of Residence surrounding Prince's Gardens. Only a fraction of the 400 balloons were actually released due to lack of interest. In total some £300 was taken over the afternoon with a net profit of £100. The Karaoke night, organised by UNICEF, was thought to a good idea by most, but was also marred by lack of numbers.

Flemming Heino, this year's event organiser blamed the poor turnout on poor publicity and the fact that there was no rag Fête last year. The Rag Chairman is planning to make next year's Rag Fête much larger and to have a 'proper rag week like other Universities'.



Winners of the 1991 Hide and Seek Finals

No Ball Games

The Evelyn Gardens end of year ball has been cancelled because permission cannot be obtained to use the land behind the West side of the gardens.

The trustees of the garden, Cluttons, refused to give their permission for the party when they were asked by Colin Church, subwarden of Southwell Hall. They justified this response by saying that they could not give their consent because of the inconvenience that it would cause local residents. Negotiations began, but even the offer of extending invitations to private residents and finishing the ball at midnight failed to sway the trustees.

Individual houses are now planning their own end of year parties separately, and may use the land without permission, as in past years.

EGM Tues

Paul Shanley, Union President has called an Extraordinary General Meeting (EGM) deal with rearrangements within the structure of the Union. The EGM, which will take place at 1.00pm on Tuesday in the JCR, will contain motions to abolish several Union posts without which the Union council should be able to run more easily. Mr Shanley claims that the changes will be purely internal, and that any student not heavily involved in the Union office would notice no change.

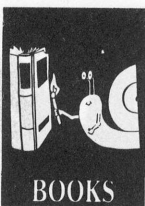
Whoops

Chris Browne, the driver of the Union minibus towed away by police last week, has had another mishap. Driving into Princes' Gardens, again in a Union van, he hit a parked car, believed to belong to the sports centre manager. Neither the manager, thought to be on holiday, or Mr Browne were available for comment.

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The Slow Moving Snail rants insanely.

Books for Sanity

Depressed Outlaw in the Hills

I am depressed. I am attempting to discover whether it is me or this place. Do I fail to communicate or is there an atmosphere that destroys attempts to talk. I have written for Felix over the past weeks, and apart from talking to my brother these are the most important things I have had to say. I have stayed up two nights a week, writing, pasting-up and collating this magazine. Why? Because I feel the need to express my humanity, to use that tool we are taught and that enables us to think, language.

There are three types of students here, at least, those who fit in and enjoy the environment, those who find it depressing but avoid it by living their non-time table hours outside, and those who prevent their self-destruction by forming 'support' groups that listen to each other's attempts to seek sympathy. Of course there is that group who leave. A more useful survey for the college and the Union would be into these attitudes and their causes.

My problem has been trying to survive as a member of this community. Well, here's my weekly attempt to be human.



Gripping Reality

Agrippina is a fourteen year old girl with a five year old brother that sings to himself and bangs his head against walls in experimentation, a father attempting to write poetry about an oyster that is too yellow, a mother who raises her daughter's spirits by rallying against life and sagging bums, a boyfriend called Modern who plans to make an existentialist statement by randomly throwing a burger in a restaurant, and breasts too big for her mother's bras. Her

I feel that I want to be gay. This is not a feeling of sexual attraction to men. It is because of the power play, the pain and anguish, the use and abuse of people's feelings and sometimes bodies. The pressures, the misunderstandings, the sense of ownership, the betrayals of mutual respect. We are heterosexually brought up to be psychologically crippled and dangerous. I write as someone taught at an all boys' Grammar School, shy and scared of girls. Scared of failure.

I don't think I am simply reflecting my own problems onto the rest of you. Though I am sure my honesty can provide an easy target for DIY 'psychiatrists', those people whose pleasure it is to cut up their living victims characters. How do we teach each other

'Finding a Gent's toilet in the BMA's magnificent HQ building would baffle a professional treasure hunter. I've come to the conclusion doctors only use glass jars.'

to love or care? So many times, when faced with someone who has problems, how many times do we avoid them or exacerbate them with laughter, mimicry and the ongoing jokes. These are responses of people who seek their own confidence and self-respect through the troubles of others. In the world of competition those who are weak are destroyed, human dignity is lost.

I feel I want to be gay because of their sense of humanity, of love, of self-respect. This is of those who have survived and grown stronger through their ordeals with our intolerant society, without accepting our altar to self-destruction.

'Daddy! Daddy! When I grow-up I want to be human. Please daddy, let me be.'

Michael Wilcox's plays examine the issues of homosexuality. 'Massage' is about the abuse of a young man and the confusion of responsibilities and ethics. His other works include 'Rents' - about rent boys; 'Lent'; 'Accounts' and 'Green Fingers'. He has also scripted an episode

of 'Morse'. His new book is autobiographical.

'Outlaw in the Hills - A Writer's Year' tells his story in two intertwining parts; the diary of a year and flashbacks to his childhood. His honesty provides a delightfully funny series of events mixed with the tragedy of his father's death and the injustice dealt to him by his headmaster. He describes his treatment as a script writer for television, continuously being let down. His plays are avoided by the West End because of their portrayal of homosexuality. The British Medical Council 'commission' him as an unpaid script writer for a series of films on AIDS for doctors. His positive portrayal of gays is too much for the BMA, who are worried about upsetting their homophobic

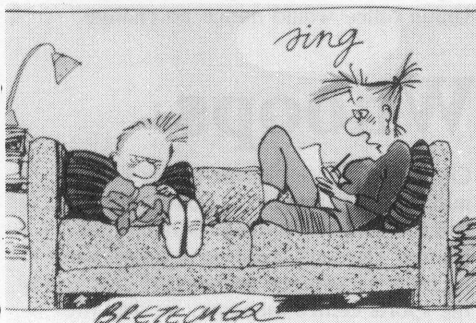
members. Heavy editing, and arguing, take place. Meanwhile the cricket season begins...

This book is autobiography at its best. Passionate commentary expresses an anger at his treatment as a playwright, a deep sense of injustice for the prejudice against his sexuality, and a love of the small village community where he lives and captains their cricket team. He describes his late discovery of masturbation with the humour that pervades the book.

When I feel a book in my hands, smell the pages as they are flicked by my thumb, I feel that this is a part of someone's mind, their ideas. This book does not disappoint that expectation. It fulfills those entertainment requirements of any book, but further gives us a powerful sense of the humanity of the writer. In doing so it excites the reader's own sense of worth. To read it is a celebration.

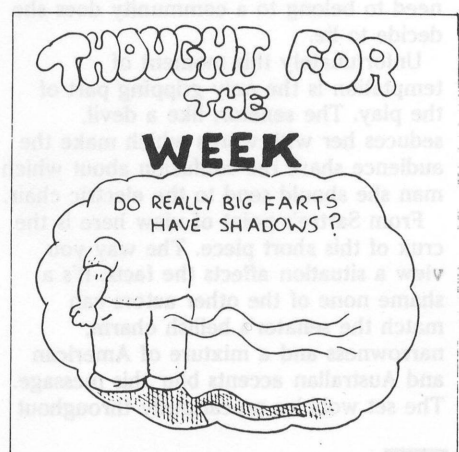
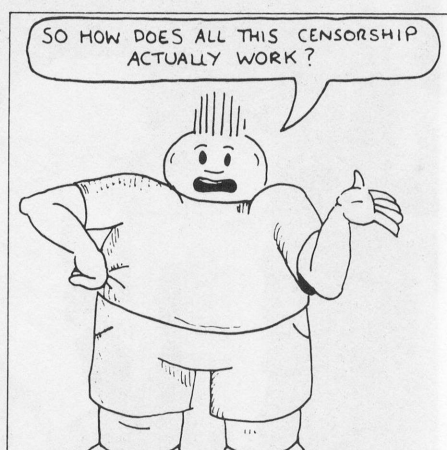
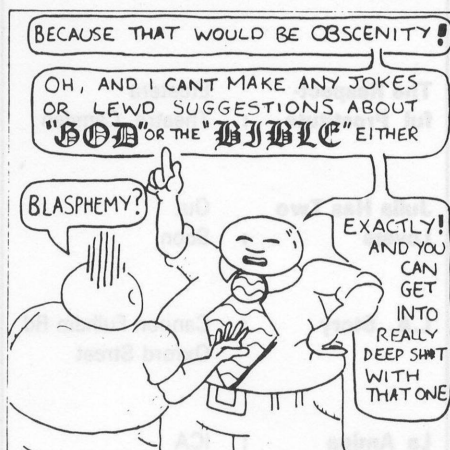
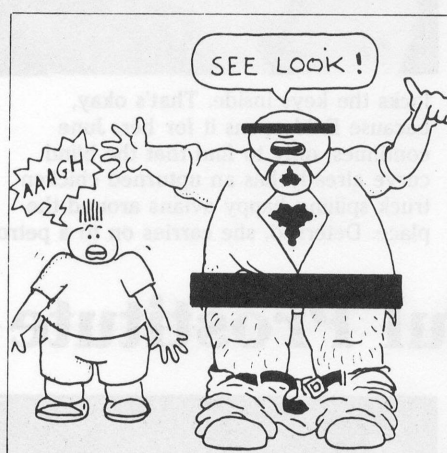
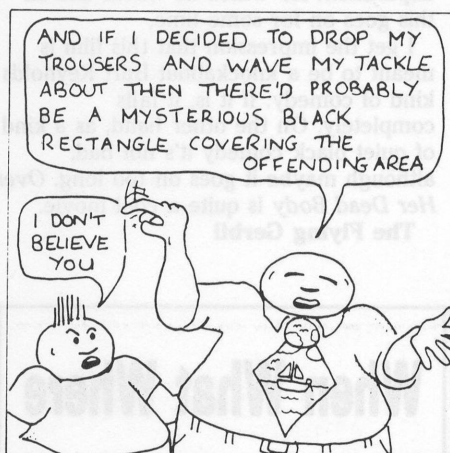
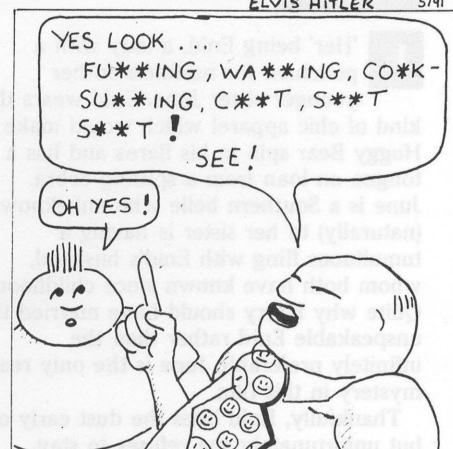
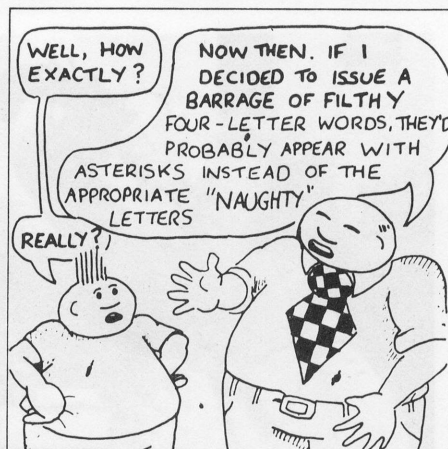
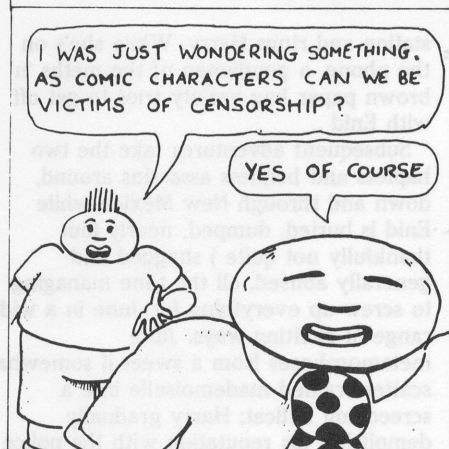
world, as drawn by the French cartoonist, Claire Bretecher, will be hitting our bookstores at the end of the month. A wonderful present for your teenage sister, but read it first. An antidote to all those cartoons that blow people/aliens away with mega-guns whilst mega breasts barely hide their nipples. Sad, what can become intellectualised just by putting it into a comic, oops, I mean pictorial story magazines.

Both these books are published by Methuen. 'Outlaw in the Hills', ISBN 0-413-64910-5, hardback at £14.99. 'Agrippina', ISBN 0-413- 63850-2, hardback at £6.99.



Mr KOPPER in CENSORSHIP IS A DIRTY WORD

ELVIS HITLER 5/91





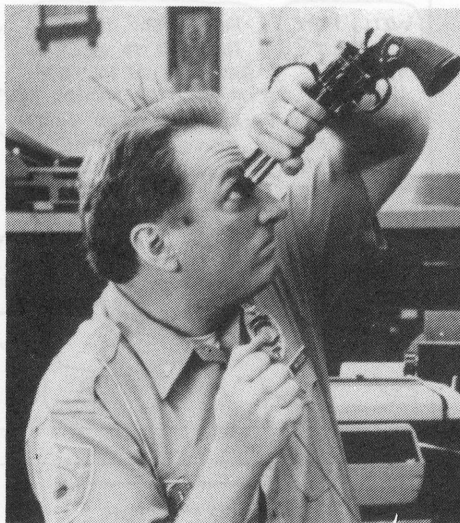
ARTS

Over Her Dead Body

F 'Her' being Enid, a lady with a penchant for nastiness to her younger sister June. Enid wears the kind of chic apparel which would make Huggy Bear spin in his flares and has a tongue on loan from a spitting cobra. June is a Southern belle who unbeknown (naturally) to her sister is having a tumultuous fling with Enid's husband, whom both have known since childhood. Quite why Harry should have married the unspeakable Enid rather than the infinitely preferable June is the only real mystery in this film.

Thankfully, Enid bites the dust early on, but unfortunately she refuses to stay down. Harry deals professionally with the body by telling June to lose it. June doesn't like this. She deals with her personal crisis by putting Enid into her car, festooned with nylon string to hold her up, and starts up a conversation on her way to dump her over a cliff.

Unfortunately it's not that easy. Enid ran the car dry, and in her attempts to fend off an over-curious attendant she



locks the keys inside. That's okay, because Enid opens it for her. June continues, only to find that the blind curve already has an upturned chicken truck spilling happy avians around the place. Deterred, she carries on to a petrol

station and rings Harry. While she's on the phone, a gentlemen of the meths 'n' brown paper bag variety tries to get off with Enid ..

Subsequent adventures take the two hapless and helpless assassins around, down and through New Mexico while Enid is buried, dumped, nearly (but thankfully not quite) shagged and generally abused, all the time managing to screw up everything for June in a wide range of exciting ways. June metamorphoses from a sweet if somewhat scatter-brained mademoiselle into a screeching hellcat; Harry gradually demolishes his reputation with the police department for which he works and all this goes on for some time.

I get the impression that this film is meant to be a knockabout Burt Reynolds kind of comedy. If it is, it fails completely. On the other hand, as a kind of quiet black comedy it's not bad, although maybe it goes on too long. *Over Her Dead Body* is quite a cool movie.

The Flying Gerbil

The Respectful Prostitute

T Killing blacks in southern USA during the thirties was more a hobby than a crime. When nine black men were accused of raping two prostitutes on evidence described as 'A mass of contradictions' they were sent to the electric chair. The affair caused such uproar that Jean-Paul Sartre in his ivory tower decided to write a play.

In this play a young prostitute is molested on a train by a group of white men. As the blacks on the train try to defend her one is shot. The killer happens to be the son of the local senator and considered an 'upstanding' man.

The town's people then try to make the prostitute testify she was raped and saved by the killer. More surprising is the young girl's refusal to submit to this bullying. Only when she is confronted with her need to belong to a community does she decide to lie.

Unfortunately this moment of temptation is the only gripping part of the play. The senator, like a devil, seduces her with words which make the audience share the confusion about which man she should send to the electric chair.

From Sartre's point of view here is the crux of this short piece. The way you view a situation affects the facts. It's a shame none of the other actors can match the senator's hellish charm, narrowness and a mixture of American and Australian accents blur this message. The set wobbles precariously throughout



and the cap-guns which are used fail to go off.

With a play with as much weight as this one, distractions make the whole thing look ludicrous. The performance should be tighter and more confident. Although the venue (The Etcetera Theatre, Oxford Arms, Camden) proves that theatre is not exclusively for people who drive Bentley's and wear bow ties. A worthy enterprise but a flawed production.

Jonty.

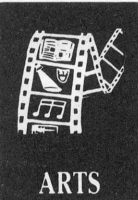
When What Where

| | | |
|----------------------------------|---|------------------------------------|
| The Respectful Prostitute | : | Etcetera Theatre, Camden |
| Julia Has Two Lovers | : | Out Soon |
| L.A. Story | : | Cannon Fulham Rd Oxford Street |
| La Amiga | : | ICA |
| Over Her Dead Body | : | Cannon Oxford St Cannon Chelsea |

F —Film

T —Theatre

L.A. Story



F After his disappointing box office and critical performance in *My Blue Heaven*, Steve Martin returns to form with the very amusing *LA Story*.

In the movie, Martin plays Harris K Telemacker, a TV weatherman. Stuck in a relationship with a girlfriend he has little in common with, and a job that embarrasses him, salvation emerges when fate brings him to an electronic freeway sign with a mind of its own, which tells him his life is about to change. This may all sound completely ridiculous but it is very enjoyable stuff. The plot, such as it is, revolves around Martin and real life wife, Victoria Tennant, trying to find true love with each other amidst the urban jungle of Los Angeles.

Martin gives an unusually restrained performance, and the chemistry between himself and Tennant works well. Richard E Grant is good as Tennant's thoroughly English ex-husband, and Sarah Jessica Parker is terrific as the energetic, nymphomaniac shop assistant who gets involved with Martin.

However the real star of the movie is



LA itself, as Steve Martin (who also wrote the script) beautifully pokes fun at the pretentiousness and downright stupidity often found in LA society.

The movie is filled with wry comments and witty remarks on contemporary LA

life. There is also a fair share of wild madcap comedy (a gunfight on the freeway for one thing!) and this mixture of styles works surprisingly well.

There are some fun jokes based on Shakespeare quotes, including the 'grave digging' scene from *Hamlet*, cameos from Rick Moranis and Chevy Chase, and even a reference to that classic Steve Martin movie—*The Man with Two Brains*, as he reads the poem *Pointy Birds*.

British director Mick Jackson handles things well, at a fast, yet comfortable speed, whilst making very good use of the Los Angeles locations.

Steve Martin fans will love the movie, but even if you're not a big fan of his, you should still enjoy his exaggerated yet poignant observations of life in LA.

The movie also contains some crackling dialogue—'Darling, your breasts feels strange' says Martin, 'Oh, that's because they're real' comes the reply, and despite one or two overly sentimental scenes, *LA Story* adds up to 95 minutes of great entertainment.

The Don.

Julia Has Two Lovers

F Julia (Daphna Kastner) has one lover, Jack (David Charles), who wants to marry her. He also wants her to be chained to the kitchen sink so she is a little undecided. As Jack leaves for work she receives a phone call, a wrong number. This quickly develops into a heart to heart, a swapping of intimate experiences and sexual technique, first verbally then in practice. Therefore Julia now has two lovers (where did they get the title from?). Unfortunately Daniel (David Duchovny) makes dates by wrong numbers as a hobby. While Daniel decides Julia is the one for him, she is not pleased about his pastime. She

reforms her life and concludes in a new liberated way of life.

As well as having a lousy Mills and Boon plot, David Charles cannot act to save his testicles from a barbecue, and can barely remember his lines. Through the deadpan acting, little sympathy develops for any of the characters' terrible plights.

Despite this the film does have saving graces. The seduction over the telephones is truly intimate and gently light-hearted. Although some of the confessions appear to have been lifted from a Just 17 problem page. The lovers' final drunken meeting is funny as they bargain over

who is to 'have' Julia.

Of course the film is set in Los Angeles; this is a pain, as you could get the idea that Hollywood is the twisted Mecca of Western art; the plot appears to be strung together around the sound idea of a seduction by wrong number, so all the other parts of the film are flimsy in comparison. Daphna Kastner, who wrote the script as well as starring has to be congratulated for this achievement. All the same a higher level of sexual drama is witnessed in *Sex, Lies and Videotape*, which is practically the same plot, just far superior.

Jonty.

La Amiga

F Set Argentina, during and after the years of fascist dictatorship, *La Amiga* centres on two women's friendship, their lives and dreams, which are utterly transformed by the terrible realities of political events.

The film starts with the two characters' childhood in Buenos Aires, when Raquel, despised by other kids because of her Jewish origin, gets protection from Maria. They thus develop an ever-lasting friendship and promise to become actresses.

Years later, Raquel does become a famous Argentine actress and the lover of a politician, while Maria goes for the life of a typical housewife with a husband and three kids. The eldest of them is involved in an underground political

movement and disappears after the arrest by the government's secret forces. Maria asks for Raquel's help, who in turn is threatened and has to flee for West Germany where she leads a life totally different from the glamour she had enjoyed in Argentina. Meanwhile, Maria joins other mothers who also have missing children and demonstrates at different places. Raquel realises how much Maria has changed when the latter goes to Germany to meet a friend of her lost son. Because of her uncompromising character, Maria refuses to believe her son is dead. When military dictatorship in Argentina comes to an end in 1983, Raquel returns to Buenos Aires, only to find it hard to start her career all over again, while Maria still refuses her child's

death and continues as the leader of the mothers.

Argentinian director Jeanine Meerapfel opts for an emotional approach for the film, making it a political version of *Beaches*. It will attract a wider audience despite its serious background. But powerful scenes like the mothers' demonstration are made in a sentimental way. The idea of comparison of the Argentinians' fever for the World Cup, with their indifference towards the futile government is good but turns out to be too dramatic. However, these minor flaws in the film are covered by a strong script and outstanding performances, particularly that of Liv Ullman, from a shy housewife to a self-confident leader of the women.

S. Su.



Daniel Shields on Imperial's trip to the Edinburgh Fringe.

Theatre West End— Dramsoc Goes North



'Spring has sprung', or at least is springing, and the perennial debate about where to go on this year's InterRail ticket has already started in the otherwise exam-bound towers of Imperial College. However, there is another choice; forget the relative merits of Prague and Budapest over Paris and Berlin, and consider for the moment the dreamy (ivory?) avenues of sunny Edinburgh, and the largest arts festival in the world.

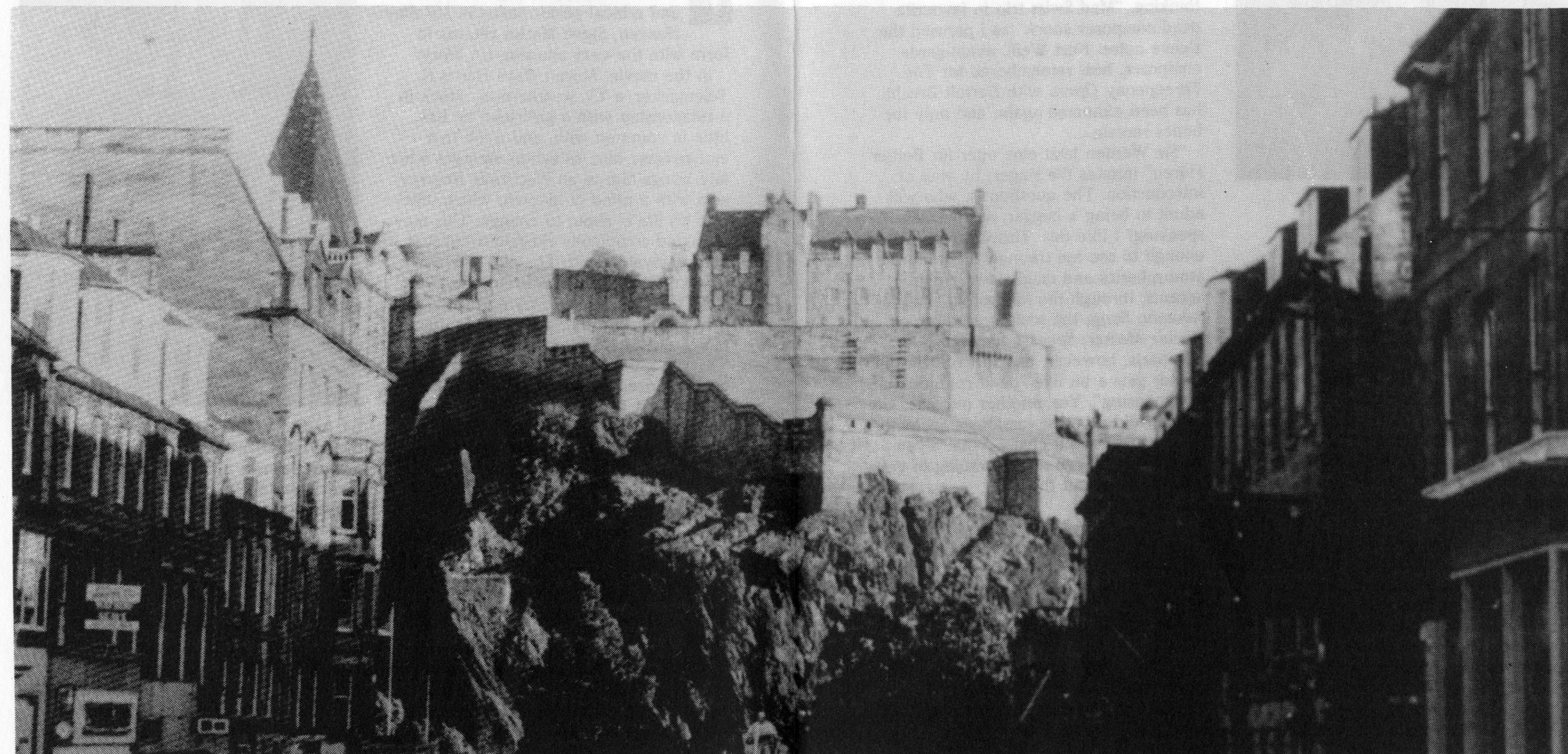
Every year ICU Dramatic Society goes 'on tour' to the Fringe Festival in Edinburgh. This involves the whole of the society, both the acting and the technical side, for we run the largest student venue on the Fringe. We hire a church hall (on Princes Street) for virtually the whole of August, which, in four days, we turn into a theatre. Then for the three weeks of the festival we have a large number of different companies sub-letting from us, while we also stage two plays ourselves. Finally in one night we 'strike' the set and flee back to grimy London.

'Saint John's Church has been the venue run by TWE for countless years. It has a quite remarkable seat, underlooking the magnificent castle, that imposes itself on the end of the Royal Mile. People flock to it from the four corners of the town to admire the wonderful performances that...that...that; oh dear...is that enough?'—TWE Exec.

DramSoc travels in the guise of TWE, 'Theatre West End' (our large yellow sign will no doubt be familiar to any visitors to the Fringe) and our brief is to provide a comprehensive service to our sub-lets. From managing entries in the Fringe Programme, to selling tickets, from running the front of house to providing technical support, it all has to be done. This may sound a little hectic, but there will be a large team running the venue, and so everyone will be able to see their fill of wierd and wonderful shows and, of course, soak-up their fair share of Diet Pepsi in the Fringe Club.

Coupled closely with TWE is TWEP or 'Theatre West End Productions'. This is the company of actors that go up from Imperial to perform. This year we have two 'slots' (two hours a day running for two of the three weeks of the festival), currently the plan is for two shows running alternately. This year we have chosen the children's plays *The Hour of the Werewolf* and *Mr A's Amazing Maze Plays*. Whether or not these reach the same level of critical acclaim as 1989's shows *Huis Clos* and *Funeral Games* depends largely on you!

'It is great fun to work with the sub-lets, as long as they don't blaspheme too much (well it is a church after all), and



even if they do it only adds to the excitement really. I mean, well, we had the press here last year after being (wrongly) accused of censorship, of course it only served to boost our ticket sales...'—TWE Administrator.

You may be wondering just how you can bluff your way into this close knit circle. Many skills are required, however they divide broadly into two halves, acting and technical; both of these are vital to the running of the venue. The acting side does not only require people to stand on stage pretending to be Oliviers/as, but also:

Make-up artists. Hair, face, hands and sometimes whole bodies have to have liberal quantities of colourful greasy paint smeared over them. The requirements are to be able to compliment people's hair, pretend to be from a Philadelphia advert, and know the difference between mascara and eye-liner.

Stage managers. Must be able to remember where the props from the last performance landed when the cast ran through the dressing room, restrain themselves from eating any of the edible props while waiting for the show to start and sympathise with disconsolate thespians when they miss-accentuate the

third word of their seventeenth line in the second act. Anyone interested must be able to win at pelmanism and understand the rules of Mornington Crescent.

Set-designers. Those wonderful studios don't just appear overnight. This job straddles any remaining vestiges of the ancient actor/techie split. There are needs such as balancing the flamboyancy of an over-enthusiastic director, with the possibilities allowed by having to erect and dismantle the entire show in about fifteen minutes. Restraining the urges of a light-crazed Technical Director preventing psychedelic outbursts mid-way through the wooing of two lovers (on stage...). Or simply ensuring that there are enough exits from the set to allow the play to be performed. Potential candidates should be able to shout in tune and use an electric screwdriver without amputating any limbs.

Clearly a good cast is vital to the tour. So anyone who feels they might like to follow in the footsteps of Peter Cooke, or Dudley Moore, or Rowan Atkinson or Fry and Laurie, or Joe Mangel (sic) or Ben Elton or of any one of countless thespians who have trodden any of the various boards at this world renowned festival, should at least be very interested.

Qualifications are minimal, self-control (or failing this naivety); in reality they are laughing AT you, not WITH you. Expression the old maxim still holds true 'always be sincere, whether you mean it or not', (Oh, and it does help to be able to learn the odd few lines of dialogue).

'Edinburgh is nice in the summertime; there are many butterflies skating through the warm summer breeze, young couples playing gaily on the green...shit I forgot the bit at the rest. That'll do that'll do. Let's have a good sharking'—TWE Thespian.

Many people are also required to help run the technical side of the venue (affectionately known as Techies).

Lights. If you came to the last carnival in the Union Building then you might have noticed our Lighting Director, attention rapt, beads of sweat forming on his brow, drinking Pineapple Tango. He is standing at the back of the concert hall, playing an instrument with more keys than a piano. Times would appear to have advanced a bit from standing by the door playing with the dimmer switch, for he was controlling the lights. There is more to this than at first appears. The lighting 'rig' has to be designed, the lights obtained, hung, pointed, set and only

then can they be turned on and off! Anyone interested in (or with an aptitude for...) climbing large scaffolding towers, creating monsters out of cables and sticky tape or seeing just how much power can be drawn from a wall socket, should consider this.

Sound. I think that it is a myth that people who work on sound have to chain-smoke, but most of DramSoc would be very glad to have it proved to them. Equally it would be nice to have someone around who, when faced with the equivalent power of ten large Hi-Fi units running together, did not insist in checking the stability of the foundations to Hawkwind! Clearly though this is a very demanding side of the theatre. Sound effects tapes have to be made up to order, spliced when the director decides that your long sought after rabid goldfish sounds more like a trout on heat, and then palyed on cue (bearing in mind that the actors usually rewrite the entire script between the last dress rehearsal and the first performance). Try this if you are interested in razor blades, or dry sherry.

There is also a whole class of jobs that will be shared around amongst everyone who comes with us to the Festival. We have a box-office that has to be manned

all day (if only to cash cheques from the rest of the crew). The sub-letting companies have to be tended; because plays are run throughout the day in quick succession there is only a short time to set-up and dismantle each performance. And, of course, the audience, screaming, shouting and (hopefully) numbering about one hundred, have to be ushered in and out (and have the requisite amount of money exacted from them).

'What is that woman doing? You know you just can't get the cast these days, it's just no good. But that rig, gives me that long thing from the head of a rhinoceros...where's that POG (pint of Guinness)...—TWE Techie.

Clearly there are many possibilities and if you fancy something a little different from backpacking across the Himalayas this August come and see us. We will be throwing a party on the Union Concert Hall stage this coming Wednesday at 1pm for everyone interested in anything. There will be a chance to meet everyone who is already involved in this strange sport, and decide which of the groups above you wish to be involved in. After the FREE LUNCH there will be the first of the auditions for the TWEP plays.

So that is the Edinburgh Fringe Festival DramSoc style. Of course it is 'a wonderful opportunity', 'not to be missed', and so on, if you are interested in joining our merry bunch for the month of August (or just some of it) then come along to our party. Or failing that contact the DramSoc storeroom (college extension 3531) any lunchtime.

Party details

It is free

It is on the Concert Hall Stage (Union Building)

It starts at 1pm on Wednesday 22 May

Actors: TWEP will be recruiting cast and support.

Techies: Auditions for everything from mixing sound to changing light bulbs

It is free

Daniel Shields



Swans

—White Light LP

A rabbit stands in a heart-shaped pool of blood. It is wearing knickerbockers, a red shirt and yellow bow-tie. It is pointing a carrot westwards. It is ignoring me resolutely, content within its own sense of existence.

A variety of eyes stare out and beyond me. It is an enlightening, but also belittling, experience they present for me as the mordant intricacies of the opening tracks etch their way in. Imagine something simultaneously brutal and gently insidious and you may have an idea of the sounds; this music is a sonic scalpel.

Two years later, after *The Burning World* and a disastrous involvement with a major record label, Michael R Gira returns to expose his child on the world stage once more. No shade of this pale, glittering figure is left unexplored, though it seems devoid of prostitution; and while it is neither rejecting or rejected, there is a fairly bloody-minded approach to all external forces, and a very great sense of being. To itemise all the elements of this thing would be a waste of time, because it is clearly greater than the sum of its parts, but what is it? Goth? No. Goth is far too small a word for this.

'I can't even elegantly bleed out the poisoned blood of failure.' This is how I feel trying to write this. When Japboe sings, it's how one imagines an angle would sound, but when Gira delivers his lyrics, it's with a poignancy and a wryness reminiscent of Nick Cave at his peak. This is the best album I have heard in too long a time (wakey, wakey, Spiggy). So I can't contribute anything to its greatness. That both it and I exist is enough for me.

A. J. Ayer.

Cranes

—Adoration 7"

To say that the *Cranes* produce a mixture of *Cocteau's* and *Valentines* would be an over simplification. Liz warbles whilst Alison gargles. Alison sounds like she's drowning. Not in anything 'orrible and terminal but in something warm, amber and pleasant... It's that post-post exam feeling. You suddenly realise that, hey, it's summer and you've fuck all to do for 3 months. So there you go.

John.



Intastella

—Dream Some Paradise EP

This is an extract from the press release that came with the *Intastella's Dream Some Paradise EP*:

"The music...dayglo trips pulling the bits of yellow sub beatles bubblegum end of Jim Morrison, *Doors*, the MC5, like all strands of pop that glowed with colour and wackoid style, placed neatly on a bubbling dancebeat and Stella's neat coo that breathes sex, a twisting tripping technicolour, soundtracking a nineties *Barbarella*. Glam Rock not played by thickies, nineties music coloured in by non-fatties, this is pop in the hands of subversives, close your eyes and float upstream, armed with a handful of crazy colour felt tip pens and a head."

"While Martin Wright cuts axe hero cred with required land long hair presence nailing down the melody line on the six string or whatever comes to hand 'Don't forget the mention I play the keyboard' he mumbles enigmatically. Then Anthony dances his way past a Billy whizzened twitch straight from Afflecks Palace tripped out stall clutter and on krazee stage muppet mode."

Shame really, its a good record.

Lise Yates and Anna B

Blue Pearl

—Alive 12"

"Take me dancing naked in the rain, la la la, la la la." The third single from Blue Pearl, remixed by the ubiquitous Youth, sounds sod all like that particular piece of turgid dirge, and Blue Pearl's distinctive soul voice pervades through Youth's finest efforts to include this on his "Narrow Variations On A Theme". He even had a hand in writing this, which may or may not explain the clichéd lyrics but the overall effect is still generally pleasing. (Which is more than I can say for the B-side: It sounds like the Eurythmics, and it's crap.)

Lise Yates.

Young Gods

—Play Kurt Weill LP

A-laugh a minute, this one. I was thinking, "Mad Swiss trio in favourite dead composer shock" as I perused the sleeve notes. Kurt Weill, avant-garde composer, best remembered for *The Threepenny Opera* with Bertolt Brecht, has been exhumed again, and only the bones remain....

"Sie Werden jetzt eine oper für Bettler Hören" intones the singer, by way of introduction. The question is, who will admit to being a beggar, aesthetically speaking? I like this. This one irony is enough to see me through the minor atmospherics and laughable German accents; through the fairground waltz of *Salomon Song*, the sculptured dirge of *Machie Messer*, *Speak Low*, etc...

In parts, however, this sort of histrionic bluster gets a bit like "dead composer decomposing". Yes, another old joke. Ute Lemper did a better version of *September Song*, too. That's it chaps. What d'you want? Blood? Give me something to get enthusiastic about then.

A. Beggar

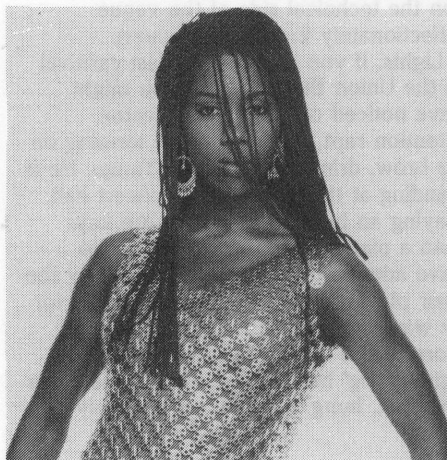
MC4

—Camden Underworld 27.4.91

Every misfit had made their way to Camden for the culmination of long tour for the MC4. It must have been something in the beer, for as the band arrived, grinning, on stage they found that in fact the crowd were not people, but crusty old sea dogs, drooling at the mouth, waiting for pops pirates, *EMF's* boot boys, to take to the stage. Baseball caps trainers and guitars slung round necks, with a grin they began. Invaders from the crowd, swinging in on ropes, knives in mouths, stage a battle ground, reports of hysteria, aural violence, no prisoners etc, total chaos. Nothing left of the stage afterwards. Somebody give this band a record deal.

Achoooo.

John.



Curve: Interview



Corr, a bit of luck and a smile can get you anywhere. After the Boo's interview at ULU Dominic went home (prior engagement, 36-24-36) and I went fishing for the ever so lovely Curve people, hoping I might steal the odd few minutes with pop's new kids on the block. And what do you know, Santa Clause does exist after all etc...

So tell me Tony (-yes, it was HER. I had Tony to my very own little self!!) all there is to know about Curve SVP.

Well, we are a band of 5 individuals, all completely different and it's exciting.

Are the upper echelons of the charts your one true goal?

Too fucking right (eek!). I can't really see it happening unless there's a dramatic change in the approach in the way people accept music in this country. But may be it will be like that, its difficult to say. All the bands in this country that I really love aren't successful...there's no need for it. What they're doing is actually new...which is a drawback.

So the music you make is solely for yourself?

I don't think you can make music for anyone else. Most musicians do it to cure their own frustrations.



Has critical success altered the you as a person?

Oh no, not yet, it obviously hasn't done yet. You have ideals, but its a myth that you don't change especially with the pressure you are under, you'd be fucking insane if you didn't change. Morally and fundamentally they are using us, and so we are in it for all we can get.

We've had to cope with so much shit. After our first gig a young kid came up to me and said, "You're fucking crap. If that's your first gig, how did you get in fucking Melody Maker". Obviously we were upset, but this kind of thing does make you change. But this is nothing, because we are just at the beginning. We are like little puppies growing (ahh, so sweet). We are really excited by everything and enjoying ourselves at the moment.

How do you feel about your recordings so far?

We obviously want people to like our records, but we just put it out because we liked it.

There's a good possibility of the new single charting, did you plan on success so soon?

No, I still don't think that will happen. I never believe anything until I see it. I

can't really think any other way. You never really think about it before hand. You can't really. This is what I want to do. We were on SnubTV the other week and I really loved it.

Can you make money out of what you are doing?

Yes, you can, because we have a record deal, but you don't make money out of the records. We get a cash advance from the record deal, but we don't get any money from the actual records. If we don't sell any records, then obviously they'll (Anxious) drop us, but if we do sell records then you can make a lot of money. We don't make money from tours at all. Not at this level, but it does raise your profile and mainly because we want to do it anyway. The record company are good about us wanting to support bands and when we want to go in the studio.

Then I couldn't resist, the sinful, sinful clichéd question. Influences?

Yo the mc5 (just kidding, Dominic was insistant), the band listen to Stones (big fan) , Lenny Cohen (cool dude) and anything to do with Punk. I've always been mad about music, I've always wanted to be a singer. I feel very lucky because I'm doing what I want to do.



Golf

For all you golf fanatics out there, who always watch it on TV and have always wondered how to go about taking it up, I went and talked to Andrew Reason, chairman of the IC Golf Club, to find out more about the sport.

Before anyone can play golf, you need a set of golf clubs and proper attire. This means jeans, trainers and Iron Maiden T-shirts have to be replaced by golf shoes, trousers and snazzy jumpers. As for the golf clubs, you are allowed a maximum of 14 which may consist of 3 woods, 10 irons and a putter. A new set of clubs can cost as much as £1000, but novices are encouraged to buy second hand sets which cost a mere £200-£300!

Once you have the equipment, you need somewhere to play. There are plenty of golf clubs around London, but with only one drawback - the membership fee. For your first year with a club, you can be expected to pay £1500 or more, but from then on this drops to around £500-£800. However, if you are a member of the IC Golf Club, the cost to you would only be £35 - the membership fee of the club. This is because the IC club is an affiliated member of Sudbury Golf Club, thus allowing all its members to also be affiliated members. The only catch is that you still have to pay £15 for each round of 18 holes you play. However, the IC Union has kindly agreed to subsidise this cost so long as a receipt, signed by the Sudbury secretary, is provided as proof.

Now that you have organised a place to play, you need to find out how good you are and get ranked accordingly. This is done by averaging the scores for your first 5 rounds of 18 holes, with the resulting number then referred to as your handicap. The professionals have handicaps of less than 1, good amateurs 2-9 and those who just play every once in a while have handicaps above 20. Once you have been given a handicap, by practising and playing more golf you can bring it down. For each stroke that you improve by, your handicap decreases by 0.2 approximately.

Novices of golf can also improve their game with the help of coaching. The club has made an arrangement with some of the Sudbury Club professionals to provide coaching sessions for its members. For £3 you can go out with a group of 6 and get coached for half an hour. This compares with paying anything upwards of £20 for the same lesson, if you tried to find coaching for yourself.

The IC club itself take an active part in student golf events organised both within the UK and abroad. Recently, a team of three played in a 4 day tournament in Deauville, France, for the top 50 university teams in Europe. They were Andrew Reason (handicap 5), Robin Keyte (8) and Simon Roper (4), and they



managed to finish in the top 20 - quite a creditable performance. However, the club captain, Alex Riley, is their number one player with a handicap of 3. He is also the captain of the London University team as well as the Southern Universities team.

Due to a change of ownership of the Sudbury Golf Club, it is no longer viable for them to allow the IC club to be an affiliated member. Hence the Andrew has been writing to over 35 clubs around London, hoping for a new venue. At the moment Boston Manor seems favourite, but they will only allow members of the IC club to play on Wednesday afternoons during the golfing season (April- October). However, they are willing to allow the IC members to come at anytime during the off season, which is some good news at least.

Verdict:

Since Nick Faldo's heroics of the previous years it seems that the cost and enthusiasm of golf has risen exponentially. Hence the IC club provides you with the opportunity to play golf at a fraction of the real cost but with all the same facilities provided by a normal golf club. Having said that, golf is still a very expensive hobby to pursue - hence it may only be a pursuit for the real enthusiasts. But if you are still interested to find out more, then why not turn up to one of their meetings at Monday lunchtimes in the Southside bar.

Olympub!

It was a cold, clear night when the team from IC and INPG arrived in Alpe d'Huez. Marc Zanchetta, Tim Parsons, Emmanuel Omont, Martial Humblot, Emmanuel Gringarten, and Laurent. They staggered towards their allocated flat, and collapsed, sleeping only fitfully in anticipation of the struggles they knew lay ahead.

The following morning, the gruelling task of conquering the mountain began. Equipped with the best gear money could rent, they proceeded immediately to the top of the most difficult slope, and with total disregard for their own safety began their crash-course in skiing and mountain survival.

Later that day, remarkably with limbs still intact, the more valiant members of the team proved to be a match for the best skiers in France and continental Europe could throw at them. In the first event, the 'downhill towed-toboggan', despite cracked ribs and the lack of camera-angle, the team finished a bitter second (with only frostbite as a consolation), but it was a brave start!

The late afternoon saw the second event, the 'matelas pneumatique'. Again the 'mixed equipe' giving as good as they got, retiring only when darkness fell, to the sanctity of their official residence. Cleansed and refreshed, the unstoppable five became the unstoppable six with the welcome arrival of Ben 'Ski-Man' Turner esq, official team Champagne Bearer, and experienced veteran of the black slopes.

In addition to the successful 'downhill bateau-pneumatique', the second day was highlighted by an excellent display of night team skating in the skating relay-race. A superb performance, equalled by few other equipes, set the IC/INPG team firmly in the top ten, cementing their reputation as a dark horse not to be trifled with. This was only confirmed further at the discotheque later that night.

The following day, blizzards and fog cancelled the day's competitive events. But, bravely undaunted, the team continued their training, well establishing their intimate knowledge of the snow plough. That night, the 'Careers Fair' took place, although with the benefit of the Moet & Chandon and Chatreuse promotions, only some sketchy details are left of this.

The final day dawned far too brightly. Aghast at their sudden vulnerability, the team gulped down their croissants and rushed to begin the first event, the downhill BMX. Then the 'descente au ski-bike'. The person who thought of these two should be made to pay the medical insurance premiums for all the competitors for at least the next five years. Without disgracing ourselves, we threw ourselves into the last big event, the dreaded 'matelas pneumatique'.

In the end, the IC and INPG team came in at 9th place out of 30. Not bad for a team consisting of Irish-Italians, Australians and Anglo-French expatriates!

The real reason behind this article is to express the gratitude of the team towards all those who helped us to get to Alpe d'Huez, both for their encouragement, footwork and financial support. These include the Rector, STA travel, the Department of Aeronautics, the IC Union the Rector of INPG, and especially Lynda and Liz of the PR office.

Merci pour votre soutien et enthousiasme!

Fun Run

Tomorrow at 11pm, runners taking part in the "100mph Fun Run" will be starting off from the Sports Centre. Each participant can run/jog/walk up to 10 miles in the 1 hour time limit to raise money for Cancer charities. And it's not too late to take part!

If you want to raise money for Cancer Research, sponsorship forms are still available from the Sports Centre. Simply collect a form, collar as many people as possible to sponsor you, and turn up at the Sports Centre at 10.30am Saturday to register for the run. Before the start at 11am all runners will be given a number which will allow them to be timed and the distance of their run calculated.

The "Fun Run" is being organised by IC S&WPC which is sponsored by Salomon Brothers International Limited and Coopers & Lybrand Deloitte. Our thanks to all those who have already picked up sponsorship forms - see you at the weekend.

Wine Tasting



In the absence of the Inter-University Wine Challenge this year, Monday 13 May saw the most important event of the year for the Wine Tasting Society, the staff against student competition.

David Rowe, former member of the society and now editor of Decanter magazine, set the teams eight wines to taste asking them to name the grape, the country, the region, the sub-region, the vintage and the producer. The reason for the wry smile Mr Rowe was sporting through the tasting became evident as the correct answers were revealed. Mr Rowe had chosen an interesting and unusual range of wines from a variety of countries including Chile and Greece.

Overall, the contest was a close run thing. The students narrowly won by scoring 689 compared to the staff's 647. Also, there was a competition to find the top individual scorer of each team; congratulations go to Kevin McKoen of the students who scored 90 and to Martin How, an IC Chemistry undergraduate from 1973 to 1976, who scored 85. Each took home a bottle of Pol Roger Champagne, said to be Winston Churchill's favourite drink.

Commenting on the contest, Diana Patterson-Fox, of the staff, said 'It was a good clean fought contest'. However, Julian Wilson, also of the staff but a former IC student and society member, declared 'We woz robbed!' and went on to claim that the students drank all the wine before he had had a chance to even taste it. This was said in jest though. Many others, both staff and students, enjoyed the evening and expressed an interest in repeating the event in future years.

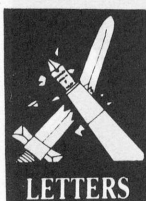
ICSO

Are you tired of Friday Night revision? Are you tired of trying to work on Fridays? Why not make a change and come to see the Imperial College Symphony Orchestra perform in the Great Hall this Friday. We shall be playing Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, Suite from the Sleeping Beauty by Tchaikovsky, and others including a piece about the Chinese Chairman Mao's dancing.

As always with Orchestra concerts there will be a bar extension until midnight to complement the evening's music.

The concert begins at 8pm and is expected to finish at 10pm. Tickets are £2 for students and £3 for adults on the door.

DEADLINE!
Monday Latest



Scribblers' Corner

The Good Doctor Replies

Dear Sir,

It was good to read Anjana Ahuja's letter pointing out that there are all sorts of ways apart from beta blockers and other drugs to deal with the adverse effects of excessive stress, including examination stress. We at the Health Centre have been providing counselling and psychotherapy for years with just this in mind. This year we innovated an examination stress workshop run by one of our visiting counsellors. However, beta blockers can be very helpful in some cases and it is in those cases, after discussion of the various alternatives, that I prescribe them. They are certainly only one of a variety of approaches. The reason why I focused only on beta blockers was that in my original short article for the *British Medical Journal* that is what I was asked to do.

Yours faithfully,
Dr R Gillon, Director, Imperial College Health Service.

PATIENTS PARTICIPATION GROUP

at
IMPERIAL COLLEGE
HEALTH CENTRE
Tuesday May 21
4.30pm

All users of the Health Centre are very welcome to attend and to give us their views on the service we offer.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

- THANKS TO everyone who gave up the gym a couple of Thursdays ago. From Guilds.
- WORD PROCESSING service offered. Fast and accurate Mac based production of equations, figures, graphs, spreadsheets and text. Phone Alistair on ext 6490 for more info.
- F...is for Fun. R...is for run, but how fast? Y...? 100 mph...is pretty quick/quite a long way for one hour's running—but not if loads of people join in! The Big 'C'...that's what it's all about—Cancer: terminal or not, it's a total bummer!
- ICU DIVING Club. Any members still requiring training, please sign your name on the list posted up at our noticeboard in the Sports Centre.

Mend-a-Bike

PETER THOMAS

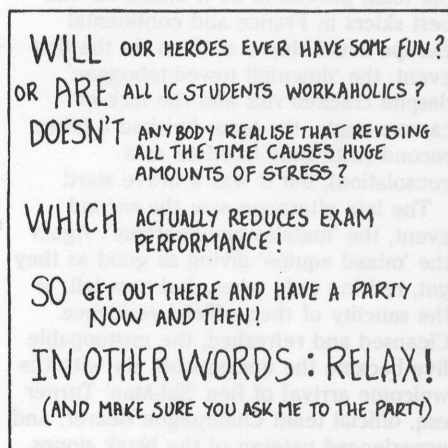
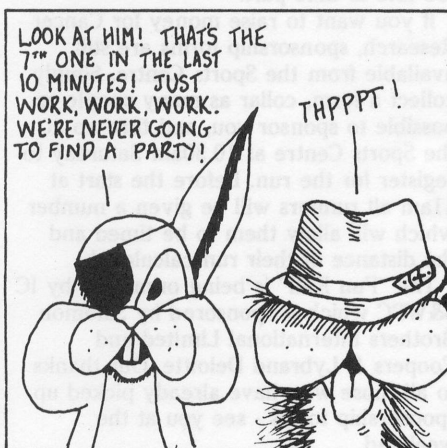
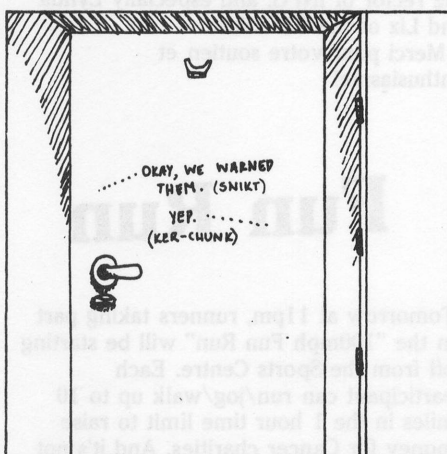
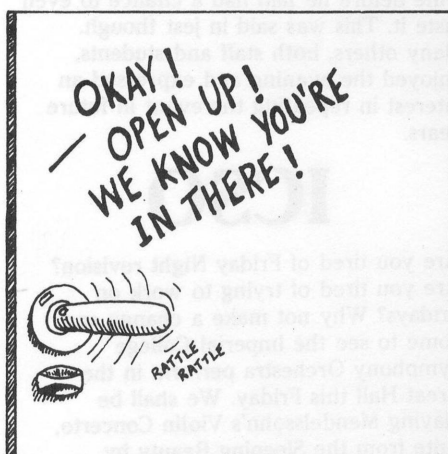


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Editorial



After a couple of weeks where there was virtually nothing to write about, this week is overflowing with corruption, scandal, outrageous rent demands, and more of the fun things that cheer me up on a Thursday afternoon.

Yet again, Students expected to pay for Colleges mistakes...

If you've read the news, you should know that next years rents for College Accommodation have been released. You may also of realised that they are just a tad higher than this year.

In fact, you can have lots of fun with the list and a calculator. For example, take your typical room, say a single in Tizard hall: Currently you'd be paying £46 for a minimum of 31 weeks. A couple of quick key-presses later, and you find out that this amounts to £1426 over the year. Next year, however, you'd be paying £52 a week. A few more taps on good old Mr Calculator, and you see that this is a 13% rise, with inflation at 10.5%.

But then you realise that you'd be paying for a minimum of 34 weeks (ie, you have to pay for Christmas, whether you're staying or not). So, for the whole year you'd be paying £1768, which is an overall increase of 24%, and no, inflation hasn't changed, it's still only 10.5%

Then there are the rooms where you have to pay for 38 weeks, which means paying for both Christmas and Easter. These rooms are basically aimed at overseas students, who normally don't go home until the summer. That's fair enough, you think. But here comes the cunning part. Over Easter the accommodation office runs the Easter Letting Scheme, where they let out rooms in halls to people attending conferences, etc. Now, when they do that, the people concerned normally want a block letting, where all the rooms on, for example, two staircases, are let to a specific company or group of people. To enable them to do this the accommodation office want to allocate certain areas in hall as being 38 week rooms, and the others as 34 week rooms. This, as a pure coincidence, will mean that the majority of the overseas students will be living in one or two 'blocks' in a hall, which strikes me as being a brilliant way to encourage integration within a hall. Mmmm.

So why are they doing this? Well, as I noted last week, the accommodation sector of College has debts currently totalling about £20.5 million, which is even more than my overdraft, and which has interest repayments alone of £1.7 million. How did they get this far in the

red? Well, one would be tempted to assume there has been some bad management at some point. As I said last week, Estates Director Gordon Marshal told me he could not comment on past management decisions. But when asked why therewas such a large debt, he claimed that the level of borrowing must of been seen to be reasonable at the time. That's very likely, isn't it? I mean £20.5 million seems like a reasonable level of borrowing...

Getting back to reality, there have definitely been some big boo-boos. The one that immediately springs to mind is Clayponds, which cost £11 million. Now, Estates will deny this, but the purchase of Clayponds was inherently linked to the sale of Montpelier Hall (I've read the paper given at the meeting which decided what to do). At the time when the decisions were being made College was informed that Montpelier would raise £7.5 to £10 million, which covers the majority of Clayponds.

However, College was unable to sell Montpelier for conversion into a hotel (the original plan), due to a problem with the deeds, which stated that the site had to be used for educational purposes. For this screw-up, College Business Manager Tom Stevens lost his job (yet again, College will deny this, but they haven't given any other reason, it was his job to check these things, and the timing of the dismissal was far too close for it to be a coincidence). This left College a bit stuck: They'd paid out £11 million, and were unable to get any money back. On top of this, Government regulations state that College Accommodation has to be self financing, so College couldn't use any of its University Funding Council grant to get them out of the poo-poo. On top of this, when they eventually do sell Montpelier, they'll only be getting £4-5 million.

So, we are left with a situation where Accommodation is in a teensy bit of financial trouble, and in order to help get themselves out of a mess they created, College has decided to screw the students over for even more money. In addition to this they intend to screw-up the atmosphere and integration of the halls by effectively segregating overseas students. What a good idea...

I've got a far more cunning one. The way I see it, the major purpose of College Accommodation in London is to provide cheap accommodation with easy access to college, primarily for Freshers, the majority of whom haven't lived in London and/or on their own before, and

thus are in the greatest need. The current plan is not really achieving this. So why not sell Clayponds?

What you do is wait a year, until all the renovations are finished. Then you've got a site which is half brand new, and half lived in for a year. Given the increase in land value and the renovation work, it's got to be worth £15 million. By this time Montpelier should have been sold, which is another £5 million or so, and, Hey Presto, all the problems have disappeared! The ideal way to do it would be to find a potential buyer now, who would be willing to put down a deposit on the site, thus paying off the interest for this year. Then you don't have to put up the rents, and as Clayponds was never intended for Freshers, you don't impinge upon your ability to promise a year in hall to all new students. Pretty cunning, heh? The chances of college doing this, or even looking into it? What do you think?

Meet the man responsible
Union President Paul Shanley is trying to organise a question- and-answer session with Estates Director Gordon Marshal, involving a couple of people from each Hall of residence, to discuss accommodation issues. If you'd like to be involved, give him a ring on internal 3501, or pop into the Union Office and have a chat...

Staff Meeting: Monday 1pm.

Credits:

Printing and Typesetting: Andy and Rose

News Editor: Stef

Arts Editors: Matt and Sumit

Books Editor: Michael

Music Editor: John

Clubs Editor: Khurrum

The Team: Adam, Jonty, Nige, Ian, Dom, Steve, and all the reviewers.

The Collators: Damn good question at this point...?!

Transport: Sam

Alcohol Procurer: Louise

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Union Page

Benjamin Turner, ICU DP

1. Careers Service

Board of Studies has now been notified of the impending transition of the Careers Service, following the decision of the non-policy making Management Planning Group to disaffiliate from the University of London Careers Advisory Service (ULCAS).

At the recent meeting of the Careers Advisors Committee, the first since the decision to disaffiliate was taken, several useful suggestions were forthcoming from the ULCAS Careers Advisors concerning, among other things, the technique that could be used to select the future Director of the Careers Service. Russ Clark, present Director of the Careers Service, and the other ULCAS careers advisors currently with the Imperial College service, will depart during July this summer.

Indications are that Kings College and other colleges of University of London are also investigating disaffiliation from the central service. One of the strong arguments in the debate here for disaffiliating is that the Imperial College service could now buy back into those services at ULCAS that it will not be able to provide effectively. It would be a shame if so many colleges disaffiliated that ULCAS either ceases to be, or becomes a very different, skeletal organisation that loses its strengths and therefore is not be able to provide the same level of service.

One worry for students at Imperial College must be that certain costs might now be passed onto students. In this respect, I would draw your attention to

the factual (as opposed to opinion) elements of Andy Butcher's Editorial of 3rd May, 1991, which voices this concern that Imperial College may have sold out so that in the long term Imperial College students have to buy in.

History aside, the arrival of the next Director of the Careers Service is anxiously awaited, so that new management motives can be determined. If we do not continue to strive for the best service that can possibly be provided, what point is there in recruiting amongst the best school-leavers and giving them arguably the best technical education in the country? Our graduates should be placed in the best positions available, and this requires a Careers Service of excellence.

2. College Day

The Board of Studies also received a report from Professor Alan Swanson concerning the deliberations of the Working Party on the College Day. I attended that meeting, along with Kevin Tilbrook ("Shades"), the RCS Union Academic Affairs Officer, as the student representatives. Supporting Shades' letter to Felix (3rd May), I was amazed just how close the College was to operating a 9.00am to 6.00pm working day from the start of the next academic session. The Rector had himself suggested, from the Chair, its inception "as an experiment". Once down that track, of course, there would be no turning back.

Fortunately, enough strong views were immediately expressed for a deferral of the discussion to the next Board of

Studies pending a further attempt to persuade the student populace of the wisdom of such a change.

The Rector has now volunteered himself for an informal "Rector's Question Time", date yet to be arranged, but obviously before the next Board of Studies on 12th June. He will open himself up to questions from students concerning any aspect of student life at Imperial College, although one of the main topics will be the length of the college day.

This is not an opportunity normally afforded to students in any academic institution in the country - don't waste it.

3. Access Funds

A brief note. The Working Party on Access Funds has agreed that next year's allocation should be equally split between two groups of recipients.

Roughly half of the allocation will be used to facilitate access for those with limited resources who are presently considering going into further education, which is the intention of the Government for the introduction of the funds. This will be in the form of reasonably sized bursaries.

The other part of the funds will be used to deal with financial hardship that students already at the College are experiencing. Though details are yet to be finalised with Registry, the indication is that applications for the hardship element of the funds will be invited early in the spring term of the next session.

Benjamin Turner,
ICU Deputy President.

CUP FINAL
This Saturday
BAR OPEN
FROM 1pm

BIG TV

Union EGM
Tuesday 21st May
Bylaw Changes

1 o'clock
JCR

BE THERE!!!!!! (pleeeeee)